The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

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We will venture to say, that any person, who wishes to form a just notion of Addison's powers, will do well, at one sitting, to read, The 2 Visits to the Abbey. The Journal of the retired Citizen. The Creation of Man. The Vision of Zog, the 2. The decease of Sir Roger de Cover. No. 26, 329, 639, 317. 159. These papers, are all separate works.

From the Right Honble J. B. Macaulay, Esq., on the life of Addison, it appears, published in 1850.
John Bill
10th March
1852.

Charles Bill.
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.

MDCCXXI.
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.
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 Milson near Ambroshbury, 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 Milson above-mentioned, when Mr. Addison his eldest son was born: and afterwards became Arch-deacon of Coventry, and Dean of Lichfield.

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 gentle 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 Muse Anglicana, 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 style. 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 Muse Anglicana. 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
The Preface.

turning 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, which 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. Left 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 Miscellany, 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
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, address 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, enhance 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 relish'd by the bulk of readers; who expected an account, in a common way, of the customs and policies of the several governments in Italy, reflections 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
The 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 engagin 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 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 Sahini, 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 itself 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
The author, Godolphin, who was a fine judge of Poetry, had a great interest in 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 forever 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 Englishman; 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...
The PREFACE.

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 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 Personae, 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 subject,
The Preface.

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 reasonable. 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 show, 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 infolence, to soothe 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 put...
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 dropsey 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 address’d 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 aunder, 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.**

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 unfeared things,
Through rows 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 conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grace we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,
Oh gone for-ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montagu!

To view 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 loved 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, uncheck'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone.
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles flow
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, grace’d with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom shed;
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 thy unbody’d mind?
A winged Virtue, through the ethereal sky,
From world to world unweary’d does she 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 battell’d, and the Dragon fell?
Or, mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill effect’d below?
Or dost 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 disresses, 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 trod 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, rou’d by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
’Tis unblemish’d statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the sage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
If penitence to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o’er takes 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 cenfor, 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 bow’r 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 forfaken 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 absense, 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 thy unfinished 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! farewell.
Farewell! 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.

VOL. I.
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 Mufe betrays
The Roman Genius in its last Decays.
Poems on several Occasions.

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 may'st 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. 1601.

The Author's age 21.
A

POEM

TO HIS

*MAJESTY.

Presented to the Lord Keeper.

* King William. Printed in the year 1695. The Author's age 24.
Poems on several Occasions.

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 belp'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 Unform'd, and Battels yet to come.
And well could You, in Your Immortal strains,
Describe his Conduct, and Reward his Pains:
But since the State has all your Cares engross,
And Poetry in Higher thoughts is lost,

Attend
Poems on several Occasions.

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 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 Boys run thick with Human gore,
And floating Corps lyce 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 plunged 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!

VOL. I. C

Draw
Draw thee Belov’d in peace, and Fear’d in wars,
Inur’d to Noon-day sweets, 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 Verfe the mighty Act succeeds,
One Age the Hero, one the Poet breeds.
A Thousand years in full succeffion ran,
E’er Virgil rais’d his voice, and fung the Man
Who, driv’n by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy Seas, and a difaftrous 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 musted up their Troops in Verfe;
Long had Achilles quell’d the Trojans’ Luft,
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 slauf’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 Boyu be Sung, when it has ceas’d to Flow;
Here Gallick labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Senefe shall wear Another name.
Our late Pofterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy Battels, and with Pleasure read.
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The Guiltless Bullet on thy shoulder glance'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 unwarmed 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 frownd,
With Gallic corps, and Creuff 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.
Namur's late Terrors 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
Poems on several Occasions.

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;
And nations bless the Labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming Muse would 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,
Whilfe Angry Gods conspire to make him Great.

Thy Navy Rides on Seas before unpref't,
And strikes a terror through the Haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore
With horror hear the British engines roar,
Fain from the neigh'ring dangers would they run,
And with 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 perish'd on our coast,
Cou'd scarce a longer Line of battel boast.
Poems on several Occasions

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 raise’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 waft 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 fide:
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 florn, and Captives unreftor’d,
Give Strength to every blow, and edge his Sword.
Behold with what resistsless force he falls
On towns besieg’d, and thunders at thy walls!

Ask
Ask Villeroi, for Villeroi 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 hissing 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 defcry,
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. Malo's stood:

Here Russia'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
Poems on several Occasions.

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 differt 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 head, 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 Los's more light.

But stop, my Muse, the ungrateful found 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
16 Poems on several Occasions.

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 Mails 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 encompas’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.
Poems on several Occasions. 17

A Translation of all Virgil’s Fourth Georgick, except the Story of Aristaeus.

Ethereal sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, Mecenas, 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 laden 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.

Vol. I. They
Poems on several Occasions.

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 cover'd 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 flowery 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 evannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To smear the chinks, and plaster 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 subterranean 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 streams of mire,
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire,
Nor neighbor'ing caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd—
When th' univer'd 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-fuckles 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, its moan.
Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their thriving 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 throw
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 control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul;
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
'Till shamefult 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 let 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 loathsome and disea'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 found 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 carve'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 Gardener's toils require,
Why rosy Peasum blushes twice a year;
What streams the verdant Succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a cheerful 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 flow womb
Unrumple their swollen buds, and show their yellow bloom.

For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where flow Galeus drench the wasty soil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grace'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.
Bleft with these riches he cou'd empires stuff,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would 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 would prune the tender'ft of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingering western breeze:
His Bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here Lindons and the happy Pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'res 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 stately 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 nurti'ft kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the publick care.
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 waxes works, and raise
The yellow fabric 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'n's, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise;
By turns they ease the loaded 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;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
Whilst gripping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing webs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Huma shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy 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 renew's 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 them to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy 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 leave their airy bodies should be cast  
In restless whirls, the sport of every 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 chase out subjects, and create  
A little monarch of the rising state;  
Then build wax-kingsdoms 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,
Poems on several Occasions.

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

No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With servile 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 crowd 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 heavily; 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 given,
"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,
Poems on several Occasions.

Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoke 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
Poems on several Occasions.

By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and e'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 Phthian vine.

Besides there grows a flower 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;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews it self in leaves;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews it self in leaves;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews it self in leaves;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews it self in leaves;
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-born it grows,
Where Mella's stream in weary 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 the 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 fail 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 straiten'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 two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors 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 stout in vain
Loud heavy mows fall thick on e'ry side,
'Till his bruist 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 dreft.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: And now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinished 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 quivering 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-showrs,
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 frightened Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenced 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 Titurus beneath his shade.

When two-ears bloomed of purple length they grew,
And pleasure the compleat of nature's crew.
Whileer laughter glitter'd in the mead,
And rural noise was all the noise we heard.

O Hymn to Fides! universally dear,
Of Fides of excellent, our Fides dear.
All who in Arts or Arms Excel,
In Arts or Arms Excel.

And who in Arts or Arms Excel,
In Arts or Arms Excel.
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'res;
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 raile,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The Organ labours in her praise.
Poems on several Occasions.

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 lightning savages advance,

The Wolf and Lamb around him trip,
The Bears in awkward 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 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'ly 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 ruins 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-possess'd,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several 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 rhyme, and prose.
But age has rusted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit;
In vain he jefts in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next, warm’d with poetick rage,
In ancient tales amus’d a barbarous 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 myrtick tale, that pleas’d of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsom grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas’d at distance all the fights
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 landscape 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
Poems on several Occasions.

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 fore'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 hero 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'n's 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 critic'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
Poems on several Occasions.

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 funk 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,
Betray a bottom odious to the sight.

But now my Muse a softer strain rehearse,
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 flattering 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!
Poems on several Occasions.

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 heavily numbers shew
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 rhyme, 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 dresse's, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English Poetry,
That long has flourisht, thou'd decay with thee;
Did not the Muses other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:

Congreve!
Poems on several Occasions.

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 would 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 practice '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 Inglefi.
E TRADOTTA IN VERSI TOSCANI.*

Saboe magna parens frugum. Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctor ausus recludere fontes.

MENTRE, Signor, l’ombre villesche attraggonvi,
E di Britannia dagli Ufici toltovi
Non più, eh’ a suoi ingrati Figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, vo’ tro omo immolate;
Me in esteri Regni il Fato invia
Entro genti seconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce flagon, e l’vago Clima
Fanno, che vostra quiete in versi io turchi.

* By the Abbé Anton. Maria Silvini Greek Professor at Florence.
A LETTER from ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

In the Year MDCCI.

Salve magna parent frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiqua laudis et artis
Agregiis, sanzios 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.

G 2

For
Ovunque io giri i miei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare visse inalzansi,
Attornoammi Poetiche Campagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar classico suolo;
Sì sovente iui Mufa accordò l'Arpa,
Che non cantato niun colle forse vui,
Celebre in versi iui ogni pianta cresce,
E in celeste armonia ciascun rio corre.

- Come mi giova a cercar poogi, e boschi
Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fiumi,
Alla Nera veder fierna in suo corso
Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in sua forse vengne,
Veder condur sua sbiere d'acque il Mincio
Per lunghi giri di seconda ripa,
E d'Albulà camina il guado insetto
Suo caldo letto di fumante solfo.

Di mille essai accesso io sopravvoglio
Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
De Fiumi Rê, che fierna i pianti scorrendo,
Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
Della metà di loro umore asciutà:
Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi
L' abbondanza comparte od egli corre.

Talor smarrito dal drappel sonoro
I rii rimi immortalati in canto,
Che giaccionl in silenzi, e obblii perduti,
(Muri i lor fonti son, feche lor vene)

Pur,
For wheresoe’er I turn my ravish’d eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetick fields encompas 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 smoking sulphur glide.

Eur’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
Poems on several Occasions.

Pur, per senno di Muse, ei son perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in terzi 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 Muse immortale in alto il lega.
Tal'era il Boin povero, ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
E inosservato in suoi giri sobrevava.
Quando per Vostri Versi, e per la Spada
Di Nasso, rinnamato, l'onde sue
Levate in alto pel Mondo risonano
Ovunque dello Eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d' immortal verso.

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

Mira quali auree felse attorno ridonni,
Che della tempesta dì Britannia
Isola si ne febbro la cofa,
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate
Malecicon la fredda Regione,
E nell' aria del Norte illanguidiscono.
Calor dolor il montante amor ne lieta
A nobil gusti, e più esaltati odori.
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 desitute of strength derives its course
From thirsty 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 mirta menano
Ricco profumo, pelle erbette olessano.
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, et frutti, e fiori insieme allegano,
E in gai confusione 1' anno tutto.

Glorie immortalì in mia mente ricorrono,
Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
Allorache di Roma l'esaltate
Bellezze giu giacerì 1o 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.
Passarvi i Ciel Colonne apre d'intaglio,
Di Trionfo superbi Archi la forgono,
U de prìfchi Roman l'immortal opre
Dispiegate alla vista ognor rimacciano
La vili loro tralagnata sìrpe.
Qui tutti i fiumi lascian giù lor pieni,
Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.

Sempre a novelle Scene mia vagante
Musa si si ritragge, e muta ammira
L'alto spettacol d' animato Rupi,
Ove mostrò scalpel tutta sua forza,
Ed in carne addolci scabrofo daffo.
In solemne silenzio, in museuade
Eroi flammòsi, 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 desery
Magnificent in piles of ruin ycle,
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 wonder 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 chisel 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,
Poems on several Occasions.

Torvi Tiranni in crideltà famosi;
E Imperadori in Pario Marmo accigliati;
Mentre Dame brillanti, a cui con amile
Servita fian soggetti, ognora mostrano
I vezzì, che gli alii cur ò domano.

Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
Contar l'arte divina, e far vedere
Gl'immortali lavori nel mio verso,
Là ve da mifa forza d'ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion Jorge a mia vista,
Tali celestì figure e'con da suo
Pennello, e i mescenti suol colori
Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano,
Di soggetto in soggetto, d'un segreto
Piacer preso, e infiammauto attorno io giro
Tra la soave varietà perduta.

Mio sfrabilito spirto qua confondono
Arie vespere in circolanti note
Passeggianti, e in sonori labirinti.
Cupole, e Templì s alzano la in distanti
Visione, ed in Palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrarli invitano là Muta.

Come indulgente Cielo adornò mai
La fortunata terra, e sovrà quella
Versò benedizioni a piena mano!
Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
Forti monti, e soleggiate viole,
Con tutti doni, che Cielo, e Solel compartono,
I rifi di Natura, e i vezzì d'Arte,
Mentre aliera Oppression regna in sue Vallì.
E Tirannia suoi Pian felici usurpa?
Il pooreo Abitante mira indarno
Il raffreggiante Arancio, e il pingue Grano,
Crefer dolente ci mira ed ali, e'cini,
E, de' mirti odorar l'ombra si fdegna.
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marblerown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sird,
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 ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Mufe.

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:

Starves,
In mezzo alla Bontà della Natura
Malefetto l'aristofane, 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 iven lieta donzizia
Vien nel suo peso Suggezion più lieto;
Poverà sembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di Natura il viso oceano gaio;
Doni al Sole bellezza, al giorno gia.

Te Dea, te la Britannia Isola adora,
Come ba sovente ella ogni ben suo sf Анцо,
E spesso t'ha di morte in campi cerco,
Nunno pensa il tuo pensante pregio
A troppo caro prezzo esser comprato.
Può sopra efferi monti il Sole i grappoli
Per dolce fingo maturare a vino;
Di bofchi di cedrati ornar il fuolo,
Gonfiar la graffa orna in flussi d'olio;
Non invidiamo il più fervente Clima
Dell'Etere più dolce in dieci gradi;
Di nostro Ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a Noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacliate,
Corona Libertà la Britann Isola,
E sa fue seril bianche rupe 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;
East'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou make'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Give'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 fought,
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.
P O E M S  O N  S E V E R A L  O C C A S I O N S.

Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare;
Od insegnar Sassi animati a vivere.
D’Europa sul defìrì vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli Emili Stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi Regi;
Degli afflitti Vicini udire i preghi.
Dano, e Sueco attaccati in fiero Allarme
Di lor armi piafo benedicono
La prudente Condotta, e ’l buon Governo.
Tosto che poi le nostre Flotte appaiano,
Cessano tutti i lor Spaventi, e in Pace
Tutto il Setentrional Mondo si giace.

L’ambizioso Gallo con segreto
Tremuto vede all’ aspirante sua
Testa mirar di lei il Gran Tonante,
E volentieri i suoi divini Figli
Vorrebbe difunni per stranero
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 trovò
Remoti Climi, e lingue rifonare,
Con pena imbrigo mia lottante Musa,
Che amo lanciarsi in più ardita prova.

Ma io di già hovvi turbato affai,
Ne tentar ofò in più sublime Canto.
Piu dolce Thema il basso verso chiedemi,
Fioriti prati, o gorgoglianti rivi,
Mal proprio per gli Erri: che i Carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o Vostri onorar debbono.
A nicer touch to the stretch'd 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,
Blefs 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 would 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, should 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 flames and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and fiery flame
Incens'd, 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 chase'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd:
When looking on the neighbour'ing woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown;
An uncoth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's soul 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 advance'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 affail'd: "By heav'n's 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
Vol. I., I
"With
Poems on several Occasions,

"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 ly.
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;
Achilles 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 Ache-men-i-des, my country Greece,
Ulysses's sad compeers, who whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polyphem's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides fur'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 rions 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 dashed and broke 'em on the grundif 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 stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
With purple wine and craddled gore confus'd.
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 dextrously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round jelly 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 pass,
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 mid way, I
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs whil'st
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighboring hill
Blind Polyphemus; by weary steps and flow
The grooping giant with a trunk of Pine
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore, amid
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 rais'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cack'd within; then ftalking 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'd
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 gropp'd,
With noise and clamour, o'er the vast
Ev'n Italy, tho' many a league remote,
In distant echo's answer'd; Jtta 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,
Poems on several Occasions. 61

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, tacetur Eques, plaudatque Senator,

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quae sua impenis, suo labore ac periculo
bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinque
vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis praefet. Maria
trajiciat: ne quod toti orbe terrarum iusius imperium sit, et
ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint.  Liv. Hift. lib. 33.
THE CAMPAGN
A POEM
TO THE GRACE
OF DUKE OF WORROUGH
POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 65

THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM.

WHILE crowds 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 Mute 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,

Vol. I.  K

Pirene's
Poems on several Occasions.

Pirene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ansonia'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 secure'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her Sovereign'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 fit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advance'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 eyes:
Their Sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;

The
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 them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her Chief already has his march begun,
Croffing 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 call,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bofom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maefe,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow;

K 2 The
The toil looks lovely in the hero'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 furtive 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 cheerfully 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.
Whilft here the Vine o’er hills of ruine climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon’s crimes.

At length the fame of England’s hero 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 in reason, and by reason cool’d,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle 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 harrass’d troops the hero’s presence warms;
Whilft the high hills and rivers all around
With thund’ring peals of Britifh 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 unraveling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in ev’ry breeze,
Poems on several Occasions.

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 lie;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction, rows of hollow brasses,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
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'n approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'n ing 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 battle 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 battle kindled into tenfold rage
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 ly.

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,
(Oh fatal love of fame! O glorious hear
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 Marlbro 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 crowds 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
Poems on several Occasions.

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

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded 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 shattered sides
The sea's whole weight encroach'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enraged 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 dispersed in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rushing wind the victor hear,
And Marlbrō's form in every 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 victor finds each hidden cavern Flor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire loft,
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 crowd 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 beat.
Their trembling lords the common shade partake;
And cries of infants found in ev'ry brake:
The listening soldier fix'd 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,
Confederate drums in fuller comfort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's joint'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lilies in the wind;
The daring Prince his blasted hopes renew'd,
And while the thick embattled host he views:
Stretch'd 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 assails,
And ANNA's ardent vows, at length prevail'd.
The day was come when Heaven design'd to shew,
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 horror 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 possess 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 battle 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 battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro'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 battle where to rage.
So when an Angel by divine command
With rising temp'rs shakes a guilty land.
Poems on several Occasions.

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 household-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;
Prudently he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
The meanest Briton scorn's the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior 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 crowds 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 crowds to meet the fate they shun;

Thousands
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfixed,
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 founding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
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 havoc 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 repelld,
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 distressed! 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 Eugene bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquished fell
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell,
Mountains of slain lie 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
Marlbro's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memmingen's high domes, and Aixburg's walls,
The distant battel drives th'insulting Gauls,
Free'd by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescue'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulma 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 thines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends.
If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army form'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 complet?

Where the swolln 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 shew,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
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 Marlbrò’s sword, and Hochet’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 ease 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 thone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of Almighty Rome
(Divinely flush’d 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 Marlbrò’s presence charm’d,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm’d,
Poems on several Occasions.

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 renew'd,
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 prond foundations shake,
While Marlbro presse's to the bold attack,
Plants all his batteries, 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 the effects of ANNA's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wherever disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind,

VOL. I.  M
By her th' unfetter'd Ifer's states are free,  
And taste the sweets of English liberty:  
But who can tell the joys of those that ly
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!  
Whilst in diffusive shou'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.  
Marlbrò'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.
ROSAMOND.

AN

OPERA.

Inscribed to Her GRACE the

Duchess of MARLBOROUGH.

Hic quos durus Amor crudeli tate peredit
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circum
Syloa tegit.

Virg. Æn. 6.
A Copy of Verses in the Sixth Miscellany,
To the Author of Rosamond.

Ne sorte pudori
Sui tibi Musa Lyrae 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 injured 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.
They file each match'd what ancient Romans knew,
They flowing numbers far excell the new;
Their cadence in such easy 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 easy sound.

Landscapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The bow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling sounds that mimick Echo plays,
The fairy flutes, 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)
Poems on several Occasions.

Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes;
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate reversed believe,
Overlook 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 gained 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 name,
And thy own laurels shade thy exord’d name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of every 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.
ACT I. SCENE I.

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

Enter QUEEN and PAGE.

QUEEN.

Hat place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where-e’er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysium rise:
Flow’ry mountains,
Mossie fountains,
Shady woods,
Chrysalis floods,
With wild variety surprize.

* As over the hollow vaults we walk,
A hundred echo's round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is lost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.

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

QUEEN.
Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy.

