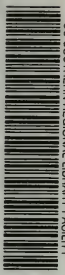
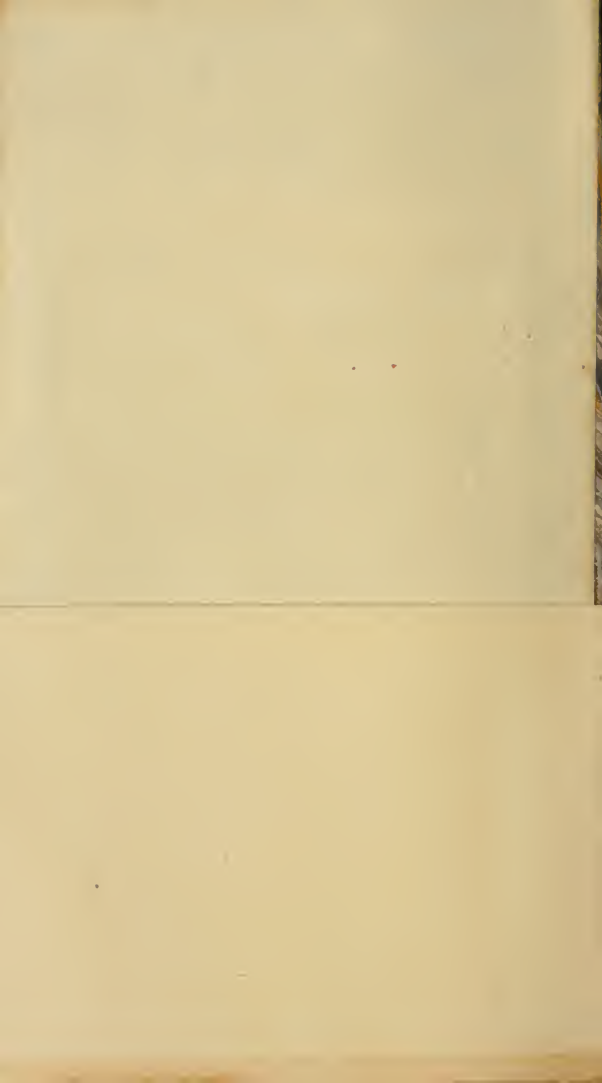


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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN;

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THE

TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

SMITH, DUKE,
AND PART OF KING.

VOL. XXV.

THE
P O E M S
OF
MR. EDMUND SMITH.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,
A TRAGEDY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

AS soon as it was made known that your Lordship was not displeas'd with this Play, my friends began to value themselves upon the interest they had taken in its success; I was touch'd with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing less than the immortality of my Work.

And I had sufficiently shewn this vanity in inscribing this Play to your Lordship, did I only consider you as one to whom so many admirable pieces, to whom the Praises of Italy, and the best Latin poem since the Æneid, that on the peace of Ryswick, are consecrated. But it had been intolerable presumption to have address'd it to you, my Lord, who are the nicest judge of poetry, were you not also the greatest encourager of it; to you who excel all the present age as a poet, did you not surpass all the preceding ones as a patron.

For in the times when the Muses were most encouraged, the best writers were countenanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greatest men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron is no where to be read of but in the works of the Poets, whereas your Lordship's will fill those of the historians.

For what transactions can they write of, which have not been managed by some who were recommended by your Lordship? 'Tis by your Lordship's means, that the universities have been real nurseries for the state; that the courts abroad are charmed by the wit and learning, as well as the sagacity, of our ministers; that Germany, Switzerland, Muscovy, and even Turkey itself, begins to relish the politeness of the English; that the poets at home adorn that court which they formerly used only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predecessor Homer, and with an equipage he could not bestow, even on the heroes he designed to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, shews your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your judgment no less than your generosity. You have distinguished between those who by their inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleasure only, and those that were fit for the service of your country; you made the one easy, and the other useful: you have left the one no occasion to wish for any preferment, and you have obliged the public by the promotion of the others.

And now, my Lord, it may seem odd that I should dwell on the topic of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on so many others; when I ought to take notice of that illustrious family from which you are sprung, and yet of the great merit which was necessary to set you on a level with it, and to raise you to that house of Peers which was already filled with your relations. When I ought to consider the brightness of your wit in private conversation, and the solidity of your eloquence in public debates; when I ought to admire in you the politeness of a courtier, and the sincerity of a friend; the openness of behaviour which charms all who address themselves to you, and yet that hidden reserve which is necessary for those great affairs in which you are concerned.

To pass over all these great qualities, my Lord, and insist only on your generosity, looks as if I solicited it for myself; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when I took notice of your Lordship's great judgment in the choice of those you advance; so that all at present my ambition aspires to is, that your Lordship would be pleased to pardon this presumption, and permit me to profess myself, with the most profound respect,

Your Lordship's most humble,
and most obedient servant,

EDM. SMITH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Theseus, King of Crete	-	-	Mr. Betterton.
Hippolitus, his son; in love with		}	Mr. Booth.
Ismena	-		
Lycon, minister of state	-	-	Mr. Keen.
Cratander, captain of the guards	-	-	Mr. Corey.

W O M E N.

Phædra, Theseus's Queen, in love	-	-	}	Mrs. Barry.
with Hippolitus	-	-		
Ismena, a captive Princess, in love		}	Mrs. Oldfield.	
with Hippolitus	-			-

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS.

[See the Prologue and Epilogue in the Poems of
ADDISON and PRIOR.]

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CRATANDER and LYCON.

LYCON.

'TIS strange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
Should still continue resolute in grief,
And obstinately wretched :
That one so gay, so beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court destruction.

CRATANDER.

Is there not cause, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her husband call'd to war ?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his absence,
Nor know his fate ?

LYCON.

The king may cause her sorrow,
But not by absence. Oft I've seen him hang
With greedy eyes, and languish o'er her beauties ;
She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring arms
Flew tasteless, loathing ; whilst dejected Theseus,
With mournful loving eyes pursu'd her flight,
And dropt a silent tear.

CRATANDER.

Ha ! this is hatred,
This is aversion, horror, detestation :

Why did the queen who might have cull'd mankind,
 Why did she give her person and her throne
 To one she loath'd ?

LYCON.

Perhaps she thought it just
 That he should wear the crown his valour fav'd.

CRATANDER.

Could she not glut his hopes with wealth and
 honour,
 Reward his valour, yet reject his love ?
 Why, when a happy mother, queen, and widow ;
 Why did she wed old Theseus ? While his son,
 The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth,
 And equal beauty, might have fill'd her arms.

LYCON.

Hippolitus (in distant Scythia born,
 The warlike Amazon, Camilla's son),
 Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete ;
 And sure the queen could wish him still unknown :
 She loaths, detests him, flies his hated presence,
 And shrinks and trembles at his very name.

CRATANDER.

Well may she hate the Prince she needs must fear ;
 He may dispute the crown with Phædra's son.
 He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd ;
 His courage charms the men, his form the women ;
 His very sports are war.

LYCON.

O ! he's all hero, scorns th' inglorious ease
 Of lazy Crete, delights to shine in arms,

To wield the sword, and launch the pointed spear :
 To tame the generous horse, that nobly wild
 Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion :
 To join the struggling coursers to his chariot,
 To make their stubborn necks the rein obey,
 To turn, to stop, or stretch along the plain.
 Now the queen's sick, there's danger in his courage.—
 Be ready with your guards.—I fear Hippolitus.

[*Exit* Crat.

Fear him ! for what ? poor silly virtuous wretch,
 Affecting glory, and contemning power :
 Warm without pride, without ambition brave ;
 A senseless hero, fit to be a tool
 To those whose godlike souls are turn'd for empire.
 An open honest fool, that loves and hates,
 And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
 He hates me too ; weak boy, to make a foe
 Where he might have a slave. I hate him too,
 But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
 Let the queen live or die, the prince must fall.

Enter ISMENA.

What ! still attending on the queen, Ismena ?
 O charming virgin ! O exalted virtue !
 Can still your goodness conquer all your wrongs ?
 Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown ?
 Was not your royal father Pallas slain,
 And all his wretched race, by conquering Theseus ?
 And do you still watch o'er his consort Phædra,
 And still repay such cruelty with love ?

ISMENA.

Let them be cruel that delight in mischief,
I'm of a softer mould, poor Phædra's sorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound my soul.

LYCON.

Now thrice the rising sun has chear'd the world,
Since she renew'd her strength with due refreshment ;
Thrice has the night brought ease to man, to beast,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her streaming eyes :
She flies all rest, all necessary food,
Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

ISMENA.

But now her grief has wrought her into frenzy ;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild ; her words disjointed :
Sometimes she raves for musick, light, and air ;
Nor air, nor light, nor musick, calm her pains ;
Then with extatic strength she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

LYCON.

Then life is on the wing, then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim ; ev'n then most wasting,
When most it swells.

ISMENA.

My lord, now try your art ;
Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
Her cooler sense conceal'd ; the Pythian goddess

Is dumb and fullen, till with fury fill'd
 She spreads, she rises, growing to the fight,
 She stares, she foams, she raves; the awful secrets
 Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tortur'd
 maid.

But Phædra comes, ye gods! how pale, how weak!

Enter PHÆDRA and Attendants.

PHÆDRA.

Stay, virgins, stay, I'll rest my weary steps;
 My strength forsakes me, and my dazzled eyes
 Ake with the flashing light, my loos'n'd knees
 Sink under their dull weight; support me, Lycon.
 Alas! I faint.

LYCON.

Afford her ease, kind Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Why blaze these jewels round my wretched head!
 Why all this labour'd elegance of drefs!
 Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings!
 Take, snatch them hence! alas! you all conspire
 To heap new sorrows on my tortur'd soul:
 All, all conspire to make your queen unhappy!

ISMENA.

This you requir'd, and to the pleasing task
 Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
 You bid them lead you from yon hideous darknes
 To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
 And hate the light you sought.

P H Æ D R A .

Oh ! my Lycon !

Oh ! how I long to lay my weary head
 On tender, flowery beds, and springing grass,
 To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades
 Of venerable oaks, to flake my thirst
 With the cool nectar of refreshing springs.

L Y C O N .

I'll sooth her frenzy ; come, Phædra, let's away,
 Let's to the woods, and lawns, and limpid streams !

P H Æ D R A .

Come, let's away, and thou, most bright Diana,
 Goddess of woods, immortal, chaste Diana !
 Goddess presiding o'er the rapid race,
 Place me, O place me in the dusty ring
 Where youthful charioteers contend for glory !
 See how they mount and shake the flowing reins !
 See from the goal the fiery courfers bound,
 Now they strain panting up the steepy hill,
 Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the vale !
 How the car rattles ! how its kindling wheels
 Smoke in the whirl ! The circling sand ascends,
 And in the noble dust the chariot's lost !

L Y C O N .

What, madam !

P H Æ D R A .

Ah, my Lycon ! ah, what said I !
 Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy !
 My languid eyes are wet with sudden tears,
 And on my face unbidden blushes glow.

LYCON.

Blush then, but blush for your destructive silence,
 That tears your soul, and weighs you down to death;
 Oh! should you die (ye powers forbid her death!)
 Who then would shield from wrongs your helpless
 orphan!

O! he might wander, Phædra's son might wander,
 A naked suppliant through the world for aid!
 Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
 He may be doom'd to chains, to shame, to death,
 While proud Hippolitus shall mount his throne.

PHÆDRA.

O Heavens!

LYCON.

Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this!

PHÆDRA.

Unhappy wretch! what name was that you spoke?

LYCON.

And does his name provoke your just resentments!
 Then let it raise your fear, as well as rage:
 Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd
 him!

Think how you drove him hence, a wandering exile
 To distant climes! then think what certain vengeance
 His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan!
 For his sake then renew your drooping spirits,
 Feed, with new oil, the wasting lamp of life,
 That winks and trembles, now, just now expiring:
 Make haste, preserve your life!

P H Æ D R A .

Alas ! too long,
Too long have I preserv'd that guilty life.

L Y C O N .

Guilty ! what guilt ! has blood, has horrid murder,
Imbrued your hands !

P H Æ D R A .

Alas ! my hands are guiltless :
But, oh ! my heart's defil'd !
I've said too much, forbear the rest, my Lycon,
And let me die to save the black confession.

L Y C O N .

Die, then, but not alone ! old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel silence.
Will you not tell ? Oh lovely, wretched queen !
By all the cares of your first infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal, I've shew'd you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden sorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.

P H Æ D R A .

What shall I say, malicious, cruel powers !
O where shall I begin ! O cruel Venus !
How fatal Love has been to all our race !

L Y C O N .

Forget it, madam ; let it die in silence.

P H Æ D R A .

O Ariadne ! O unhappy sister !

L Y C O N .

Cease to record your sister's grief and shame.

PHÆDRA.

And since the cruel God of Love requires it,
I fall the last, and most undone of all.

LYCON.

Do you then love ?

PHÆDRA.

Alas ! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the shame, of impious love.

LYCON.

Forbid it, Heaven !

PHÆDRA.

Do not upbraid me, Lycon !

I love !—Alas ! I shudder at the name,
My blood runs backward, and my faltering tongue
Sticks at the sound !—I love !—O righteous Heaven !
Why was I born with such a sense of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the smallest crime,
And yet a slave to such impetuous guilt !
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your sharpest tortures,
Afflict my soul with any thing but guilt—
And yet that guilt is mine !—I'll think no more.
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes :
Come, let's away ! hark the shrill horn resounds,
The jolly huntsmen's cries rend the wide Heavens !
Come, o'er the hills pursue the bounding Stag,
Come, chase the Lion and the foaming Boar,
Come, rouse up all the monsters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me !

LYCON.

Hippolitus !

PHÆDRA.

Who's he that names Hippolitus!

Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt discover'd!

Oh! give me poison, swords—I'll not live, not bear it;

I'll stop my breath!

ISMENA.

I'm lost, but what's that loss!

Hippolitus is lost, or lost to me:

Yet should her charms prevail upon his soul,

Should he be false, I would not wish him ill,

With my last parting breath I'd bless my lord;

Then in some lonely desert place expire,

Whence my unhappy death should never reach him,

Lest it should wound his peace, or damp his joys.

[*Aside.*]

LYCON.

Think still the secret in your royal breast,

For by the awful majesty of Jove,

By the All-seeing Sun, by righteous Minos,

By all your kindred gods, we swear, O Phædra,

Safe as our lives, we'll keep the fatal secret.

ISMENA, &c.

We swear, all swear, to keep it ever secret.

PHÆDRA.

Keep it! from whom? why it's already known,

The tale, the whisper of the babbling vulgar!

Oh! can you keep it from yourselves, unknow it?

Or do you think I'm so far gone in guilt,

That I can see, can bear the looks, the eyes,

Of one who knows my black detested crimes;
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her son?

LYCON.

Unhappy queen! august, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theseus touch this fatal shore?
Why did he save us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worse ruin on us by his love?

PHÆDRA.

His love indeed! for that unhappy hour,
In which the priests join'd Theseus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I shook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breast! how from the touch of Theseus
My slack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God, possess me!

LYCON.

At once, at first possess you?

PHÆDRA.

Yes, at first!

That fatal evening we pursued the chace,
When from behind the wood, with rustling sound,
A monstrous boar rush'd forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
Rose high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tusks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear; the well-aim'd
javelin

Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart ;
 The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks
 Plow'd up the crimson earth. But then Hippolitus,
 Gods ! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd
 me !

When hot and panting from the savage conquest,
 Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
 His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
 His lovely, sparkling eyes shot martial fires :
 Oh godlike form ! oh extasy and transport !
 My breath grew short, my beating heart sprung up-
 ward,

And leap'd and bounded in my heaving bosom.
 Alas ! I'm pleas'd, the horrid story charms me.—
 No more.—That night with fear and love I sicken'd.
 Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming visits ;
 Then would he talk with such an heavenly grace,
 Look with such dear compassion on my pains,
 That I could wish to be so sick for ever.
 My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,
 Drank gorging in the dear delicious poison,
 Till I was lost, quite lost in impious love :
 And shall I drag an execrable life :
 And shall I hoard up guilt, and treasure vengeance ?

LYCON.

No ; labour, strive, subdue that guilt and live.

PHÆDRA.

Did I not labour, strive, all-seeing powers !
 Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid ?
 Burnt clouds of incense on your loaded altars ?

Oh ! I call'd Heav'n and Earth to my assistance,
 All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
 And all the honest pride of conscious virtue :
 I struggled, rav'd ; the new-born passion reign'd
 Almighty in his birth.

LYCON.

Did you e'er try

To gain his love ?

PHÆDRA.

Avert such crimes, ye powers !

No, to avoid his love, I fought his hatred ;
 I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from Crete,
 I sent him, drove him, from my longing sight :
 In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
 Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
 If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
 I made to Heav'n, were, by my erring tongue,
 Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to sleep,
 Straight to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
 Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slumber.

LYCON.

First let me try to melt him into love.

PHÆDRA.

No ; did his hapless passion equal mine,
 I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
 Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life.
 Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
 Rather than wrong my lord, my husband Theseus.

LYCON.

Perhaps that lord, that husband, is no more ;

He went from Crete in haste, his army thin,
 To meet the numerous troops of fierce Molossians ;
 Yet though he lives, while ebbing life decays,
 Think on your son.

PHÆDRA.

Alas ! that shocks me,
 O let me see my young one, let me snatch
 A hasty farewell, a last dying kiss !
 Yet, stay, his sight will melt my just resolves ;
 But oh ! I beg with my last falling breath ;
 Cherish my babe.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Madam, I grieve to tell you
 What you must know—Your royal husband's dead.

PHÆDRA.

Dead ! oh ye powers !

LYCON.

O fortunate event !

Then earth-born Lycon may ascend the throne,
 Leave to his happy son the crown of Jove,
 And be ador'd like him. [*Afide.*] Mourn, mourn,
 ye Cretans,
 Since he is dead, whose valour fav'd your isle,
 Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
 His peaceful subjects ; as your towering Ida
 With spreading oaks, and with descending streams,
 Shades and enriches all the plains below.
 Say, how he dy'd.

MESSENGER.

He dy'd as Theseus ought,
 In battle dy'd ; Philotas, now a prisoner,
 That, rushing on, fought next his royal person,
 That saw his thundering arm beat squadrons down,
 Saw the great rival of Alcides fall :
 These eyes beheld his well-known steed, beheld
 A proud barbarian glittering in his arms,
 Encumber'd with the spoil.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead !
 Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theseus, dead !
 And don't I shed one tear upon his urn !
 What, not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint !
 Ah ! these are tributes due from pious brides,
 From a chaste matron, and a virtuous wife :
 But savage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
 Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.

LYCON.

Dismiss that grief, and give a loose to joy :
 He's dead, the bar of all your bliss is dead ;
 Live then, my queen, forget the wrinkled Theseus,
 And take the youthful hero to your arms.

PHÆDRA.

I dare not now admit of such a thought,
 And blest'd be Heav'n, that steel'd my stubborn heart,
 That made me shun the bridal bed of Theseus,
 And give him empire, but refuse him love.

LYCON.

Then may his happier son be blest'd with both ;

Then rouze your soul, and muster all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirst of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with soft allurements.

P H Æ D R A .

But should the youth refuse my proffer'd love !
O should he throw me from his loathing arms !
I fear the trial ; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obstinately good :
When round beset, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with resistless force th' opposing dams,
And bears the mounds along ; they're hurried on,
And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.
I dare not yet resolve ; I'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I'll leave the rest.

L Y C O N .

Madam, your signet, that your slave may order
What's most convenient for your royal service.

P H Æ D R A .

Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra :
And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy power :
O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy power be known,
And in a lover's cause assert thy own ;
Then Crete, as Paphos, shall adore thy shrine ;
This nurse of Jove with grateful fires shall shine,
And with thy father's flames shall worship thine. }

[Exit Phædra, &c.]

L Y C O N *solus.*

If she proposes love, why then as surely

His haughty soul refuses it with scorn. —
 Say I confine him! — If she dies he's safe;
 And if she lives, I'll work her raging mind.
 A woman scorn'd, with ease I'll work to vengeance:
 With humble, fawning, wise, obsequious arts,
 I'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul;
 Then, what her reason hates, her rage may act.

When barks glide slowly through the lazy main,
 The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
 When driven by winds, they cut the foamy way,
 The rudders govern, and the ships obey. [*Exit.*]

A C T II.

Enter PHÆDRA, LYCON, and ISMENA.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

MADAM, the Prince Hippolitus attends.

PHÆDRA.

Admit him: Where, where Phædra's now thy soul?
 What—— Shall I speak? And shall my guilty tongue
 Let this insulting victor know his power?
 Or shall I still confine within my breast
 My restless passions and devouring flames?
 But see he comes, the lovely tyrant comes. —
 He rushes on me like a blaze of light,
 I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
 But sink oppress'd with woe. [*Swoons.*]

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Immortal gods!

What have I done to raise such strange abhorrence!
 What have I done to shake her shrinking nature
 With my approach, and kill her with my sight?

LYCON.

Alas! another grief devours her soul,
 And only your assistance can relieve her.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

LYCON.

But promise first, my lord, to keep it secret.

HIPPOLITUS.

Promise! I swear, on this good sword I swear,
 This sword, which first gain'd youthful Theseus ho-
 nour;
 Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood;
 By thundering Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
 By the majestic form of godlike heroes,
 That shine around, and consecrate the steel;
 No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me.

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus!

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, 'tis that wretch who begs you to dismiss
 This hated object from your eyes for ever;
 Begs leave to march against the foes of Theseus,
 And to revenge or share his father's fate.

PHÆDRA.

Oh, Hippolitus!

I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you,
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your
father;

The court, all Crete, deplor'd their suffering hero,
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.

Yet could you know relenting Phædra's soul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero, whom I wish'd to cherish!
Oh! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

HIPPOLITUS.

My hate to Phædra?

Ha! could I hate the royal spouse of Theseus,
My queen, my mother?

PHÆDRA.

Why your queen and mother?

More humble titles suit my lost condition.

Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,

And I have only time t' implore your pardon.

Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,

And with compassion view her helpless orphan!

Would he receive him to his dear protection,

Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh, I'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heavens dart your judgments on this faithless head,
If I don't pay him all a slave's obedience,

And all a father's love.

PHÆDRA.

A father's love!

Oh doubtful sounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
 My grief's much eas'd by this transcending goodness,
 And Theseus' death fits lighter on my soul:
 Death? He's not dead! he lives, he breathes, he speaks,
 He lives in you, he's present to my eyes,
 I see him, speak to him.—My heart! I rave
 And all my folly's known.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! glorious folly!

See Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

PHÆDRA.

Love him, indeed! dote, languish, die for him,
 Forfake my food, my sleep, all joys for Theseus,
 (But not that hoary venerable Theseus)
 But Theseus, as he was, when mantling blood
 Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
 Sparkled with youthful fires; when every grace
 Shone in the father, which now crowns the son;
 When Theseus was Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Amazement strikes me!

Where will this end?

LYCON.

Is't difficult to guess?

Does not her flying paleness that but now
 Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
 (Where now succeeds a momentary lustre,)

Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wishing looks, her speech, her present silence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you.

HIPPOLITUS.

What do I hear? What, does no lightning flash,
No thunder bellow, when such monstrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confess'd? All-seeing sun!
Hide, hide in shameful night thy beamy head,
And cease to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I share th' amazing guilt; these eyes,
That first inspir'd the black incestuous flame,
These ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deserve your thunder.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my lord, believe me not so vile.
No: by thy goddess, by the chaste Diana,
None but my first, my much-lov'd lord Arsamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy arms.
No! for the love of thee, of those dear charms,
Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin,
I still deny'd my lord, my husband Theseus,
The chaste, the modest joys of spotless marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to stormy seas,
To rocks and waves less cruel than his Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

If that drove Theseus hence, then that kill'd Theseus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her husband Theseus.

PHÆDRA.

Forbear, rash youth, nor dare to rouse my vengeance;
You need not urge, nor tempt my swelling rage

With black reproaches, scorn, and provocation,
 To do a deed my reason would abhor.
 Long has the secret struggled in my breast,
 Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom;
 But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confusion, tear
 And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
 To murder thee, myself, and all that know it.
 As when convulsions cleave the labouring earth,
 Before the dismal yawn appears, the ground
 Trembles and heaves, the nodding houses crash;
 He's safe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
 But he that sees its opening bosom, dies. *[Exit.]*

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me take the warning and retire;
 I'd rather trust the rough Ionian waves,
 Than woman's fiercer rage.

[ISMENA shows herself, listening.]

LYCON.

Alas! my Lord,
 You must not leave the queen to her despair.

HIPPOLITUS.

Must not? From thee? From that vile upstart Lycon.

LYCON.

Yes: From that Lycon who derives his greatness
 From Phædra's race, and now would guard her life.
 Then, Sir, forbear, and view this royal signet,
 And in her faithful slave obey the queen.

[Enter Guards.]

Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful distance,
 With that respect, it may not seem confinement,

But only meant for honour.

HIPPOLITUS.

So, confinement is

The honour Crete bestows on Theseus' son.

Am I confin'd? And is 't so soon forgot,

When fierce Procrustes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?

When your streets echo'd with the cries of orphans,

Your shrieking maids clung round the hallow'd
shrines,

When all your palaces and lofty towers

Smok'd on the earth, when the red sky around

Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful lustre):

Then, then my father flew to your assistance;

Then Theseus sav'd your lives, estates, and honours,

And do you thus reward the hero's toil?

And do you now confine the hero's son?

LYCON.

Take not an easy short confinement ill,

Which your own safety and the queen's requires;

But fear not aught from one that joys to serve you.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, I disdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee,

Nor will I hear of services from Lycon.

Thy very looks are lies, eternal falsehood

Smiles in thy lips and flatters in thy eyes;

Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,

In every cringing bow and fawning smile:

Why else d'you whisper out your dark suspicions?

Why with malignant eulogies encrease

The people's fears, and praise me to my ruin?

Why through the troubled streets of frighted Gnoſſus
Do bucklers, helms, and poliſh'd armour blaze?
Why ſounds the dreadful din of inſtant war,
Whiſt ſtill the foe's unknown?

LYCON.

Then quit thy arts,
Put off the ſtateſman and reſume the judge.
'Thou Proteus, ſhift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the God. [*Aſide.*—
That foe's too near, [*To Hipp.*
The queen's diſeaſe, and your aſpiring mind,
Diſturb all Crete, and give a looſe to war.

HIPPOLITUS.

Gods! Dares he ſpeak thus to a monarch's ſon?
And muſt this earth-born ſlave command in Crete?
Was it for this my god-like father fought?
Did Theſeus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the ſucceſſor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

LYCON.

You may as well provoke
That Jove you worſhip, as this ſlave you ſcorn.
Go ſeize Alcmaon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of his impious treaſon.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls:
For know, on me depends thy inſtant doom.
Then learn (proud prince) to bend thy haughty ſoul,
And if thou think'ſt of life, obey the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then free from fear or guilt I'll wait my doom:

Whate'er's my fault, no stain shall blot my glory.
I'll guard my honour, you dispose my life;

[*Exeunt* Lyc. & Crat.

Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lion
Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit;
But when he struggles in th' entangling toils,
Insult the dying prey.—'Tis kindly done, Ismena,

[*Ism. enters.*

With all your charms to visit my distress;
Soften my chains, and make confinement easy.
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties;
Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!
To press, to strain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love! What's liberty to this?
What's fame or greatness? Take them, take them,
Phædra,

Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Enclose me thus for ever.

ISMENA.

O Hippolitus!

O I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wish for aught while I behold my lord;
But yet that wish, that only wish is vain.
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your god-like soul a wretched maid;
Take to your arms (assist me Heaven to speak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Not think of thee?

What! part, for ever part? Unkind Ismena:

Oh! can you think that death is half so dreadful,

As it would be to live, and live without thee?

Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to Phædra,

Say, could'st thou bear it? Could thy tender soul

Endure the torment of despairing love,

And see me settled in a rival's arms? •

ISMENA.

Think not of me: perhaps my equal mind

May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.

Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Ismena

With all her charms o'er-rule your fallen honour,

You yet might live, nor leave the poor Ismena.

HIPPOLITUS.

Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

ISMENA.

Give the queen hopes.

HIPPOLITUS.

No more. — My soul disdains it.

No, should I try, my haughty soul would swell;

Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.

O! should I stoop to cringe, to lye, forswear?

Deserve the ruin which I strive to shun?

ISMENA.

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!

This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory

To liberty or life. O cruel man!

By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes,

By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
 By the near danger of that precious life,
 Heaven knows I value much above my own.
 What! Not yet mov'd? Are you resolv'd on death?
 Then, ere 'tis night, I swear by all the powers,
 This steel shall end my fears and life together.

HIPPOLITUS.

You shan't be trusted with a life so precious.
 No, to the court I'll publish your design,
 Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
 Lycon shall wrench the dagger from your bosom,
 And raving Phædra will preserve Ismena.

ISMENA.

Phædra! Come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra;
 I'll tell her all the secrets of our love,
 Give to her rage her close destructive rival;
 Her rival sure will fall, her love may save you.
 Come see me labour in the pangs of death,
 My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
 Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

What's your design? Ye powers! what means my
 love?

ISMENA.

She means to lead you in the road of fate;
 She means to die with one she can't preserve.
 Yet when you see me pale upon the earth,
 This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
 Sure your relenting soul would wish you'd sav'd me.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you,
Give up my fame and all my darling honour :
I'll run, I'll fly ; what you'll command I'll say.

ISMENA.

Say, what occasion, chance, or Heaven inspires :
Say, that you love her, that you lov'd her long ;
Say, that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply ;
Say, to preserve your life, say any thing. [*Exit Hip.*
Bless him, ye powers! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your justice,
Aim all your vengeance on Ismena's head ;
Punish Ismena, but forgive Hippolitus.
He's gone, and now my brave resolves are stagger'd,
Now I repent, like some despairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and struggles with the whirling waves ;
And catches every slender reed to save him.

CHO.

But should he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, should he wed her ?

ISMENA.

Should he wed the queen !
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my request,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

CHO.

Die! does Ismena then resolve to die ?

ISMENA.

Can I then live ? Can I, who lov'd so well

To part with all my blifs to fave my lover?
 Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
 And fee another revel in his arms?
 Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

What a reverse is this! Perfidious boy,
 Is this thy truth? Is this thy boasted honour?
 Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
 But one man honest, and that one deceives me. [*Aside.*
 Ifmena here! —
 'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is safe
 From the fure vengeance of despairing love.
 Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to soft endearments,
 She doats, she dies; and few, but tedious days,
 With endless joys will crown the happy pair.

ISMENA.

Does he then wed the queen?

LYCON.

At least I think so.

I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd
 Pale with my doubts: he spoke; th' attentive queen
 Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
 Sparkled with gentler fires: he blushing bow'd,
 She trembling, lost in love, with soft confusion
 Receiv'd his passion, and return'd her own:
 Then smiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
 The pompous rites of her ensuing nuptials,
 Which I must now pursue. Farewel, Ifmena. [*Exit.*

ISMENA.

Then I'll retire, and not disturb their joys.

CHO.

Stay and learn more.

ISMENA.

Ah! wherefore should I stay?

What! Shall I stay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him?

To snatch the struggling charmer from her arms?

For could you think that open generous youth

Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?

Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?

Ah! without doubt his thoughts inspir'd his tongue,

And all his soul receiv'd a real love.

Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,

Perhaps soft pity charm'd his yielding soul,

Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him;

Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm him!

CHO.

Wait the success: it is not yet decided.

ISMENA.

Not yet decided! Did not Lycon tell us

How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd:

How the soft passion languish'd in his eyes?

Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.

Now, now he clasps her to his panting breast,

Now he devours her with his eager eyes,

Now grasps her hands, and now he looks, and vows

The dear false things that charm'd the poor Ismena.

He comes: be still, my heart, the tyrant comes,

Charming, though false, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why hangs that cloudy sorrow on your brow?
Why do you sigh? Why flow your swelling eyes,
Those eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

ISMENA.

My lord, my soul is charm'd with your success;
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and since my death alone
Can make you safe, that soon shall make you happy.
Yet had you brought less love to Phædra's arms,
My soul had parted with a less regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear remembrance.

HIPPOLITUS.

Your death! My love! My marriage! And to
Phædra!
Hear me, Ismena.

ISMENA.

No, I dare not hear you.
But though you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Though you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet still my soul o'er-runs with fondness t'wards you;
Yet still I die with joy to save Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Die to save me! Could I outlive Ismena!

ISMENA.

Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find every blooming pleasure;
Oh, may the gods shower blessings on thy head!

May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conquest,
 And all thy peaceful days with sure repose!
 May'st thou be blest with lovely Phædra's charms,
 And for thy ease forget the lost Ismena!
 Farewel, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ismena, stay,
 Stay, hear me speak, or by th' infernal powers
 I'll not survive the minute you depart.

ISMENA.

What would you say? Ah! don't deceive my
 weakness.

HIPPOLITUS.

Deceive thee! Why, Ismena, do you wrong me?
 Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
 Why wound my tender soul with harsh suspicion!
 Oh! by those charming eyes, by thy dear love,
 I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd
 To love, or wed the queen.

ISMENA.

Speak on, my lord,
 My honest soul inclines me to believe thee;
 And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then thus. I came and spake, but scarce of love;
 The easy queen receiv'd my faint address
 With eager hope and unsuspecting faith.
 Lycon with seeming joy dismiss'd my guards,
 My generous soul disdain'd the mean deceit,
 But still deceiv'd her to obey Ismena.

ISMENA.

Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh, pardon me,
 Pardon the errors of a silly maid,
 Wild with her fears, and mad with jealousy;
 For still that fear, that jealousy, was love.
 Haste then, my lord, and save yourself by flight;
 And when you're absent, when your god-like form
 Shall cease to cheer forlorn Ismena's eyes,
 Then let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
 Some kind remembrance of your constant love;
 Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends
 (For sure those friends shall have my tenderest wishes);
 Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
 Speak much, speak very much, and still speak on.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! thy dear love shall ever be my theme,
 Of that alone I'll talk the live-long day;
 But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
 Tasting the odours of thy fragrant bosom.
 Come then to crown me with immortal joys,
 Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
 Come haste with me to leave this fatal shore.
 The bark before prepar'd for my departure
 Expects its freight, a hundred lusty rowers
 Have wav'd their finewy arms, and call'd Hippolitus;
 The loos'n'd canvas trembles with the wind,
 And the sea whitens with auspicious gales.

ISMENA.

Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee;
 Fly, ere insidious Lycon work thy ruin;

Fly, ere my fondness talk thy life away ;
Fly from the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

But not from my Ismena.

Why do you force me from your heavenly fight,
With those dear arms that ought to clasp me to thee ?

ISMENA.

Oh I could rave for ever at my fate !
And with alternate love and fear possess'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now snatch thee to
my breast,
And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
Nay, I could go — Ye gods, if I should go,
What would fame say ? If I should fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my soul ?

HIPPOLITUS.

Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endless joys the youth that lov'd you.
O ! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the blest hours I've languish'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

ISMENA.

Hide me, ye powers ; I never shall resist.

HIPPOLITUS.

Will you refuse me ? Can I leave behind me
All that inspires my soul, and cheers my eyes ?
Will you not go ? Then here I'll wait my doom.
Come, raving Phædra, bloody Lycon come !

I offer to your rage this worthless life,
 Since 'tis no longer my Ismena's care.

ISMENA.

O! haste away, my lord; I go, I fly
 Through all the dangers of the boisterous deep.
 When the wind whistles through the crackling
 masts,
 When through the yawning ship the foaming sea
 Rows bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
 And in transporting love forget my fear.
 Oh! I will wander through the Scythian gloom,
 O'er ice, and hills of everlasting snow:
 There, when the horrid darkness shall enclose us,
 When the bleak wind shall chill my shivering
 limbs,
 Thou shalt alone supply the distant sun,
 And cheer my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

HIPPOLITUS.

Come, let's away, and like another Jason
 I'll bear my beauteous conquest through the seas:
 A greater treasure, and a nobler prize
 Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, sleep in peace,
 Ye monsters of the woods, on Ida's top
 Securely roam; no more my early horn
 Shall wake the lazy day. Transporting love
 Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.
 So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
 The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;
 His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
 His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung:

Obscure in coverts lye his dreaming hounds,
 And bay the fancy'd boar with feebleounds.
 For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
 And all the hero to the lover yields.

A C T III.

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

HEAVEN is at last appeas'd : the pitying gods
 Have heard our wishes, and auspicious Jove
 Smiles on his native isle ; for Phædra lives,
 Restor'd to Crete, and to herself, she lives ;
 Joy with fresh strength inspires her drooping limbs,
 Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
 Spreads a fresh rosy bloom, as kindly springs
 With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
 And paint its smiling face with gaudy flowers.
 But see she comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter PHÆDRA.

How her eyes sparkle ! How their radiant beams
 Confess their shining ancestor the sun !
 Your charms to-day will wound despairing crowds,
 And give the pains you suffer'd : Nay, Hippolitus
 The fierce, the brave, th' insensible Hippolitus
 Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
 And in his turn adore——

PHÆDRA.

'Tis flattery all ;

Yet when you name the prince, that flattery's pleasing.
 You wish it so, poor good old man, you wish it.
 The fertile province of Cydonia's thine ;
 Is there aught else ? Has happy Phædra aught,
 In the wide circle of her far-stretch'd empire ?
 Ask, take, my friend, secure of no repulse :
 Let spacious Crete through all her hundred cities
 Resound her Phædra's joy. Let altars smoke,
 And richest gums, and spice, and incense, roll
 Their fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven,
 Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
 Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
 Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness,
 And waste in grief, as did despairing Phædra :
 Let them be cheer'd, let the starv'd prisoners riot,
 And glow with generous wine.—Let sorrow cease.
 Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's happy.
 But now he comes, and with an equal passion
 Rewards my flame, and springs into my arms !

Enter MESSENGER.

Say, where's the prince ?

MESSENGER.

He's no where to be found.

PHÆDRA.

Perhaps he hunts.

MESSENGER.

He hunted not to-day.

P H Æ D R A .

Ha ! Have you search'd the walks, the courts, the
temples ?

M E S S E N G E R .

Search'd all in vain.

P H Æ D R A .

Did he not hunt to-day ?

Alas ! you told me once before he did not :

My heart misgives me.

L Y C O N .

So indeed doth mine.

P H Æ D R A .

Could he deceive me ? Could that god-like youth
Design the ruin of a queen that loves him ?

Oh ! he 's all truth ; his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmost thoughts. — He comes !

Ha ! Who art thou ? Whence com'ft thou ? Where 's
Hippolitus ?

M E S S E N G E R .

Madam, Hippolitus with fair Ismena
Drove toward the port —

P H Æ D R A .

With fair Ismena !

Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curs'd her charms,
Curs'd all her soothing, fatal, false endearments.

That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodness

Could see me tortur'd with despairing love,

With artful tears could mourn my monstrous suf-
ferings,

While her base malice plotted my destruction.

LYCON.

A thousand reasons crowd upon my soul,
That evidence their love.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, yes, they love ;
Why else should he refuse my proffer'd bed ?
Why should one warm'd with youth, and thirst of
glory,
Disdain a soul, a form, a crown like mine ?

