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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

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Visual Library

We will venture to say, that any
person, who wishes to form a just
notion of the extent, & variety, &
Addison's powers, will do well,
read, at one sitting, the following
Papers;

The 2 Visits to the Abbey;
The visit to the Exchange;
The Journal of the retired Citiz
The Vision of Mirza;
The transmigrations of Pug, the Mo
The death of Sir Roger de Cover
being

Nos 26 - 329 - 69 - 317 - 159 - 3
These Papers, are all in the first 7 V
The 8th must be consider
as a separate Work.

From the Right Honble T. B. Macau
Essay on the Life & Writings of Addi
published in 1850.

John Bill
10th March
1852.



Charles Bill.

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G. Kneller Baront. pinx. 1716. G. Vertue Sculp. 1721.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

In FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

LONDON:

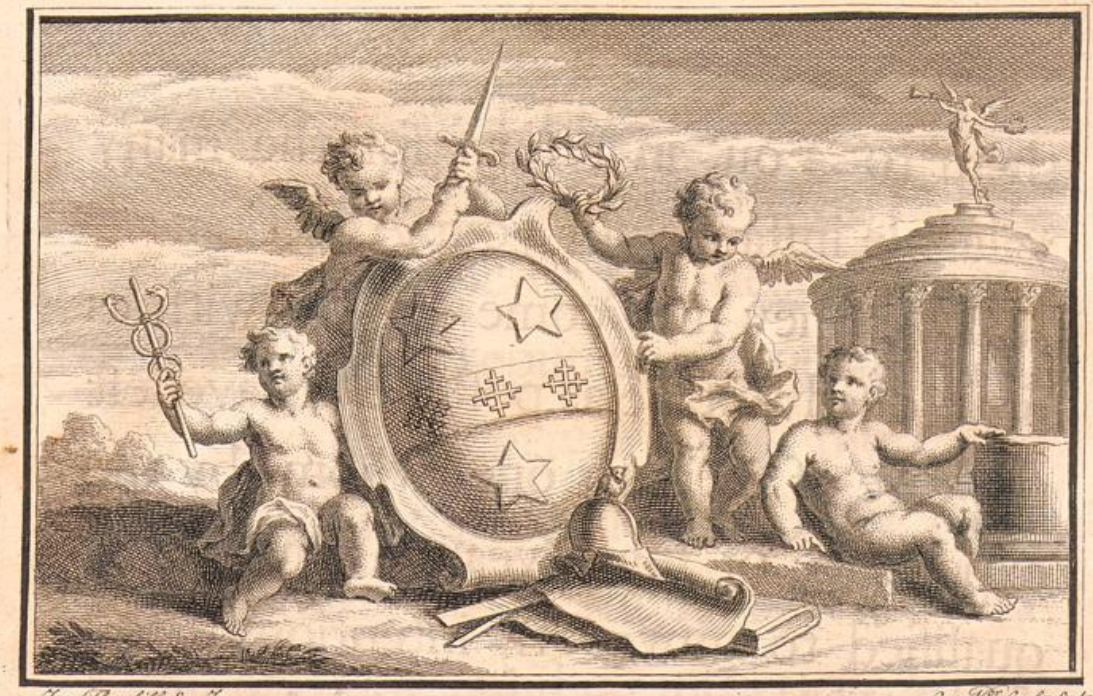
Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's-Head*, over-against *Katharine-street* in the *Strand*.

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Jac. Thornhill Eq. Inv. Ger. Vdr Gucht Sculp.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

His MAJESTY's Principal Secretary of State.

DEAR SIR,

Cannot wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our Friendship, and therefore I thus publickly bequeathe them

them to You, in return for the many valuable inſtances of your Affection.

That they may come to you with as little diſadvantage as poſſible, I have left the care of them to one, whom, by the experience of ſome years, I know well qualified to anſwer my intentions. He has already the honour and happineſs of being under your protection; and, as he will very much ſtand in need of it, I cannot wiſh him better, than that he may continue to deſerve the favour and countenance of ſuch a Patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming ſuch compliments, as would but ill ſuit that familiarity between us, which was

once

once my greateſt pleaſure, and will be my greateſt honour hereafter. Inſtead of them, accept of my hearty wiſhes, that the great reputation, you have acquired ſo early, may increaſe more and more: and that you may long ſerve your country with thoſe excellent talents, and unblemiſhed integrity, which have ſo powerfully recommended you to the moſt gracious and amiable Monarch, that ever filled a throne. May the frankneſs and generoſity of your ſpirit continue to ſoften and ſubdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if poſſible, as ſincere as your ſelf. When you have found ſuch, they

cannot

cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest Zeal,

DEAR SIR,

Your most Entirely Affectionate Friend,

and Faithful Obedient Servant,

June 4, 1719.

J. ADDISON.

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THE PREFACE.

JOSEPH *ADDISON*, the ſon of *Lancelot Addiſon*, D. D. and of *Jane* the daughter of *Nathaniel Gulſton*, D. D. and ſiſter of Dr. *William Gulſton* Biſhop of *Briſtol*, was born at *Milſton* near *Ambroſebury*, in the county of *Wilts*, in the year 1671. His father, who was of the county of *Weſtmorland*, and educated at *Queen*'s College in *Oxford*, paſſed many years in his travels through *Europe* and *Africa*, where he joined, to the uncommon and excellent talents of nature, a great knowledge of letters and things; of which ſeveral books publiſhed by him are ample teſtimonies. He was Rector of *Milſton* above-mentioned, when Mr. *Addiſon* his eldeſt ſon was born: and afterwards became Arch-deacon of *Coventry*, and Dean of *Litchfield*.

Mr. *Addiſon* received his firſt education at the *Chartreux*, from whence he was removed very early to *Queen*'s College in *Oxford*. He had been there about two years, when the accidental ſight of a paper of his verſes, in the hands of Dr. *Lancaſter* then Dean of that houſe, occaſioned his being elected into *Magdalen* college. He employed his firſt years in the ſtudy

of the old *Greek* and *Roman* writers; whoſe language and manner he caught at that time of life, as ſtrongly as other young people gain a *French* accent, or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the Claſſics is what may be called the good-breeding of Poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulneſs which never forſakes a mind, that contracted it in youth, but is ſeldom or never hit by thoſe, who would learn it too late. He firſt diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his *Latin* compoſitions, publiſhed in the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*, and was admired as one of the beſt authors ſince the *Auguſtan* age, in the two Univerſities, and the greateſt part of *Europe*, before he was talked of as a Poet in Town. There is not perhaps any harder task than to tame the natural wildneſs of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old *Engliſh* Poets abound in forced conceits, and affected phraſes; and even thoſe, who are ſaid to come the neareſt to exactneſs, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at ſomething better than perfection. If Mr. *Addiſon*'s example and precepts be the occaſion, that there now begins to be a great demand for correctneſs, we may juſtly attribute it to his being firſt faſhioned by the ancient models, and familiariſed to propriety of thought, and chaſtity of ſtile. Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monſieur *Boileau* firſt conceived an opinion of the *Engliſh* genius for Poetry, by peruſing the preſent he made him of the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*. It has been currently reported, that this famous *French* Poet, among the civilities he ſhewed Mr. *Addiſon* on that occaſion, affirmed, that he would not have written againſt *Perrault*, had he before ſeen ſuch excellent pieces by a modern hand. Such a ſaying would have been impertinent and unworthy *Boileau*, whoſe diſpute with *Perrault* turned

turned chiefly upon ſome paſſages in the ancients, which he reſcued from the miſ-interpretations of his adverſary. The true and natural compliment made by him, was, that thoſe books had given him a very new Idea of the *Engliſh* politeneſs, and that he did not queſtion but there were excellent compoſitions in the native language of a country, that poſſeſſed the *Roman* genius in ſo eminent a degree.

The firſt *Engliſh* performance made public by him, is a ſhort copy of verſes to Mr. *Dryden*, with a view particularly to his tranſlations. This was ſoon followed by a verſion of the fourth *Georgic* of *Virgil*, of which Mr. *Dryden* makes very honourable mention, in the poſtſcript to his own tranſlation of all *Virgil*'s works: wherein I have often wondered that he did not, at the ſame time, acknowledge his obligation to Mr. *Addiſon*, for giving him *The Eſſay upon the Georgics*, prefixed to Mr. *Dryden*'s tranſlation. Leſt the honour of ſo exquiſite a piece of criticiſm ſhould hereafter be transferred to a wrong author, I have taken care to inſert it in this collection of his works.

Of ſome other copies of verſes, printed in the *Miſcellanies*, while he was young, the largeſt is *An Account of the greateſt Engliſh Poets*; in the cloſe of which he inſinuates a deſign he then had of going into holy orders, to which he was ſtrongly importuned by his father. His remarkable ſeriouſneſs and modeſty, which might have been urged as powerful reaſons for his chooſing that life, proved the chief obſtacles to it. Theſe qualities, by which the prieſthood is ſo much adorned, repreſented the duties of it as too weighty for him; and rendered him ſtill the more worthy of that honour, which they made him decline. It is happy that this very circumſtance

has ſince turned ſo much to the advantage of virtue and religion, in the cauſe of which he has beſtowed his labours the more ſucceſsfully, as they were his voluntary, not his neceſſary employment. The world became inſenſibly reconciled to wiſdom and goodneſs, when they ſaw them recommended by him with at leaſt as much ſpirit and elegance, as they had been ridiculed for half a century.

He was in his twenty eighth year, when his inclination to ſee *France* and *Italy* was encouraged by the great Lord-Chancellor *Somers*, one of that kind of patriots, who think it no waſte of the public treaſure to purchaſe politeneſs to their country. The Poem upon one of King *William*'s campaigns, addreſt to His Lordſhip, was received with great humanity, and occaſioned a meſſage from him to the author to deſire his acquaintance. He ſoon after obtained, by his intereſt, a yearly penſion of three hundred pounds from the Crown, to ſupport him in his travels. If the uncommonneſs of a favour, and the diſtinction of the perſon who confers it, enhaunce its value: nothing could be more honourable to a young man of learning, than ſuch a bounty from ſo eminent a patron.

How well Mr. *Addiſon* anſwered the expectations of my Lord *Somers*, cannot appear better, than from the book of *Travels* he dedicated to his Lordſhip at his return. It is not hard to conceive, why that performance was at firſt but indifferently reliſhed by the bulk of readers; who expected an account, in a common way, of the cuſtoms and policies of the ſeveral governments in *Italy*, reflexions upon the genius of the people, a map of their provinces, or a meaſure of their buildings. How were they diſappointed, when, inſtead of ſuch particulars, they were preſented only with a journal of

poetical

poetical travels, with remarks on the preſent picture of the country, compared with the landskips drawn by claſſic authors, and others the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may eaſily imagine a reader of plain ſenſe, but without a fine taſte, turning over theſe parts of the volume, which make more than half of it, and wondering, how an author, who ſeems to have ſo ſolid an underſtanding, when he treats of more weighty ſubjects in the other pages, ſhould dwell upon ſuch trifles, and give up ſo much room to matters of mere amuſement. There are indeed but few men ſo fond of the ancients, as to be tranſported with every little accident, which introduces to their intimate acquaintance. Perſons of that caſt may here have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing annotations upon an old *Roman* Poem, gathered from the hills and vallies where it was written. The *Tyber* and the *Po* ſerve to explain the verſes, that were made upon their banks; and the *Alpes* and *Appennines* are made commentators on thoſe authors, to whom they were ſubjects ſo many centuries ago. Next to perſonal converſation with the writers themſelves, this is the ſureſt way of coming at their ſenſe: a compendious and engaging kind of criticiſm, which convinces at firſt ſight, and ſhews the vanity of conjectures, made by antiquaries at a diſtance. If the knowledge of polite literature has its uſe, there is certainly a merit in illuſtrating the perfect models of it, and the learned world will think ſome years of a man's life not miſ-ſpent in ſo elegant an employment. I ſhall conclude what I had to ſay on this performance, by obſerving, that the fame of it increaſed from year to year, and the demand for copies was ſo urgent, that their price roſe to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a ſecond edition.

The

The *Letter from Italy* to my Lord *Halifax* may be considered as the text upon which the book of *Travels* is a large comment, and has been esteemed by those, who have a relish for antiquity, as the most exquisite of his poetical performances. A translation of it by Signor *Salvini*, professor of the *Greek* tongue at *Florence*, is inserted in this edition, not only on the account of its merit, but because it is the language of the country which is the subject of this Poem.

The materials for the *Dialogues upon Medals*, now first printed from a manuscript of the Author, were collected in the native country of those Coins. The book it self was begun to be cast into form at *Vienna*, as appears from a letter to Mr. *Stepney*, then minister at that court, dated in *November* 1702.

Some time before the date of this letter, Mr. *Addison* had designed to return to *England*, when he received advice from his friends, that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince *Eugene*, who had just begun the war in *Italy*, as Secretary from His Majesty. But an account of the death of King *William*, which he met with at *Geneva*, put an end to that thought; and as his hopes of advancement in his own country were fallen with the credit of his friends, who were out of power at the beginning of Her late Majesty's reign, he had leisure to make the tour of *Germany* in his way home.

He remained for some time, after his return to *England*, without any public employment, which he did not obtain 'till the year 1704, when the Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at the highest pitch of glory, by delivering all *Europe* from slavery, and furnished Mr. *Addison* with a subject worthy of that genius which appears in his Poem called *The Campaign*. The Lord-Treasurer

surer *Godolphin*, who was a fine judge of Poetry, had a sight of this work, when it was only carried on as far as the applauded simile of the *Angel*; and approved the Poem, by bestowing on the Author, in a few days after, the place of Commissioner of Appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. *Locke* to the council of Trade.

His next advancement was to the place of Under-secretary, which he held under Sir *Charles Hedges*, and the present Earl of *Sunderland*. The Opera of *Rosamond* was written, while he possessed that employment. What doubts soever have been raised about the merit of the musick, which, as the *Italian* taste at that time begun wholly to prevail, was thought sufficiently inexcusable, because it was the composition of an *English*-man; the Poetry of this piece has given as much pleasure in the closet, as others have afforded from the stage, with all the assistance of voices and instruments.

The Comedy called *the Tender Husband* appeared much about the same time, to which Mr. *Addison* wrote the Prologue. Sir *Richard Steele* surprized him with a very handsome dedication of this play, and has since acquainted the public, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it to Mr. *Addison*.

His next step in his fortune, was to the post of Secretary under the late Marquess of *Wharton*, who was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland* in the year 1709. As I have proposed to touch but very lightly on those parts of his life, which do not regard him as an Author, I shall not enlarge upon the great reputation he acquired by his turn to business, and his unblemished integrity, in this and other employments. It must not be omitted here, that the salary of Keeper of the Records

in

in *Ireland* was conſiderably raiſed, and that poſt beſtowed upon him, at this time, as a mark of the Queen's favour. He was in that kingdom, when he firſt diſcovered Sir *Richard Steele* to be Author of *the Tatler*, by an obſervation upon *Virgil*, which had been by him communicated to his friend. The aſſiſtance, he occaſionally gave him afterwards in the courſe of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the change of the miniſtry, he found leiſure to engage more conſtantly in that work, which however was dropt at laſt, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the laſt paper, which cloſed thoſe celebrated performances, and in the preface to the laſt volume, Sir *Richard Steele* has given to Mr. *Addiſon* the honour of the moſt applauded pieces in that collection. But as that acknowledgement was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the ſeveral papers: Mr. *Addiſon*, who was content with the praiſe ariſing from his own works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to diſtinguiſh his writings in the *Spectators* and *Guardians*, by ſuch marks, as might remove the leaſt poſſibility of miſtake in the moſt undiſcerning readers. It was neceſſary that his ſhare in the *Tatlers* ſhould be adjuſted in a complete collection of his works; for which reaſon Sir *Richard Steele*, in compliance with the requeſt of his deceaſed friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleaſed to mark with his own hand thoſe *Tatlers*, which are inſerted in this edition, and even to point out ſeveral, in the writing of which they both were concerned.

The

The plan of the *Spectator*, as far as it regards the feigned perſon of the Author, and of the ſeveral characters that compoſe his club, was projected in concert with Sir *Richard Steele*. And, becauſe many paſſages in the courſe of the work would otherwiſe be obſcure, I have taken leave to inſert one ſingle paper, written by Sir *Richard Steele*, wherein thoſe characters are drawn, which may ſerve as a *Dramatis Perſonæ*, or as ſo many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the diſtinct papers, they were never or ſeldom ſhown to each other by their reſpective authors; who fully anſwered the promiſe they had made, and far out-went the expectation they had raiſed, of purſuing their labour in the ſame ſpirit and ſtrength, with which it was begun. It would have been impoſſible for Mr. *Addiſon*, who made little or no uſe of letters ſent in by the numerous correſpondents of the *Spectator*, to have executed his large ſhare of this task, in ſo exquiſite a manner; if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces, that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the eſſays upon *Wit*, the *Pleaſures of the Imagination*, the *Critique upon Milton*, and ſome others, which I thought to have connected in a continued Series in this edition; though they were at firſt publiſhed with the interruption of writings on different ſubjects. But as ſuch a ſcheme would have obliged me to cut off ſeveral graceful introductions and circumſtances, peculiarly adapted to the time and occaſion of printing them, I durſt not purſue that attempt.

The Tragedy of *Cato* appeared in public in the Year 1713, when the greateſt part of the laſt Act was added by the Author to the foregoing, which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a deſign of writing a play upon this ſub-

ject, when he was very young at the Univerſity, and even attempted ſomething in it there, though not a line as it now ſtands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in *England*, without any formed reſolution of bringing it upon the ſtage, 'till his friends of the firſt quality and diſtinction prevailed with him to put the laſt finiſhing to it, at a time when they thought the doctrine of Liberty very ſeaſonable. It is in every body's memory, with what applauſe it was received by the public; that the firſt run of it laſted for a month; and then ſtopped, only becauſe one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. The Author received a meſſage, that the Queen would be pleaſed to have it dedicated to her: but as he had deſigned that compliment elſewhere, he found himſelf obliged by his duty on the one ſide, and his honour on the other, to ſend it into the world without any dedication. The fame of this Tragedy ſoon ſpread through *Europe*, and it has not only been tranſlated, but acted in moſt of the languages of Chriſtendom. The tranſlation of it into *Italian*, by Signor *Salvini*, is very well known; but I have not been able to learn, whether that of Signor *Valetta*, a young *Neapolitan* nobleman, has ever been made public.

If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy, the Death of *Socrates* would have been the ſtory. And, however unpromiſing that ſubject may appear, it would be preſumptuous to cenſure his choice, who was ſo famous for raiſing the nobleſt plants from the moſt barren ſoil. It ſerves to ſhew, that he thought the whole labour of ſuch a performance unworthy to be thrown away upon thoſe intrigues and adventures, to which the *Romantic* taſte has confined modern Tragedy; and, after the example of his predeceſſors in *Greece*, would

would have employed the Drama *to wear out of our minds every thing that is mean, or little; to cheriſh and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; to ſoften inſolence, to ſooth affliction, and to ſubdue our minds to the diſpenſations of Providence.* *

Upon the death of the late Queen, the Lords Juſtices, in whom the adminiſtration was lodged, appointed him their Secretary. Soon after His Majeſty's arrival in *Great Britain*, the Earl of *Sunderland* being conſtituted Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, Mr. *Addiſon* became a ſecond time Secretary for the affairs of that kingdom; and was made one of the Lords-Commiſſioners of Trade, a little after his Lordſhip reſigned the poſt of Lord-Lieutenant.

The paper, called the *Freeholder*, was undertaken at the time, when the rebellion broke out in *Scotland*.

The only works he left behind him for the public, are the *Dialogues upon Medals*, and the Treatiſe upon the *Chriſtian Religion*. Some account has been already given of the former, to which nothing is now to be added, except that a great part of the *Latin* quotations were rendered into *Engliſh*, in a very haſty manner, by the Editor, and one of his friends, who had the good-nature to aſſiſt him, during his avocations of buſineſs. It was thought better to add theſe tranſlations, ſuch as they are, than to let the work come out unintelligible to thoſe who do not poſſeſs the learned languages.

The ſcheme for the Treatiſe upon the *Chriſtian Religion* was formed by the Author, about the end of the late Queen's reign; at which time he carefully peruſed the ancient writings, which furniſh the materials for it. His continual employment in buſineſs prevented him from executing it, 'till he reſigned his office of Secretary of State; and his death

* *Spectator.* N° 39.

put a period to it, when he had imperfectly performed only one half of the design; he having proposed, as appears from the introduction, to add the *Jewish* to the Heathen testimonies, for the truth of the Christian history. He was more assiduous, than his health would well allow, in the pursuit of this work; and had long determined to dedicate his Poetry also, for the future, wholly to religious subjects.

Soon after he was, from being one of the Lords-Commissioners of Trade, advanced to the post of Secretary of State, he found his health impaired by the return of that asthmatic indisposition, which continued often to afflict him during his exercise of that employment, and at last obliged him to beg His Majesty's leave to resign. His freedom from the anxiety of business so far re-established his health, that his friends began to hope he might last for many years; but (whether it were from a life too sedentary, or from his natural constitution, in which was one circumstance very remarkable, that, from his cradle, he never had a regular pulse) a long and painful relapse into an asthma and dropsie deprived the world of this great man, on the 17th of *June* 1719. He left behind him only one Daughter, by the Countess of *Warwick*, to whom he was married in the year 1716.

Not many days before his death, he gave me directions to collect his writings, and at the same time committed to my care the Letter addrest to Mr. *Craggs* (his successor as Secretary of State) wherein he bequeaths them to him, as a token of friendship. Such a testimony, from the first man of our age, in such a point of time, will be perhaps as great and lasting an honour to that gentleman, as any even he could acquire to himself; and yet is no more than was due from an affection, that justly increased towards him, through the intimacy of several

veral years. I cannot, without the utmoſt tenderneſs, reflect on the kind concern, with which Mr. *Addiſon* left Me as a ſort of incumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor muſt I deny my-ſelf the honour to acknowledge, that the goodneſs of that great man to me, like many other of his amiable qualities, ſeemed not ſo much to be renewed as continued in his ſucceſſor; who made me an example, that nothing could be indifferent to him, which came recommended by Mr. *Addiſon*.

Could any circumſtance be more ſevere to me, while I was executing theſe laſt commands of the Author, than to ſee the perſon, to whom his works were preſented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had ſucceeded Mr. *Addiſon*, to be laid next him in the ſame grave! I might dwell upon ſuch thoughts, as naturally riſe from theſe minute reſemblances in the fortune of two perſons, whoſe names probably will be ſeldom mentioned aſunder, while either our language or ſtory ſubſiſt, were I not afraid of making this preface too tedious; eſpecially ſince I ſhall want all the patience of the reader, for having enlarged it with the following verſes.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

EARL of *WARWICK*, &c.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to Addiſon *unpaid;*
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick, *but bemoan,*
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own.

What

What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe, that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the diſmal night, that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for-ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By mid-night lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Through breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Through rowes of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robe'd prelate pay'd;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed friend,
Oh gone for-ever, take this long adieu;
And ſleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu!

To ſtrew freſh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy ſacred ſhrine,
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My griefs be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtiſed by thee.

Oft

Oft let me range the gloomy Iles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mold below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit, or more welcome ſhade.

In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind?
A winged Virtue, *through th' ethereal ſky,*
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How Michael *battel'd, and the Dragon fell?*
Or, mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?
Or do'ſt thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well ſuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!

When

When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from Ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trode before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato *there;*
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of Just and Good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's *noble race,*
Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!

How

How ſweet the gloomes beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more,
No more the ſummer in thy gloomes allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muſe's art I found:
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to ſing,
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence, they attempt to mourn.
Oh! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs *in death to* Addiſon *ſucceeds)*
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!

Theſe works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs, *th' expiring Sage convey'd,*
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt! farewel.
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

THO. TICKELL.

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POEMS

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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POEMS

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To Mr. DRYDEN.

HOW long, great Poet, ſhall thy ſacred Lays
Provoke our Wonder, and tranſcend our Praiſe?
Can neither injuries of Time, or Age,
Damp thy Poetick Heat, and quench thy Rage?
Not ſo thy *Ovid* in his Exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his Breaſt, and check'd his riſing Thought;
Penſive and ſad, his drooping Muſe betrays
The *Roman* Genius in its laſt Decays.

Prevailing Warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond Youth is kindled in thy breaſt;
Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the *Romans* known,
And *England* boaſts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd *Virgil*'s Majeſty,
And *Horace* wonders at himſelf in Thee.
Thou teacheſt *Perſius* to inform our iſle
In ſmoother Numbers, and a clearer Stile;
And *Juvenal*, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his Satyr, and improves his Rage.
Thy Copy caſts a fairer Light on all,
And ſtill out-ſhines the bright Original.
Now *Ovid* boaſts th' Advantage of thy Song,
And tells his Story in the *Britiſh* tongue;
Thy charming Verſe, and fair Tranſlations, ſhow
How thy own Laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild *Lycaon* chang'd by angry Gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling through the Woods.
O mayſt thou ſtill the noble Task prolong,
Nor Age, nor Sickneſs interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wondering read, how Human Limbs
Have water'd Kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in Streams;
Of thoſe rich Fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into Gold:
How ſome in Feathers, or a ragged Hide,
Have liv'd a Second life, and different Natures try'd.
Then will thy *Ovid*, thus transform'd, reveal
A Nobler Change than he himſelf can tell.

Mag. Coll. *Oxon*,
June 2. 1693.

The Author's age 22.

A

POEM

TO HIS

*MAJESTY.

Presented to the Lord Keeper.

---

* *King* William. *Printed in the year* 1695. *The Author's age* 24.

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To the Right Honourable

SIR *JOHN SOMERS*,

Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from State Affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a Kingdom's Cares,
If yet your Time and Actions are your own,
Receive the present of a Muse Unknown:
A Muse that in Advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of Armies, and the fall of Kings,
Britain *Advanc'd, and* Europe's *Peace Restor'd,*
By SOMERS' *Counsels, and by* NASSAU's *Sword.*

To You, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to Raise the Subject of my song;
To You the Hero *of my verse reveals*
His great Designs, to You in Council tells
His Inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of Towns Unstorm'd, and Battels yet to come.
And well cou'd You, in Your Immortal strains,
Describe his Conduct, and Reward his Pains:
But since the State has all your Cares engrost,
And Poetry in Higher thoughts is lost,

Attend

Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her Faults, and Countenance her Flights.

On You, my Lord, with anxious Fear I wait,
And from Your Judgment must expect my Fate,
Who, free from Vulgar passions, are above
Degrading Envy, or Misguided Love;
If You, well-pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of Fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what You Write, is what You Praise.

TO

TO THE

KING.

WHEN now the buſineſs of the Field is o'er,
The Trumpets ſleep, and Cannons ceaſe to roar,
When ev'ry diſmal Echo is decay'd,
And all the Thunder of the Battel laid;
Attend, Auſpicious *Prince*, and let the Muſe
In humble accents Milder thoughts infuſe.
Others, in bold Prophetick numbers skill'd,
Set thee in Arms, and led thee to the field,
My Muſe expecting on the *Britiſh* ſtrand
Waits thy Return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has ſeen thee preſſing on the Foe,
When *Europe* was concern'd in ev'ry Blow;
But durſt not in Heroick ſtrains rejoice;
The Trumpets, Drums, and Cannons drown'd her Voice:
She ſaw the *Boyn* run thick with Human gore,
And floating Corps lye beating on the ſhore:
She ſaw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her *Hero* through the duſty plain,
When through the thick Embattel'd lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the foes, now loſt in clouds of ſmoke.
O that ſome Muſe, renown'd for Lofty verſe,
In daring numbers wou'd thy Toils rehearſe!

Draw thee Belov'd in peace, and Fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to Noon-day ſweats, and Mid-night cares!
But ſtill the God-like Man, by ſome hard Fate,
Receives the Glory of his toils too late;
Too late the Verſe the mighty Act ſucceeds,
One Age the Hero, one the Poet breeds.
A Thouſand years in full ſucceſſion ran,
E'er *Virgil* rais'd his voice, and ſung the Man
Who, driv'n by ſtreſs of fate, ſuch dangers bore
On ſtormy Seas, and a diſaſtrous Shore,
Before he ſettled in the Promis'd Earth,
And gave the Empire of the World its birth.
Troy long had found the *Grecians* bold and fierce,
E'er *Homer* muſter'd up their Troops in Verſe;
Long had *Achilles* quell'd the *Trojans'* Luſt,
And laid the Labour of the Gods in duſt,
Before the Tow'ring Muſe began her flight,
And drew the Hero raging in the Fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or ſlaught'ring Mortals, or a Match for Gods.
And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some Mighty Bard lies hid in years to come,
That ſhall in *WILLIAM*'s God-like Acts engage,
And with his Battels, warm a Future age.
Hibernian fields ſhall here thy Conqueſts ſhow,
And *Boyn* be Sung, when it has ceas'd to Flow;
Here *Gallick* labours ſhall advance thy fame,
And here *Seneffe* ſhall wear Another name.
Our late Poſterity, with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy Battels, and with Pleaſure read

How,

How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The Guiltleſs Bullet on thy ſhoulder glanc'd.
The Race of *NASSAUS* was by heav'n deſign'd
To curb the proud Oppreſſors of mankind,
To bind the Tyrants of the Earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry Injur'd nation's cauſe,
The World's great Patriots; they for Juſtice call,
And as they favour, Kingdoms riſe or fall.
Our *Britiſh* Youth, unus'd to rough Alarms,
Careleſs of Fame, and negligent of Arms,
Had long forgot to Meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the Martial Trumpet blow;
But now, inſpir'd by Thee, with freſh delight,
Their Swords they brandiſh, and require the Fight,
Renew their Ancient Conqueſts on the Main,
And act their Fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how *Agincourt* was ſtrow'd
With *Gallic* corps, and *Creſſi* ſwam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, Ambitious all
Who firſt ſhall ſtorm the Breach, or mount the Wall.
In vain the thronging Enemy by force
Would clear the Ramparts, and repel their courſe;
They break through all, for *WILLIAM* leads the way,
Where Fires rage moſt, and loudeſt Engines play.
Namure's late Terrours and Deſtruction ſhow,
What *WILLIAM*, warm'd with juſt Revenge, can do:
Where once a thouſand Turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded Spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap of Duſt is found,
And all the pile lies ſmoaking on the ground.

His Toils for no Ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild Ambition moves, but *Europe*'s Fears,
The Cries of Orphans, and the Widow's Tears;
Oppreſt Religion gives the firſt alarms,
And injur'd Juſtice ſets him in his Arms;
His Conqueſts Freedom to the world afford,
And nations bleſs the Labours of his ſword.

Thus when the forming Muſe wou'd copy forth
A perfect Pattern of Heroick worth,
She ſets a Man Triumphant in the field,
O'er Giants cloven down, and Monſters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and ſmeer'd with duſt and ſweat,
Whilſt Angry Gods conſpire to make him Great.

Thy Navy Rides on Seas before unpreſt,
And ſtrikes a terror through the Haughty *Eaſt*;
Algiers and *Tunis* from their ſultry ſhore
With horrour hear the *Britiſh* engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers wou'd they run,
And wiſh themſelves ſtill Nearer to the Sun.
The *Gallick* Ships are in their Ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common uſe of Sea and Wind,
Nor dare again the *Britiſh* Strength engage;
Still they remember that Deſtructive rage
Which lately made their trembling hoſt retire,
Stunn'd with the noiſe, and wrapt in Smoke and Fire;
The Waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were ſtrow'd,
And Planks, and Arms, and Men, promiſcuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous Fleet that periſht on our coaſt,
Cou'd ſcarce a longer Line of battel boaſt,

The

The Winds cou'd hardly drive 'em to their Fate,
And all the Ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where-e'er the Waves in reſtleſs errors rowle,
The Sea lies open now to either Pole:
Now may we ſafely uſe the *Northern* gales,
And in the *Polar Circle* ſpread our ſails;
Or deep in *Southern* climes, Secure from wars,
New Lands explore, and ſail by Other ſtars;
Fetch Uncontroll'd each labour of the Sun,
And make the product of the World our own.
At length, Proud Prince, Ambitious *Lewis*, ceaſe
To plague mankind, and trouble *Europe*'s peace;
Think on the Structures which thy Pride has raſe'd,
On Towns unpeopled, and on Fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of corps, and ſtreams of blood,
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy Arms have made, and ceaſe an impious War,
Nor waſte the Lives entruſted to thy Care.
Or if no Milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great Avenger of mankind,
See mighty *NASSAU* through the Battel ride,
And ſee thy ſubjects gaſping by his ſide:
Fain wou'd the pious Prince refuſe th' Alarm,
Fain wou'd he check the Fury of his Arm;
But when thy Cruelties his thoughts engage,
The Hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then Countries ſtoln, and Captives unreſtor'd,
Give Strength to every blow, and edge his Sword.
Behold with what reſiſtleſs force he falls
On towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!

Ask *Villeroy*, for *Villeroy* beheld
The Town surrender'd, and the Treaty seal'd;
With what amazing strength the Forts were won,
Whilst the whole Pow'r of *France* stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where *Berkley* stands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting Bombs he pours
On flaming Cittadels, and falling Tow'rs;
With hizzing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round 'em where they break;
The Skies with long ascending Flames are bright,
And all the Sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce Eruptions broke,
Fills Heav'n with Ashes, and the Earth with Smoke;
Here Crags of broken Rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten Stones and scatter'd Cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the *Asiatick* shore with Dust.
Now does the Sailor from the neighbouring Main
Look after *Gallick* Towns and Forts in vain;
No more his wonted Marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd Ruine lie;
Whilst, pointing to the Naked coast, he shows
His wond'ring Mates where Towns and Steeples rose,
Where crowded Citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once *St. Maloes* stood.
Here *Russel*'s Actions should my Muse require;
And wou'd my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless Bravery rehearse,
And draw his Cannons thund'ring in my verse:

High on the deck ſhou'd the great Leader ſtand,
Wrath in his Look, and Lightning in his Hand;
Like *Homer*'s *Hector* when he flung his Fire
Amidſt a thouſand Ships, and made all *Greece* retire.
But who can run the *Britiſh* Triumphs o'er,
And count the Flames diſperſt on ev'ry Shore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd Victory,
And draw the Reader on from Sea to Sea?
Elſe who cou'd *Ormond*'s God-like Acts refuſe,
Ormond the theme of ev'ry *Oxford* Muſe?
Fain wou'd I here his mighty Worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chaſe of fame,
Through all the Noiſe and Hurry of the Fight,
Obſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Oh, did our *Britiſh* Peers thus court Renown,
And grace the Coats their great Fore-fathers won!
Our arms wou'd then triumphantly advance,
Nor *Henry* be the Laſt that conquer'd *France*.
What might not *England* hope, if ſuch abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their Blood:
When ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our State
In *WILLIAM*'s ſtead, and bear a Kingdom's weight,
The Schemes of *Gallick* Policy o'er-throw,
And blaſt the Counſels of the common Foe;
Direct our Armies, and diſtribute Right,
And render our *MARIA*'s Loſs more light.
But ſtop, my Muſe, th' ungrateful ſound forbear,
MARIA's name ſtill wounds each *Britiſh* Ear:
Each *Britiſh* Heart *MARIA* ſtill does wound,
And Tears burſt out unbidden at the ſound;

MARIA

MARIA ſtill our riſing Mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our Triumphs, and forbids our Joys.
But ſee, at length, the *Britiſh* Ships appear!
Our *NASSAU* comes! and as his Fleet draws near,
The riſing Maſts advance, the Sails grow white,
And all his Pompous Navy floats in ſight.
Come, mighty Prince, deſir'd of *Britain*, come!
May Heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that Look,
Which ſuch Confuſion and Amazement ſtrook
Through *Gallick* hoſts: But, oh! let Us deſcry
Mirth in thy Brow, and Pleaſure in thy Eye;
Let nothing Dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a-while forget the Trumpet's ſound;
Well-pleas'd, thy People's Loyalty approve,
Accept their Duty, and enjoy their Love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the Tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of Death encompaſs'd you around,
And Steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground:
So Crown'd with Laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming Joys, and peaceful Bleſſings flow.

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A Translation of all VIRGIL's *Fourth Georgick, except the Story of* ARISTÆUS.

ETHERIAL sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, *Mæcenas*, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the Poet's praise,
If great *Apollo* and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, to make the work divine.

First, for your Bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass:
Nor must the Lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor Wood-pecks, nor the Swallow harbour near.

They waſte the ſwarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morſels to their young.

Let purling ſtreams, and fountains edg'd with moſs,
And ſhallow rills run trickling through the graſs;
Let branching Olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or Palms ſhoot up, and ſhade the ſtreams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, ſhun
The crowded hive, and ſport it in the ſun,
Refreſhing ſprings may tempt 'em from the heat,
And ſhady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water ſtands or runs,
Lay twigs acroſs, and bridge it o'er with ſtones;
That if rough ſtorms, or ſudden blaſts of wind
Should dip, or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly ſtone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the ſun.
Plant all the flowry banks with Lavender,
With ſtore of Sav'ry ſcent the fragrant air,
Let running Betony the field o'erſpread,
And fountains ſoak the Violet's dewy bed.

Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congele and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The Bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whiſtling crannies ſpread,

And ſuck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To ſmear the chinks, and plaiſter up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whoſe clinging drops,
Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in ſtringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis ſaid, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in ſubterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' induſtrious inſects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful eugh-tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten marſhes ſend out ſteams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying ſound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——
When th' under-world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The Bees thro' woods and foreſts take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
The chryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream;
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the ſlimy ſweet.
But when on high you ſee the Bees repair,
Born on the winds thro' diſtant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
While ſhady coverts, and freſh ſtreams they chuſe,
Milfoil and common Honey-ſuckles bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.

On brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the ſtate,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarſe broken ſounds, like trumpets' harſh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry ſpread their ſhiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry ſtings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At laſt, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
They ruſh together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echo's with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-ſtones from the floor rebound,
Or ſhaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No ſenſe of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty ſoul:
Each obſtinate in arms purſues his blow,
'Till ſhameful flight ſecures the routed foe.
This hot diſpute and all this mighty fray
A little duſt flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are ſettled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worſt, and leſt he live

Idle

Idle at home in eaſe and luxury,
The lazy monarch muſt be doom'd to die;
So let the royal inſect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different; one of better note
All ſpeckt with gold, and many a ſhining ſpot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded coat;
But love of eaſe, and ſloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their king's,
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathſom and diſeas'd with ſloth,
Like a faint traveller whoſe duſty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and ſpits a maukiſh froth.
The firſt are beſt------
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious ſweets, that mingling in the glaſs
Correct the harſhneſs of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuſe.
But when they ſport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with eaſe confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they ſtay behind
No bold uſurper dares invade their right,
Nor ſound a march, nor give the ſign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native ſmells;
Where carv'd *Priapus* has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the ſcare-crow god.

Wild

Wild Tyme and Pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse 'em in the neighbouring soil,
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water 'em, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd shew what art the Gardner's toils require,
Why rosy *Paestum* blushes twice a year;
What streams the verdant Succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a chearful green does Parsley grace,
And writhes the bellying Cucumber along the twisted grass;
Nor wou'd I pass the soft Acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor Myrtle-trees that love the shore;
Nor Daffadils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.

For once I saw in the *Tarentine* vale,
Where slow *Galesus* drencht the washy soil,
An old *Corician* yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor wou'd the Vine her purple harvest yield;
But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and Poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping Lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he cou'd empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,

The

The earth unpurchas'd dainties wou'd afford,
And his own garden furniſh out his board:
The ſpring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,
He then wou'd prune the tender'ſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring, and lingring weſtern breeze:
His Bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here Lindons and the ſappy Pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his ſmiling orchard dreſt,
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring cou'd ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And ſpreading plane-trees, where ſupinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade.
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future Poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which *Jove* himſelf did on the Bees confer;
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurſt kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Theſe only make their young the publick care;

In

In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive;
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in ſummer flies
Thro' fields, and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies,
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, ſome in the meadows ply,
Taſte ev'ry bud, and ſuck each bloſſom dry;
Whilſt others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper *Narciſſus'* clammy tears with gum,
For the firſt ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raiſe
The yellow fabrick on its glewy baſe.
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious Nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and ſearch the clouded skies
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what tempeſts riſe.
By turns they eaſe the loaden ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And ſtrong with Tyme the new-made honey ſmells.

So in their caves the brawny *Cyclops* ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unſhapen thunder-bolt compleat;

Alter-

Alternately their hammers riſe and fall;
Whilſt griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows ſome the flames increaſe,
And ſome in waters dip the hiſſing maſs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And *Ætna* ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſie ſwarms their different labours ſhare.
Deſire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
Attend the comb, and faſhion ev'ry part,
And ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows ſpoils.
On Lavender, and Saffron buds they feed,
On bending Oſiers, and the balmy Reed,
From purple Violets and the Teile they bring
Their gather'd ſweets, and rifle all the ſpring.

All work together, all together reſt,
The morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;
Then all ruſh out, their different tasks purſue,
Sit on the bloom, and ſuck the rip'ning dew;
Again when evening warns 'em to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowſie hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful ſtation keep,
Wrapt up in ſilence, and diſſolv'd in ſleep.

None range abroad when winds or ſtorms are nigh,
Nor truſt their bodies to a faithleſs sky,
But make ſmall journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring ſpring;
And leaſt their airy bodies ſhould be caſt
In reſtleſs whirls, the ſport of ev'ry blaſt,
They carry ſtones to poiſe 'em in their flight,
As ballaſt keeps th' unſteady veſſel right.

But of all cuſtoms that the Bees can boaſt,
'Tis this may challenge admiration moſt;
That none will *Hymen*'s ſofter joys approve,
Nor waſte their ſpirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender Bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From theſe they chuſe out ſubjects, and create
A little monarch of the riſing ſtate;
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his reſidence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their ſilken wings, or lye
Grov'ling beneath their flowry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an inſect fire,
And in a Fly ſuch generous thoughts inſpire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying ſtate,
Tho' ſeven ſhort ſprings conclude their vital date,

Their

Their ancient ſtocks eternally remain,
And in an endleſs race the childrens children reign.

No proſtrate vaſſal of the Eaſt can more
With ſlaviſh fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and diſtractions riſe;
They waſte their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confuſion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And croud about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cauſe embattled in the air,
Purſue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from ſuch inſtances as theſe have taught
" The Bees extract is heav'nly; for they thought
" The univerſe alive; and that a ſoul,
" Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
" To all the vaſt unbounded frame was giv'n,
" And ran through earth, and air, and ſea, and all the deep
of heav'n;
" That this firſt kindled life in man and beaſt,
" Life that again flows into this at laſt.
" That no compounded animal could die,
" But when diſſolv'd, the ſpirit mounted high,
" Dwelt in a ſtar, and ſettled in the sky.

When-e'er their balmy ſweets you mean to ſeize,
And take the liquid labours of the Bees,

Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathſom cloud of ſmoak amidſt their hive.

Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harveſt in;
Once when the lovely *Pleiades* ariſe,
And add freſh luſtre to the ſummer skies;
And once when haſt'ning from the watry ſign
They quit their ſtation, and forbear to ſhine.

The Bees are prone to rage, and often found
To periſh for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd ſting produces aking pains,
And ſwells the fleſh, and ſhoots among the veins.

When firſt a cold hard winter's ſtorms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their ſinking ſtate and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Freſh burning Tyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often Lizards ſeize the luſcious ſpoils,
Or Drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of Moths infeſt the hungry ſwarms,
And oft the furious Waſp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or elſe the Spider at their entrance ſets
Her ſnares, and ſpins her bowels into nets.

When ſickneſs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)

By

By certain marks the new diſeaſe is ſeen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and ev'ry Bee
With grief attends the ſad ſolemnity;
The few diſeas'd ſurvivors hang before
Their ſickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or ſlowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums, the feeble inſects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,
Like winds that ſoftly murmur thro' the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring ſeas.
Now lay freſh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilſt frying gums
Caſt round a fragrant miſt of ſpicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famiſh'd ſwarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of Galls, and Wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a ſlime;
To theſe dry'd Roſes, Tyme and Centry join,
And Raiſins ripen'd on the *Pſythian* vine.

Beſides there grows a flow'r in marſhy ground,
Its name *Amellus*, eaſy to be found;
A mighty ſpring works in its root, and cleaves
The ſprouting ſtalk, and ſhews it ſelf in leaves:
The flow'r it ſelf is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves ſhoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a buſh, and ſhade the turf below:

The

The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where *Mella*'s stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' *Arcadian* shepherd's name so far.
How Bees from blood of slaughter'd Bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' *Egyptians* yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where *Persia* borders, and the rolling *Nile*
Drives swiftly down the swarthy *Indians* soil,
'Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens *Egypt* with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,
With streighten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a Bull that's young and fierce,

When

When two-years growth of horn he proudly ſhows,
And ſhakes the comely terrours of his brows:
His noſe and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death;
With violence to life and ſtifling pain
He flings and ſpurns, and tries to ſnort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry ſide,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burſt within the hide,
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, Tyme, and Caſia, ſtrow'd around.
All this is done when firſt the weſtern breeze
Becalms the year, and ſmooths the troubled ſeas;
Before the chattering Swallow builds her neſt,
Or fields in ſpring's embroidery are dreſt.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: And now are ſeen
A wond'rous ſwarm, that o'er the carcaſs crawls,
Of ſhapeleſs, rude, unfiniſh'd animals.
No legs at firſt the inſect's weight ſuſtain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now ſtrikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to riſe;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the Bee at length appears;
From every ſide the fruitful carcaſs pours
Its ſwarming brood, as thick as ſummer-ſhow'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the *Parthian* bows,
When twanging ſtrings firſt ſhoot 'em on the foes.

Thus

Thus have I sung the nature of the Bee;
While *Cæsar*, tow'ring to divinity,
The frighted *Indians* with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a God;
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my *Tityrus* beneath his shade.

A SONG. *For St.* CECILIA's *Day at* Oxford.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the Blest,
In choirs of warbling Seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious Saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the Muse and Subject of our song.

II.

Let all *Cecilia*'s praise proclaim,
Employ the Echo in her name.
Hark how the Flutes and Trumpets raise,
At bright *Cecilia*'s name, their lays;
The Organ labours in her praise.

Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In ſoaring Trebles now it riſes high,
And now it ſinks, and dwells upon the Baſe.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we ſing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
The ſound of ev'ry trembling ſtring,
The ſound and triumph of our ſong.

III.

For ever conſecrate the day,
To Muſick and *Cecilia*;
Muſick, the greateſt good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Muſick can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unſuſpected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with ſecret art.
When *Orpheus* ſtrikes the trembling Lyre,
The ſtreams ſtand ſtill, the ſtones admire;
The liſt'ning ſavages advance,
The Wolf and Lamb around him trip,
The Bears in awkard meaſures leap,
And Tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And *Rhodope* was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſick religious heats inſpires,
It wakes the ſoul, and lifts it high,

And

And wings it with ſublime deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty liſtens to a tuneful tongue,
And ſeems well-pleas'd and courted with a ſong.
Soft moving ſounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time it ſelf ſhall be no more,
And all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Muſick ſhall then exert its pow'r,
And ſound ſurvive the ruines of the world:
Then Saints and Angels ſhall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heav'n ſhall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himſelf with pleaſure ſee
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Conſecrate the place and day,
To Muſick and *Cecilia.*
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely ſhake the tuneful air,
Nor ſpoil the fleeting ſounds.
Nor mournful ſigh nor groan be heard,
But gladneſs dwell on ev'ry tongue;
Whilſt all, with voice and ſtrings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious ſong,
And imitate the Bleſt above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

An ACCOUNT *of the Greatest* English POETS.

To Mr. *H. S. April* 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, *you will needs request*
A short account of all the Muse-possest,
That, down from Chaucer's *days to* Dryden's *times,*
Have spent their noble rage in British *rhimes;*
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull fore-fathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
'Till *Chaucer* first, a merry Bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhime, and prose.
But age has rusted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old

Old *Spenſer* next, warm'd with poetick rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, purſu'd
Thro' pathleſs fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the myſtick tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an underſtanding age no more;
The long-ſpun allegories fulſom grow,
While the dull moral lyes too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at diſtance all the ſights
Of arms and palfries, battels, fields and fights,
And damſels in diſtreſs, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the ſhades decay,
And all the pleaſing landſchape fades away.

Great *Cowley* then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and laviſh of his thought:
His turns too cloſely on the reader preſs:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us leſs.
One glittering thought no ſooner ſtrikes our eyes
With ſilent wonder, but new wonders riſe.
As in the milky-way a ſhining white
O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continu'd light;
That not a ſingle ſtar can ſhew his rays,
Whilſt jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verſe with blame;

Thy

Thy fault is only wit in its exceſs,
But wit like thine in any ſhape will pleaſe.
What Muſe but thine can equal hints inſpire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd *Pindar* to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd ſtrain,
And forc'd expreſſion, imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he ſoars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verſe, and takes a nobler flight.

Bleſt man! whoſe ſpotleſs life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful Prelate in thy praiſe:
Bleſt man! who now ſhalt be for ever known,
In *Sprat*'s ſucceſsful labours and thy own.

But *Milton* next, with high and haughty ſtalks,
Unfetter'd in majeſtick numbers walks;
No vulgar heroe can his Muſe ingage;
Nor earth's wide ſcene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! ſee, he upward ſprings, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heav'ns eternal throne with dire alarms,
And ſets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen deſcribes I more than ſee,
Whilſt ev'ry verſe, array'd in majeſty,
Bold, and ſublime, my whole attention draws,
And ſeems above the critick's nicer laws.
How are you ſtruck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Meſſiah's out-ſpread banner ſhines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!

What

What ſounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, ſcare,
And ſtun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my ſpirits and my blood retire,
To ſee the Seraphs ſunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager ſteps, from hence I riſe,
And view the firſt gay ſcenes of *Paradiſe*;
What tongue, what words of rapture can expreſs
A viſion ſo profuſe of pleaſantneſs.
Oh had the Poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To verniſh o'er the guilt of faithleſs men;
His other works might have deſerv'd applauſe!
But now the language can't ſupport the cauſe;
While the clean current, tho' ſerene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the ſight.

But now my Muſe a ſofter ſtrain reherſe,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and ſmooth thy verſe;
The courtly *Waller* next commands thy lays:
Muſe tune thy verſe, with art, to *Waller*'s praiſe.
While tender airs and lovely dames inſpire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate deſire;
So long ſhall *Waller*'s ſtrains our paſſion move,
And *Sachariſſa*'s beauties kindle love.
Thy verſe, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring ſong,
Can make the vanquiſh'd great, the coward ſtrong.
Thy verſe can ſhow ev'n *Cromwell*'s innocence,
And complement the ſtorms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy Muſe not come an age too ſoon,
But ſeen great *Naſſau* on the *Britiſh* throne!

How

How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What ſcenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had *Boin*'s wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if *Maria*'s charms thou wou'dſt rehearſe,
In ſmoother numbers and a ſofter verſe;
Thy pen had well deſcrib'd her graceful air,
And *Gloriana* wou'd have ſeem'd more fair.

Nor muſt *Roſcommon* paſs neglected by,
That makes ev'n Rules a noble poetry:
Rules whoſe deep ſenſe and heav'nly numbers ſhow
The beſt of criticks, and of poets too.
Nor, *Denham*, muſt we e'er forget thy ſtrains,
While *Cooper*'s *Hill* commands the neighb'ring plains.

But ſee where artful *Dryden* next appears
Grown old in rhime, but charming ev'n in years.
Great *Dryden* next, whoſe tuneful Muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers, and the fitteſt words.
Whether in Comick ſounds or Tragick airs
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles or tears.
If Satire or heroick ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her Heroe pleaſes, and her Satire bites.
From her no harſh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all.
How might we fear our *Engliſh* Poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhou'd decay with thee;
Did not the Muſes other hope appear,
Harmonious *Congreve*, and forbid our fear:

Congreve!

Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And *Dryden*'s Muse shall in his Friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and wou'd fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble *Montague* remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To *Dorset* he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as *Dorset*'s self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How *Nassau*'s godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the Heroe in full glory shines.
We see his army set in just array,
And *Boin*'s dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor *Simois* choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid *Xanthus*' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the Poet's highest themes,
Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to *Nassau*'s secret councils rais'd,
He aids the Heroe, whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear Friend, *receive*
The last poor present that my Muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise 'em with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear Friend and Muse, farewell.

LETTERA SCRITTA *D'ITALIA*

AL MOLTO ONORABILE

CARLO Conte *HALIFAX*

Dal Signore GIUSEPPE ADDISON *l'Anno* MDCCI. *In Versi Ingleſi.*

E TRADOTTA IN VERSI TOSCANI. *

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre villeſche attraggonvi,
E di Britannia dagli Ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a ſuoi ingrati Figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, voſtro ozio immolate;
Me in eſteri Regni il Fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce ſtagion, e'l vago Clima
Fanno, che voſtra quiete in verſi io turbi.

Ovunque

* *By the Abbot* Anton. Maria Salvini *Greek Profeſſor at* Florence.

A

LETTER from *ITALY*,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

In the Year MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. Virg. Geor. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from *Britannia*'s publick posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhime.

Ovunque io giri i miei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare viste inalzansi,
Attornianmi Poetiche Campagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar classico suolo;
Sì sovente ivi Musa accordò l' Arpa,
Che non cantato niun colle sorgevi,
Celebre in versi ivi ogni pianta cresce,
E in celeste armonia ciascun rio corre.

Come mi giova a cercar poggi, e boschi
Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fiumi,
Alla Nera veder fiera in suo corso
Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in sua sorgente,
Veder condur sua schiera d' acque il Mincio
Per lunghi giri di feconda ripa,
E d' Albula canuta il guado infetto
Suo caldo letto di fumante solfo.

Di mille estasi acceso io sopraveggio
Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
De Fiumi Re, che sovra i pian scorrendo,
Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
Della metà di loro umore asciuga:
Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi
L' abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.

Talor smarrito dal drappel sonoro
I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
Che giaccionsi in silenzio, e obblio perduti,
(Muti i lor fonti son, secche lor vene)

Pur,

For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe,
Poetick fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on Claſſic ground;
For here the Muſe ſo oft her Harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung,
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And ev'ry ſtream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth *Clitumnus* to his ſource,
To ſee the *Mincio* draw his watry ſtore
Through the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
And hoary *Albula*'s infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoaking ſulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thouſand raptures I ſurvey
Eridanus through flowery meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The towering *Alps* of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lye,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)

Yet

Pur, per senno di Muse, ei son perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.

Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
Le vote ripe del gran Fiume ammiro,
Che privo di poter suo corso tragge
D' una gretta urna, e sterile sorgente;
Pur suona ei nelle bocche de Poeti,
Sicche 'l miro al Danubio, e al Nil far scorno;
Così Musa immortale in alto il leva.
Tal' era il Boin povero, ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
E inosservato in suoi giri scherzava.
Quando per Vostri Versi, e per la Spada
Di Nassò, rinomato, l' onde sue
Levate in alto pel Mondo risuonano
Ovunque dello Eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d' immortal verso.

Oh l' estatico mio petto inspirasse
Musa con un furor simile al vostro!
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
Cederia di Virgilio a Quel l' Italia.

Mira quali auree selve attorno ridonmi,
Che della tempestosa di Britannia
Isola sì ne schivano la costa,
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate
Maledicon la fredda Regione,
E nell' aria del Norte illanguidiscono.
Calor dolor il montante umor ne lievita
A nobil gusti, e piu esaltati odori.

Rozze

Yet run for-ever by the Muſe's skill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
And the fam'd river's Empty ſhores admire,
That deſtitute of ſtrength derives its courſe
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetick lays,
With ſcorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs Muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the *Boin*, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in *Hibernian* vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd;
'Till by Your lines and *Naſſau*'s ſword renown'd,
Its riſing billows through the world reſound,
Where-e'er the Heroe's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.

Oh cou'd the Muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhou'd ſhine,
And *Virgil*'s *Italy* ſhou'd yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of *Britain*'s ſtormy Iſle,
Or when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:

Ev'n

Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano
Ricco profumo, peste erbette olezzano.
Portimi un Dio di Baia a i gentil Seggi,
O ne verdi ritiri d' Umbria traggami,
Ove i Ponenti eterna han residenza.
Tutte stagioni lor pompa profondono,
Germogli, e frutti, e fiori insieme allegano,
E in gaia confusion sta l' anno tutto.

Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
Allorache di Roma l' esaltate
Bellezze giu giacersi io ne discuopro,
Magnificenti in Moli di ruine.
D' Anfiteatro una stupenda altezza
Di terror mi riempie, e di diletto,
Che Roma ne suoi pubblici spettacoli
Dispopolava, e Nazioni intere
Agiatamente in suo grembo capia.
Passanvi i Ciel Colonne aspre d' intaglio,
Di Trionfo superbi Archi là sorgono,
U de prischi Roman l' immortal' opre
Dispiegate alla vista ognor rinfacciano
La vile loro tralignata stirpe.
Qui tutti i fiumi lascian giu lor piani,
Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.

Sempre a novelle Scene mia vagante
Musa sì si ritragge, e muta ammira
L' alto spettacol d' animate Rupi,
Ove mostrò scalpel tutta sua forza,
Ed in carne addolcì scabroso sasso.
In solenne silenzio, in maestade
Eroi stannosi, e Dei, e Roman Consoli:

Torvi

Ev'n the rough rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
And trodden Weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome God, to *Baia*'s gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in *Umbria*'s green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride:
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flowers together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When *Rome*'s exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruine lye.
An amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its publick ſhows Unpeopled *Rome*,
And held Uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the skies:
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
Where the old *Romans* deathleſs acts diſplay'd,
Their baſe degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new ſcenes my wand'ring Muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhow of breathing rocks admires;
Where the ſmooth chiſſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone.
In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtick band,
Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Conſuls ſtand,

Torvi Tiranni in crudeltà famoſi,
E Imperadori in Pario Marmo acciglianſi;
Mentre Dame brillanti, a cui con umile
Servitù ſtan ſoggetti, ognora moſtrano
I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.
Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
Contar l' arte divina, e far vedere
Gl' immortali lavori nel mio verſo.
Là ve da miſta forza d' ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion ſorge a mia viſta,
Tai celeſti figure eſcon da ſuo
Pennello, e i meſticati ſuoi colori
Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano,
Di ſoggetto in ſoggetto, d' un ſegreto
Piacer preſo, e infiammato attorno io giro
Tra la ſoave varietà perduto.
Mio ſtrabilito ſpirto qua confondono
Arie vezzoſe in circolanti note
Paſſeggianti, e in ſonori labirinti.
Cupole, e Templi s' alzan la in diſtanti
Vedute, ed in Palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrargli invitano la Muſa.
Come indulgente Cielo adornò mai
La fortunata terra, e ſovra quella
Versò benedizioni a piena mano!
Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
Fioriti monti, e ſoleggiate rive
Con tutti don, che Cielo, e Suol compartono,
I riſi di Natura, e i vezzi d' Arte,
Mentre altiera Oppreſſion regna in ſue Valli,
E Tirannia ſuoi Pian felici uſurpa?
Il povreo Abitante mira indarno
Il roſſeggiante Arancio, e 'l pingue Grano,
Creſcer dolente ei mira ed oli, e vini,
E de mirti odorar l' ombra ſi ſdegna,

In

Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in *Parian* marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſu'd,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdu'd.

Fain wou'd I *Raphael*'s godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light
A new creation riſes to my ſight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſht ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muſe.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud Oppreſſion in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning Orange and the ſwelling grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing Oils and Wines,
And in the Myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines:

In mezzo alla Bontà della Natura
Maledetto languisce, e dentro a cariche
Di vino vigne muore per la sete.

O Libertà, o Dea Celeste, e Bella!
Di ben profusa, e pregna di diletto!
Piaceri eterni te presente regnano.
Guida tuo gaio tren lieta dovizia
Vien nel suo peso Suggezion piu lieve;
Povertà sembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di Natura il viso oscuro gaio;
Doni al Sole bellezza, al giorno gioia.

Te Dea, te la Britannia Isola adora,
Come ha sovente ella ogni ben suo esausto,
E spesso t'ha di morte in campi cerco!
Niuno pensa il tuo possente pregio
A troppo caro prezzo esser comprato.
Puo sopra esteri monti il Sole i grappoli
Per dolce sugo maturare a vino;
Di boschi di cedrati ornare il suolo,
Gonfiar la grassa oliva in flutti d'olio;
Non invidiamo il piu fervente Clima
Dell' Etere piu dolce in dieci gradi;
Di nostro Ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a Noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate,
Corona Libertà la Britann' Isola,
E fa sue steril bianche rupi ridere.

Le torreggianti Moli altrui dilettino,
E le superbe ambiziose Cupole,

Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.

Oh Liberty, thou Goddeſs heavenly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the Sun, and pleaſure to the Day.

Thee, Goddeſs, thee, *Britannia*'s Iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
The Grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With Citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat Olive ſwell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* ſhine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns *Britannia*'s Iſle,
And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains ſmile.

Others with towering piles may pleaſe the ſight,
And in their proud aſpiring domes delight;

Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,
Od inſegnar Saſſi animati a vivere.
D' Europa ſul deſtin vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli Emuli Stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi Regi;
Degli afflitti Vicini udire i preghi.
Dano, e Sveco attaccati in fiere Allarme
Di lor armi pietoſe benedicono
La prudente Condotta, e 'l buon Governo.
Toſto che poi le noſtre Flotte appaiono,
Ceſſano tutti i lor ſpaventi, e in Pace
Tutto il Settentrional Mondo ſi giace.

L' ambizioſo Gallo con ſegreto
Tremito vede all' aſpirante ſua
Teſta mirar di lei il Gran Tonante,
E volentieri i ſuoi divini Figli
Vorrebbe diſuniti per ſtraniero
Oro, o pur per domeſtica conteſa.
Ma acquiſtare, o dividere in van provaſi,
Cui l' arme di Naſsò, e 'l ſenno guida.

Del nome acceſo, cui ſovente ho trovo
Remoti Climi, e lingue riſonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante Muſa,
Che ama lanciarſi in piu ardita prova.

Ma io di già hovvi turbato aſſai,
Ne tentar oſo un piu ſublime Canto.
Più dolce Thema il baſſo verſo chiedemi,
Fioriti prati, o gorgoglianti rivi,
Mal proprio per gli Eroi: che i Carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o Voſtri onorar debbono.

A nicer touch to the ſtretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis *Britain*'s care to watch o'er *Europe*'s fate,
And hold in balance each contending ſtate,
To threaten bold preſumptuous kings with war,
And anſwer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bleſs the wiſe conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors ceaſe,
And all the northern world lies huſh'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with ſecret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aſpiring head,
And fain her godlike ſons wou'd diſunite
By foreign gold, or by domeſtick ſpite;
But ſtrives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom *Naſſau*'s arms defend and counſels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I ſo oft have found
The diſtant climes and different tongues reſound,
I bridle in my ſtrugling Muſe with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder ſtrain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous ſong.
My humble verſe demands a ſofter theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream;
Unfit for Heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like *Virgil*'s, or like yours, ſhou'd praiſe.

Milton's

Milton's *Stile imitated, in a Translation of a Story out of the Third* Æneid.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We struck upon the coast where *Ætna* lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incenst, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or slings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.

'Tis said, that thunder-struck *Enceladus*
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight
Lyes stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the Isle,
And *Ætna* thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the Sun's bright orb, and blots out Day.

Here

Here in the ſhelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard ſtrange ſounds and diſmal yells,
Nor ſaw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky ſtorm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd it ſelf to *Cynthia*'s ſilver ray,
And ſhaded all beneath. But now the Sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature ſtood diſclos'd:
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we ſaw
The ghaſtly viſage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible diſmay
Sate in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, ſpeaking ſore diſtreſs;
His locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things elſe a *Greek*.

He firſt advanc'd in haſte; but, when he ſaw
Trojans and *Trojan* arms, in mid career
Stopt ſhort, he back recoil'd as one ſurpriz'd:
But ſoon recovering ſpeed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears aſſail'd: " By heav'ns eternal fires,
" By ev'ry God that ſits enthron'd on high,
" By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
" And bear me hence to any diſtant ſhore,
" So I may ſhun this ſavage race accurſt.
" 'Tis true I fought among the *Greeks* that late

" With sword and fire o'erturn'd *Neptunian Troy*,
" And laid the labour of the Gods in dust;
" For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
" Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lye
" Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
" Let Man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd.