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

QUEEN.
Death and confusion! I'm too slow——
Show me the happy mansion, show——

PAGE.

Great Henry there——

* Alluding to the famous Echo in Woodstock-Park.
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

Rosamond
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 removed
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.
ROSAMOND.

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 every 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 Traitors shall bleed;
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a Queen.
ScENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir TRUSTY, Knight of the Bower, solus.

How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a fwe,
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 rifes this convulsive strife?
I smell a fhwew!
My fears are true,
I fsee my wife.

ScENE III.

GRIDELINE and Sir TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE.

Faithles varlet, art thou there?

Sir TRUSTY.

My love, my dove, my charming fair!
ROSAMOND.

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 blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!

Every 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 soothe'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize:
I feel, I feel my fury rise!
'Tigress, be gone.

GRIDELINE

—I love thee so
I cannot go.

Sir TRUSTY

Fly from my passion, Bel dame, 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 ruflick to call me so.
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villainous scold.

VOL. I.  O  But
ROSAMOND.

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

Sir TRUSTY.

Farewel, thou Shrew!

GRIDELINE.

Thou Traitor,

Sir TRUSTY.

Thou Shrew,

BOTH.

Adieu! adieu!

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 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?

O 2

Sir
Sir TRUSTY.

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

ROSA MOND.

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 flow! 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 blest'd would lovers be,
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like Gridelme 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,
Beware my self asleep:
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring streams,
And winds in consort joining,
Raise sadly-pleasing dreams.

Sir TRUSTY, folus,

What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distrest and pretty!
But hah! a found my bower invades,

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 dreft,
And ready to receive their guest.

MES-
ROSA MOND.

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.
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.
ROSAMOND.

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 every 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,
Amaranth's, and Eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The particular'd gay Alcove.

Vol. I.
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 jealoulse 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 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 flattering hope destroys,
And life-consuming fires.

KING.

Not the loud Briton 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.
My Henry is my soul’s delight,
My with by day, my dream by night.
’Tis not in language to impart
The secret meltins 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 oppress,
My aking temples call for rest!
In yon cool grotto’s artful night
Refreshing slumber’s I’ll invite,
Then seek again my absent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear.

[Rosamond falls.

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

Oft
ROSA-MOND.

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 spite;
To see my fickle, faithlesse 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.

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.

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

Grideline.
My anxious boding heart divines
His falsehood 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 easy heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.
Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart——

And he has charms.

Your fears are too just——

Too plainly I've prov'd

He loves and is lov'd.

O merciless fate!

Deplorable state!

To die——

To be slain

By a barbarous swain,

That laughs at your pain.
ROSA MOND.

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 falle 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 kifs.

GRIDELINE folia.

Prishee Cupid no more
Hurl thy darts at threescore,

* An opping Scene discovers another view of the Bower.
To thy girles and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Trulty and me
From thy frolicks be free.

SCENE III

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

Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
——She's fixt in thought, I am not heard——

I see, I see my hands, embrued
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 abhor'd!

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

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! 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.
QUEEN.

Let us haste to destroy
Her guilt and her joy.

Wild and frantic 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 folio.

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 blifs!
——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 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.*

**ROSA MOND.**

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 itself should be a pain.

**ROSA MOND.**

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-fick eyes*
*That great, that charming man you see:*
*Think on your self, and pity me!*

**QUEEN.**
Queen.
And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore!
Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

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

Queen.
——They flow in vain.

Rosamond.
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 affwage.

ROSAMOND.
What shall I do to pacifie
Your kindled vengeance?

QUEEN.
Thou shalt die.

ROSAMOND.
Give me but one short moment's stay.

QUEEN.
Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore.

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

QUEEN.
Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my soul!
Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.
O let me still for mercy call!

Accept, great Queen, like injured 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 pursuè.

ROSAMOND.
Thus I prevent the fatal blow.
———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 flighted grief to madness turns.

Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Rosamond will leave thee so.
At dead of night,
A glaring fright,
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 lie
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'rous 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,
“Your Rosamond is dead
“As I am at this present writing.

The bower turns round, my brain's abusing,
The Labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance——I stretch, I yawn.
Death has tripped up my heels——I'm gone.

[Staggers and falls.]
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 jealousy, 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 suppos’d 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 sawchion I misguide,
And turn the feather’d shaft aside.

1 ANGEL.
When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th’ambitious to rebell,
A thoufand 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!

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

I’ll soothe his cares in pleasing dreams
*Till grief in joyful raptures die.

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,
Creffy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.

ANGEL.
ROSA MOND

I. 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.

I. 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 ruins 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 surprising,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!

* Scene changes to the Plan of Blenheim Castle.
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 forth, and, to the day display'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 farewell!

Rise, Glory, rise in all thy charms,
Thy waving crests, 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 Trufly 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.]
Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
Or why, my soul, unsd to fear,
With secret horror doft 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 battle fall,
Crus'd by the thunder of the Gaul?
Why did the spear my bosom mifs?
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.
QUEEN.
Fain wou'd my tongue his griefs appease,
And give his tortur'd bosom ease.

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, ab! thus we greet!

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

KING.
ROSAMOND.

KING.
Cruel woman, what cou'd you?

QUEEN.
Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

KING.
The thirst of blood has yours possest'd.

QUEEN.
A heart so unrepenting,

KING.
A rage so unrelenting,

BOTH.

Will for ever
Love dissover,
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!
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 blest'd if this be true!----

KING.

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

QUEEN.

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

**K I N G.**

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

**Q U E E N.**

The bowl, with drowsy 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,

**K I N G.**

How am I blest if this be true!

**Q U E E N.**

Atoning for her self and you.
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 falsely 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 unletter'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 fame.
My former Legs too, by their pace!
And by the Whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-fame 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?

Vol. I.
Widow *Truly*, 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, however it be,
It suits a person in my station.
*T'o 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 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 would 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 would rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?
Prologue to the Tender Husband.*

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

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 unexperienced 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:

* A Comedy written by Sir Richard Steele.
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Off 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 won'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 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 renew,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without Unity of place transfret)
The 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,
Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the Metropolis of the Roman Empire, having closeted 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 Lycurg rise:  
His Tigers drew him to the skies,  
Wild from the defart 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 loft the Monarch in the God.  
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,  
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.
Troy, says the Goddes, 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 ruins 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 Trojan shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.

My vengeance fated, I at length resign
To Mars his off-spring of the Trojan line:
Advance'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 with the Gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine:

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

Still let the curt detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graves.
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 desarts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th'unmolested Lioness,
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful flumbers 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 Africa shall divide,
And part the fever'd world in two:
Through Africa'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 glittering 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 swear 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 Curfe there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations rafe:

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 favorite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric 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.
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 covering 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’inferior earth embrac’d,
And Gods and Goddeses 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 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 landscape 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 resplendent Image shines;
On either gate were six engrafted signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on the 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 dazzling 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 befmeared;
And hoary Winter thivers in the reer.

Phoebus 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
And cries aloud, what wants my Son? for know
My Son thou art, and I must call thee Son.
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 Clymene'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 Clymene
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 Sisyphus I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
And roll 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 with 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 downfall steepst the evening stage,
And tossed 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 roll
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:

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For,
For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,

The Bull with slooping horns stands opposite;

Next him the bright Harpeian 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 easy to compose

The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows

The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.

Ev'n T their head-strong fury scarce restrain

When they grow warm and restir 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 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;
Apollon shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
When now the morn displac'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 fires down to
Still anxious for his Son, the God of day, or Apollo to I.
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sov'reign 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 staff rein, and move but gently on:
"The courser 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.
"Along the midmost Zone; but fully 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 the attempt forfake,
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
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The Youth was light, nor could he fill the fear,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea th’unballas’d vessel rides,
Cabot and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot tos’d on high,
The Youth is hurry’d headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forfake
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 wouldst 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 with 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.
158 Poems on several Occasions.

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, he 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 drop'd the reins;
The horses felt 'em loofe upon their mains,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'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.
Poems on several Occasions.

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 fmoak, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own jewels 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 Hemus (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 Citharon, glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloath'd in snow;
High Pinthus, 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, thine;
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 fultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Loft in the whirling clouds, that round him broke;
And white with ahes, hov'ring in the smoke,
He flew where'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 waft, a wild of Sand.
The Water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Boetia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns;
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymone fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
Even Tanais, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost.
Enrage'd Caicus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Meander, that unweariy'd strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-fwon Ganges and the Danube rise
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames I森enas and the Phasis roul'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The Swans, that on Cayster often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last and dy'd.
Poems on several Occasions.

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 round, 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 dazzling 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 holes about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked Dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phoca 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;

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(But
Poems on Several Occasions.

(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 transfixed with thunderbolts expire. See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke, (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke) See my singed hair, behold my faded eye, And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lyeth And does the plow for this my body tear? 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! Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes, Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods; has all still 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. If this will not hold Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate. And succour nature, e'er it be too late. And if it be too late, and if 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'ring rings. Thus the 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 amazed,
On the dead youth, transfixed with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shattered body to a tomb convey'd,
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 enterprise 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 wond'ring even, without a Sun:
The burning ruins, 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 Clymene, enraged with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her Son, and frantic 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
Crufted 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
Poems on several Occasions.

The blood came trickling, where the 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 increas'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 CYCNU S 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 fitter's changed
Whil'st 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 transform'd to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his early feet
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:

Hang All
Poems on several Occasions.

All Cycnus now into a Swan was turn'd;  
Who, still remembering 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 bofom rife,  
Sadden his looks, and over-cast his eyes,  
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,  
And fullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pinn'd;  
Now warm relentments to his grief he joynd,  
And now renounced 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 murdering 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 intermits, and won us.

Majestically mixing prayers and threats, and wait till God
Prevaileth at length; again he took his course and field o'er
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook; in evol hark.
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;
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloath'd, and cheer'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 tied;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chace Diana from her youth inclin'd.

Diana
Poems on several Occasions.

Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that lov'd
O'er Manalus, amid the maiden throng,
More fav'rd once; but fav'rd 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, and 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 shou'd 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,
Soft'n'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.

"How fares my girl? How went the morning chace?
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 prefer'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, e'er she half had told the morning chace,
With love enam'ed, 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!

Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens the 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 other 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.
Poems on several Occasions.

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 guessed aright:
And now the Moon had nine times lost her light,
When Diana, 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 praised: "And now no spies are near,
'Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash, she cries.
Pleased 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
This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
My husband's baseness, and the trumpeter's love:  
But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms, and
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, left the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her sullen 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' the
She could not call him false, she thought him false.

How did the 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 huntsmen flew?
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy Bear, tho' now her self was one!

And when she died, 

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 rouse 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 Tityrus; 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,
"Ufurp 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 the 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,
Poems on several Occasions.

"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' adulter's 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 trumpet 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 dress'd,
White as the whiteft Dove's unfully'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 footy blackness from the pureft 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,
Confess 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 teasing questions drew
The 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 Erichthönus had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
Within a chest, of twining osters 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 neighbouring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Hesë keep
The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
"And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,\nAnd call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:\nA Boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,\nBut the boy, ended in a Dragon's tail.\nI told the stern Minerva all that past,\nBut for my pains, discarded and disgrace'd,\nThe frowning goddess drove me from her sight,\nAnd for her favorite chose the bird of night.\nBe then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong\nEnough to reach a bird to hold her tongue.\nBut you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,\nAs never by the heavenly maid belov'd;\nBut I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lye;\nTho' Pallas hate me now, she won't deny:\nFor I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,\nWas once a Maid (by heaven the story's true)\nA blooming maid, and a King's daughter too.\nA crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;\nMy beauty was the caufe of all my harms;\nNeptune, as on his shores I went to rove,\nObserv'd me in my walks, and fell in love;\nHe made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,\nAnd offer'd force when all his arts were vain;\nSwift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,\n'Till, spent and weary'd on the flaking sands,\nI shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air,\nTo gods and men, nor god nor man was there:\nA virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer;\nFor, as my Arms I lifted to the skies,\nI saw black feathers from my fingers rise.
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 tripped, 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 covering of the night;  
The Birds, where'er she flutters, scare away  
The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.

The Raven, urg'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;  
Vol. I.
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been press'd.
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! the 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 falsehood 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, left 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 Chariciel to the Centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
To see the child, Ocyrrhoe 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 tos,' 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?
Poems on several Occasions.

"The Gods, in pity, shall contract thy dare,
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 haftten 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 accomplisht in the Beart,
She neigh'd outright, and all the Steed express'd
Her stooping body on her hands is born,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow trefles ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The Mare was finish'd in her voice and looks,
And a new name from the new figure took.
Poems on several Occasions.

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 Elys then a herd of Beews he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
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, who'er thou be, thou wast in Turber's care
And take that milk-white heifer for thy feed
Go, stranger, cries the clown, securely on,
That stone shall sooner tell; and shew'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?"
Poems on several Occasions.

"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-pleasant 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
Poems on several Occasions.

That smells the slaughtered 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 excels the meanest star,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phoebus Lucifer;
So much did Hersè all the rest outfly,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was first, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold Bullet, that with fury flung
From Balarick engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and shov'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 shew
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-prim'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
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were placed, and
The midmost by the beauteous Herse grac'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching God deserv'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 remembering 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 Aegis 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 wholesome 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 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 poisonous 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 sudden 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 cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts posse'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,
Restles in spite: while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;
Foe to her self, distressing and distress'd,
She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
The Goddess gave (for she abhor'd her sight)
A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight;
" On cursed 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 thorns;
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, to bind.
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 Sistar's Marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary Bride appears in state;
Poems on several Occasions.

The Bride-groom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies what’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 fullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick God deny’d.
The God careß’d, and for admission pray’d,
And soothing in softest words the venom’d Maid.

In vain he soothe’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 jointes 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;

Bb 2

So.
So does the chillness 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 express:

"Thy Sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
And thy wings, exert their utmost force,
And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;*
There find a herd of Heifers wand'reng 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'reng o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore;*
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 over 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
Unfully'd by the breath of summer 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 gaze'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful; and express'd
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 wants on over the neighbouring strand,
Now rows 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 bows his horns.

In flowery wreaths the royal Virgin dress'd,
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast;
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that the presst the Thunderer, to brand a god.

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 shore,
And hears the rumbling 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 rufiling 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 Dilean 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.
Poems on several Occasions.

Should end his wand'ring, 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 Beotia 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 pur'th'd;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great Power whose counsels he obey'd,
Her way through flowery Panope the took,
And now, Cepheus, cross'd thy silv'ry 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.

Caemon 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 the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bow'rn flood
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 sough't,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And roufe 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 fork'ry 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 loathsome 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 joint'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour craft'd all around.
The pointed Jav'lin more successful flew,
Which at his back the raging warriour threw;
Amid the plaied scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster his'd aloud, and rage'd in vain,
And with'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,
Whilft from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as the 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
Sultain'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 plunged the fatal spear;
That in th' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'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.

\textit{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,
Injuring 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 \textit{Pallas} swift descending from the skies,
\textit{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 \textit{Pallas}'s command;
And slings the Future People from his hand.

The
Poems on several Occasions.

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 new men,
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 Beotian empire birth.

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have guest
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 Grandfire 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 huntmen 'till the heat of day
Pursue the Stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Acteon calling to the rest:
"My friends, says he, our sport is at the best.
"The Sun is high advanced, 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 cheerful 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 repose,
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 Croale, 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 Goddes stood,  
When young Asleon, 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 Goddes press'd:  
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 canst the wonderous sight disclos'd,  
"A Goddes 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 bofom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
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 Acteon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the war'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 diffuses him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking heart afflicts.

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

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 stunned with their promiscuous cries.
When now the swiftest 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 growling 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 advance’d,
And call’d their Lord Actaeon 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’rous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master panting in a Deer.

The Birth of Bacchus

Actaeon’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 Actaeon’s woes,
Fit for a Virgin Goddess to impose.
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 Goddes, 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 Goddes 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 still'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
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, began'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."

Where'er you ask: May Styx confirm my voice, I

"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 lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning 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 Phlegraean 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 lightning’s flashes, and the thunder’s rage,

Confus’d
Confum'd amidst the glories she deir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his off-spring from the tomb,
Jove took him smok'ing from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd the abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Is'o 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 twifted 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-fame Serpents in the self-fame wood;
"And if, says he, such virtue in you lye,
"That he who dares your sliny folds untie,
"Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.
Again he struck the Snakes, and stood again
New-fex'd, and strait recover'd into Man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sovereign 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;) Irradicates all his foul 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 fought 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, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Poems on several Occasions.

Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
'Till time unridded 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 care'sd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confes'sd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend care'sd;
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confes'sd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chace,
The babbling Echo had defcry'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 subtile stories would delay
Her coming, 'till the lovers flipp'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 subtile 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 harrafs'd out, and worn away with care,
The founding 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 care's the Boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair Virgin of the flighted 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.

Vol. I. E c There
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,
Unfully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow;
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassie verdure lyes:
But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels now 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 shew,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently bluses in the war'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 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 watry 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,
Prefers 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, my blushing face.
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
My charms an easy conquest have obtai'n'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
Poems on several Occasions.

"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 said 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 the reply'd, " Farewel.

Then
Poems on several Occasions.

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 cheared 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 foretell,
" And own the blind Tiresias law 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 poms, 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 ponderous 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.
Acrifius 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 Grandire 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 besmeard 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"
Poems on several Occasions.

"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, Acatus 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;
Obser'ved the turns and changes of the wind:
Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
The bright Taygete, 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,

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"Moor'd
Moor'd in a Chian creek; a-while I went,
And all the following night in Chios spent;
When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
Supplies of water from a neigh'ring spring,
Whilst I the motion of the winds explord;
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 neigh'ring fields he took,
With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and stagger 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'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 Epeus 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 posleft.
Nay, Heaven forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey.
Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent,
From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
With his clenched 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) began to move,
Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
And shook his drowsy 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 hâften 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 Esthalian, 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 bearing billows flood,
In vain the Mariners would plow the main
With fails unfur'd, and strike their oars in vain;
Around their oars a twining Ivy cleaves,
And climbs the masts, and hides the cords in leaves:
The falls are cover'd with a cheerful green,
And Berries in the fruitful canvas 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 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 perjurd 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,
Miffes 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 unbard'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 Citheraon 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 roar,
And raved and madd'en'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 Javelin 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.
Poems on several Occasions.

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 Autonoë, he cry'd;
"Remember how your own Acteon 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'd
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 cast,
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 the effect is known.

The Naiads nurs’d an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both the 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 stream produc'd nor flimy 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 skillful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ev'd daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her Sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry
"Fie Salmacis, what always idle! fie,
" Or take thy Quiver, or thy Arrows seize,
" And mix the toils of hunting with thy cafe.
Nor Quiver she nor Arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her cafe.
But oft would bathe her in the chrysfal 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 glafs:
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 the flood
To view the Boy, and long'd for what she view'd.

Fain wou'd she meet the youth with hafty feet;
She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet.
Before her looks were set with nicest cafe,
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;

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Poems on several Occasions.

"But if a Mortal, blest thy Nurse's breast,
Blest are thy Parents, and thy Sistors 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 funny 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 blis,
A cold salute at least, a Sistors 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 the 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.
Poems on several Occasions.

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 chrysal'd case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
"He's mine, he's all my own, the Naiad 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 resist'd, and was coy,
The more she clip't, and kiss the struggling Boy.
So when the wrigling Snake is snatch'd 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 restles 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!

G g 2

"Oh
“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 press,
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 whomsoever these streams contain,
If Man he enter’d, he may rise again
Supple, unfine’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.
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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 aëre tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, Corruptaque Regia cæli
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.
Fumam uterque polus — comes up to Correptaque Regia coeli—
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 pi-

ture of the universe drawn in little.

—Balærarumque prementem
Ægeona suis immunda terga lacertis
Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

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

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 should their affinity.

Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvāisque, serāisque,
Fluminaque, et Nymphas, et cætera numina Ruris.

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

—Circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios; propriisque 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 Lofliness 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 refurgere sape, Dextra sed Auteio manus est subjecta Peloro, Læva Pachyne tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur, Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ refipinus arenas. Ejectat, flammanque fero vomit oce Typhaus.

