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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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Poems On Several Occasions.

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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

VOL. I.

B



P O R M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Vol. I





To Mr. DRYDEN.



O W long, great Poet, shall thy sa-
cred Lays
Provoke our Wonder, and transcend
our Praise?
Can neither injuries of Time, or
Age,
Damp thy Poetick Heat, and quench
thy Rage?
Not so thy *Ovid* in his Exile wrote,

Grief chill'd his Breast, and check'd his rising Thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The *Roman* Genius in its last Decays.

4 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Prevailing Warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
 And second Youth is kindled in thy breast;
 Thou mak'st the beauties of the *Romans* known,
 And *England* boasts of riches not her own;
 Thy lines have heighten'd *Virgil's* Majesty,
 And *Horace* wonders at himself in Thee.
 Thou teachest *Persius* to inform our isle
 In smoother Numbers, and a clearer Stile;
 And *Juvenal*, instructed in thy page,
 Edges his Satyr, and improves his Rage.
 Thy Copy casts a fairer Light on all,
 And still out-shines the bright Original.

Now *Ovid* boasts th' Advantage of thy Song,
 And tells his Story in the *British* tongue;
 Thy charming Verse, and fair Translations, show
 How thy own Laurel first began to grow;
 How wild *Lycaon* chang'd by angry Gods,
 And frighted at himself, ran howling through the Woods.

O mayst thou still the noble Task prolong,
 Nor Age, nor Sicknes interrupt thy song:
 Then may we wondering read, how Human Limbs
 Have water'd Kingdoms, and dissolv'd in Streams;
 Of those rich Fruits that on the fertile mould
 Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into Gold:
 How some in Feathers, or a ragged Hide,
 Have liv'd a Second life, and different Natures try'd.
 Then will thy *Ovid*, thus transform'd, reveal
 A Nobler Change than he himself can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon,
 June 2. 1693.

The Author's age 22.

A

A
P O E M

TO HIS

* M A J E S T Y.

Presented to the Lord Keeper.

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

THE HISTORY OF THE

A

P O E M

TO HIS

M A J E S T Y.

Presented to the Lord Keeper

By King William. Printed in the year 1697. The Author's age 25.

To the Right Honourable

SIR JOHN SOMERS,

Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

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

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

Attend

8 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.*



T O T H E
K I N G.

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

10 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Draw thee Belov'd in peace, and Fear'd in wars,
 Inur'd to Noon-day sweats, and Mid-night cares!
 But still the God-like Man, by some hard Fate,
 Receives the Glory of his toils too late;
 Too late the Verse the mighty Act succeeds,
 One Age the Hero, one the Poet breeds.

A Thousand years in full succession ran,
 E'er *Virgil* rais'd his voice, and sung the Man
 Who, driv'n by stress of fate, such dangers bore
 On stormy Seas, and a disastrous Shore,
 Before he settled in the Promis'd Earth,
 And gave the Empire of the World its birth.

Troy long had found the *Grecians* bold and fierce,
 E'er *Homer* muster'd up their Troops in Verse;
 Long had *Achilles* quell'd the *Trojans*' Lust,
 And laid the Labour of the Gods in dust,
 Before the Tow'ring Muse began her flight,
 And drew the Hero raging in the Fight,
 Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
 Or slaught'ring Mortals, or a Match for Gods.

And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
 Some Mighty Bard lies hid in years to come,
 That shall in *WILLIAM*'s God-like Acts engage,
 And with his Battels, warm a Future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy Conquests show,
 And *Boyn* be Sung, when it has ceas'd to Flow;
 Here *Gallick* labours shall advance thy fame,
 And here *Seneffe* shall wear Another name.
 Our late Posterity, with secret dread,
 Shall view thy Battels, and with Pleasure read

How,

How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The Guiltless Bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

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

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

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

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

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

The

The Winds cou'd hardly drive 'em to their Fate,
And all the Ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the Waves in restless errors rowle,
The Sea lies open now to either Pole:
Now may we safely use the *Northern* gales,
And in the *Polar Circle* spread our sails;
Or deep in *Southern* climes, Secure from wars,
New Lands explore, and sail by Other stars;
Fetch Uncontroll'd each labour of the Sun,
And make the product of the World our own.

At length, Proud Prince, Ambitious *Lewis*, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble *Europe's* peace;
Think on the Structures which thy Pride has rais'd,
On Towns unpeopled, and on Fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy Arms have made, and cease an impious War,
Nor waste the Lives entrusted to thy Care.
Or if no Milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great Avenger of mankind,
See mighty *NASSAU* through the Battel ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side:
Fain wou'd the pious Prince refuse th' Alarm,
Fain wou'd he check the Fury of his Arm;
But when thy Cruelties his thoughts engage,
The Hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then Countries stoln, and Captives unrestor'd,
Give Strength to every blow, and edge his Sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!

Ask

14 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Ask *Villeroy*, for *Villeroy* beheld
 The Town surrender'd, and the Treaty seal'd;
 With what amazing strength the Forts were won,
 Whilst the whole Pow'r of *France* stood looking on.

But stop not here: behold where *Berkley* stands,
 And executes his injur'd King's commands;
 Around thy coast his bursting Bombs he pours
 On flaming Cittadels, and falling Tow'rs;
 With 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 descry,
 But sees a long unmeasur'd Ruine lie;
 Whilst, pointing to the Naked coast, he shows
 His wond'ring Mates where Towns and Steeples rose,
 Where crowded Citizens he lately view'd,
 And singles out the place where once *St. Maloes* stood.

Here *Russel's* Actions should my Muse require;
 And wou'd my strength but second my desire,
 I'd all his boundless Bravery rehearse,
 And draw his Cannons thund'ring in my verse:

High

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 dispers'd 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 chafe of fame,
 Through all the Noise and Hurry of the Fight,
 Observe each blow, and keep him still in fight.
 Oh, did our *British* Peers thus court Renown,
 And grace the Coats their great Fore-fathers won!
 Our arms wou'd then triumphantly advance,
 Nor *Henry* be the Last that conquer'd *France*.
 What might not *England* hope, if such abroad
 Purchas'd their country's honour with their Blood:
 When such, detain'd at home, support our State
 In *WILLIAM's* stead, and bear a Kingdom's weight,
 The Schemes of *Gallick* Policy o'er-throw,
 And blast the Counsels of the common Foe;
 Direct our Armies, and distribute Right,
 And render our *MARIA's* Loss more light.

But stop, my Muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
MARIA's name still wounds each *British* Ear:
 Each *British* Heart *MARIA* still does wound,
 And Tears burst out unbidden at the sound;

MARIA

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

MARIA

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

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

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

VOL. I.

D

They

18 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 coverts yield a cool retreat.

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

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

And

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

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

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

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

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

Idle

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

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

Wild

22 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

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

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

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

The

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

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

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

In

24 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

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

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

Alter-

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

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

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

26 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

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

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

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

Their

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

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

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

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

28 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

By

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

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

The

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

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

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

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

When

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

Thus

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



This

A

A SONG. For St. CECILIA'S Day
at Oxford.

I.

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

II.

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

34 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 list'ning 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

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

C H O R U S.

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
P O E T S.

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

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

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

Old

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

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

Thy

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

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

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

What

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

But now my Muse a softer strain 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 flatt'ring song,
 Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
 Thy verse can show ev'n *Cromwell's* innocence,
 And complement the storms that bore him hence.
 Oh had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
 But seen great *Nassau* on the *British* throne!

How

40 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 smother numbers and a softer verse;
 Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
 And *Gloriana* wou'd have seem'd more fair.

Nor must *Roscommon* pass neglected by,
 That makes ev'n *Rules* a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
 The best of criticks, and of poets too.
 Nor, *Denham*; must we e'er forget thy strains,
 While *Cooper's Hill* commands the neigh'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 dresses, and she charms in all.
 How might we fear our *English* Poetry,
 That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with thee;
 Did not the Muses other hope appear,
 Harmonious *Congreve*, and forbid our fear:

Congreve!

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

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

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

LETTERA SCRITTA D'ITALIA

AL MOLTO ONORABILE

CARLO Conte HALIFAX

Dal Signore GIUSEPPE ADDISON l'Anno
MDCCI. In Versi Inglefi.

E TRADOTTA IN VERSI TOSCANI. *

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

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

Ovunque

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

A

LETTER from ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

In the Year MDCCI.

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

Virg. Geor. 2.

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

G 2

For

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

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

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

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

Pur,

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

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

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

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

Yet

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

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

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

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

Rozze

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Torvi

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

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

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

50 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Torvi Tiranni in crudeltà famosi,
 E Imperadori in Pario Marmo accigliansi;
 Mentre Dame brillanti, a cui con umile
 Servitù stan soggetti, ognora mostrano
 I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.

Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
 Contar l' arte divina, e far vedere
 Gl'immortali lavori nel mio verso.
 Là ve da mista forza d' ombre, e luce
 Nuova creazion sorge a mia vista,
 Tai celesti figure escon da suo
 Pennello, e i mesticati suoi colori
 Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano,
 Di soggetto in soggetto, d' un segreto
 Piacer preso, e infiammato attorno io giro
 Tra la soave varietà perduto.

Mio strabilito spirito qua confondono
 Arie vezzose in circolanti note
 Passeggianti, e in sonori labirinti.
 Cupole, e Templi s' alzan là in distanti
 Vedute, ed in Palagi aperti, ed ampli
 A celebrargli invitano la Musa.

Come indulgente Cielo adornò mai
 La fortunata terra, e sovra quella
 Versò benedizioni a piena mano!
 Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
 Fioriti monti, e soleggiate rive
 Con tutti don, che Cielo, e Suol compartono,
 I risi di Natura, e i vezzi d' Arte,
 Mentre altiera Oppression regna in sue Valli,
 E Tirannia suoi Pian felici usurpa?
 Il povero Abitante mira indarno
 Il rosseggiante Arancio, e 'l pingue Grano,
 Crescer dolente ei mira ed oli, e vini,
 E de mirti odorar l' ombra si sdegna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Le torreggianti Moli altrui diletto,
E le superbe ambiziose Cupole,*

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

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

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

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

54. POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Milton's.

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

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
 We struck upon the coast where *Ætna* lies,
 Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
 That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
 Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
 Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
 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 chas'd the dewy night
 From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd:
 When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
 The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
 An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
 Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
 Sate in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
 With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
 His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
 Matted with filth; in all things else a *Greek*.

He first advanc'd in haste; but, when he saw
Trojans and *Trojan* arms, in mid career
 Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
 But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
 Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
 Our ears assail'd: "By heav'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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And

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

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



T H E

And gather round the hollow Pappas
 A die assembly: we win eager haste
 Work every one, and then stand beheld
 A host of girls covering all the forest
 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 faintly prospect, waving in the clouds



T H E
C A M P A I G N,
A
P O E M,

To His GRACE the
DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

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

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

THE
C. A. M. P. A. I. G. N.
A
P. O. E. M.
TO HIS GRACE the
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

— Rheni pascitur in lit.
Comis in hoc Pno castis aliorum
Ordinib; latam Ppae glanm no deutor
Notaque P. avicio curans P. hanc p. avio
Cland. de Land. Sillic.
Hic aliquid in terra gentem pro sua impetit, sed laboris ac periculi
belli gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc tantum est, aut propter
vicinitatis hominibus, aut terra continentis iunctis partibus, plerumque
trahitur: ut quod toto orbe terrarum sapienter imperium fit, se
inducatur, sed hoc potentissima fit.
Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

T H E
C A M P A I G N,
A
P O E M.

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

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

VOL. I.