He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
When, thus encouraged, he began his tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is *Achæmenides*, my country *Greece*,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who whilst he fled
The raging *Cyclops*, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant *Polypheme*'s dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal Men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling *Greeks*, in either hand a man;

I ſaw him when with huge tempeſtuous ſway
He daſht and broke 'em on the grundſil edge;
The pavement ſwam in blood, the walls around
Were ſpatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender fleſh ſtill warm with life,
That ſwell'd and heav'd it ſelf amidſt his teeth
As ſenſible of pain. Not leſs mean while
Our chief incens'd, and ſtudious of revenge,
Plots his deſtruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with fleſh, and wine, and blood,
Lay ſtretcht at length and ſnoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
With purple wine and cruddled gore confuſed.
We gather'd round, and to his ſingle eye,
The ſingle eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burniſh'd ſhield,
A forky ſtaff we dext'rouſly apply'd,
Which, in the ſpacious ſocket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpoſe delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curſt deteſted race:
A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
A hundred *Cyclops* live among the hills,
Gigantick brotherhood, that ſtalk along
With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft ſeen 'em as they paſt,
Sculking and ſcowring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the Moon waſh'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obſcure ſojourn,

The realms of Night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
Amidſt theſe woods, gleaning from thorns and ſhrubs
A wretched ſuſtenance. As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind *Polypheme*; by weary ſteps and ſlow
The groping giant with a trunk of Pine
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known ſhore
He bent his courſe, and on the margin ſtood,
A hideous monſter, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midſt of his high front there gap'd
The ſpacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghaſtly orifice: he rins'd the wound,
And waſh'd away the ſtrings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then ſtalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmoſt wave
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide; we ſtood
Amaz'd be ſure, a ſudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
'Till uſing all the force of winds and oars
We ſped away; he heard us in our courſe,
And with his out-ſtretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous ſhouts that all the ocean ſhook.
Ev'n *Italy*, tho' many a league remote,
In diſtant echo's anſwer'd; *Ætna* roar'd,
Through all its inmoſt winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the ſound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers haſten to the ſhore,

And

And gather round the bellowing *Polypheme*,
A dire aſſembly: we with eager haſte
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A hoſt of giants covering all the ſhore.

So ſtands a foreſt tall of mountain oaks
Advanced to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidſt the boughs, and at the diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately proſpect, waving in the clouds.



THE

CAMPAIGN,

A

POEM,

To His GRACE the

DUKE of *MARLBOROUGH.*

——*Rheni pacator et Iſtri.*
Omnis in hoc Uno variis diſcordia ceſſit
Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori. Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Eſſe aliquam in terris gentem quæ ſuâ impenſâ, ſuo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præſtet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injuſtum imperium ſit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentiſſima ſint. Liv. Hiſt. lib. 33.

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THE

CAMPAIGN,

A

POEM.

To His GRACE the

DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM.

WHILE crouds of Princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
While Emperors to you commit their cause,
And *ANNA*'s praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of One campaign.

The haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,

Pirene's lofty barriers were ſubdued,
And in the midſt of his wide empire ſtood;
Auſonia's ſtates, the victor to reſtrain,
Oppoſed their *Alpes* and *Appenines* in vain,
Nor found themſelves, with ſtrength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlaſting hills ſecur'd;
The riſing *Danube* its long race began,
And half its courſe through the new conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her Soveraign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred ſtates;
Great *Leopold* himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no ſuccour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to deſpair
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To *Britain*'s Queen the Nations turn their eyes,
On her reſolves the weſtern world relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire alarms,
In *ANNA*'s councils, and in CHURCHILL's arms.
Thrice happy *Britain*, from the kingdoms rent,
To ſit the guardian of the continent!
That ſees her braveſt ſon advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her Prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's ſport,
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
On the firm baſis of deſert they riſe,
From long-try'd faith, and friendſhip's holy tyes:
Their Soveraign's well-diſtinguiſh'd ſmiles they ſhare,
Her ornaments in peace, her ſtrength in war;

The nation thanks them with a publick voice,
By show'rs of blessings heaven approves their choice;
Envy it self is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her Chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
'Till the *Moselle*, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
But now a purchase to the sword she lyes,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts
Hope'd, when they saw *Britannia*'s arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our god-like leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:

The toil looks lovely in the heroe's eyes,
And danger ſerves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of *Europe*, he renews
His dreadful courſe, and the proud foe purſues:
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The ſultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
'Till on the borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defenſive ſhadows, and refreſhing winds.
Our *Britiſh* youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold,
Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their native ſoil.

Still to the riſing Sun they take their way
Through clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day.
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt,
That chearfully its labours paſt forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs)
Breathing revenge; whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire ev'ry breaſt, and boil in ev'ry vein:
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous views, the guilt of war,

Whilst here the Vine o'er hills of ruine climbs,
Industrious to conceal great *Bourbon*'s crimes.

At length the fame of *England*'s heroe drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battel shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares entrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harras'd troops the heroe's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of *British* shouts resound:
Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,

Fir'd

Fir'd at the near approach, he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are paſt,
Th' immortal *Schellenberg* appears at laſt:
Like hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lye;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal paſs,
Threat'ning deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilſt in their wombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep:
Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious ſight,
His march o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd fight.

The weſtern Sun now ſhot a feeble ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hoſts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning cloſe!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The cloſe compacted *Britons* win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war deface'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battel waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of ſulphur, and a night of ſmoke,
'Till ſlaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hoſts engage;
The battel kindled into tenfold rage

With

With ſhow'rs of bullets and with ſtorms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illuſtrious youths, that left their native ſhore
To march where *Britons* never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat
Only deſtructive to the brave and great!)
After ſuch toils o'ercome, ſuch dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* ramparts breathe their laſt.
But hold, my Muſe, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While MARLBRÔ lives *Britannia*'s ſtars diſpenſe
A friendly light, and ſhine in innocence.
Plunging thro' ſeas of blood his fiery ſteed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickeſt terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,
Britannia's ſafety, and the world's repoſe;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This ſcorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liveſt not for thy ſelf; thy Queen demands
Conqueſt and peace from thy victorious hands;

Kingdoms

Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And *Europe*'s deſtiny depends on thine.

At length the long-diſputed paſs they gain,
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And ſee their camp with *Britiſh* legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* mounds bear on their ſhatter'd ſides
The ſea's whole weight encreas'd with ſwelling tides;
But if the ruſhing wave a paſſage finds,
Enrage'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling Peaſant ſees his country round
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.

The few ſurviving foes diſperſt in flight,
(Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry ruſsling wind the victor hear,
And MARLBRŌ's form in ev'ry ſhadow fear,
'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their diſgrace.

To *Donawert*, with unreſiſted force,
The gay victorious army bends its courſe.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever ſpoils *Bavaria*'s ſummer yields,
(The *Danube*'s great increaſe) *Britannia* ſhares,
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars:
With magazines of death, deſtructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s walls,

The

The victor finds each hidden cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy dream of empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for ſhelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hope'ſt th' aſſiſtance of the *Gallic* arms;
The *Gallic* arms in ſafety ſhall advance,
And croud thy ſtandards with the power of *France*,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aſpiring *Gaul*
Shares thy deſtruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the Hero and the Man compleat.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
In vengeance rous'd the ſoldier fills his hand
With ſword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thouſand villages to aſhes turns,
In crackling flames a thouſand harveſts burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;

Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:
The list'ning soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to *Bavaria*'s join'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lilies in the wind;
The daring Prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And *ANNA*'s ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way! Death,

Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horrour to the braveſt hearts;
Yet do their beating breaſts demand the ſtrife,
And thirſt of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can *Britiſh* minds controul:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of ſoul
O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his poſt,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt:
Tho' fens and floods poſſeſt the middle ſpace,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs;
Nor fens nor floods can ſtop *Britannia*'s bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders ſtands.

But O, my Muſe, what numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious troops in battel join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous ſound
The victor's ſhouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battel riſe.
'Twas then great MARLBRÔ's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battel where to rage.
So when an Angel by divine command
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,

Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the ſtorm.

But ſee the haughty houſhold-troops advance!
The dread of *Europe*, and the pride of *France*.
The war's whole art each private ſoldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's love of conqueſt glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the ſhaking of the *Britiſh* ſpear:
Vain inſolence! with native freedom brave
The meaneſt *Briton* ſcorns the higheſt ſlave;
Contempt and fury fire their ſouls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warriour burns,
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thouſand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lye,
And troops of heroes undiſtinguiſh'd dye.
O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I ſee the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lye unſung!
In joys of conqueſt he reſigns his breath,
And, fill'd with *England*'s glory, ſmiles in death.

The rout begins, the *Gallic* ſquadrons run,
Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they ſhun;

Thouſands

Thouſands of fiery ſteeds with wounds transfix'd
Floating in gore, with their dead maſters mixt,
Midſt heaps of ſpears and ſtandards driv'n around,
Lie in the *Danube*'s bloody whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the diſtant *Soane*,
Or ſounding borders of the rapid *Rhône*,
Or where the *Seine* her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows ſweep away,
And into *Scythian* ſeas their bloated corps convey.
From *Bleinheim*'s tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in fields of death, and ſtreams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remoteſt lines,
The hardy veteran with tears reſigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard!* Oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of ſorrow, and of ſhame,
That with mixt tumult in thy boſom ſwell'd!
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy braveſt troops repell'd,
Thine only ſon pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Choak'd in his blood, and gaſping on the ground,
Thy ſelf in bondage by the victor kept!
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.
An *Engliſh* Muſe is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.

Greatly

Greatly diſtreſt! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor bluſh to own
The fatal field by ſuch great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the ſecond honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquiſht fell
The marſhes ſtagnate, and the rivers ſwell.
Mountains of ſlain lye heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midſt the roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;
Whole captive hoſts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n thoſe who 'ſcape the fetters and the ſword,
Nor ſeek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King diſhonours, to compleat
MARLBRÔ's great work, and finiſh the defeat.

From *Memminghen*'s high domes, and *Ausburg*'s walls,
The diſtant battel drives th' inſulting *Gauls*,
Free'd by the terror of the victor's name
The reſcu'd ſtates his great protection claim;
Whilſt *Ulme* th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious gates.

The hero's breaſt ſtill ſwells with great deſigns,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius ſhines:
If to the foe his dreadful courſe he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;

If

If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of *Europe* turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword:
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On *Gallia*'s side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty Chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, tho' the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,

But

But ſoon as the victorious hoſt he ſpies,
From hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream he flies:
Such dire impreſſions in his heart remain
Of MARLBRÔ's ſword, and *Hocſtet*'s fatal plain:
In vain *Britannia*'s mighty chief beſets
Their ſhady coverts, and obſcure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Auſtria's young monarch, whoſe imperial ſway
Sceptres and thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted anceſtry ſo high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from a-far, in gratitude to own
The great ſupporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man!
How were his eyes with pleaſing wonder fixt
To ſee ſuch fire with ſo much ſweetneſs mixt,
Such eaſie greatneſs, ſuch a graceful port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And *Nireus* ſhone but in the ſecond place;
Thus the great father of Almighty *Rome*
(Divinely fluſht with an immortal bloom
That *Cytherea*'s fragrant breath beſtow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by MARLBRÔ's preſence charm'd,
Taught by his counſels, by his actions warm'd,

On

On *Landau* with redoubled fury falls,
Diſcharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the Hero's fight.

The *Britiſh* Chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conqueſts crown'd,
To *Belgian* coaſts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the *Rhine* purſues,
Clearing its borders from uſurping foes,
And bleſt by reſcu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, free'd from its dire alarms;
And *Traerbach* feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations ſhake,
While MARLBRÔ preſſes to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And ſhows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great *Louis* fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirſt of univerſal ſway,
And ſcarce can teach his ſubjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race deſtroy'd,
The work of ages ſunk in One campaign,
And lives of millions ſacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of *ANNA*'s royal cares:
By her, *Britannia*, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, whereſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of ſea and wind.

By her th' unfetter'd *Iſter*'s ſtates are free,
And taſte the ſweets of *Engliſh* liberty:
But who can tell the joys of thoſe that lye
Beneath the conſtant influence of her eye!
Whilſt in diffuſive ſhow'rs her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and deſcend on all,
Secure the happy, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Make ev'ry ſubject glad, and a whole people bleſt.

Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia*'s wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth records of a faithful verſe;
That, if ſuch numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell poſterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and Countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in factions from the skies,
And Rivers from their oozy beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the truth with ſpurious rays,
And round the Hero caſt a borrow'd blaze.
MARLBRÔ's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who paint 'em trueſt praiſe 'em moſt.

ROSA-

ROSAMOND.

AN

OPERA.

Inscribed to Her GRACE the

Dutchess of *MARLBOROUGH.*

Hìc quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circùm
Sylva tegit. Virg. Æn. 6.

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ROSAMOND.

AN

OPERA.

Inscribed to Her GRACE the

Duchess of MARLBOROUGH.

Hæc quos olim Myrtea cruenta tegit.
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circum
Sylva tegit. Virg. Æn. 6.

A Copy of VERSES in the Sixth Miscellany,

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF

ROSAMOND.

——— *Ne forte pudori*
Sit tibi Musa Lyræ solers, et Cantor Apollo.

By Mr. *TICKELL.*

THE Opera *first* Italian *masters taught,*
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's *learned theatre disdains*
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, *but as* Virgil *strong.*
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And Musick borrows helps, she us'd to give.
Thy stile hath match'd what ancient Romans *knew,*
Thy flowing numbers far excell the new;
Their cadence in such easie sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easie sound.

Landschapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babling sounds that mimick Echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium *to one view confin'd!*
No further could imagination roam,
'Till Vanbrook *fram'd, and* Marlbro' *rais'd the Dome.*

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair:
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the Nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring Swans complain)

Each

Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's *shade,*
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely Maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's *ghost she roves,*
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great,
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, *and an* Addison.

Accept, great monarch of the British *lays,*
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless Lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the God of verse, and light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry Lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond *with* Henry's *eyes.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King *Henry.*
Sir *Trusty,* Keeper of the Bower.
Page.
Messenger.

W O M E N.

Queen *Elinor.*
Rosamond.
Grideline, Wife to Sir *Trusty.*

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE *Woodstock Park.*

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ROSAMOND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Prospect of Woodstock-Park, *terminating in the Bower.*

Enter QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN.

WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where-e'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft *Elysiums* rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossie fountains,

Shady woods,
Chryſtal floods,
With wild variety ſurpriſe.
* *As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,*
A hundred echo's round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is toſt,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves reſounding,
Not a ſingle word is loſt.

PAGE.

There gentle *Roſamond* immured
Lives from the world and you ſecured.

QUEEN.

Curſe on the name! I faint, I die,
With ſecret pangs of jealouſie. ------ [*Aſide.*

PAGE.

There does the penſive beauty mourn,
And languiſh for her Lord's return.

QUEEN.

Death and confuſion! I'm too ſlow------ [*Aſide.*
Show me the happy manſion, ſhow-----

PAGE.

Great *Henry* there-----

* *Alluding to the famous Echo in* Woodſtock-Park.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Trifler, no more!-----

PAGE.

-----Great *Henry* there
Will ſoon forget the toils of war.

QUEEN.

No more! the happy manſion ſhow
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heav'n, ſhall riſe,
And blaſt her in her Paradiſe.

PAGE.

Behold on yonder riſing ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in ſhades,
Running an eternal round.

QUEEN.

In ſuch an endleſs maze I rove,
Loſt in labyrinths of love.
My breaſt with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage

With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring ſoul by turns.

PAGE.

The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the ſoft confinement guides.

QUEEN.

Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither doſt thou go!
What has ſhe done to move thee ſo!
---Does ſhe not warm with guilty fires
The faithleſs Lord of my deſires?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My *Henry* from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She ſhall die, ſhe ſhall die.
I feel, I feel my heart relent,
How could the Fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not reſign!
One ſo great and ſo brave
All hearts muſt enſlave.

PAGE.

Hark, hark! what ſound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.

He

He comes, victorious Henry *comes!*
Hautboys, Trumpets, Fifes and Drums,
In dreadful concert join'd,
Send from afar
A ſound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry wind.

QUEEN.

Henry returns, from danger free!
Henry returns!------but not to me.
He comes his *Roſamond* to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows to *Eleonora* due.
Here ſhall the happy Nymph detain,
(While of his abſence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
No, no, 'tis decreed
The Traitreſs ſhall bleed;
No fear ſhall alarm,
No pity diſarm;
In my rage ſhall be ſeen
The revenge of a Queen.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir *TRUSTY*, Knight of the Bower, *solus*.

How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a she,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew!
My fears are true,
I see my wife.

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE *and Sir* TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE.

Faithless varlet, art thou there?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

My love, my dove, my charming fair! *GRI-*

GRIDELINE.

Monſter, thy wheedling tricks I know.

Sir TRUSTY.

Why wilt thou call thy turtle ſo?

GRIDELINE.

Cheat not me with falſe careſſes.

Sir TRUSTY.

Let me ſtop thy mouth with kiſſes.

GRIDELINE.

Thoſe to fair *Roſamond* are due.

Sir TRUSTY.

She is not half ſo fair as you.

GRIDELINE.

She views thee with a lover's eye.

Sir TRUSTY.

I'll ſtill be thine, and let her die.

GRIDELINE.

No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I ſee,
Traitor to thy King and me!

Sir TRUSTY.

O Grideline! *conſult thy glaſs,*
Behold that ſweet bewitching face,

Thoſe

Thoſe blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Ev'ry feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.

GRIDELINE.

O how bleſt were Grideline,
Could I call Sir Truſty *mine!*
Did he not cover amorous wiles
With ſoft, but ah! deceiving ſmiles:
How ſhould I revel in delight,
The ſpouſe of ſuch a peerleſs Knight!

Sir TRUSTY.

At length the ſtorm begins to ceaſe,
I've ſooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [*Aſide.*
I feel, I feel my fury riſe!
Tigreſs, be gone.

GRIDELINE.

----I love thee ſo
I cannot go.

Sir TRUSTY.

Fly from my paſſion, Beldame, fly!

GRIDELINE.

Why ſo unkind, Sir *Truſty*, why?

Sir TRUSTY.

Sir TRUSTY.

Thou'rt the plague of my life.

GRIDELINE.

I'm a fooliſh, fond wife.

Sir TRUSTY.

Let us part,
Let us part.

GRIDELINE.

Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?

Sir TRUSTY.

I will if I can.

GRIDELINE.

O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this paſſion flow?

Sir TRUSTY.

Thou art ugly and old,
And a villainous ſcold.

GRIDELINE.

Thou art a ruſtick to call me ſo.
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villainous ſcold,

But thou art a ruſtick to call me ſo.
Thou, Traitor, adieu!

Sir TRUSTY.

Farewel, thou Shrew!

GRIDELINE.

Thou Traitor,

Sir TRUSTY.

Thou Shrew,

BOTH.

Adieu! adieu! [Exit *Grid.*

Sir *TRUSTY*, ſolus.

How hard is our fate,
Who ſerve in the ſtate,
And ſhould lay out our cares
On publick affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family-broils
Make all our great labours miſcarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair *Roſamond*'s bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the ſmall,
As principal pimp to the mighty King *Harry*.

But

But see, the pensive fair draws near:
I'll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND *and Sir* TRUSTY.

ROSAMOND.

From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love.
Impatient for my Lord's return
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand Ills combine.
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

Sir TRUSTY.

What heart of ſtone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps ſo doleful join! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND.

How does my conſtant grief deface
The pleaſures of this happy place!
In vain the ſpring my ſenſes greets
In all her colours, all her ſweets;
To me the Roſe
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has loſt its ſcent:
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The bloſſoms freſh with morning dew,
The breeze, that ſweeps theſe fragrant bowers,
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
Purple ſcenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
(Nature's ſofteſt, ſweeteſt ſtore)
Charm my tortur'd ſoul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die;
Why ſo ſlow! great Henry, *why!*
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my Monarch, fly!

Sir

Sir TRUSTY.

How much more bleſs'd would lovers be,
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like *Grideline* and me! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND.

O *Roſamond*, behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Curſe this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way,
And led thine innocence aſtray:
At home thou ſeeſt thy Queen enraged,
Abroad thy abſent Lord engaged
In wars, that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.

Sir TRUSTY.

Such cold complaints befit a Nun:
If ſhe turns honeſt, I'm undone! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND.

Beneath ſome hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near ſome warbling fountain
Bewail my ſelf aſleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring ſtreams,

And

And winds in conſort joining,
Raiſe ſadly-pleaſing dreams. [Ex. *Roſ.*

Sir *TRUSTY*, ſolus.

What ſavage tiger would not pity
A damſel ſo diſtreſs'd and pretty!
But hah! a ſound my bower invades,
[*Trumpets flouriſh.*
And echo's through the winding ſhades;
'Tis *Henry*'s march! the tune I know:
A Meſſenger! It muſt be ſo.

SCENE V.

A MESSENGER *and Sir* TRUSTY.

MESSENGER.

Great *Henry* comes! with love oppreſt;
Prepare to lodge the royal gueſt.
From purple fields with ſlaughter ſpread,
From rivers choak'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with ſpoils,
Great *Henry* comes! Prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conquerour.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

The bower and Lady both are dreſt,
And ready to receive their gueſt. *MES-*

MESSENGER.

Hither the victor flies, (his Queen
And royal progeny unseen;)
Soon as the *British* shores he reached,
Hither his foaming courser stretched:
And see! his eager steps prevent
The message that himself hath sent!

Sir TRUSTY.

Here will I stand
With hat in hand,
Obsequiously to meet him,
And must endeavour
At behaviour,
That's suitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter King Henry *after a flourish of Trumpets.*

KING.

Where is my love! my *Rosamond!*

Sir TRUSTY.

First, as in strictest duty bound,
I kiss your royal hand,

KING.

KING.

Where is my life! my *Roſamond!*

Sir TRUSTY.

Next with ſubmiſſion moſt profound,
I welcome you to land.

KING.

Where is the tender, charming fair!

Sir TRUSTY.

Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I ſay.

KING.

Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir TRUSTY.

For when we have a Prince's ear,
We ſhould have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to ſpeak, and him to hear.

KING.

Theſe dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir TRUSTY.

I ſpeak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! ſhe faints, ſhe dies.

KING.

What doſt thou ſay? I ſhake with fear.

Sir TRUSTY.

Nay, good my Liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

KING.

Was ever Nymph like Roſamond,
So fair, ſo faithful, and ſo fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!
I'm all deſire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and ſprings to her embrace.

Sir TRUSTY.

At the ſight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you chuſe
For firſt interviews?

KING.

Full in the center of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where Woodbines, Roſes, Jeſſamines,
Amaranths, and Eglantines,
With intermingling ſweets have wove
The particolour'd gay Alcove.

Sir TRUSTY.

Your Highneſs, Sir, as I preſume,
Has choſe the moſt convenient gloom;
There's not a ſpot in all the park
Has trees ſo thick, and ſhades ſo dark.

KING.

Mean while with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-ſick jealouſie appear;
Nor ſenſeleſs pomp, nor noiſe intrude
On this delicious ſolitude;
But pleaſure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
O the pleaſing pleaſing anguiſh,
When we love, and when we languiſh!
Wiſhes riſing!
Thought ſurprizing!
Pleaſure courting!
Charms tranſporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys enſuing!
O the pleaſing, pleaſing anguiſh! [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

KING *and* ROSAMOND.

KING.

THUS let my weary ſoul forget
Reſtleſs glory, martial ſtrife,
Anxious pleaſures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.

ROSAMOND.

Thus let me loſe, in riſing joys,
Fierce impatience, fond deſires,
Abſence that flatt'ring hope deſtroys,
And life-conſuming fires.

KING.

Not the loud *Britiſh* ſhout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor claſhing arms,
Nor fields with hoſtile banners ſtrow'd,
Nor life on proſtrate *Gauls* beſtow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breaſt,
While with my *Roſamond* I'm bleſt.

ROSAMOND.

My *Henry* is my ſoul's delight,
My wiſh by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The ſecret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror ſurvey,
And look my very ſoul away.

KING.

O may the preſent bliſs endure,
From fortune, time, and death ſecure!

BOTH.

O may the preſent bliſs endure!

KING.

My eye cou'd ever gaze, my ear
Thoſe gentle ſounds cou'd ever hear:
But oh! with noon-day heats oppreſt,
My aking temples call for reſt!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreſhing ſlumbers I'll invite,
Then ſeek again my abſent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit* King.

ROSAMOND *ſola.*

From whence this ſad preſaging fear,
This ſudden ſigh, this falling tear?

Oft

Oft in my ſilent dreams by night
With ſuch a look I've ſeen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the sky,
And loſt in endleſs tracks of light;
While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and diſmal deſarts born,
Through lonely wilds have ſeem'd to ſtray,
A long, uncomfortable way.

They're fantoms all; I'll think no more:
My life has endleſs joys in ſtore.
Farewel ſorrow, farewel fear,
They're fantoms all! my Henry's *here.*

SCENE II.

A Poſtern Gate of the Bower.

GRIDELINE *and* PAGE.

GRIDELINE.

My ſtomach ſwells with ſecret ſpight,
To ſee my fickle, faithleſs Knight,
With upright geſture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the Ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,

On

On a meer girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

PAGE.

Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable *Grideline*?

GRIDELINE.

He does, my child; or tell me why
With weeping eyes so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoe-strings ty'd,
A new Toledo by his side,
In shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

PAGE.

If *Rosamond* his garb has view'd,
The Knight is false, the Nymph subdu'd.

GRIDELINE.

My anxious boding heart divines
His falshood by a thousand signs:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish Echo talks;
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easie heart beguiles,
And thinks of *Rosamond*, and smiles.

PAGE.

PAGE.

Well may you feel theſe ſoft alarms,
She has a heart------

GRIDELINE.

------And he has charms.

PAGE.

Your fears are too juſt------

GRIDELINE.

------Too plainly I've prov'd

BOTH.

He loves and is lov'd.

GRIDELINE.

O mercileſs fate!

PAGE.

Deplorable ſtate!

GRIDELINE.

To die------

PAGE.

------To be ſlain

GRIDELINE.

By a barbarous ſwain,

BOTH.

That laughs at your pain.

GRI-

GRIDELINE.

How ſhou'd I act? canſt thou adviſe?

PAGE.

Open the gate, if you are wiſe;
I, in an unſuſpected hour,
May catch 'em dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their looſe amours prevent,
And keep Sir *Truſty* innocent.

GRIDELINE.

Thou art in truth
A forward youth,
Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'ſt our ſex. Thou art a Page.

PAGE.

I'll do what I can
To ſurprize the falſe man.

GRIDELINE.

Of ſuch a faithful ſpy I've need: *
Go in, and if thy plot ſucceed,
Fair youth, thou may'ſt depend on this,
I'll pay thy ſervice with a kiſs. [*Exit* Page.

GRIDELINE ſola.

Prithee Cupid *no more*
Hurl thy darts at threeſcore,

* *An opening Scene diſcovers another view of the Bower.* To

To thy girles and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Truſty *and me*
From thy frolicks be free. [Ex. *Grid.*

SCENE III.

PAGE *ſolus.*

O the ſoft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various ſhades ariſe,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dies:
Paths by meeting paths are croſt,
Alleys in winding alleys loſt;
Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolneſs to the paſſing breeze.

A thouſand fairy ſcenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a ſtream,
Sweet deluſion,
Gay confuſion,
All a viſion, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN.

At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My boſom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thouſand checks my heart controul,
A thouſand terrours ſhake my ſoul.

PAGE.

Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
------She's fixt in thought, I am not heard---- [*Apart.*

QUEEN.

I ſee, I ſee my hands embru'd
In purple ſtreams of reeking blood:
I ſee the victim gaſp for breath,
And ſtart in agonies of death:
I ſee my raging dying Lord,
And O, I ſee my ſelf abhorr'd!

PAGE.

My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear *Britannia*'s Queen lament. [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

What ſhall my trembling ſoul purſue?

PAGE.

Behold, great Queen, the place in view!

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs inſtruct me what to do!

PAGE.

That Bow'r will ſhow
The guilty foe.

QUEEN.

——It is decreed——it ſhall be ſo; [*After a pauſe.*

I cannot ſee my Lord repine
(O that I cou'd call him mine!)
Why have not they moſt charms to move,
Whoſe boſoms burn with pureſt love!

PAGE.

Her heart with rage and fondneſs glows.
O jealouſie! thou hell of woes! [*Aſide.*
That conſcious ſcene of love contains
The fatal cauſe of all your pains:
In yonder flow'ry vale ſhe lies,
Where thoſe fair-bloſſom'd arbours riſe.

QUEEN.

Let us haſte to deſtroy
Her guilt and her joy.

Wild and frantick is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy ſtriving,
Heaven in pity ſend relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'rs remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and deſpair
What heart can bear?
Eaſe my ſoul, or ſtrike me dead! [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND ſola.

Tranſporting pleaſure! who can tell it!
When our longing eyes diſcover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!

A ſudden motion ſhakes the grove:
I hear the ſteps of him I love;

Prepare,

Prepare, my ſoul, to meet thy bliſs!
------Death to my eyes; what ſight is this!
The Queen, th' offended Queen I ſee?
-----Open, O earth! and ſwallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the QUEEN *with a Bowl in one hand, and a Dagger in the other.*

QUEEN.

Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
And ſoon by This, or This, ſhall end.

ROSAMOND.

What ſhall I ſay, or how reply
To threats of injur'd Majeſty?

QUEEN.

'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul.
Or quickly drain the fatal Bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a Dagger in thy heart.

ROSAMOND.

Can *Britain*'s Queen give ſuch commands,
Or dip in blood thoſe ſacred hands?

In

In her ſhall ſuch revenge be ſeen?
Far be that from *Britain*'s Queen!

QUEEN.

How black does my deſign appear?
Was ever mercy ſo ſevere! [*Aſide.*

ROSAMOND.

When tides of youthful blood run high,
And ſcenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
Health preſuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!

QUEEN.

To thoſe whom foul diſhonours ſtain,
Life it ſelf ſhould be a pain.

ROSAMOND.

Who could reſiſt great *Henry*'s charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?

Think on the ſoft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay deſires,
That in your own warm boſom riſe,
When languiſhing with Love-ſick eyes
That great, that charming man you ſee:
Think on your ſelf, and pity me!

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

And doſt thou thus thy guilt deplore!
[*Offering the dagger to thy breaſt.*
Preſumptuous woman! plead no more!

ROSAMOND.

O Queen, your lifted arm reſtrain!
Behold theſe tears!

QUEEN.

——They flow in vain.

ROSAMON.

Look with compaſſion on my fate!
O hear my ſighs!——

QUEEN.

——They riſe too late.
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

ROSAMOND.

Tho' I live Wretched, let me Live.
In ſome deep dungeon let me lye,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Baniſh'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where ſhades of everlaſting night
May this unhappy face diſarm,
And caſt a veil o'er ev'ry charm:

Offended

Offended heaven I'll there adore,
Nor ſee the Sun, nor *Henry* more.

QUEEN.

Moving language, ſhining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and aſſwage. [*Aſide.*

ROSAMOND.

What ſhall I do to pacifie
Your kindled vengeance?

QUEEN.

-----Thou ſhalt die. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

Give me but one ſhort moment's ſtay.
------O *Henry*, why ſo far away? [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

Prepare to welter in a flood
Of ſtreaming gore. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

------O ſpare my blood,
And let me graſp the deadly bowl.

[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my ſoul! [*Aſide.*

ROSA-

ROSAMOND.

Thus proſtrate at your feet I fall.
O let me ſtill for mercy call! [*Falling on her knees.*
Accept, great Queen, like injur'd heaven,
The ſoul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the lateſt gaſp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, ſhow it now.

QUEEN.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death ſhall thine purſue. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

Thus I prevent the fatal blow. [*Drinks.*
-------Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go!

QUEEN.

Where thy paſt life thou ſhalt lament,
And wiſh thou hadſt been innocent.

ROSAMOND.

Tyrant! to aggravate the ſtroke,
And wound a heart, already broke!
My dying ſoul with fury burns,
And ſlighted grief to madneſs turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Roſamond *will leave thee ſo:*

At dead of night,
A glaring ſpright,
With hideous ſcreams
I'll haunt thy dreams,
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry *ſhall revenge my cauſe.*

O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary ſprings of life ſtand ſtill;
The ſleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more. [*Falls on the couch.*

QUEEN.

Hear, and obſerve your Queen's commands.
[*To her attendants.*

Beneath thoſe hills a Convent ſtands,
Where the fam'd ſtreams of *Iſis* ſtray;
Thither the breathleſs coarſe convey,
And bid the cloiſter'd maids with care
The due ſolemnities prepare. [*Exeunt with the body.*

When vanquiſh'd foes beneath us lye
How great it is to bid them Die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquiſh'd foe to Live! [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Sir TRUSTY *in a Fright.*

A breathleſs corps! what have I ſeen!
And follow'd by the jealous Queen!
It muſt be ſhe! my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir *Truſty* live
To hear his Maſter chide and grieve?
No! tho' I hate ſuch bitter beer,
Fair *Roſamond*, I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The King this doleful news ſhall read
In lines of my inditing:
" *Great Sir*, [*Writes.*
" Your *Roſamond* is dead
" As I am at this preſent writing.
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The Labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance-----I ſtretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels-----I'm gone.
[Staggers and falls.

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN, *ſola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And *Roſamond* ſhall charm no more.
Hence ye ſecret damps of care,
Fierce diſdain, and cold deſpair,
Hence ye fears and doubts remove;
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealouſie, the rage of love.

My Henry *ſhall be mine alone,*
The Heroe ſhall be all my own;
Nobler joys poſſeſs my heart
Than crowns and ſcepters can impart.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Grotto,* HENRY *asleep, a cloud descends, in it two Angels supposed to be the Guardian Spirits of the* British *Kings in War and in Peace.*

1 *ANGEL.*

BEHOLD th'unhappy Monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!

2 *ANGEL.*

In fields of death around his head
A shield of Adamant I spread.

1 *ANGEL.*

In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the *British* throne.

2 *ANGEL.*

When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th'anointed Heroe rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

1 *ANGEL.*

1 ANGEL.

When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebell,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

BOTH.

But Oh what influence can remove
The pangs of grief, and rage of love!

2 ANGEL.

I'll fire his soul with mighty themes
'Till Love before Ambition fly.

1 ANGEL.

I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams
'Till grief in joyful raptures die.

2 ANGEL.

Whatever glorious and renown'd
In British *annals can be found;*
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's *heroes, yet unborn,*
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancy'd fields the Gaul *shall bleed,*
Cressy *shall stand before his eyes,*
And Agincourt *and* Blenheim *rise.*

1 ANGEL.

1 ANGEL.

See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance,
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface;
And trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.

BOTH.

Glory strives,
The field is won,
Fame revives
And love is gone.

1 ANGEL.

To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and see
What, after long revolving years,
Thy Bower shall be!
When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruines grace
The future prospect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile ascending! *
Columns swelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp arising,
Art in curious strokes surprizing,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!

2 ANGEL.

* *Scene changes to the Plan of* Blenheim *Castle.*

2 ANGEL.

He ſees, he ſees the great reward
For *Anna*'s mighty Chief prepar'd:
His growing joys no meaſure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for ſleep.

1 ANGEL.

Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead------

2 ANGEL.

------And grief may rage------

BOTH.

But both ſhall plead and rage in vain.

[The Angels aſcend, and the viſion diſappears.

HENRY, *ſtarting from the couch.*

Where have my raviſh'd ſenſes been!
What joys, what wonders, have I ſeen!
The ſcene yet ſtands before my eye,
A thouſand glorious deeds that lye
In deep futurity obſcure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,

Break

Break forth, and, to the day disſplay'd,
My ſoft inglorious hours upbraid.
Tranſported with ſo bright a ſcheme,
My waking life appears a dream.

Adieu, ye wanton ſhades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,
Roſie brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!

O *Roſamond!* O riſing woe!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O *Roſamond!* O fair diſtreſs'd!
How ſhall my heart, with grief oppreſs'd,
Its unrelenting purpoſe tell;
And take the long, the laſt farewel!
Riſe, Glory, riſe in all thy charms,
Thy waving creſt, and burniſh'd arms,
Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courſer bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my ſoul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer Love will ask them all. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to that part of the Bower where Sir Truſty *lies upon the ground, with the Bowl and Dagger on the table.*

Enter QUEEN.

Every ſtar, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my *Henry* to aſſwage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.

Myſterious love, uncertain treaſure,
Ha'ſt thou more of pain or pleaſure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endleſs torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!

But oh the ſight my ſoul alarms:
My Lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I baniſh'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I muſt retire.

[*Retires to the end of the ſtage.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

KING *and* QUEEN.

KING.

Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
Or why, my ſoul, unus'd to fear,
With ſecret horror doſt thou ſhake?
Can Dreams ſuch dire impreſſions make!
What means this ſolemn, ſilent ſhow?
This pomp of death, this ſcene of woe!
Support me, heaven! what's this I read?
Oh horror! *Roſamond is dead.*
What ſhall I ſay, or whither turn?
With grief, and rage, and love, I burn:
From thought to thought my ſoul is toſt,
And in the whirle of paſſion loſt.
Why did I not in battel fall,
Cruſh'd by the thunder of the *Gaul?*
Why did the ſpear my boſom miſs?
Ye pow'rs, was I reſerv'd for this!

Diſtracted with woe
I'll ruſh on the foe
To ſeek my relief:
The ſword or the dart
Shall pierce my ſad heart,
And finiſh my grief!

QUEEN.

Fain wou'd my tongue his griefs appeaſe,
And give his tortur'd boſom eaſe. [*Aſide.*

KING.

But ſee! the cauſe of all my fears,
The ſource of all my grief appears!
No unexpected gueſt is here;
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my ſoul
Eleonora was too near.

QUEEN.

Why do I here my Lord receive?

KING.

Is this the welcome that you give?

QUEEN.

Thus ſhou'd divided lovers meet?

BOTH.

And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!

QUEEN.

What in theſe guilty ſhades cou'd you,
Inglorious conquerour, purſue?

KING.

KING.

Cruel woman, what cou'd you?

QUEEN.

Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breaſt.

KING.

The thirſt of blood has yours poſſeſs'd.

QUEEN.

A heart ſo unrepenting,

KING.

A rage ſo unrelenting,

BOTH.

Will for ever
Love diſſever,
Will for ever break our reſt.

KING.

Floods of ſorrow will I ſhed
To mourn the lovely ſhade!
My *Roſamond*, alas, is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
So bright a bloom, ſo ſoft an air,
Did ever nymph diſcloſe!
The lily was not half ſo fair,
Nor half ſo ſweet the roſe.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

How is his heart with anguiſh torn! [*Aſide.*
My Lord, I cannot ſee you mourn;
The Living you lament: while I,
To be lamented ſo, cou'd Die.

KING.

The Living! ſpeak, oh ſpeak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?

QUEEN.

Were your lov'd *Roſamond* alive,
Wou'd not my former wrongs revive?

KING.

Oh no; by Viſions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and free'd from love,
I came to take my laſt adieu.

QUEEN.

How am I bleſs'd if this be true!---- [*Aſide.*

KING.

And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O!-----

QUEEN.

Forbear, my Lord, to grieve,
And know your *Roſamond* does live.

If

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him eaſe?
When his paſſion we diſcover,
Oh how pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe!
The bliſs returns, and we receive
Tranſports greater than we give.

KING.

O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive,
Does *Roſamond* live?

QUEEN.

The bowl, with drowſie juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* drugs diſtill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes:
But ſoon the waking nymph ſhall riſe,
And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloiſter'd walls and virgin choire:
With them in ſongs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent ſhall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu,

KING.

How am I bleſt if this be true! [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

Atoning for her ſelf and you.

KING.

KING.

I ask no more! ſecure the fair
In life and bliſs: I ask not where:
For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead,
That no foul miniſter of vice
Again my ſinking ſoul intice
Its broken paſſion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

QUEEN.

How does my heart for ſuch a prize
The vain cenſorious world deſpiſe!
Tho' diſtant ages, yet unborn,
For *Roſamond* ſhall falſly mourn;
And with the preſent times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for ſuch a prize
The vain cenſorious world deſpiſe!
But ſee your Slave, while yet I ſpeak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the Potion ſhall ſurvive
Believe your *Roſamond* Alive.

KING.

O happy day! O pleaſing view!
My Queen forgives-----

QUEEN.

------My Lord is true.

KING.

KING.

No more I'll change,

QUEEN.

No more I'll grieve:

BOTH.

But ever thus united live.

Sir TRUSTY *awaking.*

In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicket, bush and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one wou'd swear it were the same.
My former Legs too, by their pace!
And by the Whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb and mien!
They ne'er wou'd Bury me in Green.

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE *and Sir* TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE.

Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very Bow'r?

Sir TRUSTY.

Widow *Truſty*, why ſo Fine?
Why doſt thou thus in Colours ſhine?
Thou ſhou'dſt thy husband's death bewail
In Sable veſture, Peak and Veil.

GRIDELINE.

Forbear theſe fooliſh freaks, and ſee
How our good King and Queen agree.
Why ſhou'd not we their ſteps purſue,
And do as our ſuperiors do?

Sir TRUSTY.

Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I ſee,
But this I'm ſure, howe'er it be,
It ſuits a perſon in my ſtation
T' obſerve the mode and be in faſhion.
Then let not *Grideline* the chaſte
Offended be for what is paſt,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous Knight.

GRIDELINE.

I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis ſo courtly to be true.

Since

Since conjugal paſſion
Is come into faſhion,
And marriage ſo bleſt on the throne is,
Like a Venus *I'll ſhine,*
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Truſty *ſhall be my* Adonis.

Sir TRUSTY.

And Sir Truſty *ſhall be thy* Adonis.

The KING *and* QUEEN *advancing.*

KING.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the ſweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou ſource of chaſte delights,
Chearful days, and bliſsful nights,
Thou doſt untainted joys diſpence,
And pleaſure join with innocence:
Thy raptures laſt, and are ſincere
From future grief and preſent fear.

BOTH.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the ſweets of virtuous love?

Prologue to the TENDER HUSBAND.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

IN the firſt riſe and infancy of Farce,
When Fools were many, and when Plays were ſcarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with eaſe,
A young and unexperienc'd audience pleaſe:
No ſingle Character had e'er been ſhown,
But the whole herd of Fops was all their own;
Rich in Originals, they ſet to view,
In every piece, a Coxcomb that was new.

But now our *Britiſh* Theatre can boaſt
Droles of all kinds, a vaſt Unthinking hoſt!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it ſhows
Cuckolds, and Citts, and Bawds, and Pimps, and Beaux;
Rough-country Knights are found of every ſhire;
Of every faſhion gentle Fops appear;
And Punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the Stage as in the Pit.
Our modern Wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a Fool:
Long e'er they find the neceſſary ſpark,
They ſearch the Town, and beat about the Park:

To

* *A Comedy written by Sir* Richard Steele.

To all his moſt frequented haunts reſort,
Oft dog him to the Ring, and oft to Court;
As love of pleaſure, or of place invites:
And ſometimes catch him taking Snuff at *White*'s.

Howe'er, to do you right, the preſent age
Breeds very hopeful Monſters for the ſtage;
That ſcorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And wo'n't be blockheads in the Common road.
Do but ſurvey this crowded houſe to-night:
------Here's ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write.

Our Author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with Variety of fools his Play;
And that there may be ſomething gay, and new,
Two Ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
The firſt a Damſel, travell'd in Romance;
The t' other more refin'd; ſhe comes from *France:*
Reſcue, like courteous Knights, the Nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the Stranger.

EPILOGUE

to the BRITISH ENCHANTERS.*

WHEN *Orpheus* tun'd his lyre with pleaſing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While liſt'ning foreſts cover'd, as he play'd,
The ſoft muſician in a moving ſhade.
That this night's ſtrains the ſame ſucceſs may find,
The force of Magick is to Muſick join'd:
Where ſounding ſtrings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd ſpells prevail.
Let ſage *Urganda* wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waſte of ſand,
The deſart ſmiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the ſprings to flow.

The ſame dull ſights in the ſame landſcape mixt,
Scenes of Still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleaſure on the mind beſtow,
And pall the ſenſe with one continu'd ſhow:
But as our two Magicians try their skill,
The viſion varies, tho' the place ſtands ſtill,

While

* *A Dramatick Poem written by the Lord* Lanſdown.

While the ſame ſpot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the proſpect to a thouſand views.
Thus (without Unity of place tranſgreſt)
Th' Enchanter turns the Critick to a jeſt.

But howſoe'er, to pleaſe your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects diſappear and brighter riſe:
There's none can make amends for loſt delight,
While from that Circle we divert your ſight.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

Auguſtus *had a deſign to rebuild* Troy, *and make it the Metropolis of the* Roman *Empire, having cloſetted ſeveral Senators on the project:* Horace *is ſuppos'd to have written the following Ode on this occaſion.*

THE Man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move;
Not the red arm of angry *Jove*,

That

That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruine and confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the bleſt abodes;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a place among the Gods;
Where now *Auguſtus*, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture ſhow,
And with immortal ſtains divinely glow.

By arts like theſe did young *Lyæus* riſe:
His Tigers drew him to the skies,
Wild from the deſart and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the laſh, and bent 'em to the yoke.

Such were the paths that *Rome*'s great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook off dull mortality,
And loſt the Monarch in the God.
Bright *Juno* then her awful ſilence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled deities beſpoke.

Troy, says the Goddess, perjur'd *Troy* has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile Gods,
Now spreads its ruines all around,
And lyes inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

Since false *Laomedon*'s tyrannick sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian Gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor wou'd the fierce invading foe repell;
To my resentments, and *Minerva*'s rage,
The guilty King and the whole People fell.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more;
No more do's *Hector*'s force the *Trojans* shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.

My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To *Mars* his off-spring of the *Trojan* line:
Advanc'd to god-head let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;

Quaff

Quaff with the Gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine:

The thin remains of *Troy*'s afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be *Rome* from *Troy* disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.

Still let the curst detested place,
Where *Priam* lies, and *Priam*'s faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of Kings.

May Tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent deserts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested Lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While *Troy* in heaps of ruines lyes,
Rome and the *Roman* Capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from *Afric* shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through *Afric*'s sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To *Nile*'s yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with un-desiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the Mine,
Shall lye untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms;
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
'Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second *Troy*,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the Gods anew.

A Curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raise:

Greece

Greece ſhall in mutual leagues conſpire
To ſtorm the riſing town with fire,
And at their armies head my ſelf will ſhow
What *Juno*, urged to all her rage, can do.

Thrice ſhould *Apollo*'s ſelf the city raiſe,
And line it round with walls of braſs,
Thrice ſhould my fav'rite *Greeks* his works confound,
And hew the ſhining fabrick to the ground;
Thrice ſhould her captive dames to *Greece* return,
And their dead ſons and ſlaughter'd husbands mourn.

But hold, my Muſe, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the ſecrets of the Gods to light:
In vain would thy preſumptuous verſe
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearſe;
The mighty ſtrains, in Lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majeſty, and loſe their ſound.

OVID'S *METAMORPHOSES.*

BOOK II.

The Story of PHAETON.

THE Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a ſilver light,
And with a milder gleam refreſh'd the ſight;
Of poliſh'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought:
The matter vied not with the ſculptor's thought,
For in the portal was diſplay'd on high
(The work of *Vulcan*) a fictitious sky;
A waving ſea th' inferiour earth embrac'd,
And Gods and Goddeſſes the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale beſtrode;
Triton, and *Proteus* (the deceiving God)
With *Doris* here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd main,

While

While ſome on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And ſome on fiſhes through the waters glide:
Tho' various features did the Siſters grace,
A Siſter's likeneſs was in every face.
On earth a different landskip courts the eyes,
Men, Towns, and Beaſts, in diſtant proſpects riſe,
And Nymphs, and Streams, and Woods, and rural Deities.
O'er all, the Heav'n's refulgent Image ſhines;
On either gate were ſix engraven ſigns.

Here *Phaeton*, ſtill gaining on th' aſcent,
To his ſuſpected father's palace went,
'Till preſſing forward through the bright abode,
He ſaw at diſtance the illuſtrious God:
He ſaw at diſtance, or the dazling light
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his aking ſight.

The God ſits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, ſtand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes beſmear;
And hoary Winter ſhivers in the reer.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd in one.
He ſaw the boy's confuſion in his face,
Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;

And cries aloud, " What wants my Son? for know
" My Son thou art, and I must call thee so.

" Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
" Illustrious Parent! since you don't despise
" The Parent's name, some certain token give,
" That I may *Clymenè*'s proud boast believe,
" Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.

The tender fire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: " My Son, said he,
" Come to thy Father's arms! for *Clymenè*
" Has told thee true; a Parent's name I own,
" And deem thee worthy to be call'd my Son.
" As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
" Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
" By *Styx* I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
" And roul impervious to my piercing sight.

The youth transported, asks without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.

The God repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook;
" My son, says he, some other proof require,
" Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
" I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
" Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.

" Too

" Too vaſt and hazardous the task appears,
" Nor ſuited to thy ſtrength, nor to thy years.
" Thy lot is mortal, but thy wiſhes fly
" Beyond the province of mortality:
" There is not one of all the Gods that dares
" (However skill'd in other great affairs)
" To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
" Not *Jove* himſelf, the ruler of the sky,
" That hurles the three-fork'd thunder from above,
" Dares try his ſtrength; yet who ſo ſtrong as *Jove?*
" The ſteeds climb up the firſt aſcent with pain:
" And when the middle firmament they gain,
" If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
" And ſee the earth and ocean hang below,
" Ev'n I am ſeiz'd with horror and affright,
" And my own heart miſgives me at the ſight.
" A mighty downfal ſteeps the ev'ning ſtage,
" And ſteddy reins muſt curb the horſes' rage.
" *Tethys* her ſelf has fear'd to ſee me driv'n
" Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
" Beſides, conſider what impetuous force
" Turns ſtars and planets in a different courſe:
" I ſteer againſt their motions; nor am I
" Born back by all the current of the sky.
" But how could You reſiſt the orbs that roul
" In adverſe whirls, and ſtem the rapid pole?
" But you perhaps may hope for pleaſing woods,
" And ſtately domes, and cities fill'd with Gods;
" While through a thouſand ſnares your progreſs lies,
" Where forms of ſtarry Monſters ſtock the skies:

" For, ſhould you hit the doubtful way aright,
" The *Bull* with ſtooping horns ſtands oppoſite;
" Next him the bright *Hæmonian Bow* is ſtrung;
" And next, the *Lion*'s grinning viſage hung:
" The *Scorpion*'s claws here claſp a wide extent,
" And here the *Crab*'s in leſſer claſps are bent.
" Nor would you find it eaſie to compoſe
" The mettled ſteeds, when from their noſtrils flows
" The ſcorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
" Ev'n I their head-ſtrong fury ſcarce reſtrain,
" When they grow warm and reſtiff to the rein.
" Let not my Son a fatal gift require,
" But, O! in time, recall your raſh deſire;
" You ask a gift that may your Parent tell,
" Let theſe my Fears your parentage reveal;
" And learn a Father from a Father's care:
" Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
" Could you but look, you'd read the Father there.
" Chuſe out a gift from ſeas, or earth, or skies,
" For open to your wiſh all nature lies,
" Only decline this one unequal task,
" For 'tis a Miſchief, not a Gift you ask;
" You ask a real Miſchief, *Phaeton:*
" Nay hang not thus about my neck, my Son:
" I grant your wiſh, and *Styx* has heard my voice,
" Chuſe what you will, but make a wiſer choice.

Thus did the God th'unwary youth adviſe;
But he ſtill longs to travel through the skies.

When

When the fond Father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the *Vulcanian* chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The ſpokes in rows of ſilver pleas'd the ſight,
The ſeat with parti-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo ſhin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with ſecret joy the work ſurveys;
When now the morn diſclos'd her purple rays;
The ſtars were fled; for *Lucifer* had chaſe'd
The ſtars away, and fled himſelf at laſt.
Soon as the Father ſaw the roſy morn,
And the moon ſhining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble *Hours* without delay
Bring forth the ſteeds; the nimble *Hours* obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous ſteeds retire,
Dropping ambroſial foams, and ſnorting fire.
Still anxious for his Son, the God of day,
To make him proof againſt the burning ray,
His temples with celeſtial ointment wet,
Of ſov'raign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding ſigh, and ſaid,

" Take this at leaſt, this laſt advice, my Son:
" Keep a ſtiff rein, and move but gently on:
" The courſers of themſelves will run too faſt,
" Your art muſt be to moderate their haſte.
" Drive 'em not on Directly through the skies,
" But where the *Zodiac*'s winding circle lies,

" Along the midmoſt *Zone*; but ſally forth
" Nor to the diſtant ſouth, nor ſtormy north.
" The horſes' hoofs a beaten track will ſhow,
" But neither mount too high, nor ſink too low,
" That no new fires or heaven or earth infeſt;
" Keep the mid way, the middle way is beſt.
" Nor, where in radiant folds the *Serpent* twines,
" Direct your courſe, nor where the *Altar* ſhines.
" Shun both extremes; the reſt let Fortune guide,
" And better for thee than thy ſelf provide!
" See, while I ſpeak, the ſhades diſperſe away,
" *Aurora* gives the promiſe of a day;
" I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer ſtay.
" Snatch up the reins; or ſtill th' attempt forſake,
" And not my Chariot, but my Counſel take,
" While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand;
" Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand.
" Let Me alone to light the world, while you
" Enjoy thoſe beams which you may ſafely view.
He ſpoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And ſprightly vigour vaults into the ſeat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Thoſe thanks his Father with remorſe receives.

Mean while the reſtleſs horſes neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they ſtood.
Tethys, not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
And all the waſte of heaven before 'em lay.
They ſpring together out, and ſwiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;

With wingy ſpeed outſtrip the eaſtern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The Youth was light, nor could he fill the ſeat,
Or poiſe the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at ſea th' unballaſs'd veſſel rides,
Caſt to and fro, the ſport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toſs'd on high,
The Youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
Soon as the ſteeds perceive it, they forſake
Their ſtated courſe, and leave the beaten track.
The Youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the horſes, had he known, obey.
Then the *Seven ſtars* firſt felt *Apollo*'s ray,
And wiſh'd to dip in the forbidden ſea.
The folded *Serpent* next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,
And rage'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And ſhot a redder light from every ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, *Boötes* too, that fain
Thou would'ſt have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Wain.

Th' unhappy Youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſpread:
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wiſh the fiery ſteeds untry'd,
His birth obſcure, and his requeſt deny'd:
Now would he *Merops* for his Father own,
And quit his boaſted kindred to the Sun.

So

So fares the Pilot, when his ſhip is toſt
In troubled ſeas, and all its ſteerage loſt,
He gives her to the winds, and in deſpair
Seeks his laſt refuge in the Gods and Prayer.

What cou'd he do? his eyes, if backward caſt,
Find a long path he had already paſt;
If forward, ſtill a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and meaſures in his mind;
And ſometimes caſts an eye upon the Eaſt,
And ſometimes looks on the forbidden Weſt.
The horſe's Names he knew not in the fright:
Nor wou'd he looſe the reins, nor cou'd he hold 'em right.

Now all the horrors of the heavens he ſpies,
And monſtrous ſhadows of prodigious ſize,
That, deck'd with ſtars, lie ſcatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where *Scorpio* bent
In tail and arms ſurrounds a vaſt extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he ſhines,
And fills the ſpace of two celeſtial ſigns.
Soon as the Youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandiſh his ſting, and in his poiſon ſweat,
Half dead with ſudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horſes felt 'em looſe upon their mains,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroul'd where-e'er their fury drove;
Ruſh'd on the ſtars, and through a pathleſs way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.

And

And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the Earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds diſperſe in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's ſteeds beneath her own;
The highlands ſmoak, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fewel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harveſts grow,
The running conflagration ſpreads below.
But theſe are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into aſhes turn.

The mountains kindle as the Car draws near,
Athos and *Tmolus* red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a ſingle name)
And virgin *Helicon* increaſe the flame;
Taurus and *Oete* glare amid the sky,
And *Ida*, ſpight of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and *Othrys*, and *Cithæron*, glow;
And *Rhodopè*, no longer cloath'd in ſnow;
High *Pindus*, *Mimas*, and *Parnaſſus*, ſweat,
And *Ætna* rages with redoubled heat.
Even *Scythia*, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native froſt was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring *Appennine*,
And *Caucaſus*, and proud *Olympus*, ſhine;
And, where the long-extended *Alpes* aſpire,
Now ſtands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th' aſtoniſht Youth, where-e'er his eyes cou'd turn,
Beheld the Univerſe around him burn: The

The World was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The ſultry vapours and the ſcorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Loſt in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with aſhes, hov'ring in the ſmoke,
He flew where-e'er the Horſes drove, nor knew
Whither the Horſes drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy *Moor* begun
To change his hue, and Blacken in the ſun.
Then *Libya* firſt, of all her moiſture drain'd,
Became a barren waſte, a wild of Sand.
The Water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bæotia, robb'd of ſilver *Dirce*, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's waſted ſpring bewails,
And *Argos* grieves whilſt *Amymonè* fails.

The floods are drain'd from every diſtant coaſt,
Even *Tanaïs*, tho' fix'd in ice, was loſt.
Enrage'd *Caïcus* and *Lycormas* roar,
And *Xanthus*, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd *Mæander*, that unweary'd ſtrays
Through mazy windings, ſmokes in every maze.
From his lov'd *Babylon Euphrates* flies;
The big-ſwoln *Ganges* and the *Danube* riſe
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames *Iſmenos* and the *Phaſis* roul'd,
And *Tagus* floating in his melted gold.
The Swans, that on *Caÿſter* often try'd
Their tuneful ſongs, now ſung their laſt and dy'd.

The frighted *Nile* ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His ſeven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roul'd, ſeven gaping trenches lye.
No more the *Rhine* or *Rhone* their courſe maintain,
Nor *Tiber*, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep-cleft, admits the dazling ray,
And ſtartles *Pluto* with the flaſh of day.
The ſeas ſhrink in, and to the ſight diſcloſe
Wide naked plains, where once their billows roſe;
Their rocks are all diſcover'd, and increaſe
The number of the ſcatter'd *Cyclades*.
The fiſh in ſholes about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked Dolphin leap:
Gaſping for breath, th' unſhapen *Phocæ* die,
And on the boiling wave extended lye.
Nereus, and *Doris* with her virgin train,
Seek out the laſt receſſes of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And ſecret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern *Neptune* thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The *Earth* at length, on every ſide embrace'd
With ſcalding ſeas, that floated round her waiſt,
When now ſhe felt the ſprings and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Up-lifted to the heavens her blaſted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and ſaid;

(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
" If you, great King of Gods, my death approve,
" And I deserve it, let me die by *Jove*;
" If I must perish by the force of fire,
" Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
" See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
" See my singe'd hair, behold my faded eye,
" And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lye!
" And does the plow for this my body tear?
" This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
" Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
" That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
" And food for man, and frankincense for you?
" But grant Me guilty; what has *Neptune* done?
" Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
" The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
" Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?
" If I nor He your pity can provoke,
" See your own Heavens, the heavens begin to smoke!
" Shou'd once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
" Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
" *Atlas* becomes unequal to his freight,
" And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
" If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
" All must again into their chaos turn.
" Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
" And succour nature, e'er it be too late.

She ceas'd; for choak'd with vapours round her ſpread,
Down to the deepeſt ſhades ſhe ſunk her head.

Jove call'd to witneſs every Power above,
And even the God, whoſe Son the Chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or univerſal ruine muſt enſue.
Strait he aſcends the high Ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his ſhowers and ſtorms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither ſtorm nor ſhower.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' Almighty Sire
Suppreſs'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life, and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-ſtruck from heaven.
The horſes ſtarted with a ſudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The ſtudded harneſs from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a ſilver ſpoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, ſcatter'd o'er the earth, the ſhining fragments lay.
The breathleſs *Phaeton*, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling ſtar,
That in a ſummer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or ſeems at leaſt to drop;
'Till on the *Po* his blaſted corps was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the weſtern world.

PHAETON's *Sisters transform'd into Trees.*

The *Latian* nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoaking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
" Here he who drove the Sun's bright chariot lies;
" His Father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
" But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of One whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a Sun:
The burning ruines, with a fainter ray,
Supply the Sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But *Clymenè*, enrage'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her Son, and frantick in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd, round the world she goes,
To seek where-e'er his body might be cast;
'Till, on the borders of the *Po*, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears.
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears,

Hangs

Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for *Phaeton* in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day ſtand round the tomb, and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full Moon return'd;
So long the mother, and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldeſt, *Phaethuſa*, ſtrove
To reſt her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but ſhe found
Her ſelf with-held, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as ſhe grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with Leaves;
One ſees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms ſhot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breaſts, and bodies ſtood
Cruſted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But ſtill above were female Heads diſplay'd,
And mouths, that call'd the Mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haſte ſhe flew,
And kiſs'd her ſprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers ſtrips the leaves:

The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: The maids were heard to say,
" Forbear, mistaken Parent, Oh! forbear;
" A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
" Farewel for ever." Here the bark encreas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of Amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the Sun,
Distill for ever on the streams below:
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mixt in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright *Latian* maid.

The Transformation of CYCNUS *into a Swan.*

Cycnus beheld the Nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Thro' pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy Monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issu'd through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:

All

All *Cycnus* now into a Swan was turn'd,
Who, ſtill remembring how his kinſman burn'd,
To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while *Apollo* in a gloomy ſhade
(The native luſtre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging ſorrow, ſickens at the ſight
Of his own Sun-ſhine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs, that in his boſom riſe,
Sadden his looks, and over-caſt his eyes,
As when ſome duſky orb obſtructs his ray,
And ſullies, in a dim eclipſe, the day.

Now ſecretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm reſentments to his grief he joyn'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
" E'er ſince the birth of Time, ſaid he, I've born
" A long ungrateful toil without return;
" Let now ſome other manage, if he dare,
" The fiery ſteeds, and mount the burning Carr;
" Or, if none elſe, let *Jove* his fortune try,
" And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
" My Son deſerv'd not ſo ſevere a fate.

The Gods ſtand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would reſume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be loſt in endleſs night:
Jove too himſelf, deſcending from his height,

Excuſes

Excuſes what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majeſtically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneſs'd ſteeds, that ſtill with horror ſhook,
And plies 'em with the laſh, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his Son.

The Story of CALISTO.

The day was ſettled in its courſe; and *Jove*
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To ſearch if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was ſafe: The earth he then ſurvey'd,
And caſt an eye on every different coaſt,
And every land; but on *Arcadia* moſt.
Her fields he cloath'd, and chear'd her blaſted face
With running fountains, and with ſpringing graſs.
No tracks of heaven's deſtructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and Nature ſmiles again.

But as the God walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the ſpring its birth,
By chance a fair *Arcadian* Nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The Nymph nor ſpun, nor dreſs'd with artful pride;
Her veſt was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a ſlender ſpear ſhe bore,
Now a light quiver on her ſhoulders wore;
To chaſt *Diana* from her youth inclin'd
The ſprightly warriors of the wood ſhe join'd.

Diana

Diana too the gentle huntreſs lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er *Mænalus*, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour laſts not long.

The Sun now ſhone in all its ſtrength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful ſhadow caſt:
She dropt her arrows, aud her bow unbrace'd;
She flung her ſelf on the cool graſſy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove ſaw the charming huntreſs unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
" Here I am ſafe, he cries, from *Juno*'s eye;
" Or ſhould my jealous Queen the theft deſcry,
" Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
" And ſtand her rage for ſuch, for ſuch a bliſs!
Diana's ſhape and habit ſtrait he took,
Soften'd his brows, and ſmooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent ſpoke.
" How fares my girl? How went the morning chaſe?
To whom the virgin, ſtarting from the graſs,
" All-hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
" To *Jove* himſelf, tho' *Jove* himſelf were here.
The God was nearer than ſhe thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himſelf before himſelf preferr'd.

He then ſalutes her with a warm embrace;
And, e'er ſhe half had told the morning chaſe,

With love enflam'd, and eager on his bliſs,
Smother'd her words, and ſtop'd her with a kiſs;
His kiſſes with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could *Diana*'s ſhape conceal the God.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;
(Sure *Juno* muſt have pardon'd, had ſhe view'd)
With all her might againſt his force ſhe ſtrove;
But how can mortal maids contend with *Jove!*

Poſſeſt at length of what his heart deſir'd,
Back to his heavens th' exulting God retir'd.
The lovely huntreſs, riſing from the graſs,
With down-caſt eyes, and with a bluſhing face,
By ſhame confounded, and by fear diſmay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty ſhade,
And almoſt, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and ſhafts behind.

But now *Diana*, with a ſprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins; bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the Nymph; the Nymph began to fear
A ſecond fraud, a *Jove* diſguis'd in Her;
But, when ſhe ſaw the ſiſter Nymphs, ſuppreſs'd
Her riſing fears, and mingled with the reſt.

How in the look does conſcious guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddeſs ran,
As once ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the train.

Her looks were fluſh'd, and ſullen was her mien,
That ſure the virgin goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a virgin) muſt the guilt have ſeen.
'Tis ſaid the Nymphs ſaw all, and gueſs'd aright:
And now the Moon had nine times loſt her light,
When *Dian*, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreſhing ſtreams
That in ſoft murmurs through the foreſt flow'd,
And a ſmooth bed of ſhining gravel ſhow'd.

A covert ſo obſcure, and ſtreams ſo clear,
The goddeſs prais'd: " And now no ſpies are near,
" Let's ſtrip, my gentle maids, and waſh, ſhe cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the bluſhing huntreſs ſtood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd: her fellows round her preſs'd,
And the reluctant Nymph by force undreſs'd.
The naked huntreſs all her ſhame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
" Begone! the goddeſs cries with ſtern diſdain,
" Begone! nor dare the hallow'd ſtream to ſtain:
She fled, for-ever baniſh'd from the train.

This *Juno* heard, who long had watch'd her time
To puniſh the deteſted rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddeſs caſt a furious look, and cry'd,
" It is enough! I'm fully ſatisfy'd!