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a Gtiant 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 Metamorphois. 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 div'd 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 forcing only to help out a School-boy in the confirming part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the Gnome 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 shown 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 what part of the world the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider Ovid under the character of a Poet, and endeavour to show 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 could 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 confessed 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. 1. 22. My son, says he, &c. Phoebus's speech is very nobly used in, with the Terque quaterque Concuiiens 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 would to his young son;

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

Savvaque
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Savaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.

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

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

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

and in other places perfectly rattles 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 poſtes
Inferere, et Patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

P. 155. 1. 2. A golden axle, &c.] Ovid has more turns and
repetitions in his words than any of the Latin Poets, which are al-
ways wonderfully easy 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 summae
Curvatura Rotâ; radiorum Argenteus ordo.

Ibid. 1. 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 Dauph-
lin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the Sun did not pass
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through all the Signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phoebus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what Phoebus 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 pulunque
Effugit australem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arēton,
describes the motion through all the Zodiac.

P. 156. 1. 15. And not my Chariot, &c.] Ovid's verse is Confiliis 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, animāque, rotīque expulit Aurigam, where he makes a forced piece of Latin (Animā expulit aurigam) that he may couple the Soul and the Wheels to the same verb.

P. 157. 1. 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 ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

Ibid. 1. 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. Sunque Oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen aborta.

P. 159. l. 12. Akbas and Timolus, &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 require'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 excursio 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 per territus orbem
Occuluitque caput quod adhuc latet: oftia septem
Pulverulenta vacant, septem fine 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, siccaque est campus Arena,

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;
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---Quos aërium texerat æquor
Exilunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent.

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

---Medio volucres caluere Caystro.

and that the Dolphins durst not leap,

---Nec se super æquora curvi
Tollere confuetas audent Delphines in auras.

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

Ibid. 1. 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 Prosopopenia 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. 1. 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 una fede morantur,
Majestas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relieta, &c.

without which the whole fable would have appeared very prophane.

P. 190. 1. 15. The frighted Nymph looks, &c.] This confusion and behaviour of Europa

---Flufam

F A B. 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 styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavour 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.
NOTES.

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 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 wounding 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.

Phænixas, five illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, five 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 heroic style. He has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the fight of the Serpent:

——Tegimen direpta Leoni
Pellis erat; telum splendenti Lancea ferro,
Et Jaculum; teloque animus praestansior 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? Triftia sanguinâ lambentem vulnera lingua. And what pains does he take to express the Serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it?

Sed leve vulnera erat, quia se retrahébat ab ictu, Laetusque colla dabat retro, plagamque sedere Cedendo fecit, nec longius ire finebat.

P. 196. l. ult. And slings 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 Meffis virorum at last.

P. 197. l. 5. The breathing harvest, &c.] Meffis clypeata virorum. The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only Meffis 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 Chrysal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the Chrysal as hard, stony, precious Water,
NOTES.

Water, and the Water as soft, fluid, imperfect Crystal; 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 bombastical and unnatural. What work would be 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 Aurifrontis; 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 humoris Famamque et Fata nepotum, An. 8, where he describes Æneas carrying on his Shoulders the Reputation and Fortunes of his Posterity; which, though very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing Ideas are reconciled, and his Posterity's fame 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 coelestia Grimina. 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.

F A B 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 Goddes, 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 carelessly closed up.

———Ut abesse queruntur,  
Nec capere oblatæ tegnem spectacula prææ.  
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adeæ, velletque videre,  
Non etiam sentire, Canum fera facta fuorum.

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 herick 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 moræ 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

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Smoothness
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 battle, 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.

F A B. 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 resisting Goddess and a taunting Nurse: Jupiter makes a very majestic 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

Quid namque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
Nec quo centimanum dejectat igne Typhoea,
Nunc armatur co: nimium feritas in illo.
Eft alius levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
Sevitis flammasque minus; minus additd Iris,
Tela Secunda vocant superi.

P. 204. l. 12. 'Tis well, says he, &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 itself 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.

F A B.
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 anywhere be met with. Wit, says he, lies 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 surprising and unexpected. But as True wit is nothing else but a similitude in Ideas, so is False wit the similitude in Words, whether it lies in the likeness of Letters only, as in Anagram and Acrostic; or of Syllables, as in Doggerel rhymes; 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
love he burns with a new flame; when the Sea-Nymphs languish
with this passion, they kindle in the water; the Greek Epigram-
matists fell in love with one that stung 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 call his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it sur-
prises 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 Epi-
gram 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 buming
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.

F A B. 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 exceed.
How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus’s be-
ing the person beloved, and the lover too?

Canetque 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-----
Uxor amore mei flammas movenoque 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 fimile sedare cupid itis altera crevit. We have here a touch of that Mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of Pan 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 concise, nam Lachrymae subito excrescit, et difficile eft Auditeor em vel Lectorem in siumo
N O T E S.

frummo animi affectu din tenera. _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, abesse.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may everywhere 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.

F A B. 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 behavior of them both.

_Eft, precor memores, quas satisibirpe creasti,
Illudque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sume serpentes; pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, as vos pro famâ vincite vela.]

_Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Ex patriam revocate Decus.—_

F A B. 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 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 roughs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

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.
Virgil may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of Poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three of 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 style, 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 Pastoral and Ænides, 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 calling it under the same head with Pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the title 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 Thespis 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 itself 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 pleasing
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 Embezzle-
ments 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 me-
thod, 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 ease 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 pleasanter 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 sepe alterius ramos impune videmus*
*Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala.*

*Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.*

*----- Siearly Platani malos gesse vere valentes,*

*Castaneae sagos, ornisque incanuit albo.*

*Flore pyri: Glædemque fues fregere sub ulmis.*

*----- Nec longum tempus: et ingens.*

*Exit ad Coelum ramis felicibus arbos;*  

*Misatque 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 everywhere much in use among the Poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving
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 Georgics: 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 battle 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 battle,
in those imitable lines,

\begin{quote}
Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum sinibus illis
Agricola incuro terram molitus aratro,
Et exspectat seabra rubigine pila:
Am granibus rastris galeas pulsat in manes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabilur ossa sepulchris.
\end{quote}

And afterwards speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remem-
bers that Agriculture ought to be some way hinted at through-
out the whole Poem.

——Non ullas aratvo

Dignus bonus: Iqualent abductis area colonis:
Et curvae rigidum sulces 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 rife 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 pleafantefl
drefs that Poetry can beftow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate
from the common form of words, would not make ufe of
Tempore but Sydere in his first verse; and every where else abounds
with Metaphors, Grecifms, and Circumlocutions, to give his
verse the greater pomp, and preferve it from sinking into a
Plebeian fyle. 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 themfelves: And find our imaginations more
affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by
the very fight of what he describes.

I fhall now, after this short Scheme of rules, consider the
different fucesses that Hefiod and Virgil have met with in this
kind of Poetry, which may give us fome further notion of the
excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hefiod: if we may
guefs 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 neighbourhoof. 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 moft celebrated of them. He is every where bent
on instruction, avoids all manner of digrefions, and does
not flir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His me-thod in describing month after month with its proper feasons
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 between their legs; the Goats and Oxen are almost flead 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 found so very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often too 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 he has so raised the natural rudenes of 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,
An Essay on

ations, 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 picked 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 Hemi
Sisit, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

And is everywhere 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 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 nowhere 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 showed 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 pleasantry 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 judg-
ment, than I can believe a fault to be in that Poem, which
lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his left 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,
sēre 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 ob-
served to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the
precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circum-
fstance 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
finifti piece of all Antiquity. The Æneis indeed is of a No-
bler 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.

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 mala fortund compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrior, si convertere animum volit, quam ut speiet Catonem, jam partibus non sement fractus, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas eructum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.
Tragedy

A CALENDAR OF

TRAGEDY

ROYAL IN OUR LANE

BY

HE MOST YOUNG SERVANTS

[Text continues...]

I.
VERSSES
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 loft,
And Factions strive who shall applaud you most.
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend,
And join this 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 impatiently strive 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, De-

RICHARD STEELE.
THO' Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
Prescribing laws among th' Elyfian throng;
THO' Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the Heroe's name;
The Roman flag did ne'er his image see,
Drawn at full length; a task reserved for thee,
By thee we view the finished figure wise,
And awful march before our ravelled 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 band,
And, leading Cato in his sacred band,
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 Shakspere's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurel'd Shade appear!)
Will hover o’er the Scene, and wondring view
His fav’rite Brutus rival’d thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shone;
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the Sybills books this year foretold,
And in some mystick leaf was seen unroll’d,
   Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Africk’s shore,
   Nor in her sands thy Cato’s tomb explore!
   When twice 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 in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Caesar 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 dare you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clap'd, and own'd the work divine.
Even the sour Critics, 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 obdurate 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 gloriously the blooming Marcus dy'd,
And Cato told the Gods, I'm satisfy'd.

See!
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, grieve'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 Marlborough 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 bush'd Muse you shine confess,
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 chaste Virgin needs no blushes fear,
The Learnd themselves, not uninstructed, bear.
The Libertine, in pleasures we'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 mirror 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 founding ruine hear.
When purple robes, dislair'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 flore, 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 soft'ned 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 generous 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 feel'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,
Fixed 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 fadden at his glorious woes,
Awhile they let the world’s great business 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 flag,  
Has stes to learn thee, and learning shall submit  
Alike to British arms, and British wit:  
No more she’ll wonder, (for’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 express,  
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 must admire, because we know thee most.

Queen’s-College,  
Oxon.  

THO. TICKELL.

SIR,
SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I viewed,
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 wonderous art your skilful band
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That even my grief to praise and wonder turn’d,
And every’d the great death which first I mourn’d.

What pen but yours could draw the doubtful strife,
Of honour striving with the love of life?
Describe the Patriot, oblimately good,
As hovering o’er eternity he stood:
The wide, the unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and Heaven the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with careless 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 wondrous probity and truth,
And form new Juba’s in the Britifh youth.
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleas’d with ruine, and in love with death.
And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
Resolves 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 express'd,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's soul, as in her Heaven she fiones.

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 rows rung.
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:
Even civil rage awhile in thine was lost;
And factions prove 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 discharge'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:

And,
And, while his godlike figure moved along,
Alternate passions stir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every tongue.
So in thy pompous lines has Cato sail'd,
Gra'c'd with an ample, tho' a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
An 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 eager weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduit, 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 traitor crowd
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and listening to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slaavish-life, and flighted 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 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 below
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The soil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If, taught by thee, the Poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his Hero'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 enskrin'd in every Britifh heart.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdued;
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 stir'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:
Our Caesar's arms your genius had prevail'd;
And the Muse triumph'd, where the Patriot fail'd.

Vol. I.

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 flams 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 Britishe eyes.
Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and God-like Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys;
A brave man struggling in the forms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom bears not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who bears 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 ceased——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 approved,
And show you have the virtue to be moved.
With honest scorn the first saw'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued.
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.

No 2

Dramatis
Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Cato.
Lucius, a Senator. Mr. Booth.
Sempronius, a Senator. Mr. Keen.
Juba, Prince of Numidia. Mr. Mills.
Syphax, General of the Numidians. Mr. Wilks.
Portii, Sons of Cato. Mr. Cibber.
Marcus, Mr. Powell.
Decius, Ambassador from Caesar. Mr. Ryan.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

WOMEN.

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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PORTIUS,

MARCU

TVS.

HEDawn 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 Fa-
th’er’s Death
Would fill up all the guilt of Civil war.
And close the scene of blood. Already Caesar
Has.

C A T O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

T

HEDawn 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 Fa-
th’er’s Death
Would fill up all the guilt of Civil war.
And close the scene of blood. Already Caesar
Has.
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and se's
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye Gods, what havoc does Ambition make
Among your works!

**M A R C U S.**

Thy fiery temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Caesar,
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?

**P O R T I U S.**

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixt with too much horror 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
C A T O.

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.

M A R C U S.

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 battles fought in vain.
By Heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distraict my very soul: Our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

P O R T I U S.

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,
Loft and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much are the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

M A R C U S.

These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That
C A T O.

That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpity'd, and successles love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—

PORCIUS.

Thou see'st not that thy Brother is thy Rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper.

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.

M A R C U S.

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—

PORCIUS.

Behold young Juba, the Numidian Prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
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 generous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight 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?

Vol. I.  O o

Were
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
C A T O.

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.

P O R T I U S.

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 Caesar.

S E M P R O N I U S.

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 Caesar 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 blest, indeed!

P O R T I U S.

Alas! Sempronius, wouldst 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 lingering here
On this important hour——I’ll strait away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close debate to weigh the 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.

(SEM PRON IUS 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. Cesar's favour,
That show's 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 founded 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 Cesar'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 battle: one day more
Will see the Victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, haft thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
That still would recommend thee more to *Cæsar*;
And challenge better terms.

**SYPHAAX.**

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 *Africa* into *Cæsar*'s hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

**SYPHAAX.**

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 Caesar 'till I shake the Senate.
Your cold hypocrisy'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're 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.

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, Caesar 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 fain-sheen in my face,
When discontent fits heavy at my heart:
I have not yet so much the Roman in me
Oh! let me speak, my soul, my tongue,

JUBA.

Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the Lords and Sovereigns of the world?
Doest 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?

SYPHAUX.

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 instruits  
The fiery fleed, 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.

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SYPHAUX.
Patience kind Heavens!—excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wondrous 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 fet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the storms 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?

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 severally 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 pomp's and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Believe me, Prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
C A T O.

Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the 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 untaasted 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 majestic 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
On Africk's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of Numidia.

JUBA.

Why don't 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 wouldst 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,
Left 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 farewell?
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,
Prythee 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 bell 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 flock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPHAX.
Cato.

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 Cesar'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 easy 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 flush'd 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.

SYPHAZ.
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 pry thee Syphax leave me.

SYPHAX.

Ten thousand curfes fasten on 'em both!
Now will this woman with a single glance
Undo, what I've been labouring all this while.

S C E N E 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 forrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cesar.

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 battle!

The
CATO.

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 waft
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; 'tis 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.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE
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! wouldst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose my self in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cesar 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?

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—

O Lucia, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
-----O Portius, thou hast stole 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 horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Alas poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Where'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 younh! 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 fell’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 to afflict my Marcius family,
And few distinction in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my foul.

Let us not, Lucius, aggravate our sorrows.
But to the Gods permit the event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May fill grow white, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream when foul with stains,
Of rubbing torrents, and defacing rains,
Works it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
Till by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflection each flower that on the border grows,
And a new Heaven in its fair bosom shows.

[Exeunt.

ACT
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. Hark! he comes!

[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 lands
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 deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued 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 choose, slavery or death?
No, let us rife 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 Thebaid, 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 battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;  
And Scipio's ghost walks unreavenged amongst us!

Cat.  

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 ruin 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 Caesar, but the Gods, my fathers,  
The Gods declare against us, and repell  
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,  
(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, or a nation That drew our swords, now wretches '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 of Conceal a traitor----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: 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 feason'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 Caesar's near approach Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late.
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 M A R C U S.

M A R C U S.

Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arrived
From Caesar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

C A T O.

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 Caesar.
His message may determine our resolves.

R 2

S C E N E
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 fees
The freights, 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.
Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom——

Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was never 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.

A style, like this, becomes a Conqueror.

Decius, a style, like this, becomes a Roman.

What is a Roman, that is Cesar's foe?

Greater than Cesar: he's a friend to virtue.

Consider, Cato, you're in Urica,
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.

Let him consider that, who drives us hither:

'Tis
'Tis Caesar's sword has made Rome's Senate little, And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazled eye Beholds this man in a falfe glaring light, Which conquest and success have thrown upon him; Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black With murder, traiton, sacrilege, and crimes That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em. I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch Befet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes; But, by the Gods I swear, millions of worlds Should never buy me to be like that Caesar.

Decius.

Does Cato send this answer back to Caesar, 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 Caesar 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 sheltering 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.
C A T O.

S C E N E III


S E M P R O N I U S.

Cato, we thank thee.

The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Caesar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

L U C I U S.

The Senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.

Lucius seems fond of life; but what is Life?
'Tis not to talk 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 Caesar's bosom, and revenge my country;
By Heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

L U C I U S.
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.
Cesar'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 prolonged.

Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO.

Juba, the Roman Senate has resolved,
'Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheathed, and turn its edge on Caesar.

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, press 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'llt shun misfortunes, or thou'llt learn to bear 'em.

C A T O.

Juba, thy father was a worthy Prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.

J U B A.

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.

C A T O.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

J U B A.

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.

S f 2

C A T O.
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
Thy 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 horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO.

And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Caesar?

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.

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 when'e'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Doft thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cesar.

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.
I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Tell me thy wish, young Prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse!

I fear to name it.
Marcia——inherits all her father's virtues.

What wouldn't thou say?

Cato, thou hast a daughter.

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 you 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.
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?

Juba.

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 flooing from your Horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Juba.

Prythee, no more!

Juba.

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 (cho' honey flow'd)
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
Rife 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
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Wouldst thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian?

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, Caesar's, Pompey's, and your Cato's,
(These Gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Syrpax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

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, the extravagance of virtue.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!
Cato.

Syphax.

Go, go, you're young.

Juba.

Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou're a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Syphax.

I have gone too far.

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 never protect thy insolence.

Syphax.

Must one rash word, the 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
CAIO.

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?

SYPHAAX.

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 flow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUBA.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPHAAX.

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.

SYPHAAX.

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.
CATO.

JUBA.

Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

ST PHAX.

And 'tis for this my Prince has called me traitor.

JUBA.

Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

ST PHAX.

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.

ST PHAX.

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, farewell, 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 resolved 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 Caesar.
Should they submit, e'er our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.

STPHAX.

But how stands Cato?

SEMPRONIUS.

Thou hast seen mount Atlas,
While storms and tempefts 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 Caesar.

STPHAX.

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?

STPHAX.

Yes,—but it is to Cato.
CA
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fve
try’d the force of every reason on him,
Sooth’d and cares’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 wishes Marcia mine.

SYPHAX.
May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!

SEMPRONIUS.
Syphax, I love that woman, though I curse
Her and myself, yet spight of me, I love her.

SYPHAX.
Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Caesar 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.

Vol. I. U u They
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 form the Senate-house.

STEPHAX.

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 waftes 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 desert 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 prythee 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.

Un 2

The
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to diminish 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 throbs 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 loathes 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 nor 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.**
CATO.

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 canst.

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
C A T O.

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 distress'd! 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 smil'st upon me.

L U C I A.

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.

P O R T I U S.

Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undeserving heart
Has beg'd his rival to solicit 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—

L U C I A.

No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
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.

Fist in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;  
Like one just blast'd 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 knewst 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 beft
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.
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 feel'st thy dying brother
Stab'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful Sire
Sternly demands the caufe, th' accurs'd caufe,
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,
And now, athwart the terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appearst more fair,
More amiable, and rifeft in thy charms.
Lovelieft 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 doft 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.

X x 2

LUCIA.
CATO.

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?
Haft 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'd 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.
What would'st thou have me say?

What means this pensive posture? thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.

I've reason.

Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts.
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

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?

Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compasionates your pains, and pities you.

Compasionates 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 caufe! Compassionates my pains!
Prythee what art, what rhetoric 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 foul 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 caufe to fall in battel!
Lucia, thou haft undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me eafe.

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 itself 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.

LEADER.

We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend,
Sempromius 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
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 astonished! [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 Caesar's banners.

Why did I scape th'invenom'd Aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And
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.

C A T O.

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 the 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 Caesar
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 leisure 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! wouldst thou clear rebellion!
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders, 
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

C A T O.

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.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

C A T O.

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,
Mongrels 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 factions 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,
Leaft 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 desert:
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.
SYMPHAX.

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.

SYMPHAX.

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
ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA and MARCIA

LUCIA.

Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believest '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 loofe 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
CATO.

Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.

LUCIA.

And why, not Marcia’s 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 hear, 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, daftards, 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!

Vol. I.
What can this mean? Sempronius!

My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!

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 worthles 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!

With what a spring his furious foul 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 III.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and funk amidst its forrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every found.
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 fight! 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 canst not put it to a greater tryal.

MARCIA.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.

Have
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 fight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA listening,
I will indulge 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 desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

JUBA.
CATO.