K

Pirene's

Pirene's lofty barriers were subdued,
 And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Aufonia's states, the victor to restrain,
 Oppos'd their *Alpes* and *Appenines* in vain,
 Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
 Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
 The rising *Danube* its long race began,
 And half its course through the new conquests ran;
 Amaz'd and anxious for her 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 sit the guardian of the continent!
 That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
 And flourishing so near her Prince's eye;
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
 Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:
 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 'em most.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whilst

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

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

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

Fir'd

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

The march concludes, the various realms are past,
Th' immortal *Schellenberg* appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lye;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious 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'ning approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close compacted *Britons* win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war deface'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battel waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
'Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

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

With

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

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their doom,
 New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
 Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
 To march where *Britons* never march'd before,
 (O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat
 Only destructive to the brave and great!)
 After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
 Stretch'd on *Bavarian* ramparts breathe their last.
 But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
 Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
 While 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 crouds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
 Let nations anxious for thy life abate
 This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
 Thou livest not for thy self; thy Queen demands
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;

Kingdoms

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

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By 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 shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrage'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling Peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

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

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

The

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

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

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

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L

Their

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

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

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

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

Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
 An anxious horrour to the bravest hearts;
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
 No vulgar fears can *British* minds controul:
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul
 O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
 Tho' fens and floods 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 battel join'd!
 Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
 The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battel rise.
 'Twas then great MARLBOROUGH'S mighty soul was prov'd,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battel where to rage,
 So when an Angel by divine command
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,

Thousand

L 2

Such

76 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;
 Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
 Laughs at the shaking of the *British* spear:
 Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
 The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest slave;
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
 Each nation's glory in each 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 crouds of glorious actions lye,
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd dye.
 O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy fate,
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
 Fall in the cloud of war, and lye unshung!
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
 And, fill'd with *England's* glory, smiles in death.

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

Thousands

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

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

Greatly

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On

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

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

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

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

Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia's* wars rehearse,
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
 That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
 May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.
 When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
 Cities and Countries must be taught to speak;
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
 And Rivers from their oozy beds arise;
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
 And round the Hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
 MARLBRO' *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.

R O S A M O N D.

A N

O P E R A.

Inscribed to Her G R A C E the

Dutchess of *MARLBOROUGH*.

*Hic quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circum
Sylva tegit.*

Virg. Æn. 6.

M 2

R O S A - M O N D

A N

O P P E R A

Inscribed to Her GRACE the

Duchess of MARLBOROUGH.

The quæ hæc sunt hæc quælibet hæc præcipua
Societate colunt Collet, et Myster curam

Virg. Æn. d.

hæc regit.

M 2

A Copy of VERSES in the Sixth Miscellany,

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF

ROSSAMOND.

————— *Ne forte pudori*
Sit 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 injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No

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

Landscapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
 Which thought creates, and lavish fairy builds!
 What art can trace the visionary scenes,
 The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
 The babling sounds that mimick Echo plays,
 The fairy shad, 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)

Eac

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

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

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

Dramatis

FORMS ON FORMAL OCCASIONS. 87
Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King *Henry*.

Sir *Trusty*, Keeper of the Bower.

Page.

Messenger.

W O M E N.

Queen *Elinor*.

Rosalind.

Grideline, Wife to Sir *Trusty*.

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE *Woodstock Park*.



R O S A M O N D.

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 *Elysiums* rise:
 Flow'ry mountains,
 Mossie fountains,

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Shady

Shady woods,
Chrystal floods,
With wild variety surprife.

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

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. -----

[*Aside.*]

PAGE.

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 -----

[*Aside.*]

PAGE.

Great *Henry* there-----

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

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Trifler, no more!-----

PAGE.

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

QUEEN.

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

PAGE.

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

QUEEN.

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

N 2

With

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

P A G E.

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

Q U E E N.

Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fires
The faithless Lord of my desires?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My *Henry* from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.

*I feel, I feel my heart relent,
How could the Fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave.*

P A G E.

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

He

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

Q U E E N.

*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.*

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

The Entry of the Bower.

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

How unhappy is he,

That is ty'd to a she,

And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!

For of us pretty fellows

Our wives are so jealous,

They ne'er have enough of our duty.

But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,

I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;

Whence rises this convulsive strife?

I smell a shrew!

My fears are true,

I see my wife.

S C E N E III.

GRIDELINE *and* Sir *TRUSTY*.

GRIDELINE.

Faithless varlet, art thou there?

Sir *TRUSTY*.

My love, my dove, my charming fair!

GRI-

GRIDELINE.

Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.

Sir TRUSTY.

Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?

GRIDELINE.

Cheat not me with false careffes.

Sir TRUSTY.

Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.

GRIDELINE.

Those to fair *Rosamond* are due.

Sir TRUSTY.

She is not half so fair as you.

GRIDELINE.

She views thee with a lover's eye.

Sir TRUSTY.

I'll still be thine, and let her die.

GRIDELINE.

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

Sir TRUSTY.

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

Those

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

G R I D E L I N E.

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 T R U S T Y.

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

[*Aside.*]

G R I D E L I N E.

——I love thee so
 I cannot go.

Sir T R U S T Y.

Fly from my passion, Beldame, fly!

G R I D E L I N E.

Why so unkind, Sir *Trusty*, why?

Sir T R U S T Y.

Sir TRUSTY.

Thou'rt the plague of my life.

GRIDELINE.

I'm a foolish, fond wife.

Sir TRUSTY.

Let us part,

Let us part.

GRIDELINE.

Will you break my poor heart?

Will you break my poor heart?

Sir TRUSTY.

I will if I can.

GRIDELINE.

O barbarous man!

From whence doth all this passion flow?

Sir TRUSTY.

Thou art ugly and old,

And a villainous scold.

GRIDELINE.

Thou art a rustick to call me so.

I'm not ugly nor old,

Nor a villainous scold,

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O

But

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

Sir TRUSTY.

Farewel, thou Skrew!

GRIDELINE.

Thou Traitor,

Sir TRUSTY.

Thou Skrew,

BOTH.

Adieu! adieu!

[Exit Grid.]

Sir TRUSTY, solus.

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

But

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

S C E N E IV.

R O S A M O N D *and* Sir T R U S T Y.

R O S A M O N D.

From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,

Turning,

Burning,

Changing,

Ranging,

Full of grief and full of love.

Impatient for my Lord's return

I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.

*Was ever passion cross'd like mine?**To rend my breast,**And break my rest,**A thousand thousand Ills combine.**Absence wounds me,**Fear surrounds me,**Guilt confounds me,**Was ever passion cross'd like mine?*

Sir TRUSTY,

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

[*Apart.*]

R O S A M O N D.

How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place!
In vain the spring my senses greets
In all her colours, all her sweets;

To me the Rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost its scent:

The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bowers,
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,

Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,

(Nature's softest, sweetest store)
Charm my tortur'd soul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die;
Why so slow! great Henry, why!

From death and alarms

Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my Monarch, fly!

Sir

Sir T R U S T Y.

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

[*Apart.*]

R O S A M O N D.

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 T R U S T Y.

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

[*Apart.*]

R O S A M O N D.

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

And

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

[Ex. *Rof.*]Sir *TRUSTY*, *solus.*

What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distress'd and pretty!
But hah! a sound my bower invades,

[*Trumpets flourish.*]

And echo's through the winding shades;
'Tis *Henry's* march! the tune I know:
A Messenger! It must be so.

S C E N E V.

A MESSENGER and Sir *TRUSTY*.*MESSENGER.*

Great *Henry* comes! with love oppress'd;
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 dress'd,
And ready to receive their guest.

MES-

M E S S E N G E R.

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 T R U S T Y.

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

S C E N E VI.

Enter King Henry after a flourish of Trumpets.

K I N G.

Where is my love! my *Rosalind*!

Sir T R U S T Y,

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

K I N G.

K I N G.

Where is my life! my *Rosamond*!Sir *TRUSTY*.Next with submission most profound,
I welcome you to land.

K I N G.

Where is the tender, charming fair!

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

K I N G.

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.

K I N G.

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.

K I N G.

K I N G.

What dost thou say? I shake with fear.

Sir T R U S T Y.

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

K I N G.

*Was ever Nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!*

I'm all desire!

My heart's on fire,

And leaps and springs to her embrace.

Sir T R U S T Y.

At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.

What place will you chuse
For first interviews?

K I N G.

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

VOL. I.

P

Sir

Sir T R U S T Y.

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.

K I N G.

Mean while with due attention wait
 To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
 Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
 Nor love-sick jealousy 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.

A C T

 A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

K I N G and R O S A M O N D.

K I N G.

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

R O S A M O N D.

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

K I N G.

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

P. 2

R O S A

R O S A M O N D.

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

K I N G.

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

B O T H.

O may the present bliss endure!

K I N G.

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

[Exit King.]

R O S A M O N D *sola.*

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

Of

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

S C E N E II.

A Postern Gate of the Bower.

GRIDELINE *and* PAGE.

GRIDELINE.

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

On ..

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

P A G E.

Can any man prefer fifteen
 To venerable *Grideline*?

G R I D E L I N E.

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.

P A G E.

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

G R I D E L I N E.

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

P A G E.

P A G E.

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

G R I D E L I N E.

-----And he has charms.

P A G E.

Your fears are too just-----

G R I D E L I N E.

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

B O T H.

He loves and is lov'd.

G R I D E L I N E.

O merciless fate!

P A G E.

Deplorable state!

G R I D E L I N E.

To die-----

P A G E.

-----*To be slain*

G R I D E L I N E.

By a barbarous swain,

B O T H.

That laughs at your pain.

G R I

GRIDELINE.

How shou'd I act? canst thou advise?

P A G E.

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.

P A G E.

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

GRIDELINE.

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

[Exit Page.]

GRIDELINE sola.

Prithee Cupid no more
Hurl thy darts at threescore,

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

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

[Ex. Grid.

S C E N E III.

P A G E *solus.*

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

A thousand fairy scenes appear,

Here a grove, a grotto here,

Here a rock; and here a stream,

Sweet delusion,

Gay confusion,

All a vision, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN and PAGE.

QUEEN.

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

PAGE.

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

QUEEN.

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

PAGE.

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

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

What shall my trembling soul pursue?

PAGE.

Behold, great Queen, the place in view!

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs instruct me what to do!

PAGE.

That Bow'r will show
The guilty foe.

QUEEN.

-----It is decreed-----it shall be so; [After a pause.]

*I cannot see my Lord repine
(O that I could 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 jealousy! thou hell of woes! [Aside.]
That conscious scene of love contains
The fatal cause of all your pains:
In yonder flow'ry vale she lies,
Where those fair-blossom'd arbores rise.

Q 2

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Let us haste to destroy
Her guilt and her joy.

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND sola.

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

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

Prepare,

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

S C E N E VI.

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

Q U E E N.

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.

R O S A M O N D.

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

Q U E E N.

'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.

R O S A M O N D.

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

In

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

Q U E E N.

How black does my design appear?
Was ever mercy so severe!

[*Aside.*]

R O S A M O N D.

*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!*

Q U E E N.

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

R O S A M O N D.

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

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

R O S A M O N D.

Can Britain's Queen give such commands
To those whose sacred hands?

Q U E E N.

Q U E E N.

And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore!

[Offering the dagger to thy breast.

Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

R O S A M O N D.

O Queen, your lifted arm restrain!

Behold these tears!

Q U E E N.

-----They flow in vain.

R O S A M O N D.

Look with compassion on my fate!

O hear my sighs!-----

Q U E E N.

-----They rise too late.

Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

R O S A M O N D.

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.

Q U E E N.

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

R O S A M O N D.

What shall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance?

Q U E E N.

-----Thou shalt die.

[*Offering the dagger.*

R O S A M O N D.

Give me but one short moment's stay.

-----O *Henry*, why so far away?

[*Aside.*

Q U E E N.

Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore.

[*Offering the dagger.*

R O S A M O N D.

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

[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*

Q U E E N.

Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my soul!

[*Aside.*

R O S A

R O S A M O N D.

Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.

O let me still for mercy call!

[Falling on her knees.