" This boy ſhall ſtand a living mark, to prove
" My husband's baſeneſs, and the ſtrumpet's love:
" But vengeance ſhall awake: thoſe guilty charms,
" That drew the Thunderer from *Juno*'s arms,
" No longer ſhall their wonted force retain,
" Nor pleaſe the God, nor make the Mortal vain.

This ſaid, her hand within her hair ſhe wound,
Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground:
The proſtrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow ſhaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are ſharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a God, begin
To grow diſtorted in an ugly grin.
And, leſt the ſupplicating brute might reach
The ears of *Jove*, ſhe was depriv'd of ſpeech:
Her ſurly voice thro' a hoarſe paſſage came
In ſavage ſounds: her mind was ſtill the ſame.
The furry monſter fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to *Jove*,
And beg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him falſe, ſhe thought him ſo.

How did ſhe fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs purſue,
Whilſt from her hounds the frighted huntreſs flew!
How did ſhe fear her fellow-brutes, and ſhun
The ſhaggy Bear, tho' now her ſelf was one!

How

How from the ſight of rugged Wolves retire,
Although the grim *Lycaon* was her Sire!

But now her ſon had fifteen ſummers told,
Fierce at the chaſe, and in the foreſt bold;
When, as he beat the woods in queſt of prey,
He chanc'd to rouze his mother where ſhe lay.
She knew her ſon, and kept him in her ſight,
And fondly gaz'd: The boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breaſt,
And would have ſlain his mother in the beaſt;
But *Jove* forbad, and ſnatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd 'em there:
Where the new Conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a luſtre to the northern skies.

When *Juno* ſaw the rival in her height,
Spangled with ſtars, and circled round with light,
She ſought old *Ocean* in his deep abodes,
And *Tethys*; both rever'd among the Gods.
They ask what brings her there: " Ne'er ask, ſays ſhe,
" What brings me here, Heaven is no place for me.
" You'll ſee, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
" *Jove*'s ſtarry baſtard and triumphant whore
" Uſurp the heavens; you'll ſee 'em proudly roul
" In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
" And who ſhall now on *Juno*'s altars wait,
" When thoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate?
" I on the Nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
" *Jove* to a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt;

" This,

" This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
" But let the God his chaſte amours purſue,
" And, as he acted after *Io*'s rape,
" Reſtore th' adult'reſs to her former ſhape;
" Then may he caſt his *Juno* off, and lead
" The great *Lycaon*'s off-ſpring to his bed.
" But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
" And, if my wrongs a due reſentment find,
" Receive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
" Nor let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams.

The goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was given.
Back ſhe return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gawdy Peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were ſpotted with a thouſand Eyes;
The Eyes of *Argus* on their tails were rang'd,
At the ſame time the Raven's colour chang'd.

The Story of CORONIS, *and Birth of* ÆSCULAPIUS.

The Raven once in ſnowy plumes was dreſt,
White as the whiteſt Dove's unſully'd breaſt,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the Swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.

The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told;
In *Theſſaly* there liv'd a Nymph of old,

Coronis

Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Confeſt the faireſt of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, 'till her guilt he knew,
While true ſhe was, or whilſt he thought her true.
But his own bird the Raven chance'd to find
The falſe one with a ſecret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the God he ply'd;
The buſy Daw flew with him, ſide by ſide,
And by a thouſand teizing queſtions drew
Th' important ſecret from him as they flew.
The Daw gave honeſt counſel, tho' deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus adviſ'd.

" Stay, ſilly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuſe,
" Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
" Be warn'd by my example: you diſcern
" What now I am, and what I was ſhall learn.
" My fooliſh honeſty was all my crime;
" Then hear my ſtory. Once upon a time,
" The two-ſhap'd *Erichthonius* had his birth
" (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
" *Minerva* nurs'd him, and the infant laid
" Within a cheſt, of twining oſiers made.
" The daughters of King *Cecrops* undertook
" To guard the cheſt, commanded not to look
" On what was hid within. I ſtood to ſee
" The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
" The ſiſters *Pandroſos* and *Herſè* keep
" The ſtrict command; *Aglauros* needs would peep,

" And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
" And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
" A Boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
" But the boy ended in a Dragon's tail.
" I told the stern *Minerva* all that pass'd,
" But for my pains, discarded and disgrace'd,
" The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
" And for her favorite chose the bird of night.
" Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
" Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.

" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
" As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
" But I was lov'd; ask *Pallas* if I lye;
" Tho' *Pallas* hate me now, she won't deny:
" For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
" Was once a Maid (by heaven the story's true)
" A blooming maid, and a King's daughter too.
" A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
" My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
" *Neptune*, as on his shores I went to rove,
" Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
" He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
" And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
" Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,
" 'Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
" I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
" To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
" A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
" For, as my Arms I lifted to the skies,
" I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;

" I

" I ſtrove to fling my garment on the ground;
" My garment turn'd to Plumes, and girt me round:
" My hands to beat my naked boſom try;
" Nor naked boſom now nor hands had I.
" Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
" Sunk in the ſand, but skim'd along the ſhore;
" 'Till, riſing on my Wings, I was prefer'd
" To be the chaſte *Minerva*'s virgin bird:
" Prefer'd in vain! I now am in diſgrace:
" *Nyctimene* the Owl enjoys my place.

" On her inceſtuous life I need not dwell,
" (In *Lesbos* ſtill the horrid tale they tell)
" And of her dire amours you muſt have heard,
" For which ſhe now does penance in a Bird,
" That, conſcious of her ſhame, avoids the light,
" And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
" The Birds, where-e'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
" The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.

The Raven, urge'd by ſuch impertinence,
Grew paſſionate, it ſeems, and took offence,
And curſt the harmleſs Daw; the Daw withdrew:
The Raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of falſe *Coronis* and the favour'd youth.

The God was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forſook:
His ſilver bow and feather'd ſhafts he took,

And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded Nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And weltring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
" Ah cruel God! tho' I have justly dy'd,
" What has, alas! my unborn Infant done,
" That He should fall, and two expire in one?
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The God dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falshood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely Nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a God could Weep, the God had Wept.
Her corps he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.

But, lest his off-spring should her fate partake,
Spight of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur *Chiron*'s charge:
Then in his fury Black'd the Raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his White plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE *transform'd to a Mare.*

Old *Chiron* took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The Nymph *Chariclo* to the Centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
To see the child, *Ocyrrhöe* was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The God was kindled in the raving Maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetick tale;
" Hail, great Physician of the world, all-hail;
" Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
" Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
" Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
" Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
" Thy daring art shall animate the Dead,
" And draw the Thunder on thy guilty head:
" Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
" Rise up victorious, and be Twice a God.
" And thou, my Sire, not destin'd by thy birth
" To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
" How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
" And quit thy claim to immortality;
" When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
" The *Hydra*'s venom rankling in thy veins?

" The Gods, in pity, ſhall contract thy date,
" And give thee over to the power of Fate.

Thus, entering into deſtiny, the maid
The ſecrets of offended *Jove* betray'd:
More had ſhe ſtill to ſay; but now appears
Oppreſs'd with ſobs and ſighs, and drown'd in tears.
" My voice, ſays ſhe, is gone, my language fails;
" Through every limb my kindred ſhape prevails:
" Why did the God this fatal gift impart,
" And with prophetick raptures ſwell my heart!
" What new deſires are theſe? I long to Pace
" O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on Graſs;
" I haſten to a Brute, a Maid no more;
" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
" My Sire does Half a human ſhape retain,
" And in his upper parts preſerves the Man.

Her tongue no more diſtinct complaints affords,
But in ſhrill accents and miſ-ſhapen words
Pours forth ſuch hideous wailings, as declare
The Human form confounded in the Mare:
'Till by degrees accompliſh'd in the Beaſt,
She neigh'd outright, and all the Steed expreſt.
Her ſtooping body on her hands is born,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and ſhod in horn;
Her yellow treſſes ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail ſhe friſks her train.
The Mare was finiſh'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

The Transformation of BATTUS *to a Touch-ſtone.*

Sore wept the Centaur, and to *Phœbus* pray'd;
But how could *Phœbus* give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry *Jove*,
In *Elis* then a herd of Beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a ſtaff of Oake,
And o'er his ſhoulders threw the Shepherd's cloak;
On ſeven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waſte the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty *Hermes* from the God convey'd
A Drove, that ſep'rate from their fellows ſtray'd.
The theft an old inſidious Peaſant view'd,
(They call'd him *Battus* in the neighbourhood)
Hire'd by a wealthy *Pylian* Prince to feed
His favourite Mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thieviſh God ſuſpected him, and took
The Hind aſide, and thus in whiſpers ſpoke;
" Diſcover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
" And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
" Go, ſtranger, cries the clown, ſecurely on,
" That ſtone ſhall ſooner tell; and ſhow'd a ſtone.

The God withdrew, but ſtrait return'd again,
In ſpeech and habit like a country Swain;
And cries out, " Neighbour, haſt thou ſeen a ſtray
" Of Bullocks and of Heifers paſs this way?

In

" In the recovery of my cattle join,
" A Bullock and a Heifer ſhall be thine.
The Peaſant quick replies, " You'll find 'em there
" In yon dark vale: and in the vale they were.
The Double bribe had his falſe heart beguil'd:
The God, ſucceſsful in the tryal, ſmil'd;
" And doſt thou thus betray my ſelf to Me?
" Me to my ſelf doſt thou betray? ſays he:
Then to a *Touch-ſtone* turns the faithleſs Spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

The Story of AGLAUROS, *transform'd into a Statue.*

This done, the God flew up on high, and paſs'd
O'er lofty *Athens*, by *Minerva* grace'd,
And wide *Munichia*, whilſt his eyes ſurvey
All the vaſt region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feaſt, when each *Athenian* Maid
Her yearly homage to *Minerva* paid;
In caniſters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their myſtick gifts they bore:
And now, returning in a ſolemn train,
The troop of ſhining Virgins fill'd the plain.

The God well-pleas'd beheld the pompous ſhow,
And ſaw the bright proceſſion paſs below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them: As the ſpreading Kite,

That

That ſmells the ſlaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a diſtance, if the Prieſts are nigh,
And ſails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the God the Virgin choir in view,
And in ſlow winding circles round them flew.

As *Lucifer* excells the meaneſt ſtar,
Or, as the full-orb'd *Phœbe Lucifer*;
So much did *Hersè* all the reſt outvy,
And gave a grace to the ſolemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold Bullet, that with fury ſlung
From *Balearick* engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and ſhow'd
The form divine, the features of a God.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden edging on the ſeam below;
Adjuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the ſleep-procuring wand;
The glittering ſandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with poliſh'd Ivory line'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of Tortoiſe ſhine'd.

Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were place'd,
The midmoſt by the beauteous *Herſè* grace'd;
Her virgin ſiſters lodg'd on either ſide.
Aglauros firſt th' approaching God deſcry'd,
And, as he croſs'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his buſineſs was, and whence he came.
" I come, reply'd the God, from Heaven, to woo
" Your ſiſter, and to make an aunt of you;
" I am the ſon and meſſenger of *Jove*,
" My name is *Mercury*, my buſineſs Love;
" Do you, kind damſel, take a lover's part,
" And gain admittance to your ſiſter's heart.

She ſtar'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when ſhe on *Minerva*'s ſecret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treaſure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the God retire.
Minerva griev'd to ſee the Nymph ſucceed;
And now remembring the late impious deed,
When, diſobedient to her ſtrict command,
She touch'd the cheſt with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-ſwoln ſighs her inward rage expreſs'd,
That heav'd the riſing *Ægis* on her breaſt;
Then ſought out *Envy* in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholeſom skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Diſmal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or diſturbs the night.

Directly

Directly to the cave her courſe ſhe ſteer'd;
Againſt the gates her martial lance ſhe rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the Fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morſel in her teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the fleſh of Vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monſter, riſing heavily,
Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the Goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a chearful ſight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt;
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep,
Reſtleſs in ſpite: while watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy;
Foe to her ſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormenter in her breaſt.
The Goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
A ſhort command: " To *Athens* ſpeed thy flight;
" On curſt *Aglauros* try thy utmoſt art,
" And fix thy rankeſt venoms in her heart.
This ſaid, her ſpear ſhe puſh'd againſt the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,

Flew off to Heaven: The hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curſes as ſhe flew;
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the ſucceſs which ſhe her ſelf muſt give.
Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind born,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful courſe, a mighty blaſt appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are deface'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waſte:
On mortals next, and peopled towns ſhe falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When *Athens* ſhe beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous Fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deſerv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now ſhe enter'd, where at reſt
Aglauros lay, with gentle ſleep oppreſt.
To execute *Minerva*'s dire command,
She ſtroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breaſt convey'd,
That ſtung to madneſs the devoted maid:
Her ſubtle venom ſtill improves the ſmart,
Frets in the blood, and feſters in the heart.

To make the work more ſure, a ſcene ſhe drew,
And place'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her Siſter's Marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary Bride appears in ſtate;

The Bride-groom with unwonted beauty glows;
For *Envy* magnifies whate'er ſhe ſhows.

Full of the dream, *Aglauros* pine'd away
In tears all night, in darkneſs all the day;
Conſum'd like ice, that juſt begins to run,
When feebly ſmitten by the diſtant Sun;
Or like unwholſome weeds, that ſet on fire
Are ſlowly waſted, and in ſmoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the viſion wrought)
Oft did ſhe call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than ſee her ſiſter's wiſh ſucceed,
To tell her awful father what had paſt:
At length before the door her ſelf ſhe caſt;
And, ſitting on the ground with ſullen pride,
A paſſage to the love-ſick God deny'd.
The God careſs'd, and for admiſſion pray'd,
And ſooth'd in ſofteſt words th' envenom'd Maid.
In vain he ſooth'd; " Begone! the Maid replies,
" Or here I keep my ſeat, and never riſe.
' Then keep thy ſeat for ever, cries the God,
And touch'd the door, wide-opening to his rod.
Fain would ſhe riſe, and ſtop him, but ſhe found
Her trunk too heavy to forſake the ground;
Her joynts are all benum'd, her hands are pale,
And Marble now appears in every nail.
As when a Cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;

So does the chilneſs to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
'Till hard'ning every where, and ſpeechleſs grown,
She ſits unmov'd, and freezes to a Stone.
But ſtill her envious hue and ſullen mien
Are in the ſedentary figure ſeen.

EUROPA'S *Rape.*

When now the God his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the ſtubborn Maid,
From where the bright *Athenian* turrets riſe
He mounts aloft, and re-aſcends the skies.
Jove ſaw him enter the ſublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of Gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the reſt,
And in ſoft whiſpers thus his will expreſt.

" My truſty *Hermes*, by whoſe ready aid
" Thy Sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
" Reſume thy wings, exert their utmoſt force,
" And to the walls of *Sidon* ſpeed thy courſe;
" There find a herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
" The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the ſhore.

Thus ſpoke the God, concealing his intent.
The truſty *Hermes* on his meſſage went,
And found the herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the ſhore;

Where

Where the King's Daughter with a lovely train
Of Fellow-Nymphs, was ſporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aſide,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)
The Ruler of the skies, the thundering God,
Who ſhakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing Heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his ſhoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the ſnow that lies
Unſully'd by the breath of ſouthern skies;
Small ſhining horns on his curl'd forehead ſtand,
As turn'd and poliſh'd by the work-man's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languiſh'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and expreſt
The ſoftneſs of the Lover in the Beaſt.

Agenor's royal daughter, as ſhe play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white Bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd his ſpotleſs body with delight,
And at a diſtance kept him in her ſight.
At length ſhe pluck'd the riſing flowers, and fed
The gentle beaſt, and fondly ſtroak'd his head.
He ſtood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleaſure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring ſtrand,
Now rowls his body on the yellow ſand;

And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes toſſing forward to the royal Maid;
Gives her his breaſt to ſtroke, and downward turns
His griſly brow, and gently ſtoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal Virgin dreſt
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breaſt.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that ſhe preſt the Thunderer,
She place'd her ſelf upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, ſeated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the ſeas;
Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted Nymph looks backward on the ſhoar,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But ſtill ſhe holds him faſt: one hand is born
Upon his back; the other graſps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through ſtorms and tempeſts he the Virgin bore,
And lands her ſafe on the *Dictean* ſhore;
Where now, in his divineſt form array'd,
In his True ſhape he captivates the Maid;
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majeſtick figure riſe,
His glowing features, and celeſtial light,
And all the God diſcover'd to her ſight.

OVID'S *METAMORPHOSES.*

BOOK III.

The Story of CADMUS.

WHEN now *Agenor* had his daughter loſt,
He ſent his ſon to ſearch on every coaſt;
And ſternly bid him to his arms reſtore
The darling maid, or ſee his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The reſtleſs youth ſearch'd all the world around;
But how can *Jove* in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unſucceſsful toil,
To ſhun his angry Sire and native ſoil,
He goes a ſuppliant to the *Delphick* dome;
There asks the God what new-appointed home

Should

Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
The *Delphick* oracles this anſwer give.

" Behold among the fields a lonely Cow,
" Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
" Mark well the place where firſt ſhe lays her down,
" There meaſure out thy walls, and build thy town,
" And from thy guide *Bœotia* call the land,
" In which the deſtin'd walls and town ſhall ſtand.

No ſooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promiſe of the *Delphick* God,
When in the fields the fatal Cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with ſervitude:
Her gently at a diſtance he purſu'd;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in ſilence pray'd
To the great Power whoſe counſels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery *Panopè* ſhe took,
And now, *Cephiſus*, croſs'd thy ſilver brook;
When to the Heavens her ſpacious front ſhe rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On thoſe behind, 'till on the deſtin'd place
She ſtoop'd, and couch'd amid the riſing graſs.

Cadmus ſalutes the ſoil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameleſs vales,
And thanks the Gods, and turns about his eye
To ſee his new dominions round him lye;
Then ſends his ſervants to a neighbouring grove
For living ſtreams, a ſacrifice to *Jove*.

O'er

O'er the wide plain there roſe a ſhady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark boſom ſtood
A buſhy thicket, pathleſs and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidſt the brake a hollow Den was found,
With rocks and ſhelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary Den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to *Mars*, a mighty Dragon lay,
Bloated with poiſon to a monſtrous ſize;
Fire broke in flaſhes when he glance'd his eyes:
His towering creſt was glorious to behold,
His ſhoulders and his ſides were ſcal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth ſtood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The *Tyrians* in the Den for water ſought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From ſide to ſide their empty urns rebound,
And rouſe the ſleepy Serpent with the ſound.
Strait he beſtirs him, and is ſeen to riſe;
And now with dreadful hiſſings fills the ſkies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rouls his glareing eyes.
The *Tyrians* drop their veſſels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous ſight.
Spire above ſpire uprear'd in air he ſtood,
And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles rowl'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of ſuch a bulk, and ſuch a monſtrous ſize,
The Serpent in the polar circle lyes,
That ſtretches over half the Northern ſkies.

In vain the *Tyrians* on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathſom death,
Swoln up with blaſts of peſtilential breath.

And now the ſcorching Sun was mounted high,
In all its luſtre, to the noon-day sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To ſearch the woods th' impatient Chief prepares.
A Lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd Jav'lin to the field he bore
Inur'd to blood; the far-deſtroying Dart
And, the beſt weapon, an undaunted Heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He ſaw his ſervants breathleſs on the graſs;
The ſcaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
Basking at eaſe, and feaſting in their blood.
" Such friends, he cries, deſerv'd a longer date;
" But *Cadmus* will revenge, or ſhare their fate.
Then heav'd a Stone, and riſing to the throw,
He ſent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, aſſaulted by ſo rude a ſtroke,
With all its lofty battlements had ſhook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmleſs from the plaited ſcales,
That, firmly join'd, preſerv'd him from a wound,
With native armour cruſted all around.

The

The pointed Jav'lin more ſucceſsful flew,
Which at his back the raging warriour threw;
Amid the plaited ſcales it took its courſe,
And in the ſpinal marrow ſpent its force.
The monſter hiſs'd aloud, and rage'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the ſpear, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point ſtill buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increaſing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom roſe,
Whilſt from his mouth a blaſt of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal *Stygian* waters caſt;
The plants around him wither in the blaſt.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enrowl'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the foreſt in his boiſterous courſe.
Cadmus gave back, and on the Lion's ſpoil
Suſtain'd the ſhock, then force'd him to recoil;
The pointed Jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The Serpent champs the ſteel, and bites the ſpear,
'Till blood and venom all the point beſmear.
But ſtill the hurt he yet receive'd was ſlight;
For, whilſt the Champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the Jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and diſappoints the blow.

The dauntleſs Heroe ſtill purſues his ſtroke,
And preſſes forward, 'till a knotty Oak
Retards his foe, and ſtops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plunge'd the fatal ſpear,
That in th' extended neck a paſſage found,
And pierce'd the ſolid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a ſtroke
Of his huge tail, he laſh'd the ſturdy Oak;
'Till ſpent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twiſting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of ſwimming poiſon, intermix'd with blood;
When ſuddenly a ſpeech was heard from high,
(The ſpeech was heard, nor was the ſpeaker nigh)
" Why doſt thou thus with ſecret pleaſure ſee,
" Inſulting man! what thou thy ſelf ſhalt be?
Aſtoniſh'd at the voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When *Pallas* ſwift deſcending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wiſe,
Bids him plow up the field, and ſcatter round
The Dragon's Teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field ſhould riſe.

He ſows the Teeth at *Pallas*'s command,
And flings the Future People from his hand.

The clods grow warm, and crumble where he ſows;
And now the pointed ſpears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and ſhining creſts,
Now the broad ſhoulders and the riſing breaſts;
O'er all the field the breathing harveſt ſwarms,
A growing hoſt, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting ſtage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By juſt degrees; 'till all the Man ariſe,
And in his full proportion ſtrikes the eyes.

Cadmus ſurpriz'd, and ſtartled at the ſight
Of his new foes, prepare'd himſelf for fight:
When one cry'd out, " Forbear, fond man, forbear
" To mingle in a blind promiſcuous war.
This ſaid, he ſtruck his Brother to the ground,
Himſelf expiring by Another's wound;
Nor did the Third his conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying e'er ſcarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows ſwam in blood: and onely five
Of all the vaſt increaſe were left alive.
Echion one, at *Pallas*'s command,
Let fall the guiltleſs weapon from his hand;
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom *Cadmus* as his friends and partners takes:

So

So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new *Bæotian* empire birth.

Here *Cadmus* reign'd; and now one would have gueſs't
The royal founder in his exile bleſt:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathleſs Gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increaſe of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die.

Actæon was the firſt of all his race,
Who griev'd his Grandſire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by ſtern *Diana* to bemoan
The branching horns, and viſage not his own;
To ſhun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their Huntſman to become their Prey.
And yet conſider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The Transformation of ACTÆON *into a Stag.*

In a fair Chace a ſhady mountain ſtood,
Well ſtore'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntſmen 'till the heat of day
Purſue the Stag, and load themſelves with prey;

When

When thus *Actæon* calling to the reſt:
" My friends, ſays he, our ſport is at the beſt.
" The Sun is high advance'd, and downward ſheds
" His burning beams directly on our heads;
" Then by conſent abſtain from further ſpoils,
" Call off the dogs, and gather up the toiles;
" And e'er to morrow's Sun begins his race,
" Take the cool morning to renew the chace.
They all conſent, and in a chearful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
Return in triumph from the ſultry plain.

Down in a vale with Pine and Cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle winds, and brown with ſhade,
The chaſte *Diana*'s private haunt, there ſtood
Full in the centre of the darkſome wood
A ſpacious Grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moſs, and arch'd with Pumice-ſtone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling ſwell into a lake below.
Nature had every where ſo play'd her part,
That every where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with Art.
Here the bright Goddeſs, toil'd and chafe'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did ſhe now with all her train reſort,
Panting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
Some loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;

Each

Each buſy Nymph her proper part undreſt;
While *Crocale*, more handy than the reſt,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a nooſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe.
Five of the more ignoble ſort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undreſt the ſhining Goddeſs ſtood,
When young *Actæon*, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grott by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked Nymphs ſurvey'd.
The frighted virgins ſhriek'd at the ſurprize,
(The foreſt echo'd with their piercing cries.)
Then in a huddle round their Goddeſs preſt:
She, proudly eminent above the reſt,
With bluſhes glow'd; ſuch bluſhes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding Nymphs her body hide,
Half backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide.
Surpriz'd, at firſt ſhe would have ſnatch'd her Bow,
But ſees the circling waters round her flow;
Theſe in the hollow of her hand ſhe took,
And daſh'd 'em in his face, while thus ſhe ſpoke:
" Tell if thou can'ſt the wonderous ſight diſclos'd,
" A Goddeſs Naked to thy view expos'd.

This ſaid, the Man begun to diſappear
By ſlow degrees, and ended in a Deer.
A riſing horn on either brow he wears,
And ſtretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;

Rough

Rough is his skin, with ſudden hairs o'er-grown,
His boſom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haſt,
And wonders why he flies away ſo faſt.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He ſaw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched *Actæon!* in a doleful tone
He try'd to ſpeak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glaſs
He ſaw the big round drops, with ſilent pace,
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy face.
What ſhould he do? Or ſeek his old abodes,
Or herd among the Deer, and skulk in woods?
Here ſhame diſſuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking heart aſſails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him ſpies
His opening Hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or ſnuff the vapour from the ſcented graſs.

He bounded off with fear, and ſwiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did purſue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue ſupplies;
From ſhouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtunn'd with their promiſcuous cries.

When now the fleeteſt of the pack, that preſt
Cloſe at his heels, and ſprung before the reſt,
Had faſten'd on him, ſtraight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
'Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the ſad Huntſman grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His ſervants with a piteous look he ſpies,
And turns about his ſupplicating eyes.
His ſervants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haſte and joyful ſhouts advanc'd,
And call'd their Lord *Actæon* to the game:
He ſhook his head in anſwer to the name;
He heard, but wiſh'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have ſtood a looker on.
But, to his grief, he finds himſelf too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched maſter panting in a Deer.

The Birth of BACCHUS.

Actæon's ſufferings, and *Diana*'s rage,
Did all the thoughts of Men and Gods engage;
Some call'd the evils, which *Diana* wrought,
Too great, and diſproportion'd to the fault:
Others again eſteem'd *Actæon*'s woes
Fit for a Virgin Goddeſs to impoſe.

The

The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the Goddess, nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of *Cadmus* bleed;
For still she kept *Europa* in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How *Semele*, to *Jove*'s embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future God.
Thus terribly incens'd, the Goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

" Are my reproaches of so small a force?
" 'Tis time I then pursue another course:
" It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
" If I'm indeed the Mistress of the sky;
" If rightly stil'd among the powers above
" The Wife and Sister of the thundering *Jove*;
" (And none can sure a Sister's right deny)
" It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
" She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
" Pregnant she rises to a Mother's name;
" While proud and vain she triumphs in her *Jove*,
" And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
" But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
" By her own lover the fond beauty dies.

This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of *Semele* she stood.

Old *Beroe*'s decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the Nurse's tone.
The Goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false Foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the Nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
" 'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said.
" But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
" Some counterfeit in this your *Jupiter*.
" Many an honest well-designing maid,
" Has been by these pretended Gods betray'd.
" But if he be indeed the thundering *Jove*,
" Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
" Descend triumphant from th' etherial sky,
" In all the pomp of his divinity;
" Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
" With which he fills th' immortal *Juno*'s arms.

Th' unwary Nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of *Jove*, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;
" Fear not, reply'd the God, that I'll refuse
" Whate'er you ask: May *Styx* confirm my voice,
" Chuse what you will, and you shall have your choice.

" Then,

" Then, ſays the Nymph, when next you ſeek my arms,
" May you deſcend in thoſe celeſtial charms,
" With which your *Juno*'s boſom you enflame,
" And fill with tranſport Heaven's immortal dame.
The God ſurpriz'd would fain have ſtopp'd her voice:
But he had ſworn, and ſhe had made her choice.

To keep his promiſe he aſcends, and ſhrowds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilſt all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play.
And yet, the dazling luſtre to abate,
He ſet not out in all his pomp and ſtate,
Clad in the mildeſt light'ning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the ſmalleſt ſize:
Not thoſe huge bolts, by which the Giants ſlain
Lay overthrown on the *Phlegrean* plain.
'Twas of a leſſer mould, and lighter weight;
They call it Thunder of a Second-rate.
For the rough *Cyclops*, who by *Jove*'s command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up leſs flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it ſooner in the ſtanding lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illuſtrious God, deſcending from his height,
Came ruſhing on her in a ſtorm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The light'ning's flaſhes, and the thunder's rage,

Conſum'd

Conſum'd amidſt the glories ſhe deſir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preſerve his off-ſpring from the tomb,
Jove took him ſmoaking from the blaſted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino firſt took him for her Foſter-child;
Then the *Niſeans*, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd ſecretly with milk the thriving God.

The Transformation of TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while theſe tranſactions paſt on earth,
And *Bacchus* thus procur'd a ſecond birth,
When *Jove*, diſpos'd to lay aſide the weight
Of publick empire, and the cares of ſtate;
As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
" In troth, ſays he, and as he ſpoke he laugh'd,
" The ſenſe of pleaſure in the male is far
" More dull and dead, than what you females ſhare.
Juno the truth of what was ſaid deny'd;
Tireſias therefore muſt the cauſe decide;
For he the pleaſure of each ſex had try'd.

It happen'd once, within a ſhady wood,
Two twiſted Snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his ſtaff their ſlimy folds he broke,
And loſt his manhood at the fatal ſtroke.

But,

But, after ſeven revolving years, he view'd
The ſelf-ſame Serpents in the ſelf-ſame wood;
" And if, ſays he, ſuch virtue in you lye,
" That he who dares your ſlimy folds untie
" Muſt change his kind, a ſecond ſtroke I'll try.
Again he ſtruck the Snakes, and ſtood again
New-ſex'd, and ſtrait recover'd into Man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The ſoveraign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for *Jove:* When *Juno* fir'd,
More than ſo trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his ſight,
And left him groping round in ſudden night.
But *Jove* (for ſo it is in Heaven decree'd,
That no one God repeal another's deed;)
Irradiates all his ſoul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of ſight.

The Transformation of ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' enquiring nations ſought their doom;
The fair *Liriope* his anſwers try'd,
And firſt th' unerring prophet juſtify'd;
This Nymph the God *Cephiſus* had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the *Nereid* got a lovely boy,
Whom the ſoft maids even then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, ſollicitous to know
Whether her child ſhould reach old age or no,

Conſults the ſage *Tireſias*, who replies,
" If e'er he knows himſelf, he ſurely dies.
Long liv'd the dubious mother in ſuſpence,
'Till time unriddled all the prophet's ſenſe.

Narciſſus now his ſixteenth year began,
Juſt turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth careſs'd,
Many a love-ſick maid her flame confeſs'd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend careſs'd,
The love-ſick maid in vain her flame confeſs'd.

Once, in the woods, as he purſu'd the chace,
The babbling *Echo* had deſcry'd his face;
She, who in other's words her ſilence breaks,
Nor ſpeaks her ſelf but when another ſpeaks.
Echo was then a maid, of ſpeech bereft,
Of wonted ſpeech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curſe did on her tongue impoſe,
To ſport with every ſentence in the cloſe.
Full often when the Goddeſs might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This Nymph with ſubtle ſtories would delay
Her coming, 'till the lovers ſlipp'd away.
The Goddeſs found out the deceit in time,
And then ſhe cry'd, " That tongue, for this thy crime,
" Which could ſo many ſubtle tales produce,
" Shall be hereafter but of little uſe.
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimick ſounds, and accents not her own.

This

This love-ſick Virgin, over-joy'd to find
The Boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not Words to tell:
She can't Begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to Return the ſound.

The Nymph, when nothing could *Narciſſus* move,
Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted love,
Liv'd in the ſhady covert of the woods,
In ſolitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
'Till harraſs'd out, and worn away with care,
The ſounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Beſides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where ſtill it Doubles every ſound.

The Story of NARCISSUS.

Thus did the Nymphs in vain careſs the Boy,
He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy;
When one fair Virgin of the ſlighted train
Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his diſdain,
" Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!
Rhamnuſia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with juſt vengeance anſwer'd to her prayer.

There ſtands a fountain in a darkſom wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling leaves nor riſing mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it reſts,
Unſully'd by the touch of men or beaſts;
High bowers of ſhady trees above it grow,
And riſing graſs and chearful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolneſs of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,
Narciſſus on the graſſie verdure lyes:
But whilſt within the chryſtal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats ariſe.
For as his own bright image he ſurvey'd,
He fell in love with the fantaſtick ſhade;
And o'er the fair reſemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himſelf he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and ſhoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious forehead, and the ſparkling eyes;
The hands that *Bacchus* might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And hair that round *Apollo*'s head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulneſs of face,
That gently bluſhes in the wat'ry glaſs.
By his own flames conſum'd the lover lyes,
And gives himſelf the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous ſhade he dips
His arms, as often from himſelf he ſlips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms purſue
With eager claſps, but loves he knows not who.

What

What could, fond youth, this helpleſs paſſion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm bluſh within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd ſhadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thy ſelf relies;
Step thou aſide, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he ſtood,
Mindleſs of ſleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languiſh'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
" You trees, ſays he, and thou ſurrounding grove,
" Who oft have been the kindly ſcenes of love,
" Tell me, if e'er within your ſhades did lye
" A youth ſo tortur'd, ſo perplex'd as I?
" I who before me ſee the charming fair,
" Whilſt there he ſtands, and yet he ſtands not there:
" In ſuch a maze of love my thoughts are loſt;
" And yet no bulwark'd town, nor diſtant coaſt,
" Preſerves the beauteous youth from being ſeen,
" No mountains riſe, nor oceans flow between.
" A ſhallow water hinders my embrace;
" And yet the lovely mimick wears a face
" That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
" My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
" Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
" Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
" My charms an eaſy conqueſt have obtain'd
" O'er other hearts, by thee alone diſdain'd.

" But why ſhould I deſpair? I'm ſure he burns
" With equal flames, and languiſhes by turns.
" When-e'er I ſtoop he offers at a kiſs,
" And when my arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his.
" His eye with pleaſure on my face he keeps,
" He ſmiles my ſmiles, and when I weep he weeps.
" When-e'er I ſpeak, his moving lips appear
" To utter ſomething, which I cannot hear.

" Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
" To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
" It is my ſelf I love, my ſelf I ſee;
" The gay deluſion is a part of me.
" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return.
" Whom ſhould I court? how utter my complaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my reſtraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.
" How gladly would I from my ſelf remove!
" And at a diſtance ſet the thing I love.
" My breaſt is warm'd with ſuch unuſual fire,
" I wiſh him abſent whom I moſt deſire.
" And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
" Death will the ſorrows of my heart relieve.
" O might the viſionary youth ſurvive,
" I ſhould with joy my lateſt breath reſign!
" But oh! I ſee his fate involv'd in mine.

This ſaid, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;

His tears deface'd the ſurface of the well
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
" Ah whither, cries *Narciſſus*, doſt thou fly?
" Let me ſtill feed the flame by which I die;
" Let me ſtill ſee, tho' I'm no further bleſt.
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breaſt:
His naked boſom redden'd with the blow,
In ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters ſhow,
E'er yet the Sun's autumnal heats refine
Their ſprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breaſt he ſpies,
And with a new redoubled paſſion dies.
As Wax diſſolves, as Ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the Sun;
So melts the youth, and languiſhes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
And none of thoſe attractive charms remain,
To which the ſlighted *Echo* ſu'd in vain.

She ſaw him in his preſent miſery,
Whom, ſpight of all her wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee.
She anſwer'd ſadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his ſighs, and groan'd to every groan:
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, *Narciſſus* cries;
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the Nymph replies.
" Farewel, ſays he; the parting ſound ſcarce fell
From his faint lips, but ſhe reply'd, " Farewel.

Then

Then on th' unwholſome earth he gaſping lyes,
'Till death ſhuts up thoſe ſelf-admiring eyes.
To the cold ſhades his flitting ghoſt retires,
And in the *Stygian* waves it ſelf admires.

For him the *Naiads* and the *Dryads* mourn,
Whom the ſad *Echo* anſwers in her turn;
And now the Siſter-Nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corps, they only found
A riſing Stalk, with Yellow Bloſſoms crown'd.

The Story of PENTHEUS.

This ſad event gave blind *Tireſias* fame,
Through *Greece* eſtabliſh'd in a Prophet's name.

Th' un-hallow'd *Pentheus* only durſt deride
The cheated people, and their eyeleſs guide.
To whom the Prophet in his fury ſaid,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
" 'Twere well, preſumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
" If thou wert eyeleſs too, and blind, like me:
" For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
" When the young God's ſolemnities appear;
" Which if thou doſt not with juſt rites adorn,
" Thy impious carcaſs, into pieces torn,
" Shall ſtrew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
" Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
" And own the blind *Tireſias* ſaw too well.

Still

Still *Pentheus* ſcorns him, and derides his skill,
But Time did all the Prophet's threats fulfil.
For now thro' proſtrate *Greece* young *Bacchus* rode,
Whilſt howling matrons celebrate the God.
All ranks and ſexes to his *Orgies* ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When *Pentheus* thus his wicked rage expreſs'd;
" What madneſs, *Thebans*, has your ſouls poſſeſs'd?
" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken ſhout,
" And the lewd clamours of a beaſtly rout,
" Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
" Of women's yells thoſe ſtubborn ſouls diſarm,
" Whom nor the ſword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
" Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
" And you, our Sires, who left your old abodes,
" And fix'd in foreign earth your country Gods;
" Will you without a ſtroak your city yield,
" And poorly quit an undiſputed field?
" But you, whoſe youth and vigour ſhould inſpire
" Heroick warmth, and kindle martial fire,
" Whom burniſh'd arms and creſted helmets grace,
" Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
" Remember him to whom you ſtand ally'd:
" The Serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
" He fought the ſtrong; do you his courage ſhow,
" And gain a conqueſt o'er a feeble foe.
" If *Thebes* muſt fall, oh might the fates afford
" A nobler doom from famine, fire, or ſword!
" Then might the *Thebans* periſh with renown:
" But now a beardleſs victor ſacks the town;

" Whom

" Whom nor the prancing ſteed, nor pond'rous ſhield,
" Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the duſty field,
" But the ſoft joys of luxury and eaſe,
" The purple veſts, and flowery garlands pleaſe.
" Stand then aſide, I'll make the counterfeit
" Renounce his God-head, and confeſs the cheat.
" *Acriſius* from the *Grecian* walls repell'd
" This boaſted power; why then ſhould *Pentheus* yield?
" Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
" I'll try the force of his divinity.
Thus did th' audacious wretch thoſe rites profane;
His friends diſſuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his Grandſire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I ſeen a river gently glide,
In a ſmooth courſe, and inoffenſive tide;
But if with dams its current we reſtrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his ſervants came beſmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty Prince to ſeize the God;
The God they found not in the frantick throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

Him *Pentheus* view'd with fury in his look,
And ſcarce with-held his hands, while thus he ſpoke:

" Vile

" Vile ſlave! whom ſpeedy vengeance ſhall purſue,
" And terrify thy baſe ſeditious crew:
" Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
" And, why thou join'ſt in theſe mad *Orgies*, tell.

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.

" From high *Meonia's* rocky ſhores I came,
" Of poor deſcent, *Acœtes* is my name:
" My Sire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his paſtures low'd.
" His whole eſtate within the Waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
" His art was all his livelihood; which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
" In ſtreams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
" There ſwims, ſaid he, thy whole inheritance.

" Long did I live on this poor legacy;
" 'Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
" Obſerv'd the turns and changes of the wind:
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The ſtormy *Hyades*, the rainy *Goat*,
" The bright *Täygete*, and the ſhining *Bears*,
" With all the ſailor's catalogue of ſtars.

" Once, as by chance for *Delos* I deſign'd,
" My veſſel, driv'n by a ſtrong guſt of wind,

" Moor'd in a *Chian* creek; aſhore I went,
" And all the following night in *Chios* ſpent.
" When morning roſe, I ſent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighb'ring ſpring,
" Whilſt I the motion of the winds explor'd;
" Then ſummon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" *Opheltes* heard my ſummons, and with joy
" Brought to the ſhoar a ſoft and lovely Boy,
" With more than female ſweetneſs in his look,
" Whom ſtraggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with ſleep, and ſtaggers as he goes.

" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each Heavenly feature, each Immortal grace,
" And ſaw Divinity in all his face.
' I know not who, ſaid I, this God ſhould be;
' But that he is a God I plainly ſee:
' And thou, who-e'er thou art, excuſe the force
' Theſe men have us'd; and oh befriend our courſe!
' Pray not for us, the nimble *Dictys* cry'd,
" *Dictys*, that could the Main-top-maſt beſtride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour ſlide.
" To the ſame purpoſe old *Epopeus* ſpoke,
" Who over-look'd the oars, and tim'd the ſtroke;
" The ſame the Pilot, and the ſame the reſt;
" Such impious avarice their ſouls poſſeſt.
' Nay, Heaven forbid that I ſhould bear away
' Within my veſſel ſo divine a prey,

" Said

" Said I; and ſtood to hinder their intent:
" When *Lycabas*, a wretch for murder ſent
" From *Tuſcany*, to ſuffer baniſhment,
" With his clench'd fiſt had ſtruck me over-board,
" Had not my hands in falling graſp'd a cord.

" His baſe confederates the fact approve;
" When *Bacchus*, (for 'twas he) begun to move,
" Wak'd by the noiſe and clamours which they rais'd;
" And ſhook his drowſie limbs, and round him gaz'd:
' What means this noiſe? he cries; am I betray'd?
' Ah! whither, whither muſt I be convey'd?
' Fear not, ſaid *Proreus*, child, but tell us where
' You wiſh to land, and truſt our friendly care.
' To *Naxos* then direct your courſe, ſaid he;
' *Naxos* a hoſpitable port ſhall be
' To each of you, a joyful home to me.
" By every God, that rules the ſea or sky,
" The perjur'd villains promiſe to comply,
" And bid me haſten to unmoor the ſhip.
" With eager joy I launch into the deep;
" And, heedleſs of the fraud, for *Naxos* ſtand:
" They whiſper oft, and beckon with the hand,
" And give me ſigns, all anxious for their prey,
" To tack about, and ſteer another way.
' Then let ſome other to my poſt ſucceed,
' Said I, I'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a deed.
' What, ſays *Ethalion*, muſt the ſhip's whole crew
' Follow your humour, and depend on you?

" And ſtrait himſelf he ſeated at the prore,
" And tack'd about, and ſought another ſhore.

" The beauteous youth now found himſelf betray'd,
" And from the deck the riſing waves ſurvey'd,
" And ſeem'd to weep, and as he wept he ſaid;
' And do you thus my eaſy faith beguile?
' Thus do you bear me to my native iſle?
' Will ſuch a multitude of men employ
' Their ſtrength againſt a weak defenceleſs boy?

" In vain did I the God-like youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
" And now by all the Gods in Heaven that hear
" This ſolemn oath, by *Bacchus* ſelf, I ſwear,
" The mighty miracle that did enſue,
" Although it ſeems beyond belief, is true.
" The veſſel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
" Unmov'd by all the beating billows ſtood.
" In vain the Mariners would plow the main
" With ſails unfurl'd, and ſtrike their oars in vain;
" Around their oars a twining Ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the maſt, and hides the cords in leaves:
" The ſails are cover'd with a chearful green,
" And Berries in the fruitful canvaſe ſeen.
" Amidſt the waves a ſudden forreſt rears
" Its verdant head, and a new ſpring appears.

" The God we now behold with open'd eyes;
" A herd of ſpotted Panthers round him lyes

" In

" In glaring forms; the grapy cluſters ſpread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
" And whilſt he frowns, and brandiſhes his ſpear,
" My mates, ſurpriz'd with madneſs or with fear,
" Leap'd over-board; firſt perjur'd *Madon* found
" Rough Scales and Fins his ſtiff'ning ſides ſurround;
" Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
" Strait his own mouth grew Wider as he ſpoke;
" And now himſelf he views with like ſurprize.
" Still at his oar th' induſtrious *Libys* plies;
" But, as he plies, each buſy arm ſhrinks in,
" And by degrees is faſhion'd to a Fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Miſſes his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
" With his broad Fins and Forky Tail he laves
" The riſing ſurge, and flounces in the waves.
" Thus all my crew transform'd around the ſhip,
" Or dive below, or on the ſurface leap,
" And ſpout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
" Full nineteen Sailors did the ſhip convey,
" A ſhole of nineteen Dolphins round her play.
" I only in my proper ſhape appear,
" Speechleſs with wonder, and half dead with fear,
" 'Till *Bacchus* kindly bid me fear no more.
" With him I landed on the *Chian* ſhore,
" And him ſhall ever gratefully adore.

" This forging ſlave, ſays *Pentheus*, would prevail,
" O'er our juſt fury by a far-fetch'd tale:

" Go,

" Go, let him feel the whips, the ſwords, the fire,
" And in the tortures of the rack expire.
Th' officious ſervants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilſt the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themſelves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd Captive ſtands,
And flings the looſen'd ſhackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,
Reſolv'd to ſend his meſſengers no more,
But went himſelf to the diſtracted throng,
Where high *Cithæron* echo'd with their ſong.
And as the fiery War-horſe paws the ground,
And ſnorts and trembles at the trumpet's ſound;
Tranſported thus he heard the frantick rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the diſtant ſhout.

A ſpacious circuit on the hill there ſtood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the raſh *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and myſtick *Orgies* ſpies.
His mother ſternly view'd him where he ſtood,
And kindled into madneſs as ſhe view'd:
Her leafy Jav'lin at her ſon ſhe caſt,
And cries, " The Boar that lays our country waſte!
" The Boar, my Siſters! aim the fatal dart,
" And ſtrike the brindled monſter to the heart.

Pentheus

Pentheus aſtoniſh'd heard the diſmal ſound,
And ſees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He ſees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
" Help, help! my aunt *Autonöe*, he cry'd;
" Remember how your own *Actæon* dy'd.
Deaf to his cries, the frantick matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other *Ino* lops.
In vain does *Pentheus* to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view:
His mother howl'd; and, heedleſs of his prayer,
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
" And this, ſhe cry'd, ſhall be *Agave*'s ſhare.
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe tore,
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore,
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As ſtarting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden death lay *Pentheus* ſlain,
And in a thouſand pieces ſtrow'd the plain.

By ſo diſtinguiſhing a judgment aw'd,
The *Thebans* tremble, and confeſs the God.

The Story of SALMACIS *and* HERMAPHRODITUS.

From the Fourth Book of OVID's *Metamorphoses.*

HOW *Salmacis*, with weak enfeebling ſtreams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the ſecret cauſe, ſhall here be ſhown;
The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.

The *Naïads* nurſt an infant heretofore,
That *Cytherea* once to *Hermes* bore:
From both th' illuſtrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright Parents through the Infant's face.
When fifteen years, in *Ida*'s cool retreat,
The Boy had told, he left his native ſeat,
And ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil:
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.
With eager ſteps the *Lycian* fields he croſt,
And fields that border on the *Lycian* coaſt;
A river here he view'd ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a ſand conceal'd from human ſight.

The

The ſtream produc'd nor ſlimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry ruſhes, nor the ſpiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moiſture all around,
The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
And kept the ſpring eternal on the ground.
A Nymph preſides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
The only ſtranger to *Diana*'s train:
Her Siſters often, as 'tis ſaid, wou'd cry
" Fie *Salmacis*, what always idle! fie,
" Or take thy Quiver, or thy Arrows ſeize,
" And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe.
Nor Quiver ſhe nor Arrows e'er wou'd ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her eaſe.
But oft would bathe her in the chryſtal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid ſtreams ſhe view'd her face,
And dreſt her image in the floating glaſs:
On beds of leaves ſhe now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her ſtreams;
And then by chance was gathering, as ſhe ſtood
To view the Boy, and long'd for what ſhe view'd.

Fain wou'd ſhe meet the youth with haſty feet,
She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
And well deſerv'd to be reputed fair.
" Bright youth, ſhe cries, whom all thy features prove
" A God, and, if a God, the God of love;

" But if a Mortal, bleſt thy Nurſe's breaſt,
" Bleſt are thy Parents, and thy Siſters bleſt:
" But oh how bleſt! how more than bleſt thy Bride,
" Ally'd in bliſs, if any yet ally'd.
" If ſo, let mine the Stoln enjoyments be;
" If not, behold a willing Bride in me.

The Boy knew nought of love, and toucht with ſhame,
He ſtrove, and bluſht, but ſtill the bluſh became:
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of Fruit ſuch bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the Moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.
The Nymph ſtill begs, if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a Siſter's kiſs:
And now prepares to take the lovely Boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, " Or leave me to my ſelf alone,
" You rude uncivil Nymph, or I'll be gone.
" Fair ſtranger then, ſays ſhe, it ſhall be ſo;
And, for ſhe fear'd his threats, ſhe feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, her ſelf unſeen.
The Boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore,
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his foot, and ſhivers, as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the banks he caſt;

His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the Nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes.
She longs, ſhe burns to claſp him in her arms,
And looks, and ſighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undreſt upon the banks he ſtood,
And clapt his ſides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the ſilver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As Lilies ſhut within a chryſtal caſe,
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs.
" He's mine, he's all my own, the *Naïd* cries,
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the Boy reſiſted, and was coy,
The more ſhe clipt, and kiſt the ſtrugling Boy.
So when the wrigling Snake is ſnatcht on high
In Eagle's claws, and hiſſes in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twiſts her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The reſtleſs Boy ſtill obſtinately ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſtill refus'd her love.
Amidſt his limbs ſhe kept her limbs intwin'd,
" And why, coy youth, ſhe cries, why thus unkind!
" Oh may the Gods thus keep us ever Join'd!

" Oh may we never, never Part again!
So pray'd the Nymph, nor did ſhe pray in vain:
For now ſhe finds him, as his limbs ſhe preſt,
Grow nearer ſtill, and nearer to her breaſt;
'Till, piercing each the other's fleſh, they run
Together, and incorporate in One:
Laſt in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the ſtock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.

The Boy, thus loſt in Woman, now ſurvey'd
The river's guilty ſtream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſofter tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You Parent-Gods, whoſe heavenly names I bear,
Hear your *Hermaphrodite*, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomſoe'er theſe ſtreams contain,
If Man he enter'd, he may riſe again
Supple, unſinew'd, and but Half a Man!

The heavenly Parents anſwer'd, from on high,
Their two-ſhap'd ſon, the double votary;
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

NOTES

ON

Some of the foregoing STORIES *in* OVID's *Metamorphoses.*

On the Story of PHAETON, page 150.

THE Story of Phaeton *is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all* Ovid. *It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the Deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the Conflagration he hints at in the first Book;*

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, Correptaque Regia cœli
Ardeat et mundi moles operosa laboret.

(tho' the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

----Cœli miserere tui, circumspica utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.——

Fumat

Fumat uterque polus — *comes up to* Correptaque Regia cœli— *Beſides it is* Ovid's *cuſtom to prepare the reader for a following ſtory, by giving ſome intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly neceſſary to be done before he led us into ſo ſtrange a ſtory as this he is now upon.*

P. 150. l. 7. For in the portal, &c.] *We have here the picture of the univerſe drawn in little.*

——Balænarumque prementem
Ægeona ſuis immunia terga lacertis

Ægeon *makes a diverting figure in it.*

——Facies non omnibus Una
Nec Diverſa tamen: qualem decet eſſe ſororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris *and her daughters ſuch a difference in their looks as is natural to different perſons, and yet ſuch a likeneſs as ſhow'd their affinity.*

Terra viros, urbeſque gerit, ſylvaſque, feraſque,
Fluminaque, et Nymphas, et cætera numina Ruris.

The leſs important figures are well huddled together in the promiſcuous deſcription at the end, which very well repreſents what the Painters call a Grouppe.

——Circum caput omne micantes
Depoſuit radios; propiuſque accedere juſſit.

P. 152. l. 9. And flung the blaze, &c.] *It gives us a great image of* Phœbus, *that the youth was forc'd to look on him at a diſtance,*

distance, and not able to approach him 'till he had lain aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And indeed we may every where observe in Ovid, *that he never fails of a due Loftiness in his* Ideas, *tho' he wants it in his Words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of* Claudian *and* Statius. *But this is not consider'd by them who run down* Ovid *in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorn'd, than his description of* Enceladus *in the sixth book?*

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,
Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,
Læva Pachyne tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhæus.

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a Giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, *with the body of an Island upon his Breast, and a vast Promontory on either Arm.*

There are few books that have had worse Commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphosis. *Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the* Mythologies, *and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shewn us out of an old author that* Ovid *is mistaken in a Pedigree, or has turned such a person into a Wolf that ought to have been made a Tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the Poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nick-names for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious Commentator,* Alexander Ross, *has dived deeper into our Author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him*

him the greateſt myſteries of the Chriſtian religion, and finds almoſt in every page ſome typical repreſentations of the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil. But if theſe writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the ſurface, moſt of them ſerving only to help out a School-boy in the conſtruing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the Gnomæ *of the Author, as they call them, which are generally the heavieſt pieces of a Poet, diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by* Italian *characters. The beſt of* Ovid's *Expoſitors is he that wrote for the* Dauphin's *uſe, who has very well ſhewn the meaning of the author, but ſeldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in moſt places he rather acts the Geographer than the Critick, and inſtead of pointing out the fineneſs of a deſcription, only tells you in what part of the world the place is ſituated. I ſhall therefore only conſider* Ovid *under the character of a Poet, and endeavour to ſhew him impartially, without the uſual prejudice of a Tranſlator; which I am the more willing to do, becauſe I believe ſuch a comment would give the reader a truer taſte of poetry than a comment on any other Poet wou'd do; for in reflecting on the ancient Poets, men think they may venture to praiſe all they meet with in ſome, and ſcarce any thing in others; but* Ovid *is confeſt to have a mixture of both kinds, to have ſomething of the beſt and worſt poets, and by conſequence to be the faireſt ſubject for criticiſm.*

P. 152. l. 22. My ſon, ſays he, &c.] Phœbus's *ſpeech is very nobly uſher'd in, with the* Terque quaterque Concutiens Illuſtre caput---- *and well repreſents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly* Ovid's, *is the repreſenting them juſt as a father wou'd to his young ſon;*

Per tamen adverſi gradieris cornua Tauri,
Hæmonioſque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,

Sævaque

Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.

for one while he ſcares him with bugbears in the way,

——Vaſti quoque rector Olympi,
Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina Dextrâ
Non agat hos currus; *et quid Jove majus habetur?*

Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine Pœna,
Non honor eſt. *Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere poſcis.*

and in other places perfectly tattles like a Father, which by the way makes the length of the ſpeech very natural, and concludes with all the fondneſs and concern of a tender Parent.

——Patrio Pater eſſe metu probor. aſpice vultus
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore poſſes
Inſerere, et Patrias intus deprendere curas! *&c.*

P. 155. l. 2. A golden axle, *&c.*] Ovid *has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin Poets, which are always wonderfully eaſie and natural in him. The repetition of* Aureus, *and the tranſition to* Argenteus, *in the deſcription of the Chariot, give theſe verſes a great ſweetneſs and majeſty.*

Aureus Axis erat, temo Aureus, Aurea ſummæ
Curvatura Rotæ; radiorum Argenteus ordo.

Ibid. l. *penult.* Drive 'em not on directly, *&c.*] *Several have endeavoured to vindicate* Ovid *againſt the old objection, that he miſtakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the Sun. The* Dauphin's *notes tell us that* Ovid *knew very well the Sun did not paſs*

through all the Signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus *mention them only to frighten* Phaeton *from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what* Phœbus *says in his first speech, it cannot for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly*

Sectus in obliquum est lato Curvamine limes.
Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
Effugit australem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arcton.

describes the motion through all the Zodiac.

P. 156. l. 15. And not my Chariot, &c.] Ovid's *verse is* Consiliis non Curribus utere nostris. *This way of joining two such different* Ideas *as Chariot and Counsel to the same verb is mightily used by* Ovid, *but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of* Pun, *because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that* Jupiter *flung a thunderbolt at* Phaeton----Pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit Aurigam, *where he makes a forced piece of* Latin (Animâ expulit aurigam) *that he may couple the Soul and the Wheels to the same verb.*

P. 157. l. 14. Then the seven stars, &c.] *I wonder none of* Ovid's *Commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the* Triones *grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that* Jupiter *turned* Calisto *into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruines that* Phaeton *had made in the world.*

Ibid. l. 11. The youth was in a maze, &c.] *It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than* Phaeton *is; but the*

the Antitheſis *of light and darkneſs a little flattens the deſcription.*
Suntque Oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen abortæ.

P. 159. l. 12. *Athos* and *Tmolus, &c.*] Ovid *has here, after the way of the old Poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the* Engliſh *reader, I have left out ſome of them that make no figure in the deſcription, and inverted the order of the reſt according as the ſmoothneſs of my verſe requir'd.*

P. 160. l. 9. 'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy *Moor, &c.*] *This is the only* Metamorphoſis *in all this long ſtory, which contrary to cuſtom is inſerted in the middle of it. The Criticks may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excurſion in him who propoſes it as his whole deſign to let us know the changes of things. I dare ſay that if* Ovid *had not religiouſly obſerved the reports of the ancient* Mythologiſts, *we ſhould have ſeen* Phaeton *turned into ſome creature or other that hates the light of the Sun; or perhaps into an Eagle that ſtill takes pleaſure to gaze on it.*

P. 161. l. 1. The frighted *Nile, &c.*] Ovid *has made a great many pleaſant images towards the latter end of this ſtory. His verſes on the* Nile

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
Occuluitque caput quod adhuc latet: oſtia ſeptem
Pulverulenta vacant, ſeptem ſine Flumine Valles.

are as noble as Virgil *could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the ſea afterwards,*

Mare contrahitur, ſiccæque eſt campus Arenæ.

becauſe the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades *is a very pretty one;*

-----Quos altum texerat æquor
Exiſtunt montes, et ſparſas Cycladas augent.

but to tell us that the Swans grew warm in Cäyſter,

-----Medio volucres caluere Cäyſtro.

and that the Dolphins durſt not leap,

——Nec ſe ſuper æquora curvi
Tollere conſuetas audent Delphines in auras.

is intolerably trivial on ſo great a ſubject as the burning of the world.

Ibid. l. 23. The Earth at length, &c.] *We have here a ſpeech of the* Earth, *which will doubtleſs ſeem very unnatural to an* Engliſh *reader. It is I believe the boldeſt* Proſopopœia *of any in the old Poets; or if it were never ſo natural, I cannot but think ſhe ſpeaks too much in any reaſon for one in her condition.*

On EUROPA's Rape, page 188.

P. 189. l. 3. The dignity of empire, &c.] *This ſtory is prettily told, and very well brought in by thoſe two ſerious lines,*

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ ſede morantur,
Majeſtas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.

without which the whole fable would have appear'd very prophane.

P. 190. l. 15. The frighted Nymph looks, &c.] *This conſternation and behaviour of* Europa

—— Eluſam

——Eluſam deſignat imagine tauri
Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.
Ipſa videbatur terras ſpectare relictas,
Et comites clamare ſuas, tactumque vereri
Aſſilientis aquæ, timidaſque reducere plantas.

is better deſcribed in Arachne's *picture in the ſixth book, than it is here; and in the beginning of* Tatius *his* Clitophon *and* Leucippe, *than in either place. It is indeed uſual among the* Latin *Poets (who had more art and reflection than the* Grecian) *to take hold of all opportunities to deſcribe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action it ſelf; becauſe in the deſcription of a picture you have a double ſubject before you, either to deſcribe the picture it ſelf, or what is repreſented in it.*

On the Stories in the Third Book, page 191.

FAB. I.

There is ſo great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoſes, that he who would treat of 'em rightly, ought to be a maſter of all ſtiles, and every different way of writing. Ovid *indeed ſhows himſelf moſt in a familiar ſtory, where the chief grace is to be eaſie and natural; but wants neither ſtrength of thought nor expreſſion, when he endeavours after it, in the more ſublime and manly ſubjects of his poem. In the preſent fable the Serpent is terribly deſcribed, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that repreſents them more ſtrong and maſculine than what we uſually meet with in this Poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are theſe, perhaps, which follow.*

P. 193.

P. 193. l. 24. Spire above ſpire, &c.] Ovid, *to make his Serpent more terrible, and to raiſe the character of his Champion, has given too great a looſe to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raiſed up but half his body he over-looked a tall foreſt of Oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the Serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked ſuch a monſter as this is deſcribed to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's ſtanding againſt him.* Virgil *is not aſhamed of making* Æneas *fly and tremble at the ſight of a far leſs formidable foe, where he gives us the deſcription of* Polyphemus, *in the third book; he knew very well that a monſter was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: But we ſhould certainly have ſeen* Cadmus *hewing down the* Cyclops, *had he fallen in* Ovid's *way; or if* Statius's *little* Tydeus *had been thrown on* Sicily, *it is probable he would not have ſpared one of the whole brotherhood.*

------Phœnicas, ſive illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, ſive ipſe timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat:------

P. 194. l. 1. In vain the *Tyrians, &c.*] *The Poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroick ſtile: He has here ſunk into the flatneſs of proſe, where he tells us the behaviour of the* Tyrians *at the ſight of the Serpent:*

------Tegimen direpta Leoni
Pellis erat; telum ſplendenti Lancea ferro,
Et Jaculum; teloque animus præſtantior omni.

And in a few lines after lets drop the majeſty of his verſe, for the ſake of one of his little turns. How does he languiſh in that which

ſeems

seems a labour'd line? Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ. *And what pains does he take to express the Serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it?*

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
Læsaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque sedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire sinebat.

P. 196. l. *ult.* And flings the future, &c.] *The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in* Ovid: *It strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the* Messis virorum *at last.*

P. 197. l. 5. The breathing harvest, &c.] Messis clypeata virorum. *The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only* Messis virorum *been expressed without* clypeata; *for the reader's mind would have been delighted with Two such different Ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all Three.*

This way of mixing two different Ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprize to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin *Poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithete of what we describe. Thus* Claudian, *having got a hollow ball of Chrystal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the Chrystal as hard, stony, precious Water,*

Water, and the Water as ſoft, fluid, imperfect Chryſtal; and thus ſports off above a dozen Epigrams, in ſetting his Words and Ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himſelf up ſo much to this way of writing, that a man may eaſily know where to meet with them when he ſees his ſubject, and often ſtrains ſo hard for them that he many times makes his deſcriptions bombaſtic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's *Golden Bough, had he been to deſcribe it? We ſhould certainly have ſeen the yellow Bark, golden Sprouts, radiant Leaves, blooming Metal, branching Gold, and all the Quarrels that could have been raiſed between words of ſuch different natures: When we ſee* Virgil *contented with his* Auri frondentis; *and what is the ſame, though much finer expreſſed,* -----Frondeſcit virga Metallo. *This compoſition of different Ideas is often met with in a whole ſentence, where circumſtances are happily reconciled that ſeem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the* Latin *Poets, (for the* Greeks *wanted Art for it) in their deſcriptions of Pictures, Images, Dreams, Apparitions, Metamorphoſes, and the like; where they bring together two ſuch thwarting Ideas, by making one part of their deſcriptions relate to the repreſentation, and the other to the thing that is repreſented. Of this nature is that verſe, which, perhaps, is the Wittieſt in* Virgil; Attollens humeris Famamque et Fata nepotum, Æn. 8. *where he deſcribes* Æneas *carrying on his Shoulders the Reputation and Fortunes of his Poſterity; which, though very odd and ſurprizing, is plainly made out, when we conſider how theſe diſagreeing Ideas are reconciled, and his Poſterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the ſhield. Thus, when* Ovid *tells us that* Pallas *tore in pieces* Arachne's *work, where ſhe had embroidered all the rapes that the Gods had committed, he ſays*---Rupit cœleſtia Crimina. *I ſhall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent ſtroke of this nature, out of Mr.* Montagu's *Poem to the King; where he tells us how the King of* France *would have*

have been celebrated by his ſubjects, if he had ever gained ſuch an honourable wound as King William's *at the fight of the* Boin:

His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all their rooms,
And *run* for ever *purple* in the Looms.

FAB II.

P. 198. l. 3. Here *Cadmus* reign'd.] *This is a pretty ſolemn tranſition to the ſtory of* Actæon, *which is all naturally told. The Goddeſs, and her Maids undreſſing her, are deſcribed with diverting circumſtances.* Actæon's *flight, confuſion and griefs are paſſionately repreſented; but it is pity the whole Narration ſhould be ſo careleſly cloſed up.*

———---Ut abeſſe queruntur,
Nec capere oblatæ ſegnem ſpectacula prædæ.
Vellet abeſſe quidem, ſed adeſt, velletque videre,
Non etiam ſentire, Canum fera facta ſuorum.