LYCON.

Where, Lycon, where was then thy boasted cunning ?
Dull, thoughtless wretch !

PHÆDRA.

O pains unfelt before !

The grief, despair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of distracted love,
Are nought to this. — Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how, did their first passion rise ?
Where did they breathe their sighs ? What shady
groves ?
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves ?
Alas ! they hid it not ; the well-pleas'd sun
With all his beams survey'd their guiltless flame ;
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted sighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the shame of nature, hid in darkness,
Far from the balmy air and chearing light,
Prest down my sighs, and dry'd my falling tears ;
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.

LYCON.

Now cease that grief, and let your injur'd love
 Contrive due vengeance; let majestic Phædra,
 That lov'd the hero, sacrifice the villain.
 Then haste, send forth your ministers of vengeance,
 To snatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
 And force him trembling to your awful presence.

PHÆDRA.

O rightly thought!—Dispatch th' attending guards,
 Bid them bring forth their instruments of death;
 Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
 And hurl swift vengeance on the perjur'd slave.
 Where am I, gods? What is 't my rage commands?
 Ev'n now he's gone! Ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
 With sounding strokes divide the sparkling waves,
 And happy gales assist their speedy flight.
 Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
 Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
 Now they expose my weakness and my crimes:
 Now to the sporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter CRATANDER.

CRATANDER.

Sir, as I went to seize the persons order'd
 I met the prince, and with him fair Ismena;
 I seiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

PHÆDRA.

Haste, bring him in.

LYCON.

Be quick, and seize Ismena.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

PHÆDRA.

Couldst thou deceive me? Could a son of Theseus
Stoop to so mean, so base a vice as fraud?
Nay, act such monstrous perfidy, yet start
From promis'd love?

HIPPOLITUS.

My soul disdain'd a promise.

PHÆDRA.

But yet your false equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your every motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falsehoods.
Look down, O Theseus, and behold thy son,
As Sciron faithless, as Procrustes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monsters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth:
Behold them all in thy own son reviv'd.

HIPPOLITUS.

Touch not my glory, lest you stain your own;
I still have strove to make my glorious father
Blush, yet rejoice to see himself outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theseus just, and as Camilla chaste.

PHÆDRA.

The godlike Theseus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas some monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the scourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaste Camilla.
Camilla chaste! An Amazon and chaste!

That quits her sex, and yet retains her virtue.
 See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed ;
 In strict embraces lock the struggling warrior,
 And choose the lover in the sturdy foe.

Enter MESSENGER, and seems to talk earnestly with
 LYCON.

HIPPOLITUS.

No ; she refus'd the vows of godlike Theseus,
 And chose to stand his arms, not meet his love ;
 And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermoodon
 Heard the huge strokes resound ; its frightened waves
 Convey'd the rattling din to distant shores,
 Whilst she alone supported all his war :
 Nor till she sunk beneath his thundering arm,
 Beneath which, warlike nations bow'd, would yield
 To honest wish'd for love.

PHÆDRA.

Not so her son ;
 Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
 On one descended from the cruel Pallas,
 Foe to thy father's person and his blood ;
 Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
 The last of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
 In vain a fierce successive hatred reign'd
 Between your sires : in vain, like Cadmus' race,
 With mingled blood they dy'd the blushing earth.

HIPPOLITUS.

In vain indeed, since now the war is o'er ;
 We, like the Theban race, agree to love,

And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for slaughter past.

PHÆDRA.

Your future offspring.
Heavens! What a medley 's this? What dark confusion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation?
What joy 't had been to old disabled Theseus,
When he should take thy offspring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And he upbraided with his grandfire's fate.
Oh barbarous youth!

LYCON.

Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps even now his faction 's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rd's the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her son,
And give the crown to him and his Ismena:
But I'll prevent it. [Exit Lycon.

ISMENA *brought in.*

PHÆDRA.

What! the kind Ismena
That nurs'd me, watch'd my sickness! Oh she
watch'd me,
As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark! Hark, my little infant cries for justice!
Oh! be pleas'd my babe, thou shalt have justice.
Now all the spirits of my god-like race
Enflame my soul, and urge me on to vengeance:

Arfarnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging fun,
 Inspire my fury, and demand my justice.
 Oh! ye shall have it; thou, Minos, shalt applaud it;
 Yes thou shalt copy it in their pains below.
 Gods of revenge, arise.—He comes! He comes!
 And shoots himself through all my kindling blood.
 I have it here.—Now base perfidious wretch,
 Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
 Yes, your Ismena shall appease my vengeance.
 Ismena dies: And thou her pitying lover
 Doom'dst her to death.—Thou too shalt see her bleed;
 See her convulsive pangs, and hear her dying groans:
 Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Ismena,
 And laugh at dying Phædra!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh Ismena!

ISMENA.

Alas! My tender soul would shrink at death,
 Shake with its fears, and sink beneath its pains,
 In any cause but this.—But now I'm steel'd,
 And the near danger lessens to my fight.
 Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
 And with an equal joy I'll die to save him.
 Yes, for his sake I'll go a willing shade,
 And wait his coming in th' Elysian fields,
 And there enquire of each descending ghost
 Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour.
 That dear remembrance will improve the bliss;
 Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heaven more
 happy.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh heavenly virgin! [*Aside.*]—O imperial Phædra,
 Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
 But spare, oh! spare a guiltless virgin's life:
 Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
 Think, with what warm compassion she bemoan'd you;
 Think, how she serv'd and watch'd you in your sick-
 nefs!

How ev'ry rising and descending sun
 Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
 I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
 And I, and only I, should feel your justice.

ISMENA.

Oh! by those powers, to whom I soon must answer
 For all my faults, by that bright arch of Heaven
 I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
 By tears, by threats, by every female art,
 Wrought his disdain'g soul to false compliance.
 The son of Theseus could not think of fraud,
 'Twas woman all.

PHÆDRA.

I see 'twas woman all.
 And woman's fraud should meet with woman's ven-
 geance.
 But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me;
 A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
 Oh! had the gods so pleas'd; had bounteous Heaven
 Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
 So had I stood the shock of angry fate;
 So had I given my life with joy to save him.

HIPPOLITUS.

And can you doom her death? Can Minos' daughter
 Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
 Are not you Phædra? Once the boast of fame,
 Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own.

PHÆDRA.

Am I that Phædra? No.—Another soul
 Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
 Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
 Aid me, ye gods, support my sinking glory,
 Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.
 Yet, is my rage unjust? Then, why was Phædra
 Rescu'd for torment, and preserv'd for pain?
 Why did you raise me to the height of joy,
 Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
 To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

ISMENA.

Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
 At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
 Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death.

PHÆDRA.

Confin'd and doom'd to death — O cruel Lycon!
 Could I have doom'd thy death? — Could these sad
 eyes
 That lov'd thee living e'er behold thee dead?
 Yet thou could'st see me die without concern,
 Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.
 Else could you chuse to trust the warring winds,
 The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,
 And all the raging monsters of the deep!

Oh! think you see me on the naked shore.
 Think how I scream and tear my scatter'd hair;
 Break from the embraces of my shrieking maids,
 And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom:
 Then catch with wide-stretch'd arms the empty billows,
 And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, dismal state! My bleeding heart relents,
 And all my thoughts dissolve in tenderest pity.

PHÆDRA.

If you can pity, O! refuse not love;
 But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,
 And nursery of gods—A hundred cities
 Court thee for lord, where the rich busy crowds
 Struggle for passage through the spacious streets;
 Where thousand ships o'ershade the lessening main,
 And tire the labouring wind. The suppliant nations
 Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails
 Confess the ocean's queen. For thee alone
 The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll.
 For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
 From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me march their leader, not their prince;
 And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians,
 Brandish this far-fam'd sword of conquering Theseus;
 That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
 From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own;
 That willing nations may obey your laws,
 And your bright ancestor the sun may shine

On nought but Phædra's empire.

PHÆDRA.

Why not thine?

Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,
 As to refuse my crown? — O, cruel youth!
 By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd soul!
 By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me;
 O! ease, at least once more delude, my sorrows.
 For your dear sake I've lost my darling honour;
 For you, but now I gave my soul to death:
 For you I'd quit my crown, and stoop beneath
 The happy bondage of an humble wife.
 With thee I'd climb the steepy Ida's summit,
 And in the scorching heat and chilling dews,
 O'er hills, o'er vales, pursue the shaggy lion;
 Careless of danger and of wasting toil;
 Of pinching hunger and impatient thirst;
 I'd find all joys in thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why stoops the queen

To ask, intreat, to supplicate and pray,
 To prostitute her crown and sex's honour,
 To one whose humble thoughts can only rise
 To be your slave, not lord?

PHÆDRA.

And is that all?

Gods! Does he deign to force an artful groan?
 Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes,
 Hard as his native rocks, cold as his sword,
 Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth?

He hates the tyrant, and the suppliant scorns.
 O Heaven! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
 Do ye not blush at my degenerate weakness!
 Hence lazy, mean, ignoble passion, fly;
 Hence from my soul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
 And Heaven inspires my thoughts with righteous
 vengeance.

'Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd love;
 No more Ismena shall upbraid my weakness.

[*Catches Hipp. sword to stab herself.*]

Now all ye kindred gods look down and see,
 How I'll revenge you, and myself, on Phædra.

Enter LYCON, and snatches away the sword.

LYCON.

Horror on horror! Theseus is return'd.

PHÆDRA.

Theseus! Then what have I to do with life?
 May I be snatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
 Rather than view the face of injur'd Theseus.

Now wider still my growing horrors spread,
 My fame, my virtue, nay, my frenzy's fled:
 Then view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
 If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
 On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
 Me if your anger spares, your pity should destroy.

[*Runs off.*]

LYCON.

This may do service yet.

[*Exit LYCON, carries off the sword.*]

HIPPOLITUS.

Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying gods.
 Shall I again behold his awful eyes?
 Again be folded in his loving arms?
 Yet in the midst of joy I fear for Phædra;
 I fear his warmth and unrelenting justice.
 O! should her raging passion reach his ears,
 His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
 To burning rage; as soft Cydonian oil,
 Whose balmy juice glides o'er th' untasting tongue,
 Yet touch'd with fire, with hottest flames will blaze.
 But oh ye powers! I see his godlike form.
 O extasy of joy! He comes, he comes!
 Is it my lord? My father? Oh! 'tis he:
 I see him, touch him, feel his known embraces,
 See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter THESEUS, with others.

Where have you been, my lord? What angry demon
 Hid you from Crete? From me?—What god has
 fav'd you?
 Did not Philotas see you fall? O answer me!
 And then I'll ask a thousand questions more.

THESEUS.

No: But to save my life I feign'd my death;
 My horse and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
 And hinder'd farther search. This honest Greek
 Conceal'd me in his house, and cur'd my wounds;
 Procur'd a vessel; and, to bless me more,
 Accompany'd my flight. ———

But this at leisure. Let me now indulge
 A father's fondness; let me snatch thee thus;
 Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, such, was I

[*Embraces Hippolitus.*

When first I saw thy mother, chaste Camilla;
 And much she lov'd me.—Oh! Did Phædra view me
 With half that fondness! — But she's still unkind;
 Else hasty joy had brought her to these arms,
 To welcome me to liberty, to life;
 And make that life a blessing. Come, my son,
 Let us to Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

Pardon me, my lord.

THESEUS.

Forget her former treatment; she's too good
 Still to persist in hatred to my son.

HIPPOLITUS.

O! Let me fly from Crete,——from you, [*Aside.*
 and Phædra.

THESEUS.

My son, what means this turn? this sudden start?
 Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

HIPPOLITUS.

Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
 To follow danger, and acquire renown:
 To quell the monsters that escap'd your sword,
 And make the world confess me Theseus' son.

THESEUS.

What can this coldness mean? Retire, my son,
 [*Exit Hippolitus.*

While I attend the queen. — What shock is this ?
 Why tremble thus my limbs ? why faints my heart ?
 Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown ?
 Where 's now the joy, the extasy, and transport,
 That warm'd my soul, and urg'd me on to Phædra ?
 O ! had I never lov'd her, I'd been blest.

Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign ;
 Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.
 So when the Nile its fruitful deluge spreads,
 And genial heat informs its slimy beds ;
 Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
 There monstrous serpents fright the labouring swain :
 A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
 And the same floods enrich and curse the land.

A C T IV.

Enter LYCON solus.

LYCON.

THIS may gain time till all my wealth's em-
 bark'd,
 To ward my foes revenge, and finish mine,
 And shake that empire which I can't possess.
 But then the queen — She dies — Why let her
 die ;
 Let wide destruction seize on all together,
 So Lycon live. — A safe triumphant exile,

Great in disgrace, and envy'd in his fall.
The queen!—then try thy art, and work her passions.

Enter PHÆDRA and Attendants.

Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
Possess her whole, and speak thyself in Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Off, let me loose; why, cruel barbarous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge
That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
Why must I drag th' insufferable load
Of foul dishonour, and despairing love?
Oh! length of pain! Am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I so oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its ease?

LYCON.

Would you now die?

Now quit the field to your insulting foe?
Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name:
Ages to come, the universe, shall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your faults;
Inherit your disgrace, but not your crown.

PHÆDRA.

Must he too fall, involv'd in my destruction,
And only live to curse the name of Phædra?

Oh dear, unhappy babe ! must I bequeath thee
 Only a sad inheritance of woe ?
 Gods ! cruel gods ! can't all my pains atone,
 Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head ?
 Oh lost estate ! when life 's so sharp a torment,
 And death itself can't ease ! Assist me, Lycon,
 Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.

L Y C O N .

'Tis you must drive that trouble from your soul ;
 As streams, when dam'd, forget their ancient current,
 And wondering at their banks, in other channels flow ;
 So must you bend your thoughts from hopeless love,
 So turn their course to Theseus' happy bosom,
 And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoyment :
 Then with fresh charms adorn your troubled looks,
 Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul,
 Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

P H Æ D R A .

Impossible ! What woo him with these eyes,
 Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for Theseus ?
 This tongue so us'd to sound another name ;
 What ! take him to my arms ! Oh awful Juno !
 Touch, love, caress him ! while my wandering fancy
 On other objects strays ? A lewd adu'tress
 In the chaste bed ? And in the father's arms,
 (Oh horrid thought ! Oh execrable incest !)
 Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the son ?

L Y C O N .

Yet you must see him, lest impatient love

Should urge his temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd absence should disclose your crime.

PHÆDRA.

Could I, when present to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild disorders of my soul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my speech, betray
me?

Betray thee, Phædra! then thou 'rt not betray'd!
Live, live secure, adoring Crete conceals thee:
Thy pious love, and most endearing goodness,
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to silence.
Oh wretched Phædra! oh ill-guarded secret!
To foes alone disclos'd!

LYCON.

I needs must fear them,
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their imprecations.

PHÆDRA.

Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail!
I too have sworn, ev'n at the altar sworn
Eternal love and endless faith to Theseus;
And yet am false, forsworn: The hallow'd shrine,
That heard me swear, is witness to my falsehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he shall tell the fault himself inspir'd;
The fatal eloquence, that charm'd my soul,
Shall lavish all its art to my destruction.

LYCON.

Oh he will tell it all!—Destruction seize him!—
With seeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuse your folly;

Falſe tears ſhall wet his unrelenting eyes,
 And his glad heart with artful ſighs ſhall heave :
 Then Theſeus—How will indignation ſwell
 His mighty heart ! How his majeſtic frame
 Will ſhake with rage too fierce, too ſwift for vent !
 How he 'll expoſe you to the public ſcorn,
 And loathing crowds ſhall murmur out their hor-
 ror !

Then the fierce Scythian — Now methinks I ſee
 His fiery eyes with ſullen pleaſures glow,
 Survey your tortures, and inſult your pangs ;
 I ſee him, ſmiling on the pleas'd Iſmena,
 Point out with ſcorn the once proud tyrant Phædra.

P H Æ D R A .

Curſt be his name ! May infamy attend him !
 May ſwift deſtruction fall upon his head,
 Hurl'd by the hand of thoſe he moſt adores !

L Y C O N .

By Heaven, prophetic truth inſpires your tongue !
 He ſhall endure the ſhame he means to give ;
 And all the torments which he heaps on you,
 With juſt revenge, ſhall Theſeus turn on him.

P H Æ D R A .

Is 't poſſible ? Oh Lycon ! Oh my refuge !
 Oh good old man ! Thou oracle of wiſdom !
 Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

L Y C O N .

Accuſe him firſt.

P H Æ D R A .

Oh Heavens ! Accuſe the guiltleſs !

LYCON.

Then be accus'd ; let Theseus know your crime ;
 Let lasting infamy o'erwhelm your glory ;
 Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall —
 Shake off this idle lethargy of pity,
 With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
 Preserve your glory, and secure your vengeance :
 Be yours the fruit, security, and ease ;
 The guilt, the danger, and the labour, mine.

PHÆDRA.

Heavens ! Theseus comes !

Enter THESEUS.

LYCON.

Declare your last resolves.

PHÆDRA.

Do you resolve, for Phædra can do nothing.

[Exit Phædra.

LYCON.

Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
 Now raise his pity, now enflame his rage,
 Quicken his hopes, then quash them with despair ;
 Work his tumultuous passions into frenzy ;
 Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

THESEUS.

Was that my queen, my wife, my idol, Phædra ?
 Does she still shun me ? Oh injurious Heaven !
 Why did you give me back again to life ?
 Why did you save me from the rage of battle,
 To let me fall by her more fatal hatred ?

LYCON.

Her hatred! No, she loves you with such fondness,
 As none but that of Theseus e'er could equal;
 Yet so the gods have doom'd, so Heaven will have it,
 She ne'er must view her much-lov'd Theseus more.

THESEUS.

Not see her! By my sufferings but I will,
 Though troops embattled should oppose my passage,
 And ready death should guard the fatal way.
 Not see her! Oh I'll clasp her in these arms.
 Break through the idle bands that yet have held me,
 And seize the joys my honest love may claim.

LYCON.

Is this a time for joy? when Phædra's grief —

THESEUS.

Is this a time for grief? Is this my welcome
 To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
 Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
 I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
 Then to my thoughts relenting Phædra flew,
 With open arms, to welcome my return,
 With kind endearing blame condemn'd my rashness,
 And made me swear to venture out no more.
 Oh! my warm soul, my boiling fancy glow'd
 With charming hopes of yet untasted joys;
 New pleasures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
 Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were lost.
 And does she now avoid my eager love,
 Pursue me still with unrelenting hatred,

Invent new pains, detest, loath, shun my sight,
Fly my return, and sorrow for my safety?

LYCON.

O think not so! for, by th' unerring gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theseus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name she rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and watery eyes, to Heaven,
To bless the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd;
Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to flow.

THESEUS.

Did my return bring comfort to her sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
O I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rosy lips the fragrant sighs;
With other sighs her panting breast shall heave,
With other dews her swimming eyes shall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat,
And all her sorrows shall be lost in love.

LYCON.

Does Theseus burn with such unheard-of passion?
And must not she with out-stretch'd arms receive him,
And with an equal ardour meet his vows,
The vows of one so dear! O righteous gods!
Why must the bleeding heart of Theseus bear
Such torturing pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accusing eyes on angry Heaven
Stedfastly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble shame,

Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth ;
 Now burst with swelling anguish, rends the skies
 With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs ?

THESEUS.

Wrong'd ! Is she wrong'd ? and lives he yet who
 wrong'd her ?

LYCON.

He lives, so great, so happy, so lov'd,
 That Phædra scarce can hope, scarce wish revenge.

THESEUS.