Accept, great Queen, like injur'd heaven,

The soul that begs to be forgiven:

If in the latest gasp of breath,

If in the dreadful pains of death,

When the cold damp bedews your brow,

You hope for mercy, show it now.

Q U E E N.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,

Horrors and death shall thine pursue.

[Offering the dagger.

R O S A M O N D.

Thus I prevent the fatal blow.

[Drinks.

-----Whither, ah! whither shall I go!

Q U E E N.

Where thy past life thou shalt lament,

And wish thou hadst been innocent.

R O S A M O N D.

Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,

And wound a heart, already broke!

My dying soul with fury burns,

And slighted grief to madness turns.

Think not, thou author of my woe,

That Rosamond will leave thee so:

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

O whither does my frenzy drive!

Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.

My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;

The weary springs of life stand still;

The sleep of death benumbs all o'er

My fainting limbs, and I'm no more. [Falls on the couch.

Q U E E N.

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 corpse convey,

And bid the cloister'd maids with care

The due solemnities prepare.

[Exeunt with the body.

When vanquish'd foes beneath us lye

How great it is to bid them Die!

But how much greater to forgive,

And bid a vanquish'd foe to Live!

[Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Sir TRUSTY in a Fright.

A breathless corps! what have I seen!
 And follow'd by the jealous Queen!
 It must be she! my fears are true:
 The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
 How can the fam'd Sir *Trusty* live
 To hear his Master chide and grieve?
 No! tho' I hate such bitter beer,
 Fair *Rosamond*, I'll pledge thee here. [Drinks.

The King this doleful news shall read
 In lines of my inditing:

“ *Great Sir,*

“ Your *Rosamond* is dead

“ As I am at this present writing.

The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,

The Labyrinth grows more confus'd,

The thickets dance----I stretch, I yawn.

Death has tripp'd up my heels----I'm gone.

[Staggers and falls.]

R 2

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN, *sola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And *Rosamond* shall charm no more.

Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair,
Hence ye fears and doubts remove;

Hence grief and hate!

Ye pains that wait

On 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.



SCENE

R 2

ACT

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 fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

1 ANGEL.

1 A N G E L.

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

B O T H.

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

2 A N G E L.

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

1 A N G E L.

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

2 A N G E L.

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

1 A N G E L.

1 A N G E L.

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 found in ev'ry trace.

B O T H.

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

1 A N G E L.

To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
 Look up and see
 What, after long revolving years,
 Thy Bower shall be!
 When time its beauties shall deface,
 And only with its ruines grace
 The future prospect of the place.

Behold the glorious pile ascending! *
 Columns swelling, arches bending,
 Domes in awful pomp arising,
 Art in curious strokes surprizing,
 Foes in figur'd fights contending,
 Behold the glorious pile ascending!

2 A N G E L.

* Scene changes to the Plan of Blenheim Castle.

2 ANGEL.

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

1 ANGEL.

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

2 ANGEL.

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

B O T H.

But both shall plead and rage in vain.

[The Angels ascend, and the vision disappears.]

HENRY, *starting from the couch.*

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

Break

Break forth, and, to the day 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,
Rofie brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!*

O *Rosamond!* O riling 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 crest, and burnish'd arms,
Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courser bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer Love will ask them all.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

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

Enter QUEEN.

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

*Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!*

Chill'd with tears,

Kill'd with fears,

Endless torments dwell about thee:

Yet who would live, and live without thee!

But oh the sight my soul alarms:

My Lord appears, I'm all on fire!

Why am I banish'd from his arms?

My heart's too full, I must retire.

[Retires to the end of the stage.]

SCENE

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

K I N G *and* Q U E E N.

K I N G.

Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
 Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,
 With secret horror dost thou shake?
 Can Dreams such dire impressions make!
 What means this solemn, silent show?
 This pomp of death, this scene of woe!
 Support me, heaven! what's this I read?
 Oh horror! *Rosalind 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 whirlle of passion lost.
 Why did I not in battel fall,
 Crush'd by the thunder of the *Gaul*?
 Why did the spear my bosom miss?
 Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!

Distracted with woe

I'll rush on the foe

To seek my relief:

The sword or the dart

Shall pierce my sad heart,

And finish my grief!

S 2

Q U E E N.

Q U E E N.

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

[*Aside.*]

K I N G.

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.

Q U E E N.

Why do I here my Lord receive?

K I N G.

Is this the welcome that you give?

Q U E E N.

Thus shou'd divided lovers meet?

B O T H.

And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!

Q U E E N.

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

K I N G.

K I N G.

Cruel woman, what cou'd you?

Q U E E N.

Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

K I N G.

The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.

Q U E E N.

A heart so unrepenting,

K I N G.

A rage so unrelenting,

B O T H.

Will for ever

Love dissever,

Will for ever break our rest.

K I N G.

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.

Q U E E N.

Q U E E N.

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

K I N G.

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

Q U E E N.

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

K I N G.

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

Q U E E N.

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

K I N G.

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

Q U E E N.

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

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

K I N G.

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

Q U E E N.

The bowl, with drowfie 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!

[*Aside.*]

Q U E E N,

Atoning for her self and you.

K I N G.

K I N G.

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.

Q U E E N.

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 unfetter'd break!
 As he the Potion shall survive
 Believe your *Rosamond* Alive.

K I N G.

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

Q U E E N.

-----My Lord is true.

K I N G.

K I N G.

No more I'll change,

Q U E E N.

No more I'll grieve:

B O T H.

But ever thus united live.

Sir T R U S T Y *awaking.*

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

S C E N E IV.

GRIDELINE *and* Sir T R U S T Y.

G R I D E L I N E.

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

VOL. I.

T

Sir

Sir *T R U S T Y*.

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

G R I D E L I N E.

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 *T R U S T Y*.

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, how'er it be,
 It suits a person in my station
 T'observe the mode and be in fashion.
 Then let not *Grideline* the chaste
 Offended be for what is past,
 And hence anew my vows I plight
 To be a faithful courteous Knight.

G R I D E L I N E.

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

Since

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

Sir T R U S T Y.

And Sir Trusty shall be thy Adonis.

The KING and QUEEN advancing.

K I N G.

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

B O T H.

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



T 2

Prologue

*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 unexperienc'd audience please:
 No single Character had e'er been shown,
 But the whole herd of Fops was all their own;
 Rich in Originals, they set to view,
 In every piece, a Coxcomb that was new.

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

To

* *A Comedy written by Sir Richard Steele.*

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

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

Our Author, to divert his friends to-day,
 Stocks with Variety of fools his Play;
 And that there may be something gay, and new,
 Two Ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
 The first a Damsel, travell'd in Romance;
 The 2^d 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 desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
 The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

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

While

* A Dramatick Poem written by the Lord Lansdown.

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

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



H O R A C E,

H O R A C E,
O D E III. B O O K III.

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

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

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

That

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Quaff

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Greece

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

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

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



OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

The Story of PHAETON.

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

While

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

Here *Phaeton*, still gaining on th' ascent,
 To his suspected father's palace went,
 'Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
 He saw at distance the illustrious God:
 He saw at distance, or the 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 besmear;
 And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

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

And

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

" Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
 " Illustrious Parent! since you don't despise
 " The Parent's name, some certain token give,
 " That I may *Chymenè'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 *Chymenè*
 " Has told thee true; a Parent's name I own,
 " And deem thee worthy to be call'd my Son.
 " As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
 " Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
 " By *Styx* I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
 " And roul impervious to my piercing sight.

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

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

" Too

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

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

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

When

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

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

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

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
 And all the waste of heaven before 'em lay.
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
 Along " X 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 feat,
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
 But as at sea th' unballast'd vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
 So in the bounding chariot tofs'd on high,
 The Youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
 The Youth was in a maze, nor did he know
 Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
 Nor wou'd the horses, had he known, obey.

Then the *Seven stars* first felt *Apollo's* ray,
 And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
 The folded *Serpent* next the frozen pole,
 Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,
 And rage'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
 And shot a redder light from every star;
 Nay, and 'tis said, *Boötes* too, that fain
 Thou would'st have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Wain.

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

So

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

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

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

And

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

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

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
 Even *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 unwearied strays
 Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
 From his lov'd *Babylon* *Euphrates* flies;
 The big-swoln *Ganges* and the *Danube* rise
 In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
 In flames *Ismenos* and the *Phasis* roul'd,
 And *Tagus* floating in his melted gold.
 The Swans, that on *Caÿster* often try'd
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last and dy'd.

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

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

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

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(But

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

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

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

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

PHAETON'S Sisters transform'd into Trees.

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

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

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

Hangs

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

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

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

The blood came trickling, where she tore away
 The leaves and bark: The maids were heard to say,
 " Forbear, mistaken Parent, Oh! forbear;
 " A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
 " Farewel for ever." (Here the bark 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 CYCNUS into a Swan.

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

The

All

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, sicken'd at the sight
 Of his own Sun-shine, and abhors the light:
 The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
 Sadden his looks, and over-cast his eyes,
 As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
 And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

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

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

Excuses

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

The Story of CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and *Jove*
 Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
 To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
 But all was safe: The earth he then survey'd,
 And cast an eye on every different coast,
 And every land; but on *Arcadia* most
 Her fields he cloath'd, and 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 ty'd;
 Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
 Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
 To chast *Diana* from her youth inclin'd
 The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.

Diana

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

The Sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
 The heated virgin panting to a grove;
 The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
 She dropt her arrows, 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 should my jealous Queen the theft descry,
 “ Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
 “ And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!

Diana's shape and habit strait he took,
 Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
 And mildly in a female accent spoke.

“ How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?
 To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,

“ All-hail, bright deity, whom I prefer

“ To *Jove* himself, tho' *Jove* himself were here.

The God was nearer than she thought, and heard

Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How

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

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to 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* forbid, 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 fought old *Ocean* in his deep abodes,
And *Tethys*; both rever'd among the Gods.
They ask what brings her there: " Ne'er ask, says she,
" What brings me here, Heaven is no place for me.
" You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
" *Jove's* starry bastard and triumphant whore
" Usurp the heavens; you'll see 'em proudly roul
" In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
" And who shall now on *Juno's* altars wait,
" When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
" I on the Nymph a brutal form impress'd,
" *Jove* to a goddess has transform'd the beast;

" This,

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

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

The Story of CORONIS, and Birth of
ÆSCULAPIUS.

The Raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
 White as the whitest Dove's 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 sooty blackness from the purest white.

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

Coronis

Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
 Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, 'till her guilt he knew,
 While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
 But his own bird the Raven chance'd to find
 The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
 But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
 His milk-white pinions to the God he ply'd;
 The busy Daw flew with him, side by side,
 And by a thousand teizing questions drew
 Th' important secret from him as they flew.
 The Daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,
 And, tedious in her rattle, 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 *Erichonius* had his birth
 " (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
 " *Minerva* nurs'd him, and the infant laid
 " Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
 " The daughters of King *Cecrops* undertook
 " To guard the chest, commanded not to look
 " On what was hid within. I stood to see
 " The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
 " The sisters *Pandrosos* and *Hersè* keep
 " The strict command; *Aglauros* needs would peep,

" And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
 " And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight;
 " A Boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
 " But the boy ended in a Dragon's tail;
 " I told the stern *Minerva* all that pass'd,
 " But for my pains, discarded and disgrace'd,
 " The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
 " And for her favorite chose the bird of night.
 " Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
 " Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
 " But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
 " As never by the heavenly maid belov'd;
 " But I was lov'd; ask *Pallas* if I lye;
 " Tho' *Pallas* hate me now, she won't deny:
 " For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
 " Was once a Maid (by heaven the story's true)
 " A blooming maid, and a King's daughter too.
 " A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
 " My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
 " *Neptune*, as on his shores I went to rove,
 " Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love;
 " He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
 " And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
 " Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,
 " 'Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
 " I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air,
 " To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
 " A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
 " For, as my Arms I lifted to the skies,
 " I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O CYRRHOE

OCYRRHOE transform'd to a Mare.