P. 201. l. 18. A generous pack, &c.] *I have not here troubled my ſelf to call over* Actæon's *pack of dogs in rhime:* Spot *and* Whitefoot *make but a mean figure in heroick verſe, and the* Greek *names* Ovid *uſes would ſound a great deal worſe. He cloſes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jeſt on it,* Quoſque referre mora eſt——*which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other ſerious parts of this ſtory.*

This way of inſerting Catalogues of proper names in their Poems, the Latins *took from the* Greeks, *but have made them more pleaſant than thoſe they imitate, by adapting ſo many delightful characters to their perſons names; in which part* Ovid's *copiouſneſs of invention, and great inſight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the Poets that ever came before or after him. The*

ſmoothneſs of our Engliſh *verſe is too much loſt by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwiſe very natural and abſolutely neceſſary in ſome caſes; as before a battel, to raiſe in our minds an anſwerable expectation of the event, and a lively Idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had* Homer *or* Virgil *only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thouſand of each ſide, our imagination could not poſſibly have been ſo affected, as when we ſee every Leader ſingled out, and every Regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.*

FAB. III.

P. 203. l. 10. How *Semele*, &c.] *This is one of* Ovid's *finiſhed ſtories. The tranſition to it is proper and unforced:* Juno, *in her two ſpeeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a reſenting Goddeſs and a tattling Nurſe:* Jupiter *makes a very majeſtick figure with his Thunder and Lightning, but it is ſtill ſuch a one as ſhows who drew it; for who does not plainly diſcover* Ovid's *hand in the*

Quà tamen uſque poteſt, vires ſibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,
Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
Eſt aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ,
Tela ſecunda vocant ſuperi. ——

P. 204. l. 12. 'Tis well, ſays ſhe, &c.] Virgil *has made a* Beroë *of one of his Goddeſſes in the fifth* Æneid; *but if we compare the ſpeech ſhe there makes with that of her name-ſake in this ſtory, we may find the genius of each Poet diſcovering it ſelf in the language of the Nurſe:* Virgil's Iris *could not have ſpoken more majeſtically in her own ſhape; but* Juno *is ſo much altered from her ſelf in* Ovid, *that the Goddeſs is quite loſt in the Old woman.*

FAB.

FAB. V.

P. 209. l. 7. She can't begin, &c.] *If playing on words be excuſable in any Poem it is in this, where* Echo *is a ſpeaker; but it is ſo mean a kind of wit, that if it deſerves excuſe it can claim no more.*

Mr. Locke, *in his* Eſſay of human underſtanding, *has given us the beſt account of Wit in ſhort, that can any where be met with. Wit, ſays he, lyes in the aſſemblage of Ideas, and putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy. Thus does True wit, as this incomparable Author obſerves, generally conſiſt in the Likeneſs of Ideas, and is more or leſs Wit, as this likeneſs in Ideas is more ſurprizing and unexpected. But as True wit is nothing elſe but a ſimilitude in Ideas, ſo is Falſe wit the ſimilitude in Words, whether it lyes in the likeneſs of Letters only, as in Anagram and Acroſtic; or of Syllables, as in Doggrel rhimes; or whole Words, as Puns, Echo's, and the like. Beſide theſe two kinds of Falſe and True wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has ſomething of both in it. When in two Ideas that have ſome reſemblance with each other, and are both expreſſed by the ſame word, we make uſe of the ambiguity of the word to ſpeak that of one Idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, moſt languages have hit on the word, which properly ſignifies Fire, to expreſs Love by, (and therefore we may be ſure there is ſome reſemblance in the Ideas mankind have of them;) from hence the witty Poets of all languages, when they have once called Love a fire, conſider it no longer as the paſſion, but ſpeak of it under the notion of a real fire, and, as the turn of wit requires, make the ſame word in the ſame ſentence ſtand for either of the Ideas that is annexed to it. When* Ovid's Apollo *falls in*

love he burns with a new flame; when the Sea-Nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water; the Greek *Epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snow-ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the Poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in* Ovid, *who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the Ancients, as our* Cowley *is among the Moderns.* Homer, Virgil, Horace, *and the greatest Poets scorned it, as indeed it is only fit for Epigram and little copies of verses; one would wonder therefore how so sublime a genius as* Milton *could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an Epic Poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of Poetry.*

FAB. VI.

Ovid *seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of* Narcissus's *being the person beloved, and the lover too?*

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
-----Qui probat, ipse probatur.
Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet.
Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
Perque oculos perit ipse suos-----
Uror amore mei flammas moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's *fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story of* Narcissus's *gazing on his face after death in the* Stygian *waters. The design was very bold, of making a Boy fall in love with himself here on earth, but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.*

P. 210. l. 10. But whilst within, &c.] Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit. *We have here a touch of that Mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of Pun in it outweighs the True wit; for if we express the thought in other words the turn is almost lost. This passage of* Narcissus *probably gave* Milton *the hint of applying it to* Eve, *though I think her surprize at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural, than this of* Narcissus. *She was a raw unexperienced Being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but* Narcissus *had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.*

P. 211. l. 12. You trees, says he, &c.] Ovid *is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his Poem. They have generally abundance of Nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The Poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the Poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great Critick has admirably well observed,* Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam Lachrymæ subitò excrescit, et difficile est Auditorem vel Lectorem in summo

ſummo animi affectu diu tenere. *Would any one in* Narciſſus's *condition have cry'd out*-----Inopem me Copia fecit? *Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his ſorrows for the ſake of a pretty reflection?*

O utinam noſtro ſecedere corpore poſſem!
Votum in Amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abeſſet.

None, I ſuppoſe, can be much grieved for one that is ſo witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where obſerve in Ovid, *that he employs his Invention more than his Judgment, and ſpeaks all the ingenious things that can be ſaid on the ſubject, rather than thoſe which are particularly proper to the perſon and circumſtances of the ſpeaker.*

FAB. VII.

P. 215. l. 7. When *Pentheus* thus.] *There is a great deal of ſpirit and fire in this ſpeech of* Pentheus, *but I believe none beſides* Ovid *would have thought of the transformation of the Serpent's teeth for an incitement to the* Thebans *courage, when he deſires them not to degenerate from their great Fore-father the* Dragon, *and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.*

Eſte, precor memores, quâ ſitis ſtirpe creati,
Illiuſque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite ſerpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite veſtrâ.
Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate Decus.----

FAB. VIII.

The ſtory of Acetes *has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the deſcription of his own parentage and employment,*

as

as in that of the ſailors characters and manners. But the ſhort ſpeeches ſcattered up and down in it, which make the Latin *very natural, cannot appear ſo well in our language, which is much more ſtubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as ſo many rubs in the ſtory, that are ſtill turning the narration out of its proper courſe. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.*

FAB. IX.

Ovid *has two very good Similes on* Pentheus, *where he compares him to a River in a former ſtory, and to a War-horſe in the preſent.*

AN

ESSAY

ON

VIRGIL's GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of Poetry among the *Romans*, which he copied after three the greatest masters of *Greece*. *Theocritus* and *Homer* have still disputed for the advantage over him in *Pastoral* and *Heroics*, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to *Hesiod* in his *Georgics*. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a *Pastoral* cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the *Greek*, when rightly mixed and qualified with the *Doric* dialect; nor can the majesty of an Heroic Poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the *Ionians*. But in the Middle stile, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far *Virgil* has excelled all who have written in the same way with him. There

There has been abundance of Criticiſm ſpent on *Virgil*'s *Paſtorals* and *Æneids*, but the *Georgics* are a ſubject which none of the Critics have ſufficiently taken into their conſideration; moſt of them paſſing it over in ſilence, or caſting it under the ſame head with *Paſtoral*; a diviſion by no means proper, unleſs we ſuppoſe the ſtile of a Husbandman ought to be imitated in a *Georgic*, as that of a Shepherd is in *Paſtoral*. But though the ſcene of both theſe Poems lies in the ſame place; the ſpeakers in them are of a quite different character, ſince the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the ſimplicity of a Plowman, but with the addreſs of a Poet. No rules therefore that relate to *Paſtoral*, can any way affect the *Georgics*, ſince they fall under that claſs of Poetry, which conſiſts in giving plain and direct inſtructions to the reader; whether they be Moral duties, as thoſe of *Theognis* and *Pythagoras*; or Philoſophical ſpeculations, as thoſe of *Aratus* and *Lucretius*; or Rules of practice, as thoſe of *Heſiod* and *Virgil*. Among theſe different kinds of ſubjects, that which the *Georgics* go upon, is I think the meaneſt and leaſt improving, but the moſt pleaſing and delightful. Precepts of morality, beſides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averſe to them, are ſo abſtracted from Ideas of ſenſe, that they ſeldom give an opportunity for thoſe beautiful deſcriptions and images which are the ſpirit and life of Poetry. Natural Philoſophy has indeed ſenſible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the Reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its diſputes. But this kind of Poetry I am now ſpeaking of, addreſſes it ſelf wholly to the imagination: It is altogether converſant among the fields and woods, and has the moſt delightful part of Nature for its province. It raiſes in our minds a plea-

sing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description. *A* Georgic *therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the Beauties and Embellishments of Poetry.* Now since this science of Husbandry is of a very large extent, the Poet shews his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. *Virgil* was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first *Georgic*, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the Signs in Nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easie method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: For there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to chuse the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes Poetry from Prose, and makes *Virgil*'s rules of Husbandry pleasanter to read than *Varro*'s. Where the Prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the Poet often conceals

conceals the precept in a deſcription, and repreſents his Country-man performing the action in which he would inſtruct his reader. Where the one ſets out as fully and diſtinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other ſingles out the moſt pleaſing circumſtance of this truth, and ſo conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the underſtanding. I ſhall give one inſtance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the *Georgics*, where the reader may ſee the different ways *Virgil* has taken to expreſs the ſame thing, and how much pleaſanter every manner of expreſſion is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the ſecond *Georgic*, where he tells us what Trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et ſæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque inſita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.
-----Steriles Platani malos geſſere valentes,
Caſtaneæ fagos, ornuſque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: Glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis.
-----Nec longum tempus: et ingens
Exiit ad Cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma.

Here we ſee the Poet conſidered all the effects of this union between Trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the moſt ſurprize, and by conſequence the moſt delight in it, to expreſs the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in uſe among the Poets, and is particularly practiſed by *Virgil*, who loves to ſuggeſt a truth indirectly, and without gi-

ving us a full and open view of it, to let us ſee juſt ſo much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the underſtanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an Idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the Mind, which is always delighted with its own diſcoveries, only takes the hint from the Poet, and ſeems to work out the reſt by the ſtrength of her own faculties.

But ſince the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tireſom to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the Poet muſt take care not to encumber his Poem with too much buſineſs; but ſometimes to relieve the Subject with a moral reflection, or let it reſt a-while for the ſake of a pleaſant and pertinent digreſſion. Nor is it ſufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digreſſions (as it is generally thought) unleſs they are brought in aptly, and are ſomething of a piece with the main deſign of the *Georgic*: For they ought to have a remote alliance at leaſt to the ſubject, that ſo the whole Poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We ſhould never quite loſe ſight of the Country, though we are ſometimes entertained with a diſtant proſpect of it. Of this nature are *Virgil*'s deſcriptions of the original of *Agriculture*, of the fruitfulneſs of *Italy*, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally riſe out of the principal argument and deſign of the Poem. I know no one digreſſion in the *Georgics* that may ſeem to contradict this obſervation, beſides that in the latter end of the Firſt book, where the Poet launches out into a diſcourſe of the battel of *Pharſalia*, and the actions of *Auguſtus*: But it is worth while to conſider how admirably he has turned

the

the courſe of his narration into its proper channel, and made his Husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battel, in thoſe inimitable lines,

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exeſa inveniet ſcabra rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

And afterwards ſpeaking of *Auguſtus*'s actions, he ſtill remembers that *Agriculture* ought to be ſome way hinted at throughout the whole Poem.

-----Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: ſqualent abductis arva colonis:
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in enſem.

We now come to the Stile which is proper to a *Georgic*; and indeed this is the part on which the Poet muſt lay out all his ſtrength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he deſcribes may immediately preſent it ſelf, and riſe up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his ſubject debaſe his ſtile, and betray him into a meanneſs of expreſſion, but every where to keep up his verſe in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a Phraſe or Saying in common talk, ſhould be admitted into a ſerious Poem; becauſe it takes off from the ſolemnity of the expreſſion, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: Much leſs ought the low phraſes and terms of art, that are adapted to Husbandry, have any place in ſuch a work as the *Georgic*, which is not to appear in the natural ſimplicity

ſimplicity and nakedneſs of its ſubject, but in the pleaſanteſt dreſs that Poetry can beſtow on it. Thus *Virgil*, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make uſe of *Tempore* but *Sydere* in his firſt verſe; and every where elſe abounds with *Metaphors*, *Greciſms*, and *Circumlocutions*, to give his verſe the greater pomp, and preſerve it from ſinking into a *Plebeian* ſtile. And herein conſiſts *Virgil*'s maſter-piece, who has not only excelled all other Poets, but even himſelf in the language of his *Georgics*; where we receive more ſtrong and lively *Ideas* of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themſelves: And find our imaginations more affected by his deſcriptions, than they would have been by the very ſight of what he deſcribes.

I ſhall now, after this ſhort ſcheme of rules, conſider the different ſucceſs that *Heſiod* and *Virgil* have met with in this kind of Poetry, which may give us ſome further notion of the excellence of the *Georgics*. To begin with *Heſiod*; if we may gueſs at his character from his writings, he had much more of the Husbandman than the Poet in his temper: He was wonderfully grave, diſcreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. Theſe principles of good Husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the ſubject of that which is the moſt celebrated of them. He is every where bent on inſtruction, avoids all manner of digreſſions, and does not ſtir out of the field once in the whole *Georgic*. His method in deſcribing month after month with its proper ſeaſons and employments, is too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurprize and variety of the Poem, and makes the whole look

look but like a modern Almanack in verſe. The reader is carried through a courſe of weather, and may before-hand gueſs whether he is to meet with ſnow or rain, clouds or ſunſhine in the next deſcription. His deſcriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. Thus when he ſpeaks of *January*; 'The 'wild beaſts, ſays he, run ſhivering through the woods with 'their heads ſtooping to the ground, and their tails clapt be-'tween their legs; the Goats and Oxen are almoſt flea'd with 'cold; but it is not ſo bad with the Sheep, becauſe they have 'a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are 'bitterly pincht with the weather, but the young girls feel 'nothing of it, who ſit at home with their mothers by a 'warm fire-ſide.' Thus does the old gentleman give himſelf up to a looſe kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a juſt Poetical deſcription. Nor has he ſhewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are ſown ſo very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often ſo minute and full of circumſtances, that they weaken and unnerve his verſe. But after all, we are beholden to him for the firſt rough sketch of a *Georgic:* Where we may ſtill diſcover ſomething venerable in the antickneſs of the work; but if we would ſee the deſign enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finiſhed, we muſt expect it from a greater maſter's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of Tillage and Planting into two books, which *Heſiod* has diſpatched in half a one; but has ſo raiſed the natural rudeneſs and ſimplicity of his ſubject with ſuch a ſignificancy of expreſſion, ſuch a pomp of verſe, ſuch variety of tranſitions, and ſuch a ſolemn air in his reflections,

tions, that if we look on both Poets together, we ſee in one the plainneſs of a downright Countryman, and in the other, ſomething of a ruſtick majeſty, like that of a *Roman* Dictator at the plow-tail. He delivers the meaneſt of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clods and toſſes the dung about with an air of gracefulneſs. His prognoſtications of the weather are taken out of *Aratus*, where we may ſee how judiciouſly he has pickt out thoſe that are moſt proper for his Husbandman's obſervation; how he has enforced the expreſſion, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The ſecond book has more wit in it, and a greater boldneſs in its metaphors than any of the reſt. The Poet with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, deſire, and the like, to his Trees. The laſt *Georgic* has indeed as many metaphors, but not ſo daring as this; for human thoughts and paſſions may be more naturally aſcribed to a Bee, than to an inanimate Plant. He who reads over the pleaſures of a Country life, as they are deſcribed by *Virgil* in the latter end of this book, can ſcarce be of *Virgil*'s mind in preferring even the life of a Philoſopher to it.

We may I think read the Poet's clime in his deſcription, for he ſeems to have been in a ſweat at the writing of it.

------O quis me gelidis ſub montibus Hæmi
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleaſures, the coolneſs of his ſhades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more Northern Poet would have omitted for the deſcription of a ſunny hill, and fire-ſide.

The

The Third *Georgic* seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the Horse and Chariot-race. The force of Love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The *Scythian* winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The Murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the Poet strained hard to out-do *Lucretius* in the description of his plague, and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in *Scaliger*.

But *Virgil* seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his Bees in the Fourth *Georgic*: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battels of *Æneas* and *Turnus*, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his *Æneis* he compares the labours of his *Trojans* to those of Bees and Pismires, here he compares the labours of the Bees to those of the *Cyclops*. In short, the last *Georgic* was a good prelude to the *Æneis*; and very well shewed what the Poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an Insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of *Rapin*. The speech of *Proteus* at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the Beauties in the *Georgics*, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its Imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some

few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that Poem, which lay so long under *Virgil*'s correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first *Georgic* was probably burlesqued in the Author's life-time; for we still find in the Scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from *Hesiod*. *Nudus ara, sere nudus*----- And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary Critick, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure *Virgil* would not have translated it from *Hesiod*, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in *Virgil*, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and plowing Naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the Hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the stile of the *Georgics* with that of *Lucretius*, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of *Miscellany Poems*; but shall conclude this Poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finisht piece of all Antiquity. The *Æneis* indeed is of a Nobler kind, but the *Georgic* is more Perfect in its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the *Georgic* are more exquisite. In short, the *Georgic* has all the perfection that can be expected in a Poem written by the greatest Poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

CATO.

C A T O.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

BY

His MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.

CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane,

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

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PADERBORN

VERSES
TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
TRAGEDY of *CATO.*

WHILE you the fierce divided Britons *awe,*
And Cato *with an equal virtue, draw,*
While Envy is it ſelf in Wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud you moſt;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himſelf, not you, to recommend,
And join th' applauſe which all the Learn'd beſtow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
*To my * light Scenes I once inſcrib'd your name,*
And impotently ſtrove to borrow fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

* Tender Husband, *Dedicated to Mr.* Addiſon.

RICHARD STEELE.

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PADERBORN

THO' Cato *ſhines in* Virgil's *epick ſong,*
Preſcribing laws among th' Elyſian *throng;*
Tho' Lucan's *verſe, exalted by his name,*
O'er Gods themſelves has rais'd the Heroe's fame;
The Roman *ſtage did ne'er his image ſee,*
Drawn at full length; a task reſerv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
And awful march before our raviſh'd eyes;
We hear his voice, aſſerting virtue's cauſe;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy ſcene appears.

On Tyber's *banks thy thought was firſt inſpir'd;*
'Twas there, to ſome indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's *ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,*
Thy happy Muſe this manly work deſign'd:
Or in a dream thou ſaw'ſt Rome's *Genius ſtand,*
And, leading Cato *in his ſacred hand,*
Point out th' immortal ſubject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praiſe.

'Tis done——the Heroe lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the Britiſh *ſtage.*
Great Shakeſpear's *ghoſt, the ſolemn ſtrain to hear,*
(Methinks I ſee the laurel'd Shade appear!)

Will

Will hover o'er the Scene, and wond'ring view
His fav'rite Brutus *rival'd thus by you.*
Such Roman *greatneſs in each action ſhines,*
Such Roman *eloquence adorns your lines,*
That ſure the Sybills *books this year foretold,*
And in ſome myſtick leaf was ſeen inroll'd,
' Rome, *turn thy mournful eyes from* Africk's *ſhore,*
' *Nor in her ſands thy* Cato's *tomb explore!*
' *When thrice ſix hundred times the circling Sun*
' *His annual race ſhall thro' the Zodiack run,*
' *An Iſle remote his monument ſhall rear,*
' *And every generous* Briton *pay a tear.*

J. HUGHES.

WHAT *do we ſee! is* Cato then *become*
A greater name in Britain *than in* Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Tho' Lucan, Horace, Virgil *wrote before?*
How will Poſterity this truth explain?
" Cato *begins to live in* Anna's *reign:*
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Riſe in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illuſtrious deeds in diſtant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed Heroes taught,

Raiſe

Raiſe in your ſoul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and conſecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you ſubdue,
And Cæſar *fought, and* Cato *bled for you.*

All Souls College,
Oxon.

EDWARD YOUNG.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the ſtage,
And raiſe the thoughts of a degenerate age,
To ſhow, how endleſs joys from freedom ſpring:
How life in bondage is a worthleſs thing.
The inborn greatneſs of your ſoul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few.
With ſo much ſtrength you write, and ſo much eaſe,
Virtue, and ſenſe! how durſt you hope to pleaſe?
Yet crowds the ſentiments of every line
Impartial clap'd, and own'd the work divine.
Even the ſour Criticks, who malicious came,
Eager to cenſure, and reſolv'd to blame,
Finding the Heroe regularly riſe,
Great, while he lives, but greater, when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obſtinate to melt,
And ſicken'd with the pleaſures, which they felt.
Not ſo the Fair *their paſſions ſecret kept,*
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When glorioufly the blooming Marcus *dy'd,*
And Cato *told the Gods,* I'm ſatisfy'd.

See! how your lays the British *youth inflame!*
They long to ſhoot, and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres diſturb their reſt,
And unborn Cato's *heave in every breaſt;*
Their nightly dreams their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulſes high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian *ſpoils,*
The young Themiſtocles *vow'd equal toils;*
Did then his ſchemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he ſaw.

How ſhall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Loſt in the ſpreading circle of your fame!
We ſaw you the great William's *praiſe rehearſe,*
And paint Britannia's *joys in* Roman *verſe.*
We heard at diſtance ſoft, enchanting ſtrains,
From blooming mountains, *and* Italian *Plains.*
Virgil *began in* Engliſh *dreſs to ſhine,*
His voice, his looks, his grandeur ſtill divine.
From him too ſoon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid *to our view.*
Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlb'rough *was your daring ſong;*
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as ſwiftly you purſue;
Still with the Heroe's glow'd the Poet's flame,
Still with his conqueſts you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundleſs raptures here the Muſe could ſwell,
And on your Roſamond *for ever dwell:*

There opening ſweets, and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant ſmile, a never-fading bower.
Next, human follies kindly to expoſe,
You change from numbers, but not ſink in proſe:
Whether in viſionary ſcenes you play,
Refine our taſtes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd Muſe you ſhine conſeſt,
The Patriot kindles in the Poet's breaſt.
Such energy of ſenſe might pleaſure raiſe,
Tho' unembelliſh'd with the charms of phraſe:
Such charms of phraſe would with ſucceſs be crown'd,
Tho' nonſenſe flow'd in the melodious ſound.
The chaſteſt Virgin needs no bluſhes fear,
The Learn'd themſelves, not uninſtructed, hear.
The Libertine, in pleaſures us'd to roul,
And idly ſport with an immortal ſoul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous Heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.

When e'er you traverſe vaſt Numidia's *plains,*
What ſluggiſh Briton *in his Iſle remains?*
When Juba *ſeeks the Tiger with delight,*
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
By the deſcription warm'd, we fondly ſweat,
And in the chilling Eaſt-wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how the ſtream refines,
'Till by degrees the floating mirrour ſhines?
While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away,

We

We ſhrink with horror, and confeſs our fear,
And all the ſudden ſounding ruine hear.
When purple robes, diſtain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia *beautifully grieve,*
When ſhe her ſecret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the Prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan *crown, but* Roman *bride.*

But I in vain on ſingle features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excell,
So rich the ſtore, ſo dubious is the feaſt,
We know not, which to paſs, or which to taſte.
The ſhining incidents ſo juſtly fall,
We may the whole new ſcenes of tranſport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
And with variety of gemms ſurpriſe.
Here Saphires, *here the* Sardian Stone *is ſeen,*
The Topaz *yellow, and the* Jaſper *green.*
The coſtly Brilliant *there, confus'dly bright,*
From numerous ſurfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we ſtand, unable where to praiſe,
In pleaſure ſweetly loſt ten thouſand ways.

Trinity College,
Cambridge.

L. EUSDEN.

TOO long hath Love engroſs'd Britannia's ſtage,
And ſunk to ſoftneſs all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or riſe,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:
The ſweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it ſooth'd the heart.
You ſcorn to raiſe a grief thy ſelf muſt blame,
Nor from our weakneſs ſteal a vulgar fame:
A Patriot's fall may juſtly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, ſhed for all mankind.

How do our ſouls with gen'rous pleaſure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm Hero ſtands beneath the weight
Of all his ſufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains ſtill ſhelt'ring by his ſide,
With conſcious virtue, and becoming pride.

The aged Oak thus rears his head in air,
His ſap exhauſted, and his branches bare;
'Midſt ſtorms and earthquakes he maintains his ſtate,
Fixt deep in earth, and faſten'd by his weight:
His naked boughs ſtill lend the ſhepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful ſhade.

Amidſt the joys triumphant peace beſtows,
Our Patriots ſadden at his glorious woes,

Awhile

Awhile they let the world's great bus'neſs wait,
Anxious for Rome, *and ſigh for* Cato's *fate.*
Here taught how ancient Heroes roſe to fame,
Our Britons *crowd, and catch the* Roman *flame,*
Where ſtates and ſenates well might lend an ear,
And Kings and Prieſts without a bluſh appear.

France *boaſts no more, but, fearful to engage,*
Now firſt pays homage to her rival's ſtage,
Haſtes to learn thee, and learning ſhall ſubmit
Alike to Britiſh *arms, and* Britiſh *wit:*
No more ſhe'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right)
Who think like Romans, *could like* Romans *fight.*

Thy Oxford *ſmiles this glorious work to ſee,*
And fondly triumphs in a ſon like thee.
The ſenates, conſuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word expreſt,
And every thought that ſwell'd a Roman *breaſt.*
We trace each hint that could thy ſoul inſpire
With Virgil's *judgment, and with* Lucan's *fire;*
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boaſt,
We moſt admire, becauſe we know thee moſt.

Queen's-College,
Oxon.

THO. TICKELL.

SIR,

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
And Cato's *hands in his own blood imbru'd;*
That ſcene of death ſo terrible appears,
My ſoul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with ſuch wond'rous art your skilful hand
Does all the paſſions of the ſoul command,
That even my grief to praiſe and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which firſt I mourn'd.

What pen but yours could draw the doubtful ſtrife,
Of honour ſtrugling with the love of life?
Deſcribe the Patriot, obſtinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he ſtood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing ſight, and Heaven the diſtant ſhore.
Secure of endleſs bliſs, with fearleſs eyes,
He graſps the dagger, and its point defies,
And ruſhes out of Life, to ſnatch the glorious prize.

How would old Rome *rejoice, to hear you tell*
How juſt her Patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wond'rous probity and truth,
And form new Juba's *in the* Britiſh *youth.*
Their generous ſouls, when he reſigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruine, and in love with death.

And

And when her conquering ſword Britannia *draws,*
Reſolve to periſh, or defend her cauſe.
Now firſt on Albion's *theatre we ſee,*
A perfect image of what man ſhould be;
The glorious character is now expreſt,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breaſt.
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's *ſoul, as in her Heaven ſhe ſhines.*

All-Souls College,
Oxon.

DIGBY COTES.

Left with the Printer by an unknown hand.

NOW we may ſpeak, ſince Cato *ſpeaks no more;*
'Tis praiſe at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with Iös *rung*
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius ſprung:
Even civil rage awhile in thine was loſt;
And factions ſtrove but to applaud thee moſt:
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taſte;
But every night was dearer than the laſt.

As when old Rome *in a malignant hour*
Depriv'd of ſome returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead diſcharg'd,
For fame, for treaſure, and her bounds enlarg'd:

And,

And, while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate paſſions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and ſhouts from every tongue.
So in thy pompous lines has Cato *far'd,*
Grac'd with an ample, tho' a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.

With wonder, as with pleaſure, we ſurvey
A theme ſo ſcanty wrought into a play;
So vaſt a pile on ſuch foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's *temple rear'd on* Libya's *waſte:*
Behold its glowing paint! its eaſie weight!
Its nice proportions! and ſtupendous height!
How chaſte the conduct, how divine the rage!
A Roman *Worthy on a* Grecian *ſtage!*

But where ſhall Cato's *praiſe begin or end;*
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmeſt Patriot, and the gentleſt Friend?
How great his genius, when the traytor croud
Ready to ſtrike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and liſtning to his lore,
Learn, like his paſſions, to rebel no more!
When, laviſh of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of ſlaviſh life, and ſlighted love,
Brave Marcus *new in early death appears,*
While Cato *counts his wounds, and not his years;*
Who, checking private grief, the publick mourns,
Commands the pity he ſo greatly ſcorns.

But

But when he ſtrikes, (to crown his generous part)
That honeſt, ſtaunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no ſobs purſue his parting breath;
The dying Roman *ſhames the pomp of death.*

O ſacred Freedom, which the powers beſtow
To ſeaſon bleſſings, and to ſoften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If, taught by thee, the Poet's wit has flow'd
In ſtrains as precious as his Heroe's blood;
Preſerve thoſe ſtrains, an everlaſting charm
To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image ſtill ſecure;
In vain ſhall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium *ſhall perform its part,*
Fix'd and enſhrin'd in every Britiſh *heart.*

THE mind to virtue is by verſe ſubdu'd;
And the true Poet is a public good.
This Britain *feels, while, by your lines inſpir'd,*
Her free-born ſons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome *had you eſpous'd the vanquiſh'd cauſe,*
Enflam'd her ſenate, and upheld her laws;
Your manly ſcenes had liberty reſtor'd,
And given the juſt ſucceſs to Cato's *ſword:*
O'er Cæſar's *arms your genius had prevail'd;*
And the Muſe triumph'd, where the Patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *POPE.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic-Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The Heroe's glory, or the Virgin's love;
In pitying Love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more generous cauſe,
Such tears as Patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardor riſe,
And calls forth Roman *drops from* Britiſh *eyes.*
Virtue confeſt in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato *thought, and God-like* Cato *was:*

No

PROLOGUE.

No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven it self surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While Cato *gives his little Senate laws,*
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud Cæsar *'midst triumphal cars,*
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome *her* Cato's *figure drawn in state,*
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd----tears gush'd from every eye,
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome *ador'd,*
And honour'd Cæsar's *less than* Cato's *sword.*

Britons *attend: be worth like this approv'd,*
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato *view'd*
Rome *learning arts from* Greece, *whom she subdu'd.*
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French *translation, and* Italian *song:*
Dare to have sense your selves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British *ear,*
As Cato's *self had not disdain'd to hear.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

CATO.	Mr. *Booth.*
Lucius, *a Senator.*	Mr. *Keen.*
Sempronius, *a Senator.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Juba, *Prince of* Numidia.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Syphax, *General of the* Numidians.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Portius, } *Sons of* Cato.	Mr. *Powell.*
Marcus, }	Mr. *Ryan.*
Decius, *Ambassador from* Cæsar.	Mr. *Bowman.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

Marcia, *Daughter to* Cato.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Lucia, *Daughter to* Lucius.	Mrs. *Porter.*

SCENE *a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of* Utica.

CATO.

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C A T O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.



THE dawn is over-caſt, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome* ——— Our Father's Death
Would fill up all the guilt of Civil war,
And cloſe the ſcene of blood. Already *Cæſar*

Has

Has ravaged more than half the globe, and ſees
Mankind grown thin by his deſtructive ſword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battels, and ſupport his crimes.
Ye Gods, what havock does Ambition make
Among your works!

MARCUS.

Thy ſteddy temper, *Portius*,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and *Cæſar*,
In the calm lights of mild Philoſophy;
I'm tortured, even to madneſs, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's named
Pharſalia riſes to my view!---I ſee
Th' inſulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with *Rome*'s citizens, and drench'd in ſlaughter,
His Horſe's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
Oh *Portius*, is there not ſome choſen curſe,
Some hidden thunder in the ſtores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man,
Who owes his greatneſs to his country's ruin?

PORTIUS.

Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious greatneſs,
And mixt with too much horrour to be envy'd:
How does the luſtre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightneſs!
His ſufferings ſhine, and ſpread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cauſe

Of

Of honour, virtue, liberty, and *Rome*.
His ſword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppreſſion, tyranny, and power uſurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

MARCUS.

Who knows not this? but what can *Cato* do
Againſt a world, a baſe degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to *Cæſar*?
Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
A poor epitome of *Roman* greatneſs,
And, cover'd with *Numidian* guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty ſenate,
Remnants of mighty battels fought in vain.
By Heavens, ſuch virtues, join'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
Diſtract my very ſoul: Our father's fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORTIUS.

Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our underſtanding traces 'em in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.

MARCUS.

Theſe are ſuggeſtions of a mind at eaſe:
Oh *Portius*, didſt thou taſte but half the griefs

That

That wring my ſoul, thou couldſt not talk thus coldly.
Paſſion unpity'd, and ſucceſleſs love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind!----

PORTIUS.

Thou ſee'ſt not that thy Brother is thy Rival:
But I muſt hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aſide.*
Now, *Marcus*, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmoſt ſtrength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy ſoul:
To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak ſide, where moſt our nature fails,
Would be a conqueſt worthy *Cato*'s ſon.

MARCUS.

Portius, the counſel which I cannot take,
Inſtead of healing, but upbraids my weakneſs.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickeſt foes, and ruſh on certain death,
Then ſhalt thou ſee that *Marcus* is not ſlow
To follow glory, and confeſs his father.
Love is not to be reaſon'd down, or loſt
In high ambition, and a thirſt of greatneſs;
'Tis ſecond life, it grows into the ſoul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulſe,
I feel it here: my reſolution melts----

PORTIUS.

Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
With how much care he forms himſelf to glory,

And

And breaks the fierceneſs of his native temper
To copy out our Father's bright example.
He loves our ſiſter *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But ſtill the ſmother'd fondneſs burns within him.
When moſt it ſwells, and labours for a vent,
The ſenſe of honour and deſire of fame
Drive the big paſſion back into his heart.
What! ſhall an *African*, ſhall *Juba*'s heir
Reproach great *Cato*'s ſon, and ſhow the world
A virtue wanting in a *Roman* ſoul?

MARCUS.

Portius, no more! your words leave ſtings behind 'em.
When-e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, ſhow
A virtue that has caſt me at a diſtance,
And thrown me out in the purſuits of honour?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of diſhonour on it,
It ſtrait takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS.

A Brother's ſufferings claim a Brother's pity.

PORTIUS.

Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Even whilſt I ſpeak-----Do they not ſwim in tears?

Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

PORTIUS.

O *Marcus*, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS.

Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions: ----- but *Sempronius* comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*

Good

Good morrow *Portius!* let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilſt yet we both are free.
To-morrow ſhould we thus expreſs our friendſhip,
Each might receive a ſlave into his arms:
This Sun perhaps, this morning Sun's the laſt,
That e'er ſhall riſe on *Roman* liberty.

PORTIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little *Roman* Senate,
(The leavings of *Pharſalia*) to conſult
If yet he can oppoſe the mighty torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her gods, before it,
Or muſt at length give up the world to *Cæſar*.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majeſty of *Rome*
Can raiſe her Senate more than *Cato*'s preſence.
His virtues render our aſſembly awful,
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious fear,
And make even *Cæſar* tremble at the head
Of armies fluſh'd with conqueſt: O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
Would but thy ſiſter *Marcia* be propitious
To thy friend's vows: I might be bleſs'd indeed!

PORTIUS.

Alas! *Sempronius*, would'ſt thou talk of love
To *Marcia*, whilſt her father's life's in danger?

Thou might'ſt as well court the pale trembling Veſtal,
When ſhe beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMPRONIUS.

The more I ſee the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou muſt take heed, my *Portius!*
The world has all its eyes on *Cato*'s ſon.
Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
And ſhows thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conſpicuous.

PORTIUS.

Well doſt thou ſeem to check my lingring here
On this important hour-----I'll ſtrait away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In cloſe debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the ſoldier's drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cauſe,
And try to rouſe up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to Command ſucceſs,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll Deſerve it. [*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS ſolus.

Curſe on the Stripling! how he apes his Sire?
Ambitiouſly ſententious!-----but I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian* genius
Is well diſpoſed to miſchief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he muſt be ſpurr'd,
And every moment quickned to the courſe.

Cato

----*Cato* has us'd me ill: he has refuſed
His daughter *Marcia* to my ardent vows.
Beſides, his baffled arms, and ruined cauſe,
Are bars to my ambition. *Cæſar*'s favour,
That ſhow'rs down greatneſs on his friends, will raiſe me
To *Rome*'s firſt honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But *Syphax* comes!----

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

----*Sempronius*, all is ready,
I've ſounded my *Numidians*, man by man,
And find 'em ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of *Cato*'s diſcipline,
And wait but the command to change their maſter.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no time to waſte;
Even whilſt we ſpeak, our Conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'ſt not *Cæſar*'s active ſoul,
With what a dreadful courſe he ruſhes on
From war to war: in vain has Nature form'd

Mountains

Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The *Alpes* and *Pyreneans* sink before him,
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battel: one day more
Will set the Victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba?*
That still would recommend thee more to *Cæsar*,
And challenge better terms.

SYPHAX.

Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, *Sempronius*; all his thoughts are full
Of *Cato*'s virtues:-----but I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

SEMPRONIUS.

Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up *Africk* into *Cæsar*'s hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

SYPHAX.

But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!

Cato

Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS.

Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my country,
And mouth at *Cæsar* 'till I shake the Senate.
Your cold hypocrisie's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest?
Cloath thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SYPHAX.

In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* deceit!

SEMPRONIUS.

Once more, be sure to try thy skill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd-for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, 'till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

SYPHAX

SYPHAX ſolus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reaſon
This head-ſtrong youth, and make him ſpurn at *Cato.*
The time is ſhort, *Cæſar* comes ruſhing on us-----
But hold! young *Juba* ſees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone,
I have obſerved of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares, and diſcontent;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

SYPHAX.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,
When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet ſo much the *Roman* in me.

JUBA.

Why do'ſt thou caſt out ſuch ungenerous terms
Againſt the Lords and Sov'reigns of the world?

Doſt

Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of *Africk*,
Amidſt our barren rocks, and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?

SYPHAX.

Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up
Above your own *Numidia*'s tawny ſons!
Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin ſwifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a *Roman* arm?
Who like our active *African* inſtructs
The fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled Elephant,
Loaden with war? theſe, theſe are arts, my Prince,
In which your *Zama* does not ſtoop to *Rome*.

JUBA.

Theſe all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.
A *Roman* ſoul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpoliſh'd world,
And lay it under the reſtraint of laws;
To make Man mild, and ſociable to Man;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
With wiſdom, diſcipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embelliſhments of life: Virtues like theſe,
Make human nature ſhine, reform the ſoul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX.

Patience kind Heavens!-----excuſe an old man's warmth.
What are theſe wond'rous civilizing arts,
This *Roman* poliſh, and this ſmooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to diſguiſe our paſſions,
To ſet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the ſtarts and ſallies of the ſoul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In ſhort, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the Gods deſign'd us?

JUBA.

To ſtrike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to *Cato!*
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a godlike height
The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing ſleep, and reſt, and food, and eaſe,
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune ſets before him all
The pomps and pleaſures that his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
That traverſes our vaſt *Numidian* deſarts
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted virtues.

Coarſe

Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chaſe,
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock 'till morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA.

Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleaſures, and the baits of ſenſe;
Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtick in his griefs, like *Cato?*
Heavens! with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſufferings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him!

SYPHAX.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul:
I think the *Romans* call it *Stoiciſm.*
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato*'s cauſe,
He had not fallen by a ſlave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his ſlaughter'd army now have lain

On *Africk*'s ſands, diſfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia*.

JUBA.

Why do'ſt thou call my ſorrows up afreſh?
My Father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX.

Oh! that you'd profit by your Father's ills!

JUBA.

What would'ſt thou have me do?

SYPHAX.

Abandon *Cato*.

JUBA.

Syphax, I ſhould be more than twice an Orphan
By ſuch a loſs.

SYPHAX.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him Father. *Marcia*'s charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for *Cato*.
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.

JUBA.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,

And

And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPHAX.

Sir, your great father never uſed me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewel?
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear, ſad, remembrance,
At once to torture, and to pleaſe my ſoul.
The good old King at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my ſon!----his grief
Swell'd up ſo high, he could not utter more.

JUBA.

Alas, thy ſtory melts away my ſoul.
That beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

SYPHAX.

By laying up his counſels in your heart.

JUBA.

His counſels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in ſevereſt terms,
Vent all thy paſſion, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer-ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety.

JUBA.

I do believe thou would'ſt: but tell me how?

SYPHAX.

Fly from the fate that follows *Cæſar*'s foes.

JUBA.

My father ſcorn'd to do it.

SYPHAX.

And therefore dy'd.

JUBA.

Better to die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX.

Rather ſay your love.

JUBA.

Syphax, I've promis'd to preſerve my temper,
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a flame,
I long have ſtifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis eaſie to divert and break its force:

Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of *Zama*'s royal court
Have faces fluſht with more exalted charms;
The Sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my Prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the *North*.

JUBA.

'Tis not a ſett of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her ſex:
True, ſhe is fair, (Oh how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners. *Cato*'s ſoul
Shines out in every thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks,
While winning mildneſs and attractive ſmiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPHAX.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praiſe!
But on my knees I beg you would conſider----

JUBA.

Hah! *Syphax*, is't not ſhe!----ſhe moves this way:

And

And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius*'s fair daughter.
My heart beats thick----I pr'ythee *Syphax* leave me.

SYPHAX.

Ten thouſand curſes faſten on 'em both!
Now will this woman with a ſingle glance
Undo, what I've been labouring all this while. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hail charming Maid! how does thy beauty ſmooth
The face of war, and make even Horror ſmile!
At ſight of thee my heart ſhakes off its ſorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of *Cæſar*.

MARCIA.

I ſhould be griev'd, young Prince, to think my preſence
Unbent your thoughts, and ſlacken'd 'em to arms,
While, warm with ſlaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA.

O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wiſhes follow me to battel!

The

The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add ſtrength and weight to my deſcending ſword,
And drive it in a tempeſt on the foe.

MARCIA.

My prayers and wiſhes always ſhall attend
The friends of *Rome*, the glorious cauſe of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.

JUBA.

That *Juba* may deſerve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Tranſplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, 'till I ſhine like him.

MARCIA.

My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great ſoul in words, and waſte
Such precious moments.

JUBA.

Thy reproofs are juſt,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll haſten to my troops,
And fire their languid ſouls with *Cato*'s virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war ſhall ſtand ranged in its juſt array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely Maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the ſhock of charging hoſts, remember
What glorious deeds ſhould grace the man, who hopes
For *Marcia*'s love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Marcia, you're too ſevere:
How could you chide the young good-natured Prince,
And drive him from you with ſo ſtern an air,
A Prince that loves and doats on you to death?

MARCIA.

'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honeſt ſoul
Speak all ſo movingly in his behalf,
I dare not truſt my ſelf to hear him talk.

LUCIA.

Why will you fight againſt ſo ſweet a paſſion,
And ſteel your heart to ſuch a world of charms.

MARCIA.

How, *Lucia!* would'ſt thou have me ſink away
In pleaſing dreams, and loſe my ſelf in love,
When every moment *Cato*'s life's at ſtake?
Cæſar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the ſad occaſion ſwallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUCIA.

LUCIA.

Why have not I this conſtancy of mind,
Who have ſo many griefs to try its force?
Sure, Nature form'd me of her ſofteſt mould,
Enfeebled all my ſoul with tender paſſions,
And ſunk me even below my own weak ſex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppreſs my heart.

MARCIA.

Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me ſhare thy moſt retired diſtreſs;
Tell me who raiſes up this conflict in thee?

LUCIA.

I need not bluſh to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia*'s brothers, and the ſons of *Cato*.

MARCIA.

They both behold thee with their ſiſter's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their paſſion to me.
But tell me, whoſe addreſs thou favour'ſt moſt:
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

LUCIA.

Which is it *Marcia* wiſhes for?

MARCIA.

For neither------
And yet for both-----the youths have equal ſhare

In *Marcia*'s wiſhes, and divide their ſiſter:
But tell me, which of them is *Lucia*'s choice?

LUCIA.

Marcia, they both are high in my eſteem,
But in my love-----why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'ſt it is a blind and fooliſh paſſion,
Pleas'd and diſguſted with it knows not what----

MARCIA.

O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I muſt hereafter call my happy brother?

LUCIA.

Suppoſe 'twere *Portius*, could you blame my choice?
-----O *Portius*, thou haſt ſtol'n away my ſoul!
With what a graceful tenderneſs he loves!
And breathes the ſofteſt, the ſincereſt vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly ſweetneſs
Dwell ever on his tongue, and ſmooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have ſo much earneſtneſs and paſſion in them,
I hear him with a ſecret kind of horrour,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

MARCIA.

Alas poor youth! how can'ſt thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'ſt not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he ſpeaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He ſends out all his ſoul in every word,

And

And thinks, and talks, and looks like one tranſported.
Unhappy youh! how will thy coldneſs raiſe
Tempeſts and ſtorms in his afflicted boſom!
I dread the conſequence.

LUCIA.

You ſeem to plead
Againſt your brother *Portius*.

MARCIA.

Heaven forbid!
Had *Portius* been the unſucceſsful lover,
The ſame compaſſion would have fall'n on him.

LUCIA.

Was ever virgin love diſtreſs'd like mine!
Portius himſelf oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill ſucceſs,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor ſhow which way it turns. So much he fears
The ſad effects that it would have on *Marcus*.

MARCUS.

He knows too well how eaſily he's fired,
And would not plunge his brother in deſpair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUCIA.

Alas, too late I find my ſelf involved
In endleſs griefs, and labyrinths of woe,

Born

Born to afflict my *Marcia*'s family,
And ſow diſſention in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my ſoul.

MARCIA.

Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our ſorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, diſcolour'd with our preſent woes,
May ſtill grow white, and ſmile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid ſtream when foul with ſtains,
Of ruſhing torrents, and deſcending rains,
Works it ſelf clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by degrees, the floating mirrour ſhines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new Heaven in its fair boſom ſhows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME ſtill ſurvives in this aſſembled Senate!
Let us remember we are *Cato*'s friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

LUCIUS.

Cato will ſoon be here, and open to us
Th' occaſion of our meeting. Heark! he comes!
[*A ſound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter CATO.

CATO.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And *Rome* attends her fate from our reſolves:
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharſalia gave him *Rome*; *Egypt* has ſince
Received his yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæſar*'s.

Why

Why ſhould I mention *Juba*'s overthrow,
And *Scipio*'s death? *Numidia*'s burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even *Libya*'s ſultry deſarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they ſtill fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius ſpeak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is ſtill for war.
Gods, can a *Roman* Senate long debate
Which of the two to chuſe, ſlavery or death!
No, let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, Fathers, riſe! 'tis *Rome* demands your help;
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate! the corps of half her Senate
Manure the fields of *Theſſaly*, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up for ſhame! our brothers of *Pharſalia*
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud---To battel!

Great

Great *Pompey*'s ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And *Scipio*'s ghoſt walks unrevenged amongſt us!

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides,
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe, who draw the ſword
In *Rome*'s defence, entruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruine glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: *Scythia* mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of *Rome*:
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not *Cæſar*, but the Gods, my fathers,
The Gods declare againſt us, and repell
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battel,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of Providence,
And not to reſt in Heaven's determination.

Already have we ſhown our love to *Rome*,
Now let us ſhow ſubmiſſion to the Gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge our ſelves,
But free the common-wealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further uſe: our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in *Roman* blood,
Unprofitably ſhed; what men could do
Is done already: Heaven and earth will witneſs,
If *Rome* muſt fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.

This ſmooth diſcourſe and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traytor----ſomething whiſpers me
All is not right----*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*. [*Aſide to* Cato.

CATO.

Let us appear nor raſh nor diffident:
Immoderate valour ſwells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into publick counſels,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſperate. We have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops enured to toil
In *Africk*'s heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young Prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the Gods;
But wait at leaſt 'till *Cæſar*'s near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late

To

To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should *Rome* fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but, in *Cato*'s judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arrived
From *Cæsar*'s camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
The *Roman* knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

CATO.

By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* Marcus.

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO, &c.

DECIUS.

Cæsar sends health to *Cato*.----

CATO.

Could he send it
To *Cato*'s slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the Senate?

DECIUS.

My business is with *Cato*: *Cæsar* sees
The straights, to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO.

My life is grafted on the fate of *Rome*:
Would he save *Cato*? bid him spare his country.
Tell your Dictator this: and tell him, *Cato*
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

DECIUS.

Rome and her Senators submit to *Cæsar*;
Her Generals and her Consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar*'s friend?

CATO.

CATO.

Thoſe very reaſons, thou haſt urged, forbid it.

DECIUS.

Cato, I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with *Cæſar*.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on *Cato*,
As on the ſecond of mankind.

CATO.

No more!
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.

DECIUS.

Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of *Cato*'s friendſhip,
And name your terms.

CATO.

Bid him disband his legions,
Reſtore the common-wealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the publick cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a *Roman* Senate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his friend.

DECIUS.

DECIUS.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom----

CATO.

Nay more, tho' *Cato*'s voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to verniſh crimes,
My ſelf will mount the *Roſtrum* in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS.

A ſtile, like this, becomes a Conqueror.

CATO.

Decius, a ſtile, like this, becomes a *Roman*.

DECIUS.

What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæſar*'s foe?

CATO.

Greater than *Cæſar*: he's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS.

Conſider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of *Rome* to ſecond you.

CATO.

Let him conſider that, who drives us hither:

'Tis

'Tis *Cæsar*'s sword has made *Rome*'s Senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the Gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

DECIUS.

Does *Cato* send this answer back to *Cæsar*,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

CATO.

His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the Gods take care of *Cato*.
Would *Cæsar* show the greatness of his soul?
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

DECIUS.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a Man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassie,
All *Rome* will be in tears. [*Exit* Decius.

SCENE

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, &c.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal *Rome*
Speaks in thy voice, thy ſoul breathes liberty:
Cæſar will ſhrink to hear the words thou utter'ſt,
And ſhudder in the midſt of all his conqueſts.

LUCIUS.

The Senate ownes its gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with ſo great a ſoul conſults its ſafety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius ſeems fond of life; but what is Life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun;
'Tis to be Free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh.
O could my dying hand but lodge a ſword
In *Cæſar*'s boſom, and revenge my country,
By Heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And ſmile in agony.

LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Others perhaps
May ſerve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into ſo much rage.

SEMPRONIUS.

This ſober conduct is a mighty virtue
In luke-warm Patriots.

CATO.

Come! no more, *Sempronius*,
All here are friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken ſtill the weaker ſide,
By our diviſions.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, my reſentments
Are ſacrificed to *Rome*-----I ſtand reproved.

CATO.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a reſolve.

LUCIUS.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæſar's behaviour has convinced the Senate
We ought to hold it out 'till terms arrive.

SEMPRONIUS.

We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

CATO.

Then let us riſe, my friends, and ſtrive to fill
This little interval, this pauſe of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With reſolution, friendſhip, *Roman* bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heaven may ſay, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel----The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counſels.

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO.

Juba, the *Roman* Senate has reſolv'd,
'Till time give better proſpects, ſtill to keep
The ſword unſheath'd, and turn its edge on *Cæſar*.

JUBA.

The reſolution fits a *Roman* Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condeſcend to hear a young man ſpeak.
My father, when ſome days before his death
He order'd me to march for *Utica*

(Alas,

(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be *Cato*'s friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

CATO.

Juba, thy father was a worthy Prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.

JUBA.

My father's fate,
In spight of all the fortitude, that shines
Before my face, in *Cato*'s great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

CATO.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

JUBA.

My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The Kings of *Africk* sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the *Nile*,
In distant worlds, on t' other side the Sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of *Zama*.

CATO.

I am no ſtranger to thy father's greatneſs!

JUBA.

I would not boaſt the greatneſs of my father,
But point out new alliances to *Cato*.
Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
To arm *Numidia* in our cauſe, and court
Th' aſſiſtance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know *Cato*, our remoteſt Kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their ſwarthy hoſts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horrour of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO.

And canſt thou think
Cato will fly before the ſword of *Cæſar*?
Reduced like *Hannibal*, to ſeek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in *Africk!*

JUBA.

Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preſerve a life of ſo much value.
My heart is wounded, when I ſee ſuch virtue
Afflicted by the weight of ſuch misfortunes.

CATO.

CATO.

Thy nobleneſs of ſoul obliges me.
But know, young Prince, that valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
Theſe are not ills; elſe would they never fall
On Heaven's firſt favourites, and the beſt of men:
The Gods, in bounty, work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which ſhun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and the calms of life.

JUBA.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'ſt! I pant for virtue!
And all my ſoul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Doſt thou love watchings, abſtinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from *Cato:*
Succeſs and fortune muſt thou learn from *Cæſar.*

JUBA.

The beſt good fortune that can fall on *Juba,*
The whole ſucceſs, at which my heart aſpires,
Depends on *Cato.*

CATO.

What does *Juba* ſay?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA.

JUBA.

I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CATO.

Tell me thy wish, young Prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

JUBA.

Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

CATO.

What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse!

JUBA.

I fear to name it.
Marcia-----inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO.

What would'st thou say?

JUBA.

Cato, thou hast a daughter.

CATO.

Adieu, young Prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember

The

The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

How's this, my Prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern Philosopher
Had just now chid you.

JUBA.

Syphax, I'm undone!

SYPHAX.

I know it well.

JUBA.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

And so will all mankind.

JUBA.

I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for *Marcia*.

SYPHAX.

Cato's a proper perſon to entruſt
A love-tale with.

JUBA.

Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My fooliſh heart! was ever wretch like *Juba*?

SYPHAX.

Alas, my Prince, how are you changed of late!
I've known young *Juba* riſe, before the Sun,
To beat the thicket where the Tiger ſlept,
Or ſeek the Lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When firſt you rouſed him to the chaſe! I've ſeen you,
Even in the *Libyan* Dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him cloſe, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and ſtooping from your Horſe
Rivet the panting ſavage to the ground.

JUBA.

Pr'ythee, no more!

SYPHAX.

How would the old King ſmile
To ſee you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the ſhaggy ſpoils about your ſhoulders!

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd

In

In every word) would now loſe all its ſweetneſs.
Cato's diſpleas'd, and *Marcia* loſt for ever!

SYPHAX.

Young Prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might ſtill be yours.

JUBA.

What ſay'ſt thou, *Syphax*?
By heavens, thou turn'ſt me all into attention.

SYPHAX.

Marcia might ſtill be yours.

JUBA.

As how, dear *Syphax*?

SYPHAX.

Juba commands *Numidia*'s hardy troops,
Mounted on ſteeds, unuſed to the reſtraint
Of curbes or bittes, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll ſnatch this damſel up,
And bear her off.

JUBA.

Can ſuch diſhoneſt thoughts
Riſe up in man! would'ſt thou ſeduce my youth
To do an act that would deſtroy my honour?

SYPHAX.

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real miſchiefs, while they hunt a ſhadow.

JUBA.

Would'ſt thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian?

SYPHAX.

The boaſted Anceſtors of theſe great men,
Whoſe virtues you admire, were all ſuch Ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under Heaven, was founded on a Rape.
Your *Scipio's*, *Cæſar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(Theſe Gods on earth) are all the ſpurious brood
Of violated maids, of raviſh'd *Sabines*.

JUBA.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* wiles.

SYPHAX.

Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and ſwellings of a *Roman* ſoul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

JUBA.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in ignorance!

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Go, go, you're young.

JUBA.

Gods, muſt I tamely bear
This arrogance unanſwer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A falſe old traitor.

SYPHAX.

I have gone too far. [*Aſide.*

JUBA.

Cato ſhall know the baſeneſs of thy ſoul.

SYPHAX.

I muſt appeaſe this ſtorm, or periſh in it. [*Aſide.*
Young Prince, behold theſe locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battels.

JUBA.

Thoſe locks ſhall ne'er protect thy inſolence.

SYPHAX.

Muſt one raſh word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of ſervice!
------Curſe on the boy! how ſteadily he hears me! [*Aſide.*

JUBA.

Is it becauſe the throne of my fore-fathers

Still ſtands unfill'd, and that *Numidia*'s crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whoſe head it ſhall encloſe,
Thou thus preſumeſt to treat thy Prince with ſcorn?

SYPHAX.

Why will you rive my heart with ſuch expreſſions?
Does not old *Syphax* follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and cruſh beneath a cask
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aſpires to;
Is it not this? to ſhed the ſlow remains,
His laſt poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUBA.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPHAX.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to *Juba*,
My royal maſter's ſon, is call'd in queſtion?
My Prince may ſtrike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilſt I live I muſt not hold my tongue,
And languiſh out old age in his diſpleaſure.

JUBA.

Thou know'ſt the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

SYPHAX.

What greater inſtance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my ſoul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

JUBA.

Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

SYPHAX.

And 'tis for this my Prince has called me traitor.

JUBA.

Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

SYPHAX.

You did indeed, my Prince, you called me traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my Prince, would you complain to *Cato?*
That *Syphax* loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour in your service.

JUBA.

Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of Kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPHAX.

By Heavens
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me:
Alas, I've hitherto been used to think

A blind officious zeal to ſerve my King
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a ſubject's heart.
Happy the people, who preſerve their honour,
By the ſame duties, that oblige their Prince!

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now begin'ſt to ſpeak thy ſelf.
Numidia's grown a ſcorn among the nations
For breach of publick vows. Our *Punick* faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep
To hear you talk-----but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be bleſt by *Cato*'s lectures.

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardneſs of age:
Thy Prince eſteems thy worth, and loves thy perſon.
If e'er the ſcepter comes into my hand,
Syphax ſhall ſtand the ſecond in my kingdom.

SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindneſs?
My joy grows burdenſome, I ſhan't ſupport it.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewel, I'll hence, and try to find
Some bleſt occaſion that may ſet me right
In *Cato*'s thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

SYPHAX *ſolus.*

Young men ſoon give, and ſoon forget affronts;
Old age is ſlow in both---A falſe old traitor!
Thoſe words, raſh boy, may chance to coſt thee dear.
My heart had ſtill ſome fooliſh fondneſs for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:----
Cæſar, I'm wholly thine-----

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

All hail, *Sempronius!*
Well, *Cato*'s ſenate is reſolv'd to wait
The fury of a ſiege, before it yields.

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:

Lucius

Lucius declared for Peace, and terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a meſſenger from *Cæſar*.
Should they ſubmit, e'er our deſigns are ripe,
We both muſt periſh in the common wreck,
Loſt in a general undiſtinguiſh'd ruine.

SYPHAX.

But how ſtands *Cato*?

SEMPRONIUS.

Thou haſt ſeen mount *Atlas*:
While ſtorms and tempeſts thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It ſtands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering ſoul,
'Midſt all the ſhocks and injuries of fortune,
Riſes ſuperior, and looks down on *Cæſar*.

SYPHAX.

But what's this Meſſenger?

SEMPRONIUS.

I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is *Juba* fixt?

SYPHAX.

Yes,-----but it is to *Cato*.

I've

I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

SEMPRONIUS.

Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba*'s cause, and wisheſt *Marcia* mine.

SYPHAX.

May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her!

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and my self, yet spight of me, I love her.

SYPHAX.

Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepared for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMPRONIUS.

All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.

They count their toilſome marches, long fatigues,
Unuſual faſtings, and will bear no more
This medly of Philoſophy and War.
Within an hour they'll ſtorm the Senate-houſe.

SYPHAX.

Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* troops
Within the ſquare, to exerciſe their arms,
And, as I ſee occaſion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unſhaken *Cato*
Will look aghaſt, while unforeſeen deſtruction
Pours in upon him thus from every ſide.
So, where our wide *Numidian* waſtes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away.
The helpleſs traveller, with wild ſurprize,
Sees the dry deſart all around him riſe,
And ſmother'd in the duſty whirlwind dies.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my ſtars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, e'er I could find a friend;
Nature firſt pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And early taught me, by her ſecret force,
To love thy perſon, e'er I knew thy merit;
'Till, what was inſtinct, grew up into friendſhip.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, the friendſhips of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure;
Ours has ſevereſt virtue for its baſis,
And ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life.

MARCUS.

Portius, thou know'ſt my ſoul in all its weakneſs,
Then pr'ythee ſpare me on its tender ſide,
Indulge me but in love, my other paſſions
Shall riſe and fall by virtue's niceſt rules.

PORTIUS.

When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.

The ſtrong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
Sink in the ſoft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to diſmiſs thy paſſion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to ſuppreſs its force,
'Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MARCUS.

Alas; thou talk'ſt like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbbs and longings of a ſoul,
That pants, and reaches after diſtant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia*'s abſence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, riſe up at once,
And with variety of pain diſtract me.

PORTIUS.

What can thy *Portius* do to give thee help?

MARCUS.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'ſt the fair one's preſence:
Then undertake my cauſe, and plead it to her
With all the ſtrength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendſhip can inſpire.
Tell her thy brother languiſhes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his ſleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyleſs to him:

Deſcribe

Deſcribe his anxious days, and reſtleſs nights,
And all the torments that thou ſeeſt me ſuffer.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office,
That ſuits with me ſo ill. Thou know'ſt my temper.

MARCUS.

Wilt thou behold me ſinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raiſe me from amidſt this plunge of ſorrows?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, thou canſt not ask what I'd refuſe.
But here believe me I've a thouſand reaſons------

MARCUS.

I know thou'lt ſay my paſſion's out of ſeaſon,
That *Cato*'s great example and misfortunes
Should both conſpire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my ſoul I wiſh
Thou didſt but know thy ſelf what 'tis to love!
Then wouldſt thou pity and aſſiſt thy brother.

PORTIUS.

What ſhould I do! if I diſcloſe my paſſion
Our friendſhip's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me falſe to a friend and brother. [*Aſide.*

MARCUS.

MARCUS.

But see where *Lucia*, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, *Portius!*
That face, that shape, those eyes, that Heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

PORTIUS.

She sees us, and advances——

MARCUS.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUCIA.

Did not I see your brother *Marcus* here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

PORTIUS.

Oh, *Lucia*, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;

He

He pines, he ſickens, he deſpairs, he dies:
His paſſions and his virtues lie confuſed,
And mixt together in ſo wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere poſſible for love
To make ſuch ravage in a noble ſoul!
Oh, *Lucia*, I'm diſtreſt! my heart bleeds for him;
Even now, while thus I ſtand bleſt in thy preſence,
A ſecret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou ſmileſt upon me.

LUCIA.

How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the ſhock
Of love and friendſhip! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might enſure
Our mutual bliſs, would raiſe to ſuch a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps deſtroy him.

PORTIUS.

Alas, poor youth! what doſt thou think, my *Lucia*?
His generous, open, undeſigning heart
Has beg'd his rival to ſollicit for him.
Then do not ſtrike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his ſoul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have paſs'd theſe gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the ſtorm that beats upon us——

LUCIA.

No, *Portius*, no! I ſee thy ſiſter's tears,

Thy

Thy father's anguiſh, and thy brother's death,
In the purſuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, *Portius*, here I ſwear, to Heaven I ſwear,
To Heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While ſuch a cloud of miſchiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far----as I am able.

PORTIUS.

What haſt thou ſaid! I'm thunder-ſtruck!----recall
Thoſe haſty words, or I am loſt for ever.

LUCIA.

Has not the Vow already paſs'd my lips?
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis ſeal'd in Heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

PORTIUS.

Fixt in aſtoniſhment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one juſt blaſted by a ſtroke from Heaven,
Who pants for breath, and ſtiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

LUCIA.

At length I've acted my ſevereſt part,
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.

But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I muſt forget thee.

PORTIUS.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

LUCIA.

Oh ſtop thoſe ſounds,
Thoſe killing ſounds! why doſt thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life it ſelf goes out at thy diſpleaſure.
The Gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

PORTIUS.

Talk not of love, thou never knew'ſt its force,
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliſs. Oh *Lucia*, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with death, ſtill ſounds
In my ſtunn'd ears. What ſhall I ſay or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy preſence,
And horror dwells about thee!----hah, ſhe faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my raſhneſs done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou beſt
And lovelieſt of thy ſex! awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* ruſhes on his ſword to join thee.
----Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They ſhut not out ſociety in death-----
But hah! ſhe moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

LUCIA.

O *Portius*, was this well!----to frown on her
That lives upon thy ſmiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
-----What do I ſay? my half-recover'd ſenſe
Forgets the Vow in which my ſoul is bound.
Deſtruction ſtands betwixt us! we muſt part.

PORTIUS.

Name not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
And ſtartle into madneſs at the ſound.

LUCIA.

What would'ſt thou have me do? conſider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, *Portius*, think, thou ſeeſt thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all beſmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful Sire
Sternly demands the cauſe, th' accurſed cauſe,
That robs him of his ſon! poor *Marcia* trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantick in her griefs
Calls out on *Lucia!* what could *Lucia* anſwer?
Or how ſtand up in ſuch a ſcene of ſorrow!

PORTIUS.

To my confuſion, and eternal grief,
I muſt approve the ſentence that deſtroys me.
The miſt, that hung about my mind, clears up;

And now, athwart the terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy charms.
Lovelieſt of women! Heaven is in thy ſoul,
Beauty and virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

LUCIA.

Portius, no more! thy words ſhoot through my heart,
Melt my reſolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are thoſe tears of fondneſs in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why ſwells thy ſoul with ſorrow?
It ſoftens me too much-----farewel, my *Portius*,
Farewel, though death is in the word, For-ever!

PORTIUS.

Stay, *Lucia*, ſtay! what doſt thou ſay? For-ever?