Shall Theseus live, and not revenge his Phædra ?
 Gods ! shall this arm, renown'd for righteous ven-
 geance,

For quelling tyrants, and redressing wrongs,
 Now fail ? now first, when Phædra's injur'd, fail ?
 Speak, Lycon, haste, declare the secret villain,
 The wretch so meanly base to injure Phædra,
 So rashly brave to dare the sword of Theseus.

LYCON.

I dare not speak ; but sure her wrongs are mighty :
 The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
 Her sighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
 Make me suspect her monstrous grief will end her.

THESEUS.

End her ? end Theseus first, and all mankind ;
 But most that villain, that detested slave,
 That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch !

LYCON.

O noble heat of unexampled love !
 This Phædra hop'd, when in the midst of grief,

In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming sorrows,
She, groaning, still invoc'd, still call'd on Theseus.

THESEUS.

Did she then name me! Did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theseus?
Oh that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this stay? I come, I fly, oh Phædra!
Lead on—Now, dark disturber of my peace,
If now thou 'rt known, what luxury of vengeance—
Haste, lead, conduct me.

LYCON.

Oh! I beg you stay.

THESEUS.

What! stay when Phædra calls?

LYCON.

Oh! on my knees,

By all the gods, my lord, I beg you stay;
As you respect your peace, your life, your glory:
As Phædra's days are precious to your soul;
By all your love, by all her sorrows, stay.

THESEUS.

Where lies the danger? wherefore should I stay?

LYCON.

Your sudden presence would surprize her soul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her sorrow, indignation, shame;
And all your son would strike her from your eyes.

THESEUS.

My son! — But he's too good, too brave to wrong
her.

— Whence then that shocking change, that strong
surprize ;

That fright that seiz'd him at the name of Phædra !

LYCON.

Was he surpriz'd? that shew'd at least remorse.

THESEUS.

Remorse ! for what? By Heavens, my troubled
thoughts

Prefage some dire attempt. — Say, what remorse !

LYCON.

I would not — yet I must. — This you com-
mand ;

This Phædra orders ; thrice her faltering tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty scene to Theseus :

Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my speed, and chid my rash obedience,
Lest the unwelcome tale should wound your peace.

At last, with looks serenely sad, she cry'd,

Go, tell it all ; but in such artful words,

Such tender accents, and such melting sounds,

As may appease his rage, and move his pity ;

As may incline him to forgive his son

A grievous fault, but still a fault of love.

THESEUS.

Of love ! what strange suspicions rack my soul?
As you regard my peace, declare, what love !

LYCON.

So urg'd, I must declare ; yet, pitying Heaven,
Why must I speak? Why must unwilling Lycon
Accuse the prince of impious love to Phædra ?

THESEUS.

Love to his mother! to the wife of Theseus!

LYCON.

Yes, at the moment first he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His easy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he prest her with his passion.

THESEUS.

Then 't was for this she banish'd him from Crete;
I thought it hatred all: O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven; forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in secret have condemn'd thy justice.
Oh! 't was all just, and Theseus shall revenge,
Ev'n on his son, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

LYCON.

What easy tools are these blunt honest heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the statesman's art prepares,
And post to ruin! — Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd justice on thy son,
Next on thyself, and both make way for Lycon. [*Aside.*]

THESEUS.

Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? perhaps 't is malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accusation,
Or treble fury shall revenge my son.

LYCON.

Am I then doubted! and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge such execrable falsehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her truth? O godlike Theseus!

Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra!
 Is this her hop'd-for aid! Go, wretched matron,
 Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heavens
 With thy vain sorrows; since relentless Theseus,
 Thy hope, thy refuge, Theseus, will not hear thee!

T H E S E U S .

Not hear my Phædra! Not revenge her wrongs!
 Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom 's as fix'd
 As when Jove speaks, and high Olympus shakes,
 And Fate his voice obeys.

L Y C O N .

Bear witness, Heaven!
 With what reluctance I produce this sword,
 This fatal proof against th' unhappy prince,
 Lest it should work your justice to his ruin,
 And prove he aim'd at force, as well as incest.

T H E S E U S .

Gods! 't is illusion all! Is this the sword
 By which Procrustes, Scyron, Pallas fell?
 Is this the weapon which my darling son
 Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
 Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
 Thy generous promise. O most injur'd Phædra!
 Why did I trust to his deceitful form?
 Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth?

L Y C O N .

Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
 Seen his arm lock'd in her dishevel'd hair,
 That weapon glittering o'er her trembling bosom,
 Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,

Entreating death, and rising to the wound.
 Oh! had you seen her, when the frighted youth
 Retir'd at your approach: had you then seen her,
 In the chaste transports of becoming fury,
 Seize on the sword to pierce her guiltless bosom,
 Had you seen this, you could not doubt her truth.

THESEUS.

Oh impious monster! Oh forgive me, Phædra!
 And may the gods inspire my injur'd soul
 With equal vengeance that may suit his crimes.

LYCON.

For Phædra's sake, forbear to talk of vengeance;
 That with new pains would wound her tender breast:
 Send him away from Crete, and by his absence
 Give Phædra quiet; and afford him mercy.

THESEUS.

Mercy! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
 Poor Phædra's mercy.— Oh most barbarous traitor!
 To wrong such beauty, and insult such goodness.
 Mercy! what's that? a virtue coin'd by villains;
 Who praise the weakness which supports their crimes.
 Be mute, and fly, lest when my rage is rous'd,
 Thou for thyself in vain implore my mercy.

LYCON.

Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou dost,
 More than I do the justice thou 'rt so fond of.
 Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
 Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
 Now boast thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon.

[Exit.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

THESEUS.

Yet can it be? — Is this th' incestuous villain?
 How great his presence, how erect his look,
 How every grace, how all his virtuous mother
 Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
 Oh Neptune! Oh, great founder of our race!
 Why was he fram'd with such a godlike look?
 Why wears he not some most detested form,
 Baleful to sight, as horrible to thought;
 That I might act my justice without grief,
 Punish the villain, nor regret the son?

HIPPOLITUS.

May I presume to ask, what secret care
 Broods in your breast, and clouds your royal brow?
 Why dart your awful eyes those angry beams,
 And fright Hippolitus, they us'd to cheer?

THESEUS.

Answer me first: when call'd to wait on Phædra,
 What sudden fear surpriz'd your troubled soul?
 Why did your ebbing blood forsake your cheeks?
 Why did you hasten from your father's arms,
 To shun the queen your duty bids you please?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, to please the queen, I'm forc'd to shun her,
 And keep this hated object from her sight.

THESEUS.

Say, what's the cause of her inveterate hatred?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, as yet I never gave her cause.

THESEUS.

Oh were it so! [*Afide.*] When last did you attend her?

HIPPOLITUS.

When last attend her? — Oh unhappy queen! Your error's known, yet I disdain to wrong you, Or to betray a fault myself have caus'd. [*Afide.*]
When last attend her? —

THESEUS.

Answer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, this very morn I saw the queen.

THESEUS.

What pass'd?

HIPPOLITUS.

I ask'd permission to retire.

THESEUS.

And was that all?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, I humbly beg,
With the most low submissions, ask no more.

THESEUS.

Yet you don't answer with your low submissions.
Answer, or never hope to see me more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd and lost for ever. [*Afide.*]

THESEUS.

He changes, gods! and falters at the question:

His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty.

[*Afide.*]

HIPPOLITUS.

Why do you frown, my lord? Why turn away,
As from some loathsome monster, not your son?

THESEUS.

Thou art that monster, and no more my son.
Not one of those of the most horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.

HIPPOLITUS.

Where am I, gods? Is that my father Theseus?
Am I awake? Am I Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Thou art that fiend.—Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art! — Oh fall! Oh fatal stain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee!
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos just!
Sometimes it led me through the maze of war;
There it survey'd thee ranging through the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction:
Sometimes with wholesome laws reforming states,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you —

HIPPOLITUS.

With all my father's soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,
To hunt through bloody fields the chase of glory,
And bless your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! How that warm'd me! How my throbbing heart

Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
 When you should strain me in your folding arms,
 And with kind raptures, and with sobbing joys,
 Commend my valour, and confess your son!
 How did I think my glorious toil o'er-paid?
 Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
 With more than conquest crown'd? Go on, Hip-
 politus,

Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
 Practise the strictest and austereſt virtue,
 And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
 Theſeus, thy father Theſeus, will reward thee.

THESEUS.

Reward thee? — Yes, as Minos would reward thee.
 Was Minos then thy pattern? And did Minos,
 The great, the good, the juſt, the righteous Minos,
 The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
 Did he inſpire adultery, force, and inceſt?

ISMENA *appears.*

ISMENA.

Ha! What's this?

[*Aſide.*]

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Inceſt? —

THESEUS.

Inceſt with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

This charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
 So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to thought,
 Stuns my aſtoniſh'd ſoul, and ties my voice.

THESEUS.

Then let this wake thee, this once glorious sword,
 With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
 Not for this purpose. Oh abandon'd slave!
 Oh early villain! Most detested coward!
 With this my instrument of youthful glory!
 With this! — Oh noble entrance into arms!
 With this t' invade the spotless Phædra's honour?
 Phædra! My life! My better half, my queen!
 That very Phædra, for whose just defence
 The gods would claim thy sword.

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Death!
 Heavens! Durst I raise the far-fam'd sword of Theseus
 Against his queen, against my mother's bosom.

THESEUS.

If not, declare when, where, and how you lost it?
 How Phædra gain'd it? Oh all the gods! He's silent.
 Why was it bar'd? Whose bosom was it aim'd at?
 What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
 Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! monstrous villain!

HIPPOLITUS.

Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
 No clue to guide me through this gloomy maze,
 To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?
 None! None, ye powers! And must I groan beneath
 This execrable load of foul dishonour?
 Must Theseus suffer such unheard-of torture!
 Theseus, my father! No, I'll break through all;
 All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,

I give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord!
 Hear your wrong'd son. The sword — Oh fatal
 vow!

Ensnaring oaths; and thou, rash thoughtless fool,
 To bind thyself in voluntary chains;
 Yet to thy fatal trust continue firm!
 Beneath disgrace, though infamous yet honest.
 Yet hear me, father, may the righteous gods
 Shower all their curses on this wretched head.
 Oh may they doom me!—

THESEUS.

Yes, the gods will doom thee.
 The sword, the sword! Now swear, and call to witness
 Heaven, hell, and earth. I mark it not from one,
 That breathes beneath such complicated guilt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
 I sprang to meet you at your wish'd return?
 Does this appear like guilt? When thus serene,
 With eyes erect, and visage unapall'd,
 Fixt on that awful face, I stand the charge;
 Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty,
 Where are the conscious looks, the face now pale,
 Now flushing red, the downcast haggard eyes,
 Or fix'd on earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
 A fearful view, then sunk again with horror?

THESEUS.

This is for raw, untaught, unfinish'd villains.
 Thou in thy bloom hast reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection:
 Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,

The beauteous stamp (oh Heavens!) of faultless virtue,
 While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
 Oh harden'd fiend, can't such transcending crimes
 Disturb thy soul, or ruffle thy smooth brow?
 What, no remorse! No qualms! No pricking pangs!
 No feeble struggle of rebelling honour!
 O 'twas thy joy! thy secret hoard of bliss,
 To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
 To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing misers
 Brood o'er their precious stores of secret gold.

HIPPOLITUS.

Must I not speak? Then say, unerring Heaven,
 Why was I born with such a thirst of glory?
 Why did this morning dawn to my dishonour?
 Why did not pitying fate with ready death
 Prevent the guilty day?

THESEUS.

Guilty indeed.

Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
 And such a father (Oh immortal gods!)
 As held thee dearer than his life and glory;
 When thou should'st rend the skies with clamorous
 grief,
 Beat thy sad breast, and tear thy starting hair;
 Then to my bed to force your impious way;
 With horrid lust t'insult my yet warm urn;
 Make me the scorn of hell, and sport for fiends!
 These are the funeral honours paid to Theseus,
 These are the sorrows, these the hallow'd rites,
 To which you'd call your father's hovering spirit.

Enter ISMENA.

ISMENA.

Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom :

[*Turning to Theseus.*

Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

THESEUS.

Though thou 'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Though ev'n thy beauty 's loathsome to my eyes,
Yet justice bids me hear thee.

ISMENA.

Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*

Then know, mistaken prince, his honest soul
Could ne'er be sway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows ;
With all my wiles subdued his struggling heart ;
For long his duty struggled with his love.

THESEUS.

Speak, is this true ? On thy obedience, speak.

HIPPOLITUS.

So charg'd, I own the dangerous truth ; I own,
Against her will, I lov'd the fair Ismena.

THESEUS.

Canst thou be only clear'd by disobedience,
And justify'd by crimes ? — What ! love my foe !
Love one descended from a race of tyrants,
Whose blood yet reeks on my avenging sword !
I'm curst each moment I delay thy fate :

Haste to the shades, and tell the happy Pallas
 Ismena's flames, and let him taste such joys
 As thou giv'st me ; go tell applauding Minos
 The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra ;
 Tell it the chattering ghosts, and hissing furies,
 Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell found nothing
 To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Ismena.

Enter CRATANDER.

Seize him, Cratander ; take this guilty sword,
 Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
 And bid him die, at least, like Theseus' son.
 Take him away, and execute my orders.

HIPPOLITUS.

Heavens ! How that strikes me ! How it wounds
 my soul !

To think of your unutterable sorrows,
 When you shall find Hippolitus was guiltless !
 Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
 When you shall mourn your son's unhappy fate,
 Oh, I beseech you by the love you bore me,
 With my last words (my words will then prevail)
 Oh for my sake forbear to touch your life,
 Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theseus.
 Let all my virtues, all my joys, survive
 Fresh in your breast, but be my woes forgot ;
 The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
 Oh ! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
 Let me be honour'd still, but not deplor'd.

THESEUS.

Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
 Oh blooming hypocrite! Oh young dissembler!
 Well hast thou shewn the care thou tak'ft of Theseus.
 Oh all ye gods! how this enflames my fury!
 I scarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
 Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd Theseus!
 Blot not thy fame with such a monster's blood.
 Snatch him away.

HIPPOLITUS.

Lead on. Farewell, Ismena.

ISMENA.

Oh! take me with him, let me share his fate.
 Oh awful Theseus! Yet revoke his doom:
 See, see the very ministers of death,
 Though bred to blood, yet shrink, and wish to save him.

THESEUS.

Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms off.

ISMENA.

Oh! tear me, cut me, till my fever'd limbs
 Grow to my lord, and share the pains he suffers.

THESEUS.

Villains, away.

ISMENA.

O Theseus! Hear me, hear me.

THESEUS.

Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome touch.
 Off, woman.

ISMENA.

Stay, oh stay! I'll tell you all. [*Exit Theseus.*]

Already gone! — Tell it, ye conscious walls;
 Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
 Refound it, fame, with all your hundred tongues.
 Oh hapless youth! All Heaven conspires against you.
 The conscious walls conceal the fatal secret:
 'Th' untainted winds refuse th' infecting load:
 And fame itself is mute. — Nay, ev'n Ismena,
 Thy own Ismena's sworn to thy destruction.

But still, whate'er the cruel gods design,
 In the same fate our equal stars combine,
 And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine. }

A C T V.

Enter PHÆDRA and LYCON.

LYCON.

ACCUSE yourself? Oh! on my knees I beg you,
 By all the gods, recal the fatal message.
 Heavens! Will you stand the dreaded rage of Theseus?
 And brand your fame, and work your own destruction?

PHÆDRA.

By thee I'm branded, and by thee destroy'd;
 Thou bosom serpent, thou alluring fiend!
 Yet shan't you boast the miseries you cause,
 Nor 'scape the ruin you have brought on all.

LYCON.

Was it not your command? Has faithful Lycon
E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done aught without the queen's consent?

PHÆDRA.

Plead'st thou consent to what thou first inspir'dst?
Was that consent? O senseless politician!
When adverse passions struggled in my breast,
When anger, fear, love, sorrow, guilt, despair,
Drove out my reason, and usurp'd my soul,
Yet this consent you plead, O faithful Lycon!
Oh! only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what's my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
What then is thine? Thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wise, fore-thinking, weighing politician!

LYCON.

Oh! 'twas so black, my frighten'd tongue recoil'd
At its own sound, and horror shook my soul.
Yet still, though pierc'd with such amazing anguish,
Such was my zeal, so much I lov'd my queen,
I broke through all, to save the life of Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

What's life? Oh all ye gods! Can life atone
For all the monstrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? When thou, oh soul of honour!
Oh early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the fordid hands of butchering villains;

Now, now he bleeds, he dies—Oh perjur'd traitor !
 See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
 And nature fallies in unbidden groans ;
 Now mortal pangs distort his lovely form ;
 His rosy beauties fade, his starry eyes
 Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams ;
 Now in short gasps his labouring spirit heaves,
 And weakly flutters on his faltering tongue,
 And struggles into sound. Hear, monster, hear,
 With his last breath he curses perjur'd Phædra :
 He summons Phædra to the bar of Minos ;
 Thou too shalt there appear ; to torture thee,
 Whole hell shall be employ'd, and suffering Phædra
 Shall find some ease to see thee still more wretched.

L Y C O N .

Oh all ye powers ! Oh Phædra ! Hear me, hear me,
 By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
 By those unhappy crimes I wrought to serve you,
 By these old wither'd limbs and hoary hairs,
 By all my tears !—Oh heavens ! She minds me not,
 She hears not my complaints. Oh wretched Lycon !
 To what art thou reserv'd ?

P H Æ D R A .

Reserv'd to all

The sharpest, slowest pains that earth can furnish,
 To all I wish — On Phædra — Guards, secure him.

[Lycon *carried off*.]

Ha ! Theseus, gods ! My freezing blood congeals,
 And all my thoughts, designs, and words are lost.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Dost thou at last repent? Oh lovely Phædra!
 At last with equal ardour meet my vows:
 O dear-bought blessing! Yet I'll not complain,
 Since now my sharpest grief is all o'erpaid,
 And only heightens joy.—Then haste, my charmer,
 Let's feast our famish'd souls with amorous riot,
 With fiercest blifs atone for our delay,
 And in a moment love the age we've lost.

PHÆDRA.

Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
 Far as the distant skies or deepest center.

THESEUS.

Amazement! Death! Ye gods who guide the
 world,
 What can this mean? So fierce a detestation,
 So strong abhorrence!—Speak, exquisite tormentor!
 Was it for this your summons fill'd my soul
 With eager raptures, and tumultuous transports?
 Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of blifs.
 Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
 And fly with trembling haste to meet her arms?
 And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
 Was it for this you rouz'd my drowsy soul
 From the dull lethargy of hopeless love?
 And dost thou only shew those beauteous eyes
 To wake despair, and blast me with their beams?

P H Æ D R A .

Oh! were that all to which the gods have doom'd
me;

But angry Heaven has laid in store for Theseus
Such perfect mischief, such transcendent woe,
That the black image shocks my frightened soul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

T H E S E U S .

Fear not to speak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
And charm the grief it brings.—Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy sight; thus gazing on those eyes,
I can support the utmost spite of fate,
And stand the rage of Heaven. — Approach, my fair!

P H Æ D R A .

Off, or I fly for ever from thy sight:
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

T H E S E U S .

Forget the villain, drive him from your soul.

P H Æ D R A .

Can I forget, or drive him from my soul?
Oh! he will still be present to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

T H E S E U S .

And mine and all.—Oh most abandon'd villain!
Oh lasting scandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime so foul as incest.

PHÆDRA.

Incest! Oh name it not! —

The very mention shakes my inmost soul:
 The gods are startled in their peaceful mansions,
 And nature sickens at the shocking sound.
 Thou brutal wretch! Thou execrable monster!
 To break through all the laws that early flow
 From untaught reason, and distinguish man;
 Mix like the senseless herd with bestial lust,
 Mother and son preposterously wicked;
 To banish from thy soul the reverence due
 To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
 And injure one so great, so good as Theseus.