Old *Chiron* took the babe with secret joy,
 Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
 His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
 The Nymph *Chariclo* to the Centaur bore,
 With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
 To see the child, *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 tofs, and rave, and long to die,
 " And quit thy claim to immortality;
 " When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
 " The *Hydra's* venom rankling in thy veins?

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

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

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

The Transformation of BATTUS to a Touch-stone.

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

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
 The crafty *Hermes* from the God convey'd
 A Drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd.
 The theft an old insidious Peasant view'd,
 (They call'd him *Battus* in the neighbourhood)
 Hire'd by a wealthy *Pyliau* 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,
 " And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
 " Go, stranger, cries the clown, securely on,
 " That stone shall sooner tell; and show'd a stone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

That

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

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

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

Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
 The midmost by the beauteous *Hersè* grace'd;
 Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching God descry'd,
 And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
 And what his business was, and whence he came.

" I come, reply'd the God, from Heaven, to woo
 Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
 " I am the son and messenger of *Jove*,
 " My name is *Mercury*, my business Love;
 " Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
 " And gain admittance to your sister's heart.

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
 As when she on *Minerva's* secret gaz'd,
 And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
 And, till he brings it, makes the God retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the Nymph succeed;
 And now 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 *Ægis* on her breast;
 Then sought out *Envy* in her dark abode,
 Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
 Shut from the winds, and from the wholesom skies,
 In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
 Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
 Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly

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

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

When *Athens* she beheld, for arts renown'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous Fiend from tears forbear,
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
 Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.
 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 plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
 Her Sister's Marriage, and her glorious fate:
 Th' imaginary Bride appears in state;

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

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

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

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

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

Where

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

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

And

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

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

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

OVID'S

O V I D' S
M E T A M O R P H O S E S.

B O O K III.

The Story of C A D M U S.

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

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

Should

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

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

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

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

O'er

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

Deep in the dreary Den, conceal'd from day,
 Sacred to *Mars*, a mighty Dragon lay,
 Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
 Fire broke in flashes when he glance'd his eyes:
 His towering crest was glorious to behold,
 His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
 Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
 His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
 The *Tyrians* in the Den for water fought,
 And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
 From side to side their empty urns rebound,
 And rouse the sleepy Serpent with the sound.
 Strait he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
 And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
 And darts his forky tongues, and roul's 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,
 Sworn up with blasts of pestilential breath.

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

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

The

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

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

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

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

The

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

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

Cadmus surpriz'd, and startled at the sight
 Of his new foes, prepar'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.

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

Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his 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 huntsmen 'till the heat of day
Pursue the Stag, and load themselves with prey;

When

When thus *Acteon* calling to the rest:

“ My friends, says he, our sport is at the best.

“ The Sun is high advance’d, and downward sheds

“ His burning beams directly on our heads;

“ Then by consent abstain from further spoils,

“ Call off the dogs, and gather up the toiles;

“ And e’er to morrow’s Sun begins his race,

“ Take the cool morning to renew the chace.

They all consent, and in a chearful train

The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,

Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with Pine and Cypress clad,
Refresh’d with gentle winds, and brown with shade,

The chaste *Diana*’s private haunt, there stood

Full in the centre of the darksome wood

A spacious Grotto, all around o’er-grown

With hoary moss, and arch’d with Pumice-stone.

From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,

And trickling swell into a lake below.

Nature had every where so play’d her part,

That every where she seem’d to vie with Art.

Here the bright Goddess, toil’d and chafe’d with heat,

Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,

Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;

Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,

Some loos’d her sandals, some her veil unty’d;

Each

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

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

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

Rough

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

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

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

The Birth of BACCHUS.

Acteon'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 *Acteon's* woes
 Fit for a Virgin Goddess to impose.

The

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Consum'd

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

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

The Transformation of TIRESIAS.

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

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

But,

But, after seven revolving years, he view'd
 The self-same Serpents in the self-same wood;
 " And if, says he, such virtue in you lye,
 " That he who dares your slimy folds untie
 " Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.
 Again he struck the Snakes, and stood again
 New-sex'd, and strait recover'd into Man.
 Him therefore both the deities create
 The 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;) }
 Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
 And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

The Transformation of ECHO.

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

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

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

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

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

This

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

The Nymph, when nothing could *Narcissus* move,
 Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
 Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
 In solitary caves and dark abodes;
 Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
 'Till harras'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 carefs the Boy,
 He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
 When one fair Virgin of the slighted train
 Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his disdain,
 " Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!
Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
 And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

There stands a fountain in a darksome 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 chearful greens below.
 Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
 And over-heated by the morning chace,
Narcissus on the grassie verdure lyes:
 But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries
 To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
 For as his own bright image he survey'd,
 He fell in love with the fantastick shade;
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
 Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
 The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
 The hands that *Bacchus* might not scorn to show,
 And hair that round *Apollo's* head might flow,
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then

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

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

The Story of PENTHEUS.

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

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

Still

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

" Whom

" Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
 " Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
 " But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 " The purple vests, and flowery garlands please.
 " Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
 " Renounce his God-head, and confess the cheat.
 " *Acrifus* 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 Grandfire urg'd him to give o'er
 His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

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

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

The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

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

" Vile

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My vessel, driven by a strong gale of wind,
 Said

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

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

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

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

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

“ In

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

" Go,

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

The Death of PENTHEUS.

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

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

Pentheus

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

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

The

*The Story of SALMACIS and HER-
MAPHRODITUS.*

From the Fourth Book of OVID's Metamorphoses.

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

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

The

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

Fain wou'd she meet the youth with hasty feet,
 She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,
 And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.

" Bright youth, she cries, whom all thy features prove
 " A God, and, if a God, the God of love;

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" But

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

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

His

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

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

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

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

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



N O T E S
O N

*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 fati reminiscitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, Correptaque Regia coeli
Ardeat et mundi moles operosa laboret.

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

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

Fumat.

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

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

—Balænarumque prementem
 Ægeona suis immunia terga lacertis

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

—Facies non omnibus Una
 Nec Diverfa 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 show'd their affinity.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Savaque

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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through

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

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

describes the motion through all the Zodiac.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mare contrahitur, sicæque est campus Arenæ.

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

H h 2

---Quos

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

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

----Medio volucres caluere Căystro.

and that the Dolphins durst not leap,

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

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

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

On EUROPA'S Rape, page 188.

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

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

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

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

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

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

On the Stories in the Third Book, page 191.

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

P. 193.

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

-----Phœnicas, 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 heroick stile: He has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the Serpent:

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

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

seems a labour'd line? Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera 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 vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab icu,
Læsaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque federe
Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire sinebat.

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

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

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

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

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

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 Goddess, and her Maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. Actæon's flight, confusion and griefs are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole Narration should be so carelessly closed up.*

—————Ut abesse queruntur,
Nec capere oblatae segnem spectacula prædæ.
Vellent abesse quidem, sed adest, vellentque videre,
Non etiam sentire, Canum fera facta suorum.

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

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

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

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 resenting Goddess and a tattling 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*

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

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

F A B.

F. A. B. V.

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

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

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

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 excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.

—Qui probat, ipse probatur.

Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet.

Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.

Perque oculos perit ipse suos—

Uror amore mei flammam moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold, of making a Boy fall in love with himself here on earth, but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 210. l. 10. But whilst within, &c.] Dumque fitim fedare cupit sitis altera crevit. We have here a touch of that Mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of Pun in it outweighs the True wit; for if we express the thought in other words the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her surprize at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural, than this of Narcissus. She was a raw unexperienced Being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 211. l. 12. You trees, says he, &c.] Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his Poem. They have generally abundance of Nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The Poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the Poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great Critick has admirably well observed, Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam Lachrymæ subito excrefcit, et difficile est Auditorem vel Lectorem in summo

summo animi affectu diu tenere. *Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cry'd out---Inopem me Copia fecit? Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?*

O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!
Votum in Amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid, that he employs his Invention more than his Judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

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 behaviour of them both.*

Este, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,
Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite serpentis; pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.
Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate Decus.---

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

as in that of the sailors characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

F A B. IX.

Ovid has two very good Similes on Pentheus, where he compares him to a River in a former story, and to a War-horse in the present.



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E S S A Y

O N

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of Poetry among the *Romans*, which he copied after three the greatest masters of *Greece*. *Theocritus* and *Homer* have still disputed for the advantage over him in *Pastoral* and *Heroics*, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to *Hesiod* in his *Georgics*. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a *Pastoral* cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the *Greek*, when rightly mixed and qualified with the *Doric* dialect; nor can the majesty of an *Heroic* Poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the *Ionians*. But in the *Middle* stile, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far *Virgil* has excelled all who have written in the same way with him. There

There has been abundance of Criticism spent on *Virgil's Pastorals* and *Aeneids*, but the *Georgics* are a subject which none of the Critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with *Pastoral*; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the stile of a Husbandman ought to be imitated in a *Georgic*, as that of a Shepherd is in *Pastoral*. But though the scene of both these Poems lies in the same place; the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a Plowman, but with the address of a Poet. No rules therefore that relate to *Pastoral*, can any way affect the *Georgics*, since they fall under that class of Poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be Moral duties, as those of *Theognis* and *Pythagoras*; or Philosophical speculations, as those of *Aratus* and *Lucretius*; or Rules of practice, as those of *Hesiod* and *Virgil*. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the *Georgics* go upon, is I think the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from Ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of Poetry. Natural Philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the Reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of Poetry I am now speaking of, addresses it self wholly to the imagination: It is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of Nature for its province. It raises in our minds a plea-

sing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description. *A Georgic therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the Beauties and Embellishments of Poetry.* Now since this science of Husbandry is of a very large extent, the Poet shews his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. *Virgil* was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first *Georgic*, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the Signs in Nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easie method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: For there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to chuse the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes Poetry from Prose, and makes *Virgil's* rules of Husbandry pleasanter to read than *Varró's*. Where the Prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the Poet often conceals

conceals the precept in a description, and represents his Country-man performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the *Georgics*, where the reader may see the different ways *Virgil* has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second *Georgic*, where he tells us what Trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus

Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala

Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.

—Steriles *Platani malos gessere valentes,*

Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo

Flore pyri: Glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.

—*Nec longum tempus: et ingens*

Exiit ad Cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Here we see the Poet considered all the effects of this union between Trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprize, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the Poets, and is particularly practised by *Virgil*, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without gi-

ving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an Idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the Mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the Poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the Poet must take care not to encumber his Poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the Subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest a-while for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the *Georgic*: For they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole Poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the Country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are *Virgil's* descriptions of the original of *Agriculture*, of the fruitfulness of *Italy*, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the Poem. I know no one digression in the *Georgics* that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the First book, where the Poet launches out into a discourse of the battel of *Pharsalia*, and the actions of *Augustus*: But it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the

the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his Husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines,

*Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.*

And afterwards speaking of *Augustus's* actions, he still remembers that *Agriculture* ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole Poem.