LUCIA.

Have I not ſworn? if, *Portius*, thy ſucceſs
Muſt throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,
Oh, how ſhall I repeat the word! For-ever!

PORTIUS.

Thus o'er the dying lamp th'unſteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loath to quit its hold.
-----Thou muſt not go, my ſoul ſtill hovers o'er thee,
And can't get looſe.

LUCIA.

If the firm *Portius* ſhake
To hear of parting, think what *Lucia* ſuffers!

PORTIUS.

'Tis true; unruffled and ſerene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for ſtorm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my ſtrength. I cannot bear it.
We muſt not part.

LUCIA.

What doſt thou ſay? not part?
Haſt thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, and thunder, o'er us!
-----But ſee! thy brother *Marcus* bends this way!
I ſicken at the ſight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'ſt me, if thou think'ſt
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

Portius, what hopes? how ſtands ſhe? am I doom'd
To life or death?

PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

What would'ſt thou have me ſay?

MARCUS.

What means this penſive poſture? thou appear'ſt
Like one amazed and terrified.

PORTIUS.

I've reaſon.

MARCUS.

Thy down-caſt looks, and thy diſorder'd thoughts
Tell me my fate. I ask not the ſucceſs
My cauſe has found.

PORTIUS.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

MARCUS.

What? does the barbarous maid inſult my heart,
My aking heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could caſt her from my thoughts for-ever?

PORTIUS.

Away! you're too ſuſpicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though ſworn never to think of love,
Compaſſionates your pains, and pities you.

MARCUS.

Compaſſionates my pains, and pities me!

What is compaſſion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to chuſe ſo cold a friend
To urge my cauſe! Compaſſionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhetorick did'ſt thou uſe
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compaſſion's cruelty, 'tis ſcorn, 'tis death-----

PORTIUS.

Marcus, no more! have I deſerv'd this treatment?

MARCUS.

What have I ſaid! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
A ſoul exaſperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, its ſelf-----but hah!
What means that ſhout, big with the ſounds of war?
What new alarm?

PORTIUS.

A ſecond, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MARCUS.

Oh, for ſome glorious cauſe to fall in battel!
Lucia, thou haſt undone me! thy diſdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death muſt give me eaſe.

PORTIUS.

Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato*'s life
Stand ſure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

SEMPRONIUS *with the leaders of the mutiny.*

SEMPRONIUS.

At length the winds are rais'd, the ſtorm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has ſpent it ſelf on *Cato*'s head.
Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and ſeem
One of the number, that what e'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-ſoldiers may be ſafe.

1 *LEADER.*

We all are ſafe, *Sempronius* is our friend,
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato*.
But heark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be ſure you beat him down, and bind him faſt.
This day will end our toils, and give us reſt!
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our friend.

SCENE V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, MARCUS, &c.

CATO.

Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their General send a brave defiance?

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

CATO.

Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and fully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for *Rome*,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fired with such motives you do well to join
With *Cato*'s foes, and follow *Cæsar*'s banners.
Why did I 'scape th' invenom'd Aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desart,
To see this day? why could not *Cato* fall
Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,

And let the man that's injured ſtrike the blow.
Which of you all ſuſpects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he ſuffers greater ills than *Cato?*
Am I diſtinguiſh'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares!
Painful pre-eminence!

SEMPRONIUS.

By heavens they droop!
Confuſion to the villains! all is loſt. [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Have you forgotten *Libya*'s burning waſte,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of ſand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poiſon?
Who was the firſt to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every ſtep?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for ſtream
You ſunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the laſt in all your hoſt that thirſted?

SEMPRONIUS.

If ſome penurious ſource by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you ſcoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*,
Did he not daſh th' untaſted moiſture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day Sun,
And clouds of duſt? did not his temples glow
In the ſame ſultry winds, and ſcorching heats?

CATO.

Hence worthleſs men! hence! and complain to *Cæſar*
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardſhips that your leader bore.

LUCIUS.

See, *Cato*, ſee, th'unhappy men! they weep!
Fear, and remorſe, and ſorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

CATO.

Learn to be honeſt men, give up your leaders,
And pardon ſhall deſcend on all the reſt.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, commit theſe wretches to my care.
Firſt let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at leaſure round the bloody ſtake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the ſouthern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and ſee their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the Sun.

LUCIUS.

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMPRONIUS.

How! would'ſt thou clear rebellion!

Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in *Cato*'s blood.

CATO.

Forbear, *Sempronius!*-----ſee they ſuffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are Men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the baſe degenerate age requires
Severity, and juſtice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by juſt vengeance guilty mortals periſh,
The Gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th'uplifted thunder-bolt aſide.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleaſure.

CATO.

Mean-while we'll ſacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd Fore-fathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood)
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence.

SCENE VI.

SEMPRONIUS *and the leaders of the mutiny.*

1 *LEADER.*

Sempronius, you have acted like your self,
One would have thought you had been half in earneſt.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, ſtand off! baſe groveling worthleſs wretches,
Mongrils in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 *LEADER.*

Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius:*
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when ſuch paltry ſlaves preſume
To mix in treaſon, if the plot ſucceeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're ſure to die like dogs, as you ſhall do.
Here, take theſe factious monſters, drag 'em forth
To ſudden death.

Enter Guards.

1 *LEADER.*

Nay, ſince it comes to this-----

SEMPRONIUS.

Diſpatch 'em quick, but firſt pluck out their tongues,
Leaſt with their dying breath they ſow ſedition.

SCENE VII.

SYPHAX *and* SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their *Numidian* steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desart:
Let but *Sempronius* head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where *Marcus* keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into *Cæsar*'s camp.

SEMPRONIUS.

Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming *Marcia*'s left behind!

SYPHAX.

How? will *Sempronius* turn a woman's slave!

SEMPRONIUS.

Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Well ſaid! that's ſpoken like thy ſelf, *Sempronius.*
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admiſſion? for acceſs
Is given to none but *Juba*, and her brothers.

SYPHAX.

Thou ſhalt have *Juba*'s dreſs, and *Juba*'s guards:
The doors will open, when *Numidia*'s Prince
Seems to appear before the ſlaves that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS.

Heavens what a thought is there! *Marcia*'s my own!
How will my boſom ſwell with anxious joy,
When I behold her ſtruggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and diſorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breaſt, and vary in her face!
So *Pluto*, ſeiz'd of *Proſerpine*, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly ſmil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his ſun-ſhine and his skies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

NOW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy ſoul,
If thou believ'ſt 'tis poſſible for woman
To ſuffer greater ills than *Lucia* ſuffers?

MARCIA.

O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big-ſwoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a looſe to ſorrow:
Marcia could anſwer thee in ſighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA.

I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy father's friend *Sempronius*;
But which of theſe has power to charm like *Portius!*

MARCIA.

Still muſt I beg thee not to name *Sempronius?*
Lucia, I like not that loud boiſterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a Heroe
Adds ſofteſt love, and more than female ſweetneſs;

Juba

Juba might make the proudeſt of our ſex,
Any of woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

LUCIA.

And why not *Marcia*? come, you ſtrive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

MARCIA.

While *Cato* lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

LUCIA.

But ſhould this father give you to *Sempronius*?

MARCIA.

I dare not think he will: but if he ſhould-----
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I ſuffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the ſound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each ſofter thought in ſenſe of preſent danger.
When love once pleads admiſſion to our hearts
(In ſpight of all the virtue we can boaſt)
The woman that deliberates is loſt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, *dreſs'd like* JUBA, *with* Numidian *guards.*

SEMPRONIUS.

The Deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be ſure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
Ruſh in at once, and ſeize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
----How will the young *Numidian* rave, to ſee
His miſtreſs loſt? if aught could glad my ſoul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of ſo bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay Barbarian.
-----But heark, what noiſe! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis *Juba*'s ſelf! there is but one way left-----
He muſt be murder'd, and a paſſage cut
Through thoſe his guards.----Hah, daſtards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon' azure Heaven----

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

What do I ſee? who's this that dares uſurp
The guards and habit of *Numidia*'s Prince?

SEMPRONIUS.

One that was born to ſcourge thy arrogance,
Preſumptuous youth!

JUBA.

What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

SEMPRONIUS.

My ſword ſhall anſwer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!
[Semp. *falls.* *His guards ſurrender.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curſe on my ſtars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dreſs, and for a worthleſs woman?
Gods, I'm diſtracted! this my cloſe of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, ſea, and air, and Heaven, and *Cato* tremble! [*Dies.*

JUBA.

With what a ſpring his furious ſoul broke looſe,
And left the limbs ſtill quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off thoſe ſlaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark deſign, this myſtery of fate.

SCENE

SCENE III.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
O *Marcia*, should thy brothers for my sake!——
I die away with horror at the thought.

MARCIA.

See, *Lucia*, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a *Numidian!* Heavens preserve the Prince:
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A Virgin's heart, *Juba* lies dead before us!

LUCIA.

Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;
Thou can'st not put it to a greater tryal.

MARCIA.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.

Have I not cauſe to rave, and beat my breaſt,
To rend my heart with grief, and run diſtracted!

LUCIA.

What can I think or ſay to give thee comfort?

MARCIA.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a ſight, that ſtrikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA *liſtning.*

I will indudge my ſorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of deſpair,
That man, that beſt of men, deſerv'd it from me.

JUBA.

What do I hear? and was the falſe *Sempronius*
That beſt of men? O had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUCIA.

Here will I ſtand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loſs like thine, I half forget my own.

MARCIA.

'Tis not in fate to eaſe my tortur'd breaſt.
This empty world, to me a joyleſs deſart,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

JUBA.

JUBA.

I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

MARCIA.

Oh he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladned all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

JUBA.

I shall run mad-----

MARCIA.

O *Juba! Juba! Juba!*

JUBA.

What means that voice? did she not call on *Juba?*

MARCIA.

Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me Cruel!
Alas, he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and *Juba?*

JUBA.

JUBA.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Eliſium* round me!

MARCIA.

Ye dear remains of the moſt lov'd of men!
Nor modeſty nor virtue here forbid
A laſt embrace, while thus——

JUBA.

See, *Marcia*, ſee, [*Throwing himſelf before her.*
The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerneſs of love.

MARCIA.

With pleaſure and amaze, I ſtand tranſported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

JUBA.

A wretch,
Diſguiſed like *Juba* on a curs'd deſign.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haſte of love, to find thee,
I found thee weeping, and confeſs this once,
Am rapt with joy to ſee my *Marcia*'s tears.

MARCIA.

MARCIA.

I've been ſurprized in an unguarded hour,
But muſt not now go back: the love, that lay
Half ſmother'd in my breaſt, has broke through all
Its weak reſtraints, and burns in its full luſtre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA.

I'm loſt in ecſtaſie! and doſt thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MARCIA.

And doſt thou live to ask it?

JUBA.

This, this is life indeed! life worth preſerving,
Such life as *Juba* never felt 'till now!

MARCIA.

Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know my ſelf how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA.

O fortunate miſtake!

MARCIA.

O happy *Marcia!*

JUBA.

JUBA.

My joy! my beſt beloved! my only wiſh!
How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſport of my ſoul!

MARCIA.

Lucia, thy arm! Oh let me reſt upon it!----
The vital blood, that had forſook my heart,
Returns again in ſuch tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.-----
O Prince! I bluſh to think what I have ſaid,
But fate has wreſted the confeſſion from me;
Go on, and proſper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuſe my paſſion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

JUBA.

I am ſo bleſt, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now haſt made amends for all
Thy paſt unkindneſs. I abſolve my ſtars.
What though *Numidia* add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to ſwell the victor's triumph!
Juba will never at his fate repine;
Let *Cæſar* have the world, if *Marcia*'s mine.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A March at a Distance.

CATO *and* LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

I stand astonisht! what, the bold *Sempronius!*
That still broke foremost through the crowd of Patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness——

CATO.

Trust me, *Lucius*,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surprized at nothing.
——O *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where *Portius* comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?

PORTIUS.

My heart is griev'd.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

CATO.

Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* blood?

PORTIUS.

Not so.
The traytor *Syphax*, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* horse
To the south gate, where *Marcus* holds the watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
He tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like *Sempronius*.

CATO.

Perfidious men! but haste my son, and see
Thy brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman*'s part.
-----*Lucius*, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is *Cæsar*'s: *Cato* has no business in it.

LUCIUS.

While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her *Cato*'s presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CATO.

Would *Lucius* have me live to swell the number

Of *Cæsar*'s slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of *Rome*, and own a tyrant?

LUCIUS.

The victor never will impose on *Cato*
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are *Cæsar*'s.

CATO.

Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——
But see young *Juba!* the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

LUCIUS.

Alas, poor Prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, *Cato*.

CATO.

What's thy crime?

JUBA.

I'm a *Numidian*.

CATO.

And a brave one too.
Thou hast a *Roman* soul.

JUBA.

Haſt thou not heard
Of my falſe countrymen?

CATO.

Alas, young Prince,
Falſhood and fraud ſhoot up in every ſoil,
The product of all climes---*Rome* has its *Cæſars*.

JUBA.

'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the diſtreſt.

CATO.

'Tis juſt to give applauſe where 'tis deſerv'd;
Thy virtue, Prince, has ſtood the teſt of fortune,
Like pureſt gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA.

What ſhall I anſwer thee? my raviſh'd heart
O'erflows with ſecret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praiſe, O *Cato*, than *Numidia*'s empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother *Marcus*-----

CATO.

CATO.

Hah! what has he done?
Has he forſook his poſt? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em paſs?

PORTIUS.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the ſhields of his ſurviving ſoldiers,
Breathleſs and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He ſtood the ſhock of a whole hoſt of foes.
'Till obſtinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppreſt with multitudes, he greatly fell.

CATO.

I'm ſatisfy'd.

PORTIUS.

Nor did he fall before
His ſword had pierc'd through the falſe heart of *Syphax*.
Yonder he lies. I ſaw the hoary traytor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO.

Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.
——*Portius*, when I am dead, beſure thou place
His urne near mine.

PORTIUS.

Long may they keep aſunder!

LUCIUS.

O *Cato*, arm thy ſoul with all its patience;
See where the corps of thy dead ſon approaches!
The citizens and ſenators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO *meeting the corps.*

Welcome my ſon! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my ſight, that I may view at leiſure
The bloody coarſe, and count thoſe glorious wounds.
-----How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to ſerve our country!
-----Why ſits this ſadneſs on your brows, my friends?
I ſhould have bluſh'd if *Cato*'s houſe had ſtood
Secure, and flouriſh'd in a civil war.
-----*Portius*, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

JUBA.

Was ever man like this! [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Alas my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loſs
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our tears.
The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire,

The

The nurſe of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And ſet the nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA.

Behold that upright man! *Rome* fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead ſon. [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Whate'er the *Roman* virtue has ſubdu'd,
The Sun's whole courſe, the day and year, are *Cæſar*'s.
For him the ſelf-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd:
Even *Pompey* fought for *Cæſar*. Oh my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The *Roman* empire fallen! O curſt ambition!
Fallen into *Cæſar*'s hands! our great Fore-fathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

While *Cato* lives, *Cæſar* will bluſh to ſee
Mankind enſlaved, and be aſhamed of empire.

CATO.

Cæſar aſhamed! has not he ſeen *Pharſalia!*

LUCIUS.

Cato, 'tis time thou ſave thy ſelf and us.

CATO.

CATO.

Loſe not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæſar ſhall never ſay I conquer'd *Cato*.
But oh! my friends, your ſafety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thouſand ſecret terrors
Riſe in my ſoul: how ſhall I ſave my friends!
'Tis now, O *Cæſar*, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS.

Cæſar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

CATO.

Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done againſt him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you pleaſe, that I requeſt it of him,
The virtue of my friends may paſs unpuniſh'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy ſake.
Should I adviſe thee to regain *Numidia*,
Or ſeek the conqueror?-----

JUBA.

If I forſake thee
Whilſt I have life, may heaven abandon *Juba!*

CATO.

Thy virtues, Prince, if I foreſee aright,
Will one day make thee great; At *Rome*, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato*'s friend.

Portius,

Portius, draw near! My ſon, thou oft haſt ſeen
Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted ſtate,
Wreſtling with vice and faction: now thou ſee'ſt me
Spent, overpower'd, deſpairing of ſucceſs;
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal ſeat, the *Sabine* field,
Where the great *Cenſor* toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal Anceſtors were bleſt
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retired, pray for the peace of *Rome:*
Content thy ſelf to be obſcurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.

PORTIUS.

I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to *Portius*, that he ſcorns himſelf.

CATO.

Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not truſt the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ſhips prepared by my command,
(Their ſails already opening to the winds)
That ſhall convey you to the wiſht-for port.
Is there aught elſe, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we ſhall meet
In happier climes, and on a ſafer ſhore,
Where *Cæſar* never ſhall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead ſon.*

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cauſe expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Tho' ſtill, by faction, vice, and fortune, croſt,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not loſt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO ſolus, *ſitting in a thoughtful poſture: In his hand* Plato's *book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn ſword on the table by him.*

IT muſt be ſo-----*Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well!-----
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on her ſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heaven it ſelf, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect, lyes before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.
But when! or where!-----This world was made for *Cæſar*.

I'm weary of conjectures-----This muſt end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecured in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years,
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.
What means this heavineſs that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my ſenſes?
Nature oppreſs'd, and harraſs'd out with care,
Sinks down to reſt. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd ſoul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her ſtrength, and freſh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Diſturb man's reſt: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to ſleep or die.

SCENE

SCENE II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

CATO.

But hah! how's this, my ſon? why this intruſion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I diſobey'd?

PORTIUS.

Alas, my father!
What means this ſword? this inſtrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

CATO.

Raſh youth, forbear!

PORTIUS.

O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wreſt it from you.

CATO.

Would'ſt thou betray me? would'ſt thou give me up
A ſlave, a captive, into *Cæſar*'s hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!——

PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

Look not thus ſternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than diſobey you.

CATO.

'Tis well! again I'm maſter of my ſelf.
Now, *Cæſar*, let thy troops beſet our gates,
And barr each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erſpread the ſea, and ſtop up every port;
Cato ſhall open to himſelf a paſſage,
And mock thy hopes----

PORTIUS.

O Sir, forgive your ſon,
Whoſe grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
How am I ſure it is not the laſt time
I e'er ſhall call you ſo! be not diſpleaſed,
O be not angry with me whilſt I weep,
And, in the anguiſh of my heart, beſeech you
To quit the dreadful purpoſe of your ſoul!

CATO.

Thou haſt been ever good and dutiful. [*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my ſon. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have ſought to pleaſe,
Will ſuccour *Cato*, and preſerve his children.

PORTIUS.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO.

CATO.

Portius, thou may'ſt rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my ſon, and ſee if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; ſee them embarked;
And tell me if the winds and ſeas befriend them.
My ſoul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The ſoft refreſhment of a moment's ſleep.

PORTIUS.

My thoughts are more at eaſe, my heart revives.

SCENE III.

PORTIUS *and* MARCIA.

PORTIUS.

O *Marcia*, O my ſiſter, ſtill there's hope!
Our father will not caſt away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to reſt, and ſeems to cheriſh
Thoughts full of peace. He has diſpatcht me hence
With orders, that beſpeak a mind compoſed,
And ſtudious for the ſafety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none diſturb his ſlumbers.

MARCIA.

MARCIA.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the juſt,
Watch round his couch, and ſoften his repoſe,
Baniſh his ſorrows, and becalm his ſoul
With eaſie dreams; remember all his virtues!
And ſhow mankind that goodneſs is your care.

SCENE IV.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Where is your father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

MARCIA.

Lucia, ſpeak low, he is retired to reſt.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Riſe in my ſoul. We ſhall be happy ſtill.

LUCIA.

Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In very view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is ſtern, and awful as a God,
He knows not how to wink at humane frailty,
Or pardon weakneſs, that he never felt.

MARCIA.

MARCIA.

Though ſtern and awful to the foes of *Rome*,
He is all goodneſs, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compaſſionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domeſtick tenderneſs, the beſt,
The kindeſt father! I have ever found him
Eaſie, and good, and bounteous to my wiſhes.

LUCIA.

'Tis his conſent alone can make us bleſt.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the ſame intricate, perplext, diſtreſs.
The cruel hand of fate, that has deſtroy'd
Thy brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament-----

MARCIA.

And ever ſhall lament, unhappy youth!

LUCIA.

Has ſet my ſoul at large, and now I ſtand
Looſe of my Vow. But who knows *Cato*'s thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may diſpoſe of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thy ſelf?

MARCIA.

Let him but live! commit the reſt to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sweet are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man!
O *Marcia*, I have ſeen thy godlike father:
Some power inviſible ſupports his ſoul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing ſleep is fallen upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretcht at eaſe, his fancy loſt
In pleaſing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He ſmiled, and cry'd, *Cæſar* thou canſt not hurt me.

MARCIA.

His mind ſtill labours with ſome dreadful thought.

LUCIUS.

Lucia, why all this grief, theſe floods of ſorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are ſafe
While *Cato* lives-----his preſence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

Lucius, the horſemen are return'd from viewing
The number, ſtrength, and poſture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a ſhort hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright weſtern tower

We

We kenn them from afar, the ſetting Sun
Plays on their ſhining arms and burniſh'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS.

Marcia, 'tis time we ſhould awake thy father,
Cæſar is ſtill diſpoſed to give us terms,
And waits at diſtance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks ſpeak ſomewhat of importance.
What tidings doſt thou bring? methinks I ſee
Unuſual gladneſs ſparkling in thy eyes.

PORTIUS.

As I was haſting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a paſſage,
Accuſe the ling'ring winds, a ſail arrived
From *Pompey*'s ſon, who through the realms of *Spain*
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouſes the whole nation up to arms.
Were *Cato* at their head, once more might *Rome*
Aſſert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But heark! what means that groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's preſence.

LUCIUS.

Cato, amidſt his ſlumbers, thinks on *Rome*,
And in the wild diſorder of his ſoul

Mourns o'er his country.----- hah! a ſecond groan!-----
Heaven guard us all-----

MARCIA.

Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who ſleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that ſound----

Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

O ſight of woe!
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to paſs!
Cato is fallen upon his ſword-----

LUCIUS.

O *Portius*,
Hide all the horrours of thy mournful tale,
And let us gueſs the reſt.

PORTIUS.

I've raiſed him up,
And placed him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
He gaſps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to ſee his friends. His ſervants weeping,
Obſequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back Scene opens, and diſcovers* Cato.

MARCIA.

O heaven aſſiſt me in this dreadful hour
To pay the laſt ſad duties to my father.

JUBA.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O *Cæsar!*

LUCIUS.

Now is *Rome* fallen indeed!-----

[Cato *brought forward in his chair.*

CATO.

Here set me down-----
Portius come near me-----are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
-----O *Lucius*, art thou here?-----thou art too good!-----
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make *Portius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia.*
Alas poor man, he weeps!-----*Marcia*, my daughter-----
-----O bend me forward!-----*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia.*
A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,
Would not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
But *Cæsar*'s arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Roman.*-----
-----I'm sick to death-----O when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
-----And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!-----
The best may erre, but you are good, and-----oh! [*Dies.*

LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

There fled the greateſt ſoul that ever warm'd
A *Roman* breaſt; O *Cato!* O my friend!
Thy will ſhall be religiouſly obſerv'd.
But let us bear this awful corps to *Cæſar*,
And lay it in his ſight, that it may ſtand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, ſhall ſtill protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil diſcord flow.
'Tis this that ſhakes our country with alarms,
And gives up *Rome* a prey to *Roman* arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and ſtrife,
And robs the Guilty world of *Cato*'s life.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By Dr. *GARTH.*

Spoken by Mrs. *PORTER.*

WHAT odd fantaſtick things we women do!
Who wou'd not liſten when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt;
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves----- you may:
Be ſpiteful----- and believe the thing we ſay,
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you your ſelves would chuſe,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.

Blame

Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gawdy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no ſanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddeſs that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains.
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time,
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia *find a* Cato's *ſon.*

To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the

PRINCESS of *WALES*,

With the Tragedy of *CATO*. *Nov.* 1714.

THE Muſe that oft, with ſacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inſpir'd,
And, boldly riſing for *Britannia*'s laws,
Engaged great *Cato* in her country's cauſe,
On You ſubmiſſive waits, with hopes aſſur'd,
By whom the mighty bleſſing ſtands ſecur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer ſhall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boaſt her royal progeny's increaſe,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to ſtrengthen and to grace our iſle!
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your Off-ſpring ſmile
Supplying charms to the ſucceeding age,
Each heavenly Daughter's triumphs we preſage;
Already ſee th' illuſtrious youths complain,
And pity Monarchs doom'd to ſigh in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond deſires,
Whom *Albion*, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
O *England*'s younger hope! in whom conſpire
The mother's ſweetneſs, and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some *Carolina*, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the ſcepter'd rivals vainly ſue,
Thy inborn worth with conſcious eyes ſhall ſee,
And ſlight th' Imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the proſpect of ſucceſſive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring ſtrains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppreſt,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty diſtreſt:
To milder ſounds each Muſe ſhall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to Kings inſpire,
And filial love; bid impious diſcord ceaſe,
And ſooth the madding factions into peace;
Or riſe ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new Monarch's praiſe,
Deſcribe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And *Cæſar*'s power with *Cato*'s virtue join'd.
Mean-while, bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful eaſe
And native majeſty, are form'd to pleaſe,
Behold thoſe Arts with a propitious eye,
That ſuppliant to their great protectreſs fly!
Then ſhall they triumph, and the *Britiſh* ſtage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,

More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finisht heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse:
The deathless Muse with undiminisht rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To *Gloriana Waller*'s harp was strung;
The Queen still shines, because the Poet sung.
Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our short-lived praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some Poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

TO

Sir *GODFREY KNELLER*,

ON HIS

PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with ſilence and ſurprize
We ſee *Britannia*'s Monarch riſe,
A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade;
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the preſence-chamber ſtand.
The magick of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends, and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And *Albion*'s happineſs we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their Sov'raign, through his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!
Each heart ſhall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,
Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And ſtampt on *Britiſh* coins ſhall live,
To richeſt ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial Sun
Has daily, ſince his courſe begun,
Rejoiced the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.
Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy art, haſt vie'd
With nature in a generous ſtrife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by Monarchs ſought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of ſtate array'd,
The Kings of half an age diſplay'd.
Here ſwarthy *Charles* appears, and there
His Brother with dejected air:
Triumphant *Naſſau* here we find,
And with him bright *Maria* join'd;

There

There *Anna*, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
E'er yet her Hero was disgrac't:
O may fam'd *Brunswick* be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest *British* King,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise *Phidias*, thus his skill to prove,
Through many a God advanced to *Jove*,
And taught the polisht rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
Great *Pan*, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old *Saturn* too with up-cast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the webb she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis the troubled ocean's Queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling Son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The *Titan*-race, a rebel crew,

That

That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their King defy'd.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risque his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a *GEORGE*, or carv'd a *Jove!*

POEMATA.



HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI à SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.



UM tanta auribus tuis obſtrepat vatum nequiſſimorum turba, nihil eſt cur queraris aliquid inuſitatum tibi contigiſſe, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conſpexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præſtent Britanni, recens ex rebus geſtis teſtatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis ſtudiis non emineamus, indicio ſunt quos nuper in lucem emiſimus verſiculi. Quod ſi CONGREVIUS ille tuus divino, quo ſolet, furore correp-

tus materiam hanc non exornaſſet, vix tanti eſſet ipſa Pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditiſſimis Poetis tam miſere decantata. At, dum alios inſector, mei ipſius oblitus fuiſſe videor, qui haud minores forſan ex Latinis tibi moleſtias allaturus ſum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis ſuis carminibus attulerunt; niſi quod inter ipſos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci poſſem, ut poema patrio ſermone conſcriptum oculis tuis ſubjicerem, qui ab iſtis conatibus cæteros omnes ſcribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Pax Gulielmi Auſpiciis Europæ reddita, 1697.

Poſtquam ingens clamorque virum, ſtrepituſque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aſpice, Cæſar,
Quæ tibi ſoliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ
Munera deducunt: generoſæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, ſimulachraque belli
Triſtia diffugiant: O tandem abſiſte triumphis
Expletus, penituſque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroſo milite campi
Miſcentur, ſolito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Deſertas foſſas, et caſtra minantia caſtris
Ruſticus invertit, tacita formidine luſtrans
Horroremque loci, et funeſtos ſtragibus agros.
Jamque ſuper vallum et munimina longa vireſcit
Expectata ſeges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; inſuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque ſoli, et turgentem a ſanguine meſſem.
Aſpicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum inviſens ſedem, et confuſa ruinis
Oppida, et everſos flammarum turbine muros!

Ut

Ut trepidos rerum Annales, triſtemque laborum
Inquirit ſeriem, attonitis ut ſpectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famoſoſque ORMONDI volnere campos!
Hic, ubi ſaxa jacent diſperſo infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiſcunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenſes palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparſa furit circum, et plumbi denſiſſimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetraſque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique ſaxis
Mænia diſcedunt, ſcopuliſque immane minantur
Deſuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!
Hic peſtem occultam, et fœcundas ſulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; ſubito cum clauſtra fragore
Horrendum diſrupta tonant, ſemiuſtaque membra,
Fumanteſque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, poſtquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulſam terræ faciem, ingenteſque ruinas
Mortales ſtupuere; altum hinc mirantur abeſſe
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Oſſam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confuſaque ſaxa

* Honoratiſſimus D. Dominus CUTTS. Baro de Gowran, &c.

Reptare,

Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic AURIACI nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, NASSOVIque latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis, * Ductor Fortissime, turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, teneriscque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam friguscque perambulat, ursæ

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* Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

Horridus

Horridus exuviis, GULIELMI ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum * qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, GULIELME, tuas, campoque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
NASSOVIUM ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
NASSOVI secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, truceque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:

* Muscoviæ Imperator.

Optatus

Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis GULIELME erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et Proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.

Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adeſt, lætoque juventæ
Inceſſu, et blando teſtatur gaudia riſu.
Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæſareum ſpirant, majeſtatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut Mater formoſa ſerenat
Auguſtam frontem, et ſublimia temperat ora!
Agnoſco faciem ambiguam, mixtoſque parentes.
Ille tuas, GULIELME, acies, et triſtia bella,
Pugnaſque innocua dudum ſub imagine luſit.
Nunc indignanti ſimilis fugitiva puſillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falſis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc ſimulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus ſignat variis; ſubitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit; interea generoſæ in pectore flammæ
Aſſurgunt ſenſim juveni, notat ignis honeſtas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Auguſtæ immenſas in carmine pompas
Inſtruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effuſa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura ſordes?
Quis lapſus referet ſtellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram oſtendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubuloſque bitumine caſſos?
En procul attonitam video clareſcere noctem
Fulgore inſolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagranteſque hyemes; crepitantia ſidera paſſim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.

* Celſiſſimus Princeps Dux Gloceſtrenſis.

Nec

Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomaſque feras, et fulgida monſtra,
Terribiles viſu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hiſpida mentitur, tortiſque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilaſque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, ſubſiliens, et multo ſibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effuſa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem ſecurus agit, poſitoque timore
Exercet ventos, claſſemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu conſtricta gelu, mediiſque horrentia Cancri
Menſibus arva videt; ſeu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miſcet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illuſtres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc ſtillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum NASSOVO abducite veſtro
Fida ſatellitia, at ſolitis ſtipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque MARIA, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent ſub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI Descriptio.

QUA penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam

Jam cœli faciem tempeſtateſque futuras
Conſcia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor inſurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos ſperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æſtatem, et large diffuſo lumine rident.
Sin ſeſe immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppreſſus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam ſitiunt herbæ, jam ſuccos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent conſumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas ſpiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant ſuper æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fuſile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, craſſa fruitur ſublimius aura,
Diſcutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, diſperſas frigora ſtipant
Particulas, raruſque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, ſegetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta miniſtrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo deſcendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuenſque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aſpicit; oſtendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempeſtatemque ſonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subſidat, penituſque imo ſe condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everſis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, ſpumantibus æſtuat undis

Diluvium,

Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes Messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM

INTER

PYGMÆOS et GRUES commissum.

PEnnatas acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graium juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem GULIELMI
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum

Carmine

Carmine depingam ſonitum, nova caſtra ſecutus;
Exiguoſque canam pugiles, Gruibuſque malignos
Heroas, nigriſque ruentem è nubibus hoſtem.
Qua ſolis tepet ortu, primitiiſque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhoſpita ſaxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis acceſſa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam ſteterat, dum fata ſinebant,
Imperium. Hic varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et aſſiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc ſi quis dura evadat per ſaxa viator,
Deſertoſque lares, et valles oſſibus albas
Exiguis videt, et veſtigia parva ſtupeſcit.
Deſolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et ſecuro crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non ſic, dum multos ſtetit inſuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, ſi quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet ſe credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, ſumptiſque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humeriſque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæſoque epulatur in hoſte.
Sæpe improviſas mactabat, ſæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulciſci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa conſtruxerat arte,
Aut uteri poſuiſſet onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu ſpirans immane minaci
Omnia vaſtaret miles, fœtuſque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hoſtis in ovo.
Hinc cauſæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque

Commiſſæ

Commiſſæ ſtrages, confuſaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam ſublimi carmine vates
Luſit; ubi totam ſtrepituque armiſque paludem
Miſcuit: hic (viſu miſerabile!) corpora murum
Sparſa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibuſque abſciſſo poplite ternis
Reptar humi, ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæſi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam ſuper his accenſa graves exarſit in iras
Grus ſtomachans; omneſque ſimul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut ſtagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cayſtri
Prata tenent, adſunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris deſcendit ab Iſtro,
Strageſque immenſas et vulnera cogitat abſens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et roſtrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, ſuſpenſus in alto
Aëre concuſſis exercitus obſtrepit alis,
Terræque immenſos tractus, ſemotaque longe
Æquora deſpiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et aſſiduus miſcet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceſſit
Impiger, inſtituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animoſus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas compoſta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibuſque frequens, et marte inſtructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æterniſque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti!
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris

Cuspide,

Cuſpide, ſanguineo ſeſe furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, roſtrumque intendit in hoſtem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic ſtillat lentus de vulnere ſanguis,
Singultuſque ciet crebros, pedibuſque puſillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æſtuat omne ſolum ſtrepitu, tepidoque rubeſcit
Sanguine, ſparguntur gladii, ſparguntur et alæ,
Ungueſque et digiti, commiſtaque roſtra lacertis.
Pygmeadum ſævit, mediiſque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fuſa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plauſu alarum, nec roſtri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum denſiſſima circum
Miſcetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, ſubito appulſus (ſic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis Ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triſte relatu)
Suſtulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat ſtrepitu globus undique denſus
Alituum; fruſtra Pygmæi lumine mœſto
Regem inter nubes lugent, ſolitoque minorem
Heroem aſpiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus eſcam.
Jamque recrudeſcit bellum, Grus deſuper urget
Pygmæum roſtro, atque hoſtem petit ardua morſu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is ſurſum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes ſævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, ſolioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; ſparguntur in æthere toto

Fulminaque ſcopulique: flagrantia tela deorſum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vaſta Gigantum
Corpora fuſa jacent, ſemiuſtaque ſulphure fumant.
Viribus abſumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina langueſcunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculſa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Inſtant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: Nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus Regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas: ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ Imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus everſum eſt, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miſcetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, ſi quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Paſtores per noctis opaca puſillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore caſſos.
Dum ſecura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Anguſtoſque terit calles, virideſque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESUR-

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

Ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon.

EGregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgenteſque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et ſimulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem viſu pompam, tu carmine Muſa
Pande novo, vatique ſacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Inſignit pictura) inhoneſto et ſimplice cultu
Veſtiit albedo, ſed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoſcat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Subſtravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque ſequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia craſſo
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum ſtellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne ſpatio moles immenſa dehiſcat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfuſus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan,

Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.

Paulatim

Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque insperſus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.

Non

Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hoſpite cum tumet incluſo, et præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem diſtinxit pictor, honeſto
Surgentem e tumulo, alatoque ſatellite fultam?
Agnoſco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
* Wainfletus, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura!-----
Irati innocuas ſecurus numinis iras
Aſpicit, impavidoſque in Judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas ſcenam; multo hic ſtagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto ſulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falſus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida ſerpat opus, tenueſque abſumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpiſque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex a tergo implacabile ſævit, et enſem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante ſceleſtos
Jam Paradiſeis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat triſtis? quo ſe cœleſtibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem ſuſpiria ducit

---

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Nequic-

Nequicquam, et ſero in lachrymas effunditur; obſtant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus veſtigia! quanta colorum
Gratia ſe profert! tales non diſcolor Iris
Oſtendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta ſcintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ langueſcat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipſa, ſupremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC, ubi graminea in latum ſeſe explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum ſolem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Deſecat, exiguam radens a ceſpite meſſem:
Tum motu aſſiduo ſaxum verſatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et ſurgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæſtram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus eſſe rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, faciliſque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque ſuis inciſa notis ſtat ſphæra; ſed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuſo multum inclinata metallo

Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.
Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut fors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, quæ cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat; subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,

Quæ

Quæ non dirumpit curſum, abſiſtitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapſa ſupremum
Perfecit ſtadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hoſtis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere ſphæram
Certat, luminibuſque viam ſignantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et miſſile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non ſegnis ſphæra lacerto.
Haud ita proſiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currenteſque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obſtructa ſatellite multo,
Impingant ſocios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque aſtra vocat crudelia.-----
Si vero incurſus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hoſtis ſpolietur honore:
Turba fremit confuſa, ſoniſque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant ſocii; plauſu ſtrepit omne viretum.
Interea feſſos inimico Sirius aſtro
Corripit, et ſalſas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam zephyri ſpirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abſtergitur humor.

AD

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM et POETAM.

O Qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor WILHELMI, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperîque
Præsidium haud leve, MONTACUTUS.

Omitte

Omitte tandem triſte negotium
Graveſque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipſe tuam minuas ſalutem.
Fruſtra cruorem pulſibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Fruſtra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error ſanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius ſepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deſeret
Expulſa morbis corpus inhoſpitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem viciſſim
Subjiciet libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit moleſtam, urgetve curas
Sponte ſua ſatis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiiſque
Innocuis bene temperata.

Machinæ Gesticulantes,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADmiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,

Ludit

Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca
Voce ſtrepens; major ſubnectit fibula veſtem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibuſque lacertis
Confiſus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro ſolvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur ſolenni ſeria pompa,
Spernit ſollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et riſu importunus adeſt, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oſcula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diverſis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario laſcivit mobile ſaltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et ſpectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidiſque ſuperbit in oſtris.
Nam, quoties feſtam celebrat ſub imagine lucem,
Ordine compoſito Nympharum incedit honeſtum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas poſitis miteſcere bellis,
Jamque, infenſa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, teneriſque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur ſidera cœlo,
Parvi ſubſiliunt Lemures, populuſque puſillus
Feſtivos, rediens ſua per veſtigia, gyros
Ducit, et anguſtum crebro pede pulſitat orbem.
Mane patent greſſus; hinc ſuccos terra feraces

Concipit,

Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina ſurgunt
Luxuriem, teneriſque vireſcit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi ſurgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; uſque adeo inſincera voluptas
Omnibus, et miſtæ caſtigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingeſto ſulphure fœti,
Protenſæque haſtæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes ſubeunt; dant clauſtra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ ſtridente bitumine chartæ
Confuſos reddunt crepitus, et ſibila miſcent.
Sternitur omne ſolum pereuntibus; undique cæſæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed poſtquam inſanus pugnæ deferbuit æſtus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diverſas repetunt artes, curaſque priores.
Nec raro priſci heroes, quos pagina ſacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt ſpecie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.
Rugis ſulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: ſic tarda ſenectus
TITHONUM minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem ſenſim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poſcat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas ſpecies, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci

Crura

Crura ligat pedibus, humeriſque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus inſuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte puſillum
Verſat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque miniſtrat.
His ſtructa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Oſtendit ſulcos, duri et veſtigia ferri:
Hinc ſalit, atque agili ſe ſublevat incita motu,
Voceſque emittit tenues, et non ſua verba.

Ad Inſigniſſimum Virum

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

Sacræ Theoriæ Telluris Autorem.

NON uſitatum carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poſcis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Reſpuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum ſemina conſcius,
Molemque cernis diſſociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, ſollicitus parum

Utcunque ſtet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapſa tellus lubrica deſerit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppoſitas gravis urget undas.
Impulſus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effuſa licentia
Claudit viciſſim; has inter orbis
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluſo carcere lucidam
Balæna ſpectat ſolis imaginem,
Stellaſque miratur natantes,
Et tremulæ ſimulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis caleſcit ſpiritus ingenî!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiſcens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum doloſi
Detegis inſtabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum ſumere ſimplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem ſulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis ſævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata buſtum!

Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liqueſcens ipſe adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt reſoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et veſtra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
BURNETTE, veſtra augebit ignes,
Heu ſocio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox ſubitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En læta vernantis Favonî
Flamina, perpetuoſque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! ſi bonus auguror,
Te, noſtra quo tellus ſuperbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et nox liquefcens ipfe adamantinum
Pridie cacumen, dum per inas
Saxa fluunt refoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corrumpit,
Et vellus eandem paginam (proh nefas!)
BURNETTE, vellus adpetit ignes,
Heu loeio peritura mundo.
Nox æqua cellus, mox fubitus vitor
Ubique ridet: En terrens globum!
En lata vernantis Favoni
Flamina, perpetuoque fores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! fi bonus auguror,
Te, noftra quo tellus fuperbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

DIALOGUES

UPON THE

USEFULNESS

OF

ANCIENT MEDALS.

Especially in relation to the

LATIN *and* GREEK *Poets.*

——quoniam hæc Ratio plerumque videtur
Tristior esse, quibus non est tractata, retroque
Volgus abhorret ab hac: volui tibi suaviloquenti
Carmine Pierio rationem exponere nostram,
Et quasi musæo dulci contingere melle,
Si tibi forte animum tali ratione tenerem. Lucretius.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.

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DIALOGUES

UPON THE

USEFULNESS

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ANCIENT MEDALS.

Especially in relation to the

LATIN and GREEK Poets.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

Mr. ADDISON's *Treatise of*

MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome *her own sad sepulchre appears:*
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age;
Some, hostile fury; some, religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire;
And Papal piety, and Gothick *fire.*
Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a Name;
That Name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus *old* Vespasian's *due.*
Ambition *sigh'd. She found it vain to trust*
The faithless Column, and the crumbling Bust;

Huge

Huge Moles whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design;
And all her triumphs shrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her Palm here sad Judæa *weeps;*
Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile *and* Rhine:
A small Euphrates *thro' the piece is roll'd;*
And little Eagles wave their wings in Gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lye.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' Inscription value, but the Rust adore:
This, the Blue varnish, that, the Green endears,
The sacred Rust of twice ten hundred years.
To gain Pescennius *one employs his schemes;*
One grasps a Cecrops *in ecstatic dreams:*
Poor Vadius, *long with learned spleen devour'd,*
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd;
And Curio, *restless by the fair one's side,*
Sighs for an Otho, *and neglects his Bride.*
Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine.
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's *glories shine:*
Her Gods, and godlike Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;

The

The Verſe and Sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh when ſhall Britain, *conſcious of her claim,*
Stand emulous of Greek *and* Roman *fame?*
In living Medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording Gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs.
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's *looks agree:*
Or in fair ſeries laurel'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil *there, and here an* Addiſon.
Then ſhall Thy Craggs *(and let me call him Mine)*
On the caſt Ore, another Pollio, *ſhine;*
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the Orb in laſting notes be read.
" *Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! in ſoul ſincere,*
" *In action faithful, and in honour clear;*
" *Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,*
" *Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;*
" *Ennobled by Himſelf, by all approv'd,*
" *And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.*

A. POPE.

DIALOGUES

Upon the Uſefulneſs of ANCIENT MEDALS.

DIALOGUE I.

CYNTHIO, *Eugenius* and *Philander* had retired together from the town to a country village, that lies upon the *Thames*. Their deſign was to paſs away the heats of the Summer among the freſh breezes, that riſe from the river, and the agreeable mixture of ſhades and fountains, in which the whole country naturally abounds. They were all three very well verſed in the politer parts of learning, and had travelled into the moſt refined nations of *Europe*: ſo that they were capable of entertaining themſelves on a thouſand different ſubjects without running into the common topics of defaming publick parties, or

particular perſons. As they were intimate friends they took the freedom to diſſent from one another in diſcourſe, or upon occaſion to ſpeak a *Latin* ſentence without fearing the imputation of pedantry or ill-breeding.

They were one evening taking a walk together in the fields when their diſcourſe accidentally fell upon ſeveral unprofitable parts of learning. It was *Cynthio*'s humour to run down every thing that was rather for oſtentation than uſe. He was ſtill preferring good ſenſe to arts and ſciences, and often took a pleaſure to appear ignorant, that he might the better turn to ridicule thoſe that valued themſelves on their books and ſtudies, though at the ſame time one might very well ſee that he could not have attacked many parts of learning ſo ſucceſsfully, had not he borrowed his aſſiſtances from them. After having rally'd a ſet or two of *Virtuoſo's*, he fell upon the Medalliſts.

Theſe gentlemen, ſays he, value themſelves upon being critics in Ruſt, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it, by its colour. They are poſſeſſed with a kind of learned avarice, and are for getting together hoards of ſuch mony only as was current among the *Greeks* and *Latins*. There are ſeveral of them that are better acquainted with the faces of the *Antonines*, than of the *Stuarts*, and would rather chuſe to count out a ſum in Seſterces, than in pounds ſterling. I have heard of one in *Italy* that uſed to ſwear *by the head of Otho*. Nothing can be pleaſanter than to ſee a circle of theſe *Virtuoſo's* about a cabinet of Medals, deſcanting upon the value, rarity and authenticalneſs of the ſeveral pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of gold, and after having well weighed the figures and inſcription, tells you very gravely, if it were Braſs, it would be invaluable. Another falls a ringing a *Peſcennius Niger*, and judiciouſly diſtinguiſhes the ſound of it to be modern. A third deſires you to obſerve well the *Toga* on ſuch a reverſe, and asks you whether you can in conſcience believe the ſleeve of it to be of the true *Roman* cut.

I muſt confeſs, ſays *Philander*, the knowledge of Medals has moſt of thoſe diſadvantages that can render a ſcience ridiculous, to ſuch as are not well verſed in it. Nothing is more eaſy than to repreſent as impertinencies any parts of learning that have no immediate relation to the happineſs or convenience of mankind. When a man ſpends his whole life among the Stars and Planets, or lays out a twelve-month on the ſpots in the Sun, however noble his ſpeculations may be, they are very apt to fall into burleſque. But it is ſtill more natural to laugh at ſuch ſtudies as are employed on low and vulgar objects. What curious obſervations have been

been made on Spiders, Lobſters, and Cockle-ſhells? yet the very naming of them is almoſt ſufficient to turn them into raillery. It is no wonder therefore that the ſcience of Medals, which is charged with ſo many unconcerning parts of knowledge, and built on ſuch mean materials, ſhould appear ridiculous to thoſe that have not taken the pains to examine it.

Eugenius was very attentive to what *Philander* ſaid on the ſubject of Medals. He was one that endeavoured rather to be agreeable than ſhining in converſation, for which reaſon he was more beloved, though not ſo much admired as *Cynthio*. I muſt confeſs, ſays he, I find my ſelf very much inclined to ſpeak againſt a ſort of ſtudy that I know nothing of. I have however one ſtrong prejudice inf avour of it, that *Philander* has thought it worth his while to employ ſome time upon it. I am glad then, ſays *Cynthio*, that I have thrown him on a ſcience of which I have long wiſhed to hear the Uſefulneſs. There, ſays *Philander*, you muſt excuſe me. At preſent you do not know but it may have its uſefulneſs. But ſhould I endeavour to convince you of it, I might fail in my attempt, and ſo render my ſcience ſtill more contemptible. On the contrary, ſays *Cynthio*, we are already ſo perſwaded of the unprofitableneſs of your ſcience, that you can but leave us where you find us, but if you ſucceed you increaſe the number of your party. Well, ſays *Philander*, in hopes of making two ſuch conſiderable proſelytes, I am very well content to talk away an evening with you on the ſubject; but on this condition, that you will communicate your thoughts to me freely when you diſſent from me or have any difficulties that you think me capable of removing. To make uſe of the liberty you give us, ſays *Eugenius*, I muſt tell you what I believe ſurprizes all beginners as well as my ſelf. We are apt to think your Medalliſts a little fantaſtical in the different prices they ſet upon their coins, without any regard to the ancient value or the metal of which they are compoſed. A ſilver Medal, for example, ſhall be more eſteemed than a golden one, and a piece of braſs than either. To anſwer you, ſays *Philander*, in the language of a Medalliſt, you are not to look upon a cabinet of Medals as a treaſure of mony, but of knowledge, nor muſt you fancy any charms in gold, but in the figures and inſcriptions that adorn it. The intrinſic value of an old coin does not conſiſt in its metal but its erudition. It is the Device that has raiſed the ſpecies, ſo that at preſent an *As* or an *Obolus* may carry a higher price than a *Denarius* or a *Drachma*; and a piece of mony that was not worth a peny fifteen hundred years ago, may be now rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps a hundred guineas. I find, ſays *Cynthio*, that to have a reliſh for ancient

ent coins it is neceſſary to have a contempt of the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able with all your Medallic eloquence, to perſwade *Eugenius* and my ſelf that it is better to have a pocket full of *Otho's* and *Gordians* than of *Jacobus's* or *Louis d'ors*. This however we ſhall be judges of, when you have let us know the ſeveral uſes of old coins.

The firſt and moſt obvious one, ſays *Philander*, is the ſhewing us the Faces of all the great perſons of antiquity. A cabinet of Medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. *Juvenal* calls them very humorouſly,

Conciſum argentum in titulos, facieſque minutas. Sat. 5.

You here ſee the *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Pompeys*, *Trajans*, and the whole catalogue of Heroes; who have many of them ſo diſtinguiſhed themſelves from the reſt of mankind that we almoſt look upon them as another ſpecies. It is an agreeable amuſement to compare in our own thoughts the face of a great Man with the character that authors have given us of him, and to try if we can find out in his looks and features either the haughty, cruel, or merciful temper that diſcovers it ſelf in the hiſtory of his actions. We find too on Medals the repreſentations of Ladies that have given occaſion to whole volumes on the account only of a face. We have here the pleaſure to examine their looks and dreſſes, and to ſurvey at leiſure thoſe beauties that have ſometimes been the happineſs or miſery of whole kingdoms: Nor do you only meet the faces of ſuch as are famous in hiſtory, but of ſeveral whoſe Names are not to be found any where except on Medals. Some of the Emperors, for example, have had Wives, and ſome of them Children, that no authors have mentioned. We are therefore obliged to the ſtudy of coins for having made new diſcoveries to the learned, and given them information of ſuch perſons as are to be met with on no other kind of records. You muſt give me leave, ſays *Cynthio*, to reject this laſt uſe of Medals. I do not think it worth while to trouble my ſelf with a perſon's name or face that receives all his reputation from the mint, and would never have been known in the world had there not been ſuch things as Medals. A man's memory finds ſufficient employment on ſuch as have really ſignalized themſelves by their great actions, without charging it ſelf with the names of an inſignificant people whoſe whole hiſtory is written on the edges of an old coin.

If you are only for ſuch perſons as have made a noiſe in the world, ſays *Philander*, you have on Medals a long liſt of heathen Deities, diſtinguiſhed from each other by their proper titles and ornaments. You ſee the copies of ſeveral ſtatues that have had the politeſt nations of the world

world fall down before them. You have here too ſeveral perſons of a more thin and ſhadowy nature, as Hope, Conſtancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Juſtice, Moderation, Happineſs, and in ſhort a whole creation of the like imaginary ſubſtances. To theſe you may add the Genies of nations, provinces, cities, high-ways, and the like Allegorical Beings. In devices of this nature one ſees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverſe of a Medal as in a Canto of *Spenſer*. Not to interrupt you, ſays *Eugenius*, I fancy it is this uſe of Medals that has recommended them to ſeveral hiſtory-painters, who perhaps without this aſſiſtance would have found it very difficult to have invented ſuch an airy ſpecies of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dreſs for a paſſion. It is doubtleſs for this reaſon, ſays *Philander*, that Painters have not a little contributed to bring the ſtudy of Medals in vogue. For not to mention ſeveral others, *Caraccio* is ſaid to have aſſiſted *Aretine* by deſigns that he took from the *Spintriæ* of *Tiberius*. *Raphael* had throughly ſtudied the figures on old Coins. *Patin* tells us that *Le Brun* had done the ſame. And it is well known that *Rubens* had a noble collection of Medals in his own poſſeſſion. But I muſt not quit this head before I tell you, that you ſee on Medals not only the names and perſons of Emperors, Kings, Conſuls, Pro-conſuls, Prætors, and the like characters of importance, but of ſome of the Poets, and of ſeveral who had won the prizes at the Olympick games. It was a noble time, ſays *Cynthio*, when Trips and *Corniſh* hugs could make a man immortal. How many Heroes would *Moor-fields* have furniſhed out in the days of old? A fellow that can now only win a hat or a belt, had he lived among the *Greeks*, might have had his face ſtampt upon their Coins. But theſe were the wiſe ancients, who had more eſteem for a *Milo* than a *Homer*, and heapt up greater Honours on *Pindar*'s Jockies, than on the Poet himſelf. But by this time I ſuppoſe you have drawn up all your medallic people, and indeed they make a much more formidable body than I could have imagined. You have ſhewn us all conditions, ſexes and ages, emperors and empreſſes, men and children, gods and wreſtlers. Nay you have conjured up perſons that exiſt no where elſe but on old Coins, and have made our Paſſions and Virtues and Vices viſible. I could never have thought that a cabinet of Medals had been ſo well peopled. But in the next place, ſays *Philander*, as we ſee on coins the different Faces of perſons, we ſee on them too their different Habits and Dreſſes, according to the mode that prevailed in the ſeveral ages when

when the Medals were ſtampt. This is another uſe, ſays *Cynthio*, that in my opinion contributes rather to make a man learned than wiſe, and is neither capable of pleaſing the underſtanding or imagination. I know there are ſeveral ſupercilious Critics that will treat an author with the greateſt contempt imaginable, if he fancies the old *Romans* wore a girdle, and are amazed at a man's ignorance, who believes the *Toga* had any Sleeves to it till the declenſion of the *Roman* Empire. Now I would fain know the great importance of this kind of learning, and why it ſhould not be as noble a task to write upon a Bib and hanging-ſleeves, as on the *Bulla* and *Prætexta*. The reaſon is, that we are familiar with the names of the one, and meet with the other no where but in learned authors. An Antiquary will ſcorn to mention a pinner or a night-rail, a petticoat or a manteau; but will talk as gravely as a father of the church on the *Vitta* and *Peplus*, the *Stola* and *Inſtita*. How would an old *Roman* laugh, were it poſſible for him to ſee the ſolemn diſſertations that have been made on theſe weighty ſubjects. To ſet them in their natural light, let us fancy, if you pleaſe, that about a thouſand years hence, ſome profound author ſhall write a learned treatiſe on the Habits of the preſent age, diſtinguiſhed into the following Titles and Chapters.

Of the old Britiſh *Trowſer.*
Of the Ruff and Collar-band.
The opinion of ſeveral learned men concerning the uſe of the Shoulder-knot.
Such a one miſtaken in his account of the Surtout, &c.

I muſt confeſs, ſays *Eugenius* interrupting him, the knowledge of theſe affairs is in it ſelf very little improving, but as it is impoſſible without it to underſtand ſeveral parts of your ancient authors, it certainly hath its uſe. It is pity indeed there is not a nearer way of coming at it. I have ſometimes fancied it would not be an impertinent deſign to make a kind of an old *Roman* wardrobe, where you ſhould ſee *Toga's* and *Tunica's*, the *Chlamys* and *Trabea*, and in ſhort all the different veſts and ornaments that are ſo often mentioned in the *Greek* and *Roman* authors. By this means a man would comprehend better and remember much longer the ſhape of an ancient garment, than he poſſibly can from the help of tedious quotations and deſcriptions. The deſign, ſays *Philander*, might be very uſeful, but after what models would you work? *Sigonius*, for example, will tell you that the *Veſtis Trabeata* was of ſuch a particular faſhion, *Scaliger* is for another, and *Dacier* thinks them both in the wrong.

wrong. Theſe are, ſays *Cynthio*, I ſuppoſe the names of three *Roman* taylors: for is it poſſible men of learning can have any diſputes of this nature? May not we as well believe that hereafter the whole learned world will be divided upon the make of a modern pair of breeches? And yet, ſays *Eugenius*, the Critics have fallen as foul upon each other for matters of the ſame moment. But as to this point, where the Make of the garment is controverted, let them, if they can find cloth enough, work after all the moſt probable faſhions. To enlarge the deſign, I would have another room for the old *Roman* inſtruments of war, where you might ſee the *Pilum* and the ſhield, the eagles, enſigns, helmets, battering-rams and trophies, in a word, all the ancient military furniture in the ſame manner as it might have been in an Arſenal of old *Rome*. A third apartment ſhould be a kind of Sacriſtie for altars, idols, ſacrificing inſtruments, and other religious utenſils. Not to be tedious, one might make a magazine for all ſorts of antiquities, that would ſhow a man in an afternoon more than he could learn out of books in a twelve-month. This would cut ſhort the whole ſtudy of antiquities, and perhaps be much more uſeful to Univerſities than thoſe collections of Whale-bone and Crocodile-skins in which they commonly abound. You will find it very difficult, ſays *Cynthio*, to perſuade thoſe ſocieties of learned men to fall in with your project. They will tell you that things of this importance muſt not be taken on truſt; you ought to learn them among the Claſſic Authors and at the fountain-head. Pray conſider what a figure a man would make in the republick of letters, ſhould he appeal to your Univerſity-wardrobe, when they expect a ſentence out of the *Re Veſtiaria*? or how do you think a man that has read *Vegetius* will reliſh your *Roman* Arſenal? In the mean time, ſays *Philander*, you find on Medals every thing that you could meet with in your magazine of antiquities, and when you have built your arſenals, wardrobes, and ſacriſties, it is from Medals that you muſt fetch their furniture. It is here too that you ſee the figures of ſeveral inſtruments of muſick, mathematics and mechanics. One might make an entire gally out of the plans that are to be met with on the reverſes of ſeveral old Coins. Nor are they only charged with Things but with many ancient Cuſtoms, as ſacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, allocutions, decurſions, lectiſterniums, and a thouſand other antiquated names and ceremonies that we ſhould not have had ſo juſt a notion of, were they not ſtill preſerved on Coins. I might add under this head of antiquities that we find on Medals the manner of ſpelling in the old *Roman* inſcriptions. That is, ſays *Cynthio*, we find that *Felix*

lix is never written with an *æ* dipthongue, and that in *Auguſtus*'s days *Civis* ſtood for *Cives*, with other ſecrets in Orthography of the ſame importance.

To come then to a more weighty uſe, ſays *Philander*, it is certain that Medals give a very great light to hiſtory, in confirming ſuch paſſages as are true in old Authors, in ſettling ſuch as are told after different manners, and in recording ſuch as have been omitted. In this caſe a cabinet of Medals is a body of hiſtory. It was indeed the beſt way in the world to perpetuate the memory of great actions, thus to coin out the life of an Emperor, and to put every great exploit into the mint. It was a kind of Printing, before the art was invented. It is by this means that Monſieur *Vaillant* has diſembroiled a hiſtory that was loſt to the world before his time, and out of a ſhort collection of Medals has given us a chronicle of the Kings of *Syria*. For this too is an advantage Medals have over books, that they tell their ſtory much quicker, and ſum up a whole volume in twenty or thirty reverſes. They are indeed the beſt epitomes in the world, and let you ſee with one caſt of an eye the ſubſtance of above a hundred pages. Another uſe of Medals is, that they not only ſhew you the actions of an Emperor, but at the ſame time mark out the year in which they were performed. Every exploit has its date ſet to it. A ſeries of an Emperor's Coins is his life digeſted into annals. Hiſtorians ſeldom break their relation with a mixture of chronology, nor diſtribute the particulars of an Emperor's ſtory into the ſeveral years of his reign: or where they do it they often differ in their ſeveral periods. Here therefore it is much ſafer to quote a Medal than an Author, for in this caſe you do not appeal to a *Suetonius* or a *Lampridius*, but to the Emperor himſelf, or to the whole body of a *Roman* Senate. Beſides that a Coin is in no danger of having its characters altered by copiers and tranſcribers. This I muſt confeſs, ſays *Cynthio*, may in ſome caſes be of great moment, but conſidering the ſubjects on which your chronologers are generally employed, I ſee but little uſe that riſes from it. For example, what ſignifies it to the world whether ſuch an Elephant appeared in the Amphi-theatre in the ſecond or the third year of *Domitian*? Or what am I the wiſer for knowing that *Trajan* was in the fifth year of his Tribuneſhip when he entertained the people with ſuch a Horſe-race or Bull-baiting? Yet it is the fixing of theſe great periods that gives a man the firſt rank in the republic of letters, and recommends him to the world for a perſon of various reading and profound erudition.

You

You must always give your men of great reading leave to shew their talents on the meanest subjects, says *Eugenius*; it is a kind of shooting at rovers: where a man lets fly his arrow without taking any aim, to shew his strength. But there is one advantage, says he, turning to *Philander*, that seems to me very considerable, although you Medallists seldom throw it into the account, which is the great help to memory one finds in Medals: for my own part I am very much embarrassed in the names and ranks of the several *Roman* Emperors, and find it difficult to recollect upon occasion the different parts of their history: but your Medallists upon the first naming of an Emperor will immediately tell you his age, family and life. To remember where he enters in the succession, they only consider in what part of the cabinet he lies; and by running over in their thoughts such a particular drawer, will give you an account of all the remarkable parts of his reign.

I thank you, says *Philander*, for helping me to an use that perhaps I should not have thought on. But there is another of which I am sure you could not but be sensible when you were at *Rome*. I must own to you it surprized me to see my *Ciceroni* so well acquainted with the busts and statues of all the great people of antiquity. There was not an Emperor or Empress but he knew by sight, and as he was seldom without Medals in his pocket, he would often shew us the same face on an old Coin that we saw in the Statue. He would discover a *Commodus* through the disguise of the club and lion's skin, and find out such a one to be *Livia* that was dressed up like a *Ceres*. Let a bust be never so disfigured, they have a thousand marks by which to decipher it. They will know a *Zenobia* by the sitting of her Diadem, and will distinguish the *Faustina's* by their different way of tying up their hair. Oh! Sir, says *Cynthio*, they will go a great deal farther, they will give you the name and titles of a Statue that has lost his nose and ears; or if there is but half a beard remaining, will tell you at first sight who was the owner of it. Now I must confess to you, I used to fancy they imposed upon me an Emperor or Empress at pleasure, rather than appear ignorant.

All this however is easily learnt from Medals, says *Philander*, where you may see likewise the plans of many the most considerable buildings of Old *Rome*. There is an ingenious Gentleman of our own nation extremely well versed in this study who has a design of publishing the whole history of Architecture, with its several improvements and decays as it is to be met with on ancient Coins. He has assured me that he has observed all the nicety of proportion in the figures of the different orders that

compoſe the buildings on the beſt preſerved Medals. You here ſee the copies of ſuch Ports and triumphal Arches as there are not the leaſt traces of in the places where they once ſtood. You have here the models of ſeveral ancient Temples, though the Temples themſelves, and the Gods that were worſhipped in them, are periſhed many hundred years ago. Or if there are ſtill any foundations or ruines of former edifices, you may learn from Coins what was their Architecture when they ſtood whole and entire. Theſe are buildings which the *Goths* and *Vandals* could not demoliſh, that are infinitely more durable than ſtone or marble, and will perhaps laſt as long as the earth it ſelf. They are in ſhort ſo many real monuments of Braſs.

Quod non imber edax non aquilo impotens
Poſſit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum ſeries, et fuga temporum.

Which eating ſhow'rs, nor northwind's feeble blaſt,
Nor whirle of time, nor flight of years can waſte. Mr. *Creech.*

This is a noble Panegyric on an old copper Coin, ſays *Cynthio*. But I am afraid a little malicious ruſt would demoliſh one of your brazen edifices as effectually as a *Goth* or *Vandal*. You would laugh at me, ſays *Philander*, ſhould I make you a learned diſſertation on the nature of Ruſts. I ſhall only tell you there are two or three ſorts of them which are extremely beautiful in the eye of an Antiquary, and preſerve a Coin better than the beſt artificial verniſh. As for other kinds, a skilful Medalliſt knows very well how to deal with them. He will recover you a Temple or a triumphal Arch out of its rubbiſh, if I may ſo call it, and with a few reparations of the graving tool reſtore it to its firſt ſplendour and magnificence. I have known an Emperor quite hid under a cruſt of droſs, who after two or three days cleanſing has appeared with all his Titles about him as freſh and beautiful as at his firſt coming out of the Mint. I am ſorry, ſays *Eugenius*, I did not know this laſt uſe of Medals when I was at *Rome*. It might perhaps have given me a greater taſte of its Antiquities, and have fixed in my memory ſeveral of the ruines that I have now forgotten. For my part, ſays *Cynthio*, I think there are at *Rome* enow modern works of Architecture to employ any reaſonable man. I never could have a taſte for old bricks and rubbiſh, nor would trouble my ſelf about the ruines of *Auguſtus*'s Palace ſo long as I could ſee the *Vatican*, the *Borgheſe*, and the *Farneſe* as they now ſtand;

I must own to you at the same time this is talking like an ignorant man. Were I in other company I would perhaps change my style, and tell them that I would rather see the fragments of *Apollo*'s Temple than St. *Peter*'s. I remember when our Antiquary at *Rome* had led us a whole day together from one ruine to another, he at last brought us to the *Rotunda*, And this, says he, is the most valuable Antiquity in *Italy*, notwithstanding it is so entire.