THESEUS.

To injure one so great, so good as Phædra;
 Oh slave! to wrong such purity as thine,
 Such dazzling brightness, such exalted virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Virtue! All-seeing gods, you know my virtue!
 Must I support all this? O righteous Heaven!
 Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have borne,
 Pointed his satyrs stings, and edg'd his rage,
 But to be prais'd — Now, Minos, I defy thee;
 Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
 Stones, furies, wheels, are slight to what I suffer,
 And hell itself's relief.

THESEUS.

What's hell to thee?

What crimes could'st thou commit? Or what reproaches
 Could innocence so pure as Phædra's fear.

Oh, thou'rt the chafteft matron of thy fex,
 The faireft pattern of excelling virtue.
 Our lateft annals fhall record thy glory,
 The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
 Each skilful artift fhall exprefs thy form,
 In animated gold. — The threatening fword
 Shall hang for ever o'er thy fnowy bofom ;
 Such heavenly beauty on thy face fhall bloom,
 As fhall almoft excufe the villain's crime ;
 But yet that firmnefs, that unshaken virtue,
 As ftill fhall make the monfter more detefted.
 Where-e'er you pafs, the crowded way fhall found
 With joyful cries, and endless acclamations :
 And when aspiring bards, in daring ftrains,
 Shall raife fome heavenly matron to the powers,
 They'll fay, ſhe's great, ſhe's true, ſhe's chafte as
 Phædra.

P H Æ D R A .

This might have been. — But now, oh cruel ftars !
 Now, as I pafs, the crowded way fhall found
 With hisſing ſcorn, and murmuring deteftation :
 The lateft annals fhall record my ſhame ;
 And when th' avenging Muſe with pointed rage
 Would ſink ſome impious woman down to hell,
 She'll fay, ſhe's falſe, ſhe's baſe, ſhe's foul as Phædra.

T H E S E U S .

Hadſt thou been foul, had horrid violation
 Caſt any ſtains on purity like thine,
 They're waſh'd already in the villain's blood :
 The very fword, his inſtrument of horror,

Ere this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Has done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead.—I saw Cratander
Give him a sword.—I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast,
With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle.—A loud clamour follow'd:
And the surrounding soldiers hid from fight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?

THESEUS.

Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice,
I'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

PHÆDRA.

Then thou 'rt renown'd indeed.—Oh happy
Theseus!

Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haste then, let's join our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.

THESEUS.

Wretched! For what? For what the world must
praise me.

For what the nations shall adore my justice,
A villain's death?

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus a villain!

Oh, he was all his godlike fire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

THESEUS.

What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous Phædra;
Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubtful speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd?

PHÆDRA.

Canst thou not guess? —

Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Could'st thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
Could'st thou not find it in the generous truth,
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Could'st thou not perceive it in the chaste reserve?
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Could'st thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?

THESEUS.

Guiltless! Oh all ye gods! What can this mean?

PHÆDRA.

Mean! That the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,

The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
 With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son ;
 And when deny'd, with impious accusation
 Sully'd the lustre of his shining honour ;
 Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
 And with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that virtue
 I try'd in vain to shake.

THESEUS.

Is he then guiltless ?

Guiltless ! Then what art thou ? And oh just Heaven !
 What a detested parricide is Theseus !

PHÆDRA.

What am I ? What indeed, but one more black
 Than earth or hell e'er bore ! O horrid mixture
 Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest,
 Perjury, murder ; to arm the erring father
 Against the guiltless son. O impious Lycon !
 In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

THESEUS.

Lycon ! Here, guards ! — Oh most abandon'd
 villain !

Secure him, seize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS.

Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high displeasure ?

THESEUS.

Who can it be, ye gods, but perjurd Lycon ?
 Who can inspire such storms of rage, but Lycon ?
 Where has my sword left one so black, but Lycon ?

Where! Wretched Theseus! in thy bed and heart,
 The very darling of my soul and eyes!
 Oh beauteous fiend! But trust not to thy form.
 You too, my son, was fair; your manly beauties
 Charm'd every heart (O heavens!) to your destruction.
 You too were good, your virtuous soul abhorr'd
 The crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious Phædra!
 Incestuous fury! Execrable murth'refs!
 Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
 Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
 Ev'n endless torture which thou shalt not suffer?

P H Æ D R A .

And is there aught on earth I would not suffer?
 Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
 Thou need'st not claim it, most unhappy youth,
 From any hands but mine: 'T' avenge thy fate,
 I'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for tortures;
 And Phædra's sufferings should atone for thine:
 Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
 Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul;
 Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
 The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

L Y C O N *brought in.*

T H E S E U S .

Hast thou escap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
 On thee I'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
 And glut my boundless rage.

L Y C O N .

- O! mercy, mercy!

THESEUS.

Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve,
Such as thy guilty soul can hope from Theseus;
Such as thou shew'dst to poor Hippolitus.

LYCON.

Oh chain me! whip me! Let me be the scorn
Of fordid rabbles, and insulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life most wretched.

PHÆDRA.

Art thou so base, so spiritless a slave?
Not so the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not so he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

THESEUS.

Oh abject villain! Yet it gives me joy
To see the fears that shake thy guilty soul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou 'lt howl thy fearful soul away;
While laughing crowds shall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their sport! Haste, hence, away
with him,
Drag him to all the torments earth can furnish;
Let him be rack'd and gash'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monster, fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the shouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
And is this all? And art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus!
Oh ungorg'd appetite! Oh ravenous thirst
Of a son's blood! What not a day, a moment!

PHÆDRA.

A day! A moment! Oh! thou should'st have staid

Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch'd the life of that consummate youth.

THESEUS.

And yet with joy I flew to his destruction,
Boasted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs she sighing gave me
The last cold kisses from her trembling lips,
And reach'd her feeble wandering hands to mine ;
When her last breath, now quivering at her mouth,
Implor'd my goodness to her lovely son ;
To her Hippolitus. He, alas ! descends
An early victim to the lazy shades,
(Oh heaven and earth !) by Theseus doom'd, descends.

PHÆDRA.

He's doom'd by Theseus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madness, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my frenzy,
And die for thee, my headlong rage destroy'd :
Thee I pursue (oh great ill-fated youth !)
Pursue thee still, but now with chaste desires ;
Thee through the dismal waste of gloomy death ;
Thee through the glimmering dawn, and purer day,
Through all th' Elyfian plains : O righteous Minos !
Elyfian plains ! There he and his Ismena
Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
Immortal love ; while I far off shall howl
In lonely plains ; while all the blackest ghosts
Shrink from the baleful sight of one more monstrous,
And more accurs'd than they.

THESEUS.

I too must go;

I too must once more see the burning shore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will release me now.

PHÆDRA.

Then why this stay? Come on, let's plunge together:
See hell sets wide its adamantine gates,
See through the fable gates the black Cocytus
In smoky circles rows its fiery waves:
Hear, hear the stunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of clashing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing shrieks,
That wide through all its gloomy world resound.
How huge Mægara stalks! what streaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what serpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head!
Now, now she drags me to the bar of Minos.
See how the awful judges of the dead
Look steadfast hate, and horrible dismay!
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage choaks his struggling words: the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand: O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here! Oh execrable villain!
Then am I still on earth? By hell I am,
A fury now, a scourge preserv'd for Lycon!
See, the just beings offer to my vengeance
That impious slave. Now, Lycon, for revenge;
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here.——I'll steal it to his heart.

[*Mistaking Theseus for Lycon, offers to stab him.*]

G U A R D S .

Heavens ! 'tis your lord.

P H Æ D R A .

My lord ! O equal Heaven !

Must each portentous moment rise in crimes,
And fallying life go off in parricide ?

Then trust not thy flow drugs. Thus fure of death

[Stabs herself.]

Compleat thy horrors — And if this suffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the rest.

T H E S E U S .

At length she's quiet,

And earth now bears not such a wretch as Theseus ;
Yet I 'll obey Hippolitus, and live :

Then to the wars ; and as the Corybantines,
With clashing shields, and braying trumpets, drown'd
'The cries of infant Jove — I 'll stifle conscience,
And nature's murmurs in the din of arms.

But what are arms to me ? Is he not dead
For whom I fought ? For whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle ?

How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
An endless round of still returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorse ?

What torment 's this ? — Therefore, O greatly thought,
Therefore do justice on thyself — and live ;
Live above all most infinitely wretched.

Ismena too — Nay, then, avenging Heaven

I S M E N A enters.

Has vented all its rage. — O wretched maid !

Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?
 Why add to sorrows, and embitter woes?
 Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
 Why thus recal to my afflicted soul
 The sad remembrance of my god-like son,
 Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

ISMENA.

Ruin'd! — O all ye powers! O awful Theseus!
 Say, where's my lord? say, where has fate dispos'd him?
 Oh speak! the fear distracts me.

THESEUS.

Gods! Can I speak?

Can I declare his fate to his Ismena?
 Oh lovely maid! Could'st thou admit of comfort,
 Thou should'st for ever be my only care,
 Work of my life, and labour of my soul.
 For thee alone, my sorrows, lull'd, shall cease;
 Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd son:
 For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,
 Restore the crown of which it robb'd your race:
 Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
 At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd
 Beneath thy easy yoke with pleasure bow,
 And think in thee their own Miverva reigns.

ISMENA.

Must I then reign? Nay, must I live without him?
 Not so, oh godlike youth! you lov'd Ismena;
 You for her sake refus'd the Cretan empire,
 And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
 Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,

From the relentless hand that doom'd thy death?
 Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have ease.
 And thus I find it. [Offers to stab herself.]

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

O forbear, Ismena!

Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bosom;
 Oh heaven and earth! should she resolve to die,
 And snatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
 Was it for me, ye gods! she'd fall a victim?
 Was for me she'd die? O heavenly virgin!
 See, see thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
 And hopes to live for thee.

ISMENA.

Hippolitus!

Am I alive or dead! is this Elysium!
 'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus — Ar't well?
 Ar't thou not wounded?

THESEUS.

Oh unhop'd-for joy!

Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
 Speak, say, what god, what miracle preserv'd thee?
 Didst thou not strike thy father's cruel present,
 My sword, into thy breast?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aim'd it there,

But turn'd it from myself, and slew Cratander;
 The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,
 Granted my wish, and brought me to the king:
 I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought

Of Theseus' sorrow, and Ismena's loss;
Therefore I hasten'd to your royal presence,
Here to receive my doom.

THESEUS.

Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Ismena's arms.
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence, and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

ISMENA.

Oh killing joy!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh extasy of bliss!
Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?
Of that celestial maid, oh pitying gods!
How shall I thank your bounties for my sufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I've born?
Since 't was to them I owe divine Ismena,
To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus.
Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra.

THESEUS.

Deep was her anguish; for the wrongs she did you
She chose to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

HIPPOLITUS.

I've heard it all.
O! had not passion sully'd her renown,
None e'er on earth had shone with equal lustre;

So glorious liv'd, or so lamented dy'd.
 Her faults were only faults of raging love,
 Her virtues all her own.

ISMENA.

Unhappy Phædra!

Was there no other way, ye pitying powers,
 No other way to crown Ismena's love?
 'Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,
 And in the midst of my triumphant joy,
 Ev'n in my hero's arms, confess some sorrow.

THESEUS.

O tender maid! forbear, with ill-tim'd grief,
 To damp our blessings, and incense the gods:
 But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our thanks
 For all the wonders in our favour wrought;
 That Heaven, whose mercy rescued erring Theseus
 From execrable crimes, and endless woes.
 Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world,
 With equal poize let steady justice sway,
 And flagrant crimes, with certain vengeance pay,
 But, till the proofs are clear, the stroke delay. }

HIPPOLITUS.

The righteous gods, that innocence require,
 Protect the goodness which themselves inspire.
 Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
 Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuser dies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES*.

JAM non vulgares, Isis, molire triumphos,
 Augustos Isis nunquam tacitura Stuartos.
 Tu quoties crebris cumulâsti altaria donis
 Multa rogans numen, cui vincta jugalia curæ !

* From the “*Strenæ Natalitiæ Academiæ Oxoniensis in celsissimum Principem. Oxonii, è Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1688.*”—The uncommon excellence of Edmund Smith’s productions must ensure them a favourable reception ; especially when it is considered that at the time of their composition he was only one remove from a school-boy. Had Dr. Johnson seen the first of these publications, he would not have been at a loss to determine, in the excellent life he has given the world of Smith, whether the latter was admitted in the university in the year 1689, as he would thence have been enabled to pronounce with certainty that he was in 1688 a Member of Christ Church. I take this to have been the year of Smith’s admission ; and that he was then just come off from Westminster, in time to signalise his abilities by writing on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, when a FRESHMAN (according to the university phrase) and before he was appointed to a Studentship ; for his name is subscribed to that Copy of Verses, with the addition of COMMONER. The great superiority of genius that is displayed in this first—School-boy’s—production of Smith, beyond what Addison has discovered in his first performance—the Pastoral on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary—sufficiently serves to account for Smith’s being, as Dr. Johnson observes, “one of the murmurers at fortune ; and wondering, why he was suffered to be poor, when Addison was caressed and preferred.” Smith could not but be conscious of the greater degree

At jam votivam Superis fufpente tabellam ;
 Sunt rata vota tibi, fævique oblita doloris
 Amplexu parvi gaudet Regina Jacobi.
 Languentes dudum prifcus vigor afflat ocellos,
 Infans et caræ fufpenfus in oscula Matris
 Numine jam fpirat blando, vifumque tenellum
 Mifcet parva quidem, fed vivida Patris imago.
 O etiam patrio vivat celebratus honore,
 Vivat canitie terris venerandus eâdem !
 Omen habet certè fuperâ quod vefcitur aurâ
 Tum primum, lætos æftas cum pandat honores,
 Omnia cum vireant, cum formofiffimus annus.
 Et Vos felices optatâ prole Parentes !
 Quos nunc Parca piis respexit mota querclis :
 En ! veftræ valuère preces ; victrixque Deorum
 Fata movet pietas, quamvis nolentia flecti :
 Proles chara datur fenio, inconceffa juventæ.
 Si citiùs foboles nullo miranda daretur
 Prodigio, fanctis vix digna Parentibus efferet :
 O quæ vita dabit, cui dat miracula partus ?
 I, Princeps, olim patrios imitare triumphos,
 Et femper magni veftigia Patris adora :
 Hic primâ nondum indutus lanugine malas

of literary merit he himfelf poffeffed even in the very department to which Addifon owed the earlier part of his fame, THE WRITING OF LATIN VERSE ;—and on comparing their juvenile performances, it is evident that Smith had reafon enough for that confeioufnefs.—Addifon firft recommended himfelf to notice by his dedication of the *Mufæ Anglicanæ* to Lord Halifax, and by the poems of his own therein inferted. But what are HIS poems in comparifon of SMITH'S ?

KINASTON.

Inviſtis orbem per totum inclauit armis.

Illius ad tonitru Batavi tremuère ; Jacobum

Agnovit dominum ſummiſſis navita velis.

Te quoque Belga tremat, metuat rediviva Jacobi

Fulmina, cujus adhuc miſerè conſervat hiantes

Ore cicatrices, vaſtæ et monumenta ruinæ.

Subjectus famulas Nereus Tibi porrigat undas :

Ipſe tuo da jura mari.

Cumque Pater tandem diviſiſ miſcebitur ipſe

Divus (at ô ! tardè ſacra ducite ſtamina, Parcæ,)

Aſſere tu noſtri juſ immortalæ Monarchæ ;

Tu rege ſubjectum patriiſ virtutibus orbem.

EDMUNDUS SMITH, *Ædiſ Chriſti Commenſaliſ.*

ON

THE INAUGURATION OF

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY*.

MAURITII ingentis celſo de ſanguine natum,

Mauritioque parem, ſolenni dicere verſu

Te, Gulielme, juvat : nunc ô ! mihi pectora flammâ

Divinâ caleant, nunc me furor excitet idem,

Qui Te, ingens heros, bello tot adire labores

Inſtigat, medioſque ardentem impellit in hoſtes.

* From the “ Vota Oxoniſia pro ſereniſſimiſ Guilhelmo Rege
“ et Maria Regina M. Britanniæ, &c. nuncupata. Oxonii, è
“ Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1689.”

Te tenero latè jaçtabat fama sub ævo :
 Cæpisti, quàm finis erat ; maturaque virtus
 Edidit ante diem fructus, tardèque sequentes
 Annos præcurrit longè, et post terga reliquit.
 Jam Te, jam videor flagrantès cernere vultus,
 Dum primas ducis fervens in prælia turmas :
 Jam cerno oppositas acies, quanto impete præceps
 Tela per et gladios raperis ; quo fulmine belli
 Adversum frangis cuneum, et media agmina misces.
 Num ferus invadit Belgas Turennius heros,
 Inviçtis semper clarus Turennius armis,
 Et, quacunque ruit, ferro bacchatur et igni ?
 Tu primo vernans jucundæ flore juventæ
 Congrederis, ducente Deo, Deus ipse Batavis.
 Congrederis ; non Te Gallorum immania terrent
 Agmina, non magni Turennius agminis instar.
 Heu quas tum ferro strages, quæ funera latè
 Edideris, quantosque viros demiseris orco !
 Sic cum congestos struxère ad sidera montes
 Terrigenæ fratres, superos detrudere cælo
 Aggressi, posito tum plectro intonsus Apollo
 Armata sumpsit fatalia spicula dextrâ :
 Tunc audax ruit in bellum, et furit acer in armis,
 Et Martem, atque ipsas longè anteit fulminis alas.

Extremos ô quàm vellem memorare labores !
 Quàm vellem sævi superata pericula ponti !
 Cui meritò nunc jura dabis : quam flebile fatum
 Tristesque illorum exequias, quos obruit æquor
 Immeritos, canere ; at jamjam sub pondere tanto
 Deficio, heroemque sequor non passibus æquis.

Sed fessio memoranda dies, quâ regna Britannûm
 Debita, quâ sacros sceptri regalis honores
 Accipies, cingefque aureo diademate frontem.
 Anglos servasti; da jura volentibus Anglis.
 Sic gravis Alcides humeris ingentibus olim
 Fulcivit patrium, quem mox possedit, Olympum.

E. SMITH, *Ædis Christi Alumnus.*

ON

THE RETURN OF
 KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,
 AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE*.

O INGENS Heros! O tot defuncte periclis!
 Ergo iterum victor nostris allaberis onis?
 Atque os belligerum, torvumque in prælia numen
 Exuis, et blandâ componis regna quiete?
 Ergo iterum placidâ moderaris voce Senatum?
 Oraque divinum spirant jam mitia lumen?
 Non sic cum trepidos ageres violentus Hibernos;
 Cum bello exultans fremeres, ensẽque rotares
 Immani gyro, rubris bacchatus in arvis
 Invitus: (neque enim crudeles edere strages
 Te juvat, aut animis Ditem satiare Tuorum.)

* From the "Academix Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro exoptato serenissimi Regis Guilielmi ex Hibernia reditu. Oxoniæ, à Theatro Sheldoniano. Anno Dom. 1690."

Sic olim amplexus Semeles petiisse Tonantem
 Fama est, terribilem nigranti fulmine et igni :
 Maluit hic caris accumbere mitior ulnis,
 Inque suam invitum trahit inscia Nympha ruinam.

Tu tamen, ô toties Wilhelmi assueta triumphis
 Calliope, ô nunquam Heroum non grata labori,
 Wilhelmi immensos iterum enumerare triumphos
 Incipe, et in notas iterum te attollere laudes.
 Ut requiem, fœdæque ingloria tædia pacis
 Exosus, rursusque ardens in Martia castra,
 Sanguineasque acies, fulgentesque ære catervas,
 In bellum ruit, atque iterum se misit in arma.