-----*Non ullus aratro*

*Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis:
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ense.*

We now come to the *Stile* which is proper to a *Georgic*; and indeed this is the part on which the Poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present it self, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a Phrase or Saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious Poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: Much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to Husbandry, have any place in such a work as the *Georgic*, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity

simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that Poetry can bestow on it. Thus *Virgil*, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *Tempore* but *Sydere* in his first verse; and every where else abounds with *Metaphors*, *Grecisms*, and *Circumlocutions*, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a *Plebeian* stile. And herein consists *Virgil's* master-piece, who has not only excelled all other Poets, but even himself in the language of his *Georgics*; where we receive more strong and lively *Ideas* of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: And find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that *Hesiod* and *Virgil* have met with in this kind of Poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the *Georgics*. To begin with *Hesiod*; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the Husbandman than the Poet in his temper: He was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good Husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole *Georgic*. His method in describing month after month with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprize and variety of the Poem, and makes the whole
look

look but like a modern Almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may before-hand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of *January*; 'The wild beasts, says he, run shivering through the woods with their heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the Goats and Oxen are almost flea'd with cold; but it is not so bad with the Sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pincht with the weather, but the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side.' Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of rattle, rather than endeavour after a just Poetical description. Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a *Georgic*: Where we may still discover something venerable in the antickness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of Tillage and Planting into two books, which *Hesiod* has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections,

tions, that if we look on both Poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright Countryman, and in the other, something of a rustick majesty, like that of a *Roman Dictator* at the plow-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of *Aratus*, where we may see how judiciously he has pickt out those that are most proper for his Husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors than any of the rest. The Poet with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his Trees. The last *Georgic* has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a Bee, than to an inanimate Plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a Country life, as they are described by *Virgil* in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of *Virgil's* mind in preferring even the life of a Philosopher to it.

We may I think read the Poet's clime in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it.

-----*O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!*

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more Northern Poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The

The Third *Georgic* seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the Horse and Chariot-race. The force of Love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The *Scythian* winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The Murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the Poet strained hard to out-do *Lucretius* in the description of his plague, and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in *Scaliger*.

But *Virgil* seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his Bees in the Fourth *Georgic*: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battels of *Æneas* and *Turnus*, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his *Æneis* he compares the labours of his *Trojans* to those of Bees and Pismires, here he compares the labours of the Bees to those of the *Cyclops*. In short, the last *Georgic* was a good prelude to the *Æneis*; and very well shewed what the Poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an Insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of *Rapin*. The speech of *Proteus* at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the Beauties in the *Georgics*, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its Imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some

few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that Poem, which lay so long under *Virgil's* correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first *Georgic* was probably burlesqued in the Author's life-time; for we still find in the Scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from *Hesiod*. *Nudus ara, sere nudus*---- And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary Critick, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure *Virgil* would not have translated it from *Hesiod*, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in *Virgil*, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and plowing Naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the Hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the stile of the *Georgics* with that of *Lucretius*, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of *Miscellany Poems*; but shall conclude this Poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finisht piece of all Antiquity. The *Æneis* indeed is of a Nobler kind, but the *Georgic* is more Perfect in its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the *Georgic* are more exquisite. In short, the *Georgic* has all the perfection that can be expected in a Poem written by the greatest Poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

C A T O.

^A
V E R S E S
T R A G E D Y.

As It is Acted at the

OF THE
THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane,*

B Y

His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

*Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus!
Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non
video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere
animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel
fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.*

Sen. de Divin. Prov.

L 1 2

C O T A

T R A G E D Y

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DWY-LANE

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Sen. de Divin. Prov.
Hæc, nihilominus inter rinas publicas cretum.
animam colit, quæ ut spectet Cætonem, jam partibus non foveit
videt, sapientiam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter, palatium, h' comenat
Ecce per Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malis fortibus componit! Non
Ecce spectantibus dignis, ad quod respiciat, intertus operi suo. Deus!

L 1

V E R S E S
 TO THE
 A U T H O R
 OF THE
 T R A G E D Y of C A T O.

WHILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,
 And Cato with an equal virtue, draw,
 While Envy is it self in Wonder lost,
 And Factions strive who shall applaud you most;
 Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
 Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend,
 And join th' applause which all the Learn'd bestow
 On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
 To my * light Scenes I once inscrib'd your name,
 And impotently strove to borrow fame:
 Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
 Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

* Tender Husband, De-
 dicated to Mr. Addison.

RICHARD STEELE.

THO' Cato shines in Virgil's epick song,
 Prescribing laws among th' Elysian throng;
 Tho' Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
 O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the Heroe's fame;
 The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
 Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee,
 By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
 And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
 We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause;
 His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
 Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
 And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On Tyber's banks thy thought was first inspir'd;
 'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
 Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
 Thy happy Muse this manly work design'd:
 Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's Genius stand,
 And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
 Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
 And ask this labour to record his praise.

'Tis done——the Heroe lives, and charms our age!
 While nobler morals grace the British stage.
 Great Shakespear's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
 (Methinks I see the laurel'd Shade appear!)

Will

*Will hover o'er the Scene, and wond'ring view
 His fav'rite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
 Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
 Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
 That sure the Sybills books this year foretold,
 And in some mystick leaf was seen inroll'd,*

- ' Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Africk's shore,
- ' Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
- ' When thrice six hundred times the circling Sun
- ' His annual race shall thro' the Zodiack run,
- ' An Isle remote his monument shall rear,
- ' And every generous Briton pay a tear.

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then become
 A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
 Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
 Tho' Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before?
 How will Posterity this truth explain?
 " Cato begins to live in Anna's reign:
 The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
 Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
 Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
 And virtues by departed Heroes taught,

Raise

Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
 Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
 To your renown all ages you subdue,
 And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

All Souls College,
 Oxon.

EDWARD YOUNG.

TIS nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
 And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age,
 To show, how endless joys from freedom spring:
 How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
 The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
 You tread the paths frequented by the few.
 With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
 Virtue, and sense! how durst you hope to please?
 Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
 Impartial clap'd, and own'd the work divine.
 Even the sour Criticks, who malicious came,
 Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
 Finding the Heroe regularly rise,
 Great, while he lives, but greater, when he dies,
 Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
 And sicken'd with the pleasures, which they felt.
 Not so the Fair their passions secret kept,
 Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
 When 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, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
 The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils;
 Did then his schemes of future honours draw
 From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.*

*How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
 Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
 We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
 And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
 We heard at distance soft, enchanting strains,
 From blooming mountains, and Italian Plains.
 Virgil began in English dress to shine,
 His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine.
 From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
 But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
 Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
 Th' immortal 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 buskin'd Muse you shine confess'd,
 The Patriot kindles in the Poet's breast.
 Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
 Tho' unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
 Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
 Tho' nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
 The chastest Virgin needs no blushes fear,
 The Learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
 The Libertine, in pleasures us'd to roul,
 And idly sport with an immortal soul,
 Here comes, and by the virtuous Heathen taught,
 Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.

When e'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
 What sluggish Briton in his Isle remains?
 When Juba seeks the Tiger with delight,
 We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
 By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
 And in the chilling East-wind pant with heat.
 What eyes behold not, how the stream refines,
 'Till by degrees the floating mirrour shines?
 While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
 Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,

We

*We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
 And all the sudden sounding ruine bear.
 When purple robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
 And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve,
 When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
 Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
 Well may the Prince exult with noble pride,
 Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.*

*But I in vain on single features dwell,
 While all the parts of the fair piece excell,
 So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
 We know not, which to pass, or which to taste.
 The shining incidents so justly fall,
 We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
 Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
 And with variety of gemms surprize.
 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.



M m 2

T 0 0

TOO long hath Love engross'd Britannia's stage,
 And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
 By that alone did empires fall or rise,
 And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:
 The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
 Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
 You scorn to raise a grief thy self must blame,
 Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
 A Patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
 And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
 Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm Hero stands beneath the weight
 Of all his sufferings venerably great;
 Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
 With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.

The aged Oak thus rears his head in air,
 His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
 'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
 Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:
 His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
 And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
 Our Patriots sadden at his glorious woes,

Awhile

*Awhile they let the world's great bus'ness wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient Heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And Kings and Priests without a blush appear.*

*France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms, and British wit:
No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right)
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.*

*Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word 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 most admire, because we know thee most.*

Queen's-College,
Oxon.

THO. TICKELL.

S I R,

S I R,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
 And Cato's hands in his own blood imbrū'd;

That scene of death so terrible appears,
 My soul could only thank you with her tears.
 Yet with such wond'rous art your skilful hand
 Does all the passions of the soul command,
 That even my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
 And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.

What pen but yours could draw the doubtful strife,
 Of honour struggling with the love of life?
 Describe the Patriot, obstinately good,
 As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
 The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
 His piercing sight, and Heaven the distant shore.
 Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
 He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
 And rushes out of Life, to snatch the glorious prize.

How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
 How just her Patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
 Recount his wond'rous probity and truth,
 And form new Juba's in the British youth.
 Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
 Are pleas'd with ruine, and in love with death.

And

*And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
 Resolve to perish, or defend her cause.
 Now first on Albion's theatre we see,
 A perfect image of what man should be;
 The glorious character is now exprest,
 Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.
 Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
 In Cato's soul, as in her Heaven she shines.*

All-Souls College,
 Oxon.

DIGBY COTES.

Left with the Printer by an unknown hand.

NOW we may speak, since Cato speaks no more;
 'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
 When crowded theatres with Iôs rung
 Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung;
 Even civil rage awhile in thine was lost;
 And factions strove but to applaud thee most:
 Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste;
 But every night was dearer than the last.

*As when old Rome in a malignant hour
 Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
 Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
 For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:*

And,

*And, while his godlike figure mov'd along,
 Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
 Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every tongue.
 So in thy pompous lines has Cato far'd,
 Grac'd with an ample, tho' a late reward:
 A greater victor we in him revere;
 A nobler triumph crowns his image here.*

*With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
 A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
 So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
 Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste:
 Behold its glowing paint! its easie weight!
 Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
 How chaste the conduct, how divine the rage!
 A Roman *Worthy* on a Grecian stage!*

*But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
 Inclind to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
 The firmest Patriot, and the gentlest Friend?
 How great his genius, when the traitor croud
 Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
 Quell'd by his look, and listning to his lore,
 Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
 When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
 The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
 Brave Marcus new in early death appears,
 While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
 Who, checking private grief, the publick mourns,
 Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.*

But

*But when he strikes, (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs pursue his parting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.*

*O sacred Freedom, which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If, taught by thee, the Poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his Heroe's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image still secure;
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and enshrind in every British heart.*

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd;
And the true Poet is a public good.
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Enflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws;
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And given the just success to Cato's sword:
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd;
And the Muse triumph'd, where the Patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. P O P E.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the Tragic-Muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The Hero's glory, or the Virgin's love;
 In pitying Love we but our weakness show,
 And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as Patriots shed for dying laws:
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and God-like Cato was:

No

PROLOGUE.

*No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven it self surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shou'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd----tears gush'd from every eye,
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.*

*Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song:
Dare to have sense your selves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*

P R O L O G U E

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

C A T O.	Mr. Booth.
Lucius, <i>a Senator.</i>	Mr. Keen.
Sempronius, <i>a Senator.</i>	Mr. Mills.
Juba, <i>Prince of Numidia.</i>	Mr. Wilks.
Syphax, <i>General of the Numidians.</i>	Mr. Cibber.
Portius, } <i>Sons of Cato.</i>	Mr. Powell.
Marcus, }	Mr. Ryan.
Decius, <i>Ambassador from Cæsar.</i>	Mr. Bowman.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

Marcia, <i>Daughter to Cato.</i>	Mrs. Oldfield.
Lucia, <i>Daughter to Lucius.</i>	Mrs. Porter.

S C E N E *a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.*

C A T O.



C A T O.

A C T I S C E N E I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

P O R T I U S.



THE dawn is over-cast, the morning
 lours,
 And heavily in clouds brings on
 the day,
 The great, th'important day, big
 with the fate
 Of *Cato* and of *Rome* ——— Our Fa-
 ther's Death
 Would fill up all the guilt of Civil war,
 And close the scene of blood. Already *Cesar*

Has

Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
 Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
 Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
 To form new battels, and support his crimes.
 Ye Gods, what havock does Ambition make
 Among your works!

M A R C U S.

Thy stiddy temper, *Portius*,
 Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and *Cæsar*,
 In the calm lights of mild Philosophy;
 I'm tortured, even to madness, when I think
 On the proud victor: every time he's named
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
 Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field
 Strow'd with *Rome's* citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
 His Horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
 Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen curse,
 Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
 Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
 Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

P O R T I U S.

Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious greatness,
 And mixt with too much horrou to be envy'd:
 How does the lustre of our father's actions,
 Through the dark cloud of Ills that cover him,
 Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
 His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause

Of

Of honour, virtue, liberty, and *Rome*.
 His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
 Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
 Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

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 *Cesar*?
 Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
 A poor epitome of *Roman* greatness,
 And, cover'd with *Numidian* guards, directs
 A feeble army, and an empty senate,
 Remnants of mighty battels fought in vain.
 By Heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
 Distract my very soul: Our father's fortune
 Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

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,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
 Nor sees with how much art 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

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

P O R T I U S.

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

Now, *Marcus*, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
 Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
 And call up all thy father in thy soul:
 To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
 On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
 Would be a conquest worthy *Cato's* son.

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----

P O R T I U S.

Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
 With how much care he forms himself to glory,

And

And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
 To copy out our Father's bright example.
 He loves our sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
 His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
 But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
 When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
 The sense of honour and desire of fame
 Drive the big passion back into his heart.
 What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* heir
 Reproach great *Cato's* son, and show the world
 A virtue wanting in a *Roman* soul?

M A R C U S.

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?

P O R T I U S.

Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
 Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
 It strait takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

M A R C U S.

A Brother's sufferings claim a Brother's pity.

P O R T I U S.

Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
 Even whilst I speak-----Do they not swim in tears?

Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

M A R C U S.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
 Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

P. O R T I U S.

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.

M A R C U S.

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.]

S C E N E II

S E M P R O N I U S, P O R T I U S.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
 Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
 I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
 And speak a language foreign to my heart. [Aside.]

Good

Good morrow *Portius!* let us once embrace,
 Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
 To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
 Each might receive a slave into his arms:
 This Sun perhaps, this morning Sun's the last,
 That e'er shall rise on *Roman* liberty.

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 *Cesar*.

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 *Cesar* tremble at the head
 Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my *Portius*,
 Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
 Would but thy sister *Marcia* be propitious
 To thy friend's vows: I might be bless'd, indeed!

P O R T I U S.

Alas! *Sempronius*, would'st thou talk of love
 To *Marcia*, whilst her father's life's in danger?

Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

S E M P R O N I U S.

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.

P O R T I U S.

Well dost thou seem to check my lingring here
On this important hour----I'll strait away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldier's drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to Command success,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll Deserve it. [Exit.

S E M P R O N I U S solus.

Curse on the Stripling! how he apes his Sire?
Ambitiously sententious!----but I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian* genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quickned to the course.

-----Cato

----*Cato* has us'd me ill: he has refused
 His daughter *Marcia* to my ardent vows.
 Besides, his baffled arms, and ruined cause,
 Are bars to my ambition. *Cæsar's* favour,
 That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
 To *Rome's* first honours. If I give up *Cato*,
 I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
 But *Syphax* comes!----

S C E N E 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 *Cæsar's* active soul,
 With what a dreadful course he rushes on
 From war to war: in vain has Nature form'd

Mountains

Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
 He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
 The *Alpes* and *Pyreneans* sink before him,
 Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
 Impatient for the battel: one day more
 Will set the Victor thundering at our gates.
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
 That still would recommend thee more to *Cesar*,
 And challenge better terms.

S Y P H A X.

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.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
 Would give up *Africk* into *Cesar's* hands,
 And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

S Y P H A X.

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.

S E M P R O N I U S.

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 *Cesar* 'till I shake the Senate.
Your cold hypocrisie's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest?
Cloath thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

S Y P H A X.

In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* deceit!

S E M P R O N I U S.

Once more, be sure to try thy skill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd-for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, 'till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design.

[Exit.

S Y P H A X

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, *Cesar* comes rushing on us----
But hold! young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.

S C E N E IV.

J U B A, S Y P H A X.

J U B A.
Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone,
I have observed of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercaft with gloomy cares, and discontent;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

SYPHAX.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me:

J U B A.

Why do'st thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the world?

Doſt

Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
 And own the force of their superior virtue?
 Is there a nation in the wilds of *Africk*,
 Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
 That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?

S Y P H A X.

Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
 Above your own *Numidia's* tawny sons!
 Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
 Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
 Launch'd from the vigour of a *Roman* arm?
 Who like our active *African* instructs
 The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
 Or guides in troops th' embattled Elephant,
 Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my Prince,
 In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

J U B A.

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.

S Y P H A X.

Patience kind Heavens!----excuse an old man's warmth.
 What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
 This *Roman* polish, and this smooth behaviour,
 That render man thus tractable and tame?
 Are they not only to disguise our passions,
 To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
 To check the starts and fallies 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?

J U B A.

To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to *Cato*!
 There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
 The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal man,
 While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
 He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
 And when his fortune sets before him all
 The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
 His rigid virtue will accept of none.

S Y P H A X.

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

Coarse

Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
 Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
 Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
 On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
 Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn:
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
 And if the following day he chance to find
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,
 Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

J U B A.

Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern
 What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
 Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
 But grant that others could with equal glory
 Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
 Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
 Great and majestick in his griefs, like *Cato*?
 Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
 He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
 How does he rise against a load of woes,
 And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him!

S Y P H A X.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
 I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.
 Had not your royal father thought so highly
 Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato's* cause,
 He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
 Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain

On *Africk's* sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia*.

J U B A.

Why do'st thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My Father's name brings tears into my eyes.

S Y P H A X.

Oh! that you'd profit by your Father's ills!

J U B A.

What would'st thou have me do?

S Y P H A X.

Abandon *Cato*.

J U B A.

Syphax, I should be more than twice an Orphan
By such a loss.

S Y P H A X.

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.

J U B A.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,

And

And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

S Y P H A X.

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,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—his grief
Swell'd so high, he could not utter more.

J U B A.

Alas, thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

S Y P H A X.

By laying up his counsels in your heart.

J U B A.

His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

S Y P H A X.

S Y P H A X.

Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

J U B A.

I do believe thou would'st: but tell me how?

S Y P H A X.

Fly from the fate that follows *Cæsar's* foes.

J U B A.

My father scorn'd to do it.

S Y P H A X.

And therefore dy'd.

J U B A.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

S Y P H A X.

Rather say your love.

J U B A.

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?

S Y P H A X.

Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easie to divert and break its force:

Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
 Light up another flame, and put out this.
 The glowing dames of *Zama's* royal court
 Have faces flusht with more exalted charms;
 The Sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
 Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
 The pale unripen'd beauties of the *North*.

J U B A.

'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.

S Y P H A X.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
 But on my knees I beg you would consider----

J U B A.

Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she!----she moves this way:

And

And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius's* fair daughter.
My heart beats thick----I pr'ythee *Syphax* leave me.

S Y P H A X.

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

S C E N E V.

J U B A, M A R C I A, L U C I A.

J U B A.

Hail charming Maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even Horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of *Cæsar*.

M A R C I A.

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.

J U B A.

O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battel!

The

The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

M A R C I A.

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*,

J U B A.

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.

M A R C I A.

My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

J U B A.

Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with *Cato's* virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand ranged in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely Maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For *Marcia's* love.

[Exit.

S C E N E VI.

L U C I A, M A R C I A.

L U C I A.

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?

M A R C I A.

'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.

L U C I A.

Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
 And steel your heart to such a world of charms.

M A R C I A.

How, *Lucia!* would'st thou have me sink away
 In pleasing dreams, and lose my self in love,
 When every moment *Cato's* life's at stake?
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?

L U C I A.

L U C I A.

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.

M A R C I A.

Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
 And let me share thy most retired distress;
 Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

L U C I A.

I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
 They're *Marcia's* brothers, and the sons of *Cato*.

M A R C I A.

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.

L U C I A.

Which is it *Marcia* wishes for?

M A R C I A.

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?

L U C I A.

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----

M A R C I A.

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

L U C I A.

Suppose 'twere *Portius*, could you blame my choice?
----O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

M A R C I A.

Alas poor youth! how can'st thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,

And

And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported:
 Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
 Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
 I dread the consequence.

L U C I A.

You seem to plead
 Against your brother *Portius*.

M A R C I A.

Heaven forbid!
 Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful lover,
 The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

L U C I A.

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*.

M A R C U S.

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.

L U C I A.

Alas, too late I find my self involved
 In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,

Born

Born to afflict my *Marcia's* family,
 And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers.
 Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

M A R C I A.

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

So the pure limpid stream when foul with stains,
 Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
 Works it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
 'Till by degrees, the floating mirrour shines,
 Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
 And a new Heaven in its fair bosom shows. [Exeunt.]



A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

S E M P R O N I U S.

R O M E still survives in this assembled Senate!
 Let us remember we are *Cato's* friends,
 And act like men who claim that glorious title.

L U C I U S.

Cato will soon be here, and open to us
 Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
 [A sound of trumpets.
 May all the guardian gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter C A T O.

C A T O.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
 And *Rome* attends her fate from our resolves:
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
 Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*; *Egypt* has since
 Received his yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar's*.

Why

Why should I mention *Juba's* overthrow,
 And *Scipio's* death? *Numidia's* burning sands
 Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
 And envies us even *Libya's* sultry defarts.
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
 To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
 Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius speak.

S E M P R O N I U S.

My voice is still for war.
 Gods, can a *Roman* Senate long debate
 Which of the two to chuse, slavery or death!
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And, at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, Fathers, rise! 'tis *Rome* demands your help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate! the corps of half her Senate
 Manure the fields of *Thessaly*, while we
 Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up for shame! our brothers of *Pharsalia*
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud---To battel!

Great

Great *Pompey's* shade complains that we are slow,
And *Scipio's* ghost walks unrevenge'd amongst us!

C A T O.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In *Rome's* defence, entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruine glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

L U C I U S.

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 *Cesar*, but the Gods, my fathers,
The Gods declare against us, and repell
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battel,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.

Already have we shown our love to *Rome*,
 Now let us show submission to the Gods,
 We took up arms, not to revenge our selves,
 But free the common-wealth; when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in *Roman* blood,
 Unprofitably shed; what men could do
 Is done already: Heaven and earth will witness,
 If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.

S E M P R O N I U S.

This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
 Conceal a traitor---something whispers me
 All is not right---*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*. [Aside to *Cato*.

C A T O.

Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
 Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
 And fear, admitted into publick counsels,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round us;
 Within our walls are troops enured to toil
 In *Africk's* heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young Prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the Gods;
 But wait at least 'till *Cesar'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 *Cæsar'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 loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
 His message may determine our resolves.



S C E N E II.

D E C I U S, C A T O, &c.

D E C I U S.

Cæsar sends health to *Cato*.----

C A T O.

Could he send it
To *Cato's* slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the Senate?

D E C I U S.

My business is with *Cato*: *Cæsar* sees
The streights, to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

C A T O.

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.

D E C I U S.

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?

C A T O.

C A T O.

Those very reasons, thou hast urged, forbid it.

D E C I U S.

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 *Cesar*.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on *Cato*,
 As on the second of mankind.

C A T O.

No more!
 I must not think of life on such conditions.

D E C I U S.

Cesar 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.

C A T O.

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.

D E C I U S.

D E C I U S.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom---

C A T O.

Nay more, tho' *Cato's* voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to vernish crimes,
My self will mount the *Rostrum* in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

D E C I U S.

A stile, like this, becomes a Conqueror.

C A T O.

Decius, a stile, like this, becomes a *Roman*.

D E C I U S.

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

C A T O.

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

D E C I U S.

Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of *Rome* to second you.

C A T O.

Let him consider that, who drives us hither:

'Tis

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

D E C I U S.

Does *Cato* send this answer back to *Cæsar*,
 For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

C A T O.

His cares for me are insolent and vain:
 Presumptuous man! the Gods take care of *Cato*.
 Would *Cæsar* show the greatness of his soul?
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
 And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
 By sheltering men much better than himself.

D E C I U S.

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.

S.CENE

S C E N E III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, &c.

SEMPRONIUS.

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

LUCIUS.