The same kind of fancy, says *Philander*, has formerly gained upon several of your Medallists, who were for hoording up such pieces of money only as had been half consumed by time or rust. There were no Coins pleased them more than those which had passed through the hands of an old *Roman* Clipper. I have read an Author of this taste that compares a ragged Coin to a tattered Colours. But to come again to our subject. As we find on Medals the plans of several buildings that are now demolished, we see on them too the Models of many ancient Statues that are now lost. There are several Reverses which are owned to be the representations of antique figures, and I question not but there are many others that were formed on the like Models, though at present they lie under no suspicion of it. The *Hercules Farnese*, the *Venus* of *Medicis*, the *Apollo* in the *Belvidera*, and the famous *Marcus Aurelius* on horse-back, which are perhaps the four most beautiful Statues extant, make their appearance all of them on ancient Medals, though the figures that represent them were never thought to be the copies of statues till the statues themselves were discovered. There is no question, I think, but the same reflexion may extend it self to antique Pictures: for I doubt not but in the designs of several *Greek* Medals in particular, one might often see the hand of an *Apelles* or *Protogenes*, were we as well acquainted with their works as we are with *Titian*'s or *Vandike*'s. I might here make a much greater show of the usefulness of Medals, if I would take the method of others, and prove to you that all arts and sciences receive a considerable illustration from this study. I must however tell you, that Medals and the Civil Law, as we are assured by those who are well read in both, give a considerable light to each other, and that several old Coins are like so many maps for explaining of the antient Geography. But besides the more solid parts of learning, there are several little intimations to be met with on Medals that are very pleasant to such as are conversant in this kind of study. Should I tell you gravely, that without the help of Coins we should never have known which was the first of the Emperors that wore a beard, or rode in stirrups, I might

might turn my ſcience into ridicule. Yet it is certain there are a thouſand little impertinencies of this nature that are very gratifying to curioſity, tho' perhaps not very improving to the underſtanding. To ſee the dreſs that ſuch an Empreſs delighted to be drawn in, the titles that were moſt agreeable to ſuch an Emperor, the flatteries that he lay moſt open to, the honours that he paid to his children, wives, predeceſſors, friends or collegues, with the like particularities only to be met with on Medals, are certainly not a little pleaſing to that inquiſitive temper which is ſo natural to the mind of man.

I declare to you, ſays *Cynthio*, you have aſtoniſhed me with the ſeveral parts of knowledge, that you have diſcovered on Medals. I could never fancy before this evening, that a Coin could have any nobler uſe in it than to pay a reckoning.

You have not heard all yet, ſays *Philander*, there is ſtill an advantage to be drawn from Medals, which I am ſure will heighten your eſteem for them. It is indeed an uſe that no body has hitherto dwelt upon. If any of the Antiquaries have touched upon it, they have immediately quitted it, without conſidering it in its full latitude, light and extent. Not to keep you in ſuſpence, I think there is a great affinity between Coins and Poetry, and that your Medalliſt and Critic are much nearer related than the world generally imagines. A reverſe often clears up the paſſage of an old poet, as the poet often ſerves to unriddle a reverſe. I could be longer on this head, but I fear I have already tired you. Nay, ſays *Eugenius*, ſince you have gone ſo far with us, we muſt beg you to finiſh your lecture, eſpecially ſince you are on a ſubject, that I dare promiſe you will be very agreeable to *Cynthio*, who is ſo profeſſed an admirer of the ancient poets. I muſt only warn you, that you do not charge your Coins with more uſes than they can bear. It is generally the method of ſuch as are in love with any particular ſcience to diſcover all others in it. Who would imagine, for example, that architecture ſhould comprehend the knowledge of hiſtory, ethics, muſic, aſtronomy, natural philoſophy, phyſic and the civil law? Yet *Vitruvius* will give you his reaſons, ſuch as they are, why a good architect is maſter of theſe ſeveral arts and ſciences. Sure, ſays *Cynthio*, *Martial* had never read *Vitruvius* when he threw the Cryer and the Architect into the ſame claſs.

Duri ſi puer ingeni videtur
Præconem facias vel architectum.

If of dull parts the ſtripling you ſuſpect,
A herald make him, or an architect.

But

But to give you an inſtance out of a very celebrated diſcourſe on poetry, becauſe we are on that ſubject, of an author's finding out imaginary beauties in his own art. *I have obſerved*, ſays he, (ſpeaking of the natural propenſion that all men have to numbers and harmony) *that my barber has often combed my head in Dactyls and Spondees, that is, with two ſhort ſtrokes and a long one, or with two long ones ſucceſſively. Nay*, ſays he, *I have known him ſometimes run even into Pyrrhichius's and Anapæſtus's.* This you will think perhaps a very extravagant fancy, but I muſt own I ſhould as ſoon expect to find the *Proſodia* in a Comb as Poetry in a Medal. Before I endeavour to convince you of it, ſays *Philander*, I muſt confeſs to you that this ſcience has its viſionaries as well as all others. There are ſeveral, for example, that will find a myſtery in every tooth of *Neptune*'s trident, and are amazed at the wiſdom of the ancients that repreſented a thunder-bolt with three forks, ſince, they will tell you, nothing could have better explained its triple quality of piercing, burning and melting. I have ſeen a long diſcourſe on the figure and nature of horn, to ſhew it was impoſſible to have found out a fitter emblem for plenty than the *Cornu-Copiæ*. Theſe are a ſort of authors who ſcorn to take up with appearances, and fancy an interpretation vulgar when it is natural. What could have been more proper to ſhew the beauty and friendſhip of the Three Graces, than to repreſent them naked and knitt together in a kind of dance? It is thus they always appear in ancient ſculpture, whether on Medals or in Marble, as I doubt not but *Horace* alludes to deſigns of this nature, when he deſcribes them after the ſame manner.

Voſſius de viribus Rythmi.

——*Gratia*
Junctis nuda ſororibus:
——*Segneſque nodum ſolvere Gratiæ.*

The Siſter-*Graces* hand in hand
Conjoin'd by love's eternal band.

Several of your Medalliſts will be here again aſtoniſhed at the wiſdom of the ancients, that knew how to couch ſuch excellent precepts of morality under viſible objects. The nature of Gratitude, they will tell you, is better illuſtrated by this ſingle device, than by *Seneca*'s whole book *de Beneficiis*. The three Graces teach us three things. I. To remark the doing of a courteſie. II. The return of it from the receiver. III. The obligation of the receiver to acknowledge it. The three Graces are always hand

hand in hand to ſhow us that theſe three duties ſhould be never ſeparated. They are naked, to admoniſh us that Gratitude ſhould be returned with a free and open heart; and dancing, to ſhew us that no vertue is more active than Gratitude. May not we here ſay with *Lucretius*?

Quæ bene et eximie quanquam diſpoſta ferantur,
Sunt longè tamen a verâ ratione repulſa.

It is an eaſy thing, ſays *Eugenius*, to find out deſigns that never entered into the thoughts of the ſculptor or the coiner. I dare ſay, the ſame Gentlemen who have fixed this piece of morality on the three naked Siſters dancing hand in hand, would have found out as good a one for them, had there been four of them ſitting at a diſtance from each other, and covered from head to foot. It is here therefore, ſays *Philander*, that the old poets ſtep in to the aſſiſtance of the Medalliſt, when they give us the ſame thought in words as the maſters of the *Roman* mint have done in figures. A man may ſee a metaphor or an allegory in picture, as well as read them in a deſcription. When therefore I confront a Medal with a Verſe, I only ſhew you the ſame deſign executed by different hands, and appeal from one maſter to another of the ſame age and taſte. This is certainly a much ſurer way than to build on the interpretations of an author who does not conſider how the ancients uſed to think, but will be ſtill inventing myſteries and applications out of his own fancy. To make my ſelf more intelligible, I find a ſhield on the reverſe of an Emperor's Coin, deſigned as a complement to him from the ſenate of *Rome*. I meet with the ſame metaphor in ancient poets to expreſs protection or defence. I conclude therefore that this Medal compliments the Emperor in the ſame ſenſe as the old *Romans* did their Dictator *Fabius* when they called him the Buckler of *Rome*. Put this reverſe now if you pleaſe into the hands of a myſtical antiquary. He ſhall tell you that the uſe of the ſhield being to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy, it very aptly ſhadows out to us the reſolution or continence of the Emperor, which made him proof to all the attacks of fortune or of pleaſure. In the next place, the figure of the ſhield being round it is an emblem of perfection, for *Ariſtotle* has ſaid the round figure is the moſt perfect. It may likewiſe ſignify the immortal reputation that the Emperor has acquired by his great actions, rotundity being an emblem of eternity that has neither beginning nor end. After this I dare not anſwer for the ſhield's convexity that it does not cover a myſtery, nay there ſhall not be the leaſt wrinkle or flouriſh upon it which will not turn to

ſome

ſome account. In this caſe therefore * Poetry being in ſome reſpects an Art of deſigning as well as Painting or Sculpture, they may ſerve as Comments on each other. I am very well ſatisfied, ſays *Eugenius*, by what you have ſaid on this ſubject, that the Poets may contribute to the explication of ſuch reverſes as are purely emblematical, or when the perſons are of that ſhadowy allegorical nature you have before mentioned, but I ſuppoſe there are many other reverſes that repreſent things and perſons of a more real exiſtence. In this caſe too, ſays *Philander*, a Poet lets you into the knowledge of a device better than a Proſe-writer, as his deſcriptions are often more diffuſe, his ſtory more naturally circumſtanced, and his language enriched with a greater variety of epithets: So that you often meet with little hints and ſuggeſtions in a Poet that give a great illuſtration to the cuſtoms, actions, ornaments, and all kinds of Antiquities that are to be met with on ancient Coins. I fancy, ſays *Cynthio*, there is nothing more ridiculous than an Antiquary's reading the *Greek* or *Latin* Poets. He never thinks of the beauty of the thought or language, but is for ſearching into what he calls the Erudition of the Author. He will turn you over all *Virgil* to find out the figure of an old *Roſtrum*, and has the greateſt eſteem imaginable for *Homer*, becauſe he has given us the faſhion of a *Greek* ſcepter. It is indeed odd enough to conſider how all kinds of Readers find their account in the old Poets. Not only your men of the more refined or ſolid parts of Learning, but even your Alchymiſt and Fortune-teller will diſcover the ſecrets of their art in *Homer* and *Virgil*. This, ſays *Eugenius*, is a prejudice of a very ancient ſtanding. Read but *Plutarch*'s diſcourſe on *Homer*, and you will ſee that the Iliad contains the whole circle of arts, and that *Thales* and *Pythagoras* ſtole all their philoſophy out of this Poet's works. One would be amazed to ſee what pains he takes to prove that *Homer* underſtood all the figures in Rhetoric, before they were invented. I do not queſtion, ſays *Philander*, were it poſſible for *Homer* to read his praiſes in this Author, but he would be as much ſurprized as ever Monſieur *Jourdain* was when he had found he had talked Proſe all his life-time without ever knowing what it was. But to finiſh the task you have ſet me, we may obſerve that not only the Virtues, and the like imaginary perſons, but all the heathen Divinities appear generally in the ſame Dreſs among the Poets that they wear in Medals. I muſt confeſs, I believe both the one and the other took the Mode from the ancient *Greek* Statuaries. It will not perhaps be an improper tranſition to paſs from the heathen gods to the ſe-

* *Poema eſt pictura loquax.*

veral monſters of antiquity, as *Chimæras*, *Gorgons*, *Sphinxes*, and many others that make the ſame figure in verſe as on coins. It often happens too, that the Poet and the Senate of *Rome* have both choſen the ſame Topic to flatter their Emperor upon, and have ſometimes fallen upon the ſame thought. It is certain, they both of them lay upon the catch for a great action: It is no wonder therefore, that they were often engaged on one ſubject, the Medal and the Poem being nothing elſe but occaſional compliments to the Emperor. Nay, I queſtion not but you may ſometimes find certain paſſages among the Poets that relate to the particular device of a Medal.

I wonder, ſays *Eugenius*, that your Medalliſts have not been as diligent in ſearching the Poets as the Hiſtorians, ſince I find they are ſo capable of enlightning their art. I would have ſome body put the Muſes under a kind of contribution to furniſh out whatever they have in them that bears any relation to Coins. Though they taught us but the ſame things that might be learnt in other writings, they would at leaſt teach us more agreeably, and draw ſeveral over to the ſtudy of Medals that would rather be inſtructed in verſe than in proſe. I am glad, ſays *Philander*, to hear you of this opinion, for to tell you truly, when I was at *Rome*, I took occaſion to buy up many Imperial Medals that have any affinity with paſſages of the ancient Poets. So that I have by me a ſort of poetical Caſh, which I fancy I could count over to you in *Latin* and *Greek* verſe. If you will drink a diſh of Tea with me to-morrow morning, I will lay my whole collection before you. I cannot tell, ſays *Cynthio*, how the Poets will ſucceed in the explication of coins, to which they are generally very great ſtrangers. We are however obliged to you for preventing us with the offer of a kindneſs that you might well imagine we ſhould have asked you.

Our three friends had been ſo intent on their diſcourſe, that they had rambled very far into the fields without taking notice of it. *Philander* firſt put them in mind, that unleſs they turned back quickly they would endanger being benighted. Their converſation ran inſenſibly into other ſubjects, but as I deſign only to report ſuch parts of it as have any relation to Medals, I ſhall leave them to return home as faſt as they pleaſe, without troubling my ſelf with their talk on the way thither, or with their ceremonies at parting.

DIA-

DIALOGUE II.

SOME of the fineſt treatiſes of the moſt polite *Latin* and *Greek* writers are in Dialogue, as many very valued pieces of *French*, *Italian*, and *Engliſh* appear in the ſame dreſs. I have ſometimes however been very much diſtaſted at this way of writing, by reaſon of the long prefaces and exordiums into which it often betrays an Author. There is ſo much time taken up in ceremony, that before they enter on their ſubject the Dialogue is half ended. To avoid the fault I have found in others, I ſhall not trouble my ſelf nor my Reader with the firſt ſalutes of our three friends, nor with any part of their diſcourſe over the Tea table. We will ſuppoſe the *China* diſhes taken off, and a Drawer of Medals ſupplying their room. *Philander*, who is to be the Heroe in my Dialogue, takes it in his hand, and addreſſing himſelf to *Cynthio* and *Eugenius*, I will firſt of all, ſays he, ſhow you an aſſembly of the moſt virtuous Ladies that you have ever perhaps converſed with. I do not know, ſays *Cynthio*, regarding them, what their virtue may be, but methinks they are a little fantaſtical in their dreſs. You will find, ſays *Philander*, there is good ſenſe in it. They have not a ſingle ornament that they cannot give a reaſon for. I was going to ask you, ſays *Eugenius*, in what country you find theſe Ladies. But I ſee they are ſome of thoſe imaginary perſons you told us of laſt night that inhabit old Coins, and appear no where elſe but on the reverſe of a Medal. Their proper country, ſays *Philander*, is the breaſt of a good man: for I think they are moſt of them the figures of Virtues. It is a great compliment methinks to the ſex, ſays *Cynthio*, that your Virtues are generally ſhown in petticoats. I can give no other reaſon for it, ſays *Philander*, but becauſe they chanced to be of the feminine gender in the learned languages. You find however ſomething bold and maſculine in the air and poſture of the firſt figure, which is that of *Virtue* her ſelf, and agrees very well with the deſcription we find of her in *Silius Italicus*. *First Series.* Figure 1.

Virtutis diſpar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
Compoſitâ mutata comâ, ſtans vultus, et ore

Inceſſuque viro propior, lætique pudoris,
Celſa humeris, niveæ fulgebat ſtamine pallæ. Sil. It. Li. 15.

A different form did *Virtue* wear,
Rude from her forehead fell th'unplaited hair,
With dauntleſs mien aloft ſhe rear'd her head,
And next to manly was the virgin's tread;
Her height, her ſprightly bluſh, the Goddeſs ſhow,
And robes unſullied as the falling ſnow.

Virtue and *Honour* had their Temples bordering on each other, and are
Fig. 2. ſometimes both on the ſame coin, as in the following one of *Galba*. *Silius Italicus* makes them companions in the glorious equipage that he gives his *Virtue*.

Mecum Honor, et Laudes, et læto Gloria vultu, [Virtus loquitur.
Et Decus, et niveis Victoria concolor alis. *Ibid.*

With me the foremoſt place let *Honour* gain, [*Virtue ſpeaks.*
Fame, and the *Praiſes* mingling in her train;
Gay *Glory* next, and *Victory* on high,
White like my ſelf, on ſnowy wings ſhall fly.

Tu cujus placido poſuere in pectore ſedem
Blandus Honos, hilariſque (tamen cum pondere) Virtus. Stat. Sil. l. 2.

The head of *Honour* is crowned with a Laurel, as *Martial* has adorned his *Glory* after the ſame manner, which indeed is but another name for the ſame perſon.

Mitte coronatas Gloria mæſta comas.

I find, ſays *Cynthio*, the *Latins* mean Courage by the figure of Virtue, as well as by the word it ſelf. Courage was eſteemed the greateſt perfection among them, and therefore went under the name of Virtue in general, as the modern *Italians* give the ſame name on the ſame account to the Knowledge of Curioſities. Should a *Roman* Painter at preſent draw the picture of Virtue, inſtead of the Spear and Paratonium that ſhe bears on old coins, he would give her a Buſt in one hand and a Fiddle in the other.

Fig. 3. The next, ſays *Philander*, is a Lady of a more peaceful character, and had her Temple at *Rome*.

——— *Salutato crepitat Concordia nido.*

She

She is often placed on the reverſe of an Imperial coin to ſhow the good underſtanding between the Emperor and the Empreſs. She has always a *Cornu-copiæ* in her hand, to denote that Plenty is the fruit of Concord. After this ſhort account of the Goddeſs, I deſire you will give me your opinion of the Deity that is deſcribed in the following verſes of *Seneca*, who would have her propitious to the marriage of *Jaſon* and *Creuſa*. He mentions her by her qualities, and not by her name.

——————————*Aſperi*
Martis ſanguineas quæ cohibet manus,
Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,
Et cornu retinet divite copiam. Sen. Med. Act. 1.

Who ſooths great *Mars* the warriour God,
And checks his arm diſtain'd with blood,
Who joins in leagues the jarring lands,
The horn of Plenty fills her hands.

The deſcription, ſays *Eugenius*, is a copy of the figure we have before us: and for the future, inſtead of any further note on this paſſage, I would have the reverſe you have ſhown us ſtamped on the ſide of it. The interpreters of *Seneca*, ſays *Philander*, will underſtand the precedent verſes as a deſcription of *Venus*, though in my opinion there is only the firſt of them that can aptly relate to her, which at the ſame time agrees as well with *Concord*: and that this was a Goddeſs who uſed to intereſt her ſelf in marriages, we may ſee in the following deſcription.

——————————*Jamdudum poſte reclinis,*
Quærit Hymen thalamis intactum dicere carmen,
Quo vatem mulcere queat; dat Juno verenda
Vincula, et inſigni geminat Concordia tædâ.
Statii Epithalamion. Silv. li. 1.

Already leaning at the door, too long
Sweet *Hymen* waits to raiſe the nuptial ſong,
Her ſacred bands majeſtick *Juno* lends
And *Concord* with her flaming torch attends.

Peace differs as little in her Dreſs as in her Character from *Concord*. Fig. 4. You may obſerve in both theſe figures that the Veſt is gathered up before them, like an Apron, which you muſt ſuppoſe filled with fruits as well as the *Cornu-copiæ*. It is to this part of the Dreſs that *Tibullus* alludes.

At

At nobis, Pax alma, veni, ſpicamque teneto,
Perfluat et pomis candidus antè ſinus.

Kind *Peace* appear,
And in thy right hand hold the wheaten ear,
From thy white lap th' o'erflowing fruits ſhall fall.

Prudentius has given us the ſame circumſtance in his deſcription of Avarice.

—— *Avaritia gremio præcincta capaci.* Prud. Pſychomachia.

How proper the emblems of Plenty are to Peace, may be ſeen in the ſame Poet.

Interea Pax arva colat, Pax candida primùm
Duxit araturos ſub juga curva boves;
Pax aluit vites, et ſuccos condidit uvæ,
Funderet ut nato teſta paterna merum:
Pace bidens vomerque vigent.——— Tibul. El. 10. Lib. 1.

She firſt, White *Peace*, the earth with plough-ſhares broke,
And bent the oxen to the crooked yoke,
Firſt rear'd the vine, and hoarded firſt with care
The father's vintage for his drunken heir.

The Olive-branch in her hand is frequently touched upon in the old Poets as a token of Peace.

Pace orare manu——— Virg. Æn. 10.

Ingreditur, ramumque tenens popularis Olivæ. Ov. Met. lib. 7.

In his right hand an Olive-branch he holds.

——————————— *furorem*
Indomitum duramque viri deflectere mentem
Pacifico ſermone parant, hoſtemque propinquum
Orant Cecropiæ prælatâ fronde Minervæ. Luc. lib. 3.

—— To move his haughty ſoul they trye
Intreaties, and perſwaſion ſoft apply;
Their brows *Minerva*'s peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentleſt terms they greet his ear. Mr. *Rowe.*

Which by the way one would think had been ſpoken rather of an *Attila*, or a *Maximin*, than *Julius Cæſar*.

You

You see *Abundance* or *Plenty* makes the same figure in Medals as in *Horace.* Fig. 5.

——————————*tibi Copia*
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 17.

——Here to thee shall Plenty flow
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of the quiet plain. Mr. *Creech.*

The Compliment on this reverse to *Gordianus Pius* is expressed in the same manner as that of *Horace* to *Augustus.*

——————————*Aurea fruges*
Italiam pleno diffudit Copia cornu. Hor. Epist. 12. Lib. 1.

——Golden *Plenty* with a bounteous hand
Rich harvests freely scatters o'er our land. Mr. *Creech.*

But to return again to our Virtues. You have here the picture of *Fi-* Fig. 6.
delity, who was worshiped as a Goddess among the *Romans.*

Situ oblitus es at Dij meminerunt, meminit Fides. Catul. ad Alphen.

I should fancy from the following verses of *Virgil* and *Silius Italicus,* that she was represented under the figure of an old woman.

Cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
Jura dabunt ——————— Virg. Æn. Lib. 1.

Then banish'd *Faith* shall once again return,
And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And *Remus* with *Quirinus* shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain. Mr. *Dryden.*

——————————*ad limina sanctæ*
Tendebat Fidei, secretaque pectora tentat.
Arcanis dea læta, polo tum forte remoto
Cœlicolum magnas volvebat conscia curas.
Ante Jovem generata, decus divumque hominumque,
Quâ sine non tellus pacem, non æquora norunt,
Justitiæ consors ——————— Sil. It. Lib. 2.

He to the shrines of *Faith* his steps addrest.
She, pleas'd with secrets rowling in her breast,

Far

Far from the world remote, revolv'd on high
The cares of gods, and counſels of the sky.
E'er *Jove* was born ſhe grac'd the bright abodes,
Conſort of *Juſtice*, boaſt of men and gods;
Without whoſe heavenly aid no peace below
The ſtedfaſt earth, and rowling ocean know.

Fig. 7. There is a Medal of *Heliogabalus* inſcrib'd FIDES EXERCITUS, that receives a great light from the preceding verſes. She is poſted between two military Enſigns, for the good quality that the Poet aſcribes to her of preſerving the public peace, by keeping the Army true to its Allegiance.

I fancy, ſays *Eugenius*, as you have diſcovered the Age of this imaginary Lady, from the deſcription that the Poets have made of her, you may find too the colour of the Drapery that ſhe wore in the old *Roman* paintings, from that Verſe in *Horace*,

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno ——— Hor. Od. 35. Lib. 1.

Sure *Hope*, and *Friendſhip* cloath'd in White,
Attend on thee. ——— Mr. *Creech.*

One would think, ſays *Philander*, by this verſe, that *Hope* and *Fidelity* hath both the ſame kind of Dreſs. It is certain *Hope* might have a fair pretence to White, in alluſion to thoſe that were Candidates for an employ.

——— *quem ducit hiantem*
Cretata ambitio ——— Perſ. Sat. 5.

And how properly the Epithet of *Rara* agrees with her, you may ſee in Fig. 8. the tranſparency of the next figure. She is here dreſſed in ſuch a kind of Veſt as the *Latins* call a *Multicium* from the fineneſs of its Tiſſue. Your *Roman* Beaus had their ſummer *toga* of ſuch a light airy make.

Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli. Hor. Ep. 14. Lib. 1.

I that lov'd ——
Curl'd powder'd locks, a fine and gawdy gown. Mr. *Creech.*

I remember, ſays *Cynthio*, *Juvenal* rallys *Creticus*, that was otherwiſe a brave rough fellow, very handſomely, on this kind of garment.

——— *ſed*

——————————— *ſed quid*
Non facient alij cum tu multitia ſumas,
Cretice? et hanc veſtem populo miraute perores
In Proculas et Pollineas.——— Juv. Sat 2.
Acer et indomitus Libertatiſque magiſter,
Cretice, pelluces——————— Ibid.

——————Nor, vain *Metellus*, ſhall
From *Rome*'s Tribunal thy harangues prevail
'Gainſt harlotry, while thou art clad ſo thin,
That thro' thy Cobweb-robe we ſee thy skin,
As thou declaim'ſt ——————— Mr. *Tate*.
Can'ſt thou reſtore old manners, or retrench
Rome's pride, who com'ſt tranſparent to the Bench? *Idem.*

But pray what is the meaning that this tranſparent Lady holds up her train in her left hand? for I find your women on Medals do nothing without a meaning. Beſides, I ſuppoſe there is a moral precept at leaſt couch'd under the figure ſhe holds in her other hand. She draws back her garment, ſays *Philander*, that it may not incumber her in her march. For ſhe is always drawn in a poſture of walking, it being as natural for *Hope* to preſs forward to her proper objects, as for *Fear* to fly from them.

Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
Vidit, et hic prædam pedibus petit, ille ſalutem:
Alter in-hæſuro ſimilis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, et extento ſtringit veſtigia roſtro;
Alter in ambiguo eſt an ſit comprenſus, et ipſis
Morſibus eripitur, tangentiaque ora relinquit:
Sic deus et virgo eſt: hic ſpe celer, illa timore.
De Apol. et Daph. Ov. Met. Lib. 1.

As when th' impatient Greyhound ſlipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to catch the fearful Hare,
She in her ſpeed does all her ſafety lay:
And he with double ſpeed purſues the prey;
O'er-runs her at the ſitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She 'ſcapes, and for the neighb'ring covert ſtrives,
And gaining ſhelter doubts if yet ſhe lives:———
Such was the god, and ſuch the flying fair,

She, urg'd by Fear, her feet did ſwiftly move,
But he more ſwiftly, who was urg'd by Love. Mr. *Dryden.*

This beautiful ſimilitude is, I think, the prettieſt emblem in the world of *Hope* and *Fear* in extremity. A flower or bloſſome that you ſee in the right hand is a proper ornament for *Hope*, ſince they are theſe that we term in poetical language the Hopes of the year.

Vere novo, tunc herba nitens, et roboris expers
Turget et inſolida eſt, et Spe delectat agreſtes.
Omnia tum florent florumque coloribus almus
Ridet ager ——————— Ov. Met. Lib. 15.

The green ſtem grows in ſtature and in ſize,
But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childiſh year with flowrets crown'd,
And laviſhly perfumes the fields around. Mr. *Dryden.*

The ſame Poet in his *De faſtis*, ſpeaking of the Vine in flower, expreſſes it

In ſpe vitis erat ——————— Ov. de Faſt. Lib. 5.

Fig. 9. The next on the Liſt is a Lady of a contrary character, and therefore in a quite different poſture. As *Security* is free from all purſuits, ſhe is repreſented leaning carleſly on a pillar. *Horace* has drawn a pretty metaphor from this poſture.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.

No eaſe doth lay me down from pain. Mr. *Creech.*

She reſts her ſelf on a pillar, for the ſame reaſon as the Poets often compare an obſtinate reſolution or a great firmneſs of mind, to a rock that is not to be moved by all the aſſaults of winds or waves.

Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni,
Mente quatit ſolidâ, neque Auſter
Dux inquietæ turbidus Adriæ, &c. Hor.

The man reſolv'd, and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude Rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;

The

The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf———*&c.* Mr. *Creech.*

I am apt to think it was on Devices of this nature that *Horace* had his eye in his Ode to *Fortune.* It is certain he alludes to a pillar that figured out *Security*, or ſomething very like it; and till any body finds out another that will ſtand better in its place, I think we may content our ſelves with this before us.

Te Dacus aſper, te profugi Scythæ
Urbeſque genteſque et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni:
Injurioſo nè pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma ceſſantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Ad Fortunam. Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 35.

To thee their vows rough *Germans* pay,
To thee the wandring *Scythians* bend,
Thee mighty *Rome* proclaims a friend:
And for their Tyrant ſons
The barb'rous Mothers pray
To thee, the greateſt guardian of their Thrones.

They bend, they vow, and ſtill they fear,
Leſt you ſhould kick their Column down,
And cloud the glory of their Crown;
They fear that you would raiſe
The lazy crowd to war,
And break their Empire, or confine their praiſe. Mr. *Creech.*

I muſt however be ſo fair as to let you know that *Peace* and *Felicity* have their pillars in ſeveral Medals as well as *Security*, ſo that if you do not like one of them, you may take the other.

The next Figure is that of *Chaſtity*, who was worſhipped as a God- Fig. 10.
deſs, and had her Temple.

——————deinde ad ſuperos Aſtræa receſſit
Hâc comite, atque duæ pariter fugere ſorores.
De pudicitia. Juv. Sat. 6.

At length uneaſy *Juſtice* upwards flew,
And both the Siſters to the Stars withdrew. Mr. *Dryden.*

Templa pudicitiæ quid opus ſtatuiſſe puellis,
Si cuivis nuptæ quidlibet eſſe licet? Tib. Lib. 2.

Since wives whate'er they pleaſe unblam'd can be,
Why rear we uſeleſs Fanes to *Chaſtity?*

How her poſture and dreſs become her, you may ſee in the following verſes.

Ergo ſedens velat vultus, obnubit ocellos
Iſta verecundi ſigna Pudoris erant. Alciat.

She ſits, her viſage veil'd, her eyes conceal'd,
By marks like theſe was *Chaſtity* reveal'd.

Ite procul vittæ tenues, inſigne pudoris,
Quæque tegit medios inſtita longa pedes. Ov. de Art. Aman.

——frontem limbo velata pudicam. Claud. de Theod. Conſ.

Hence! ye ſmooth fillets on the forehead bound,
Whoſe bands the brows of *Chaſtity* furround,
And her coy Robe that lengthens to the ground.

She is repreſented in the habit of a *Roman* Matron.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere poſſis,
Cætera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſâ veſte tegentis. Hor. Sat. 2. Lib. 1.

Beſides, a Matron's face is ſeen alone;
But *Kate*'s, that female bully of the town,
For all the reſt is cover'd with a gown.
Mr. *Creech.*

That, *ni Catia eſt*, ſays *Cynthio*, is a beauty unknown to moſt of our *Engliſh* Satyriſts. *Horace* knew how to ſtab with addreſs, and to give a thruſt where he was leaſt expected. *Boileau* has nicely imitated him in this, as well as his other beauties. But our *Engliſh* Libellers are for hewing a man down-right, and for letting him ſee at a diſtance that he is

is to look for no mercy. I own to you, says *Eugenius*, I have often admired this piece of art in the two Satyrists you mention, and have been surprized to meet with a man in a Satire that I never in the least expected to find there. They have a particular way of hiding their ill nature, and introduce a criminal rather to illustrate a precept or passage, than out of any seeming design to abuse him. Our *English* Poets on the contrary show a kind of malice prepense in their Satires, and instead of bringing in the person to give light to any part of the Poem, let you see they writ the whole Poem on purpose to abuse the person. But we must not leave the Ladies thus. Pray what kind of head-dress is that of *Piety?*

As *Chastity*, says *Philander*, appears in the habit of a *Roman* matron, in whom that Virtue was supposed to reign in its perfection, *Piety* wears Fig. 11. the dress of the Vestal Virgins, who were the greatest and most shining examples of it. *Vittata Sacerdos* is you know an expression among the *Latin* Poëts. I do not question but you have seen in the Duke of *Florence*'s gallery a beautiful antique figure of a woman standing before an Altar, which some of the Antiquaries call a *Piety*, and others a Vestal Virgin. The woman, Altar, and fire burning on it, are seen in marble exactly as in this coin, and bring to my mind a part of a speech that *Religion* makes in *Phædrus*'s fables.

Sed ne ignis noster facinori præluceat,
Per quem verendos excolit Pietas deos. Fab. 10. Li. 4.

It is to this Goddess that *Statius* addresses himself in the following lines.

Summa deum Pietas! cujus gratissima cælo
Rara profanatas inspectant numina terras,
Huc vittata comam, niveoque insignis amictu,
Qualis adhuc præsens, nullâque expulsa nocentum
Fraude rudes populos atque aurea regna colebas,
Mitibus exequiis ades, et lugentis Hetrusci
Cerne pios fletus, laudataque lumina terge. Statius Silv. Li. 3.

Chief of the Skies, celestial *Piety*!
Whose god-head, priz'd by those of heavenly birth,
Revisits rare these tainted realms of Earth,
Mild in thy milk-white vest, to sooth my friend,
With holy fillets on thy brows descend,
Such as of old (e'er chac'd by Guilt and Rage)
A race unpolisht, and a golden age,

Beheld

Beheld thee frequent. Once more come below,
Mix in the ſoft ſolemnities of woe,
See, ſee, thy own *Hetruſcus* waſtes the day
In pious grief; and wipe his tears away.

The little trunk ſhe holds in her left hand is the *Acerra* that you ſo often find among the Poets, in which the frankincenſe was preſerv'd that *Piety* is here ſuppoſed to ſtrow on the fire.

Dantque ſacerdoti cuſtodem thuris acerram. Ov. Met. Li. 13.

Hæc tibi pro nato plenâ dat lætus acerrâ
Phœbe——————— Mart. Li. 4. Epig. 45.

Fig. 12. The figure of *Equity* differs but little from that our painters make of her at preſent. The ſcales ſhe carries in her hand are ſo natural an emblem of juſtice, that *Perſius* has turned them into an allegory to expreſs the deciſions of right or wrong.

——————— *Quirites*
Hoc puto non juſtum eſt, illud male, rectius iſtud;
Scis etenim juſtum geminâ ſuſpendere lance
Ancipitis Libræ.——————— Socrat. ad Alcibiad. Sat. 4.

——————————— *Romans*, know,
Againſt right reaſon all your counſels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that:
Nor t'other queſtion proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'ſt ſet the buſineſs right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'ſt with an equal hand to hold the ſcale, *&c.* Mr. *Dryden.*

Fig. 13. The next figure I preſent you with is *Eternity*. She holds in her hand a globe with a Phœnix on it. How proper a type of *Eternity* is each of theſe you may ſee in the following quotations. I am ſure you will pardon the length of the latter as it is not improper to the occaſion, and ſhows at the ſame time the great fruitfulneſs of the Poet's fancy that could turn the ſame thought to ſo many different ways.

Hæc Æterna manet, diviſque ſimillima forma eſt,
Cui neque principium eſt uſquam, nec finis: in ipſo
Sed ſimilis toto remanet, perque omnia par eſt.
de Rotunditate Corporum. Manil. Li. 1.

This

This form's eternal, and may juſtly claim
A god-like nature, all its parts the ſame;
Alike, and equal to its ſelf 'tis found,
No end's and no beginning in a round:
Nought can moleſt its Being, nought controul,
And this enobles, and confines the whole. Mr. *Creech.*

Par volucer ſuperis: Stellas qui vividus æquat
Durando, membriſque terit redeuntibus ævum.——
Nam pater eſt proleſque ſui, nulloque creante
Emeritos artus fœcunda morte reformat,
Et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.——
O ſenium poſiture rogo, falſiſque ſepulchris
Natales habiturè vices, que ſæpe renaſci
Exitio, proprioque ſoles pubeſcere letho.——
O felix, hæreſque tui! quo ſolvimur omnes,
Hoc tibi ſuppeditat vires, præbetur origo
Per cinerem, moritur te non pereunte ſenectus.
Vidiſti quodcunque fuit. Te ſecula teſte
Cuncta revolvuntur: noſti quo tempore pontus
Fuderit elatas ſcopulis ſtagnantibus undas:
Quis Phaetouteis erroribus arſerit annus.
Et clades Te nulla rapit, ſoluſque ſuperſtes
Edomitâ tellure manes, non ſtamina Parcæ
In Te dura legunt, non jus habuere nocendi. de Phænice. Claud.

A God-like bird! whoſe endleſs round of years
Outlaſts the ſtars, and tires the circling ſpheres;——
Begot by none himſelf, begetting none,
Sire of himſelf he is, and of himſelf the ſon;
His life in fruitful death renews its date,
And kind deſtruction but prolongs his fate.——
O thou, ſays he, whom harmleſs fires ſhall burn,
Thy age the flame to ſecond youth ſhall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy fun'ral urn.——
Thrice happy *Phænix!* Heav'n's peculiar care
Has made thy ſelf thy ſelf's ſurviving heir.
By Death thy deathleſs vigour is ſupply'd,
Which ſinks to ruine all the world beſide.

Thy

Thy age, not thee, aſſiſting *Phœbus* burns,
And vital flames light up thy fun'ral Urns.
Whate'er events have been thy eyes ſurvey,
And thou art fix'd while ages roll away.
Thou ſaw'ſt when raging ocean burſt his bed,
O'er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'erſpread;
When the raſh youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the skies, and ſcar'd the deathleſs Gods.
When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot ſhall brave,
Baffle deſtruction, and elude the grave.

The circle of rays that you ſee round the head of the *Phœnix* diſtinguiſh him to be the bird and offſpring of the Sun.

Solis avi ſpecimen———————————
Una eſt quæ reparet ſeque ipſa reſeminet ales;
Aſſyrii Phœnica vocant: non fruge neque herbis,
Sed Thuris lacrymis, et ſucco vivit amomi.
Hæc ubi quinque ſuæ complevit ſecula vitæ,
Ilicis in ramis, tremulæve cacumine palmæ,
Unguibus et duro ſibi nidum conſtruit ore:
Quo ſimul ac caſias, ac nardi lenis ariſtas
Quaſſaque cum fulvâ ſubſtravit cinnama myrrhâ,
Se ſuper imponit, finitque in odoribus ævum.
Inde ferunt totidem qui vivere debeat annos
Corpore de patrio parvum phœnica renaſci.
Cum dedit huic ætas vires, onerique ferendo eſt,
Ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altæ,
Fertque pius cunaſque ſuas, patriumque Sepulchrum,
Perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus
Ante fores ſacras Hyperionis æde reponit. Ov. Met. Li. 15.
———————— Titanius ales. Claud. de Phœnice.

——From himſelf the *Phœnix* only ſprings:
Self-born, begotten by the parent Flame,
In which he burn'd, another and the ſame.
Who not by corn or herbs his life ſuſtains,
But the ſweet eſſence of *Amomum* drains:

And

And watches the rich gums *Arabia* bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His neſt on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of Palm, and firſt he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and riſes round; then with the ſpoil
Of *Caſia*, *Cynamon*, and ſtems of *Nard*,
(For ſoftneſs ſtrew'd beneath) his fun'ral bed is rear'd:
Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptleſs Myrrh are crown'd,
On this incumbent; 'till ætherial flame
Firſt catches, then conſumes the coſtly frame;
Conſumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An Infant-*Phœnix* from the former ſprings,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent duſt, his method he purſues,
And the ſame leaſe of life on the ſame terms renews.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with ſtiff pinions can his flight ſuſtain,
He lightens of its load, the tree that bore
His father's royal ſepulchre before,
And his own cradle: This (with pious care,
Plac'd on his back) he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the Sun's city, and his ſacred church,
And decently lays down his burthen in the porch. Mr. *Dryden*.

Sic ubi fœcundâ reparavit morte juventam,
Et patrios idem cineres, collectaque portat
Unguibus oſſa piis, Nilique ad littora tendens
Unicus extremo Phœnix procedit ab Euro:
Conveniunt Aquilæ, cunctæque ex orbe volucres
Ut Solis mirentur avem ——— Claud. de laud. Stil. L. 2.

So when his parent's pile hath ceas'd to burn,
Tow'rs the young *Phœnix* from the teeming urn:
And from the purple eaſt, with pious toil
Bears the dear reliques to the diſtant *Nile*;

Himſelf a ſpecies! Then, the bird of *Jove*,
And all his plumy nation quit the grove;
The gay harmonious train delighted gaze,
Crowd the proceſſion, and reſound his praiſe.

The radiated head of the *Phœnix* gives us the meaning of a paſſage in *Auſonius*, which I was formerly ſurprized to meet with in the deſcription of a Bird. But at preſent I am very well ſatisfied the Poet muſt have had his eye on the figure of this Bird in ancient ſculpture and painting, as indeed it was impoſſible to take it from the life.

Ter nova Neſtoreos implevit purpura fuſos,
Et toties terno cornix vivacior ævo,
Quam novies terni glomerantem ſecula tractûs
Vincunt æripedes ter terno Neſtore cervi,
Tres quorum ætates ſuperat Phœbeijus oſcen,
Quem novies ſenior Gangeticus anteit ales,
Ales cinnameo radiatus tempora nido. Auſon. Eidyll. 11.

Arcanum radiant oculi jubar. igneus ora
Cingit honos, rutilo cognatum vertice ſidus
Attollit criſtatus apex, tenebraſque ſerenâ
Luce ſecat ——— Claud. de Phæn.

His fiery eyes ſhoot forth a glitt'ring ray,
And round his head ten thouſand glories play:
High on his creſt, a Star celeſtial bright
Divides the darkneſs with its piercing light.

——— ——— ——— *Procul ignea lucet*
Ales, odorati redolent cui cinnama buſti. Cl. de laud. Stil. L. 2.

If you have a mind to compare this ſcale of Beings with that of *Heſiod*, I ſhall give it you in a tranſlation of that Poet.

Ter binos decieſque novem ſuper exit in annos
Juſta ſeneſcentum quos implet vita virorum.
Hos novies ſuperat vivendo garrula Cornix:
Et quater egreditur cornicis ſæcula cervus.
Alipedem cervum ter vincit Corvus: at illum
Multiplicat novies Phœnix, reparabilis ales.
Quam vos perpetuo decies prævertitis ævo
Nymphæ Hamadryades: quarum longiſſima vita eſt:
Hi cohibent fines vivacia fata animantum. Auſon. Eidyl. 18.

The

The utmoſt age to man the Gods aſſign
Are winters three times two, and ten times nine:
Poor man nine times the prating Dawes exceed:
Three times the Dawe's the Deer's more laſting breed:
The Deer's full thrice the Raven's race outrun:
Nine times the Raven *Titan*'s feather'd ſon:
Beyond his age, with youth and beauty crown'd,
The *Hamadryads* ſhine ten ages round:
Their breath the longeſt is the Fates beſtow;
And ſuch the bounds to mortal lives below.

A man had need be a good Arithmetician, ſays *Cynthio*, to underſtand this Author's works. His deſcription runs on like a Multiplication Table. But methinks the Poets ought to have agreed a little better in the calculations of a Bird's life that was probably of their own creation.

We generally find a great confuſion in the traditions of the ancients, ſays *Philander*. It ſeems to me, from the next Medal, it was an opinion among them, that the *Phœnix* renewed her ſelf at the beginning of the great year, and the return of the Golden Age. This opinion I find touched upon in a couple of lines in *Claudian*. Fig. 14.

Quicquid ab externis ales longæva colonis
Colligit, optati refereus exordia ſæcli. Claud. de rapt. Prof. Li. 2.

The perſon in the midſt of the circle is ſuppoſed to be *Jupiter*, by the Author that has publiſhed this Medal, but I ſhould rather take it for the figure of Time. I remember I have ſeen at *Rome* an antique Statue of Time, with a wheel or hoop of marble in his hand, as *Seneca* deſcribes him, and not with a ſerpent as he is generally repreſented.

——————— *properat curſu*
Vita citato, volucrique die
Rota præcipitis volvitur anni. Herc. fur. Act. 1.

Life poſts away,
And day from day drives on with ſwift carreer
The wheel that hurries on the headlong year.

As the circle of marble in his hand repreſents the common year, ſo this that encompaſſes him is a proper repreſentation of the great year, which is the whole round and comprehenſion of Time. For when this is finiſhed, the heavenly bodies are ſuppoſed to begin their courſes anew, and

to meaſure over again the ſeveral periods and diviſions of years, months, days, *&c.* into which the great year is diſtinguiſhed.

——— *conſumto, Magnus qui dicitur, anno*
Rurſus in antiquum venient vaga ſidera curſum:
Qualia diſpoſiti ſteterant ab origine mundi. Auſon. Eidyl. 18.

When round the great Platonick year has turn'd,
In their old ranks the wandring ſtars ſhall ſtand
As when firſt marſhal'd by th' Almighty's hand.

To ſum up therefore the thoughts of this Medal. The inſcription teaches us that the whole deſign muſt refer to the Golden Age which it lively repreſents, if we ſuppoſe the circle that encompaſſes *Time*, or if you pleaſe *Jupiter*, ſignifies the finiſhing of the great year; and that the *Phœnix* figures out the beginning of a new ſeries of time. So that the compliment on this Medal to the Emperor *Adrian*, is in all reſpects the ſame that *Virgil* makes to *Pollio*'s ſon, at whoſe birth he ſuppoſes the *annus magnus* or platonical year run out, and renewed again with the opening of the Golden Age.

Magnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
Et nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto. Virg. Ec. 4.

The time is come the *Sibyls* long foretold,
And the bleſt maid reſtores the Age of Gold
In the great wheel of *Time* before enroll'd.
Now a great progeny from Heav'n deſcends. Ld. *Lauderdale.*

——— *nunc adeſt mundo dies*
Supremus ille, qui premat genus impium
Cœli ruinâ; rurſus ut ſtirpem novam
Generet renaſcens melior: ut quondam tulit
Juvenis tenente regna Saturno poli. Sen. Oet. Act. 2.

———The laſt great day is come,
When earth and all her impious ſons ſhall lie
Cruſht in the ruines of the falling sky,
Whence freſh ſhall riſe, her new-born realms to grace,
A pious offſpring and a purer race,
Such as e'erwhile in golden ages ſprung,
When *Saturn* govern'd, and the world was young.

You

You may compare the design of this reverse, if you please, with one of *Constantine*, so far as the *Phœnix* is concerned in both. As for the other figure, we may have occasion to speak of it in another place. *Vid.* 15 figure. King of *France*'s Medalions.

The next figure shadows out *Eternity* to us, by the Sun in one hand and the Moon in the other, which in the language of sacred poetry is *as long as the Sun and Moon endureth*. The heathens made choice of these Lights as apt symbols of *Eternity*, because contrary to all sublunary Beings, though they seem to perish every night, they renew themselves every morning. Fig. 16.

Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda. Catul.

The Suns shall often fall and rise:
But when the short-liv'd mortal dies
A night eternal seals his eyes.

Horace, whether in imitation of *Catullus* or not, has applied the same thought to the Moon: and that too in the plural number.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus. Hor. Od. 7. Lib. 4.

Each loss the hastning Moon repairs again.

But we, when once our race is done,
With *Tullus* and *Anchises*' son,
(Tho' rich like one, like t'other good)
To dust and shades, without a Sun,
Descend, and sink in dark oblivion's flood. Sir *W. Temple*.

In the next figure *Eternity* sits on a globe of the heavens adorned with stars. We have already seen how proper an emblem of *Eternity* the globe is, and may find the duration of the stars made use of by the Poets, as an expression of what is never like to end. Fig. 17.

——— *Stellas qui vividus æquas.*
Durando ——— Claud.

——— *Pollus:*

——— Polus dum ſidera paſcet,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudeſque manebunt. Virg. Æn. L. 1.

Lucida dum current annoſi ſidera mundi, &c. Sen. Med.

Vid. Fig. 13. I might here tell you that *Eternity* has a covering on her head, becauſe we can never find out her beginning; that her legs are bare, becauſe we ſee only thoſe parts of her that are actually running on; that ſhe ſits on a globe and bears a ſcepter in her hand, to ſhew ſhe is ſovereign Miſtreſs of all things: but for any of theſe aſſertions I have no warrant from the Poets.

You muſt excuſe me, if I have been longer than ordinary on ſuch a Fig. 18. ſubject as *Eternity*. The next you ſee is *Victory*, to whom the Medalliſts as well as Poets never fail to give a pair of wings.

Adfuit ipſa ſuis Ales Victoria—— Claud. de 6. Conſ. Honor.

——— dubijs volitat Victoria pennis. Ov.

——— niveis Victoria concolor alis. Sil. It.

The palm branch and lawrel were both the rewards of Conquerors, and therefore no improper ornaments for *Victory*.

——— lentæ Victoris præmia palmæ. Ov. Met.

Et palmæ pretium Victoribus. Virg. Æn. 5.

Tu ducibus lætis aderis cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, et longas viſent capitolia pompas.
Apollo ad Laurum. Ov. Met.

Thou ſhalt the *Roman* feſtivals adorn;
Thou ſhalt returning *Cæſar*'s triumphs grace,
When pomps ſhall in a long proceſſion paſs. *Dryden.*

By the way you may obſerve the lower plaits of the Drapery that ſeem to have gathered the wind into them. I have ſeen abundance of antique figures in Sculpture and Painting, with juſt the ſame turn in the lower foldings of the Veſt, when the perſon that wears it is in a poſture of tripping forward.

Obviaque adverſas vibrabant flamina Veſtes. Ov. Met. Lib. 1.

——As

——————As ſhe fled, the wind
Increaſing, ſpread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view. *Dryden.*

——*tenues ſinuantur flamine veſtes.* Id. Lib. 2.

It is worth while to compare this figure of *Victory* with her Statue as it is deſcribed in a very beautiful paſſage of *Prudentius.*

Non aris non farre molæ Victoria felix
Exorata venit: labor impiger, aſpera virtus,
Vis animi, excellens ardor, violentia, cura,
Hanc tribuunt, durum tractandis robur in armis.
Quæ ſi defuerint bellantibus, aurea quamvis
Marmoreo in templo rutilas Victoria pinnas
Explicet, et multis ſurgat formata talentis:
Non aderit veſtiſque offenſa videbitur haſtis.
Quid miles propriis diffiſus viribus optas
Irrita fœmineæ tibimet ſolatia formæ?
Nunquam pennigeram legio ferrata puellam
Vidit anhelantum regeret quæ tela virorum.
Vincendi quæris dominam? ſua dextra cuique eſt,
Et Deus omnipotens. Non pexo crine virago,
Nec nudo ſuſpenſa pede, ſtrophioque revincta,
Nec tumidas fluitante ſinu veſtita papillas.

Prudentius contra Symm. Li. 2.

Shall *Victory* intreated lend her aid
For cakes of flower on ſmoaking Altars laid?
Her help from toils and watchings hope to find,
From the ſtrong body, and undaunted mind:
If theſe be wanting on th'embattel'd plain,
Ye ſue the unpropitious maid in vain.
Though in her marble temples taught to blaze
Her dazling wings the golden dame diſplays,
And many a talent in due weight was told
To ſhape her God-head in the curious mould,
Shall the rough ſoldier of himſelf deſpair,
And hope for female viſions in the air?
What legion ſheath'd in iron e'er ſurvey'd
Their darts directed by this winged maid!

Do'ſt

Do'ſt thou the power that gives ſucceſs demand?
'Tis He th' Almighty, and thy own right hand;
Not the ſmooth Nymph, whoſe locks in knots are twin'd,
Who bending ſhows her naked foot behind,
Who girds the virgin zone beneath her breaſt,
And from her boſom heaves the ſwelling veſt.

Fig. 19. You have here another *Victory* that I fancy *Claudian* had in his view when he mentions her wings, palm and trophy in the following deſcription. It appears on a Coin of *Conſtantine* who lived about an age before *Claudian*, and I believe we ſhall find that it is not the only piece of antique ſculpture that this Poet has copied out in his deſcriptions.

——————cum totis exurgens ardua pennis
Ipſa duci ſacras Victoria panderet ædes,
Et palma viridi gaudens, et amicta trophæis.
Claud. de Lau. Stil. Li. 3.

On all her plumage riſing when ſhe threw
Her ſacred ſhrines wide-open to thy view,
How pleas'd for thee her emblems to diſplay,
With palms diſtinguiſh'd, and with trophies gay.

Fig. 20. The laſt of our imaginary Beings is *Liberty*. In her left hand ſhe carries the wand that the *Latins* call the *Rudis* or *Vindicta*, and in her right the cap of Liberty. The Poets uſe the ſame kinds of metaphors to expreſs Liberty. I ſhall quote *Horace* for the firſt whom *Ovid* has imitated on the ſame occaſion, and for the latter *Martial*.

——————donatum jam rude quæris
Mecænas iterum antiquo me includere ludo. Hor. Lib. 1. Epiſt. 1.

——————tardâ vires minuente ſenectâ
Me quoque donari jam rude tempus erat. Ov. de Tr. Lib. 4. El. 8.

Since bent beneath the load of years I ſtand,
I too might claim the freedom-giving wand.

Quod te nomine jam tuo ſaluto
Quem regem, et dominum priùs vocabam,
Nè me dixeris eſſe contumacem
Totis pilea ſarcinis redemi. Mar. Lib. 2. Epig. 68.

By

By thy plain name though now addreſt,
Though once my King and Lord confeſt,
Frown not: with all my goods I buy
The precious Cap of Liberty.

I cannot forbear repeating a paſſage out of *Perſius*, ſays *Cynthio*, that in my opinion turns the ceremony of making a Freeman very handſomely into ridicule. It ſeems the clapping a Cap on his head and giving him a Turn on the heel were neceſſary circumſtances. A Slave thus qualified became a Citizen of *Rome*, and was honoured with a name more than belonged to any of his Forefathers, which *Perſius* has repeated with a great deal of humour.

——————*Heu ſteriles veri, quibus una Quiritem*
Vertigo facit! hic Dama eſt, non treſſis agaſo,
Vappa, et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax.
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama. Papæ! Marco ſpondente, recuſas
Credere tu nummos? Marco ſub Judice palles?
Marcus dixit, ita eſt: aſſigna, Marce, tabellas.
Hæc mera libertas: hanc nobis pilea donant. Perſ. Sat. 5.

That falſe Enfranchiſement with eaſe is found:
Slaves are made Citizens by turning round.
How! replies one, can any be more free?
Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a Sot beſide;
So true a Rogue, for lying's ſake he ly'd:
But, with a Turn, a Freeman he became;
Now *Marcus Dama* is his Worſhip's name.
Good Gods! who wou'd refuſe to lend a ſum,
If wealthy *Marcus* ſurety wou'd become!
Marcus is made a Judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, *he ſaid it*, is enough.
A Will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if *Marcus* has ſubſcrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What farther can we from our Caps receive,
Than as we pleaſe without controul to live? Mr. *Dryden.*

Since you have given us the ceremony of the Cap, ſays *Eugenius*, I'll give you that of the Wand, out of *Claudian*.

Te faſtos ineunte quater, ſollennia ludit
Omina libertas. deductum Vindice morem
Lex celebrat, famuluſque jugo laxatus herili
Ducitur, et grato remeat ſecurior ictu.
Triſtis conditio pulſata fronte recedit:
In civem rubuere genæ, tergoque removit
Verbera promiſſi felix injuria voti. Claud. de 4. Conſ. Hon.

The *Grato ictu* and the *felix injuria*, ſays *Cynthio*, would have told us the name of the Author, though you had ſaid nothing of him. There is none of all the Poets that delights ſo much in theſe pretty kinds of contradictions as *Claudian*. He loves to ſet his Epithet at variance with its ſubſtantive, and to ſurprize his Reader with a ſeeming abſurdity. If this Poet were well examined, one would find that ſome of his greateſt beauties as well as faults ariſe from the frequent uſe of this particular figure.

I queſtion not, ſays *Philander*, but you are tired by this time with the company of ſo myſterious a ſort of Ladies as thoſe we have had before us. We will now, for our diverſion, entertain our ſelves with a ſett of Riddles, and ſee if we can find a key to them among the ancient Poets.

Second Series. Fig. 1. The firſt of them, ſays *Cynthio*, is a Ship under ſail, I ſuppoſe it has at leaſt a metaphor or moral precept for its cargo. This, ſays *Philander*, is an emblem of Happineſs, as you may ſee by the inſcription it carries in its ſails. We find the ſame Device to expreſs the ſame thought in ſeveral of the Poets: as in *Horace*, when he ſpeaks of the moderation to be uſed in a flowing fortune, and in *Ovid* when he reflects on his paſt happineſs.

Rebus anguſtis animoſus atque
Fortis appare: ſapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimiùm ſecundo
Turgida vela. Hor. Od. 10. Lib. 2.

When *Fortune* ſends a ſtormy wind,
Then ſhew a brave and preſent mind;
And when with too indulgent gales
She ſwells too much, then furl thy ſails. Mr. *Creech.*

Nominis

Nominis et famæ quondam fulgore trahebar,
Dum tulit antennas aura ſecunda meas.
Ov. de Triſ. Lib. 5. El. 12.

En ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,
Dum flavit velis aura ſecunda meis. Id. Epiſt. ex Ponto 3. Lib. 2.

I liv'd the darling Theme of ev'ry tongue,
The golden Idol of th' adoring throng;
Guarded with friends, while *Fortune*'s balmy gales
Wanton'd auſpicious in my ſwelling ſails.

You ſee the Metaphor is the ſame in the Verſes as in the Medal, with this diſtinction only, that the one is in words and the other in figures. The Idea is alike in both, though the manner of repreſenting it is different. If you would ſee the whole Ship made uſe of in the ſame ſenſe by an old Poet, as it is here on the Medal, you may find it in a pretty Allegory of *Seneca*.

Fata ſi liceat mihi
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela, nè preſſæ gravi
Spiritu antennæ tremant.
Lenis et modicè fluens
Aura, nec vergens latus,
Ducat intrepidam ratem. Sen. OEdip. Chor. Act. 4.

My fortune might I form at will,
My canvas Zephyrs ſoft ſhould fill
With gentle breath, leſt ruder gales
Crack the main-yard, or burſt the ſails.
By winds that temperately blow
The Barque ſhould paſs ſecure and ſlow,
Nor ſcar me leaning on her ſide:
But ſmoothly cleave th' unruffled tide.

After having conſidered the Ship as a Metaphor, we may now look on it as a Reality, and obſerve in it the Make of the old *Roman* veſſels, as they are deſcribed among the Poets. It is carried on by oars and ſails at the ſame time.

Sive opus eſt velis minimam bene currit ad auram,
Sive opus eſt remo remige carpit iter. Ov. de Triſ. Li. 1. El. 10.

The Poop of it has the bend that *Ovid* and *Virgil* mention.

——————*puppique recurvæ.* Ibid. Li. 1. El. 3.
——————*littora curvæ*
Prætexunt puppes —— —— Virg.

You ſee the deſcription of the Pilot, and the place he ſits on, in the following quotations.

Ipſe gubernator puppi Palinurus ab altâ. Virg. Æn. Li. 5.

Ipſius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
In puppim ferit. excutitur, pronuſque magiſter
Volvitur in caput.—————— Id. Æn. Li. 1.

Orontes' bark, that bore the *Lycian* crew,
(A horrid ſight) ev'n in the Hero's view,
From ſtem to ſtern, by waves was overborn;
The trembling Pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd; —————— Mr. *Dryden.*

——————*Segnemque Menœten,*
Oblitus decoriſque ſui ſociúmque ſalutis,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab altâ:
Ipſe gubernaclo rector ſubit. Id. Æn. Li. 5.

Mindleſs of others lives, (ſo high was grown
His riſing rage,) and careleſs of his own:
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoiſted up, and overboard he threw;
This done, he ſeiz'd the helm—————— Mr. *Dryden.*

I have mentioned theſe two laſt paſſages of *Virgil*, becauſe I think we cannot have ſo right an idea of the Pilot's misfortune in each of them, without obſerving the ſituation of his poſt, as appears in ancient Coins. The figure you ſee on the other end of the ſhip is a *Triton*, a man in his upper parts, and a fiſh below with a trumpet in his mouth. *Virgil* deſcribes him in the ſame manner on one of *Æneas*'s ſhips. It was probably a common figure on their ancient veſſels, for we meet with it too in *Silius Italicus*.

Hunc

Hunc vehit immanis Triton, et cærula conchâ
Exterrens freta: cui laterum tenus hiſpida nanti
Frons hominem præfert, in priſtim deſinit alvus;
Spumea ſemifero ſub pectore murmurat unda. Vir. En. Li. 10.

The *Triton* bears him, he, whoſe trumpet's ſound
Old Ocean's waves from ſhore to ſhore rebound.
A hairy man above the waſte he ſhews,
A Porpoiſe tail down from his belly grows,
The billows murmur, which his breaſt oppoſe. Ld. *Lauderdale.*

Ducitur et Libyæ puppis ſignata figuram
Et Triton captivus. ———— Sil. It. Li. 14.

I am apt to think, ſays *Eugenius*, from certain paſſages of the Poets, that ſeveral ſhips made choice of ſome God or other for their guardians, as among the *Roman* Catholics every veſſel is recommended to the patronage of ſome particular Saint. To give you an inſtance of two or three.

Eſt mihi ſitque precor flavæ tutela Minervæ
Navis ———— Ov. de Triſ. Li. 1. El. 10.

Numen erat celſæ puppis vicina Dione. Sil. It. Li. 14.

Hammon numen erat Libycæ gentile carinæ,
Cornigerâque ſedens ſpectabat cærula fronte. Ibid.

The poop great *Ammon Libya*'s god diſplay'd,
Whoſe horned front the nether flood ſurvey'd.

The figure of the Deity was very large, as I have ſeen it on other Medals as well as this you have ſhown us, and ſtood on one end of the veſſel that it patroniſed. This may give us an image of a very beautiful circumſtance that we meet with in a couple of wrecks deſcribed by *Silius Italicus*, and *Perſius*.

———— *Subito cum pondere victus*
Inſiliente mari ſubmergitur alveus undis.
Scuta virûm criſtæque, et inerti ſpicula ferro
Tutelæque Deûm fluitant. ———— Sil. It. Li. 14.

Sunk by a weight ſo dreadful down ſhe goes,
And o'er her head the broken billows cloſe,
Bright ſhields and creſts float round the whirling floods,
And uſeleſs ſpears confus'd with tutelary Gods.

——*trabe*

——————trabe ruptâ Bruttia ſaxa
Prendit amicus inops, remque omnem ſurdaque vota
Condidit: Iönio jacet ipſe in littore, et unà
Ingentes de puppe Dei, jamque obvia mergis
Coſta ratis laceræ.—————— Perſ. Sat. 6.

My friend is ſhipwreck'd on the *Brutian* ſtrand,
His riches in th'*Ionian* main are loſt;
And he himſelf ſtands ſhiv'ring on the coaſt.
Where, deſtitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitleſs pray'r.
Their images, the relicks of the wrack,
Torn from their naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves; and rudely thrown aſhore,
Lie impotent, nor can themſelves reſtore.
The veſſel ſticks, and ſhews her open'd ſide,
And on her ſhatter'd maſt the Mews in triumph ride. Mr. *Dryden.*

You will think perhaps I carry my conjectures too far, if I tell you that I fancy they are theſe kind of Gods that *Horace* mentions in his Allegorical veſſel which was ſo broken and ſhattered to pieces; for I am apt to think that *integra* relates to the Gods as well as the *Lintea.*

——————non tibi ſunt integra lintea,
Non Dii, quos iterum preſſa voces malo. Hor. Od. 14. Lib. 1.

Thy ſtern is gone, thy Gods are loſt,
And thou haſt none to hear thy cry,
When thou on dang'rous ſhelves art toſt,
When billows rage, and winds are high. Mr. *Creech.*

Since we are engaged ſo far in the *Roman* ſhipping, ſays *Philander,*
Fig. 2. I'll here ſhow you a Medal that has on its reverſe a *Roſtrum* with three teeth to it: whence *Silius*'s *trifidum roſtrum* and *Virgil*'s *roſtriſque tridentibus*, which in ſome editions is *ſtridentibus*, the Editor chuſing rather to make a falſe quantity than to inſert a word that he did not know the meaning of. *Flaccus* gives us a *Roſtrum* of the ſame make.

——volat immiſſis cava pinus habenis
Infinditque ſalum, et ſpumas vomit ære tridenti.
Val. Flac. Argon. Li. 1.