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.
Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! all is Elsium round me!

Marcia.
Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid.
A last embrace, while thus—

Marcia.
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 hear
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.
CATO.

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 lufltre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA.

I'm lost in ecflasie! and doft thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MARCIA.

And doft thou live to ask it?

JUBA.

This, this is life indeed! life worth preferring,
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!
My joy! my best beloved! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

M A R C I A.

Lucia, thy arm! Oh let me rest upon it!——
The vital blood, that had forsaken my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite overcomes 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.

J U B A.

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 Cesar have the world, if Marcia's mine.
SCENE IV.

A March at a Distance.

C A T O and L U C I U S.

L U C I U S.

I stand astonished! what, the bold Sempronius!
That still broke foremost through the crowd of Patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—

C A T O.

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?

P O R T I U S.

My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

V O L. I. A a a C A T O.
CATO.

Has Caesar shed more Roman blood?

PORTIUS.

Not so.
The traitor 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 toft 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 Caesar'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 Caesar,
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
Ungenerous 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 haft a Roman soul.

_A a a z _

_JUBA._
Juba.

Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

Cato.

Alas, young Prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Caesars.

Juba.

'Tis generous thus to comfort the distressed.

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——
C A T O.

C A T O.

Hah! what has he done? Has he forsook his post? has he given way? Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

P O R T I U S.

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, Oppreft with multitudes, he greatly fell.

C A T O.

I'm satisfy'd.

P O R T I U S.

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.

C A T O.

Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.-----Portius, when I am dead, before thou place His urne near mine.

P O R T I U S.

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 fight, that I may view at leisure 
The bloody corse, 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 fits 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.

YUBA.

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 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.

CATHO.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The Sun's whole course, the day and year, are Caesar's,
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipio's conquer'd:
Even Pompey fought for Caesar. Oh my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fallen! O cursed ambition!
Fallen into Caesar's hands! our great Fore-fathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

While Cato lives, Caesar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.

CATHO.

Caesar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia!

LUCIUS.

Cato, 'tis time thou save thy self and us.

CATHO.
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
What'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 unpunisht.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?——

JUBA.

If I forfake 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 dost 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 farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Caesar never shall approach us more.

[Pointing to his dead son.]

Vol. I. B b b There
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, cross,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.
ACT V. SCENE I.


It must be so—Plato, thou reasonst 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 itself, 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 Caesar.

B b b 2

I'm
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end 'em.

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 crust of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'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.
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!

**Catō.**

Rash youth, forbear!

**Portius.**

O let the prayers, the' entreaties of your friends,  
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

**Catō.**

Would'st thou betray me? would'st thou give me np  
A slave, a captive, into Cesar's hands?  
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,  
Or know, young man!——

**Portius.**
Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Caesar, 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——

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!

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.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.
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 dispatch't me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind compos'd,
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 ease 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.
M A R C I A.

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 domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Eaie, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

L U C I A.

'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex, distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament.

M A R C I A.

And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

L U C I A.

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?

M A R C I A.

Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven.

V O L. I. C c c

Enter
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 stretch 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 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 hastening to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And routs the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But hear! 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.

Cæc₂²
Mourns
Mourns o'er his country.---- hah! a second groan!----
Heaven guard us all----

M A R C I A.

Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound----

Re-enter P O R T I U S.

P O R T I U S.

O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword----

L U C I U S.

O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

P O R T I U S.

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.

M A R C I A.

O heaven assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.
CATO.  

JUBA.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Caesar!

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 Cesar’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.
EPILOGUE.
By Dr. GARTH.
Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastick things we women do!
   Who would 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 weighed;
Too oft they're cancel'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 fell;
He fights 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 gaudy 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 covet’d 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 affur'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.
Oh 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 prefage;
Already see th'illustrious youths complain,
And pity Monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

Vol. I.          Dd  d  d

Thou
Poems on several Occasions.

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 slant 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 oppressed,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to Kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And soothe 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 Cesar'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 flags
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 refufe,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Mufe:
The deathless Mufe with undiminifht 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.)
Unleſſe ſome Poet in a laſting ſong
To late pofterity 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'reign, 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 began,
Rejoiced the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Pernvian 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 fought,
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 joint'd.

There
There Anna, great as when she first held over all the world, Her armies through the continent, that nothing earth or heaven E'er yet her Hero was disgrac'd: and though O may fam'd Brunswick be the last, and to King George nigh? (Though heaven should with my wish agree, that Grant may end, And long preserve thy art in thee) may Cumbernaulds hold a The last, the happiest British King, Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing? may or may not be

Wife Phidias, thus his skill to prove, and next to none and T. Through many a God advanced to Jove, and to sagard at the And taught the polished rocks to shine, and the warm With airs and lineaments divine; Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid, O Th assembles of deities survey'd:

Great Pan, who wont to chafe the fair, And love'd the spreading oak, was there; Old Saturn too with up-cast eyes Beheld his abdicat'd 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 leom of marble hung: Theis the troubled ocean's Queen, March'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 flew The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
Poems on several Occasions.

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-establisht 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 & SECRETIORIBUS
CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat varum
nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur que-
raris aliquid inustatum tibi contigisse,
ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis
etiam numeris violatum conspexeris.
Quantum virtute bellica praeftent Britannii,
recens ex
rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humaniori-
bus Pacis studiiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos
nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si CON-
GREVIUS ille tuus divino, quo soler, futore corrept-
tus

Ecclesiae Paderbornensis
DEDICATIO.

...materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illa laetaremur tot perditissimis Poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insecstor, mei ipsius oblitus fuisset videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allatussum, 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 excitatерis.

HUMANITATIS TUE

CULUTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.
Pax Gulielmi Auspicis Europæ reddita, 1697.

Postquam ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque tubarum, 
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Caesar,
Quae tibi solicitus, turba importuna, Poetae
Munera deducunt: generofæ a pectore flammae,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absit triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numerofo 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 lufrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos fragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virefcit
Expectata fæges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; infictos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuricemque folfi, et turgentem a fanguine meflem.

Aspicius ut roto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens fedem, et confuæ ruinis
Oppida, et everfis flammarum turbine muros!

Ut
POEMATA.

Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit feriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famosique Ormondi volnera campos!

Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divertit muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in medium, qua ferrea grando
Sparfa fuit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mania difcedunt, repulisque immane minantur
Desuper horribiles, et formidable pendet!

Hic pelltem occultam, et fecundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia servebant; fabito cum clausura fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semituaque membra,
Fumantesque auris, lanianaque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in aethere turbo.

Sic, postquam Enceladi dejicit fulmine fratres
Cælicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, inventique imis radicibus Offam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusâque saxa

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus CUTT.S. Baro de Gowran, &c.
Reptare,
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errote ambuguo elusi, et novitatem locorum.

Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secuta
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto sedere Belgæ;
Quique truci Borea, et cælo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore peruisto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, toto conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovique latus sociâlibus armis
Circumsus tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam variis disjuncta stia, tot dissona linguis.

Te tamen e mediis, * Ductor Fortissime, turnis
Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populoque encomia sèra futuri,
Quem variis 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, tenerisque incosixit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis,
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix supsicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, uræ


Horridus
Horridus exuvis, Gulielmi ingentia faciæ
Describit fociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curaæ,
En! vaftos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum * qui subjicit orbem,
Indigena & hyemæ Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fla Namurca
Mænia, nunc tardo que sanguine plurima fluxit
Bonia, nunc duby palma indifereta Senecii.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Asurgit! quali firmat vestigia greffi,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Infratus spolii, vafta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextrae
Cum peteret, teftifque ingens succederet hostes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphaeos hostis populabitis agris
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
Nassovium ingeminat! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitusque albecere velis.
Anglia folve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovium secuta tui, defterte tumentes
Prosperere in fluétus animo suspensa, truceaque
Objurgare notas, tardamque requirere puppim:

* Muscoviae Imperator.

Optatus
Optatus tibi Cæsār adest, nec ut ante videbis
Solicī cum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Confīlia et tacitas verfautem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum.
Composuit vultum, laetusque afflatit honores.
Ut denso circūm se plūrimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam vetere fque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat oltentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera crūda, nota fque
Mucronum insīnus, afflataque sulphūre membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reduci fque incerta marīti
Veftigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrefcit necia vultus.
Ille graves cae s, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidifque inflaurat praelia veribus.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxēam attulerat pellem, lanamque fignemt
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurm,
Navis terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilefque feras, plauftroque gementes
Infolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepre periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et Proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrēderis, crebrā constringunt undique pomps,
 Gandiaque et plaufus: mixto ordine vulgus euntēm
Circumĭflat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata ferenas
Ridet Hyems, feste fque vacat cælum omne triumphō.

VOL. I.

Tamque
Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest, laetoque juventa
Inceflu, et blando testatur gaudia tuis.
Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Caflareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut Mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnofo faciem ambiguum, mixtofque parentes.
Ille tuas, G u l i e l m e , acies, et triiia bella,
Pugnasque innocua ducum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusilla
Terga premit turma, et falsis terroribus implet;
Sternitque exiguam ficto cognomine Gallam.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominiibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedalus infimas arces, humilernque Namurcam
Dirit; interea generofa in pectore flammas
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustas immensas in carmine pompas
Instruct, in luteos ubi vulgo effuia canales?
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpurea fordes?
Quis lapdif referet stellarum, et fidele celum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam;
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulofoque bitumine cassis?
En procul attonitam video clarificere noctem
Fulgore inflato! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes, crepitantia fidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia celo.

* Celsifimus Princeps Dux Gloceftrensis.

Nec
Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasiare feras, et fulgida monstrā.
Terribiles visū formas! hic membra Leonis
Hilpida mentitur, tortisqve comantia flammis
Colla quatuor, rutilas qve jubas; hic lubricus Anguēm
Ludit, subfiliens, et multo síbilat igne.

Latitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, postique timore
Exercet ventos, clausamque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricēta gelu, mēdiisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, quae thura flamina mǐfet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus aurās.

Vos animae illustres heroum, umbraeque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stilantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbī
Parta quies, nondum Nαssovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitiae, at solitis sīpate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum disfundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannis,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare marium,
Ne terris Dominum invidēas, quamquam amplius illūm
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.
B A R O M E T R I  D e s c r i ptio.

Q U A penetrat soflor terrae cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda formi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Erut argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia træctus,
Nec terram signo revolublis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapfians se colligit orbes.

I ncertum qua sit natura, an negligerat ultra
Perficiet, jubet et maturus inutili temnatur;
An potius folis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum malc coctum, diviriatisque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effusiit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amicitu
Ambii, et, gratam fuadente libidine formam,
Depluit irrituo liquas faciatur Numeu in Auro.

Quin age, fume tubum fragilém, cui densior aer
Exchusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile defcendant, vel contra, ubi postulat ætus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et turfus inane
Occupet afcenfu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

J a m
POEMATA

Jam coeli faciem tempestatatemque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor infurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublata nequeunt ripae colibere priores;
Tum latos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Aestatem, et largi diffuso lumine rident.
Sin se se immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri.
Jam sitiunt herbae, jam succos flamma seraces
Excoquit, et langüent consumto prata virore.

Cum vero tenues nebulas spiraule terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluant super æquora sump,
Pabula ventus pluvia; tum fluctule pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea célos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, eæs fruitur sublimius aura,
Difcutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttae agglomerant, dispersas frigora flitant
Particulas, rarufque in nimbum cogitum humor:
Prata virent, segetem fecundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulae radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus aquo defceendens uda meralli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluvia; materiaque procellam,
Agricola caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Afpicit; ostendent mox sœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque fonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Caetera quæque tument; everis flumina ripis
Exspiaeta ruunt, spumantibus ætuat undis

Diluvium,
POEMATA.

Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponte.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios coeli vultus et tempora prodit.
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.

Augurio hoc fretus, quamquam atræ nubilæ coeli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum;
Audax carpat iter nimo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes Messis aristas.
ProSternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud noctura cadunt, seriuntque paratos.


**POEMATA**


**ΠΤΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ, SIVE, PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMAEOS ET GRUES COMMILLUM.**

PENNATAS ACIES et lamentabile bellum
Pygmaedum repero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostrâ
Offensoque Grues, indignantemque pusillum
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.

Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhaustit, versique sonoro
Jutis et aterna numerorum affugeré pompa:
Quis lecitos Graium juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thefeâ, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?

Quem dura Æneae certamina, quem GUILIELME?
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum

Carmine:
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra sectus;
Exiguusque canam pugiles, Grubusique malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem et nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitisque diei
India leeta rubet, medium inter inhospita faxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accefas vireta)
Pygmaum quondam streterat, dum fata finebant,
Imperium. Hic varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et asiduo servabant arma popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per faxa viator,
Defertosque lares, et valles offibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupefit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regnia, et securum crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos fretit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixa audet et credere pugna, quisque
Miles atrox aderat, fumptisque ferocebus atmissimisque
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem pradam; caeloque epulatur in hostem
Sapere improfis maebat, sapere juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcifi in prole parentem
Nempe lares quoties multa contraerat arte,
Aut uteri postulifer onus, volueremque futuram
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vaftaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc caufa irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intente, volucrumque virumque
Commissa
POEMATA

Committæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tan memorabile bellum,
Mæoniæ quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lūsit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Mīscuit: hic (visu miserrimil) corpora murum
Sparæ jacent jucundis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscissō poplite tenuIs
Reptis humi, sōlitis nec sēf sallibus effert.

Jamque dies Pygmaeo aderat, quo tempore cæli
Pœnītuit fœtus, intaetaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accenta graves exarrit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnifque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imī aut uda Cayztrī
Prata tenent, adsum; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris deścedit ab Istro,
Strageʃque immenfās et vulnera cogitar absens,
Exacuitque ungues iēsim meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugaxque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupidō.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprīum, suspensus in alto
Aēre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terraque immensos tractus, femotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et affidus miscret caelum omne tumultus.

Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella factīt
Impiger, instiʃtisque agmen, firmaque phalanges,
Et furit arreptis animōs homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas compoʃta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.

Vol. I.  G g g  Jamque
POEMATA

Jamque acies inter medias seque ardum ejus inferre
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquis supereminer omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque affurgit in ulnas.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam inculpsat ungnis)
Ore cicatrices voluitque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morfas.
Immortali odio, externisque exertit iris
Alitum gentem, non illum impune volucris.
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret consilis aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Grubus diffininxerat enfem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam ablatit hosti?
Quot fecit frages! quae nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fleci!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantium
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebensit tandem, atque oculis se plurimas offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obmundat
Agmina Pygmaorum, et densa in nubibus haeret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Bellii ardent studio Pygmae, et lumine favo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Graum horroresco seque super agmina lapsum
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantium infert:
Fet fragor; avulsa volitant circum aera pluma.
Mox defessa iterum levibus seque eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petri impere terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris.
Cuspidem, sanguineo sese furibanda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit unges.
Pygmai hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pulillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum sternitu, tepidoque rubefcit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alae,
Unguesque et digitis, commissaque rostra lacertos.

Pygmeadum sævit, medisique in millibus ardet
Ducenor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum, mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec planu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Misceetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Di volnere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis Ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in coelum; bellator ab unguibus hastet
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alitum; frustra Pygmai lumine mæto
Regem inter nubes ingent, folitoque minorem
Heroem aspicient Gruibus plaudentibus escam.

Jamque recrudecit bellum, Grus despert urget
Pygmaem rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jacetat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes ssevit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in coelum Briareus, solitoque Tonantem
Precipitam excuteret; sparguntur in æthera toto

G g g 2. Fulminaque
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrante tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta Gigantum
Corpora sua jacent, seminataque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmea tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exigam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Infant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Inmites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmeæ domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Grum tot laeta triumphis,
Funditus interit: Nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus Regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corrút olim
Asyria Imperium, sic magna Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum,
Elysì valles nunc agmine lufrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei meretur anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sape vident umbras, Pygmeæs corpore caelos.
Dum secura Grum, et veteres obliter laborcs,
Lætitixæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustofque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemarum cognomine gaudet.
**POEMATA**

**RESURRECTIO**

**DELINEATA**


Egregios fuci traétus, calamique labores,  
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiáque ora  
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,  
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa  
Pande novo, vaticque sacros accende furores.  

Olim planitiem (quam nunc fæcunda colorum  
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu  
Vestit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem  
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futurae  
Substravit pictor tabulae, humoremque sequacecum  
Per muros traxit; velamine meenía crasso  
Squalleunt obductá, et rudioribus illita fucis.  
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)  
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,  
Per cavæ colorum, et convexa patentia late  
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;  
Mox radiante novum torrefat lumine mundum.  

Titan,
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabar; crebris nunc consitus aetris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacceus omne
Diffluere in coelum, longoque albeescere traktu.

Sic, operis postquam lufr primordia pector,
Dum fordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautus exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparat ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsoque per totam celestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.

Defunctis fons ausitur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravecfit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.

Sic, dum fecundis Cadmus dat femina fulcis,
Terra tument praegnavis, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager fegete spirante, calcet
Omne solum, crecitque virorum prodiga meffis.

Jam pulvis varias terrae dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem ruribus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparfos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptansque iterum coeluntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta refurgit imago,
Vultur truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.

Paulatim
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver.
Motu aegro vix dum redivivos ergit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fula per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Dextrae quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radifque insperfus acris.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammeæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, niter ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando lucentem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victra fatorum leges triumphans
Nativum petiit coelum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exigam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effusum, et palmas offendit utrasque,
Vulnusque influitum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque coelos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona cepissunt.
Matres, et longa nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortalae bibentes
Affingunt oculos in Numine; tandibus æther
Intonat, et lato ridet coelum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptraque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitans, imoque in pectore fervent.

Non:
POEMATA

Non aequa exultat flagranti corde Sibylla.
Hospite cum tumet inclusa, et praeordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimisque calentia Phœbo.

Quis tamen ille novus perflamumt lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem distinctit pictor, honesto
Surgentem e tumulo, alatoque satellite sultam?
Agnoisco faciem, vultu later alter in illo
* Wainslotus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par inveniatur Image!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in Judice sigit ocellos.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam vides scenam; multo hic magnantia fuco
Moenia, flagrante liquescento sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsis tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ur roti metuas tabulae, ne flamma per omne
Lividæ ferpat opus, tenueque absimpta recedat
Pictura in cineras, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex a tergo implacabile favit, et ensim
Fulminem vibrans acie flagrante Æcletos
Jam Paradisiis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se æclestibus iris
Subtrainit? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit


Nequic-
Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocanda, 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, tuae langueat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem vides, qualem exprimis ipfa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC, ubi graminea in latum seæ explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumide pendent in gramine guttae,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Defecat, exigum radens a cespite meslem:
Tum motu affiduo saxum versatili terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes attirit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernetæm turba palastram
Unæta, 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 infusion multum inclinata metallo
Vol. I. H h h Vertitur
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tranite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcus urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat aequas
Consilium, aut fors; quique suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, quæ cursum metu futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illæ
Leniter effusa, exignum quod ductit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec fensum primo impete fello
Subfittat; subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparfa per orbiculum, stipanteque frequentia metam,
Atque negant facile aditus: jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito linguæscere motum;
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instar,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut fegnis honos dextra servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, aequa gentem in marmore nodum.
Nec ritus racuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Insami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui project, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in specieum distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temmæ ludibria, captum
Perigit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,

Quæ
Quae non dirumpit cursum, absititque moveri,
Donec turbam inter cerebram dilapla supremum
Perfectit stadium, et metae inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at harentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat addueto non fegnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita profiliens Eléo carceri pernix
Auriga invelitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia recta.
Si tamen in duros, obscura satellite multo,
Impingant socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam;
Atque Deos atque alia vocat crudelia.—
Si vero incurfus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Tumba fremit confusa, sonitque frequentibus, enge,
Exclamant socii; planfu strepit omne viretum.
Interea felfos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et falsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbrae
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

H h h 2  A D
P.O.E.M.A.T.A.