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

SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is Life?
 'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
 From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun;
 'Tis to be Free. When liberty is gone,
 Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
 O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
 In *Cæsar's* bosom, and revenge my country,
 By Heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
 And smile in agony.

LUCIUS.

L U C I U S.

Others perhaps
 May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
 Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

S E M P R O N I U S.

This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
 In luke-warm Patriots.

C A T O.

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.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Cato, my resentments
 Are sacrificed to *Rome*-----I stand reproved.

C A T O.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve,

L U C I U S.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinced the Senate
 We ought to hold it out 'till terms arrive.

S E M P R O N I U S.

We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, *Cato*,
 My private voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

VOL. I.

S f

C A T O.

C A T O.

Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
 This little interval, this pause of life,
 (While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
 With resolution, friendship, *Roman* bravery,
 And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
 That Heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
 Fathers, farewell—The young *Numidian* Prince
 Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

S C E N E IV.

C A T O, J U B A.

C A T O.

Juba, the *Roman* Senate has resolv'd,
 'Till time give better prospects, still to keep
 The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on *Cesar*.

J U B A.

The resolution fits a *Roman* Senate.
 But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience,
 And condescend to hear a young man speak.
 My father, when some days before his death
 He order'd me to march for *Utica*

(Alas,

(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
 Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
 And, as his griefs gave way, my son, said he,
 Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
 Be *Cato's* friend, he'll train thee up to great
 And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
 Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

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.

C A T O.

I am no stranger to thy father's greatness!

J U B A.

I would not boast the greatness of my father,
 But point out new alliances to *Cato*.
 Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
 To arm *Numidia* in our cause, and court
 Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
 Did they know *Cato*, our remotest Kings
 Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
 Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
 Doubling the native horrour of the war,
 And making death more grim.

C A T O.

And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of *Cæsar*?
 Reduced like *Hannibal*, to seek relief
 From court to court, and wander up and down,
 A vagabond in *Africk*!

J U B A.

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.

C A T O.

C A T O.

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.

J U B A.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
 And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

C A T O.

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

J U B A.

The best good fortune that can fall on *Juba*,
 The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
 Depends on *Cato*.

C A T O.

What does *Juba* say?
 Thy words confound me.

J U B A.

J U B A.

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

C A T O.

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

J U B A.

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

C A T O.

What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse!

J U B A.

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

C A T O.

What would'st thou say?

J U B A.

Cato, thou hast a daughter.

C A T O.

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.

S C E N E 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*.

SYPHAX.

Cato's a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with.

JUBA.

Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like *Juba*?

SYPHAX.

Alas, my Prince, how are you changed of late!
I've known young *Juba* rise, before the Sun,
To beat the thicket where the Tiger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you roused him to the chase! I've seen you,
Even in the *Libyan* Dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your Horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

JUBA.

Pr'ythee, no more!

SYPHAX.

How would the old King smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd

In

In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!

S Y P H A X.

Young Prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be yours.

J U B A.

What say'st thou, *Syphax*?
 By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

S Y P H A X.

Marcia might still be yours.

J U B A.

As how, dear *Syphax*?

S Y P H A X.

Juba commands *Numidia's* hardy troops,
 Mounted on steeds, unused to the restraint
 Of curbes or bittes, and fleetier than the winds:
 Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
 And bear her off.

J U B A.

Can such dishonest thoughts
 Rise up in man! would'st thou seduce my youth
 To do an act that would destroy my honour?

S Y P H A X.

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

J U B A.

Would'st thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian?

S Y P H A X.

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

J U B A.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Namidian* wiles.

S Y P H A X.

Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a *Roman* soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

J U B A.

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

S Y P H A X.

S Y P H A X.

Go, go, you're young.

J U B A.

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

S Y P H A X.

I have gone too far. *[Aside.]*

J U B A.

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

S Y P H A X.

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.

J U B A.

Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

S Y P H A X.

Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
-----Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! *[Aside.]*

J U B A.

Is it because the throne of my fore-fathers

T t 2

Still

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?

S Y P H A X.

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?

J U B A.

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

S Y P H A X.

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.

J U B A.

Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

S Y P H A X.

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.

J U B A.

Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

S Y P H A X.

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

J U B A.

Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

S Y P H A X.

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.

J U B A.

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.

S Y P H A X.

By Heavens

I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me:

Alas, I've hitherto been used to think

A

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!

J U B A.

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.

S Y P H A X.

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.

J U B A.

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.

S Y P H A X.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
 My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

J U B A.

J U B A.

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.

S Y P H A X *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---

S C E N E VI.

S Y P H A X, S E M P R O N I U S.

S Y P H A X.

All hail, *Sempronius*!
Well, *Cato's* senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

S E M P R O N I U S.

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 *Cesar*.

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

S Y P H A X.

But how stands *Cato*?

S E M P R O N I U S.

Thou hast seen mount *Atlas*:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on *Cesar*.

S Y P H A X.

But what's this Messenger?

S E M P R O N I U S.

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?

S Y P H A X.

Yes,----but it is to *Cato*.

I've

I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
 Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
 Laid safety, life, and interest in his fight,
 But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
 He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
 And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
 Thy *Juba's* cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine.

S Y P H A X.

May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her!

S E M P R O N I U S.

Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
 Her and my self, yet spight of me, I love her.

S Y P H A X.

Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cesar 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?

S E M P R O N I U S.

All, all is ready,
 The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
 Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.

V O L. 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 storm the Senate-house.

S Y P H A X.

Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* troops
 Within the square, to exercise their arms,
 And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
 I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*
 Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
 Pours in upon him thus from every side.
 So, where our wide *Numidian* wastes extend,
 Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
 Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
 Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
 The helpless traveller, with wild surprize,
 Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
 And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.



ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

M A R C U S.

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.

P O R T I U S.

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.

M A R C U S.

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.

P O R T I U S.

When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.

U u 2

The

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.

I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
'Till better times may make it look more graceful.

M A R C U S.

Alas; thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbbings 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.

P O R T I U S.

What can thy *Portius* do to give thee help?

M A R C U S.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him:

Describe

Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

P O R T I U S.

Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office,
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

M A R C U S.

Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

P O R T I U S.

Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me I've a thousand reasons-----

M A R C U S.

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.

P O R T I U S.

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.*]

M A R C U S.

M A R C U S.

But see where *Lucia*, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, *Portius!*
That face, that shape, those eyes, that Heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

P O R T I U S.

She sees us, and advances——

M A R C U S.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

S C E N E II.

L U C I A, P O R T I U S.

L U C I A.

Did not I see your brother *Marcus* here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

P O R T I U S.

Oh, *Lucia*, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;

He

He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
 His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
 And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
 That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
 Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
 To make such ravage in a noble soul!
 Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distrest! my heart bleeds for him;
 Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
 A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
 And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

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, undefigning 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

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.

P O R T I U S.

What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck! ----recall
 Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

L U C I A.

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!

P O R T I U S.

Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
 Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heaven,
 Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
 In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

L U C I A.

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

But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

P O R T I U S.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

L U C I A.

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!

P O R T I U S.

Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force,
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied blifs. Oh *Lucia*, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!----hah, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* rushes on his sword to join thee.
----Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death----
But hah! she moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

V O L. I.

X x

L U C I A.

L U C I A.

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.

P O R T I U S.

Name not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
 And startle into madness at the sound.

L U C I A.

What would'st thou have me do? consider well
 The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
 Think, *Portius*, think, thou seest thy dying brother
 Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
 Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful Sire
 Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
 That robs him of his son! poor *Marcia* trembles,
 Then tears her hair, and frantick in her griefs
 Calls out on *Lucia*! what could *Lucia* answer?
 Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow!

P O R T I U S.

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 appear'st more fair,
 More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
 Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul,
 Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
 Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

L U C I A.

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!

P O R T I U S.

Stay, *Lucia*, stay! what dost thou say? For-ever?

L U C I A.

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!

P O R T I U S.

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 z

L U C I A.

L U C I A.

If the firm *Portius* shake
To hear of parting, think what *Lucia* suffers!

P O R T I U S.

'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.

L U C I A.

What dost thou say? not part?
Hast thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, and thunder, o'er us!
——But see! thy brother *Marcus* bends this way!
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

S C E N E III.

M A R C U S, P O R T I U S.

M A R C U S.

Portius, what hopes? how stands she? am I doom'd
To life or death?

P O R T I U S.

P O R T I U S.

What would'st thou have me say?

M A R C U S.

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

P O R T I U S.

I've reason.

M A R C U S.

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

P O R T I U S.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

M A R C U S.

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?

P O R T I U S.

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

M A R C U S.

Compassionates my pains, and pities me!

What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
 Fool that I was to chuse so cold a friend
 To urge my cause! Compassionates my pains!
 Pr'ythee what art, what rhetorick did'st thou use
 To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
 To one that asks the warm return of love,
 Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death----

P O R T I U S.

Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?

M A R C U S.

What have I said! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
 A soul exasperated in ill falls out
 With every thing, its friend, its self----but hah!
 What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
 What new alarm?

P O R T I U S.

A second, louder yet,
 Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

M A R C U S.

Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battel!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
 Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

P O R T I U S.

Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato's* life
 Stand sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my heart
 Leaps at the trumpeter's voice, and burns for glory.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

SEMPRONIUS *with the leaders of
the mutiny.*

SEMPRONIUS.

At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has spent it self on *Cato's* head.
Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that what e'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

I LEADER.

We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our friend,
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato*.
But heark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest!
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our friend.



SCENE

S C E N E V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS,
PORTIUS, MARCUS, &c.

C A T O.

Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their General send a brave defiance?

S E M P R O N I U S.

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

C A T O.

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 *Cesar'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!

S E M P R O N I U S.

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 th' untrodden path,
 When life was hazarded in every step?
 Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
 When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
 You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
 Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

S E M P R O N I U S.

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?

VOL. I.

Y E Y C A T O.

C A T O.

Hence worthless men! hence! and complain to *Cæsar*
 You could not undergo the toils of war,
 Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

L U C I U S.

See, *Cato*, see, th'unhappy men! they weep!
 Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
 Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

C A T O.

Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
 And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

S E M P R O N I U S.

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.

L U C I U S.

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
 Of wretched men?

S E M P R O N I U S.

How! would'st 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.

Y y 2

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

SEMPRONIUS *and the leaders of the mutiny.*

I LEADER.

Sempronius, you have acted like your self,
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, stand off! base groveling worthless wretches,
Mongrils in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 LEADER.

Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius*:
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

Enter Guards.

I LEADER.

Nay, since it comes to this---

SEMPRONIUS.

Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Least with their dying breath they sow sedition.

S C E N E 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.

S Y P H A X.

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?

S E M P R O N I U S.

But how to gain admision? for access
 Is given to none but *Juba*, and her brothers.

S Y P H A X.

Thou shalt have *Juba's* drefs, and *Juba's* guards:
 The doors will open, when *Numidia's* Prince
 Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

S E M P R O N I U S.

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.



A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

NOW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy soul,
 If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
 To suffer greater ills than *Lucia* suffers?

MARCIA.

O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big-swoln heart
 Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
 With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA.

I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
 By *Juba*, and thy father's friend *Sempronius*;
 But which of these has power to charm like *Portius*!

MARCIA.

Still must I beg thee not to name *Sempronius*?
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a Heroe
 Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;

Juba

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

L U C I A.

And why not *Marcia*? come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

M A R C I A.

While *Cato* lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

L U C I A.

But should this father give you to *Sempronius*?

M A R C I A.

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 spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost.



S C E N E

S C E N E II.

SEMPRONIUS, *dress'd like* JUBA, *with*
Numidian guards.

S E M P R O N I U S.

The Deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
---How will the young *Numidian* rave, to see
His mistress lost? if aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay Barbarian.
---But heark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis *Juba's* self! there is but one way left----
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards.---Hah, dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon' azure Heaven----

Enter J U B A.

J U B A.