Gallus enim sævit, miserofque cruentus Hibernos
 Servitio premit, et victâ dominatur Ierne.
 Hinc Furcæ, Tormenta, Cruces, tractæque Catenæ
 Horrendum strident: iterumque resurgere credas
 Macquirum squalentem, atque Anglo sanguine fœdum,
 Exultantem immane, et vastâ clade superbum.
 O Gens lethifero nequicquam exempta veneno!
 Frustra Bufo tuis, et Aranea cessit ab oris,
 Dum pecus Ignatî invisum, fœdique cuculli,
 Et Monachi sanctè protenso abdomine tardi
 Vipeream inspirant animam, inficiuntque veneno.
 Assurgit tandem Schombergus, et emicat armis,
 Qui juga captivo excutiat servilia collo:
 Sed frustra: securo hostis munimine valli
 Aut latet, aut errat vagus, eluditque sequentem.
 Augendis restat Gulielmi Celta triumphis;
 Vindiciis semper Gulielmi fata reservant
 Et vincla eripere, et manibus divellere nodos.

Sic frustra Atrides, frustra Telamonius heros,
 Ad Trojam frustra pugnarunt mille carinæ,
 Nec nisi Achilleâ funduntur Pergama dextrâ.
 Ergo, Boanda, tuis splendet Gulielmus in arvis,
 Magna Boanda, ipsi famâ haud cessura Mosellæ.
 Ut major graditur bello, ut jam gaudia in igneis
 Scintillant oculis, et toto pectore fervent !
 Quantum olli jubar affulget, quæ gratia frontis
 Purpurei metuenda, et non inamabilis horror !
 Sic cum dimissum fertur per nubila fulmen,
 Et juvat, et nimiâ perstringit lumina flammâ.
 Ut volat, ut longè primus rapidum infilit alveum !
 Turbine quo præceps cunctantem tendit in hostem !
 Dum vastas strages et multa cadavera passim
 Amnis purpureo latè devolvit in alveo :
 Dum pergenti obstat moles immensa suorum,
 Et torpet misto concretum sanguine Flumen.
 Pergit atrox Heros ; frustra olli tempora circum
 Spicula mille canunt, luduntque in vertice flammæ :
 Frustra hastatæ acies obstant, firmæque phalanges ;
 Frustra acres Celtæ : furit Ille, atque impiger hostes
 Et fugat, et sternit, totoque agit agmina campo.
 Versus retro hostis trepidè fugit, inque paludes,
 Torpentisque lacus cæno, horrendosque recessus
 Dumorum ; et cæci prodest injuria cæli.

Attamen ô, non sic fausto movet alite bellum
 Schombergus ; non sic nobis favet alea Martis.
 Occidit heu ! Schombergus iniqui crimine cæli ;
 Non illum vernans circum sua tempora laurus
 Conservat, non arcet inevitabile fulmen.

At nunc ad cœlum fugit, et pede sidera calcat,
 Spectat et Heroes, ipse et spectandus ab illis.
 Hunc dicet veniens ætas, serique nepotes,
 Et quicumque Anglum audierint rugire Leonem.
 Cœpit enim rugire, et jamjam ad mœnia victor
 Caletana fremit trux, Dunkirkumque reposcit.
 Cresseas iterum lauros magnique tropæa
 Henrici repetit : media Lodoicus in aulâ
 Jamdudum tremit, et Gulielmi ad nomina pallet.

EDM. SMITH, *Ædis Chr. Alumn.*

A

P O E M

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. J O H N P H I L I P S.

TO A FRIEND.

S I R,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
 The Bard who spread her fame to distant shores ;
 Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
 My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend, }
 Forgive the poet, and approve the friend. }
 Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd,
 One table fed you, and one bed contain'd ;

For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
 While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore,
 Much was his pain, but your affliction more. }

Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
 Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauseous town,
 Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd,
 Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled physic fail'd;
 But since the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
 To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
 Fruitless our hopes, though pious our essays,
 Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verse,
 With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's herse;
 But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
 And, wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,
 And all the battle thunders in his lines;
 His nervous verse great Boileau's strength transcends,
 And France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.

Oh! various bard, you all our powers control,
 You now disturb, and now divert the soul:
 Milton and Butler in thy muse combine,
 Above the last thy manly beauties shine;
 For as I've seen, when rival wits contend,
 One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend;
 This on quick turns and points in vain relies, }
 This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
 With dry rebukes, or sneering praise, replies. }
 So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
 Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style;

He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of great Cervantes reigns.

What founding lines his abject themes express!
What shining words the pompous Shilling dress!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her best light the Comic Muse appears,
When she, with borrow'd pride, the buskin wears.

So when nurse Nokes, to act young Ammon tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes;
With dangling hands he strokes th' Imperial robe,
And, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;
The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws,
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause:
When Orpheus sings, the ghosts no more complain,
But, in his lulling music, lose their pain:
So charm the sallies of thy Georgic Muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her Cosmo's love;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine. }

Rise, rise, Roscommon, see the Blenheim Muse
 The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse ;
 See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions soar,
 Where never English poet reach'd before :
 See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,
 By turns on Cosmo and the Bard attend ;
 Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
 In him he brings a nobler treasure home ;
 In them he views her gods, and domes design'd,
 In him the soul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind :
 To him for ease retires from toils of state,
 Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our Spenser, first by Pisan poets taught,
 To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought.
 To follow ours, now Tuscan bards descend,
 From Philips borrow, though to Spenser lend,
 Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain ;
 They first on English bards impos'd the chain,
 First by an English bard from rhyme their freedom
 gain. }

Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
 The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime ;
 Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
 Confines the fancy, and the judgement guides ;
 I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
 Procrustes like, the ax or wheel applies, }
 To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size :
 At best a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
 Supports the feeble, but retards the strong ;

And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the clofe,
Oft rife to fuffian, or defcend to profe.

Your judgement, Philips, rul'd with fteady fway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Mufe to ftay,
To ftop her fury, or direct her way. }

Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or fecurely foar.

So the ftretch'd cord the fhackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rife ;
When freed he moves, the fturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleafure, and fecure defcends ;
Now dropping feems to ftrike the diftant ground,
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modifh air ;
Rail on at Milton's fon, who wifely bold
Rejefts new phrafes, and refumes the old :
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's ftrains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns ;
The ancient words the majefly compleat,
And make the poem venerably great :
So when the queen in royal habit's drefl,
Old myftic emblems grace th' imperial veft,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna ftands confest. }

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's, and Batfon's, and through Smithfield,
 prais'd,
Cries out aloud — Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear ;

Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,
 But paints in fustian, or in turn deplores ;
 With Bunyan's style prophanes heroic songs,
 To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs ;
 For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
 And in low prose dull Lucifer complain ;
 His envious Muse, by native dulness curst,
 Damns the best poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his praise or blame thy works prevail
 Compleat where Dryden and thy Milton fail ;
 Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,
 And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakness hides ;
 You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
 And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.
 Thrice happy youth, whom noble Isis crowns !
 Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns :
 So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
 The listening nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung :
 But cits and fops the heaven-born music blame,
 And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame ;
 Like her sweet voice, is thy harmonious song,
 As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.

Oh ! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
 The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,
 How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
 How faints aloft the cross triumphant spread ;
 How opening Heavens their happy regions show ;
 And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow ;
 And faints rejoice above, and finners howl below : }

Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in false pathetic phrase complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse?
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
Who now our Twyfsden's glorious fate shall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound;
Through streams of smoke, and adverse fire, he rides,
While every shot is level'd at his sides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front, amidst a slaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle.

Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.

He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
 Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd;
 Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
 By favours past, not future prospects gain'd:
 Not nicely choosing, though by all desir'd,
 Though learn'd, not vain; and humble, though admir'd:

Candid to all, but to himself severe,
 In humour pliant, as in life austere.
 A wise content his even soul secur'd,
 By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd.
 To all sincere, though earnest to commend,
 Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
 To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
 Their tongues, their spirits, and their styles, his own:
 Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
 Our authors' works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
 Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
 The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
 With equal judgment his capacious mind
 Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason join'd.
 Judicious physic's noble art to gain
 All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
 The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
 Nor goodness now, nor learning aught avail'd;
 Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
 And made him scorn the life they could not save:

Else could he bear unmov'd, the fatal guest,
 The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress, }
 The coughs that struggled from his weary breast? }

Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain?
 Its slow advances, and its racking pain?
 Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
 In his last hours his easy wit display,
 Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay?

Once on thy friends look down, lamented shade,
 And view the honours to thy ashes paid;
 Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
 Others immortal epitaphs design,
 With wit, and strength, that only yields to thine:
 Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
 Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
 Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
 And gentle Isis soft complaints returns;
 Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
 And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms:
 Thee, on the Po, kind Somers set deplores,
 And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores:
 He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
 Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
 But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise.

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
 Display his fame, and not his fate deplore;
 And let no tears from erring pity flow,
 For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

CHARLETTUS

PERCIVALLO SUO.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,
 Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
 Acer ad notos calamus labores
 Sponte recurrit.

Quid priùs nostris potiùsve chartis
 Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
 Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor
 Mitto salutem?

Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
 Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
 Non minor nostro novitatis ardor;
 Tu quoque Scriptor.

Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
 Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse
 Furibus prædam, mediumque belli im-
 pune stetisse.

Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
 Anne? Ierneis potiora Gazis,
 An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
 Scripta supersunt?

Cui legis nostras, relegisque chartas?
 Cui meam laudas generositatem?
 Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,
 Mane salutas.

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
 Q Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes
 Quum sacras primum subit aut relinquit

Ifidis arces,

Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
 Læva, què m cantu proprio strident
 Missiles, & jam moneant adeste

Cornua, chartas,

Tale per nostrum jecur & medullas
 Gaudium fluxit, simul ac reclusis
 Vinculis vidi benè literati

Nomen amici.

Obvios fures, uti fama verax
 Rettulit, sensu pavidus tremensque ;
 Sed fui, sumque, excipias timorem,

Cætera sospes.

Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
 Consciam, & tristes nemoris tenebras,
 Consulas lentè tabulas parantem

Te duce *Colum.*

Flebilis legi miseranda docti
 Fata pictoris, sed & hóc iniqua
 Damna consolor, superest perempto

Rixone Wildgoose.

Scribe *Securus*, quid agit *Senatus*
 Quid *Caput* stertit grave *Lambethanum*,
 Quid *Comes Guildford*, quid habent novorum
 Dawksque Dyerque.

Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam visit, lacrimansque narrat,
 Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum
 Funere Rixon.

Narrat (avertat *Deus* inquit omen)
 Hospitem notæ periisse *Mitræ*;
 Narrat immerfam prope limen urbis
 Flumine cymbam.

Narrat——at portis meus *Hinton* astat,
 Nuncius *Pricket* redit, avocat me
Sherwin, & scribendæ aliò requirunt
 Mille tabellæ.

Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
 Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præstabit, nisi förs Ierni
 Hospita Cygni.

Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, simùl ambulanti
 Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Davo*
 Mitto salutem.

Jenny, post *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
 Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
 Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,
 Nec 'vetat *Uxor*.

Hæc ego lusi properante Musâ
Lesbiæ vatis numeros secutus;
 Si novi quid fit, meliùs docebit
 Sermo pedestris.

P. S.

“ Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
 “ Multa qui de te memorant culillos
 “ Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,
 “ Crus tibi mittunt.”

P O C O C K I U S *.

DUM cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
 Meum POCOCCI barbiton exigis,
 Manésque Musam fastuosam
 Sollicitant pretiosiores.
 Alter virentum prorurat agmina
 Sonora Thracum, donaque Phillidi
 Agat puellas, heu decoris
 Virginibus nimis invidenti.
 Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
 Ardor ferendæ, sanctaque Veritas
 Per saxa, per pontum, per hostes
 Præcipitant Asiæ misertum :
 Cohors catenis quæ pia stridulis
 Gemunt onusti, vel fude trans sinum
 Luctantur actâ, pendulive
 Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
 Sentis ut edunt sibila, ut ardui
 Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
 Intorquet ungues, ejulâtque
 In madido crocodilus antro
 Vides lacunæ sulphure lividos
 Ardere fluctus, quæ stetit impiæ
 Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
 Hausa rubrâ, pluviisque flammis :
 Quod ista tellus si similes tibi
 Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,

* See Dr. Johnson's Life of Smith.

Adhuc stetit, nec vibrato
 Dextra Dei tonuisset igne.
 Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
 Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
 Immane opus, crescentibusque
 Vertice sideribus propinquum.
 Nequicquam : Amici disparibus sonis
 Eludit aures nescius artifex,
 Linguasque miratur recentes
 In patriis peregrinus oris.
 Vestitur hinc tot sermo coloribus,
 Quot tu, П O C O C K I, dissimilis tui
 Orator effers, quot vicissim
 Te memores celebrare gaudent.
 Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam senex
 Percurrit æstu raptus, ut arcibus
 Non jam superbis, & verendis
 Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.
 Quis corda pulsans tunc pavor hauserat
 Dolor quis arsit non sine gaudio,
 Cum busta Christi provolutus
 Ambiguis lacrymis rigaret !
 Sacratur arbor multa П O C O C K I O,
 Locosque monstrans inquiet accola.
 Hæc quercus Hoseam supinum,
 Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
 Hic audierunt gens venerabilem
 Ebræa Mosen, inde П O C O C K I U M
 Non ore, non annis minorem,
 Atque suam didicere linguam.

Ac ficut albens perpetuâ nive
 Simul favillas, & cineres finu
 Eruçtat ardenti, & pruinis
 Contiguas rotat Ætna flammâs ;
 Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
 Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
 Sequi reluctantem Ioëlem
 Per tonitru, aëreâsque nubes
 Annon pavefcis, dum tuba pallidum
 Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
 Caligat aſtrum, atque incubanti
 Terra nigrans tegitur ſub umbrâ ?
 Quod agmen! heu quæ turma ſequacibus
 Tremenda flammis! quis ſtrepitantium
 Flictuſ rotarum eſt! O Пoцoцкi
 Egregie, O animoſe Vatis
 Interpres abſtruſi, O ſimili ferè
 Correpte flammâ, te, quot imagine
 Crucis notantur, te, ſubacto
 Chriſticolæ gravis Ottomannus
 Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
 Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
 Plorat revulſis, & fragoſos
 Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
 Quà Geſta nondum cognita Cæſaris,
 Quà nec Matronis ſcripta, Пoцoцкiуs
 Ploratur ingens, & dolenda
 Neſtoſæ brevitâs ſenectæ.

O D E,

FOR THE YEAR 1705.

I.

JA N U S, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
 So bright a scene of triumph rise?
 Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear,
 As crown'd the last auspicious year?
 When first at Blenheim ANNE her ensigns spread,
 And Marlborough to the field the shouting squadrons led.
 In vain the hills and streams oppose,
 In vain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose.
 To the rough Danube's winding shore,
 His shatter'd foes the conquering hero bore.

II.

They see with staring haggard eyes
 The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise;
 Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find,
 In Marlborough's arms, a surer fate behind.
 Now his red sword aloft impends,
 Now on their shrinking heads descends:
 Wild and distracted with their fears,
 They justling plunge amidst the sounding deeps;
 The flood away the struggling squadrons sweeps,
 And men, and arms, and horses, whirling bears.
 The frightened Danube to the sea retreats,
 The Danube soon the flying ocean meets,
 Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway,
 Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
 And clouds of smoke involve the day. }
 Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
 And Afric echoes from its distant shore.
 The French, unequal in the fight,
 In force superior, take their flight.
 Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
 In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
 The glories of her reign survey,
 Which shall o'er France her arms display,
 And kingdoms now her own subdue.
 Lewis, for oppression born;
 Lewis in his turn, shall mourn,
 While his conquer'd happy swains,
 Shall hug their easy wish'd-for chains.
 Others, enslav'd by victory,
 Their subjects, as their foes, oppress;
 ANNA conquers but to free,
 And governs but to bless.

O D E *.

O R M O N D's glory, Marlborough's arms,
 All the mouths of Fame employ ;
 And th' applauding world around
 Echoes back the pleasing sound :

 Their courage warms ;
 Their conduct charms ;

Yet the univerfal joy
 Feels a sensible alloy !

Mighty George †, the Senate's care,
 The people's love, great Anna's prayer !
 While the stroke of fate we dread
 Impending o'er thy sacred head,
 The British youth for thee submit to fear,
 For her the dames in cloudy grief appear !

Let the noise of war and joy
 Rend again the trembling sky ;
 Great George revives to calm our fears,
 With prospect of more glorious years :
 Deriv'd from Anne's auspicious smiles,
 More chearful airs refresh the British Isles.

Sound the trumpet ; beat the drum :
 Tremble France ; we come, we come !

* This Ode and that which follows it were published anonymously at the time when they were written, and are now ascribed to Mr. Smith on the authority of a note in MS. by one of his contemporaries. See the "Select Collection of Miscellany Poems, 1780." Vol. IV. p. 62. N.

† George Prince of Denmark, husband to the Queen. N.

Almighty force our courage warms ;
 We feel the full, the powerful charms
 Of Ormond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms !

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

IN FIVE PARTS,

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC ;

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN OXFORD,
 ON FRIDAY THE ELEVENTH OF JULY 1707.

MUSIC, soft charm of Heaven and Earth,
 Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth ?
 Or art thou of eternal date ?
 Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate,
 Ere the rude ponderous mass
 Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang
 The morning stars their anthems sang,
 And nought in Heaven was heard but melody and love.
 Myriads of spirits, forms divine,
 The Seraphin, with the bright host
 Of Angels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,
 Worship before th' Eternal Shrine ;
 Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boast,
 In love and wonder pass their blissful hours.
 Nor let the lower world repine
 The massy orb in which we sluggards move
 As if sequester'd from the arts divine :
 Here's Music too,
 As ours a rival were to th' world above.

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
 And purling streams soft accents vent,
 And all both time and measure know,
 Ere since the Theban bard, to prove
 The wondrous magic of his art,
 Taught trees and forests how to move,
 All Nature has a general concert held,
 Each creature strives to bear a part ;
 And all but Death and Hell to conquering Music yield.

But stay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
 A peevish, odd, eccentric race,
 The glory of the art debase ;
 Perhaps because the sacred emblem 'tis
 Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too ;
 So dangerous 'tis to be perversely wise.
 But be they ever in the wrong,
 Who say the Prophet's Harp e'er spoil'd the Poet's Song!

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muse, retire,
 The refuge and the theatre of wit ;
 And in that safe and sweet retreat
 Amongst Apollo's sons enquire,
 And see if any friend of thine be there :
 But sure so near the Thespian spring
 The humblest Bard may fit and sing :
 Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever here.

C O N T E N T S

O F

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THE
P O E M S
OF
RICHARD DUKE.

P O E M S

B Y

MR. D U K E.

T H E R E V I E W.

“ Longa est injuria, longæ
 “ Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.” VIRG.

HOW have we wander'd a long dismal night,
 Led through blind paths by each deluding light!
 Now plung'd in mire, now by sharp brambles torn,
 With tempests beat, and to the winds a scorn!
 Lost, weary'd, spent! but see the Eastern star
 And glimmering light dawns kindly from afar:
 Bright goddess, hail! while we by thee survey
 The various errors of our painful way;
 While, guided by some clew of heavenly thread,
 The labyrinth perplex'd we backward tread,
 'Through rulers' avarice, pride, ambition, hate,
 Perverse cabals, and winding turns of state,

The senate's rage, and all the crooked lines
Of incoherent plots and wild designs ;
Till, getting out where first we enter'd in,
A new bright race of glory we begin.