A Ship-carpenter of old *Rome*, says *Cynthio*, could not have talked more judiciously. I am afraid, if we let you alone, you will find out every plank and rope about the vessel among the *Latin* Poets. Let us now, if you please, go to the next Medal.

The next, says *Philander*, is a pair of Scales, which we meet with on several old Coins. They are commonly interpreted as an emblem of the Emperor's Justice. But why may not we suppose that they allude sometimes to the Balance in the Heavens, which was the reigning constellation of *Rome* and *Italy*. Whether it be so or no, they are capable methinks of receiving a nobler interpretation than what is commonly put on them, if we suppose the thought of the reverse to be the same as that in *Manilius*. Fig. 3.

Hesperiam sua Libra tenet, quâ condita Roma
Et propriis frænat pendentem nutibus orbem,
Orbis et Imperium retinet, discrimina rerum
Lancibus, et positas gentes tollitque premitque:
Qua genitus cum fratre Remus hanc condidit urbem. Manil. Lib. 4.

The Scales rule *Italy*, where *Rome* commands,
And spreads its empire wide to foreign lands:
They hang upon her nod, their fates are weigh'd
By her, and laws are sent to be obey'd:
And as her pow'rful favour turns the poize,
How low some nations sink and others rise!
Thus guide the Scales, and then to fix our doom,
They gave us * *Cæsar*, Founder of our *Rome*. Mr. *Creech*.

* So *Vossius* reads it.

The Thunderbolt is a reverse of *Augustus*. We see it used by the greatest Poet of the same age to express a terrible and irresistable force in battle, which is probably the meaning of it on this Medal, for in another place the same Poet applys the same metaphor to *Augustus*'s person. Fig. 4.

——— *duo Fulmina belli*
Scipiadas——— Virg. Æn. Lib. 6.

——— Who can declare
The *Scipio's* worth, those Thunderbolts of war? Mr *Dryden*.

——— *dum Cæsar ad altum*
Fulminat Euphratem bello——— Id. Georg. Lib. 4.

While mighty *Cæsar*, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on *Euphrates'* banks the spoils of war. Mr. *Dryden*.

I

I have ſometimes wondered, ſays *Eugenius*, why the *Latin* Poets ſo frequently give the Epithets of *trifidum* and *triſulcum* to the Thunderbolt. I am now perſuaded they took it from the ſculptors and painters that lived before them, and had generally given it three forks as in the preſent figure. *Virgil* inſiſts on the number three in its deſcription, and ſeems to hint at the wings we ſee on it. He has worked up ſuch a noiſe and terror in the compoſition of his Thunderbolt as cannot be expreſſed by a pencil or graving-tool.

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquoſæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et Alitis Auſtri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos ſonitumque metumque
Miſcebant operi, flammiſque ſequacibus iras. Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged ſouthern winds, and cloudy ſtore
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame,
And fears are added, and avenging flame. Mr. *Dryden.*

Fig. 5. Our next reverſe is an Oaken Garland, which we find on abundance of Imperial Coins. I ſhall not here multiply quotations to ſhow that the garland of Oak was the reward of ſuch as had ſaved the life of a citizen, but will give you a paſſage out of *Claudian*, where the compliment to *Stilico* is the ſame that we have here on the Medal. I queſtion not but the old Coins gave the thought to the Poet.

Mos erat in veterum caſtris, ut tempora quercu
Velaret, validis qui fuſo viribus hoſte
Caſurum potuit morti ſubducere civem.
At tibi quæ poterit pro tantis civica reddi
Mœnibus? aut quantæ penſabunt facta coronæ?
Clau. de Lau. Stil. Lib. 3.

Of old, when in the war's tumultuous ſtrife
A *Roman* ſav'd a brother *Roman*'s life,
And foil'd the threatning foe, our Sires decreed
An Oaken Garland for the victor's meed.
Thou, who haſt ſav'd whole crowds, whole towns ſet free,
What groves, what woods, ſhall furniſh crowns for thee?

It is not to be ſuppoſed that the Emperor had actually covered a *Roman* in battle. It is enough that he had driven out a tyrant, gained a victory,

or

or reſtored Juſtice. For in any of theſe or the like caſes he may very well be ſaid to have ſaved the life of a citizen, and by conſequence entitled to the reward of it. Accordingly we find *Virgil* diſtributing his Oaken garlands to thoſe that had enlarged or ſtrength'ned the dominions of *Rome*; as we may learn from *Statius* that the ſtatue of *Curtius*, who had ſacrificed himſelf for the good of the people, had the head ſurrounded with the ſame kind of ornament.

Atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu.
Hi tibi Nomentum, et Gabios, urbemque Fidenam,
Hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces. Virg. Æn. Lib. 6.

But they, who crown'd with Oaken wreaths appear,
Shall *Gabian* walls and ſtrong *Fidena* rear:
Nomentum, *Bola*, with *Pometia*, found;
And raiſe *Colatian* tow'rs on rocky ground. Mr. *Dryden*.

Ipſe loci cuſtos, cujus ſacrata vorago,
Famoſuſque lacus nomen memorabile ſervat,
Innumeros æris ſonitus, et verbere crudo
Ut ſenſit mugire forum, movet horrida ſancto
Ora ſitu, meritâque caput venerabile quercu. Statius Sylv. Lib. 1.

The Guardian of that Lake, which boaſts to claim
A ſure memorial from the *Curtian* name;
Rous'd by th' artificers, whoſe mingled ſound
From the loud *Forum* pierc'd the ſhades profound,
The hoary viſion roſe confeſs'd in view,
And ſhook the Civic wreath that bound his brow.

The two horns that you ſee on the next Medal are emblems of *Plenty*. Fig. 6.

——— —— *apparetque beata pleno*
Copia Cornu. Hor. Car. Sæc.

Your Medalliſts tell us that two Horns on a Coin ſignify an extraordinary Plenty. But I ſee no foundation for this conjecture. Why ſhould they not as well have ſtamped two Thunder-bolts, two *Caduceus's*, or two Ships, to repreſent an extraordinary force, a laſting peace, or an unbounded happineſs. I rather think that the double *Cornu-copia* relates to the double tradition of its original. Some repreſenting it as the horn of *Achelous* broken off by *Hercules*, and others as the horn of the Goat that gave ſuck to *Jupiter*.

——————rigidum fera dextera cornu
Dum tenet, infregit; truncâque a fronte revellit.
Naiades hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
Sacrârunt; diveſque meo bona Copia cornu eſt.
Dixerat: at Nymphe ritu ſuccincta Dianæ
Una miniſtrarum, fuſis utrinque capillis,
Inceſſit, totumque tulit prædivite cornu
Autumnum, et menſas felicia poma ſecundas.

De Acheloi Cornu. Ov. Met. Lib. 9.

Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and ſcorn,
From my maim'd front he bore the ſtubborn horn:
This, heap'd with flowers and fruits the *Naiads* bear,
Sacred to Plenty and the bounteous year.
He ſpoke; when lo a beauteous Nymph appears,
Girt like *Diana*'s train, with flowing hairs;
The horn ſhe brings, in which all Autumn's ſtor'd;
And ruddy apples for the ſecond board. Mr. *Gay.*

Lac dabat illa Deo: ſed fregit in arbore cornu:
Truncaque dimidiâ parte decoris erat.
Suſtulit hoc Nymphe; cinctumque recentibus herbis,
Et plenum pomis ad Jovis ora tulit.
Ille, ubi res cœli tenuit, ſolioque paterno
Sedit, et invicto nil Jove majus erat,
Sidera nutricem, nutricis fertile cornu
Fecit; quod dominæ nunc quoque nomen habet.

De Cornu Amaltheæ. Ov. de Faſt. Lib. 5.

The God ſhe ſuckled of old *Rhea* born;
And in the pious office broke her horn,
As playful in a rifted Oak ſhe toſt
Her heedleſs head, and half its honours loſt.
Fair *Amalthæa* took it off the ground,
With apples fill'd it and with garlands bound,
Which to the ſmiling infant ſhe convey'd.
He, when the ſceptre of the Gods he ſway'd,
When bold he ſeiz'd his father's vacant throne,
And reign'd the tyrant of the skies alone,
Bid his rough nurſe the ſtarry Heavens adorn
And grateful in the Zodiac fix'd her Horn.

Betwixt

Betwixt the double *Cornu-copia* you ſee *Mercury*'s rod.

Cyllenes cœlique decus, facunde miniſter,
Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret. Mart. Lib. 7. Epig. 74.

Deſcend, *Cyllene*'s tutelary God,
With ſerpents twining round thy golden rod.

It ſtands on old Coins as an emblem of Peace, by reaſon of its ſtupifying quality that has gained it the title of *Virga ſomnifera.* It has wings, for another quality that *Virgil* mentions in his deſcription of it.

——*hac fretus ventos et nubila tranat.* Virg.

Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid ſpace. Mr. *Dryden.*

The two heads over the two *Cornu-copiæ* are of the Emperor's children, who are ſometimes called among the Poets the pledges of Peace, as they took away the occaſions of war in cutting off all diſputes to the ſucceſſion.

——*tu mihi primum*
Tot natorum memoranda parens——
Utero toties enixa gravi
Pignora pacis. Sen. Octav. Act. 5.

Thee firſt kind author of my joys,
Thou ſource of many ſmiling boys,
Nobly contented to beſtow
A pledge of peace in every throe.

This Medal therefore compliments the Emperor on his two children, whom it repreſents as public bleſſings that promiſe Peace and Plenty to the Empire.

The two hands that joyn one another are Emblems of *Fidelity.* Fig. 7.

Inde Fides dextræque datæ—— Ov. Met. L. 14.

Sociemus animos, pignus hoc fidei cape,
Continge dextram—— Sen. Herc. Fur. Act. 2.

——*en dextra fideſque*
Quem ſecum patrios aiunt portare penates! Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.

See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, ruſhing thro' the flame,
Preſerv'd his Gods——— Mr. *Dryden.*

By the Inſcription we may ſee that they repreſent in this place the Fidelity or Loyalty of the public towards their Emperor. The *Caduceus* riſing between the hands ſignifies the Peace that ariſes from ſuch an union with their Prince, as the ſpike of Corn on each ſide ſhadows out the Plenty that is the fruit of ſuch a peace.

Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres. Ov. de Faſt. Lib. 1.

Fig. 8. The giving of a hand, in the reverſe of *Claudius*, is a token of good will. For when, after the death of his nephew *Caligula*, *Claudius* was in no ſmall apprehenſion for his own life, he was, contrary to his expectation, well received among the *Prætorian* guards, and afterwards declared their Emperor. His reception is here recorded on a Medal, in which one of the Enſigns preſents him his hand, in the ſame ſenſe as *Anchiſes* gives it in the following verſes.

Ipſe pater dextram Anchiſes haud multa moratus
Dat juveni, atque animum præſenti munere firmat.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 3.

The old weather-beaten ſoldier that carries in his hand the *Roman* Eagle, is the ſame kind of officer that you meet with in *Juvenal*'s fourteenth Satire.

Dirue Maurorum attegias, caſtella Brigantum,
Ut locupletem Aquilam tibi ſexageſimus annus
Afferat——— Juv. Sat. 14.

I remember in one of the Poets the *Signifer* is deſcribed with a Lion's skin over his head and ſhoulders, like this we ſee in the Medal, but at preſent I cannot recollect the paſſage. *Virgil* has given us a noble deſcription of a warrior making his appearance under a Lion's skin.

———*tegmen torquens immane Leonis*
Terribili impexum ſetâ, cum dentibus albis
Indutus capiti, ſic regia tecta ſubibat
Horridus, Herculeoque humeros indutus amictu.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 7.

Like

Like *Hercules* himſelf his Son appears,
In ſalvage pomp: a Lion's hide he wears;
About his ſhoulders hangs the ſhaggy skin,
The teeth, and gaping jaws ſeverely grin.
Thus like the God his father, homely dreſt,
He ſtrides into the hall, a horrid gueſt? Mr. *Dryden.*

Since you have mentioned the dreſs of your Standard-bearer, ſays *Cynthio*, I cannot forbear remarking that of *Claudius*, which was the uſual *Roman* habit. One may ſee in this Medal, as well as in any antique Statues, that the old *Romans* had their necks and arms bare, and as much expoſed to view as our hands and faces are at preſent. Before I had made this remark, I have ſometimes wondered to ſee the *Roman* Poets, in their deſcriptions of a beautiful man, ſo often mentioning the Turn of his Neck and Arms, that in our modern dreſſes lie out of ſight, and are covered under part of the cloathing. Not to trouble you with many quotations, *Horace* ſpeaks of both theſe parts of the body in the beginning of an Ode, that in my opinion may be reckoned among the fineſt of his book, for the naturalneſs of the thought, and the beauty of the expreſſion.

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

When *Telephus* his youthful charms,
His roſy neck, and winding arms,
With endleſs rapture you recite,
And in that pleaſing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberleſs reſentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies.

It was probably this particular in the *Roman* habit that gave *Virgil* the thought in the following verſe, where *Remulus*, among other reproaches that he makes the *Trojans* for their ſoftneſs and effeminacy, upbraids them with the Make of their *Tunica's* that had ſleeves to them, and did not leave the arms naked and expoſed to the weather like that of the *Romans*.

Et

Et tunicæ manicas, et habent ridimicula mitræ.

Virgil lets us know in another place, that the *Italians* preſerved their old language and habits, notwithſtanding the *Trojans* became their Maſters, and that the *Trojans* themſelves quitted the dreſs of their own country for that of *Italy*. This he tells us was the effect of a prayer that *Juno* made to *Jupiter*.

Illud te, nullâ fati quod lege tenetur,
Pro Latio obteſtor, pro majeſtate tuorum:
Cum jam connubiis pacem felicibus (eſto;)
Component, cum jam leges et fœdera jungent;
Nè vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Neu Troas fieri jubeas, Teucroſque vocari;
Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere veſtes.
Sit Latium, ſint Albani per ſæcula reges:
Sit Romana potens Italâ virtute propago:
Occidit, occideritque ſinas cum nomine Troja. Æn. lib. 12.

This let me beg (and this no Fates withſtand)
Both for my ſelf, and for your father's land,
That when the nuptial bed ſhall bind the peace,
(Which I, ſince you ordain, conſent to bleſs)
The laws of either nation be the ſame;
But let the *Latins* ſtill retain their name:
Speak the ſame language, which they ſpoke before,
Wear the ſame habits, which their Grandſires wore.
Call them not *Trojans:* periſh the renown
And name of *Troy*, with that deteſted town.
Latium be *Latium* ſtill: let *Alba* reign,
And *Rome*'s immortal Majeſty remain. Mr. *Dryden.*

By the way, I have often admired at *Virgil* for repreſenting his *Juno* with ſuch an impotent kind of revenge as what is the ſubject of this ſpeech. You may be ſure, ſays *Eugenius*, that *Virgil* knew very well this was a trifling kind of requeſt for the Queen of the Gods to make, as we may find by *Jupiter*'s way of accepting it.

Olli ſubridens hominum rerumque repertor:
Et germana Jovis, Saturnique altera proles:
Irarum tantos volvis ſub pectore fluctus?
Verum age, et inceptum fruſtra ſubmitte furorem.

Do

Do, quod vis; et me victusque volensque remitto.
Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.
Utque est, nomen erit: commixti corpore tantùm
Subsident Teucri: morem ritusque sacrorum
Adjiciam, faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos. &c. Æn. Lib. 12.

Then thus the Founder of mankind replies.
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes,)
Can *Saturn*'s issue, and Heav'ns other Heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be Mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' *Ausonian* people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The *Trojans* to their customs shall be ty'd,
I will my self their common rites provide;
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside:
And shall be *Latium*; *Troy* without a name:
And her lost sons forget from whence they came. Mr. *Dryden.*

I am apt to think *Virgil* had a further view in this request of *Juno* than what his Commentators have discovered in it. He knew very well that his *Æneid* was founded on a very doubtful story, and that *Æneas*'s coming into *Italy* was not universally received among the *Romans* themselves. He knew too that a main objection to this story was the great difference of Customs, Language and Habits among the *Romans* and *Trojans*. To obviate therefore so strong an objection, he makes this difference to arise from the forecast and præ-determination of the Gods themselves. But pray what is the name of the Lady in the next Medal? Methinks she is very particular in her Quoiffure.

It is the emblem of Fruitfulness, says *Philander*, and was designed as a compliment to *Julia* the wife of *Septimius Severus*, who had the same number of children as you see on this Coin. Her head is crowned with towers in allusion to *Cybele* the mother of the Gods, and for the same reason that *Virgil* compares the city of *Rome* to her. Fig. 9.

Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta Deûm partu———— Virg. Æn. Li. 6.

High

High as the mother of the Gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp ſhe makes a *Phrygian* round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd. Mr. *Dryden.*

The Vine iſſuing out of the Urn ſpeaks the ſame ſenſe as that in the Pſalmiſt. *Thy wife ſhall be as the fruitful vine on the walls of thy houſe.* The four Stars overhead, and the ſame number on the Globe, repreſent the four children. There is a Medal of *Romulus* and *Remus* ſucking the wolf, with a Star over each of their heads, as we find the *Latin* Poets ſpeaking of the children of Princes under the ſame metaphor.

Vtque tui faciunt ſidus juvenile nepotes,
Per tua perque ſui facta parentis eant. Ov. de Triſ. Li. 2. El. 1.

——Tu quoque extinctus jaces,
Deflende nobis ſemper, infelix puer,
Modo ſidus orbis, columen auguſtæ domûs,
Britannice. —————— Sen. Octav. Act. 1.

Thou too dear youth, to aſhes turn'd,
Britannicus, for ever mourn'd!
Thou Star that wont this Orb to grace!
Thou pillar of the *Julian* race!

—— Maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Vndarum terræque potens, et ſidera dones. Stat. Theb. Li. 1.

—— Stay, great *Cæſar*, and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
Reſign to *Jove* his Empire of the ſkies,
And people Heav'n with *Roman* Deities. Mr. *Pope.*

I need not mention *Homer*'s comparing *Aſtyanax* to the Morning-ſtar, nor *Virgil*'s imitation of him in his deſcription of *Aſcanius*.

Fig. 10. The next Medal was ſtampt on the marriage of *Nero* and *Octavia*; you ſee the Sun over the head of *Nero*, and the Moon over that of *Octavia*. They face one another according to the ſituation of theſe two Planets in the Heavens.

——Phœbeis obvia flammis
Demet nocti Luna timores. Sen. Thyeſt. Act. 4.

And

And to shew that *Octavia* derived her whole lustre from the friendly aspect of her husband.

Sicut Luna suo tunc tantum deficit orbe,
Quum Phœbum adversis currentem non vidit astris. Manil. Lib. 4.

Because the Moon then only feels decay,
When opposite unto her brother's ray. Mr. *Creech.*

But if we consider the history of this Medal, we shall find more Fancy in it than the Medallists have yet discovered. *Nero* and *Octavia* were not only husband and wife, but brother and sister, *Claudius* being the father of both. We have this relation between them marked out in the Tragedy of *Octavia*, where it speaks of her marriage with *Nero*.

Fratris thalamos sortita tenet
Maxima Juno: soror Augusti
Sociata toris, cur à patriâ
Pellitur Aula?——— Sen. Oct. Act. 1.

To *Jove* his sister consort wed,
Uncensur'd shares her brother's bed:
Shall *Cæsar*'s wife and sister wait,
An Exile at her husband's gate?

Implebit aulam stirpe cœlesti tuam
Generata divo, Claudiæ gentis decus,
Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros. Ibid. Act. 2.

Thy sister, bright with ev'ry blooming grace,
Will mount thy bed t'inlarge the *Claudian* race:
And proudly teeming with fraternal love,
Shall reign a *Juno* with the *Roman Jove.*

They are therefore very prettily represented by the Sun and Moon, who as they are the most glorious parts of the universe, are in poetical genealogy brother and sister. *Virgil* gives us a sight of them in the same position that they regard each other on this Medal.

Nec Fratris radiis obnoxia surgere Luna. Virg. Georg. 1.

The flattery on the next Medal is in the same thought as that of *Lucretius.* Fig. 11.

Ipſe Epicurus obit decurſo lumine vitæ;
Qui genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, et omneis
Præſtinxit, ſtellas exortus uti ætherius Sol. Lucret. Lib. 3.

Nay, *Epicurus'* race of life is run;
That man of wit, who other men outſhone;
As far as meaner ſtars the mid-day Sun. Mr. *Creech.*

The Emperor appears as the Riſing Sun, and holds a Globe in his hand, to figure out the Earth that is enlightned and actuated by his beauty.

Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia luſtras. Virg.

——————ubi primos craſtinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radiiſque retexerit orbem. Id.

When next the Sun his riſing light diſplays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays. Mr. *Dryden.*

On his head you ſee the rays that ſeem to grow out of it. *Claudian* in the deſcription of his infant *Titan* deſcants on this glory about his head, but has run his deſcription into moſt wretched fuſtian.

Invalidum dextro portat Titana lacerto,
Nondum luce gravem, nec pubeſcentibus altè
Criſtatum radiis; primo clementior ævo
Fingitur, et tenerum vagitu deſpuit ignem.
Claud. de rapt. Prof. Lib. 2.

An infant *Titan* held ſhe in her arms;
Yet ſufferably bright, the eye might bear
The ungrown glories of his beamy hair.
Mild was the babe, and from his cries there came
A gentle breathing and a harmleſs flame.

Fig. 12. The Sun riſes on a Medal of *Commodus*, as *Ovid* deſcribes him in the ſtory of *Phaeton*.

Ardua prima via eſt, et quà vix manè recentes
Enituntur equi—— Ov. Met. Lib. 2.

You have here too the four horſes breaking through the clouds in their morning paſſage.

——*Pyroëis*

——*Pyroëis, et Eöus, et Æthon,*
Solis equi, quartuſque Phlegon—— Ibid.

Corripuere viam, pedibuſque per aëra motis
Obſtantes ſcindunt nebulas—— Ibid.

The woman underneath repreſents the Earth, as *Ovid* has drawn her ſitting in the ſame figure.

Suſtulit omniferos collo tenus arida vultus;
Oppoſuitque manum fronti, magnoque tremore
Omnia concutiens paulum ſubſedit. Ibid.

The earth at length——
Uplifted to the heav'ns her blaſted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and ſaid,
(But firſt, impatient of the ſultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and ſought a cooler ſeat.)

The *Cornu-copiæ* in her hand is a type of her fruitfulneſs, as in the ſpeech ſhe makes to *Jupiter*.

Hoſne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem,
Officiique refers? quod adunci vulnera aratri
Raſtrorumque fero, totoque exerceor anno?
Quod pecori frondes, alimentaque mitia fruges
Humano generi, vobis quoque thura miniſtro? Ibid.

And does the plow for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes, and harraſs'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincenſe for you?

So much for the deſigning part of the Medal; as for the thought of it, the Antiquaries are divided upon it. For my part I cannot doubt but it was made as a compliment to *Commodus* on his skill in the chariot-race. It is ſuppoſed that the ſame occaſion furniſhed *Lucan* with the ſame thought in his addreſs to *Nero*.

Seu te flammigeros Phœbi conſcendere currus,
Telluremque, nihil mutato ſole, timentem
Igne vago luſtrare juvet—— Luc. Lib. 1. ad Neronem.

Or if thou chuſe the empire of the day,
And make the Sun's unwilling ſteeds obey;
Auſpicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoyces in thy gentler beam—— Mr. *Rowe.*

This is ſo natural an alluſion, that we find the courſe of the Sun deſcribed in the Poets by metaphors borrowed from the *Circus.*

Quum ſuſpenſus eat Phœbus, currumque reflectat
Huc illuc agiles, et ſervet in æthere metas. Manil. Lib. 1.

——*Heſperio poſitas in littore metas.* Ov. Met. Lib 2.

Et Sol ex æquo metâ diſtabat utrâque. Idem.

However it be, we are ſure in general it is a comparing of *Commodus* to the Sun, which is a ſimile of as long ſtanding as poetry, I had almoſt ſaid, as the Sun it ſelf.

I believe, ſays *Cynthio*, there is ſcarce a great man he ever ſhone upon that has not been compared to him. I look on ſimiles as a part of his productions. I do not know whether he raiſes fruits or flowers in greater number. *Horace* has turn'd this compariſon into ridicule ſeventeen hundred years ago.

——*laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,*
Solem Aſiæ Brutum appellat—— Hor. Sat. 7. Lib. 1.

He praiſeth *Brutus* much and all his train;
He calls him *Aſia*'s Sun—— Mr. *Creech.*

You have now ſhown us perſons under the diſguiſe of Stars, Moons and Suns. I ſuppoſe we have at laſt done with the cœleſtial bodies.

Fig. 13. The next figure you ſee, ſays *Philander*, had once a place in the heavens, if you will believe eccleſiaſtical ſtory. It is the ſign that is ſaid to have appeared to *Conſtantine* before the battle with *Maxentius.* We are told by a Chriſtian Poet, that he caus'd it to be wrought on the military Enſign that the *Romans* call their *Labarum.* And it is on this Enſign that we find it in the preſent Medal.

Chriſtus purpureum gemmanti. textus in auro
Signabat Labarum.—— Prudent. contra Symm. Lib. 1.

A Chriſt was on th'Imperial ſtandard born,
That Gold embroiders, and that Gemms adorn.

By the word *Chriſtus* he means without doubt the preſent figure, which is compoſed out of the two Initial letters of the name.

He bore the ſame ſign in his ſtandards, as you may ſee in the following Medal and verſes. Fig. 14.

Agnoſcas, Regina, libens mea ſigna neceſſe eſt:
In quibus Effigies Crucis aut gemmata refulget,
Aut longis ſolido ex auro præfertur in haſtis.
Conſtantinus Romam alloquitur. Ibid.

My Enſign let the Queen of nations praiſe,
That rich in gemms the Chriſtian Croſs diſplays:
There rich in gemms; but on my quiv'ring ſpears
In ſolid gold the ſacred mark appears.

Vexillumque Crucis ſummus dominator adorat. Id. in Apotheoſi.

See there the Croſs he wav'd on hoſtile ſhores,
The Emperor of all the world adores.

But to return to our *Labarum*; if you have a mind to ſee it in a ſtate of Paganiſm you have it on a Coin of *Tiberius*. It ſtands between two other Enſigns, and is the mark of a *Roman* Colony where the Medal was ſtamped. By the way you muſt obſerve, that where-ever the *Romans* fixed their ſtandards they looked on that place as their country, and thought themſelves obliged to defend it with their lives. For this reaſon their ſtandards were always carryed before them when they went to ſettle themſelves in a Colony. This gives the meaning of a couple of verſes in *Silius Italicus*, that make a very far-fetcht compliment to *Fabius*. Fig. 15.

Ocyus huc Aquilas ſervataque ſigna referte,
Hic patria eſt, murique urbis ſtant pectore in uno. Sil. It. Li. 7.

The following Medal was ſtamped on *Trajan*'s victory over the *Daci*, you ſee on it the figure of *Trajan* preſenting a little *Victory* to *Rome*. Between them lies the conquered province of *Dacia*. It may be worth while to obſerve the particularities in each figure. We ſee abundance of perſons on old Coins that hold a little *Victory* in one hand, like this of *Trajan*, which is always the ſign of a Conqueſt. I have ſometimes fancied *Virgil* alludes to this cuſtom in a verſe that *Turnus* ſpeaks. Fig. 16.

Non

Non adeo has exoſa manus Victoria fugit. Virg. Æn. Li. 11.

If you conſent, he ſhall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to Victory unus'd. Mr. *Dryden.*

The Emperor's ſtanding in a Gown, and making a preſent of his *Dacian* Victory to the city of *Rome*, agrees very well with *Claudian*'s character of him.

———*victura feretur*
Gloria Trajani; non tam quod, Tigride victo,
Noſtra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi,
Alta quod invectus ſtratis capitolia Dacis:
Quam patriæ quod mitis erat.... Claud. de 4to. Conſ. Honor.

Thy glory, *Trajan*, ſhall for-ever live:
Not that thy arms the *Tigris* mourn'd, o'ercome,
And tributary *Parthia* bow'd to *Rome*,
Not that the Capitol receiv'd thy train
With ſhouts of triumph for the *Daci* ſlain:
But for thy mildneſs to thy country ſhown.

The city of *Rome* carries the Wand in her hand that is the ſymbol of her Divinity.

Delubrum Romæ (colitur nam ſanguine et ipſa
More Deæ)——— Prudent. cont. Sym. L. 1.

For *Rome*, a Goddeſs too can boaſt her ſhrine,
With victims ſtain'd, and ſought with rites divine.

As the Globe under her feet betokens her dominion over all the nations of the earth.

Terrarum Dea, Gentiumque Roma;
Cui par eſt nihil, et nihil ſecundum. Mart. Li. 12. Epig. 8.

O *Rome*, thou Goddeſs of the earth!
To whom no rival e'er had birth;
Nor ſecond e'er ſhall riſe.

The heap of arms ſhe ſits on ſignifies the Peace that the Emperor had procured her. On old Coins we often ſee an Emperor, a *Victory*, the city of *Rome*, or a ſlave, ſitting on a heap of arms, which always marks out the

the Peace that aroſe from ſuch an action as gave occaſion to the Medal. I think we cannot doubt but *Virgil* copied out this circumſtance from the ancient Sculptors, in that inimitable deſcription he has given us of *Military Fury* ſhut up in the Temple of *Janus* and loaden with chains.

Claudentur belli portæ: Furor impius intus
Sæva ſedens ſuper arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Poſt tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento. Virg. Æn. Li. 1.

Janus himſelf before his fane ſhall wait,
And keep the dreadful iſſues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Impriſon'd *Fury*, bound in brazen chains:
High on a Trophy rais'd of uſeleſs arms
He ſits, and threats the world with dire alarms. Mr. *Dryden.*

We are told by the old Scholiaſt, ſays *Eugenius*, that there was actually ſuch a ſtatue in the Temple of *Janus* as that *Virgil* has here deſcribed, which I am almoſt apt to believe, ſince you aſſure us that this part of the deſign is ſo often met with on ancient Medals. But have you nothing to remark on the figure of the Province? Her poſture, ſays *Philander*, is what we often meet with in the ſlaves and captives of old Coins: among the Poets too, ſitting on the ground is a mark of Miſery or Captivity.

Multos illa dies incomtis mæſta capillis
Sederat——————— Propert. Li. 1.

O utinam ante tuos ſedeam captiva penates. Id. L. 4.

O might I ſit a captive at thy gate!

You have the ſame poſture in an old Coin that celebrates a victory of *Lucius Verus* over the *Parthians*. The captive's hands are here bound behind him, as a farther inſtance of his ſlavery. Fig. 17.

Ecce manus juvenem interea poſt terga revinctum,
Paſtores magno ad Regem clamore ferebant. Virg. Æn. L. 2.

Mean while, with ſhouts, the *Trojan* ſhepherds bring
A captive *Greek* in bands before the King. Mr. *Dryden.*

Cui dedit invitas victa noverca manus. Ov. de Faſt.

Cùm rudis urgenti brachia victa dedi. Propert. Li. 4.

We

We may learn from *Ovid* that it was ſometimes the cuſtom to place a ſlave with his arms bound at the foot of the Trophy, as in the figure before us.

Stentque ſuper vinctos trunca trophæa viros. Ov. Ep. ex Ponto L. 4.

You ſee on his head the cap which the *Parthians*, and indeed moſt of the eaſtern nations, wear on Medals. They had not probably the ceremony of veiling the Bonnet in their ſalutations, for in Medals they ſtill have it on their heads, whether they are before Emperors or Generals, kneeling, ſitting, or ſtanding. *Martial* has diſtinguiſhed them by this cap as their chief characteriſtic.

Fruſtra blanditiæ venitis ad me
Attritis miſerabiles labellis,
Dicturus dominum, deumque non ſum:
Jam non eſt locus hâc in urbe vobis.
Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
Et turpes, humileſque ſuppliceſque
Pictorum ſola baſiate regum. Mart. Epig. 72. Li. 10.

In vain, mean flatteries, ye trie,
To gnaw the lip, and fall the eye;
No man a God or Lord I name:
From *Romans* far be ſuch a ſhame!
Go teach the ſupple *Parthian* how
To veil the Bonnet on his brow:
Or on the ground all proſtrate fling
Some *Pict*, before his barbarous King.

I cannot hear, ſays *Cynthio*, without a kind of indignation, the ſatyrical reflections that *Martial* has made on the memory of *Domitian*. It is certain ſo ill an Emperor deſerved all the reproaches that could be heaped upon him, but he could not deſerve them of *Martial*. I muſt confeſs I am leſs ſcandaliſed at the flatteries the Epigrammatiſt paid him living, than the ingratitude he ſhowed him dead. A man may be betrayed into the one by an over-ſtrained complaiſance, or by a temper extremely ſenſible of favours and obligations: whereas the other can ariſe from nothing but a natural baſeneſs and villany of ſoul. It does not always happen, ſays *Philander*, that the Poet and the honeſt man meet together in the ſame perſon. I think we need enlarge no farther on this Medal,

dal, unleſs you have a mind to compare the Trophy on it with that of *Mezentius* in *Virgil.*

Ingentem quercum deciſis undique ramis
Conſtituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma,
Mezentî ducis exuvias; tibi, magne, tropæum,
Bellipotens: aptat rorantes ſanguine criſtas,
Telaque trunca viri, et bis ſex thoraca petitum
Perfoſſumque locis; clypeumque ex ære ſiniſtræ
Subligat, atque enſem collo ſuſpendit eburnum. Virg. Æn. Li. 11.

He bar'd an ancient Oak of all her boughs:
Then on a riſing ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the ſpoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
Now on a naked Snag in triumph born,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy ſacred to the God of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafleſs wood,
Appear'd his plumy creſt, beſmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was ſeen;
Trunchions of ſhiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his Corſlet, bor'd,
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing ſword. Mr. *Dryden.*

On the next Medal you ſee the Peace that *Veſpaſian* procured the Empire after having happily finiſhed all its wars both at home and abroad. The woman with the olive-branch in her hand is the figure of *Peace.* Fig. 18.

——————pignora Pacis
Prætendens dextrâ ramum canentis olivæ. Sil. It. Li. 3.

With the other hand ſhe thruſts a lighted torch under a heap of armour that lies by an Altar. This alludes to a cuſtom among the ancient *Romans* of gathering up the armour that lay ſcattered on the field of battle, and burning it as an offering to one of their Deities. It is to this cuſtom that *Virgil* refers, and *Silius Italicus* has deſcribed at large.

Qualis eram cùm primam aciem Præneſte ſub ipsâ
Stravi, ſcutorumque incendi victor acervos. Virg. Æn. Li. 8.

Such as I was beneath *Præneſte*'s walls;
Then when I made the foremoſt foes retire,
And ſet whole heaps of conquer'd ſhields on fire. Mr. *Dryden.*

Aſt tibi, Bellipotens, Sacrum, conſtructus acervo
Ingenti mons armorum conſurgit ad aſtra:
Ipſe manu celſam pinum, flammâque comantem
Attollens, ductor Gradivum in vota ciebat:
Primitias pugnæ, et læti libamina belli,
Hannibal Auſonio cremat hæc de nomine victor.
Et tibi, Mars genitor, votorum haud ſurde meorum,
Arma electa dicat ſpirantum turba virorum.
Tum face conjectâ, populatur fervidus ignis
Flagrantem molem; et ruptâ caligine, in auras
Actus apex claro perfundit lumine campos. Sil. It. Li. 10.

To thee the Warrior-God, aloft in air
A mountain-pile of *Roman* arms they rear:
The Gen'ral graſping in his Victor hand
A pine of ſtately growth, he wav'd the brand,
And cry'd, O *Mars!* to thee devote I yield
Theſe choice firſt-fruits of Honour's purple field.
Join'd with the partners of my toil and praiſe,
Thy *Hannibal* this vow'd oblation pays;
Grateful to thee for *Latian* laurels won:
Accept this homage, and abſolve thy ſon.———
Then, to the pile the flaming torch he toſt;
In ſmould'ring ſmoke the light of Heav'n is loſt:
But when the fire increaſe of fury gains,
The blaze of Glory gilds the diſtant plains.

As for the heap of Arms, and mountain of Arms, that the Poet mentions, you may ſee them on two Coins of *Marcus Aurelius*. DE SARMATIS and DE GERMANIS allude perhaps to the form of words that might be uſed at the ſetting fire to them.—*Auſonio de nomine.* Thoſe who will not allow of the interpretation I have put on theſe two laſt Medals may think it an objection that there is no torch or fire near them to ſignifie any ſuch alluſion. But they may conſider that on ſeveral Imperial Coins we meet with the figure of a funeral pile, without any thing to denote the burning of it, though indeed there is on ſome of them a Flam-

Fig. 19, 20

Flambeau ſticking out on each ſide, to let us know it was to be conſumed to aſhes.

You have been ſo intent on the burning of the Arms, ſays *Cynthio*, that you have forgotten the Pillar on your 18th Medal. You may find the hiſtory of it, ſays *Philander*, in *Ovid de Faſtis*. It was from this Pillar that the ſpear was toſſed at the opening of a war, for which reaſon the little figure on the top of it holds a ſpear in its hand, and *Peace* turns her back upon it.

Proſpicit à templo ſummum brevis area Circum:
Eſt ibi non parvæ parva columna notæ:
Hinc ſolet haſta manu, belli prænuncia, mitti;
In regem et gentes cum placet arma capi. Ov. de faſt. Li. 6.

Where the high Fane the ample Cirque commands
A little, but a noted pillar ſtands,
From hence, when *Rome* the diſtant Kings defies,
In form the war-denouncing Javelin flies.

The different interpretations that have been made on the next Medal ſeem to be forced and unnatural. I will therefore give you my own opinion of it. The veſſel is here repreſented as ſtranded. The figure before it ſeems to come in to its aſſiſtance, and to lift it off the ſhallows: for we ſee the water ſcarce reaches up to the knees, and though it is the figure of a man ſtanding on firm ground. His attendants, and the good office he is employed upon, reſemble thoſe the Poets often attribute to *Neptune*. *Homer* tells us, that the Whales leaped up at their God's approach, as we ſee in the Medal. The two ſmall figures that ſtand naked among the waves are Sea-Deities of an inferiour rank, who are ſuppoſed to aſſiſt their Sovereign in the ſuccour he gives the diſtreſſed veſſel. Fig. 21.

Cymothoë, ſimul et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves ſcopulo; levat ipſe tridenti,
Et vaſtas aperit ſyrtes, et temperat æquor. Virg. Æn. Li. 1.

Cymothoë, *Triton*, and the ſea-green train
Of beauteous Nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the veſſels with their hands;
The God himſelf with ready trident ſtands,
And opes the deep, and ſpreads the moving ſands. Mr. *Dryden*.

Jam placidis ratis extat aquis, quam gurgite ab imo
Et Thetis, et magnis Nereus ſocer erigit ulnis. Val. Flac. Li. 1.

The interpreters of this Medal have miſtaken theſe two figures for the repreſentation of two perſons that are drowning. But as they are both naked and drawn in a poſture rather of triumphing o'er the waves than of ſinking under them, ſo we ſee abundance of Water-Deities on other Medals repreſented after the ſame manner.

Ite Deæ virides, liquidoſque advertite vultus,
Et vitreum teneris crinem redimite corymbis,
Veſte nihil tectæ: quales emergitis altis
Fontibus, et viſu Satyros torquetis amantes.
Statius de Balneo Etruſci. Lib. 1.

Haſte, haſte, ye *Naiads!* with attractive art
New charms to ev'ry native grace impart:
With op'ning flourets bind your ſea-green hair,
Unveil'd; and naked let your limbs appear:
So from the ſprings the *Satyrs* ſee you riſe,
And drink eternal paſſion at their eyes.

After having thus far cleared our way to the Medal, I take the thought of the reverſe to be this. The ſtranded veſſel is the Commonwealth of *Rome*, that by the tyranny of *Domitian*, and the inſolence of the *Prætorian* Guards under *Nerva*, was quite run aground and in danger of periſhing. Some of thoſe embarked in it endeavour at her recovery, but it is *Trajan* that by the adoption of *Nerva* ſtems the tide to her relief, and like another *Neptune* ſhoves her off the quick-ſands. Your Device, ſays *Eugenius*, hangs very well together; but is not it liable to the ſame exceptions that you made us laſt night to ſuch explications as have nothing but the writers imagination to ſupport them? To ſhew you, ſays *Philander*, that the conſtruction I put on this Medal is conformable to the fancies of the old *Romans*, you may obſerve, that *Horace* repreſents at length the Commonwealth of *Rome* under the figure of a ſhip, in the Allegory that you meet with in the fourteenth Ode of his firſt book.

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.——————

And ſhall the raging waves again
Bear thee back into the main?
Mr. *Creech.*

Nor

Nor was any thing more uſual than to repreſent a God in the ſhape and dreſs of an Emperor.

——Apelleæ cuperent te ſcribere ceræ,
Optaſſetque novo ſimilem te ponere templo
Atticus Elei ſenior Jovis; et tua mitis
Ora Taras: tua ſidereas imitantia flammas
Lumina, contempto mallet Rhodos aſpera Phæbo.

Statius de Equo Domitiani Syl. 1.

Now had *Apelles* liv'd, he'd ſue to grace
His glowing Tablets with thy godlike face:
Phidias, a Sculptor for the Pow'rs above!
Had wiſh'd to place thee with his Iv'ry *Jove*.
Rhodes, and *Tarentum*, that with Pride ſurvey,
The Thund'rer This, and That the God of day;
Each fam'd *Coloſſus* wou'd exchange for Thee,
And own thy form the lovelieſt of the three.

For the thought in general, you have juſt the ſame metaphorical compliment to *Theodoſius* in *Claudian*, as the Medal here makes to *Trajan*.

Nulla relicta foret Romani nominis umbra,
Ni pater ille tuus jamjam ruitura ſubiſſet
Pondera, turbatamque ratem, certâque levaſſet
Naufragium commune manu.——

Claudian. de 4*to* Conſ. Honorii.

Had not thy Sire deferr'd th' impending fate,
And with his ſolid virtue prop'd the ſtate;
Sunk in Oblivion's ſhade, the name of *Rome*,
An empty name! had ſcarce ſurviv'd her doom:
Half-wreck'd ſhe was, 'till his auſpicious hand
Reſum'd the rudder, and regain'd the land.

I ſhall only add, that this Medal was ſtamped in honour of *Trajan*, when he was only *Cæſar*, as appears by the face of it .... SARI TRAIANO.

The next is a reverſe of *Marcus Aurelius*. We have on it a *Minerva* mounted on a monſter, that *Auſonius* deſcribes in the following verſes. Fig. 22.

Illa etiam Thalamos per trina ænigmata quærens
Qui bipes, et quadrupes foret, et tripes omnia ſolus;

Terruit

Terruit Aoniam Volucris, Leo, Virgo; triformis
Sphinx, volucris pennis, pedibus fera, fronte puella.

To form the monſter *Sphinx*, a triple kind,
Man, bird, and beaſt, by nature were combin'd:
With feather'd fans ſhe wing'd th' aerial ſpace;
And on her feet the Lion-claws diſgrace
The bloomy features of a Virgin-face.
O'er pale *Aönia* pannic horror ran,
While in myſterious ſpeech ſhe thus began:
" What animal, when yet the Morn is new,
" Walks on Four legs infirm; at Noon on Two:
" But day declining to the weſtern skies,
" He needs a Third; a Third the Night ſupplies?

The monſter, ſays *Cynthio*, is a Sphinx, but for her meaning on this Medal, I am not *OEdipus* enough to unriddle it. I muſt confeſs, ſays *Philander*, the Poets fail me in this particular. There is however a paſſage in *Pauſanias* that I will repeat to you, though it is in proſe, ſince I know no body elſe that has explained the Medal by it. The *Athenians*, ſays he, drew a Sphinx on the armour of *Pallas*, by reaſon of the ſtrength and ſagacity of this animal. The Sphinx therefore ſignifies the ſame as *Minerva* herſelf, who was the Goddeſs of arms as well as wiſdom, and deſcribes the Emperor as one of the Poets expreſſes it,——

——*Studiis florentem utriuſque Minervæ.*

Whom both *Minerva's* boaſt t'adopt their own.

The *Romans* joined both devices together, to make the emblem the more ſignificant, as indeed they could not too much extol the learning and military virtues of this excellent Emperor, who was the beſt Philoſopher and the greateſt General of his Age.

Fig. 23. We will cloſe up this Series of Medals with one that was ſtamped under *Tiberius* to the memory of *Auguſtus*. Over his head you ſee the ſtar that his father *Julius Cæſar* was ſuppoſed to have been changed into.

Ecce Dionæi proceſſit Cæſaris aſtrum. Virg. Ecl. 9.

See, *Cæſar's* lamp is lighted in the skies. Mr. *Dryden.*

——*micat*

———————*micat inter omnes*
Julium ſidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores. Hor.

———*Julius Cæſar*'s light appears
As, in fair nights and ſmiling skies,
The beauteous *Moon* amidſt the meaner ſtars. Mr. *Creech.*

Vix ea fatus erat, mediâ cùm ſede ſenatûs
Conſtitit alma Venus, nulli cernenda, ſuique
Cæſaris eripuit membris, nec in aëra ſolvi
Paſſa recentem animam, cœleſtibus intulit aſtris.
Dumque tulit lumen capere atque igneſcere ſenſit,
Emiſitque ſinu: Luuâ evolat altius illa,
Flammiferumque trahens ſpatioſo limite crinem,
Stella micat.——————— Ov. Met. Li. 15.

This ſpoke; the Goddeſs to the Senate flew;
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
Her *Cæſar*'s heav'nly part ſhe made her care,
Nor left the recent Soul to waſte to air;
But bore it upwards to its native skies:
Glowing with new-born fires ſhe ſaw it riſe;
Forth ſpringing from her boſom up it flew,
And kindling, as it ſoar'd, a Comet grew;
Above the lunar Sphere it took its flight,
And ſhot behind it a long trail of light. Mr. *Welſted.*

Virgil draws the ſame figure of *Auguſtus* on *Æneas*'s ſhield as we ſee on this Medal. The Commentators tell us, that the ſtar was engraven on *Auguſtus*'s helmet, but we may be ſure *Virgil* means ſuch a figure of the Emperor as he uſed to be repreſented by in the *Roman* ſculpture, and ſuch a one as we may ſuppoſe this to be that we have before us.

Hinc Auguſtus agens Italos in prælia Cæſar,
Cum patribus, populoque, Penatibus, et magnis Diis,
Stans celsâ in puppi; geminas cui tempora flammas
Læta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice ſidus. Virg. Æn. Li. 8.

Young *Cæſar* on the ſtern in armour bright,
Here leads the *Romans*, and the Gods, to fight:

His

His beamy temples ſhoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the *Julian* ſtar. Mr. *Dryden*

The thunderbolt that lies by him is a mark of his Apotheoſis, that makes him as it were a companion of *Jupiter*. Thus the Poets of his own age that deified him living.

Diviſum Imperium cum Jove Cæſar habet. Virg.

Hic ſocium ſummo cum Jove numen habet. Ov.

———*regit Auguſtus ſocio per ſigna Tonante.* Manil. Li. 1.

Sed tibi debetur cœlum, te fulmine pollens,
Accipiet cupidi Regia magna Jovis. Ov. de Auguſto ad Liviam.

He wears on his head the *Corona Radiata*, which at that time was another type of his Divinity. The ſpikes that ſhoot out from the crown were to repreſent the rays of the Sun. There were twelve of them, in alluſion to the Signs of the *Zodiac*. It is this kind of crown that *Virgil* deſcribes.

———*ingenti mole Latinus*
Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
Aurati bis ſex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi ſpecimen.——— Virg. Æn. Lib. 12.

Four ſteeds the chariots of *Latinus* bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the God of day. Mr. *Dryden.*

Fig. 24. If you would know why the *corona radiata* is a repreſentation of the Sun, you may ſee it in the figure of *Apollo* on the next reverſe, where his head is encompaſſed with ſuch an arch of glory as *Ovid* and *Statius* mention, that might be put on and taken off at pleaſure.

———*at genitor circum caput omne micantes*
Depoſuit radios——— Ovid. Met. Lib. 2.

The tender Sire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head.

Impoſuitque comæ radios——— Ibid.

Then fix'd his beamy circle on his head.

———*licet ignipedum frænator equorum*
Ipſe tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat——— Statius. Theb. Lib. 1. ad Domitianum.

Tho'

Tho' *Phœbus* longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine. Mr. *Pope.*

In his right hand he holds the whip with which he is ſuppoſed to drive the horſes of the Sun: as in a pretty paſſage of *Ovid*, that ſome of his editors muſt needs fancy ſpurious.

Colligit amentes, et adhuc terrore paventes,
Phœbus equos, ſtimuloque dolens et verbere ſævit:
Sævit enim, natumque objectat, et imputat illis. Ov. Met. Lib. 2.

Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneſs'd ſteeds, that ſtill with horrour ſhook,
And plies 'em with the laſh, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his ſon.

The double-pointed dart in his left hand is an emblem of his beams, that pierce through ſuch an infinite depth of air, and enter into the very bowels of the earth. Accordingly *Lucretius* calls them the darts of the day, as *Auſonius* to make a ſort of witticiſm has followed his example.

Non radii ſolis, neque lucida tela Diei. Lucr.

Exultant udæ ſuper arida ſaxa rapinæ,
Luciferique pavent letalia tela Diei.
de piſcibus captis. Auſ. Eid. 10.

Caligo terræ ſcinditur,
Percuſſa ſolis ſpiculo. Prud. Hym. 2.

I have now given you a ſample of ſuch emblematical Medals as are unriddled by the *Latin* Poets, and have ſhown ſeveral paſſages in the *Latin* Poets that receive an illuſtration from Medals. Some of the Coins we have had before us have not been explained by others, as many of them have been explained in a different manner. There are indeed others that have had very near the ſame explication put upon them, but as this explication has been ſupported by no authority, it can at beſt be looked upon but as a probable conjecture. It is certain, ſays *Eugenius*, there cannot be any more authentic illuſtrations of *Roman* Medals, eſpecially of thoſe that are full of fancy, than ſuch as are drawn out of the *Latin* Poets. For as there is a great affinity between Deſigning and Poetry, ſo the *Latin* Poets, and the Deſigners of the *Roman* Medals, lived very near one another, were acquainted with the ſame cuſtoms, converſant with the ſame

objects, and bred up to the ſame reliſh for wit and fancy. But who are the Ladies that we are next to examine? Theſe are, ſays *Philander*, ſo many Cities, Nations and Provinces that preſent themſelves to you under the ſhape of women. What you take for a fine Lady at firſt ſight, when you come to look into her will prove a town, a country, or one of the four parts of the world. In ſhort, you have now *Afric*, *Spain*, *France*, *Italy*, and ſeveral other nations of the earth before you. This is one of the pleaſanteſt Maps, ſays *Cynthio*, that I ever ſaw. Your Geographers now and then fancy a country like a Leg or a Head, a Bear or a Dragon, but I never before ſaw them repreſented like women. I could not have thought your mountains, ſeas and promontories could have made up an aſſembly of ſuch well-ſhaped perſons. This therefore, ſays *Philander*, is a Geography particular to the Medalliſts. The Poets however have ſometimes given into it, and furniſh us with very good lights for the explication of it. The firſt Lady you ſee on the Liſt is *Africa*. She carries an Elephant's tooth by her ſide.

Third Series. Fig. 1.

Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes,
Et Mauri celeres, et Mauro obſcurior Indus:
Et quos depoſuit Nabathæo bellua ſaltu,
Jam nimios, capitique graves——— Juv. Sat. 11.

She is always quoiff'd with the head of an Elephant, to ſhow that this animal is the breed of that country, as for the ſame reaſon ſhe has a Dragon lying at her feet.

Huic varias peſtes, diverſaque membra ferarum,
Conceſſit bellis natura infeſta futuris;
Horrendos angues, habitataque membra veneno,
Et mortis partus, viventia crimina terræ;
Et vaſtos Elephantes habet, ſævoſque Leones,
In pœnas fœcunda ſuas, parit horrida tellus.
Manil. Lib. 4. de Africâ.

Here Nature, angry with mankind, prepares
Strange monſters, inſtruments of future wars;
Here ſnakes, thoſe Cells of poyſon, take their birth,
Thoſe living crimes and grievance of the earth;
Fruitful in its own plagues, the deſart ſhore
Hears Elephants, and frightful Lions roar. Mr. *Creech.*

Lucan

Lucan in his deſcription of the ſeveral noxious animals of this country, mentions in particular the flying Dragon that we ſee on this Medal.

Vos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
Serpitis, aurato nitidi fulgore dracones,
Peſtiferos ardens facit Africa: ducitis altum
Aëra cum pennis, armentaque tota ſecuti
Rumpitis ingentes amplexi verbere tauros.
Nec tutus ſpatio eſt Elephas. datis omnia letho:
Nec vobis opus eſt ad noxia fata veneno. Luc. Lib. 9.

And you, ye Dragons! of the ſcaly race,
Whom glittering gold and ſhining armours grace,
In other nations harmleſs are you found,
Their guardian Genii and Protectors own'd;
In *Afric* only are you fatal; there,
On wide-expanded wings, ſublime you rear
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
The lowing Kine in droves you chace, and cull
Some maſter of the herd, ſome mighty Bull:
Around his ſtubborn ſides your tails you twiſt,
By force compreſs, and burſt his brawny cheſt.
Not Elephants are by their larger ſize
Secure, but with the reſt become your prize.
Reſiſtleſs in your Might, you all invade,
And for deſtruction need not poiſon's aid. Mr. *Rowe.*

The Bull that appears on the other ſide of the Dragon, ſhows us that *Afric* abounds in agriculture.

———*tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,*
O Libye, disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas. Juv. Sat. 5.

———No more plough up the ground
O *Libya*, where ſuch muſhrooms can be found,
Alledius cries, but furniſh us with ſtore
Of muſhrooms, and import thy corn no more. Mr. *Bowles.*

This part of the world has always on Medals ſomething to denote her wonderful fruitfulneſs, as it was indeed the great granary of *Italy*. In the two following figures, the handful of wheat, the *Cornu-copiæ*, and basket of corn, are all emblems of the ſame ſignification.

Sed quâ ſe campis ſqualentibus Africa tendit,
Serpentum largo coquitur fœcunda veneno:
Felix quà pingues mitis plaga temperat agros;
Nec Cerere Ennæâ, Pharioque victa colono. Sil. It. Lib. 1.

Frumenti quantum metit Africa —— Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 2.

——*ſegetes mirantur Iberas*
Horrea; nec Libyæ ſenſerunt damna rebellis
Jam tranſalpinâ contenti meſſe Quirites.
Claud. in Eutrop. Lib. 1.

Fig. 2. The Lion on the ſecond Medal marks her out for the

——*Leonum*
Arida nutrix. Hor.

Fig. 3. The Scorpion on the third is another of her productions, as *Lucan* mentions it in particular, in the long catalogue of her venomous animals.

——*quis fata putaret*
Scorpion, aut vires maturæ mortis habere?
Ille minax nodis, et recto verbere ſævus,
Teſte tulit cœlo victi decus Orionis. Luc. Lib. 9.

Who, that the Scorpion's inſect form ſurveys,
Would think that ready Death his call obeys?
Threat'ning he rears his knotty tail on high,
The vaſt *Orion* thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy, in the sky. Mr. *Rowe.*

The three figures you have here ſhown us, ſays *Eugenius*, give me an idea of a deſcription or two in *Claudian*, that I muſt confeſs I did not before know what to make of. They repreſent *Africa* in the ſhape of a woman, and certainly allude to the corn and head-dreſs that ſhe wears on old Coins.

——*mediis apparet in aſtris*
Africa, reſciſſæ veſtes, et ſpicea paſſim
Serta jacent, lacero crinales vertice dentes,
Et fractum pendebat ebur—— Claud. de Bel. Gild.

Next *Afric*, mounting to the bleſt Abodes,
Penſive approach'd the Synod of the Gods:
No arts of dreſs the weeping Dame adorn;
Her garments rent, and wheaten garlands torn: The

The fillets, grac'd with teeth in Ivory rows,
Broke and diſorder'd dangle on her brows.

Tum ſpicis et dente comas illuſtris eburno,
Et calido rubicunda die, ſic Africa fatur.
Claud. de Conſ. Stil. Lib. 2.

I think, ſays *Philander*, there is no queſtion but the Poet has copied out in his deſcription the figure that *Africa* made in ancient ſculpture and painting. The next before us is *Egypt*. Her basket of wheat ſhows us the great fruitfulneſs of the country, which is cauſed by the inundations of the *Nile*. Fig. 4.

Syrtibus hinc Libycis tuta eſt Ægyptus: at inde
Gurgite ſepteno rapidus mare ſummovet amnis:
Terra ſuis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis,
Aut Jovis; in ſolo tanta eſt fiducia Nilo. Luc. Lib. 8.

By Nature ſtrengthned with a dang'rous ſtrand,
Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatneſs of her plenteous ſoil,
She plants her only confidence in *Nile*. Mr. *Rowe*.

The inſtrument in her hand is the *Siſtrum* of the *Egyptians*, made uſe of in the worſhip of the Goddeſs *Iſis*.

———*Nilotica ſiſtris*
Ripa ſonat——— Claud. de 4*to* Conſ. Honor.

On Medals you ſee it in the hand of *Egypt*, of *Iſis*, or any of her Worſhippers. The Poets too make the ſame uſe of it, as *Virgil* has placed it in *Cleopatra*'s hand, to diſtinguiſh her from an *Egyptian*.

Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina ſiſtro. Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

The Queen her ſelf, amidſt the loud alarms,
With Cymbals toſs'd, her fainting ſoldiers warms. Mr. *Dryden*.

———*reſtabant Actia bella,*
Atque ipſa Iſiaco certârunt fulmina ſiſtro. Manil. Lib. 1.

———*imitataque Lunam*
Cornua fulſerunt, crepuitque ſonabile ſiſtrum.
de Iſide. Ov. Met. Lib. 9.

——The

———The lunar horns, that bind
The brows of *Iſis*, caſt a blaze around;
The trembling Timbrel made a murm'ring ſound. Mr. *Dryden.*

Quid tua nunc Iſis tibi, Delia? quid mihi proſunt
Illa tuâ toties æra repulſa manu? Tib. Lib. 1. El. 3.

Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Iſin,
Semideoſque canes, et ſiſtra jubentia luctus. Luc. Lib. 8.

Have we with honours dead *Oſiris* crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the Timbrel's tinkling ſound?
Receiv'd her *Iſis* to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd, with *Roman* Gods? Mr. *Rowe.*

The bird before her is the *Egyptian Ibis.* This figure however does not repreſent the living bird, but rather an idol of it, as one may gueſs by the pedeſtal it ſtands upon, for the *Egyptians* worſhipped it as a God.

Quis neſcit, Voluſi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc, illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibin;
Effigies ſacri nitet aurea Circopitheci. Juv. Sat. 15.

How *Egypt*, mad with ſuperſtition grown,
Makes Gods of monſters, but too well is known:
One ſect devotion to *Nile*'s ſerpent pays;
Others to *Ibis*, that on ſerpents preys.
Where, *Thebes*, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd *Memnon*'s magick harp is heard,
Where theſe are mould'ring left, the ſots combine
With pious care a Monkey to enſhrine. Mr. *Tate.*

Venerem precaris? comprecare et Simiam.
Placet ſacratus aſpis Æſculapii?
Crocodilus, Ibis et Canes cur diſplicent? Prudentius. Pas. 1. Romani.

Fig. 5. We have *Mauritania* on the fifth Medal, leading a horſe with ſomething like a thread, for where there is a bridle in old Coins you ſee it much more diſtinctly. In her other hand ſhe holds a ſwitch. We have the deſign of this Medal in the following deſcriptions that celebrate the *Moors* and *Numidians*, Inhabitants of *Mauritania*, for their horſemanſhip.

Hic

Hic paſſim exultant Numidæ, gens inſcia fræni:
Queis inter geminas per ludum mobilis aures
Quadrupedum flectit non cedens virga lupatis:
Altrix bellorum bellatorumque virorum,
Tellus ——————— Sil. It. Li. 1.

On his hot Steed, unus'd to curb or rein,
The black *Numidian* prances o'er the plain:
A wand betwixt his ears directs the courſe,
And as a bridle turns th'obedient horſe.

——an Mauri fremitum raucoſque repulſus
Umbonum et noſtros paſſuri, comminus enſes?
Non contra clypeis tectos, galeiſque micantes
Ibitis; in ſolis longè fiducia telis.
Exarmatus erit, cum miſſile torſerit, hoſtis.
Dextra movet jaculum, prætentat pallia lævâ,
Cætera nudus Eques; ſonipes ignarus habenæ:
Virga regit, non ulla fides, non agminis ordo;
Arma oneri. ——————— Claud. de Bel. Gildon.

Can *Moors* ſuſtain the preſs, in cloſe-fought fields,
Of ſhorten'd Fauchions, and repelling ſhields?
Againſt a hoſt of quiv'ring ſpears ye go,
Nor helm nor buckler guards the naked foe;
The naked foe, who vainly truſts his art,
And flings away his armour in his dart:
His dart the right hand ſhakes, the left uprears
His robe, beneath his tender skin appears.
Their Steeds un-rein'd, obey the horſeman's wand,
Nor know their legions when to march, or ſtand:
In the war's dreadful laws untaught and rude,
A mob of men, a martial multitude.

The Horſe too may ſtand as an emblem of the warlike genius of the people.

Bello armantur Equi, bella hæc armenta minantur. Virg. Æn. Li. 3

From *Africa* we will croſs over into *Spain*. There are learned Medalliſts that tell us, the Rabbet which you ſee before her feet, may ſignifie either the great multitude of theſe Animals that are found in *Spain*, or perhaps Fig. 6.

perhaps the ſeveral mines that are wrought within the bowels of that country, the *Latin* word *Cuniculus* ſignifying either a Rabbet or a Mine. But theſe Gentlemen do not conſider, that it is not the Word but the Figure that appears on the Medal. *Cuniculus* may ſtand for a Rabbet or a Mine, but the picture of a Rabbet is not the picture of a Mine. A pun can be no more engraven than it can be tranſlated. When the word is conſtrued into its idea the double meaning vaniſhes. The figure therefore before us means a real Rabbet, which is there found in vaſt multitudes.

Cuniculoſæ Celtiberiæ fili. Catul. in Egnatium.

The Olive-branch tells us, it is a country that abounds in Olives, as it is for this reaſon that *Claudian* in his deſcription of *Spain* binds an Olive-branch about her head.

———glaucis tum prima Minervæ
Nexa comam foliis, fulvâque intexta micantem
Veſte Tagum, tales profert Hiſpania voces. Claud. de Laud. Stil. Li. 2.

Thus *Spain*, whoſe brows the olive wreaths infold,
And o'er her robe a *Tagus* ſtreams in gold.

Martial has given us the like figure of one of the greateſt rivers in *Spain*.

Bætis oliviferâ crinem redimite coronâ,
Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis:
Quem Bromius quem Pallas amat——— Mar. Li. 12. Ep. 99.

Fair *Bætis!* Olives wreath thy azure locks;
In fleecy gold thou cloath'ſt the neighb'ring flocks:
Thy fruitful banks with rival-bounty ſmile,
While *Bacchus* wine beſtows, and *Pallas* oil.

And *Prudentius* of one of its eminent towns.

Tu decem ſanctos revehes et octo,
Cæſar Auguſta ſtudioſa Chriſti,
Verticem flavis oleis revincta
Pacis honore. Prudent. Hymn. 4.

Fig. 7. *France*, you ſee, has a Sheep by her, not only as a ſacrifice, but to ſhew that the riches of the country conſiſted chiefly in flocks and paſturage. Thus *Horace* mentioning the commodities of different countries,

Quan-

Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læſtrigoniâ Bacchus in amphorâ
Langueſcit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Creſcunt vellera paſcuis. Hor. Od. 16. Li. 3.

Tho' no *Calabrian* Bees do give
Their grateful tribute to my hive;
No wines, by rich *Campania* ſent,
In my ignoble casks ferment;
No flocks in *Gallic* plains grow fat;—— Mr. *Creech.*

She carries on her ſhoulders the *Sagulum* that *Virgil* ſpeaks of as the habit of the ancient *Gauls*.

Aurea cæſaries ollis, atque aurea veſtis:
Virgatis lucent ſagulis—— Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

The gold diſſembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear;
Gold are their veſts—— Mr. *Dryden.*

She is drawn in a poſture of ſacrificing for the ſafe arrival of the Emperor, as we may learn from the inſcription. We find in the ſeveral Medals that were ſtruck on *Adrian*'s progreſs through the Empire, that at his arrival they offered a ſacrifice to the Gods for the reception of ſo great a bleſſing. *Horace* mentions this cuſtom.

Tum meæ (ſi quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars; et O Sol
Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto
Cæſare felix.——

Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ;
Me tener ſolvet vitulus—— Hor. Od. 2. Lib. 4.