What do I see? who's this that dares usurp
The guards and habit of *Numidia's* Prince?

S E M P R O N I U S.

One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

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Z z

JUBA.

J U B A.

What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

S E M P R O N I U S.

My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

J U B A.

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

[*Semp. falls. His guards surrender.*]

S E M P R O N I U S.

Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and Heaven, and *Cato* tremble! [*Dies.*]

J U B A.

With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.



S C E N E

S C E N E III.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
O *Marcia*, should thy brothers for my sake!----
I die away with horror at the thought.

MARCIA.

See, *Lucia*, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a *Numidian*! Heavens preserve the Prince:
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But hah! death to my 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.

Z z z

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 indudge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair,
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

JUBA.

What do I hear? and was the false *Sempronius*
That best of men? O had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUCIA.

Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

MARCIA.

'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast,
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

JUBA.

J U B A.

I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

M A R C I A.

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 gladd'ned all that saw him;
 But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
 To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

J U B A.

I shall run mad----

M A R C I A.

O *Juba!* *Juba!* *Juba!*

J U B A.

What means that voice? did she not call on *Juba*?

M A R C I A.

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*?

J U B A.

J U B A.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Elisum* round me!

M A R C I A.

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

J U B A.

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.

M A R C I A.

With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

J U B A.

A wretch,
Disguised like *Juba* on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee,
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my *Marcia's* tears.

M A R C I A.

M A R C I A.

I've been surpriz'd in an unguarded hour,
 But must not now go back: the love, that lay
 Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
 Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre,
 I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

J U B A.

I'm lost in ecstasie! and dost thou love,
 Thou charming maid?

M A R C I A.

And dost thou live to ask it?

J U B A.

This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
 Such life as *Juba* never felt till now!

M A R C I A.

Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
 I did not know my self how much I lov'd thee.

J U B A.

O fortunate mistake!

M A R C I A.

O happy *Marcia*!

J U B A.

J U B A.

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 forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.-----
O Prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

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

S C E N E 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 astonisht! what, the bold *Sempronius!*
That still broke foremost through the crowd of Patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness——

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 P O R T I U S.

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.

C A T O.

Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* blood?

P O R T I U S.

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 tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
 He would not stay and perish like *Sempronius*.

C A T O.

Perfidious men! but haste my son, and see
 Thy brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman's* part.
 ----*Lucius*, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
 Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
 Is *Cæsar's*: *Cato* has no business in it.

L U C I U S.

While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
 The world will still demand her *Cato's* presence.
 In pity to mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
 And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

C A T O.

Would *Lucius* have me live to swell the number

Of

Of *Cæsar's* slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of *Rome*, and own a tyrant?

L U C I U S.

The victor never will impose on *Cato*
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are *Cæsar's*.

C A T O.

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.

L U C I U S.

Alas, poor Prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter J U B A.

J U B A.

I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, *Cato*.

C A T O.

What's thy crime?

J U B A.

I'm a *Numidian*.

C A T O.

And a brave one too.
Thou hast a *Roman* soul.

A a a 2

J U B A.

J U B A.

Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

C A T O.

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

J U B A.

'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distressed.

C A T O.

'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.

J U B A.

— 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 P O R T I U S.

P O R T I U S.

Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother *Marcus*-----

C A T O.

C A T O.

Hah! what has he done?
 Has he forfook 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,
 Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

C A T O.

I'm fatisfy'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, besure thou place
 His urne near mine.

P O R T I U S.

Long may they keep afunder!

L U C I U S.

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.

C A T O *meeting the corps.*

Welcome my son! here lay him down, my friends,
 Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
 The bloody coarſe, and count thoſe glorious wounds.
 ----How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
 Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
 That we can die but once to ſerve our country!
 ----Why 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.

J U B A.

Was ever man like this!

[*Aſide.*]

C A T O.

Alas my friends!
 Why mourn you thus? let not a private loſs
 Afflict your hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our tears.
 The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire,

The

The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

J U B A.

Behold that upright man! *Rome* fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. [Aside.

C A T O.

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

J U B A.

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

C A T O.

Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen *Pharsalia*!

L U C I U S.

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

C A T O.

C A T O.

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.

L U C I U S.

Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

C A T O.

Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
 Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.
 Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
 The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
 Should I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,
 Or seek the conqueror?-----

J U B A.

If I forsake thee
 Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon *Juba*!

C A T O.

Thy virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,
 Will one day make thee great; At *Rome*, hereafter,
 'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato's* friend.

Portius,

Portius, draw near! My son, thou oft hast seen
 Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted state,
 Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou see'st me
 Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
 Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal seat, the *Sabine* field,
 Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own hands,
 And all our frugal Ancestors were blest
 In humble virtues, and a rural life.
 There live retired, pray for the peace of *Rome*:
 Content thy self to be obscurely good.
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
 The post of honour is a private station.

P O R T I U S.

I hope, my father does not recommend
 A life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

C A T O.

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 *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.

[Pointing to his dead son,

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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.



A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO solus, *sitting in a thoughtful posture: In his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so——*Plato*, thou reason'st well!——
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
 Back on her self, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heaven it self, that points out an Hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!
 Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lyes before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in, must be happy.
 But when! or where!——This world was made for *Cæsar*.

B b b 2

P'm

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

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.



SCENE

S C E N E II.

C A T O, P O R T I U S.

C A T O.

But hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
 Were not my orders that I would be private?
 Why am I disobey'd?

P O R T I U S.

Alas, my father!
 What means this sword? this instrument of death?
 Let me convey it hence!

C A T O.

Rash youth, forbear!

P O R T I U S.

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

C A T O.

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

P O R T I U S.

P O R T I U S.

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

C A T O.

'Tis well! again I'm master of my self.
Now, *Cesar*, 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—

P O R T I U S.

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 displeas'd,
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!

C A T O.

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.

P O R T I U S.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

C A T O.

C A T O.

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.

P O R T I U S.

My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

S C E N E III.

P O R T I U S *and* M A R C I A.

P O R T I U S.

O *Marcia*, O my sister, still there's hope!
 Our father will not cast away a life
 So needful to us all, and to his country.
 He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
 Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatcht me hence
 With orders, that bespeak a mind compos'd,
 And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

M A R C I A.

M A R C I A.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
 Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
 Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
 With easie dreams; remember all his virtues!
 And show mankind that goodness is your care!

S C E N E IV.

L U C I A and M A R C I A.

L U C I A.

Where is your father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

M A R C I A.

Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
 Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

L U C I A.

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.

M A R C I A.

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 domestick tenderness, the best,
 The kindest father! I have ever found him
 Easie, 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, perplext, 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.

Enter L U C I U S.

L U C I U S.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
 O *Marcia*, I have seen thy godlike father:
 Some power invisible supports his soul,
 And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
 A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
 I saw him stretcht at ease, his fancy lost
 In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
 He smiled, and cry'd, *Cæsar* thou canst not hurt me.

M A R C I A.

His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

L U C I U S.

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 J U B A.

J U B A.

Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
 The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
 Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
 On the high point of yon bright western tower

We

We kenn them from afar, the setting Sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

L U C I U S.

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 P O R T I U S.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

P O R T I U S.

As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arrived
From *Pompey's* son, who through the realms of *Spain*
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were *Cato* at their head, once more might *Rome*
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But heark! what means that groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence.

L U C I U S.

Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on *Rome*,
And in the wild disorder of his soul

C c c 2

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 fight 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.

J U B A.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O *Cæsar*!

L U C I U S.

Now is *Rome* fallen indeed!-----

[*Cato brought forward in his chair.*]

C A T O.

Here set me down-----

Portius come near me-----are my friends embark'd?

Can any thing be thought of for their service?

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

-----O *Lucius*, art thou here?-----thou art too good!-----

Let this our friendship live between our children;

Make *Portius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia*.

Alas poor man, he weeps!-----*Marcia*, my daughter-----

-----O bend me forward!-----*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.

A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,

Would not have match'd his Daughter with a King,

But *Cæsar's* arms have thrown down all distinction;

Who'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.]

L U C I U S.

L U C I U S.

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 *Cesar*,
 And lay it in his fight, 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 weigh'd;
 Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
 Would you revenge such rash resolves—— you may:
 Be spiteful—— and believe the thing we say,
 We hate you when you're easily said nay.
 How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
 Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
 Our hearts are form'd as you your selves would chuse,
 Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
 We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
 He sighs with most success that settles well.
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.

Blame

Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
 Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
 Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
 But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;
 What pains to get the gawdy thing you hate,
 To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
 At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
 Even churches are no sanctuaries now:
 There, golden idols all your vows receive,
 She is no goddess that has nought to give.
 Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
 Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
 And constancy feel transport in its chains.
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And beauty fear no enemy but time,
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.



To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the
P R I N C E S S of *W A L E S*,

With the Tragedy of *C A T O*. Nov. 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
 Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd,
 And, boldly rising for *Britannia's* laws,
 Engaged great *Cato* in her country's cause,
 On You submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
 By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
 And all the glories, that our age adorn,
 Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
 A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
 But boast her royal progeny's increase,
 And count the pledges of her future peace.
 O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
 While you, fair **P R I N C E S S**, in your Off-spring smile
 Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
 Each heavenly Daughter's triumphs we preface;
 Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
 And pity Monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

VOL. I.

D d d

Thou

Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
 Whom *Albion*, opening wide her arms, requires,
 With manly valour and attractive air
 Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
 O *England's* younger hope! in whom conspire
 The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
 For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
 Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
 Some *Carolina*, to heaven's dictates true,
 Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
 Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
 And slight th' Imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
 The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
 Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
 Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress:
 To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
 And gratitude, and faith to Kings inspire,
 And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
 And sooth the madding factions into peace;
 Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
 And teach the nation their new Monarch's praise,
 Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
 And *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* stage
 Improve her manners, and refine her rage,

More

More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse:
The deathless Muse with undiminisht rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To *Gloriana Waller's* harp was strung;
The Queen still shines, because the Poet sung.
Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our short-lived praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some Poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.



T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,
ON HIS
PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprize
We see *Britannia's* Monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade ;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magick of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes :
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And *Albion's* happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
 When the glad nation shall survey
 Their Sov'raign, through his wide command,
 Passing in progress o'er the land!
 Each heart shall bend, and every voice
 In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
 Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
 And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

This image on the medal placed,
 With its bright round of titles graced,
 And stamp'd on *British* coins shall live,
 To richest ores the value give,
 Or, wrought within the curious mould,
 Shape and adorn the running gold.
 To bear this form, the genial Sun
 Has daily, since his course begun,
 Rejoiced the metal to refine,
 And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.

Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble pride,
 The foremost of thy art, hast vie'd
 With nature in a generous strife,
 And touch'd the canvas into life.
 Thy pencil has, by Monarchs sought,
 From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
 And, in their robes of state array'd,
 The Kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there
 His Brother with dejected air:
 Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,
 And with him bright *Maria* join'd;
 There

There *Anna*, great as when she sent'st hail
 Her armies through the continent,
 E'er yet her Hero was disgrac't:
 O may fam'd *Brunswick* be the last,
 (Though heaven should with my wish agree,
 And long preserve thy art in thee)
 The last, the happiest *British* King,
 Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise *Phidias*, thus his skill to prove,
 Through many a God advanced to *Jove*,
 And taught the polisht rocks to shine
 With airs and lineaments divine;
 'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
 Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great *Pan*, who went to chase the fair,
 And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
 Old *Saturn* too with up-cast eyes
 Beheld his abdicated skies;
 And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,
 In adamantin armour frown'd;
 By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
 Her twisted threads; the webb she strung,
 And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis the troubled ocean's Queen,
 Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
 Reclining on a funeral urn,
 Her short-liv'd darling Son to mourn.
 The last was he, whose thunder slew
 The *Titan*-race, a rebel crew,

That

That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their King defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risque his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a *GEORGE*, or carv'd a *Jove*!



POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

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P O E M S



P O E M S