As, after Winter, Spring's glad face appears,
As the blest shore to shipwreck'd mariners,
Success to lovers, glory to the brave,
Health to the sick, or freedom to the slave ;
Such was great Cæsar's day ! the wondrous day,
That long in Fate's dark bosom hatching lay,
Heaven to absolve, and satisfaction bring,
For twenty years of misery and sin !
What shouts, what triumph, what unruly joy,
Swell'd every breast, did every tongue employ,
With rays direct, whilst on his people shone
The King triumphant from the martyr's throne !
Was ever prince like him to mortals given ?
So much the joy of earth and care of heaven !
Under the pressure of unequal fate,
Of so erect a mind, and soul so great !
So full of meekness, and so void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's highest tide !
Mercy, like heaven, 's his chief prerogative,
His joy to save, and glory to forgive.
All storms compos'd, and tempests rage asleep,
He, Halcyon like, sat brooding o'er the deep.
He saw the royal bark securely ride,
No danger threatening from the peaceful tide ;
And he who, when the winds and seas were high,
Oppos'd his skill, and did their rage defy,

No diminution to his honour thought,
 'T' enjoy the pleasure of the calm he brought.
 (Should he alone be so the people's slave
 As not to share the blessings that he gave?)
 But not till, full of providential care,
 He chose a pilot in his place to steer :
 One in his father's councils and his own
 Long exercis'd, and grey in business grown ;
 Whose confirm'd judgment and sagacious wit
 Knew all the sands on which rash monarchs split ;
 Of rising winds could, ere they blew, inform,
 And from which quarter to expect the storm.
 Such was, or such he seem'd, whom Cæsar chose,
 And did all empire's cares in him repose ;
 That, after all his toils and dangers past,
 He might lie down and taste some ease at last.

Now stands the statesman of the helm possess'd,
 On him alone three mighty nations rest ;
 * Byrsa his name, bred at the wrangling bar,
 And skill'd in arms of that litigious war ;
 But more to Wit's peacefuller arts inclin'd,
 Learning's Mæcenas, and the Muses' friend ;
 Him every Muse in every age had sung,
 His easy flowing wit and charming tongue,
 Had not the treacherous voice of power inspir'd
 His mounting thoughts, and wild ambition fir'd ;
 Disdaining less alliances to own,
 He now sets up for kinsman of the throne ;

* Earl of Clarendon.

And Anna, by the power her father gain'd,
 Back'd with great Cæsar's absolute command,
 On false pretence of former contracts made,
 Is forc'd on brave * Britannicus's bed.

Thus rais'd, his insolence his wit out-vy'd,
 And meanest avarice maintain'd his pride :
 When Cæsar, to confirm his infant state,
 Drown'd in oblivion all old names of hate,
 By threatening many, but excepting none
 That paid the purchase of oblivion.
 Byrsa his master's free-given mercy sold,
 And royal grace retail'd for rebel gold :
 That new state-maxim he invented first,
 (To aged Time's last revolution curst)
 That teaches monarchs to oblige their foes,
 And their best friends to beggary expose ;
 For these, he said, would still beg on and serve ;
 'Tis the old badge of loyalty to starve :
 But harden'd rebels must by bribes be won,
 And paid for all the mighty ills they've done :
 When wealth and honour from their treasons flow,
 How can they chuse but very loyal grow ?
 This false ungrateful maxim Byrsa taught,
 Vast sums of wealth from thriving rebels brought ;
 Titles and power to thieves and traitors sold,
 Swell'd his stretch'd coffers with o'er-flowing gold.
 Hence all these tears—in these first seeds was sown
 His country's following ruin, and his own.

* Duke of York.

Of that accurst and sacrilegious crew,
 Which great by merit of rebellion grew,
 Had all unactive perish'd and unknown,
 The false * Antonius had suffic'd alone,
 To all succeeding ages to proclaim
 Of this state principle the guilt and shame.
 Antonius early in rebellious race
 Swiftly set out, nor slackening in his pace,
 The same ambition that his youthful heat
 Urg'd to all ills, the little daring brat
 With unabated ardour does engage
 The loathsome dregs of his decrepit age ;
 Bold, full of native and acquir'd deceit,
 Of sprightly cunning and malicious wit ;
 Restless, projecting still some new design,
 Still drawing round the government his line,
 Bold on the walls, or busy in the mine :
 Lewd as the stews, but to the blinded eyes
 Of the dull crowd as Puritan precise ;
 Before their sight he draws the juggler's cloud
 Of public interest, and the people's good.
 The working ferment of his active mind,
 In his weak body's cask with pain confin'd,
 Would burst the rotten vessel where 'tis pent,
 But that 'tis tapt to give the treason vent.

Such were the men that from the statesman's hand,
 Not pardon only, but promotion gain'd :

* Earl of Shaftesbury.

All offices of dignity or power
 These swarming locusts greedily devour ;
 Preferr'd to all the secrets of the state,
 These senseless sinners in the council fate,
 In their unjust deceitful balance laid,
 The great concerns of war and peace were weigh'd.

This wise * Lovifius knew, whose mighty mind
 Had universal empire long design'd ;
 And when he all things found were bought and sold,
 Thought nothing there impossible to gold :
 With mighty sums, through secret channels brought,
 On the corrupted counsellors he wrought :
 Against the neighbouring Belgians they declare
 A hazardous and an expensive war.
 Their fresh affronts and matchless insolence
 To Cæsar's honour made a fair pretence ;
 Mere outside this, but, ruling by his pay,
 Cunning Lovifius did this project lay,
 By mutual damages to weaken those
 Who only could his vast designs oppose.
 But Cæsar, looking with a just disdain
 Upon their bold pretences to the main,
 Sent forth his royal brother from his side,
 To lash their insolence, and curb their pride :
 Britannicus, by whose high virtues grac'd,
 The present age contends with all the past ;
 Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
 Slow to advise, but eager to perform,

* French King.

In council calm, fierce as a storm in fight,
 Danger his sport, and labour his delight :
 To him the fleet and camp, the sea and field,
 Did equal harvests of bright glory yield.
 No less each civil virtue him commends,
 The best of subjects, brothers, masters, friends ;
 To merit just, to needy virtue kind,
 True to his word, and constant to his friend :
 What's well resolv'd as bravely he pursues,
 Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuse.
 Honour was born, not planted in his heart,
 And Virtue came by nature, not by art :
 Where glory calls, and Cæsar gives command,
 He flies ; his pointed thunder in his hand.
 The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
 The tempest of his fury to sustain :
 Shatter'd and torn, before his flags they fly
 Like doves that the exalted eagle spy,
 Ready to stoop and seize them from on high :
 He, Neptune like, when, from his watery bed
 Above the waves lifting his awful head,
 He smiles, and to his chariot gives the rein,
 In triumph rides o'er the asserted main ;
 And now returns, the watery empire won,
 At Cæsar's feet to lay his trident down.
 But who the shouts and triumphs can relate
 Of the glad isle that his return did wait ?
 Rejoicing crowds attend him on the strand,
 Loud as the sea, and numerous as the sand.

A joy too great to be by words exprest,
 Shines in each eye, and beats in every breast :
 So joy the many, but the wiser few
 The godlike prince with silent wonder view.
 The grateful senate his high acts confess
 In a vast gift, but than his merit less.
 Britannicus is all the voice of Fame,
 Britannicus ! she knows no other name ;
 The people's darling, and the court's delight,
 Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight !
 Shall he, shall ever he, who now commands
 So many thousand hearts, and tongues, and hands ;
 Shall ever he, by some strange crime of fate,
 Fall under the ignoble vulgar's hate ?
 Who knows ? the turns of Fortune who can tell ?
 Who fix her globe, or stop the rolling wheel ?
 The crowd's a sea, whose wants run high or low,
 According as the winds, their leaders, blow.
 All calm and smooth, till from some corner flies
 An envious blast, that makes the billows rise :
 The blast, that whence it comes, or where it goes,
 We know not ; but where-e'er it lifts it blows.
 Was not of old the Jewish rabble's cry
 Hosanna first, and after crucify ?

Now Byrsa with full orb illustrious shone,
 With beams reflected from his glorious son ;
 All power his own, but what was given to those
 That counsellors by him from rebels rose ;
 But, rais'd so far, each now disdains a first,
 The taste of power does but inflame the thirst.

With envious eyes they Byrfa's glories see,
 Nor think they can be great, while less than he.
 Envy their cunning sharpen'd, and their wit,
 Enough before for treacherous councils fit :
 T' accuse him openly not yet they dare,
 But subtly by degrees his fall prepare :
 They knew by long-experienc'd desert
 How near he grew rooted to Cæsar's heart ;
 To move him hence, requir'd no common skill,
 But what is hard to a resolved will ?
 They found his public actions all conspire,
 Wisely apply'd, to favour their desire :
 But one they want their venom to suggest,
 And make it gently slide to Cæsar's breast :
 Who fitter than * Villerius for this part ?
 And him to gain requir'd but little art,
 For mischief was the darling of his heart. }
 A compound of such parts as never yet
 In any one of all God's creatures met :
 Not sick men's dreams so various or so wild,
 Or of such disagreeing shapes compil'd ;
 Yet, through all changes of his shifting scene,
 Still constant to buffoon and harlequin,
 As if he 'ad made a prayer, than his of old
 More foolish, that turn'd all he touch'd to gold.
 God granted him to play th' eternal fool,
 And all he handled turn to ridicule.

* Duke of Buckingham.

Thus a new Midas truly he appears,
 And shews, through all disguise, his asses ears.
 Did he the weightiest business of the state
 At council or in senate-house debate,
 King, country, all, he for a jest would quit,
 To catch some little flash of paltry wit :
 How full of gravity foe'er he struts,
 The ape in robes will scramble for his nuts :
 Did he all laws of heaven or earth defy,
 Blaspheme his God, or give his king the lye ;
 Adultery, murders, or ev'n worse, commit,
 Still 'twas a jest, and nothing but sheer wit :
 At last this edg'd-tool wit, his darling sport,
 Wounded himself, and banish'd him the court :
 Like common jugglers, or like common whores,
 All his tricks shewn, he was kick'd out of doors.
 Not chang'd in humour by his change of place,
 He still found company to suit his grace ;
 Mountebanks, quakers, chemists, trading varlets,
 Pimps, players, city sheriffs, and suburb harlots ;
 War his aversion, once he heard it roar,
 But, " Damn him if he ever hear it more ! " }
 And there you may believe him, though he swore. }
 But with play-houses, wars, immortal wars,
 He wag'd, and ten years rage produc'd a * farce.
 As many rolling years he did employ, }
 And hands almost as many, to destroy }
 Heroic rhyme, as Greece to ruin Troy. }

* The Rehearsal.

Once more, says Fame, for battle he prepares,
 And threatens rhymers with a second farce :
 But, if as long for this as that we stay,
 He'll finish Clevedon sooner than his play.

This precious tool did the new statesmen use
 In Cæsar's breath their whispers to infuse :
 Suspicion's bred by gravity, beard, and gown ;
 But who suspects the madman and buffoon ?
 Drolling Villerius this advantage had,
 And all his jests sober impressions made :
 Besides, he knew to chuse the softest hour,
 When Cæsar for a while forgot his power,
 And, coming tir'd from empire's grand affairs,
 In the free joys of wine relax'd his cares.
 'Twas then he play'd the sly successful fool,
 And serious mischief did in ridicule.
 Then he with jealous thoughts his prince could fill,
 And gild with mirth and glittering wit the pill.
 With a grave mien, discourse, and decent state,
 He pleasantly the ape could imitate,
 And soon as a contempt of him was bred,
 It made the way for hatred to succeed.

————— Gravities disguise
 The greatest jest of all, “ he'd needs be wise—”

[Here the writer left off.]

OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY V.

'T WAS noon, when I, scorch'd with the double fire
 Of the hot sun and my more hot desire,
 Stretch'd on my downy couch at ease was laid,
 Big with expectance of the lovely maid.
 The curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
 Such as in shades of thickest groves is seen;
 Such as remains when the sun flies away,
 Or when night's gone, and yet it is not day.
 This light to modest maids must be allow'd,
 Where shame may hope its guilty head to shrowd.
 And now my love, Corinna, did appear,
 Loose on her neck fell her divided hair;
 Loose as her flowing gown, that wanton'd in the air. }
 In such a garb, with such a grace and mien,
 To her rich bed approach'd th' Assyrian queen.
 So Laïs look'd, when all the youth of Greece
 With adoration did her charms confess.
 Her envious gown to pull away I try'd,
 But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
 But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
 Unwilling to obtain the victory.
 So I at last an easy conquest had,
 Whilst my fair combatant herself betray'd:
 But, when she naked stood before my eyes,
 Gods! with what charms did she my soul surprize!
 What snowy arms did I both see and feel!
 With what rich globes did her soft bosom swell!

Plump as ripe clusters, rose each glowing breast,
 Courting the hand, and sueing to be prest!
 In every limb what various charms were spread,
 Where thousand little Loves and Graces play'd!
 One beauty did through her whole body shine.
 I saw, admir'd, and prest'd it close to mine.
 The rest, who knows not? Thus entranc'd we lay,
 Till in each other's arms we dy'd away;
 O give me such a noon (ye gods) to every day.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV.*

BLUSH not, my friend, to own the love
 Which thy fair captive's eyes do move:
 Achilles, once the fierce, the brave,
 Stoop'd to the beauties of a slave;
 Tecmeffa's charms could overpower
 Ajax her lord and conqueror;
 Great Agamemnon, when success
 Did all his arms with conquest bless,
 When Hector's fall had gain'd him more
 Than ten long rolling years before,
 By a bright captive virgin's eyes
 Ev'n in the midst of triumph dies.
 You know not to what mighty line
 The lovely maid may make you join;
 See but the charms her sorrow wears,
 No common cause could draw such tears:
 Those streams sure that adorn her face
 For loss of royal kindred flow:

* See another Imitation of this Ode in Yalden's Poems.

Oh! think not so divine a thing
 Could from the bed of commons spring;
 Whose faith could so unmov'd remain,
 And so averse to fordid gain,
 Was never born of any race
 That might the noblest love disgrace.
 Her blooming face, her snowy arms,
 Her well-shap'd legs, and all her charms
 Of her body and her face,
 I, poor I, may safely praise.
 Suspect not, Love, the youthful rage
 From Horace's declining age;
 But think remov'd, by forty years,
 All his flames and all thy fears.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VIII.

IF ever any injur'd power,
 By which the false Bariné swore,
 False, fair Bariné, on thy head
 Had the least mark of vengeance shed;
 If but a tooth or nail of thee
 Had suffer'd by thy perjury,
 I should believe thy vows; but thou
 Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,
 Of all our youth the public care,
 Nor half so false as thou art fair.
 It thrives with thee to be forsworn
 By thy dead mother's sacred urn,

By heaven and all the stars that shine
 Without, and every god within :
 Venus hears this, and all the while
 At thy empty vows does smile,
 Her nymphs all smile, her little son
 Does smile, and to his quiver run ;
 Does smile, and fall to whet his darts,
 To wound for thee fresh lovers hearts.
 See all the youth does thee obey,
 Thy train of slaves grows every day ;
 Nor leave thy former subjects thee,
 Though oft they threaten to be free,
 Though oft with vows false as thine are,
 Their forsworn mistresses they forswear.
 Thee every careful mother fears
 For her son's blooming tender years ;
 Thee frugal sires, thee the young bride
 In Hymen's fetters newly ty'd,
 Lest thou detain by stronger charms
 Th' expected husband from her arms.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

BOOK III. ODE IX.

HORACE.

WHILST I was welcome to your heart,
 In which no happier youth had part,
 And, full of more prevailing charms,
 Threw round your neck his dearer arms,

I flourish'd richer and more blest
Than the great monarch of the east.

LYDIA.

Whilst all thy soul with me was fill'd,
Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,
Lydia, the celebrated name,
The only theme of verse and fame,
I flourish'd more than she renown'd,
Whose godlike son our Rome did found.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now, whom every Muse
And every Grace adorns, subdues;
For whom I'd gladly die, to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely Calais does fire
With mutual flames of fierce desire;
For whom I twice would die, to save
His youth more precious from the grave.

HORACE.

What if our former loves return,
And our first fires again should burn;
If Chloe's banish'd, to make way
For the forsaken Lydia?

LYDIA.

Though he is shining as a star,
Constant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as cork, rough as the sea,
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

T H E C Y C L O P S.

THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XI.

INSCRIBED TO DR. SHORT.

O SHORT, no herb, no salve was ever found
 To ease a lover's heart, or heal his wound;
 No medicine this prevailing ill subdues,
 None, but the charms of the condoling Muse:
 Sweet to the sense, and easy to the mind,
 The cure; but hard, but very hard, to find.
 This you well know, and surely none so well,
 Who both in Physic's sacred art excel,
 And in Wit's orb among the brightest shine,
 The love of Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.

Thus sweetly sad of old, the Cyclops strove
 To soften his uneasy hours of love.
 Then, when hot youth urg'd him to fierce desire,
 And Galatea's eyes kindled the raging fire,
 His was no common flame, nor could he move
 In the old arts and beaten paths of love;
 Nor flowers nor fruits sent to oblige the fair,
 Nor more to please curl'd his neglected hair;
 His was all rage, all madness; to his mind
 No other cares their wonted entrance find.
 Oft from the field his flock return'd alone,
 Unheeded, unobserv'd: he on some stone,
 Or craggy cliff, to the deaf winds and sea,
 Accusing Galatea's cruelty;

Till night, from the first dawn of opening day,
 Consumes with inward heat, and melts away.
 Yet then a cure, the only cure, he found,
 And thus apply'd it to the bleeding wound ;
 From a steep rock, from whence he might survey
 The flood (the bed where his lov'd sea-nymph lay),
 His drooping head with sorrow bent he hung,
 And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful song.

“ Fair Galatea, why is all my pain
 “ Rewarded thus ?—soft love with sharp disdain ?
 “ Fairer than falling snow or rising light,
 “ Soft to the touch as charming to the sight ;
 “ Sprightly as unyok'd heifers, on whose head
 “ The tender crescents but begin to spread ;
 “ Yet, cruel, you to harshness more incline,
 “ Than unripe grapes pluck'd from the savage vine.
 “ Soon as my heavy eye-lids seal'd with sleep,
 “ Hither you come out from the foaming deep ;
 “ But, when sleep leaves me, you together fly,
 “ And vanish swiftly from my opening eye,
 “ Swift as young lambs when the fierce wolf they }
 “ spy. }

“ I well remember the first fatal day
 “ That made my heart your beauty's easy prey,
 “ 'Twas when the flood you, with my mother, left,
 “ Of all its brightness, all its pride, bereft,
 “ To gather flowers from the steep mountain's top ;
 “ Of the high office proud, I led you up ;
 “ To hyacinths and roses did you bring,
 “ And shew'd you all the treasures of the spring.

“ But from that hour my soul has known no rest,
 “ Soft peace is banish’d from my tortur’d breast :
 “ I rage, I burn. Yet still regardless you
 “ Not the least sign of melting pity shew :
 “ No; by the gods that shall revenge my pain !
 “ No; you, the more I love, the more disdain.
 “ Ah ! nymph, by every grace adorn’d, I know
 “ Why you despise and fly the Cyclops so ;
 “ Because a shaggy brow from side to side,
 “ Stretch’d in a line, does my large forehead hide ;
 “ And under that onest only eye does shine,
 “ And my flat nose to my big lips does join.
 “ Such though I am, yet know, a thousand sheep,
 “ The pride of the Sicilian hills, I keep ;
 “ With sweetest milk they fill my flowing pails,
 “ And my vast stock of cheeses never fails ;
 “ In summer’s heat, or winter’s sharpest cold,
 “ My loaded shelves groan with the weight they hold.
 “ With such soft notes I the shrill pipe inspire,
 “ That every listening Cyclops does admire ;
 “ While with it often I all night proclaim
 “ Thy powerful charms, and my successful flame.
 “ For thee twelve does, all big with fawn, I feed ;
 “ And four bear-cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
 “ Ah ! come to me, fair nymph ! and you shall find
 “ These are the smallest gifts for thee design’d.
 “ Ah ! come, and leave the angry waves to roar,
 “ And break themselves against the founding shore.
 “ How much more pleasant would thy slumbers be
 “ In the retir’d and peaceful cave with me !