And there, if any patient ear
My Muſe's feeble ſong will hear
My voice ſhall ſound thro' *Rome:*
Thee, Sun, I'll ſing, thee, lovely fair,
Thee, thee I'll praiſe, when *Cæſar*'s come.——

Ten large fair bulls, ten luſty cows,
Muſt die, to pay thy richer vows;
Of my ſmall ſtock of kine
A calf juſt wean'd—— Mr. *Creech.*

Fig. 8. *Italy* has a *Cornu-copiæ* in her hand, to denote her fruitfulneſs;

——*magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus.* Virg. Geor. 3.

and a crown of towers on her head, to figure out the many towns and cities that ſtand upon her. *Lucan* has given her the like ornament, where he repreſents her addreſſing her ſelf to *Julius Cæſar.*

Ingens viſa duci patriæ trepidantis Imago:
Clara per obſcuram vultu mæſtiſſima noctem,
Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,
Cæſarie, lacerâ nudiſque adſtare lacertis,
Et gemitu permiſta loqui —— Lucan. Lib. 1.

Amidſt the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous viſion ſtood confeſt to ſight;
Her awful head *Rome*'s rev'rend image rear'd,
Trembling and ſad the Matron form appear'd;
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn treſſes rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted e're ſhe ſpoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful ſilence broke. Mr. *Rowe.*

She holds a ſceptre in her other hand, and ſits on a globe of the heavens, to ſhew that ſhe is the Sovereign of nations, and that all the influences of the Sun and Stars fall on her dominions. *Claudian* makes the ſame compliment to *Rome.*

Ipſa triumphatis quæ poſſidet æthera regnis.
Claud. in Prob. et Olyb. Conſ.

Jupiter arce ſuâ totum dum ſpectat in orbem,
Nil niſi Romanum quod tueatur habet. Ov. de faſt. Lib. 1.

Jove finds no realm, when he the globe ſurveys,
But what to *Rome* ſubmiſſive homage pays.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat,
Quà mare, quà tellus, quà ſidus currit utrumque. Petron.

Now *Rome*, ſole Empreſs, reign'd from pole to pole,
Wherever earth extends, or oceans roll.

Fig. 9. The picture that *Claudian* makes of *Rome* one would think was copied from the next Medal.

——*innuptæ*

——*innuptæ ritus imitata Minervæ:*
Nam neque cæſariem crinali ſtringere cultu,
Colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto:
Dextrum nuda latus, niveos exerta lacertos,
Audacem retegit mammam, laxumque coercens
Mordet gemma ſinum.——
Clipeus Titana luceſſit
Lumine, quem totâ variarat Mulciber arte;
Hîc patrius, Mavortis amor, fœtuſque notantur
Romulei. poſt amnis ineſt, et bellua nutrix.

Claud. in Prob. et Olyb. Conſ.

No coſtly fillets knot her hair behind,
Nor female trinkets round her neck are twin'd.
Bold on the right her naked arm ſhe ſhows,
And half her boſom's unpolluted ſnows;
Whilſt on the left is buckled o'er her breaſt,
In diamond claſps the military veſt.
The Sun was dazled as her ſhield ſhe rear'd,
Where, varied o'er by *Mulciber*, appear'd
The loves of *Mars* her Sire, fair *Ilia*'s joys,
The wolf, the *Tyber*, and the infant boys.

The next figure is *Achaia*. Fig. 10.

I am ſorry, ſays *Cynthio*, to find you running farther off us. I was in hopes you would have ſhown us our own nation, when you were ſo near us as *France*. I have here, ſays *Philander*, one of *Auguſtus*'s *Bri-* Fig. 11.
tannia's. You ſee ſhe is not drawn like other countries, in a ſoft peaceful poſture, but is adorned with emblems that mark out the military genius of her Inhabitants. This is, I think, the only commendable quality that the old Poets have touched upon in the deſcription of our country. I had once made a collection of all the paſſages in the *Latin* Poets, that give any account of us, but I find them ſo very malicious, that it would look like a libel on the nation to repeat them to you. We ſeldom meet with our Forefathers, but they are coupled with ſome epithet or another to blacken them. Barbarous, Cruel and Inhoſpitable are the beſt terms they can afford us, which it would be a kind of injuſtice to publiſh, ſince their poſterity are become ſo polite, good-natured, and kind to ſtrangers. To mention therefore thoſe parts only that relate to the preſent Medal. She ſits on a globe that ſtands in water, to denote that ſhe is Miſtreſs of a new world, ſeparate from that which the *Romans* had

before conquered, by the interpoſition of the ſea. I think we cannot doubt of this interpretation, if we conſider how ſhe has been repreſented by the ancient Poets.

Et penitus toto diviſos orbe Britannos. Virg. Ec. 1.

The reſt among the *Britons* be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd. Mr. *Dryden.*

Adſpice, confundit populos impervia tellus:
Conjunctum eſt, quod adhuc orbis, et orbis erat.
Vet. Poet. apud Scalig. Catul.

At nunc oceanus geminos interluit orbes.
Id. de Britanniâ et oppoſito Continente.

——*noſtro diducta Britannia mundo.* Claud.

Nec ſtetit oceano, remiſque ingreſſa profundum,
Vincendos alio quæſivit in orbe Britannos. Id.

The feet of *Britannia* are waſhed by the waves, in the ſame Poet.

——*cujus veſtigia verrit*
Cærulus, oceanique æſtum mentitur, amictus.
Id. de Laud. Stil. Lib. 2.

She bears a *Roman* Enſign in one of her hands, to confeſs herſelf a conquered province.

——*victricia Cæſar*
Signa Caledonios tranſvexit ad uſque Britannos. Sidon. Apollin.

Fig. 10. But to return to *Achaia*, whom we left upon her knees before the Emperor *Adrian*. She has a pot before her with a ſprig of Parſly riſing out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull ſtory of *Hercules*'s eating a ſallade of Parſly for his refreſhment, after his encounter with the *Nemean* Lion. It is certain, there were in *Achaia* the *Nemean* Games, and that a garland of Parſly was the Victor's reward. You have an account of theſe Games in *Auſonius*.

Quattuor antiquos celebravit Achaïa Ludos,
Cœlicolûm duo ſunt, et duo feſta hominum.
Sacra Jovis, Phœbique, Palæmonis, Archemorique:
Serta quibus pinus, malus, oliva, apium. Auſ. de Luſtral. Agon.

Greece,

Greece, in four games thy martial youth were train'd;
For Heroes two, and two for Gods ordain'd:
Jove bade the Olive round his Victor wave;
Phœbus to his an Apple-garland gave:
The Pine, *Palæmon*; nor with leſs renown,
Archemorus conferr'd the Parſly-crown.

Archemori Nemeæa colunt funebria Thebæ. Id. de locis Agon.

——— *Alcides Nemeæ ſacravit honorem.* de Auct. Agon. Id.

Archemori Nemeæa colunt funebria Thebæ. Id.

One reaſon why they choſe Parſly for a Garland, was doubtleſs becauſe it always preſerves its verdure, as *Horace* oppoſes it to the ſhort-lived Lilly.

Neu vivax apium, nec breve lilium. Lib. 1. Od. 36.

Let fading Lillies and the Roſe
Their beauty and their ſmell diſcloſe;
Let long-liv'd Parſly grace the feaſt,
And gently cool the heated gueſt. Mr. *Creech.*

Juvenal mentions the Crown that was made of it, and which here ſurrounds the head of *Achaia.*

——— *Graiæque apium meruiſſe coronæ.* Juv. Sat. 8.

And winning at a Wake their Parſly crown. M. *Stepney.*

She preſents herſelf to the Emperor in the ſame poſture that the *Germans* and *Engliſh* ſtill ſalute the Imperial and Royal family.

——— *jus imperiumque Phraates*
Cæſaris accepit genibus minor. ——— Hor. Epiſ. 12. Li. 1.

The haughty *Parthian* now to *Cæſar* kneels. Mr. *Creech.*

Ille qui donat diadema fronti
Quem genu nixæ tremuere gentes. Senec. Thyeſt. Act 3.

——— *Non, ut inflexo genu.*
Regnantem adores, petimus. Idem.

Te linguis variæ gentes, miſſique rogatum
Fœdera Perſarum proceres cum patre ſedentem,

Hac

Hac quondam videre domo; poſitâque tiarâ
Submiſere genu.———— Claud. ad Honorium.

Thy infant Virtue various climes admir'd,
And various tongues to ſound thy praiſe conſpir'd:
Thee next the Sovereign ſeat, the *Perſians* view'd,
When in this Regal Dome for peace they ſu'd:
Each Turban low, in ſign of worſhip, wav'd;
And every knee confeſt the boon they crav'd.

Fig. 12. *Sicily* appears before *Adrian* in the ſame poſture. She has a bundle of Corn in her hand, and a Garland of it on her head, as ſhe abounds in wheat, and was conſecrated to *Ceres*.

Utraque frugiferis eſt Inſula nobilis arvis:
Nec plus Heſperiam longinquis meſſibus ullæ,
Nec Romana magis complerunt horrea terræ.
de Sicilia et Sardinia. Lu. Li. 2.

Sardinia too, renow'd for yellow fields,
With *Sicily* her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boaſt,
Nor waft more plenty to the *Roman* coaſt. Mr. *Rowe*.

Terra tribus ſcopulis vatum procurrit in æquor
Trinacris, a poſitu nomen adepta loci,
Grata domus Cereri. multas ibi poſſidet urbes:
In quibus eſt culto fertilis Henna ſolo. Ov. de Faſt. Li. 4.

To *Ceres* dear, the fruitful land is fam'd
For three tall Capes, and thence *Trinacria* nam'd:
There *Henna* well rewards the tiller's toil,
The faireſt Champian of the faireſt Iſle.

Fig. 13. We find *Judæa* on ſeveral coins of *Veſpaſian* and *Titus*, in a poſture that denotes ſorrow and captivity. The firſt figure of her is drawn to the life, in a picture that *Seneca* has given us of the *Trojan* matrons bewailing their captivity.

————*paret exertos*
Turba lacertos. Veſte remiſſâ
Subſtringe ſinus, uteroque tenus
Pateant artus————

——*cadat*

———*cadat ex humeris*
Veſtis apertis: imumque tegat
Suffulta latus. jam nuda vocant
Pectora dextras. nunc nunc vires
Exprome, Dolor, tuas
Hecuba ad Trojanarum chorum. Sen. Troas. Act. 1.

———Bare
Your arms, your veſtures ſlackly ty'd
Beneath your naked boſoms, ſlide
Down to your waſtes———
———Let
From your diveſted ſhoulders ſlide
Your garments, down on either ſide.
Now bared boſoms call for blows,
Now, Sorrow, all thy pow'rs diſcloſe. Sir *Ed. Sherburn.*

———*apertæ pectora matres*
Significant luctum——— Ov. Met. Li. 13.

Who bar'd their breaſts, and gave their hair to flow:
The ſigns of grief, and mark of publick woe.

The head is veiled in both figures, as another expreſſion of grief.

———*ipſa triſti veſtis obtentu caput*
Velata, juxta præſides aſtat Deos. Sen. Herc. fur. Act. 2.

Sic ubi fata, caput ferali obducit amictu,
Decrevitque pati tenebras, puppiſque cavernis
Delituit: ſævumque arctè complexa dolorem
Perfruitur lacrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.
Luc. Li. 9. de Corneliâ.

So ſaid the Matron; and about her head
Her veil ſhe draws, her mournful eyes to ſhade:
Reſolv'd to ſhroud in thickeſt ſhades her woe,
She ſeeks the ſhip's deep darkſome Hold below:
There lonely left, at leiſure to complain,
She hugs her ſorrows, and enjoys her pain;
Still with freſh tears the living grief wou'd feed,
And fondly loves it, in her husbands ſtead. Mr. *Rowe.*

I need not mention her ſitting on the ground, becauſe we have already ſpoken of the aptneſs of ſuch a poſture to repreſent an extreme affliction. I fancy, ſays *Eugenius*, the *Romans* might have an eye on the cuſtoms of the *Jewiſh* nation, as well as of thoſe of their country, in the ſeveral marks of ſorrow they have ſet on this figure. The Pſalmiſt deſcribes the *Jews* lamenting their captivity in the ſame penſive poſture. *By the waters of* Babylon *we ſate down and wept, when we remembred thee, O* Sion. But what is more remarkable, we find *Judæa* repreſented as a woman in ſorrow ſitting on the ground, in a paſſage of the Prophet, that foretels the very captivity recorded on this Medal. The covering of the head, and the rending of garments, we find very often in Holy Scripture, as the expreſſions of a raging grief. But what is the tree we ſee on both theſe Medals? We find, ſays *Philander*, not only on theſe, but on ſeveral other coins that relate to *Judæa*, the figure of a Palm-tree, to ſhow us that Palms are the growth of the country. Thus *Silius Italicus*, ſpeaking of *Veſpaſian*'s conqueſt, that is the ſubject of this Medal.

Palmiferamque ſenex bello domitabit Idumen. Sil. It. Li. 3.

Martial ſeems to have hinted at the many pieces of painting and ſculpture that were occaſioned by this conqueſt of *Judæa*, and had generally ſomething of the Palm-tree in them. It begins an Epigram on the death of *Scorpus* a chariot-driver, which in thoſe degenerate times of the Empire was looked upon as a public calamity.

Triſtis Idumæas frangat Victoria palmas;
Plange Favor ſæva pectora nuda manu. Mart. Li. 10. Epig. 50.

The man by the Palm-tree in the firſt of theſe Medals, is ſuppoſed to be a *Jew* with his hands bound behind him.

Fig. 14. I need not tell you that the winged figure on the other Medal is a *Victory*. She is repreſented here as on many other coins, writing ſomething on a ſhield. We find this way of regiſtring a *Victory* touched upon in *Virgil*, and *Silius Italicus*.

Ære cavo clypeum, magni geſtamen Abantis,
Poſtibus adverſis figo, et rem carmine ſigno;
Æneas hæc de Danaïs victoribus arma. Virg. Æn. Li. 3.

I fix'd upon the Temple's lofty door
The brazen ſhield, which vanquiſh'd *Abas* bore:

The

The verse beneath my name and actions speaks,
" These arms *Æneas* took from conqu'ring *Greeks*. Mr. *Dryden*.

Pyrenes tumulo clypeum cum carmine figunt;
Hasdrubalis spolium Gradivo Scipio victor. Sil. Ital. Li. 15.

High on *Pyrene*'s airy top they plac'd,
The captive Shield, with this inscription grac'd:
" Sacred to *Mars*, these votive spoils proclaim
" The fate of *Asdrubal*, and *Scipio*'s fame.

Parthia has on one side of her the Bow and Quiver which are so much talked of by the Poets. *Lucan*'s account of the *Parthians* is very pretty and poetical. Fig. 15.

——————Parthoque sequente
Murus erit, quodcunque potest obstare sagittæ——
Illita tela dolis, nec Martem comminus unquam
Ausa pati virtus, sed longè tendere nervos,
Et, quo ferre velint, permittere vulnera ventis. Luc. Li. 8.

Each fence, that can their winged shafts endure,
Stands, like a fort, impregnable, secure——
To taint their coward darts is all their care,
And then to trust them to the flitting air. Mr. *Rowe*.

——————Sagittiferosque Parthos. Catul.

The Crown she holds in her hand, refers to the crown of gold that *Parthia*, as well as other provinces, presented to the Emperor *Antonine*. The presenting a Crown, was the giving up the soveraignty into his hands.

Ipse oratores ad me, regnique coronam,
Cum sceptro misit—————— Virg. Æn. Li. 8.

Tarchon, the *Tuscan* Chief, to me has sent
Their Crown, and ev'ry regal ornament. Mr. *Dryden*.

Antioch has an Anchor by her, in memory of her founder *Seleucus*, whose race was all born with this mark upon them, if you'll believe Historians. *Ausonius* has taken notice of it in his verses on this city. Fig. 16.

——————Illa Seleucum
Nuncupat ingenuum, cujus fuit Anchora signum,

Qualis inuſta ſolet; generis nota certa, per omnem
Nam ſobolis ſeriem nativa cucurrit imago.

Auſ. Ordo Nobil. Urbium.

Thee, great *Seleucus*, bright in *Grecian* fame!
The tow'rs of *Antioch* for their founder claim:
Thee *Phœbus* at thy birth his ſon confeſt,
By the fair Anchor on the babe impreſt;
Which all thy genuine off-ſpring wont to grace,
From thigh to thigh tranſmiſſive thro' the race.

Fig. 17. *Smyrna* is always repreſented by an *Amazon*, that is ſaid to have been her firſt foundreſs. You ſee her here ent'ring into a league with *Thyatira*. Each of them holds her tutelar Deity in her hand.

Jus ille, et icti fœderis teſtes Deos
Invocat. ——————— Sen. Phæniſſæ. Act. 1.

On the left arm of *Smyrna*, is the *Pelta* or Buckler of the *Amazons*, as the long weapon by her is the *Bipennis* or *Securis*.

Non tibi Amazonia eſt pro me ſumenda ſecuris,
Aut exciſa levi pelta gerenda manu. Ov. Li. 3. Epiſ. 1. ex Pont.

Lunatis agmina peltis. Virg.

In their right hands a pointed Dart they wield;
The left, for ward, ſuſtains the lunar Shield. Mr. *Dryden.*

Videre Rhæti bella ſub Alpibus
Druſum gerentem, et Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia ſecuri
Dextras obarmet quærere diſtuli. ——— Hor. Od. 4. Li. 4.

Such *Druſus* did in arms appear,
When near the *Alps* he urg'd the war:
In vain the *Rhæti* did their axes wield,
Like *Amazons* they fought, like women fled the field:
But why thoſe ſavage troops this weapon chuſe,
Confirm'd by long eſtabliſh'd uſe,
Hiſtorians would in vain diſcloſe.

Fig. 18. The dreſs that *Arabia* appears in, brings to my mind the deſcription *Lucan* has made of theſe eaſtern nations.

Quicquid

Quicquid ad Eoos tractus, mundique teporem
Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cœli.
Illic et laxas vestes, et fluxa virorum
Velamenta vides.——— Luc. Lib. 8.

While *Asia*'s softer climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease.
Here silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing Purple streams. Mr. *Rowe.*

She bears in one hand a sprig of frankincense.

———*solis est thurea virga Sabeis.* Virg.

And od'rous fankincense on the *Sabæan* bough. Mr. *Dryden.*

Thuriferos Arabum saltus. Claud. de 3. Cons. Honor.

Thurilegos Arabas ——— Ov. de Fas. Lib. 4.

In the other hand you see the perfumed reed, as the garland on her head may be supposed to be woven out of some other part of her fragrant productions.

Nec procul in molles Arabas terramque ferentem
Delicias, variæque novos radicis honores;
Leniter adfundit gemmantia littora pontus,
Et terræ mare nomen habet—— de sinu Arabico. Manil. Lib. 4.

More west the other soft *Arabia* beats,
Where incense grows, and pleasing odour sweats:
The Bay is call'd th' *Arabian* gulf; the name
The country gives it, and 'tis great in fame. Mr. *Creech.*

Urantur pia thura focis, urantur odores,
Quos tener à terrâ divite mittit Arabs. Tibul. Lib. 2. El. 2.

———*sit dives amomo,*
Cinnamaque, costumque suam, sudataque ligno
Thura ferat, florisque alios Panchaïa tellus,
Dum ferat et Myrrham. Ov. Met. Lib. 10.

Let *Araby* extol her happy coast,
Her Cinamon, and sweet *Amomum* boast;

Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her ſecond harveſts, and her double years:
How can the land be call'd ſo bleſs'd, that *Myrrha* bears?
Mr. *Dryden.*

——— *Odoratæ ſpirant medicamina Sylvæ.* Manil.

The trees drop balſam, and on all the boughs
Health ſits, and makes it ſovereign as it flows. Mr. *Creech.*

Cinnami ſylvas Arabes beatos
Vidit——— Sen. OEdip. Act. 1.

What a delicious country is this, ſays *Cynthio?* a man almoſt ſmells it in the deſcriptions that are made of it. The Camel is in *Arabia*, I ſuppoſe, a beaſt of burden, that helps to carry off its ſpices. We find the Camel, ſays *Philander*, mentioned in *Perſius* on the ſame account.

Tolle recens primus piper è ſitiente Camelo. Perſ. Sat. 5.

———The precious weight
Of pepper, and *Sabæan* incenſe, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's back. Mr. *Dryden.*

He loads the Camel with pepper, becauſe the animal and its cargo are both the productions of the ſame country.

Mercibus hic Italis mutat ſub ſole recenti
Rugoſum piper——— Id. Sat. 5.

The greedy Merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd *Indies* and the riſing Sun;
From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
Bart'ring for ſpices their *Italian* ware. Mr. *Dryden.*

You have given us ſome quotations out of *Perſius* this morning, ſays *Eugenius*, that in my opinion have a great deal of poetry in them. I have often wondered at Mr. *Dryden* for paſſing ſo ſevere a cenſure on this Author. He fancies the deſcription of a Wreck that you have already cited, is too good for *Perſius*, and that he might be helpt in it by *Lucan*, who was one of his contemporaries. For my part, ſays *Cynthio*, I am ſo far from Mr. *Dryden*'s opinion in this particular, that I fancy *Perſius* a better Poet than *Lucan*: and that had he been engaged on the ſame ſubject, he would at leaſt in his Expreſſions and Deſcriptions have

out-writ the *Pharsalia*. He was indeed employed on subjects that seldom led him into any thing like Description, but where he has an occasion of shewing himself, we find very few of the *Latin* Poets that have given a greater beauty to their Expressions. His obscurities are indeed sometimes affected, but they generally arise from the remoteness of the Customs, Persons and Things he alludes to: as Satyr is for this reason more difficult to be understood by those that are not of the same Age with it, than any other kind of Poetry. Love-verses and Heroics deal in Images that are ever fixed and settled in the nature of things, but a thousand ideas enter into Satyr, that are as changeable and unsteady as the mode or the humours of mankind.

Our three friends had passed away the whole morning among their Medals and *Latin* Poets. *Philander* told them it was now too late to enter on another Series, but if they would take up with such a dinner as he could meet with at his Lodgings, he would afterwards lay the rest of his Medals before them. *Cynthio* and *Eugenius* were both of them so well pleased with the novelty of the subject, that they would not refuse the offer *Philander* made them.

DIALOGUE III.

——causa eſt diſcriminis hujus
Conciſum Argentum in titulos facieſque minutas.
Juv. Sat. 14.

A PARALLEL between the Ancient and Modern MEDALS.

PHILANDER uſed every morning to take a walk in a neighbouring wood, that ſtood on the borders of the *Thames*. It was cut through by abundance of beautiful allies, which terminating on the water, looked like ſo many painted views in perſpective. The banks of the river and the thickneſs of the ſhades drew into them all the birds of the country, that at Sun-riſing filled the wood with ſuch a variety of notes, as made the prettieſt confuſion imaginable. I know in deſcriptions of this nature the ſcenes are generally ſuppoſed to grow out of the Author's imagination, and if they are not charming in all their parts, the Reader never imputes it to the want of ſun or ſoil, but to the Writer's barrenneſs of invention. It is *Cicero*'s obſervation on the Plane-tree, that makes ſo flouriſhing a figure in one of *Plato*'s Dialogues, that it did not draw its nouriſhment from the fountain that ran by it and watered its roots, but from the richneſs of the ſtile that deſcribes it. For my own part, as I deſign only to fix the ſcene of the following Dialogue, I ſhall not endeavour to give it any other ornaments than thoſe which nature has beſtowed upon it.

Philander was here enjoying the cool of the morning, among the dews that lay on every thing about him, and that gave the air ſuch a freſhneſs as is not a little agreeable in the hot part of the year. He had not been here long before he was joyned by *Cynthio* and *Eugenius*. *Cynthio* immediately fell upon *Philander* for breaking his night's reſt. You have

have so filled my head, says he, with old Coins, that I have had nothing but figures and inscriptions before my eyes. If I chanced to fall into a little slumber, it was immediately interrupted with the vision of a *Caduceus* or a *Cornu-copiæ*. You will make me believe, says *Philander*, that you begin to be reconciled to Medals. They say it is a sure sign a man loves money, when he is used to find it in his dreams. There is certainly, says *Eugenius*, something like Avarice in the study of Medals. The more a man knows of them, the more he desires to know. There is one subject in particular that *Cynthio*, as well as my self, has a mind to engage you in. We would fain know how the Ancient and Modern Medals differ from one another, and which of them deserves the preference. You have a mind to engage me in a subject, says *Philander*, that is perhaps of a larger extent than you imagine. To examine it throughly, it would be necessary to take them in pieces, and to speak of the difference that shews it self in their Metals, in the Occasion of stamping them, in the Inscriptions, and in the Figures that adorn them. Since you have divided your subject, says *Cynthio*, be so kind as to enter on it without any further preface.

We should first of all, says *Philander*, consider the difference of the Metals that we find in ancient and modern Coins, but as this speculation is more curious than improving, I believe you will excuse me if I do not dwell long upon it. One may understand all the learned part of this science, without knowing whether there were Coins of iron or lead among the old *Romas*, and if a man is well acquainted with the Device of a Medal, I do not see what necessity there is of being able to tell whether the Medal it self be of copper or *Corinthian* brass. There is however so great a difference between the antique and modern Medals, that I have seen an Antiquary lick an old Coin among other trials, to distiguish the age of it by its Taste. I remember when I laught at him for it, he told me with a great deal of vehemence, there was as much difference between the relish of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnep. It is pity, says *Eugenius*, but they found out the Smell too of an ancient Medal. They would then be able to judge of it by all the senses. The Touch, I have heard, gives almost as good evidence as the Sight, and the Ringing of a Medal is, I know, a very common experiment. But I suppose this last proof you mention relates only to such Coins as are made of your baser sorts of metal. And here, says *Philander*, we may observe the prudence of the Ancients above that of the Moderns, in the care they took to perpetuate the memory of great actions.

actions. They knew very well that ſilver and gold might fall into the hands of the covetous or ignorant, who would not reſpect them for the Device they bore, but for the Metal they were made of. Nor were their apprehenſions ill founded; for it is not eaſily imagined how many of theſe noble monuments of hiſtory have periſhed in the goldſmiths hands, before they came to be collected together by the learned men of theſe two or three laſt Centuries. Inſcriptions, Victories, Buildings, and a thouſand other pieces of antiquity were melted down in theſe barbarous Ages, that thought figures and letters only ſerved to ſpoil the gold that was charged with them. Your Medalliſts look on this deſtruction of Coins, as on the burning of the *Alexandrian* Library, and would be content to compound for them, with almoſt the loſs of a *Vatican*. To prevent this in ſome meaſure, the ancients placed the greateſt variety of their devices on their braſs and copper Coins, which are in no fear of falling into the clippers hands, nor in any danger of melting till the general conflagration. On the contrary, our modern Medals are moſt in ſilver or gold, and often in a very ſmall number of each. I have ſeen a golden one at *Vienna*, of *Philip* the ſecond, that weighed two and twenty pound, which is probably ſingular in its kind, and will not be able to keep it ſelf long out of the furnace when it leaves the Emperor's Treaſury. I remember another in the King of *Pruſſia*'s collection, that has in it three pound weight of gold. The Princes who ſtruck theſe Medals, ſays *Eugenius*, ſeem to have deſigned them rather as an oſtentation of their Wealth, than of their Virtues. They fancied probably, it was a greater honour to appear in gold than in copper, and that a Medal receives all its value from the rarity of the metal. I think the next ſubject you propoſed to ſpeak of, were the different Occaſions that have given birth to ancient and modern Medals.

Before we enter on this particular, ſays *Philander*, I muſt tell you by way of preliminary, that formerly there was no difference between Money and Medals. An old *Roman* had his purſe full of the ſame pieces that we now preſerve in Cabinets. As ſoon as an Emperor had done any thing remarkable, it was immediately ſtamped on a Coin, and became current through his whole Dominions. It was a pretty contrivance, ſays *Cynthio*, to ſpread abroad the virtues of an Emperor, and make his actions circulate. A freſh Coin was a kind of a *Gazette*, that publiſhed the lateſt news of the Empire. I ſhould fancy your *Roman* Bankers were very good Hiſtorians. It is certain, ſays *Eugenius*, they might find their profit and inſtruction mixed together. I have often wondered that no nation among the moderns has imitated the ancient *Romans* in this particular.

ticular. I know no other way of ſecuring theſe kinds of monuments, and making them numerous enough to be handed down to future ages. But where Stateſmen are ruled by a ſpirit of faction and intereſt, they can have no paſſion for the glory of their country, nor any concern for the figure it will make among poſterity. A man that talks of his nation's honour a thouſand years hence, is in very great danger of being laught at. We ſhall think, ſays *Cynthio*, you have a mind to fall out with the Government, becauſe it does not encourage Medals. But were all your ancient Coins that are now in Cabinets once current money? It is the moſt probable opinion, ſays *Philander*, that they were all of them ſuch, excepting thoſe we call Medalions. Theſe in reſpect of the other Coins were the ſame as modern Medals, in reſpect of modern money. They were exempted from all commerce, and had no other value but what was ſet upon them by the fancy of the owner. They are ſuppoſed to have been ſtruck by Emperors for preſents to their Friends, foreign Princes, or Ambaſſadors. However, that the ſmallneſs of their number might not endanger the loſs of the devices they bore, the *Romans* took care generally to ſtamp the ſubject of their medalions on their ordinary Coins that were the running caſh of the nation. As if in *England* we ſhould ſee on our half-peny and farthing pieces, the ſeveral deſigns that ſhow themſelves in their perfection on our Medals.

If we now conſider, continued *Philander*, the different Occaſions or Subjects of ancient and modern Medals, we ſhall find they both agree in recording the great actions and ſucceſſes in war, allowing ſtill for the different ways of making it, and the circumſtances that attended it in paſt ages, and in the preſent. I ſhall inſtance one. I do not remember in any old Coin to have ſeen the taking of a town mentioned: as indeed there were few conquerors could ſignalize themſelves that way before the invention of powder and fortifications, a ſingle battle often deciding the fate of whole kingdoms. Our modern Medals give us ſeveral ſieges and plans of fortified towns, that ſhow themſelves in all their parts to a great advantage on the reverſe of a Coin. It is indeed, a kind of juſtice, ſays *Eugenius*, that a Prince owes to poſterity, after he has ruined or defaced a ſtrong place to deliver down to them a model of it as it ſtood whole and entire. The Coin repairs in ſome meaſure the miſchiefs of his Bombs and Cannons. In the next place, ſays *Philander*, we ſee both on the ancient and modern Medals the ſeveral noble pieces of Architecture that were finiſhed at the time when the Medals were ſtamped. I muſt obſerve however, to the honour of the latter, that they have repreſented

their buildings according to the rules of perſpective. This I remember to have ſeen but in very few of the plans on ancient Coins, which makes them appear much leſs beautiful than the modern, eſpecially to a mathematical eye. Thus far our two ſetts of Medals agree as to their Subject. But old Coins go farther in their compliments to their Emperor, as they take occaſion to celebrate his diſtinguiſhing Virtues; not as they ſhowed themſelves in any particular action, but as they ſhone out in the general view of his character. This humour went ſo far, that we ſee *Nero*'s fidling, and *Commodus*'s skill in fencing, on ſeveral of their Medals. At preſent, you never meet with the King of *France*'s generoſity, nor the Emperor's devotion recorded after this manner. Again, the *Romans* uſed to regiſter the great actions of Peace that turned to the good of the people, as well as thoſe of War. The remiſſion of a Debt, the taking off a Duty, the giving up a Tax, the mending a Port, or the making a Highway, were not looked upon as improper ſubjects for a Coin. They were glad of any opportunity to encourage their Emperors in the humour of doing good, and knew very well, that many of theſe acts of beneficence had a wider and more laſting influence on the happineſs and welfare of a people, than the gaining a Victory, or the Conqueſt of a nation. In *England* perhaps it would have looked a little odd, to have ſtamped a Medal on the aboliſhing of Chimney-money in the laſt Reign, or on the giving a hundred thouſand pound a year towards the carrying on a war, in this. I find, ſays *Eugenius*, had we ſtruck in with the practice of the ancient *Romans*, we ſhould have had Medals on the fitting up our ſeveral Docks, on the making of our Rivers navigable, on the building our men of War, and the like ſubjects, that have certainly very well deſerved them. The reaſon why it has been neglected, ſays *Philander*, may poſſibly be this. Our Princes have the coining of their own Medals, and perhaps may think it would look like vanity to erect ſo many Trophies and Monuments of praiſe to their own merit; whereas among the ancient *Romans*, the Senate had ſtill a watchful eye on their Emperor, and if they found any thing in his life and actions that might furniſh out a Medal, they did not fail of making him ſo acceptable an offering. 'Tis true, their flatteries betray often ſuch a baſeneſs of ſpirit, as one would little expect to find among ſuch an order of men. And here by the way we may obſerve, that you never find any thing like Satyr or Raillery on old Coins.

Whatever victories were got on foreign enemies, or the ſeveral pretenders to the Empire obtained over one another, they are recorded on Coins without the leaſt bitterneſs or reflection. The Emperors often

jeſted

jeſted on their rivals or predeceſſors, but their Mints ſtill maintained their gravity. They might publiſh invectives againſt one another in their diſcourſes or writings, but never on their Coins. Had we no other hiſtories of the *Roman* Emperors, but thoſe we find on their money, we ſhould take them for the moſt virtuous race of Princes that mankind were ever bleſſed with: whereas, if we look into their lives, they appear many of them ſuch monſters of luſt and cruelty, as are almoſt a reproach to human nature. Medals are therefore ſo many compliments to an Emperor, that aſcribe to him all the Virtues and Victories he himſelf pretended to. Were you to take from hence all your informations, you would fancy *Claudius* as great a Conqueror as *Julius Cæſar*, and *Domitian* a wiſer Prince than his brother *Titus*. *Tiberius* on his Coins is all Mercy and Moderation, *Caligula* and *Nero* are Fathers of their Country, *Galba* the patron of public Liberty, and *Vitellius* the reſtorer of the city of *Rome*. In ſhort, if you have a mind to ſee the religious *Commodus*, the pious *Caracalla*, and the devout *Heliogabalus*, you may find them either in the inſcription or device of their Medals. On the contrary, thoſe of a modern make are often charged with Irony and Satyr. Our Kings no ſooner fall out, but their mints make war upon one another, and their malice appears on their Medals. One meets ſometimes with very nice touches of Raillery, but as we have no inſtance of it among the ancient Coins, I ſhall leave you to determine, whether or no it ought to find a place there. I muſt confeſs, ſays *Cynthio*, I believe we are generally in the wrong, when we deviate from the ancients: becauſe their practice is for the moſt part grounded upon reaſon. But if our fore-fathers have thought fit to be grave and ſerious, I hope their poſterity may laugh without offence. For my part, I cannot but look on this kind of Raillery as a refinement on Medals: and do not ſee why there may not be ſome for diverſion, at the ſame time that there are others of a more ſolemn and majeſtic nature, as a Victory may be celebrated in an Epigram as well as in an Heroic Poem. Had the ancients given place to Raillery on any of their Coins, I queſtion not but they would have been the moſt valued parts of a collection. Beſides the entertainment we ſhould have found in them, they would have ſhown us the different ſtate of Wit, as it flouriſhed or decayed in the ſeveral ages of the *Roman* Empire. There is no doubt, ſays *Philander*, but our fore-fathers, if they had pleaſed, could have been as witty as their poſterity. But I am of opinion, they induſtriouſly avoided it on their Coins, that they might not give us occaſion to ſuſpect their ſincerity. Had they run into mirth or ſatyr we ſhould not have thought they

had deſigned ſo much to inſtruct as to divert us. I have heard, ſays *Eugenius*, that the *Romans* ſtamped ſeveral Coins on the ſame occaſion. If we follow their example, there will be no danger of deceiving poſterity: ſince the more ſerious ſort of Medals may ſerve as Comments on thoſe of a lighter character. However it is, the raillery of the Moderns cannot be worſe than the flattery of the Ancients. But hitherto you have only mentioned ſuch Coins as were made on the Emperor, I have ſeen ſeveral of our own time that have been made as a compliment to private perſons. There are pieces of money, ſays *Philander*, that during the time of the *Roman* Emperors, were coined in honour of the Senate, Army or People. I do not remember to have ſeen in the upper Empire the face of any private perſon that was not ſome way related to the Imperial family. *Sejanus* has indeed his Conſulſhip mentioned on a Coin of *Tiberius*, as he has the honour to give a name to the year in which our Saviour was crucified. We are now come to the Legend or Inſcription of our Medals, which as it is one of the more eſſential parts of them, it may deſerve to be examined more at length. You have choſen a very ſhort Text to enlarge upon, ſays *Cynthio*: I ſhould as ſoon expect to ſee a Critique on the Poſie of a Ring, as on the Inſcription of a Medal.

I have ſeen ſeveral modern Coins, ſays *Philander*, that have had part of the Legend running round the edges, like the *Decus et Tutamen* in our milled money; ſo that a few years will probably wear out the action that the Coin was deſigned to perpetuate. The ancients were too wiſe to regiſter their exploits on ſo nice a ſurface. I ſhould fancy, ſays *Eugenius*, the moderns may have choſen this part of the Medal for the inſcription, that the figures on each ſide might appear to a greater advantage. I have obſerved in ſeveral old Coins a kind of confuſion between the legend and the device. The figures and letters were ſo mingled together, that one would think the Coiner was hard put to it on what part of the money to beſtow the ſeveral words of his inſcription. You have found out ſomething like an excuſe, ſays *Philander*, for your milled Medals, if they carried the whole legend on their edges. But at the ſame time that they are lettered on the edges, they have other inſcriptions on the face and the reverſe. Your modern Deſigners cannot contract the occaſion of the Medal into an inſcription that is proper to the Volume they write upon: ſo that having ſcribbled over both ſides, they are forced, as it were, to write upon the margin. The firſt fault therefore that I ſhall find with a modern legend, is its Diffuſiveneſs. You have

have ſometimes the whole ſide of a Medal over-run with it. One would fancy the Author had a deſign of being *Ciceronian* in his *Latin*, and of making a round period. I will give you only the reverſe of a Coin ſtampt by the preſent Emperor of *Germany*, on the raiſing of the ſiege of *Vienna*. VIENNA AVSTRIÆ $\frac{4}{14}$ IVLII AB ACHMETE II. OBSESSA $\frac{2}{12}$ SEPT. EX INSPERATO AB EO DESERTA EST. I ſhould take this, ſays *Cynthio*, for the paragraph of a *Gazette*, rather than the inſcription of a Medal. I remember you repreſented your ancient Coins as abridgments of hiſtory; but your modern, if there are many of them like this, ſhould themſelves be epitomized. Compare with this, ſays *Philander*, the brevity and comprehenſiveneſs of thoſe legends that appear on ancient Coins.

Salus Generis humani. Tellus ſtabilita. Gloria Orbis Terræ. Pacator Orbis. Reſtitutor Orbis Terrarum. Gaudium Reipublicæ. Hilaritas populi Romani. Bono Reipub. nati. Roma renaſcens. Libertas reſtituta. Sæculum Aureum. Puellæ Fauſtinianæ. Rex Parthis datus. Victoria Germanica. Fides Mutua. Aſia Subacta. Judæa capta. Amor mutuus. Genetrix orbis. Sideribus recepta. Genio Senatûs. Fides exercitûs. Providentia Senatûs. Reſtitutori Hiſpaniæ. Adventui Aug. Britanniæ. Regna Adſignata. Adlocutio. Diſcipulina Auguſti. Felicitas publica. Rex Armenis datus.

What a majeſty and force does one meet with in theſe ſhort Inſcriptions! Are not you amazed to ſee ſo much hiſtory gathered into ſo ſmall a compaſs? You have often the ſubject of a Volume in a couple of words.

If our modern Medals are ſo very prolix in their proſe, they are every whit as tedious in their verſe. You have ſometimes a dull Epigram of four lines. This, ſays *Cynthio*, may be of great uſe to immortalize Punns and Quibbles, and to let poſterity ſee their forefathers were a parcel of blockheads. A Coin, I find, may be of great uſe to a bad Poet. If he cannot become immortal by the goodneſs of his verſe, he may by the durableneſs of the Metal that ſupports it. I ſhall give you an inſtance, ſays *Philander*, from a Medal of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, that will ſtand as an eternal monument of Dullneſs and Bravery.

Miles ego Chriſti, Chriſto duce ſterno tyrannos,
Hæreticos ſimul et calco meis pedibus.
Parcere Chriſticolis me, debellare feroces
Papicolas Chriſtus dux meus en animat.

It

It is well, ſays *Cynthio*, you tell us this is a Medal of the Great *Guſtavus*: I ſhould have taken it for ſome one of his *Gothic* Predeceſſors. Does it not bring into your mind *Alexander* the Great's being accompanied with a *Chærilus* in his *Perſian* expedition? If you are offended at the homelineſs of this Inſcription, ſays *Philander*, what would you think of ſuch as have neither ſenſe nor grammar in them. I aſſure you I have ſeen the face of many a great Monarch hemmed in with falſe *Latin*. But it is not only the ſtupidity and tedioufneſs of theſe Inſcriptions that I find fault with; ſuppoſing them of a moderate length and proper ſenſe, why muſt they be in verſe? We ſhould be ſurprized to ſee the title of a ſerious book in rhime, yet it is every whit as ridiculous to give the ſubject of a Medal in a piece of an Hexameter. This however is the practice of our modern Medalliſts. If you look into the ancient Inſcriptions, you ſee an air of ſimplicity in the words, but a great magnificence in the thought; on the contrary, in your modern Medals you have generally a trifling thought wrapt up in the beginning or end of an Heroic verſe. Where the ſenſe of an Inſcription is low, it is not in the power of *Dactyls* and *Spondees* to raiſe it; where it is noble, it has no need of ſuch affected ornaments. I remember a Medal of *Philip* the ſecond, on *Charles le Quint*'s reſigning to him the Kingdom of *Spain*, with this Inſcription, *Ut Quieſcat Atlas*. The Device is a *Hercules* with the Sphere on his ſhoulders. Notwithſtanding the thought is poetical, I dare ſay you would think the beauty of the Inſcription very much loſt, had it been ——— *requieſcat ut Atlas*. To inſtance a Medal of our own nation. After the concluſion of the peace with *Holland*, there was one ſtampt with the following Legend ——— *Redeant Commercia Flandris*. The thought is here great enough, but in my opinion it would have looked much greater in two or three words of proſe. I think truly, ſays *Eugenius*, it is ridiculous enough to make the Inſcription run like a piece of a verſe, when it is not taken out of an old Author. But I would fain have your opinion on ſuch Inſcriptions as are borrowed from the *Latin* Poets. I have ſeen ſeveral of this ſort that have been very prettily applied, and I fancy when they are choſen with art, they ſhould not be thought unworthy of a place in your Medals

Which ever ſide I take, ſays *Philander*, I am like to have a great party againſt me. Thoſe who have formed their reliſh on old Coins, will by no means allow of ſuch an innovation; on the contrary, your men of wit will be apt to look on it as an improvement on ancient Medals.

You

You will oblige us however to let us know what kind of rules you would have obſerved in the choice of your quotations, ſince you ſeem to lay a ſtreſs on their being choſen with Art. You muſt know then, ſays *Eugenius*, I do not think it enough that a quotation tells us plain matter of fact, unleſs it has ſome other accidental ornaments to ſet it off. Indeed if a great action that ſeldom happens in the courſe of human affairs, is exactly deſcribed in the paſſage of an old Poet, it gives the Reader a very agreeable ſurprize, and may therefore deſerve a place on a Medal.

Again, if there is more than a ſingle circumſtance of the action ſpecified in the quotation, it pleaſes a man to ſee an old exploit copied out as it were by a Modern, and running parallel with it in ſeveral of its particulars.

In the next place, when the quotation is not only apt, but has in it a turn of Wit or Satyr, it is ſtill the better qualified for a Medal, as it has a double capacity of pleaſing.

But there is no Inſcription fitter for a Medal, in my opinion, than a quotation that beſides its aptneſs has ſomething in it lofty and ſublime: for ſuch a one ſtrikes in with the natural greatneſs of the ſoul, and produces a high idea of the perſon or action it celebrates, which is one of the principal deſigns of a Medal.

It is certainly very pleaſant, ſays *Eugenius*, to ſee a verſe of an old Poet, revolting as it were from its original ſenſe, and ſiding with a modern ſubject. But then it ought to do it willingly of its own accord, without being forced to it by any change in the words, or the punctuation: for when this happens, it is no longer the verſe of an ancient Poet, but of him that has converted it to his own uſe.

You have, I believe, by this time exhauſted your ſubject, ſays *Philander*; and I think the criticiſms you have made on the poetical quotations that we ſo often meet with in our modern Medals, may be very well applied to the Mottos of books, and other Inſcriptions of the ſame nature. But before we quit the Legends of Medals, I cannot but take notice of a kind of wit that flouriſhes very much on many of the modern, eſpecially thoſe of *Germany*, when they repreſent in the Inſcription the year in which they were coined. As to mention to you another of *Guſtaphus Adolphus*. CHRISTVS DVX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick out the figures from the ſeveral words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to 1627, the year in which the Medal was coined; for do not you obſerve ſome of the letters diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt, and top it over their fellows?

lows? theſe you muſt conſider in a double capacity, as letters or as cyphers. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn you over a whole Dictionary for one of theſe ingenious Devices. You would fancy perhaps they were ſearching after an apt claſſical term, but inſtead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L. an M. or a D. in it. When therefore you ſee any of theſe Inſcriptions, you are not ſo much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord. There are foreign Univerſities where this kind of wit is ſo much in vogue, that as you praiſe a man in *England* for being an excellent Philoſopher or Poet, it is an ordinary character among them to be a great Chronogrammatiſt. Theſe are probably, ſays *Cynthio*, ſome of thoſe mild provinces of Acroſtic land, that Mr. *Dryden* has aſſigned to his Anagrams, Wings and Altars. We have now done, I ſuppoſe, with the Legend of a Medal. I think you promiſed us in the next place to ſpeak of the Figures.

As we had a great deal of talk on this part of a Coin, replied *Philander*, in our diſcourſe on the Uſefulneſs of ancient Medals, I ſhall only juſt touch on the chief heads wherein the Ancient and the Modern differ. In the firſt place, the *Romans* always appear in the proper Dreſs of their country, inſomuch that you ſee the little variations of the Mode in the drapery of the Medal. They would have thought it ridiculous to have drawn an Emperor of *Rome* in a *Grecian* Cloak or a *Phrygian* Mitre. On the contrary, our modern Medals are full of *Toga's* and *Tunica's*, *Trabea's* and *Paludamentums*, with a multitude of the like antiquated garments, that have not been in faſhion theſe thouſand years. You ſee very often a King of *England* or *France* dreſſed up like a *Julius Cæſar*. One would think they had a mind to paſs themſelves upon poſterity for *Roman* Emperors. The ſame obſervation may run through ſeveral cuſtoms and religions, that appear in our ancient and modern Coins. Nothing is more uſual than to ſee Alluſions to *Roman* cuſtoms and ceremonies on the Medals of our own nation. Nay very often they carry the figure of a heathen god. If poſterity takes its notions of us from our Medals, they muſt fancy one of our Kings paid a great devotion to *Minerva*, that another was a profeſſed Worſhipper of *Apollo*, or at beſt that our whole religion was a mixture of Paganiſm and Chriſtianity. Had the old *Romans* been guilty of the ſame extravagance, there would have been ſo great a confuſion in their Antiquities, that their Coins would not have had half the uſes we now find in them. We ought to look on Medals as ſo many monuments conſigned over to Eternity, that may poſſibly laſt when all other memorials of the ſame Age are worn out or loſt. They are a kind of

Preſent

Preſent that thoſe who are actually in Being make over to ſuch as lie hid within the depths of Futurity. Were they only deſigned to inſtruct the three or four ſucceeding generations, they are in no great danger of being miſunderſtood: but as they may paſs into the hands of a poſterity, that lie many removes from us, and are like to act their part in the world, when its governments, manners, and religions, may be quite altered; we ought to take a particular care not to make any falſe reports in them, or to charge them with any Devices that may look doubtful or unintelligible.

I have lately ſeen, ſays *Eugenius*, a Medallic hiſtory of the preſent King of *France*. One might expect, methinks, to ſee the Medals of that nation in the higheſt perfection, when there is a ſociety penſioned and ſet apart on purpoſe for the deſigning of them.

We will examine them, if you pleaſe, ſays *Philander*, in the light that our foregoing obſervations have ſet them: but on this condition, that you do not look on the faults I find in them any more than my own private opinion. In the firſt place then, I think it is impoſſible to learn from the *French* Medals either the religion, cuſtom, or habits of the *French* nation. You ſee on ſome of them the Croſs of our Saviour, and on others *Hercules*'s Club. In one you have an Angel, and in another a *Mercury*. I fancy, ſays *Cynthio*, poſterity would be as much puzzled on the religion of *Louis le Grand*, were they to learn it from his Medals, as we are at preſent on that of *Conſtantine* the Great. It is certain, ſays *Philander*, there is the ſame mixture of Chriſtian and Pagan in their Coins; nor is there a leſs confuſion in their cuſtoms. For example, what relation is there between the figure of a Bull, and the planting of a *French* colony in *America*? The *Romans* made uſe of this type in alluſion to one of their own cuſtoms at the ſending out of a colony. But for the *French*, a Ram, a Hog, or an Elephant, would have been every whit as ſignificant an emblem. Then can any thing be more unnatural than to ſee a King of *France* dreſſed like an Emperor of *Rome*, with his arms ſtripped up to the elbows, a Laurel on his head, and a *Chlamys* over his ſhoulders? I fancy, ſays *Eugenius*, the ſociety of Medalliſts would give you their reaſons for what they have done. You your ſelf allow the Legend to be *Latin*, and why may not the cuſtoms and ornaments be of the ſame country as the language? eſpecially ſince they are all of them ſo univerſally underſtood by the learned. I own to you, ſays *Philander*, if they only deſign to deliver down to poſterity the ſeveral parts of their Great Monarch's hiſtory, it is no matter for the other circumſtances of a Medal; but I fancy it would be as great a pleaſure and inſtruction for

future ages, to ſee the Dreſſes and Cuſtoms of their anceſtors, as their Buildings and Victories. Beſides, I do not think they have always choſen a proper Occaſion for a Medal. There is one ſtruck, for example, on the *Engliſh* failing in their attempts on *Dunkirk:* when in the laſt reign they endeavoured to blow up a Fort, and bombard the town. What have the *French* here done to boaſt of? A Medal however you have with this inſcription, DVNKIRKA ILIÆSA. Not to cavil at the two K's in *Dunkirka*, or the impropriey of the word *Illæſa*, the whole Medal, in my opinion, tends not ſo much to the honour of the *French* as of the *Engliſh*,

——————— *quos opimus*
Fallere et effugere eſt triumphus.

I could mention a few other faults, or at leaſt what I take for ſuch. But at the ſame time muſt be forced to allow, that this Series of Medals is the moſt perfect of any among the moderns in the beauty of the Work, the aptneſs of the Device, and the propriety of the Legend. In theſe and other particulars, the *French* Medals come nearer the ancients than thoſe of any other country, as indeed it is to this nation we are indebted for the beſt lights that have been given to the whole ſcience in general.

I muſt not here forget to mention the Medallic hiſtory of the Popes, where there are many Coins of an excellent workmanſhip, as I think they have none of thoſe faults that I have ſpoken of in the preceding ſett. They are always *Roman*-Catholic in the Device and in the Legend, which are both of them many times taken out of the holy Scriptures, and therefore not unſuitable to the character of the Prince they repreſent. Thus when *Innocent* XI. lay under terrible apprehenſions of the *French* King, he put out a Coin, that on the reverſe of it had a ſhip toſſed on the waves to repreſent the Church. Before it, was the figure of our Saviour walking on the waters, and St. *Peter* ready to ſink at his feet. The inſcription, if I remember, was in *Latin*. *Help Lord, or elſe I periſh.* This puts me in mind, ſays *Cynthio*, of a Paſquinade, that at the ſame time was fixed up at *Rome*. *Ad Galli cantum Petrus flet.* But methinks, under this head of the figures on ancient and modern Coins, we might expect to hear your opinion on the difference that appears in the Workmanſhip of each. You muſt know then, ſays *Philander*, that till about the end of the third Century, when there was a general decay in all the arts of deſigning, I do not remember to have ſeen the head of a *Roman* Emperor drawn with a full face. They always appear in *profil*, to uſe a *French* term of art, which gives us the

view

view of a head, that, in my opinion, has ſomething in it very majeſtic, and at the ſame time ſuits beſt with the dimenſions of a Medal. Beſides that it ſhows the noſe and eyebrows, with the ſeveral prominencies and fallings in of the features, much more diſtinctly than any other kind of figure. In the lower Empire you have abundance of broad *Gothic* faces, like ſo many full Moons on the ſide of a Coin. Among the moderns too, we have of both ſorts, though the fineſt are made after the antique. In the next place, you find the figures of many ancient Coins riſing up in a much more beautiful *relief* than thoſe on the modern. This too is a beauty that fell with the grandeur of the *Roman* Emperors, ſo that you ſee the face ſinking by degrees in the ſeveral declenſions of the Empire, till about *Conſtantine*'s time it lies almoſt even with the ſurface of the Medal. After this it appears ſo very plain and uniform, that one would think the Coiner look'd on the flatneſs of a figure as one of the greateſt beauties in Sculpture. I fancy, ſays *Eugenius*, the Sculptors of that age had the ſame reliſh as a *Greek* Prieſt that was buying ſome religious pictures at *Venice*. Among others he was ſhown a noble piece of *Titian*. The Prieſt having well ſurvey'd it, was very much ſcandalized at the extravagance of the *relief*, as he termed it. You know, ſays he, our religion forbids all idolatry: We admit of no Images but ſuch as are drawn on a ſmooth ſurface: The figure you have here ſhown me, ſtands ſo much out to the eye, that I would no ſooner ſuffer it in my Church than a Statue. I could recommend your *Greek* Prieſt, ſays *Philander*, to abundance of celebrated Painters on this ſide of the *Alps* that would not fail to pleaſe him. We muſt own however, that the figures on ſeveral of our modern Medals are raiſed and rounded to a very great perfection. But if you compare them in this particular with the moſt finiſhed among the ancients, your men of art declare univerſally for the latter.

Cynthio and *Eugenius*, though they were well pleaſed with *Philander*'s diſcourſe, were glad however to find it at an end: for the Sun began to gather ſtrength upon them, and had pierced the ſhelter of their walks in ſeveral places. *Philander* had no ſooner done talking, but he grew ſenſible of the heat himſelf, and immediately propoſed to his friends the retiring to his lodgings, and getting a thicker ſhade over their heads. They both of them very readily cloſed with the propoſal, and by that means give me an opportunity of finiſhing my Dialogue.

THREE SETTS OF

MEDALS

Illuſtrated by the

ANCIENT POETS,

In the foregoing DIALOGUES.

---------- decipit
Frons prima multos; rara mens intelligit
Interiori condidit quæ cura angulo. Phædr.

Multa poetarum veniet manus, Auxilio quæ
Sit mihi ------- Hor.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.

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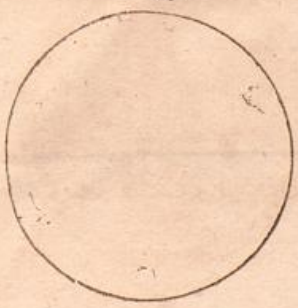


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23. DIVVS AVGVSTVS PATER. coin'd under *Tiberius.*
24. COS. IIII. S.C. Reverſe of *Antoninus Pius.*

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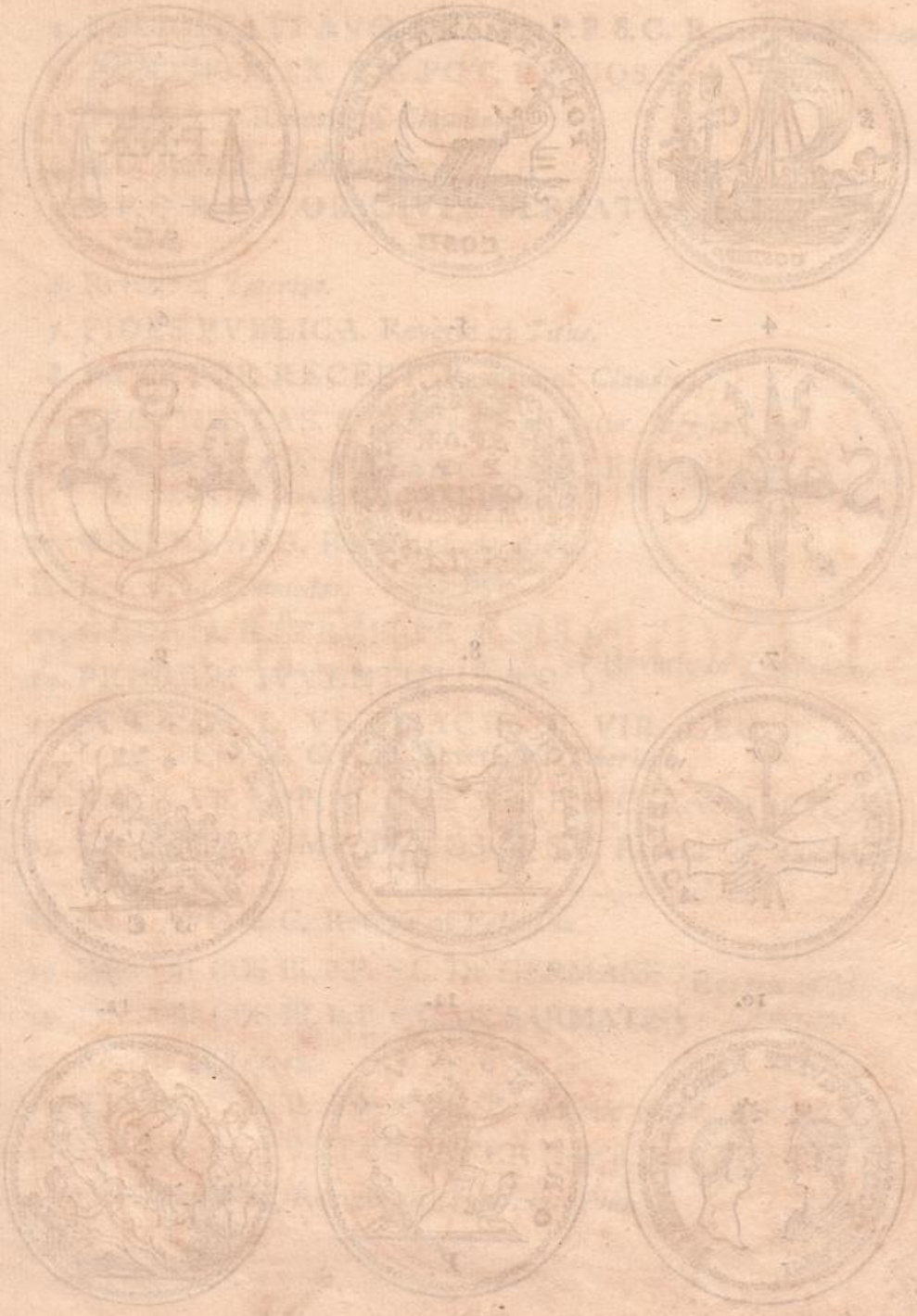


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FELIX ADVENTAVGGENN
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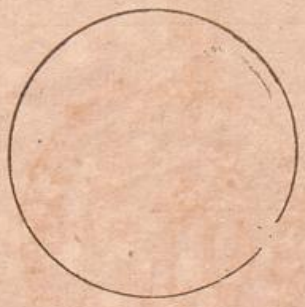
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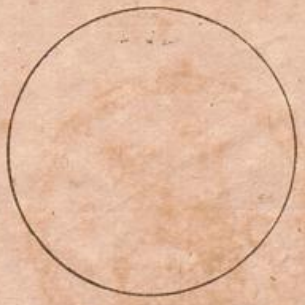
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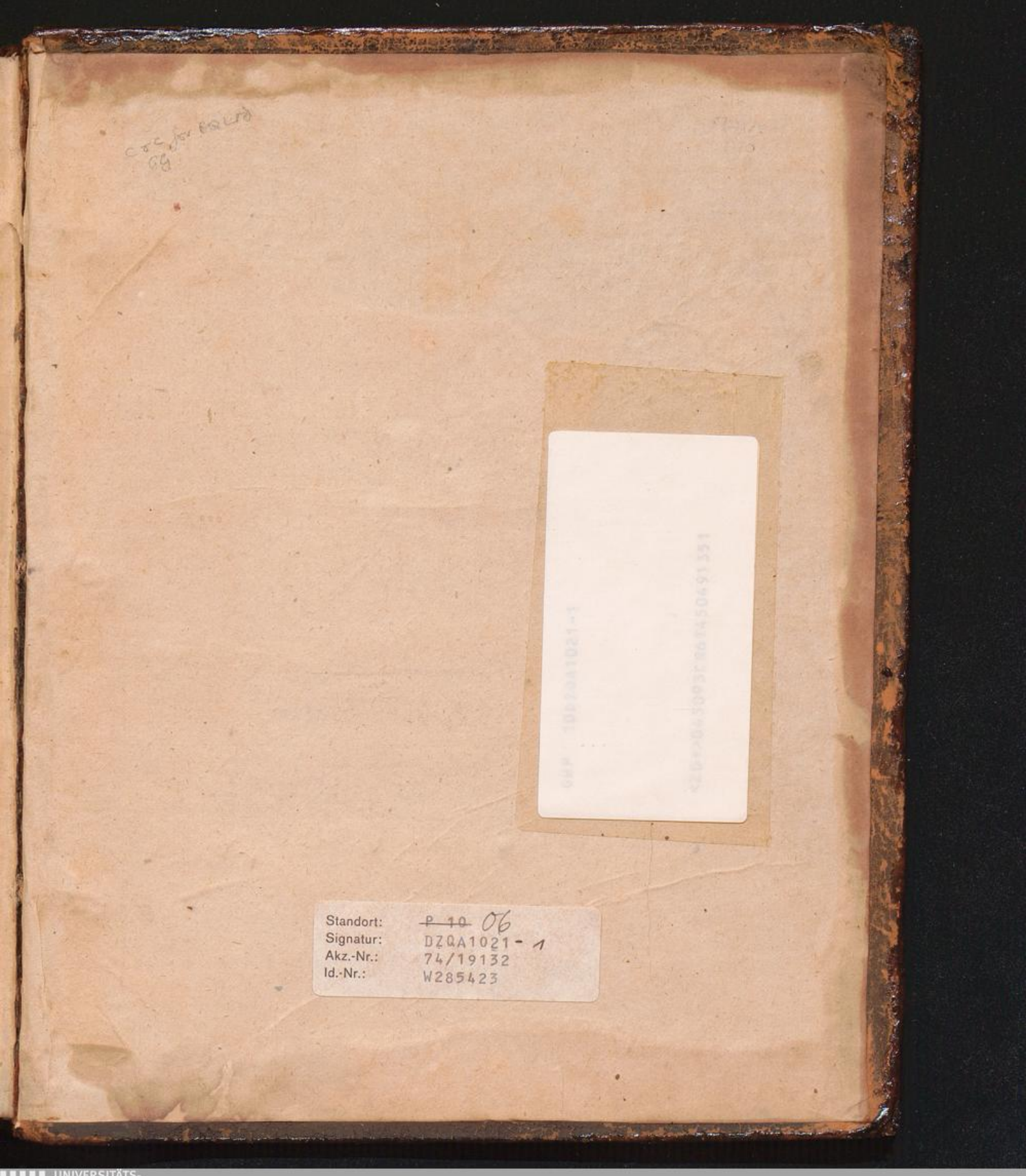
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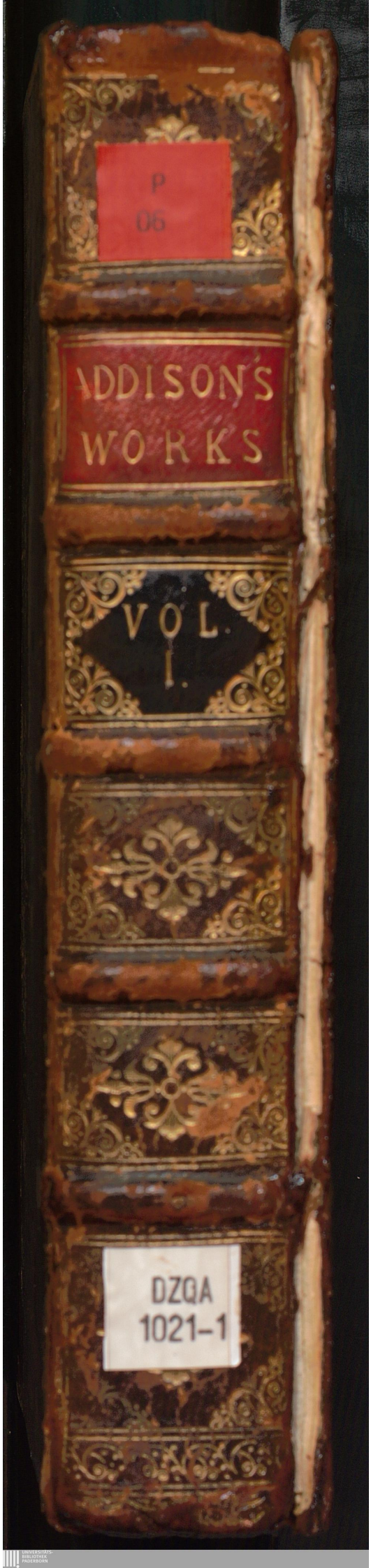
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