A D

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O Qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciores fucruofis
Sane animam revocas ab umbris;
Jam fœtus folutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel agrum et vix animae tenax
Corpus ineris, fœtus cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutas;
Opus relinquens eripe te morae,
Frontemque curis folicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor WILHELMI, nunc moveat fitim
Minister ingens, imperique
Præsidium hauve leve, MONTACUTUS,

Omitte
POEMATA

Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
   Nec ceteros cautos mederi
   Ipse tuam minus salutem,
Frustra cruorem pulsius incitis
Ebullientem pollicie comprimis,
   Attentus explorare venam
   Quae febris exagitetur tumentem;
Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
   Innatus herbis te fatigant:
   Serius aut citius sepulcho
Debemur omnes, vitaque defere
Expulsâ morbis corpus inhospitum,
   Lentumque desflebunt nepotes
   (Relliquias animæ) cadaver,
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos panceores fecerit ars tua;
   Suumque victorem vicissim
   Subjiciet libitina victrix.
Decurrît illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
   Reddit molestam, urgetve curas
   Sponte sua satis ingruentes;
Et quem dieum lene fluentium
   Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiiisque
   Innocuïs bene temperata.

Machinæ
Machineæ Gestculantes,


gesticulating machines,

Anglice

A Puppet-Show.

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis coeli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumulum
Histribo, dele'tatque inhi'antem fcom'mate tur'bam;
Quotquot la'titia studio aut novitate ten'entur,
Undique congre'siti per'mis'sa fec'ilia com'plent.
Nec confusus honos; nummo sub'sellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima vi'sum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datu're fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox frigidula turba penates
Ingreditur pietos, et mania squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,

Ludit.
P O E M A T A.

Ludit in exiguō plebecula parva theatro.

Sed prater reliquis incidit Homuncio rauca
Voce strepens; major subnecit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tulum immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmaeum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fructus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Conhis, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quamquam res agitur Jpslenni feria pompa,
Spernit follicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et rifu importunus adeft, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pietamque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile salu.

Saepé etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito Nympharum incidit honetum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmaeos credas positis minaces bellis,
Jamque, insensæ Graum temnentes praelia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera caelo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populatque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et anguitum crebro pede pulsat orbem.
Mane patent greffus; hinc facios terræ feraces

Concipit,
POEMATA

Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virecet circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luctes,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumulus.
Arma ciant truculentæ cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnae; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et miftæ castigant gaudia cura.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure facti,
Protenæque haftæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartae
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et fibila miscent.
Sternitur omne folum perentibus; undique cæterae
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed postquam infans pugnae defcrvbit ætus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversæ repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro præci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hie parva reductum specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.
Rugis fulcantur vultus, prolixæque barbae
Canities mento pendent: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem feninim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latente est
Suppeditet vires, quem pofcat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex ex inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniæ telo efformat, nexcue tentic
Crura ligat pedibus, numerisque accommodat arimos,
Et membris membra aptar, et amibus insuit armis.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pufillum
Verfat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti.
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos.
Oftendit fulcos, duri et vestigia ferri.
Hinc sait, arque agili se sublevar incita motu,
Voceque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

Ad Insignissimum Virum

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

Sacræ Theoræ Telluris Autorem.

NON usitatam carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poscis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidaque
Respsis officium canona.
Tu mixta rerum femina conscius,
Molemque cernis dislociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quaerere pertinax
Ignota pandis, follicitus parum

Vol. I.     I i i     Utcunque.
POEMATA

Ut sequa set commune vulgī
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditor ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deferit.
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppofitas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
Relliquia fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carceri lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur natantes,
Et tremula simulacra lunæ.
Quæ poma vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis cæleścit spiritus ingenii!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferrens
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin læc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum suumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem fulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævī atrox hyem
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata buſtum!

Nudus
POEMATA. 427

Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquefecens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles,
Jamque alta cæli moenia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra agebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En lata vernantis Favon!
Flamina, perpetuosque flores!
O peætus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capaeam! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.
DIALOOGUES
UPON THE
USEFULNESS
OF
ANCIENT MEDALS.
Especially in relation to the
LATIN and GREEK Poets.

---
quoniam bæc Ratio plorumque videtur.
Tristior esse, quibus non est tradacta, retroque
Volgus abhorret ab bæc: volui tibi suaviloquenti:
Carmine Piscio ratiouem exponere nostram,
Et quæsi musco dulci contingere melis,
Si tibi forte animam tali rations tenerem.

---
Lucretius.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.
DIACOUES
UPON THE
USEFULNESS
OF
ANCIENT MEDALS
Especially in relation to the
LATIN and GREEK POSTER

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCXL

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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, hoistle fiery; 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 learned 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 Basil.

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 Judaea weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prexolute 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, subjell'd to our eye,
Gods, Emperors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties bye.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' Inscription value, but the Rani adore:
This, the Blue verniss, that, the Green endears,
The sacred Rani 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 found;
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his Bride.

Their's is the Vanity, the Learning thine.
Touched by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine:
Her Gods, and godlike Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor bluffs, these studies they 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 brads.  
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 lauting 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.
Diálogues

Upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals.

Dialogue I.

Inthio, 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 polite 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
particular persons. As they were intimate friends they took the freedom to differ 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 Cynshio's humour to run down every thing that was rather for entertainment 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 he not borrowed his affinities from them. After having rally'd a set or two, he fell upon the Medallists.

These gentlemen, says he, value themselves upon being critics in Ruff, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it, by its colour. They are professed 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 choose to count out a sum in Sellerces, than in pounds Sterling. I have heard of one in Italy that used to swear by the head of Osbo. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of these Virtuosi's about a cabinet of Medals, descanting upon the value, rarity and authenticities 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 Brafs, it would be invaluable. Another falls a ringling a Pescenarius Niger, and judiciously distinguishes the found of it to be modern. A third defires you to obverse well the Toga on such a reverse, and asks you whether you can in confience 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 impertinences 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 un-concerning 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 in favour 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 fall in my attempt, and fo render my science still more contemptible. On the contrary, says _Cynthio_, we are already so persuaded 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 profelytes, 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 differ 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 myself. 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 conlude 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 _Dnarius_ or a _Drachma_; and a piece of mony that was not worth a penny fifteen hundred years ago, may be now rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps a hundred guinnes. 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 persuade Engenius and my self that it is better to have a pocket full of Orbis 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 ues of old coins.

The first and most obvious one, says Philander, is the shewing us the faces of all the great perfons of antiquity. A cabinet of Medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. Juvenal calls them very humorously,

Concifum argentum in titulos, factisque minutas.

You here see the Alexanders, Cæsars, Pompeys, Trojans, 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 itself 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 Cynthia, to reject this last ufe 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 itself 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 politeft 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, Abun-
dance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Justice, Moderation, Happiness; and
in short a whole creation of the like imaginary substan-ces. 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 se-
veral history-painters, who perhaps without this affin-ite 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 Phlan-
der, that Painters have not a little contributed to bring the study of Me-
dals in vogue. For not to mention several others, Caraccio is said to
have afflicted Arethusa by desig-ns that he took from the Spintria of Tib-
ernus. Raphael had thoroughly studied the figures on old Coins. Pusin
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, Con-fuls, Prefects, Prin-
tors, and the like characters of importance, but of some of the Poets,
and of several who had won the prizes at the Olympic games. It was
a noble time, says Cynthia, when Trips and Cornisb huggs 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 lamped upon their
Coins. But these were the wife ancients, who had more esteem for a
Milo than a Homer, and set 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 formi-
dable body than I could have imagined. You have shewn us all condi-
tions, sexes and ages, emperors and empresses, men and children, gods
and wrestlers. Nay you have conjured up persons that exist no where elze
but on old Coins, and have made our Passions and Virtues and Vices vi-
able. I could never have thought that a cabinet of Medals had been so
well peopled. But in the next place, says Phianpfer, as we see on coins
the different Faces of persons, we see on them too their different Habits
and Dress, according to the mode that prevailed in the several ages
when
DIALOGUES upon the Usefulness

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 greate-
teft contempt imaginable, if he fancies the old Roman 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 Prettexa. 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 pinion or a night-rail, a petticoat or a
mantle; but will talk as gravely as a father of the church on the Vitta
and Peplus, the Stola and Insita. 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 thoufand years hence, some profound
author shall write a learned treatife on the Habits of the present age, dif-
distinguished into the following Titles and Chapters.

Of the old Britifh 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 confefs, says Eugenius interrupting him, the knowledge of these
affairs is in itself 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 Clamys and Trabea, and in short all the different vests and orna-
ments that are fo 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 Veflis Trabeta was of such a particu-
lar fashion, Sealiger is for another, and Ducier thinks them both in the
wrong.
of Ancient M E D A L S. 441

wrong. These are, says Cynthia, I suppose the names of three Roman tailors: 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, helmers, battered-rams and trophies, in a word, all the ancient military furniture in the same manner as it might have been in an Arenal of old Rome. A third apartment should be a kind of Sacrifice 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 Cynthia, 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 Classical 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 can you think a man that has read Vegetius will relish your Roman Arsenals? In the mean time, says Plutarch, 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 sacrificial, 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 gallery 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, congriaries, allocations, directions, leadenclerks, and a thousand other antiquated names and ceremonies that we should not have had to just a notion of, were they not still preferred 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 Cynthia, we find that Pe-
Diálogos sobre la Útilidad

It is never written with an a dipthongue, and that in Augustus's days Cruz stood for Crues, 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 disentangled 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 Cynthia, may in some cases be of great moment, but considering the subjects on which your chronologists 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 Amphitheatre 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 Tribunehip 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 show their talents on the meaneft subjects, says Ingenius: 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 embarrased 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 firft naming of an Emperor will immediately tell you his age, family and life. To remember where he enters in the succedion, 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 fee my Cicero to well acquainted with the buftis and statues of all the great people of antiquity. There was not an Emperor or Emprefs but he knew by sight, and as he was seldom without Medals in his pocket, he would often shew us the fame 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 Livius that was dressed up like a Ceres. Let a buft be never fo disfigured, they have a thousand marks by which to decipher it. They will know a Zenobia by the fitting of her Diadem, and will distinguish the Faustina's by their different way of tying up their hair. Oh! Sir, says Cynthia, they will go a great deal farther, they will give you the name and titles of a Statue that has loft 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 fee likewise the plans of many the moft confiderable buildings of Old Rome. There is an ingenious Gentleman of our own nation extremely well verfed 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 allured me that he has oberved all the nicety of proportion in the figures of the different orders that compose
compote 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 ruins 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 itself. They are in short so many real monuments of Brabs.

Quod non imber edax non aquilo impotens,
Passit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Anorum series, et sorta 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 Cynthia. But I am afraid a little malicious rust would demolish one of your brass 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 Ruins. I shall only tell you there are two or three forts of them which are extremely beautiful in the eye of an Antiquary, and preserve a Coin better than the best artificial varnish. As for other kinds, a skilful Medalist 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 cleaning 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 ruins that I have now forgotten. For my part, says Cynthia, I think there are at Rome now 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 ruins of Augustus's Palace so long as I could see the Vatican, the Borgbeuf, 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 ruin to another, he at last brought us to the Rotunda. And this, says he, is the most valuable Antiquity in Italy, notwithstanding it is fo entire.

The same kind of fancy, says Philander, has formerly gained upon several of your Medallists, who were for hoarding 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 Medici, the Apollo in the Belvedere, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horfe-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 reflection may extend itself 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 Van Dikey’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 illustriation from this study. I must however tell you, that Medals and the Civil Law, as we are allured 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 ancient 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 converfant 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 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 drolls that such an Emprefs 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 suspense, 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 unridge 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 lectures, 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 fuer ingenti videtur
Præcærum facias sul architectum.

If of dull parts the stripling you suspect,
A herald make him, or an architect.

But
of Ancient Medals.

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 propensity that all men have to numbers and harmony) that my barber has often combed my head in Daïlyts and Spundee, 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 Anapestus's. This you will think perhaps a very extravagant fancy, but I must own I should as soon expect to find the Prose in a Combus 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 Corun-Coptie. These are a sort of authors who -born 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 friendhip 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.

Gratia

Jungis nuda favorbis:
—Segnusque nodum solvere Gratia.

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 cough 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 courtesy. 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?

Qua bene et eximie quamquam disposita fuerint,
Sunt longe tamen a verâ ratione repulsâ.

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 Sifters 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 affittance 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 Verfe, I only shew you the fame design executed by different hands, and appeal from one matter to another of the fame age and taste. This is certainly a much furer way than to build on the interpretations of an author who does not consider how the ancients used to think, but will be full inventing mysteries and applications out of his own fancy. To make my felf 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 fame metaphor in ancient poets to expressive protection or defence. I conclude therefore that this Medal compliments the Emperor in the fame fentiment as the old Romans did their Dictator Fabis when they called him the Buckler of Rome. Put this reverse now if you please into the hands of a mythical 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 shadowes 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 anfwer for the shield's convexity that it does not cover a mystery, nay there shall not be the leaft wrinkle or flourish upon it which will not turn to some
fome account. In this cafe therefore, * Poetry being in fome refeects an
Art of designing as well as Painting or Sculpture, they may serve as Com-
ments on each other. I am very well satisfied, says Eugenius, by what
you have faid on this fubjeft, that the Poets may contribute to the ex-
planiation of fuch reverfes as are purely emblematical, or when the perfons
are of that shadowy allegorical nature you have before mentioned, but I
fuppofe there are many other reverfes that represent things and perfons
of a more real eftinction. In this cafe too, says Philander, a Poet lets
you into the knowledge of a device better than a Profe-writer, as his
defcriptions are often more diftinct, his story more naturally circumftanced,
and his language enriched with a greater variety of epithets: So that you
often meet with little hints and fuggelions in a Poet that give a great
illuftration to the curfions, actions, ornaments, and all kinds of Antiqui-
ties 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 lan-
guage, but is for searching into what he calls the Erudition of the Au-
thor. He will turn you over all Virgil to find out the figure of an old
Roffrum, and has the greateft efteem imaginable for Homer, becaufe he
has given us the fashion of a Greek Scepter. It is indeed odd enough to
confider how all kinds of Readers find their account in the old Poets.
Not only your men of the more refted or folid parts of Learning, but
even your Alchymift and Fortune-teller will difcover the secrets of their
art in Homer and Virgil. This, says Eugenius, is a prejudice of a very
ancient ftanding. Read but Plutarch's discourse on Homer, and you will
fee 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 fee what pains he fakes to prove that Homer underftood
all the figures in Rhetoric, before they were invented. I do not queftion,
says Philander, were it po{fible for Homer to read his praifes in this Au-
thor, but he would be as much furprized as ever Monfieur Jourdain was
when he had found he had talked Profe all his life-time without ever
knowing what it was. But to finish the task you have fet me, we may
observe that not only the Virtues, and the like imaginary perfons, but all
the heathen Divinities appear generally in the fame Drefs among the Poets
that they wear in Medals. I muft confefs, I believe both the one and the
other took the Mode from the ancient Greek Statuaries. It will not per-
haps be an improper transition to pafs from the heathen gods to the fe-

* Poema eft picture logica.
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 searchung 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 severall 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 Cynthia, 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.
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 dissatisfied 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, say he, shew 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 nowhere 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 shewn 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 poture 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.

Virtutis dispar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
Composita mutata comae, flans vultus, et ore

Mmm 2

Incipit.
Dialogues upon the Usefulness

Incensuque viro proprii, letique pudoris,
Celsa humeis, nivea fulgebant flamine palla.

Sil. It. Li. 15.

A different form did Virtue wear,
Rude from her forehead fell the unplaited hair,
With dauntless men aloft she rear'd her head,
And next to manly was the virgin's tread;
Her height, her sprightly blush, the Goddes's show,
And robes unfurled 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. Si-
lius Italicus makes them companions in the glorious equipage that he

gives his Virtue.

Mecum Honor, et Laudes, et lato Gloria vultu,
Et Decus, et niveis Victoria concolor ait.

With me the foremost place let Honour gain,
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 eujus placido posuere in pedore sedem

The head of Honour is crowned with a Laurel, as Martial has ador-

ned his Glory after the same manner, which indeed is but another name

for the same person.

Mitte coronatas Gloria massa comas.

I find, says Cynthia, the Latins mean Courage by the figure of Virtue, as
wel as by the word itself. Courage was esteemed the greatest perfe-
tion among them, and therefore went under the name of Virtue in gen-
eral, 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 Fid-
dle 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 shew the good understanding between the Emperor and the Empress. She has always a Cornu-copia in her hand, to denote that Plenty is the fruit of Concord. After this short account of the Deity, 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.

Sen. Med. Aft. i.

Martis sanguineas que cohibet manus,
Quae dat belliieris suiera gentibus,
Et cornu retinet divite copiam.

Who sooths great Mars the warriour God,
And checks his arm dittain'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 Deity who used to interest her self in marriages, we may see in the following description.


Jamdudum poste reclinis,
Quarit Hymen thalamis imitaturn dicere carmen,
Quo vatem mulcere querat; dat Juno verenda
Vincula, et insignis geminat Concordia tedi.

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 Dres 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-copia. It is to this part of the Dres that Tibullus alludes.

At
Di

go

454 DIALOGUES upon the Usefulness

At nobis, Pax alma, veni, spicamque teneto,
Perfuit et pomis candidus antē flum.

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 Ava-

rice.


How proper the emblems of Plenty are to Peace, may be seen in the

same Poet.

Interea Pax arva colat, Pax candida primum
Duxit avatuos sub juga curva hoves;
Pax aluit vites, et succos condidit uva,
Funderet ut nato tefa paternum merum:

Pace bidens comunque 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—

Ingreditur, ramumque tenens popularis Oliva.

In his right hand an Olive-branch he holds.

— To move his haughty soul they trye
Intreaties, and perfwation soft apply;
Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentleft terms they greet his ear.

Which by the way one would think had been spoken rather of an Attila,
or a Maximin, than Julius Cesar.

You
You see Abundance or Plenty makes the same figure in Medals as in Fig. 5

Horace.

--- tibi Copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris bonorum opulenta cornu.

--- 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
Italiano pleno diffudit Copia cornu.

--- 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 Diem meminerunt, meminit Fides. Carul. 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 Vestia, Remo cum fratres Quirinus
Jura dabunt

---

Then atid 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 saluta
Tendebat Fidei, secretaque petitora tensat.
Arcanis dea lea, possunt forte remover
Calicolum magnas volvebat conscius curas.

---

He to the shrines of Faith his steps address.
She, pleas'd with secrets rowling in her breast,
Far from the world remote, revolv'd on high
The cares of gods, and counsels of the sky.
E'er Jove was born the grace'd the bright abodes,
Confort of Justice, boast of men and gods;
Without whose heavenly aid no peace below
The steadfast earth, and roaring 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 ascribés 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

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 Drefs. It is certain Hope might have a fair pretence to White, in allusion to those that were Candidates for an employ.

quem ducit hianum
Cretata ambitio

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 dress'd in such a kind of Velt as the Latins call a Multicum from the fineness of its Tissue. Your Roman Beaus had their summer toga of such a light airy make.

Quem tennes decure toga nitidique capilli.

I that lov'd——
Curl'd powder'd locks, a fine and gawdy gown. Mr. Creech.

I remember, says Cynthia, Juvenal rallying Creticus, that was otherwise a brave rough fellow, very handomely, on this kind of garment.
Non facient ait cum in multitudinem,
Cretice et haec vestem populus mirante perores
In Troculas et Pollineas. —
Acer et indomitus Libertatisque magister,
Cretice, pellucis —

— Nor, vain Metellus, shall
From Rome's Tribunal thy harangues prevail
Gainst harlotry, while thou art clad to thin,
That thro' thy Cobweb-robe we see thy skin,
As thou declaim'st
Can't thou restore old manners, or retrench
Rome's pride, who com't transparent to the Bench?

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 couched 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.


As when th'impatient Greyhound flipt 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 fitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flax:
She 'scapes, and for the neighbouring covert strives,
And gaining shelter doubts if yet she lives:
Such was the god, and such the flying fair,

Vol. I.

The
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.

Verum novum, tunc herba nitens, et roboris exposcet
Turget et insolida est, et Spe delictat agrestes.
Omnia tum florent florumque coloribus almus
Rident 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 fatis, speaking of the Vine in flower, expresses it

In spe vitis erat

Ov. de fatis. 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 carelessly 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 arbor prava jubentinum,
Non valvis insiantis tyranni,
Monte quod sit solida, neque Asser
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 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—

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 ourselves with this before us.

To Dacusasper, to profugi Scytha
Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuant tyranni:
Injurioso ad pede prorus
Stantem columnam, nee populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
AdFortunam. 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 fons
The barb'rous Mothers pray
To thee, the greatest guardian of their Thrones.

They bend, they vow, and still they fear,
Left 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.

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 Goddess, and had her Temple.
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_deinde ad superos Astra recepit
Hic comite, atque dux pariter fugere forores._


At length uneafy Justice upwards flew,
And both the Sifters to the Stars withdrew.

_Templo pudicitiae quid opus statuit puellis,
Si curvis nupta quidlibet esse licet?_ Tib. Lib. 2.

Since wives where'er they please unblam'd can be,
Why rear we useles Fanes to Chastity?

How her posture and drefs become her, you may see in the following verses.

_Ergo sedens velat vulvus, obnubit ocellos
Iste verecundi signa Pudoris erant._ Alciat.

She fits, her vifage veil'd, her eyes conceal'd,
By marks like thefe was Chastity reveal'd.

_Leo procul vitam tenues, insignis pudoris,
Quaque tegit medios infifta longa pedes._ Ov. de Art. Aman.

_Hence! ye smooth fillets on the forehead bound,
Whole bands the brows of Chastity furround,
And her coy Robe that lengthens to the ground._

She is represent'd in the habit of a Roman Matron.

_Matrons praefer faciem nil cernere posset,
Catena, ni Catia est, demissa vestis tegentis._ Hor. Sat. 2. Lib. 1.

Befides, 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.

That, ni Catia est, says Cynthia, is a beauty unknown to moft of our Englishe Satyrifts. Horace knew how to flab with addrefs, and to give a thrust where he was leaft expected. Boileau has nicely imitated him in this, as well as his other beauties. But our Englishe 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 abufe him. Our English Poets on the contrary show a kind of malice prepenfe in their Satires, and instead of bringing in the person to give light to any part of the Poem, let you see they write the whole Poem on purpose to abufe the person. But we must not leave the Ladies thus. Pray what kind of head-dres is that of Piety?

As Chaffley,
Beheld thee frequent. Once more come below,
Mix in the soft solemnities of woe,
See, see, thy own Hetreus waftes 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 preserved that Piety is here supposed to strow on the fire.

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.

Fig. 13. The next figure I present you with is Eternity. She holds in her hand a globe with a Phaenix 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.
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 can troubl,
And this enobles, and confines the whole. Mr. Creech.

Par volucr superis: Stellas qui vividas equat
Durando, membriisque terit redunibus ævum. —
Nam pater est prolesque sui, nulloque creante
Emeritos auras fiecunda morte reformat,
Et petis alternam votidem per funera vitam. —
O fenium positure rogo, salisfæque sepulchris
Natales habitures vicés, que sese renasce.
Exitio, proprioque foles pubeæere letho. —
O felix, hæresque tu! quo solvimur omnes,
Hoc siti suppeditat vires, praebetur origo
Per cinerem, moritur te non pereunti seneátus.
Vidí ssaeque fuit. Te soluta sessa
Caústa revolvuntur: nsi qua tempore ponés
Sed eri elatas fcepsis fiamantibus undas:
Quis Phœcuteis erroribus ariferit annus.
Et clades Te nullæ rapiet, solisque separa
Edomita tellure manes, non flamma Parce
In Te dura legunt, non jus habere nocendi. de Phæn. Claud.

A God-like bird! whose endless round of years
Outlafs 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 harmles fires shall burn,
Thy age the flame to secon youth shall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy fun'ral urn. —
Thrice happy Phœnix! Heav'n's peculiar care
Has made thy self thy self's surviving heir;
By Death thy deathles vigour is suply'd,
Which sinks to ruine all the world beside.

Thy
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Thy age, not thee, afflicting Phobos burns,
And vital flames light up thy fun'ral Urns.
Where'er events have been thy eyes survey,
And thou art fix'd while ages roll away.
Thou saw'st when raging ocean burn'd his bed,
O'er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'erspread;
When the raft youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the skies, and fear'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 Phenix distinguishes him to be the bird and offspring of the Sun.

---

Sols a vi specimem
Una est que separat seque ipsa refeminent ales;
Assyrhi Phenica vocant; non fruge neque herbis,
Sed Thuris laecrimis, et suco vivit amomum.
Hae ubi quinque sua complexit secula vita,
Ilicis in rami, tremulae cacumine palme,
Viguiibus et duro sibi nidos confinruit ore:
Quo suum ac casas, ac nardi lenis aridas
Quassaque cum fulvo substravit cinnamum myrrbi,
Se super imponit, finisque in odoribus aeum.
Inde forunt totidem qui vivere debent annos
Corporae de patrio partum phœnica renasci.
Cum dedit huic etas vites, onerique ferendo est,
Ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altae,
Fertque pius cunasque suas, patrumque Sepulchrum,
Perque levus annus Hyperionis urbe potius
Ante fores faivas Hyperionis ade reponit.

---

Ov. Met. Li.15.
Claud. de Phœnica.

---

-- From himself the Phenix 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 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 rives round; then with the spoil
Of Cassia, Cynamon, and stem's of Nard,
(For softness he did beneath) his funeral bed is rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd,
On this incumbrant; 'till aetherial 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 Phoenix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off the parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same leaf of life on the same terms renew'd.
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 burden in the porch.

Sic ubi fecundâ reparavit morte juventam,
Et patrios idem cineres, collectaque portat
Unguis offa pis, Nikon ad littora tendens
Unius extremito Phoenix procedit ab Euro:
Conveniunt Aquila, cumque ex orbe volucres
Ut Solis miretur avem.

Mr. Dryden.

So when his parent's pile hath ceas'd to burn,
Tow'r's the young Phoenix from the teeming urn:
And from the purple efs, 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 groves;
The gay harmonious train delighted gaze,
Crowd the procession, and refound his praise.

The radiated head of the *Phoenix* gives us the meaning of a passage in *Aufonius*, 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 novus Nesiores implovis purpura fusos,*
*Et toties terni coruix vivactor avo,*
*Quam novis terni glomeranensis secuta tractus*
*Vincent aripedes terni Nesiores cervi,*
*Tres quorum atates superat Phoebius oifem,*
*Quem novis femor Gaeteticus anteit aves,*
*Aves cinnamoeos radiatns temporae nido.*

_Aufon. Eidyll. 11._

*Arcanum radiant ocuhi jubari. igneus ora*
*Cingit honos, rutilo cognatum vertice fidus*
*Attalles cristas apex, tenebraeque forend*
*Luce fecat.*

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering 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.*

_Alex. odorati redolent ciui cinnama bufi._

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 toinos decisque novem super exit in annos*
*Justa senectum quos implevit vita vivorum.*
*His novis superat ovoendo garrula Corvus:*
*Et quater egredienti cornicis fœculta cervus.*
*Alipedin cervum ter vincit Corvus: at illum*
*Multiplicat novis Phenix, reparabiciis aves.*
*Quam vos perpetuo decies praecritis avo*
*Nymphæ Hamadryades: quorum longissima vita eft:*
*Hic cöhibent fines vitæ ætæ animantium.*

_Aufon. Eidyll. 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 bellow;
And such the bounds to mortal lives below.

A man had need be a good Arithmetician, says Cynthia, 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 Fig. 14 among them, that the Phaenix 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.

*Quicquid ab externis ales longæva colonis
Colligit, optati referens exordia stelo.*
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 precipitis volvitur annis.*

Life prods away,
And day from day drives on with swift career
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.

--- consumo, Magnus qui dicitur, anno
Rursus in antiquum venient vaga sidera cursum:
Qualia dispositi iterant ab origine mundi.

When round the great Platonick year has turn'd,
In their old ranks the wandering 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 Phoenix 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 saclorum nascitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redempt Saturnia regna:
Et nova progenies ceto demissetur also.

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.

--- nunc adeò mundo dies
Supremus ille, qui premat genus impium
Caeli ruind: rursus ut stirpe nouam
Generet renaseens molior: ut quondam tuli:
Juvenis tenente regna Saturno poli.

--- The last great day is come,
When earth and all her impious sons shall lie
Cruft in the ruins 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 Con stan tinus, so far as the Phenix 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 sublunar Beings, though they seem to perish every night, they renew themselves every morning.

Solcis 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.

Damnata tamen celeres n repercant celestia luna:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Tutus 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's son,
(Tho' rich like one, like '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.

Stellas qui vividus aquas.

Claud.:
Dialogues upon the Usefulness

—Ponit dum sidera pastet,
Semper honos nomineque tunc landequ maneant. Virg. Æn. L. i.


Vid. 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 fits on a globe and bears a scepter in her hand, to show 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 subject as Eternity. The next you see is Victory, to whom the Medal-lifts as well as Poets never fail to give a pair of wings.

——Dubis volutat Victoria pennis. Ov.
——Niveis Victoria concolor aliis. Sil. It.

The palm branch and laurel were both the rewards of Conquerors, and therefore no improper ornaments for Victory.


Et palma pretium Victoribus. Virg. Æn. 5.


Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn:
Thou shalt returning Caesar's triumphs grace,
When pomp's shall in a long procession pass.

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.


—As
As she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hats behind:
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view.

Dryden.

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 mole Victoria felix:
Exorata venit: labor impiger, aspera virtus,
Vis animi, excellens ardor, violenta, cura,
Hanc tribuna, durum trahantis robust in armis.
Que se defuerint bellantibus, aurea quamvis
Marmoreo in templo rutilas Victoria pinnas
Explicit, et multis surgat formata talentis:
Non aedtit vesitique offensae videbitur basis.
Quid miles propriis diffidit viribus opus
Invidia tumidex tibibet folatia forma?
Nunc quam pennigeram lego ferrata puellam
Vidit anbelantum regnent que tela virorum.
Vincendi quaeris dominam? sua dextra cuique est,
Et Deus omnipotens. Non pexo crine virago,
Nec nudo suspensa pede, strophioque revincita,
Nec tumidas suscitante suis vestita papillas.

Prudentius contra Symm. Li. 2.

Shall Victory intreated lend her aid
For cakes of flower on smoaking Altars laid?
Her help from toil's and watchings hope to find,
From the strong body, and undaunted mind:
If these be wanting on th'em battel'd plain,
Ye sue the unpropitious maid in vain.
Though in her marble temples taught to blaze.
Her dazzling 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 heath'd in iron e'er survey'd
Their darts directed by this winged maid!
Do'ft 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.

---

\[ \text{Ipsa duci sacras Victoria pandoret aedes,} \\
\text{Et palma viridi gaudens, et amicta trophais.} \]

Claud. de Lan. 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 Vindicfa, 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.

---

\[ \text{Donatum jam rude quaeris} \]
\[ \text{Mecenas iterum antiquo me includere ludo.} \]

Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 1.

---

\[ \text{Tar dé vires minuente fenealä} \]
\[ \text{Me quoque donari jam rude tempus erat.} \]

Ov. de Tr. Lib. 4. El. 8.

Since bent beneath the load of years I stand,
I too might claim the freedom-giving wand.

\[ \text{Quod te nomine jam tuo saluto} \]
\[ \text{Quem regem, et dominum prinis vocabam,} \]
\[ \text{Nè me dixeris esse contumacem} \]
\[ \text{Totis pilea sarcinis redeni.} \]

Mar. Lib. 2. Epig. 68.

By
By thy plain name though now address,
Though once my King and Lord confess,
Frown not: with all my goods I buy
The precious Cap of Liberty.

I cannot forbear repeating a passage out of Persius, says Cynthia, that in my opinion turns the ceremony of making a Freeman very handomely 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 tresis agafo,
Vappa, et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax.
Vorterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama. Papa! Marco Londente, recusas
Credere tu nexunos? Marco sub Judice palles?
Marcus dixit, ista est: assigna, Marcus, tabellas.
Hae mera libertas: hanc nobis pula donant. — Perf. 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 fake 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.
Dialogues upon the Usefulness

Since you have given us the ceremony of the Cap, says Eugenius, I'll give you that of the Wand, out of Claudian.

Te fæstis invenio quater, fœlennia ludit
Ominis libertas. deducit Vindex morum
Lex celebrat, famulnsque jago laxatus heril
Ducitur, et grato remeat secunior ilre.
Triflis conditio pulfara fronte recedit:
In cirem rubere genc, tergoque removit
Verta promisit felix injuria voti.


The Grato iatu and the felix injuria, says Cynthia, 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 fet 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 set of Riddles, and see if we can find a key to them among the ancient Poets.

The firft of them, says Cynthia, 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 Happines, as you may see by the inscription it carries in its fails. We find the fame Device to express the fame 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 anguis animosus atque
Forts appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.

When Fortune sends a stormy wind,
Then shew a brave and pretent mind;
And when with too indulgent gales
She swells too much, then furl thy sails.

Hor. Od. 10. Lib. 2.

Mr. Creecb.

Nominis
of Ancient Medals.

Nominis et fanae quondam fulgore traherar,
Dum tulit antennas aura secunda meas.
Ov. de Trif. 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 gales.

You see the Metaphor is the same in the Verfes 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 diffe-
rent. If you would see the whole Ship made use of in the same feme by
an old Poet, as it is here on the Medal, you may find it in a pretty Alie-
gory of Seneca.

Fata si licerat mihi
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela, uè pressie gravii
Spiritum antemne tremant.
Levis et modice fluens
Aura, nec vergens latus,
Ducat intrepidam ratem.

My fortune might I form at will,
My canvas Zephyrs soft should fill
With gentle breath, left ruder gales
Crack the main-yard, or burst the sails.
By winds that temperately blow
The Barque should pass secure and flow,
Nor fear me leaning on her side:
But smoothly cleave the unruflled 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.
The Poop of it has the bend that Ovid and Virgil mention.

Virg.

You see the description of the Pilot, and the place he sits on, in the following quotations.

*Ipsæ gubernator puppi Palinurus ab altâ.*

*Virg. Æn. Li. 5.*

*Ipsæ ante oculos ingens a nortice pontus.*

*Id. Æn. Li. 1.*

*Oroncis* bark, that bore the Lycian crew,

(A horrid fight) 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 Menaret,*

*Oblicus decorisque sui sociisque salutis,*

*In mare præcipitum puppi deturbat ab altâ:*

*Ipsæ gubernaculo rectōr subit.*

Mindles of others lives, (so high was grown

His rising rage,) and careles of his own:

The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,

And hoisted up, and overboard he threw;

This done, he letz'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 carula cochlæ
Exterrens fessa: cui laterum teuns hispida nauti
Froms dominum prefect, in pristin define abous;
Spumea femisero sub petiere murmurate unda.

The Triton bears him, he, whose trumpet's found
Old Ocean's waves from shore to shore rebound.
A hairy man above the waife he shews,
A Porpoise tail down from his belly grows,
The billows murmur, which his breast oppose.

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.

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 patronized. 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.
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, desitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wears the deaf Gods with fruitless pray'r.
Their images, the relics of the wrack,
Torn from their naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves; and rudely thrown ahore,
Lie impotent, nor can themselves restore.
The vessel flicks, 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.

Mr. Creech.

Since we are engaged so far in the Roman shipping, says Philander, 

Fig. 2. I'll here shew you a Medal that has on its reverse a Rosfrum with three teeth to it: whence Silius's trifidum rostrum and Virgil's rostrisque tridentibus, which in some editions is tridentibus, 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 Rosfrum of the same make.

A Ship-carpenter of old Rome, says Cynthia, 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 Fig. 3: 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.

Hesperiam, ut Libra tenet, quid condita Roma
Et propriis fratern pendentem nustibus orbem,
Orbis et Imperium retinet, discrimina rerum
Lancibus, et positas gentes tollitque premitaque:
Qua genus cum fratre Remus hanc condidit urben. 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 powerful favour turns the poise,
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 Ves- fius reads it.

The Thunderbolt is a reverse of Augustus. We see it used by the great- eff Poet of the same age to express a terrible and irresistible force in battle, which is probably the meaning of it on this Medal, for in another place the same Poet applies the same metaphor to Augustus’s person.

---duo Fulmina belli

Who can declare
The Scipio’s worth, those Thunderbolts of war? Mr Dryden.

--- dum Cæsar ad altum
Fulminat Euphrates bello

While mighty Cæsar, thund’ring from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates’ banks the spoils of war. Mr. Dryden.
I have sometimes wondered, says Euenius, why the Latin Poets so frequently give the Epithets of trifidum and trifucum 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 infers 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.

Virgil. Æn. Lib. 3.

Three rays of wretched 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 shew 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 fame that we have here on the Medal. I question not but the old Coins gave the thought to the Poet.

Claud. de Lau. Stil. Lib. 3.

Of old, when in the war's tumultuous strife
A Roman save'd a brother Roman's life,
And foil'd the threatening foe, our Sires decreed
An Oaken Garland for the victor's meed.
Thou, who hast save'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 strengthened 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.
His tibi Nomentum, et Gabios, urbemque Fidenam,
Hi Collatinas imponem 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 Colian towers on rocky ground.

Mr. Dryden.

Ipse loci cußos, cujus sacra ta vorago,
Famosusque lacus nomen memorabile servat,
Innumerous aris fontus, et ver bare crudo
Ut senit magire forum, movet horrida sancto
Ora qui, meritaque caput venerabile quercu.

Statius Sylv. Lib. i.

The Guardian of that Lake, which boasts to claim
A pure memorial from the Curtian name;
Rous'd by th'artificers, whole mingled found
From the loud Forum pierc'd the shades profound,
The hoary vision rofe confes'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.

Copia Cornu. Hor, Car. Sac.

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 stamp'd 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.

Vol. I.
Dialogues upon the Usefulness

---

**rigidum sèra dextera cornu**

Dum tenet, invagrit: truncaque a fronte revellit.

Naiades hæc, pomis et adoro flori repletum,

Sacredunt; dívègique meo bona Copia cornu est.

Dixerat at Nymphis succinctora Diana

Una ministrāram, sūlis utriunque capillis,

Incègit, cornuque tilit prædivòse cornu

Autumnum, et mensas fèlicias poma secundas.


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 flor'd;

And ruddy apples for the second board.

---

Mr. Gay.

---

The God she suckled of old Rhea born;

And in the pious office broke her horn,

As playful in a rifted Oak she rol'd

Her heedless head, and half its honours loft.

Fair Amalthea 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 fway'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 the double Cornu-copia you see Mercury's rod.  

Cyllene qulique decus, facundae minister,  
Aurea cui toro virga draconis viret.  
Mart. Lib. 7. Epig. 74.

Defend, 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 flupifying quality that has gained it the title of Virga fornifera. It has wings, for another quality that Virgil mentions in his description of it.

--- hac fretus ventos et nubila tranat.  

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-copia 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  

Tos natorum memoranda parentis—  
Veste toties enixa gravi  
Pignora pacis.  

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 dextraque date ———  
Sociemus animos, pignus hoc fidei cape,  
Contine dextram ———  

--- en dextra fideisque  
Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates!  
Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.  
See
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing thro' the flame,
Prefe'ved his Gods———

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 alumnæ Ceres.*

---

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 Praetorian 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 senfe as Anchises gives it in the following verses.

*Ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus*  
*Dat juveni, atque animum praebenti munere firmat.*

---

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.

*Dirne Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantium,*  
*De locupletem Aquilam tibi sexagesimus annos*  
*Afferat———*  

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 setà, cum dentibus albis*  
*Indutus capitis, sic regia teēta subibat*  
*Horridus, Herculeaque humeros indutus amīētu.*

---

*Virg. Æn. Lib. 7.*
Like Hercules himself his Son appears,
In salvaje pomp: a Lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the flaggiy skin,
The teeth, and gaping jaws fiercely grin.
Thus like the God his father, homely drest,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest?  Mr. Dryden.

Since you have mentioned the drefs of your Standard-bearer, says Cynthia, 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 expos'd 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 dresse's lie out of sight, and are covered under part of the clothing. 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 rofam, et cera Telephi
Laudas brachia, va meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet fceur.*

When Telephus his youthful charms,
His rofy neck, and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in that pleasing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberlefs repentments 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 verfe, where Remulus, among other reproaches that he makes the Trojans for their softness and effeminacy, upbraids them with the Make of their Tunic's that had sleeves to them, and did not leave the arms naked and expos'd to the weather like that of the Romans.
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Et tunica manicas, et habent vidimiculas mitra.

Virgil lets us know in another place, that the Italians preferred their old language and habits, notwithstanding the Trojans became their Masters, and that the Trojans themselves quitted the dreys of their own country for that of Italy. This he tells us was the effect of a prayer that Juno made to Jupiter.

Iliad te, nullâ fatis quod lego tenetur,
Pro Latia obtestor, pro majestate tuorum:
Cum jam commibus pacem felicibus (efto)
Component, cum jam leges et fadera jungent:
Ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Neu Troas fieri jubeas, Teucroque vocari;
Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere vestes.
Sit Latium, sit Albani per secula reges:
Sit Romana potens Italic virtute propago:
Occidit, occideritque nubes cum nomine Troja.

En. 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, content 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 Grandfathers wore.
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy, with that detected town.
Latium be Latium still: let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal Majesty remain.

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:
Iravum tantos volvis sub pectore jactis?
Verum aequ, et insipienti frustra subito furor.
Then thus the Founder of mankind replies.
(Unruffled was his front; serene his eyes,)
Can Saturn's issue, and Heav'n's other Heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be Mildred, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood the 'Aufonian 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 fons 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 Aeneid was founded on a very doubtful story, and that Aeneas'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 to 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 Quoïfure.

It is the emblem of Fruitfulness, says Philander, and was designed as Fig. 9. 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.

* Ffelix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invexit curru Phrygiæ turrita per urbes,
Lata Deum partu.*

Virg. Æn. Li. 6.
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 fame 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 fame number on the Globe, represent the four children. There is a Nbc of Romulus and Remus fucking 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.

Dique Uli faciunt sibi juvenile nepotes,
Per tua perque futa parentis eunt. Ov. de Trif. Li. 2. El. 1.

Tu quoque extintus jacis,
Deflende nobis semper, infelix puer.
Modo sidus orbis, columnae augusla domus,

Thou too dear youth, to alhes turn'd,
Britannicus, for ever mourn'd!
Thou Star that wont this Orb to grace!
Thou pillar of the Julian race!

Manes dominum contentus babonis,
Undarum terraeque patriae, et sidus donis.

Stay, great Caesar, and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
Reign 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.

The next Medal was stamp'd 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.

PHAEBIS OBVIA FLAMMIS
And to shew that Ophavia derived her whole lusitie from the friendly aspect of her husband.

Sicut Luna suo tunc tantum deficit orbis,
Quam Phaebum adversis currentem non vidit asbris.  Manil. Lib. 4.

Because the Moon then only feels decay,
When opposite unto her brother's ray.

But if we consider the history of this Medal, we shall find more fancy in it than the Medallists have yet discovered. Nero and Ophavia 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 Ophavia, where it speaks of her marriage with Nero.

Pratris thalamo sortitae tenet
Maxima Juno: soror Augusii
Sociata soror, cur a patria

To Jove his sister comfort wed,
Uncenfur'd shares her brother's bed:
Shall Caesar's wife and sister wait,
An Exile at her husband's gate?

Implicet aulae stirpe celesti tuam
Generata divo, Claudia gentis decus,
Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros. Ibid. Act. 2.

Thy sister, bright with ev'ry blooming grace,
Will mount thy bed to enlarge the Claudian race:
And proudly teeming with fraternal love,
Shall reign a Juno with the Roman Jove.

They are therefore very prettily represent'd 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.


The flattery on the next Medal is in the same thought as that of Lu.-Fig. 11.
Dialogues upon the Usefulness

Ipsi Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitae; Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnis praefuit, stellas exortus uti aetherius Sol.

Nay, Epicurus' race of life is run;
That man of wit, who other men outdone;
As far as meaner stars the mid-day Sun.

The Emperor appears as the Rising Sun, and holds a Globe in his hand, to figure out the Earth that is enlightened and actuata by his beauty.

Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia luistas.

--ubi primos erasinus oritus
Exstulerit Titau, radisique tetexerit orbem.

When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays.

On his head you see the rays that seem to grow out of it. Claudian in the description of his infant Titan defcants on this glory about his head, but has run his description into most wretched stufian.

Invavidum dextro portat Titana lacerto,
Nondum luce gravem, nec pubescentibus alta
Crystatum radiis; primo clementior erro
Fingitur, et tenerum vagitu despuit ignem.

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. 11. The Sun rises on a Medal of Commodus, as Ovid describes him in the story of Phaeton.

Aridus prima via est, et qui vix manœ recintes
Enituntur equi

You have here too the four horfes breaking through the clouds in their morning pallage.

--- Pyroëis
of Ancient Medals.

——Pyroëis, et Eōns, et Aethon,
Solís equī, quartusque Phleug——

Ibid.

Corrigere viām, pediatrice per aëra motis
Oblates seíndant nebulae——

Ibid.

The woman underneath represents the Earth, as Ovid has drawn her fitting in the same figure.

**Suŭlit omniseros collo tenus arida vultus;**
**Opposuitque manum fronti, magnoque tremore**
**Omnia conuictiæ paulum subiæt.**

Ibid.

The earth at length——
Uplifted to the heav'n her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said,
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and fought a cooler seat.)

The Cornu-copia in her hand is a type of her fruitfulnes, as in the speech she makes to Jupiter.

**Hosie nihi frui tus, hunc fertilitatis honorem,**
**Officique referis? quod aduici unluva aratri**
**Reservatque foro, totaque exercer anno?**
**Quod pecoré frondes, alimentaque mitia fruges**
**Humano generi, obis 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 harrafs'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 Phabi conscendere currus;**
**Telluremque, nihil mutatis sole, timente**
**Igne vago interare iuvet——**

Luc. Lib. 1. ad Neronem.

Or
Dialogues upon the Usefulness

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.

Quam suspenitus eft Pholus, curruque refpecrat
Huc illuc agiles, et fervet in æthere metas.
——— Hesperio positas in littore metas.
Et Sol ex aequo metu di{labat utroque.

Manil. Lib. 1.
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 Cynthia, there is scarce a great man he ever spoke upon that has not been compared to him. I look on similes as a part of his productions. I do not know whether he raifes fruits or flowers in greater number. Horace has turn'd this comparison into ridicule seventeen hundred years ago.

——— laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,
Solem Asiae Brutum appellat ———— Hor. Sat. 7. Lib. r.

He praifeth 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 supposte we have at laft done with the celestial bodies.

Fig. 13. The next figure you see, says Philander, had once a place in the heavens, if you will believe eccle{ialical 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. r.
of Ancient Medals.

A Christ was on th'Imperial standard born,
That Gold embroiders, and that Gemms adorn.

By the word Christ 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 Fig. 14.

Medal and verses.

Agnoßas, Regina, libens mea signa necesse est:
In quibus Effigies Crucis aut gemmata refulget,
Aut longis solidi ex auro praetur in haßis.

Conſtantinus Romam alloquitur. Ibid.

My Enſign jet the Queen of nations praife,
That rich in gems the Christian Croſs displays:
There rich in gems; but on my quiv'ring spears
In foldi gold the sacred mark appears.

Vexillumque Crucis ſumnum dominator adorat. Id. in Apotheofi.

See there the Crofs 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 fee it in a flate Fig. 15.
of Paganim 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 flamped. By the way you must obſerve, that where-ever the Ro-
mans fixed their standards they looked on that place as their country, and
thought themselves obliged to defend it with their lives. For this rea-
son their standards were always carried before them when they went to
fettle themselves in a Colony. This gives the meaning of a couple of
verſes in Silius Italicus, that make a very far-fetcht compliment to
Fubins.

Ocyus huc Aquilas feruataque signa referte,
Hic patria est, munique urbis ſancte peſtore in uno. Sil. It. Li. 7.

The following Medal was flamped on Trajan's vіctory over the Daci, Fig. 16.
you fee 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 fee 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 Conquett. I have ſometimes fanc-
cied Vīrgil alludes to this custom in a verſe that Turnus speaks.
Dialogues upon the Usefulness

Non adeo has exsula manus Victoria fugit. Virg. Æn. Li. 11.

If you content, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to Victory unsu'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 sertur
Gloria Trajani; non tam quod, Tigris vidit,
Nostra triumphati suerint provinciei Partib,
Alta quod invictus fratis capitalia Dacis:
Quam patriae quod misis erat... Claud. dc 460. Conf. 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 thouts of triumph for the Daci slain:
But for thy mildness to thy country shewn.

The city of Rome carries the Wand in her hand that is the symbal of
her Divinity.

Delubrum Roma (colitur nam sanguine et ipfa

For Rome, a Goddes too can boast her shrine,
With victims slain'd, and fought with rites divine.

As the Globe under her feet betokens her dominion over all the nations
of the earth.

Terrarum Dea, Gentiumque Roma;

O Rome, thou Goddes of the earth!
To whom no rival e'er had birth;
Nor second e'er shall rise.

The heap of arms the fits 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 that up in the Temple of Janus and loaden with chains.

Claudentur belli porta: Furor impius in us
Saxa sedens super arma, et centum vincitus abenis
Post tyrannum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento. Virg. Æn. Li. 1.

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful influx of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a Trophy raised 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 maesta capillis
Sedecat. Propert. Li. 1.

O utinam ante tuas sedeam captiva penates.
Id. L. 4.

O might I fit a captive at thy gate!

You have the same posture in an old Coin that celebrates a victory of Fig. 17. Lucius Verus over the Parthians. The captive's hands are here bound behind him, as a farther instance of his slavery.

Ecce manus juvener interea post terga revinéntum,
Pastores magno ad Regem clamore sesebant. Virg. Æn. L. 2.

Mean while, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands before the King. Mr. Dryden.

Cui didit invitas victa noverca manus.
Ov. de Fæt.

Cum 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.


You see on his head the cap which the Parthians, and indeed most of the eallern 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 blanditiae venitis ad me_
_Actritis miserabiles labellis,
_Dieturus domum, deumque non sum:
_San non est locus hae in urbe nobis._
_Ad Parthos procul sie piletatos,
 Et turpes, humileque supplicesque_
_Pilorum sola basata regum._

_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 fupple Parthian how_
To veil the Bonnet on his brow:
Or on the ground all proftrate slying_
Some Piét, before his barbarous King._

I cannot hear, says _Cynthia_, 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 left 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-stained complaisance, or by a temper extremely sensitive 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,
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Such as I was beneath Prænestè'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 acruo
Ingenti mons armorum consurgit ad astra:
Ipse manu celsum pinum, flammando comantem
Astollens, duæor Graduum in vota ciebat:
Primitias pugne, et leti tibamnes bellis,
Hannibal Aufonio cremat hac de nomine victor.
Et tibi, Mars genitor, tavorum haud virorum,
Arma eleeta dicat spirantum turba virorum.

To thee the Warrior-God, aloft in air
A mountain-pile of Roman arms they rear:
The General grasping in his Victor hand
A pine of stately growth, he wav'd the brand,
And say'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 abolve thy son.

Then, to the pile the flaming torch he toft;
In smoke'ring smoke the light of Heay'n is loft:
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 Sar-
Fig. 120. Mætis and De Germanis allude perhaps to the form of words that might be used at the setting fire to them.—Aufonio de nomine. Those who will not allow of the interpretation I have put on these last Medals may think it an objection that there is no torch or fire near them to signify 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-
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 Cymthio, 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 a templo summum brevis area Circum:
Etsi non parà parva columna notae:
Hinc folea hasa manus, belli prænuncio, missi:
In regem et gentes cum placet arma capi._

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 Fig. 21. 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 flandering 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-Dieies of an inferior rank, who are supposed to assist their Sovereign in the succour he gives the distressed vessel.

_Cymothoe, simul et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves foapulo, levat ipse tridenti,
Et vagas aperit syrtes, et temperat aquor._

_Virg. Æn. li. 1._

_Cymothoe, 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 spreds the moving sands._

_The_
Jam placitis ratis est at aquis, quam surgite 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.

Statius de Balneo Etrusci. Lib. 1.

Hafe, hafe, 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 reverie to be this. The stranded vessel is the Commonwealth of Rome, that by the tyranny of Domitian, and the insolence of the Praetorian Guards under Nerva, was quite run aground and in danger of perishing. Some of those embarked in it endeavoured at her recovery, but it is Trojan 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 Naves, 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.

——Apelles superent te scribere cera,
Optatusque novo simulum te ponere templo
Attrus Euri senior Jovis; et tua mites
Ora Taras: tua sideras imitantia flammas
Lumina, contempo mallea Rhodos atque 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'r's above!
Had w'il'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 woud exchange for Thee,
And own thy form the loveliest of the three.

For the thought in general, you have just the same metaphorical compli-
ment to Theodosius in Claudian, as the Medal here makes to Trojan.

Nulla reliqua ferae Romani nominis umbra,
Ni pater ille tuus jam jam rustisa subisset
Pondera, tumbatamque rataem, certèque levata
Naufragium commune manu.

Claudian de 4to Conf. 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
Retum'd the rudder, and regain'd the land.

I shall only add, that this Medal was flamed in honour of Trojan, when
he was only Caesar, as appears by the face of it ... sari Traiano.

The next is a reverfe of Marcus Aurelius: We have on it a Minerva Fig. 22,
mounted on a moniter, that Anconius describes in the following verfes.

Here etiam Thalamos per trius signata querven
Quo bipes, et quadrupes forcer, et tripes omnia solvit:
Dialogues upon the Usefulness

To form the monster Sphinx, a triple kind,
Man, bird, and beast, by nature were combin'd:
With feather'd fans the wing'd th' aerial space;
And on her feet the Lion-claws disgrace
The bloomy features of a Virgin-face.
O'er pale Aonia 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,——

——Studis florentem utriusque Minerva.

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.

We will close up this Series of Medals with one that was stamp'd under Tiberius to the memory of Augustus. Over his head you see the star that his father Julius Caesar was supposed to have been changed into.

Ecce Dionisii procepsit Caesaris astra.

See, Caesar's lamp is lighted in the skies.

Virg. Ecl. 9. Mr. Dryden.
of Ancient Medals. 503

micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Julius Caesar's light appears
As, in fair nights and smiling skies,
The beauteous Moon amidst the meaner stars.

Vix ea fatus erat, medias cum sede senatus
Constitit alma Venus, nulli cernenda, fique
Cæsaris eripuit membros, nec in aera solvi
Passa recentem animam, celestibus intulit aethris.
Dunque tulit lumen capere atque ignes cere semit,
Emisitque fnu; Luna caelo altius illa,
Flammiferumque trabens sponsos impugnit crimem,
Stella micat.

This spoke; the Goddes to the Senate flew;
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
Her Caesar's heavenly part she made her care,
Nor left the recent Soul to waft 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 fcor'd, a Comet grew;
Above the lunar Sphere it took its flight,
And shot behind it a long trail of light.

Virgil draws the same figure of Augustus on Æneas's shield as we fee 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.

Virgil. Æn. Li. 8.

Hinc Augustus aegens Italos in prælia Caesar,
Cum patribus, populoque, Penatibus, et magnis Diis,
Stans celis inf tippis; geminas cum tempora flammas
Leta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice fidus.

Young Caesar 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.

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.


---regit Augustus soci per signa Tonante.

Sed tibi debetur culmus, te fulmine polleus, 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 currus, cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Satis 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.

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 coma radios --- Ibid.

Then fix'd his beamy circle on his head.

---licet ignipedum frenator equorum
Ipse tuis alle radiante crinis arcum
Imprimat --- Statius. Theb. Lib. 1. ad Domitianum. "Tho'
Tho' Phæbus 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 fpiruous.

Colligat amentes, et adhibe terrors paventes,
Phæbus equos, simulaculo dolens et verbero servit:

Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneft'd steeds, that full with horour 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 Lucertius calls them the darts of the
day, as Auffonius to make a fort of witticifm has followed his example.

Non radii folis, neque lucida tela Diei.

Exultant uda super arida saxa rapina,
Luciferique pavent lethalia tela Diei.

de pilibus captis, Auff. Eid. 10.

Caligo terre scinditur,
Per ce pra solispticulo.
Prud. Hym. 2.

I have now given you a sample of such emblematical Medals as are un-
riddled 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 expi-
cation 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 Defining and Poetry, fo the Latin
Poets, and the Defigners of the Roman Medals, lived very near one an-
other, were acquainted with the fame cuftoms, converfaut with the fame
Vol. I.

T t t objeís,
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 Philauder,
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 Africa, Spain,
France, Italy, and several other nations of the earth before you. This
is one of the pleasanter Maps, says Cynthia, that I ever saw. Your Geo-
graphers 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 Phila-
der, is a Geography particular to the Medalists. 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.

She is always quoif’d with the head of an Elephant, to shew that this
animal is the breed of that country, as for the same reason she has a Dra-
gon lying at her feet.

Here Nature, angry with mankind, prepares
Strange monsters, instruments of future wars;
Here makes, those Cells of poyfon, take their birth,
Those biting crimes and grievance of the earth;
Fruitful in its own plagues, the defart shore
Hears Elephants, and frightful Lions roar.

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 cunedit innoxia numina terris
Serpitis, aurato nitidi fulgere dracones,
Pestiferos ordens facit Africa: ducitis altum
Aera cum pennis, armentaque tota sacuti
Rumpitis ingentes amplexi verbere tanros.
Nec taurus ipse est Elephas. datis omnia letho:
Nec vos opus est ad nosia 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 rest
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
The lowing Kine in droves you chase, and cull
Some matter of the herd, some mighty Bull:
Around his stubborn sides your tails you twit,
By force compreis, and burst his brawny chest.
Not Elephants are by their larger size
Secure, but with the rest become your prize.
Refract 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 fruitfulnes, as it was indeed the great granary of Italy. In the
two following figures, the handful of wheat, the Cornu-copia, and basket
of corn, are all emblems of the same signification.
Diálogues upon the Usefulness

Sed quæ se campis squalentibus Africa tendit,
Serpentum largo coquitur secunda venenum:
Felix quæ pingues mitis plaga temperat agros;
Nec Cerere Ennae, Phario nec vieta colono.

Frumenti quantum metit Africa—— Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 2.
——segetes mirantur Iberas
Horrea; nec Libya senserunt damna rebellis
Jam transfalpína contenti mem Neirites.

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?
Iles minax nodis, et reteo verbere favus,
Tête tuit velo viti decus Orionis.

Luc. Lib. 9.

Who, that the Scorpion's infect form surveys,
Would think that ready Death his call obeys?
Threat'ning he rears his knotty tail on high,
The vaft 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 reprezent Africa in the shape of a woman, and certainly allude to the corn and head-dresé that she wears on old Coins.

———— mediis apparat in abris
Africas, vestis vestes, et spicae passim
Sorta jacens, 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 dresé the weeping Dame adorn;
Her garments rent, and wheaten garlands torn:

The
of Ancient Medals.

The fillets, grace'd with teeth in Ivory rows,
Broke and disorder'd dangle on her brows.

Tam spicis et dente comas illustrius eburno,
Et calida rubicunda die, sic Africa sature.

Claud. de Conf. Sil. 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 Fig. 4.
the great fruitfulnes of the country, which is caused by the inundations
of the Nile.

Syrtibus bine Libycis tuta est Egyptus: at inde
Gurgite septeno rapidus mare sammovet annis:
Terra suis contenta bonus, non indiga mercis,
Aut Jovis; in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.

Luc. Lib. 8.

By Nature strengthened with a dang'rous strand,
Her Syrtes 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 Conf. Honor.

On Medals you see it in the hand of Egypt, of Isis, or any of her Wor-
thippers. The Poets too make the same use of it, as Virgil has placed it
in Cepætra's hand, to distinguish her from an Egyptian.

Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistr.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

The Queen her self, amidst the loud alarms,
With Cymbals tois'd, her fainting soldiers warms.

Mr. Dryden.

restabant Actia bella,
Atque ipsa Isia certarunt fulmina sistr.
Manil. Lib. 1.

imitatque Lunam
Cornua fulserunt, crepitique sonabile sistrum.


—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 profunt
Ilia tua toies ara repulsæ manu?
Tib. Lib. i. El. 3.

Nos in templo tuam Romana accepi mus Isis,
Semidensque canes, et ista juxta tuenda lucus.
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 guefs
by the pedestal it stands upon, for the Egyptians worshipp'd it as a God.

Quis nesceius, Voilis Bithynicae, qualia demens
Ægyptius porrecta colat? crocodilum adorat
Part hae, illa pavet satumam serpentibus Ibin;
Effigies sacræ nitor aurea Circopithecis.
Juv. Sat. 15.

How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes Gods of monsters, but too well is known:
One sect devotion to Nile's serpents 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 fots combine
With pious care a Monkey to enshrine.
Mr. Tate.

Venerem precar is? comprecaro et Simiam.
Placeat sacratus aspis Æsculapii?

Fig. 3. We have Mauritania on the fifth Medal, leading a horse with some-
thing 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
of Ancient Medals.

Hic passim exultant Numide, gens inscia freni:
Quaes inter geminas per ludum mobilis aures
Quadrupedum flecit non cedens virga lupatis:
Altrix bellorum bellatorumque virorum,
Tellus

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.

Volubilis.

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 horsemans 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 hab armenta minantur. Virg. Aen. Li. 3

From Africa we will cross over into Spain. There are learned Me-
dallists that tell us, the Rabbit which you see before her feet, may signifie either the great multitude of these Animals that are found in Spain, or perhaps
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 Fi-
gure 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
continued into its idea the double meaning vanishes. The figure there-
fore before us means a real Rabbet, which is there found in vast mul-
titudes.

*Cuniculus Celtiberiae filii.* 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.

---glauces tum prima Minervae

*Preta comam foliis, subaeque texta mica tum*;

*Veste Tagum, tales profert Hispaniae voces.* Claud. de Laud. Stil. Li. 2.

Thus *Spain*, whose brows the olive wreathe upon fold,

And o'er her robe a *Tagus* streams in gold.

*Marull* has given us the like figure of one of the greatest rivers in *Spain*.

*Batis oliviferâ crinem redimite coronâ,*


Fair *Batis*! Olives wreathe thy azure locks;

In fleecy gold thou cloathst the neigh'ring flocks:

Thy fruitful banks with rival-bounty smile,

While Bacchus wine bettows, and *Pallas* oil.

And *Prudentius* of one of its eminent towns.

---tu decem sanctos reveheas et oculo,

*Cæsar Augustâ studia Christi,* Prudent. Hymn. 4.

*Verticem flavis oleis revintia*

*Paris honore.*

*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,
of Ancient Medals.

Quaquum nec Calabra melia ferunt apes,
Nec Lastragonid Bacchus in amphorá
Languescit mibi, nec pingua Gallicis
Crescent vellera pafús.

Tho’ no Calabrian Bees do give
Their grateful tribute to my hive;
No wines, by rich Compániá fent,
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 cafasies ollis, atque aurea veslis:
Virgatis lucent sagulis ——— Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

The gold disfembled 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 sacrifícíng 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 sacrifícíng to the Gods for the reception of so great a blessing. Horace mentions this cuftom.

Tam mea (si quid loquar audíendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars; et O Sol
Pulcher, o laudánde, canam, reçepso
Caflare felix. ———

To decem tauri, totidemque vacca;
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 found thro’ Rome:
Thee, Sun, I’ll sing, thee, lovely fair,
Thee, thee I’ll praise, when Cæsar’s come. ———

‘Ten large fair bulls, ten lufty cows,
Must die, to pay thy richer vows;
Of my small flock of kine
A calf just wean’d ——— Mr. Creech.

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Fig. 8. Italy has a Cornu-copia in her hand, to denote her fruitfulnesse;  
— 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 Caesar.

Ingens vix a duci patria trepidantique Imago:  
Clara per obscuram vultu mastissima nostrem,  
Turrigero canes effuendas vertice crimes,  
Cesaris, lacera nudisque ads are lacertis,  
Et gemitu permisit logui ————  
Lucan. Lib. 1.

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,  
A wondrous vifion stood confess'd to sight;  
Her awful head Rome's rev'rend image rear'd,  
Trembling and glad the Matron form appear'd;  
A tow ry crown her hoary temples bound,  
And her torn trefles rudely hung around:  
Her naked arms uplifted e're she spoke,  
Then groaning thus the mournful silence broke.  
Mr. Rowe.

She holds a scepter 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 qua possidet ethera regnis.  
Claud. in Prob. et Olyb. Conf.

Jupiter arce sed totum dam spectat in orbem,  
Nil nisi Romanum quod lucatur habet.  
Ov. de Faf. Lib. 1.

Jove finds no realm, when he the globe surveys,  
But what to Rome submissive homage pays.

Orbem jam totum viscer Romanus habebat,  
Qua mare, qua tellus, qua sidus currit utrumque.  
Petron.

Now Rome, sole Emprefs, 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.
of Ancient Medals.

——innupta ritus imitata Minerva:
Nam neque eftariem crinali fringere cultu,
Colla nec ornatus patitur mollire retracto:
Dextrum una latus, niveos exerta lacertos,
Audacem retogit mammam, laxumque coerens
Mordet gemma sinum.—
Clipes Titana lucescit,
Lumine, quem tota variaratur Mulciber arte;
His patris, Mavortis amor, fatulique notatur
Romulei, post annis ineft, et bellua nutrix.

Claud. in Prob. et Olyb. Conf.

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;
Whistl on the left is buckled o'er her breast,
In diamond claps the military veilt.
The Sun was dazzled as her shield she rear'd,
Where, varied o'er by Mulciber, appear'd
The loves of Mars her Sire, fair Titania's joys,
The wolf, the Tyber, and the infant boys.

The next figure is Achaia. Fig. 10.

I am sorry, says Cynthia, 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 Thilander, one of Augustus's Bri-. Fig. 17. tannia's. You see she is not drawn like other countries, in a soft peace-
ful posture, but is adorned with emblems that mark out the military ge-
nius 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 Inhosiptable are the best terms
they can afford us, which it would be a kind of injustice to publish,
since their politeness are become so polite, good-natured, and kind to
strangers. To mention therefore those parts only that relate to the pre-
fent Medal. She fits on a globe that stands in water, to denote that she
is Millets of a new world, separate from that which the Romans had
U u u 2 before
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.

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The rest among the Britons be confin'd; Mr. Dryden.
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.

Adspice, confundit populos imperiosa tellus: Conjunctum est, quod adhuc orbis, et orbis orat.

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At nunc oceanus geminos interluit orbes: Id. de Britannia et oppido Continenl.

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Et penitus tuto divixos orbe Britannos: Virg. Ec. 1.

Nec satis ocean, remisque ingredia profundum, Vincendos alio quaevis in orbe Britannos.

Id. de Laud. Stil. Lib. 2.
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The feet of Britannia are washed by the waves, in the same Poet.

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—nafro didufla Britannia mundo. Claud.

Nec satis ocean, remisque ingredia profundum,

Vincendos alio quaevis in orbe Britannos. Id.
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She bears a Roman Ensign in one of her hands, to confess herself a conquered province.

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cujus vestigia verrit

Carulus, Oceanique aestum mentitur, amicta. Id. de Laud. Stil. Lib. 2.
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She has a pot before her with a sprig of Parfly rising out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull story of Hercules's eating a fallade of Parfly 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 Parfly was the Victors's reward. You have an account of these Games in Aulonius.

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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 Parfly rising out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull story of Hercules's eating a fallade of Parfly 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 Parfly was the Victors's reward. You have an account of these Games in Aulonius.

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Quattuor antiquos celebravit Achaia Ludus,
Celticatm duo sunt, et duo fella hominum.

Sacra Jove, Phoebique, Palesonis, Archemorique:
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Greece.
of Ancient Medals.

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;
Phoebus to his an Apple-garland gave:
The Pine, *Palamon*; nor with less renown,
Archemorus conferr'd the Parfly-crown.

Archemori Nemea colunt funebria Thebae.  
Id. de locis Agon.

—— Alcides Nemea sacravit honorem.  
de Auct. Agon. Id.

Archemori Nemea colunt funebria Thebae.  
Id.

One reason why they chose Parfly for a Garland, was doubtless because it always preserves its verdure, as Horace opposes it to the short-lived Lily.


New 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 Parfly grace the feast,
And gently cool the heated guest.

Juvenal mentions the Crown that was made of it, and which here surrounds the head of Achaia.

—— Graiaeque apium meruisset corona.  
Juv. Sat. 8.

And winning at a Wake their Parfly crown.

Mr. Creech.

She presents herself to the Emperor in the same posture that the Germans and English still salute the Imperial and Royal family.

—— juss imperii,que Thraates
Caesaris accepti genus minor.  
Hor. Epif. 12. Li. 1.

The haughty Partian now to Caesar kneels.

Mr. Creech.

Ille qui donat diadema fronti
Quem genu nixa tremuerunt gentes.


—— Non, ut inflexo genu.
Regnante adores, petimus.

Idem.

Te linguis variae gentes, misifice rogatum
Fœdera Perfarum proceres cum patre fedentem,

Hac
Diálogues upon the Usefulness

*Diálogues upon the Usefulness*

Hac quondam videre domo; post àque tiard
Submírere genu.

Claud. ad Honorium.

Thy infant Virtue various climes admir'd,
And various tongues to sound thy praise confir'd:
Thee next the Sovereign seat, the Persians view'd,
When in this Regal Dome for peace they fu'd:
Each Turban low, in sign of worship, wav'd;
And every knee confess 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 longinquus mefíibus uita,
Nec Romana magis complerunt borca terra.

Sicilia et Sardinia. Lu. Li. 2.

Sardínia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a globe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coast.

Mr. Rowe.

Terra tribus scopolis vatam procurrit in aquo
Trinacris, a poíitu nomen adepta loci,
Grata domus Cerei. multas idí possessit urbes;
In quibus est culto fértilis Hennea sôl.

Ové. de Fafl. 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 Judaea 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. Vête remíssâ
Subtringe finus, ute roque venus
Pateant artus

--- cadat
of Ancient Medals. 519

Cadat ex humeris
Veilia apertis: imumque tegat
Suffulta latus. jam nuda vacant
Petita dextras. nunc nunc vires
Exprome, Dolor, tuae


Bare
Your arms, your vestures flackly ty’d
Beneath your naked bosoms, slide
Down to your waftes

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.

Significant laetum
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.

Ipfa tristi vestis obtentu caput
Velata, juxta praeferat alat Deor

Sic ubi fata, caput ferati obducit amicit,
Decretitque pati tenebras, puppisque cavernis
Deluit, saevumque arcti complexa dolorem
Perfruitur lacrymis, et amat pro conjuge lucetum.
Luc. Li. 9. de Cornelia.

So said the Matron; and about her head
Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade:
Resolved to shroud in thickest shades her woe,
She seeks the ship’s deep darksome hold below:
There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
She hews her forrows, and enjoys her pain;
Still with fresh tears the living grief would 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 Ensignus, 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 penitent posture. By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion. But what is more remarkable, we find Judaea 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 thefe, but on several other coins that relate to Judaea, the figure of a Palm-tree, to shew us that Palms are the growth of the country. Thus Silius Italicus, speaking of Vespasian's conquest, that is the subject of this Medal.

Palmiferanique feuex 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 Judaea, 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.

Trisitis Judaeas frangat Victoria palmas; Plante Favor seva pecora 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 registering a Victory touched upon in Virgil, and Silius Italicus.


I fix'd upon the Temple's lofty door. The brazen shield, which vanquish'd Abbas bore:

The
The verse beneath my name and actions speaks,
"These arms Aeneas took from conqu'ring Greeks." Mr. Dryden.

Pyrene tumulo clypeum cum carmine signat;
Hædrubalis spoliis 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 Aesdrubal, 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.

Parboque sequente

Murus erit, quodunque potest absolare sagitta
Illita tela dolis, nec Martem comminut quam
Ausus pati virtus, sed longè tendere nervas,
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 hurl them to the slitting air.

Sagittiferosque Parthos.

Mr. Rowe.

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 sovereignty into his hands.

Ipsi oratores ad me, regnique coronam,
Cum sceptro mista——

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, Fig. 16, whose race was all born with this mark upon them, if you'll believe Historians. Antonius has taken notice of it in his verses on this city.

Illa Seleucum

Nuncupat ingenium, cujus fuit Anchora signum,

Qualis

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Qualis inusta soler; generis nota certa, per omnem
Nam sololis seriem nativa cernitur imago.

Auf. Ordo Nobil. Urbium.

Thee, great Seleucus, bright in Grecian fame!
The tow'rs of Antioch for their founder claim:
Thee Phæbus at thy birth his son confeft,
By the fair Anchor on the babe impress;
Which all thy genuine off-spring won to grace,
From thigh to thigh transfigurate thro' the race.

Fig. 17. Smyrna is always represented by an Amazon, that is laid to have been her first founder. You see her here entering into a league with Thyatira. Each of them holds her tutelar Deity in her hand.

Jus ille, et iti frateris testes Deos

On the left arm of Smyrna, is the Pelta or Buckler of the Amazons, as the long weapon by her is the Bipeenus or Securis.

Non tibi Amazonia est pro me sumenda securs,
Ant excisa levi pelta gerenda manu,
Virg. "Ov. Li. 3. Epist. ex Pont.

Tis imiz aqmine betas.

In their right hands a pointed Dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar Shield.

Mr. Dryden.

Videre Rheti bella super Alpibus
Drusus gerentem, et Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deducitur per omn
Tempus Amazonia securi

Hor. Od. 4. Li. 4.

Such Drusus did in arms appear,
When near the Alps he urg'd the war:
In vain the Rheti 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 eftablish'd use,
History would in vain disложение.

Fig. 18. The dress that Arabia appears in, brings to my mind the description Lucan has made of thefe eaftern nations.

Quicquid
§

While Asia's fost're climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her fons in indolence and ease.
Here silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing Purple streams.

She bears in one hand a sprig of frankincense.

In the other hand you see the perfumed reed, as the garland on her head
may be suppos'd to be woven out of some other part of her fragrant productions.

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.

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her Cinnamon, and sweet Amomum boast;

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Dialogues upon the Usefulness

Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years:
How can the land be call'd so blest'd, that Myrrha bears?

Mr. Dryden.

—-Odorata spirant medicamina Sylvae.

The trees drop balmam, and on all the boughs
Health fits, and makes it sovereign as it flows.

Mr. Creech.

Cinnamni fructus Arabes beatos

Videt

What a delicious country is this, says Cynthia? a man almost smells it in
the descriptions that are made of it. The Camel is in Arabia, I sus-
pose, a beast of burden, that helps to carry off its spices. We find the
Camel, says Philander, mentioned in Persius on the same account.

COLUMBUS hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti

Rugosum piper

Of pepper, and Saban incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's back.

Mr. Dryden.

Tolle recens primus piper et sitiente Camelo.

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.

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

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 cenfure on
this Author. He fancies the description of a Wreck that you have al-
ready 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 Cynthia,
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 Pharalia. He was indeed employed on subjects that seldom led him into anything 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 unstable 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. Cynthis 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.
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 alleys, 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 fun or foil, 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 soil 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 joyed by Cythio and Eugenius. Cythio 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 lumber, it was immediately interrupted with the vision of a Caduceus or a Cornu-copia. 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 myself, 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 thoroughly, it would be necessary to take them in pieces, and to speak of the difference that shews itself 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 Romans, 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 itself be of copper or Corinthian brasses. 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 distinguish the age of it by its Taffe. 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 brasses, 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 bafer 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 brafs 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 Treasure. 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 Cynthis, 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.
of Ancient Medals.

Of Ancient Medals.

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 laughed at. We shall think, says Cynthia, 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 Medallions. 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 medallions on their ordinary Coins that were the running cash of the nation. As if in England we should see on our half-penny 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
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 sets 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 showed out in the general view of his character. This humour went so far, that we see Nero’s fiddling, 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 stricken in with the practice of the ancient Romans, we should have had Medals on the fettling 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 Thilander, may poffibly be this. Our Princes have the coinage 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 fill 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 oblige, 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
jeffed on their rivals or predeceffors, but their Mints still maintained their gravity. They might publish invectives againft one another in their discourses or writings, but never on their Coins. Had we no other histories of the Roman Emperors, but thofe we find on their money, we should take them for the moft 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 luft and cruelty, as are almost a reproach to human nature. Medals are therefore fo many compliments to an Emperor, that wefcribe 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 Caesar, and Domitian a wifer 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 reftrorer of the city of Rome. In short, if you have a mind to fee 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, thofe 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 confefs, says Cynthia, I believe we are generally in the wrong, when we deviate from the ancients: because their practice is for the moft part grounded upon reafon. But if our fore-fathers have thought it to be grave and ferial, I hope their polterity may laugh without offence. For my part, I cannot but look on this kind of Raillery as a refeft on Medals: and do not fee why there may not be fome for diversion, at the fame time that there are others of a more felemn and majeftic 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 moft valued parts of a collection. Besides the entertainment we fhould have found in them, they would have shown us the different state of Wit, as it flourifhed or decayed in the several ages of the Roman Empire. There is no doubt, fays Philander, but our fore-fathers, if they had pleased, could have been as witty as their polterity. But I am of opinion, they induftriously avoided it on their Coins, that they might not give us occasion to fufpect their sincerity. Had they run into mirth or satyr we fhould not have thought they

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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 Poëse 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 beffow 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 Ciceroian in his Latin, and of making a round period. I will give you only the reverse of a Coin stamped by the present Emperor of Germany, on the raising of the siege of Vienna. **VIENNA AVSTRIAE A IVLII AB ACHMETII. OBESA S VI SEPT. EX INSUPERATO AEBEO DESERTA EST.** I should take this, says Cyntio, 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.


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 Cyntio, may be of great use to immortalize Puns 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 Guifavus Adolphi, that will stand as an eternal monument of Dulness and Bravery.

*Miles ego Christi, Christo ducis sterne tyrannos,*

*Haereticos sinit et calco meis pedibus.*

*Parceve Christicoles me, debellare feroce.*

*Papicolas Christus aux mens en animat.*
It is well, says Cynthia, 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 Charinus 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 tediousness 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 rhyme, 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 trilling thought wrap'd up in the beginning or end of an Heroic verse. Where the verse of an Inscription is low, it is not in the power of Da-lyks and Spondees to raise it; where it is noble, it has no need of such affected ornaments. Remember a Medal of Philip the second, on Charles le Quin's resigning to him the Kingdom of Spain, with this Inscription, Quiescit 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 at Atlas. To instance a Medal of our own nation. After the conclusion of the peace with Holland, there was one stamp'd with the following Legend — Redeat Commercia Flandria. 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 appli-
ced, 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 fire 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 pleasan, says Eugenius, to see a verfe of an old Poet, revolting as it were from its original fenfe, and rising with a modern subjeft. 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 punification: for when this happens, it is no longer the verfe 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 fame 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 Adolphi. ChristVs DVX ERGO TRIV MPHVS. 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 1671, 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?
laws? 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 Cynthius, some of those mild provinces of Arcotic land, that Mr. Dryden has affigned 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 Dres of their country, in much 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 Worshipp'r 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
of Ancient Medals. 537

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 no great danger of being misunderstood: but as they may pass into the hands of a polterity, 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 left 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 Crofs of our Saviour, and on others Hercules's Club. In one you have an Angel, and in another a Mercury. I fancy, says Cynthia, polterity 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 felling 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 drested 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 polterity 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 Dreffes 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, DunKIRKA ILLESA. Not to cavil at the two K's in Dunkirk, or the impropriety of the word Illesa, the whole Medal, in my opinion, tends not so much to the honour of the French as of the English,

\[\text{Fallere et effugere est triumphus.}\]

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 text. 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 Paquinade, 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 Tholander, 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 profile, 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 pi-
ctures 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 ex-
travagance of the relief, as he termed it. You know, says he, our reli-
gion 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 abun-
dance 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 univerally for the latter.

Cynthio and Eugenius, though they were well pleas'd 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 sen-
tible of the heat himself, and immediately proposed to his friends the re-
tiring 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 quae cura angulo. Phœdr.

Multa poetarum veniet manus, Auxilio que
Sit mibi ——— Hor.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.
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