" There the freight cypress and green laurel join,
 " And creeping ivy clasps the cluster'd vine;
 " There fresh, cool rills, from Ætna's purest snow,
 " Dissolv'd into ambrosial liquor, flow.
 " Who the wild waves and blackish sea could chuse,
 " And these still shades and these sweet streams re-
 " fuse?

" But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
 " Without a fire defy the winter air,
 " Know I have mighty stores of wood, and know
 " Perpetual fires on my bright hearth do glow.
 " My soul, my life itself should burn for thee,
 " And this one eye, as dear as life to me.
 " Why was not I with fins, like fishes, made,
 " That I, like them, might in the deep have play'd?
 " Then would I dive beneath the yielding tide,
 " And kiss your hand, if you your lips deny'd.
 " To thee I'd lilies and red poppies bear,
 " And flowers that crown each season of the year.
 " But I'm resolv'd I'll learn to swim and dive
 " Of the next stranger that does here arrive,
 " That th' undiscover'd pleasures I may know
 " Which you enjoy in the deep flood below.
 " Come forth, O nymph! and coming forth forget,
 " Like me that on this rock unmindful sit
 " (Of all things else unmindful but of thee),
 " Home to return forget, and live with me.
 " With me the sweet and pleasing labour chuse,
 " To feed the flock, and milk the burthen'd ewes,
 " To press the cheese, and the sharp runnet to infuse. }

“ My mother does unkindly use her son,
 “ By her neglect the Cyclops is undone ;
 “ For me she never labours to prevail,
 “ Nor whispers in your ear my amorous tale.
 “ No ; though she knows I languish every day,
 “ And sees my body waste, and strength decay.
 “ But I more ill than what I feel will feign,
 “ And of my head and of my feet complain ;
 “ That, in her breast if any pity lie,
 “ She may be sad, and griev’d, as well as I.

“ O Cyclops, Cyclops, where’s thy reason fled ?
 “ If your young lambs with new-pluck’d boughs you
 “ fed,
 “ And watch’d your flock, would you not seem more
 “ wise ;

“ Milk what is next, pursue not that which flies.
 “ Perhaps you may, since this proves so unkind,
 “ Another fairer Galatea find.
 “ Me many virgins as I pass invite
 “ To waste with them in love’s soft sports the night ;
 “ And, if I but incline my listening ear,
 “ New joys, new smiles, in all their looks appear.
 “ Thus we, it seems, can be lov’d ; and we,
 “ It seems, are somebody as well as she !”

Thus did the Cyclops fan his raging fire,
 And sooth’d with gentle verse his fierce desire ;
 Thus pass’d his hours with more delight and ease,
 Than if the riches of the world were his.

T O C Æ L I A.

FLY swift, ye hours; ye sluggish minutes, fly;
 Bring back my love, or let her lover die.
 Make haste, O sun, and to my eyes once more,
 My Cælia brighter than thyself restore.
 In spite of thee, 'tis night when she's away,
 Her eyes alone can the glad beams display,
 That make my sky look clear, and guide my day. }
 O when will she lift up her sacred light,
 And chase away the flying shades of night!
 With her how fast the flowing hours run on!
 But oh! how long they stay when she is gone!
 So slowly time when clogg'd with grief does move;
 So swift when borne upon the wings of love!
 Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are past;
 Yet 'tis an age since I beheld her last.
 O, my auspicious star, make haste to rise,
 To charm our hearts, and bless our longing eyes!
 O, how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
 And cheer my own with their reflected rays!
 How my impatient, thirsty soul does long
 To hear the charming music of thy tongue!
 Where pointed wit with solid judgment grows,
 And in one easy stream united flows.
 Whene'er you speak, with what delight we hear,
 You call up every soul to every ear!

Nature's too prodigal to womankind,
 Ev'n where she does neglect t' adorn the mind ;
 Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,
 As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.
 But, oh ! when wit and sense with beauty's join'd,
 The woman's sweetness with the manly mind ;
 When nature with so just a hand does mix
 The most engaging charms of either sex ;
 And out of both that thus in one combine
 Does something form not human but divine,
 What's her command, but that we all adore
 The noblest work of her almighty power !
 Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,
 Since love's thy debt, nor is our choice, but fate.
 Where nature bids, worship I'm forc'd to pay,
 Nor have the liberty to disobey ;
 And whensoever she does a poet make,
 She gives him verse but for thy beauty's sake.
 Had I a pen that could at once impart
 Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art,
 Then the immortal Sacharissa's name
 Should be but second in the list of fame ;
 Each grove, each shade, should with thy praise be
 fill'd,
 And the fam'd Penshurst to our Windsor yield.

SPOKEN TO THE QUEEN,

IN TRINITY COLLEGE NEW COURT.

THOU equal partner of the royal bed,
That mak'st a crown fit soft on Charles's head;
In whom, with greatness virtue takes her seat,
Meekness with power, and piety with state;
Whose goodness might ev'n factious crowds reclaim,
Win the seditious, and the savage tame;
Tyrants themselves to gentlest mercy bring,
And only useles is on such a king!
See, mighty princess, see how every breast
With joy and wonder is at once possess'd:
Such was the joy which the first mortals knew,
When gods descended to the people's view,
Such devout wonder did it then afford,
To see those powers they had unseen ador'd,
But they were feign'd; nor, if they had been true,
Could shed more blessings on the earth than you:
Our courts, enlarg'd, their former bounds disdain,
To make reception for so great a train:
Here may your sacred breast rejoice to see
Your own age strive with ancient piety;
Soon now, since blest by your auspicious eyes,
To full perfection shall our fabric rise.
Less powerful charms than yours of old could call
The willing stones into the Theban wall,
And ours, which now its rise to you shall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great name shall grow.

F L O R I A N A,
A P A S T O R A L,

UPON THE DEATH OF HER GRACE MARY
DUCHESS OF SOUTHAMPTON, 1680.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Thyrsis, tell thy Damon, why
Does my lov'd swain in this sad posture lie?
What mean these streams still falling from thine eyes,
Fast as those sighs from thy swoln bosom rise?
Has the fierce wolf broke through the fenced ground?
Have thy lambs stray'd? or has Dorinda frown'd?

THYRSIS. The wolf? Ah! let him come, for
now he may:

Have thy lambs stray'd? let them for ever stray:
Dorinda frown'd? No, she is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but just now she smil'd:
Alas! she smil'd; for to the lovely maid
None had the fatal tidings yet convey'd.
Tell me then, shepherd, tell me, canst thou find
As long as thou art true, and she is kind,
A grief so great, as may prevail above
Ev'n Damon's friendship, or Dorinda's love?

DAM. Sure there is none. THYR. But, Damon,
there may be.

What if the charming Floriana die?

DAM. Far be the omen! THYR. But suppose it true?

DAM. Then should I grieve, my Thyrsis, more
than you.

She is—**THYR.** Alas! she was, but is no more :
 Now, Damon, now, let thy swollen eyes run o'er :
 Here to this turf by thy sad Thyrsis grow,
 And, when my streams of grief too shallow flow,
 Let-in thy tide to raise the torrent high,
 Till both a deluge make, and in it die.

DAM. Then, that to this wish'd height the flood
 might swell, [will tell,
Friend, I will tell thee.—THYR. Friend, I thee
 How young, how good, how beautiful she fell. }
 Oh! she was all for which fond mothers pray,
 Blessing their babes when first they see the day.
 Beauty and she were one, for in her face
 Sat sweetness temper'd with majestic grace ;
 Such powerful charms as might the proudest awe,
 Yet such attractive goodness as might draw }
 The humblest, and to both give equal law.
 How was she wonder'd at by every swain!
 The pride, the light, the goddess of the plain!
 On all she shin'd, and spreading glories cast
 Diffusive of herself, where-e'er she past,
 There breath'd an air sweet as the winds that blow
 From the blest shores where fragrant spices grow :
 Ev'n me sometimes she with a smile would grace,
 Like the sun shining on the vilest place.
 Nor did Dorinda bar me the delight
 Of feasting on her eyes my longing sight :
 But to a being so sublime, so pure,
 Spar'd my devotion, of my love secure.

DAM. Her beauty such : but Nature did design }
 That only as an answerable shrine }
 To the divinity that's lodg'd within. }
 Her soul shin'd through, and made her form so bright,
 As clouds are gilt by the sun's piercing light.
 In her smooth forehead we might read exprest
 The even calmness of her gentle breast :
 And in her sparkling eyes as clear was writ
 The active vigour of her youthful wit.
 Each beauty of the body or the face
 Was but the shadow of some inward grace.
 Gay, sprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,
 As innocence could make it, was her mind ;
 Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,
 Like those who, being dull, would grave appear ;
 Who out of guilt do chearfulness despise,
 And, being fullen, hope men think them wise.
 How would the listening shepherds round her throng,
 To catch the words fell from her charming tongue !
 She all with her own spirit and soul inspir'd,
 Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
 Ev'n mighty Pan, whose powerful hand sustains
 The sovereign crook that mildly awes the plains,
 Of all his cares made her the tenderest part,
 And great Louisa lodg'd her in her heart.

THYR. Who would not now a solemn mourning
 keep,

When Pan himself and fair Louisa weep ?
 When those blest eyes, by the kind gods design'd
 To cherish nature, and delight mankind,

All drown'd in tears, melt into gentler showers
 Than April-drops upon the springing flowers?
 Such tears as Venus for Adonis shed,
 When at her feet the lovely youth lay dead;
 About her, all her little weeping Loves
 Ungirt her Cestros, and unyok'd her doves.

DAM. Come, pious nymphs, with fair Louisa come,
 And visit gentle Floriana's tomb;
 And, as ye walk the melancholy round,
 Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,
 With your chaste hands fresh flowers and odours shed
 About her last obscure and silent bed;
 Still praying, as ye gently move your feet,
 "Soft be her pillow, and her slumber sweet!"

THYR. See where they come, a mournful lovely
 train

As ever wept on fair Arcadia's plain:
 Louisa, mournful far above the rest,
 In all the charms of beauteous sorrow drest;
 Just are her tears, when she reflects how soon
 A beauty, second only to her own,
 Flourish'd, look'd gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

DAM. O, she is gone! gone like a new-born flower,
 That deck'd some virgin queen's delicious bower;
 Torn from the stalk by some untimely blast,
 And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast:
 Yet flowers return, and coming springs disclose
 The lily whiter, and more fresh the rose;
 But no kind season back her charms can bring,
 And Floriana has no second spring.

THYR. O, she is set ! set like the falling sun ;
 Darknes is round us, and glad day is gone !
 Alas ! the sun that 's set, again will rise,
 And gild with richer beams the morning-skies ;
 But beauty, though as bright as they it shines,
 When its short glory to the West declines,
 O, there 's no hope of the returning light ;
 But all is long oblivion, and eternal night !

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF
 ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL *.

I THOUGHT, forgive my sin, the boasted fire
 Of poets' souls did long ago expire ;
 Of folly or of madness did accuse
 The wretch that thought himself possess'd with Muse ;
 Laugh'd at the god within, that did inspire
 With more than human thoughts the tuneful choir ;
 But sure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
 Of rhymers slumbering by the Muses' stream.
 Some livelier spark of heaven, and more refin'd
 From earthy dross, fills the great Poet's mind :
 Witness these mighty and immortal lines,
 Through each of which th' informing genius shines :
 Scarce a diviner flame inspir'd the King,
 Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing :
 Not David's self could in a nobler verse
 His gloriously-offending Son rehearse ;

* Dryden published it without his name.

Though in his breast the Prophet's fury met,
The Father's fondness, and the Poet's wit.

Here all consent in wonder and in praise,
And to the UNKNOWN POET altars raise :
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy
As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,
Wrapt up himself in darkness, and unseen
Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian queen.
Sure thou already art secure of fame,
Nor want'st new glories to exalt thy name :
What Father else would have refus'd to own
So great a Son as godlike Absalom ?

E P I T H A L A M I U M

UPON THE

MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM BEDLOE.

“ Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avæna,
“ Arma virumque cano.”

I, he, who sung of humble Oates before,
Now sing a Captain and a Man of WAR.

GODDESS of Rhyme, that didst inspire
The Captain with poetic fire,
Adding fresh laurels to that brow
Where those of victory did grow,
And statelier ornaments may flourish now !

}

If thou art well recovered since
 “ The Excommunicated Prince *;”
 For that important tragedy
 Would have kill'd any Muse but thee ;
 Hither with speed, Oh ! hither move ;
 Pull buskins off, and, since to love
 The ground is holy that you tread in,
 Dance bare-foot at the Captain's wedding.

See where he comes, and by his side

His charming fair angelic bride :

Such, or less lovely, was the dame
 So much renown'd, Fulvia by name,

With whom of old Tully did join

Then when his art did undermine

The horrid Popish plot of Catiliné. }
 Oh fairest nymph of all Great Britain !

(Though thee my eyes I never set on)
 Blush not on thy great lord to smile,

The second favour of our isle ;
 What nobler Captain could have led

Thee to thy long'd-for marriage-bed :
 For know that thy all-daring Will is

As stout a hero as Achilles ;
 And as great things for thee has done,

As Palmerin or th' Knight of th' Sun, }
 And is himself a whole romance alone.

Let conscious Flanders speak, and be
 The witness of his chivalry.

* A Tragedy, by Captain Bedloe, 1681.

Yet that's not all, his very word
Has slain as many as his sword :
Though common bullies with their oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his mouth-granadoes kill,
And save the pains of drawing steel.
This hero thy resistless charms
Have won to fly into thy arms ;
For think not any mean design,
Or the inglorious itch of coin,
Could ever have his breast control'd,
Or make him be a slave to gold ;
His love's as freely given to thee
As to the king his loyalty.
Then, oh, receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wishing eyes,
Kiss that dear face, where may be seen
His worth and parts that skulk within ;
That face, that justly styl'd may be
As true a discoverer as he.
Think not he ever false will prove,
His well-known truth secures his love ;
Do you a while divert his cares
From his important grand affairs :
Let him have respite now a while,
From kindling the mad rabble's zeal :
Zeal, that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
Shews plainly where its birth-place we may find,
In hell, where though dire flames for ever glow,
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkness too.

But to his bed be sure be true
As he to all the world and you,
He all your plots will else betray
All ye She-Machiavels can lay.
He all designs, you know, has found,
Though hatch'd in hell or under ground ;
Oft to the world such secrets shew
As scarce the plotters themselves knew ;
Yet, if by chance you hap to sin,
And Love, while Honour's napping, should creep in,
Yet be discreet, and do not boast
O' th' treason by the common post.
So shalt thou still make him love on ;
All virtue's in discretion.
So thou with him shalt shine, and be
As great a patriot as he ;
And when, as now in Christmas, all
For a new pack of cards do call,
Another Popish pack comes out
To please the cits, and charm the rout :
Thou, mighty queen, shalt a whole suit command,
A crown upon thy head, and sceptre in thy hand !

O N
 THE MARRIAGE OF
 GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,
 AND THE
 L A D Y A N N E.

'T WAS Love conducted through the British main,
 On a more high design the royal Dane,
 Than when of old with an invading hand
 His fierce forefathers came to spoil the land :
 And Love has gain'd him by a nobler way,
 A braver conquest and a richer prey.

For battles won, and countries fav'd renown'd,
 Shaded with laurels, and with honours crown'd,
 From fields with slaughter strew'd, the hero came,
 His arms neglected, to pursue his flame.
 Like Mars returning from the noble chace
 Of flying nations through the plains of Thrace,
 When, deck'd with trophies and adorn'd with spoils,
 He meets the goddess that rewards his toils !
 But, oh ! what transports did his heart invade
 When first he saw the lovely, royal maid !
 Fame, that so high did her perfections raise,
 Seem'd now detraction, and no longer praise !
 All that could noblest minds to love engage,
 Or into softness melt the soldier's rage,

All that could spread abroad resistless fire,
 And eager wishes raise, and fierce desire,
 All that was charming, all that was above
 Ev'n poets fancies, though refin'd by love,
 All native beauty dress'd by every grace
 Of sweetest youth sat shining in her face !
 Where, where is now the generous fury gone,
 That through thick troops urg'd the wing'd warrior on?
 Where now the spirit that aw'd the list'd field ;
 Created to command, untaught to yield ?
 It yields, it yields, to Anna's gentle sway,
 And thinks it above triumphs to obey.
 See at thy feet, illustrious princess, thrown
 All the rich spoils the mighty hero won !
 His fame, his laurels, are thy beauties due,
 And all his conquests are outdone by you :
 Ah ! lovely nymph, accept the noble prize,
 A tribute fit for those victorious eyes !
 Ah ! generous maid, pass not relentless by,
 Nor let war's chief by cruel beauty die !
 Though unexperienc'd youth fond scruples move,
 And blushes rise but at the name of love ;
 Though over all thy thoughts and every sense
 The guard is plac'd of virgin innocence ;
 Yet from thy father's generous blood we know
 Respect for valour in thy breast does glow ;
 'Tis but agreeing to thy royal birth,
 To smile on virtue and heroic worth,
 Love, in such noble seeds of honour sown,
 The chastest virgin need not blush to own.

Whom would thy royal father sooner find,
 In thy lov'd arms to his high lineage join'd,
 Than him, whom such exalted virtues crown,
 That he might think them copy'd from his own?
 Who to the field equal desires did bring,
 Love to his brother, service to his king.
 Who Denmark's crown, and the anointed head,
 Rescued at once, and back in triumph led,
 Forcing his passage through the slaughter'd Swede. }
 Such virtue him to thy great fire commends,
 The best of princes, subjects, brothers, friends!
 The people's wonder, and the court's delight,
 Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
 What can such charms resist? The royal maid,
 Loth to deny, is yet to grant afraid;
 But love, still growing as her fears decay,
 Consents at last, and gives her heart away.

Now with loud triumphs are the nuptials crown'd,
 And with glad shouts the streets and palace sound!
 Illustrious pair! see what a general joy
 Does the whole land's united voice employ!
 From you they omens take of happier years,
 Recall lost hopes, and banish all their fears:
 Let boding planets threaten from above,
 And sullen Saturn join with angry Jove:
 Your more auspicious flames, that here unite,
 Vanquish the malice of their mingled light!
 Heaven of its bounties now shall lavish grow,
 And in full tides unenvy'd blessings flow!

The shaken throne more surely fix'd shall stand,
 And curs'd rebellion fly the happy land!
 At your blest union civil discords cease,
 Confusion turns to order, rage to peace!
 So, when at first in Chaos and old Night
 Hot things with cold, and moist with dry did fight,
 Love did the warring seeds to union bring,
 And over all things stretch'd his peaceful wing,
 The jarring elements no longer strove,
 And a world started forth, the beauteous work of Love!

ON THE DEATH OF
 KING CHARLES THE SECOND,
 AND THE INAUGURATION OF
 KING JAMES THE SECOND.

IF the indulgent Muse (the only cure
 For all the ills afflicted minds endure,
 That sweetens sorrow, and makes sadness please,
 And heals the heart by telling its disease)
 Vouchsafe her aid, we also will presume
 With humble verse t' approach the sacred tomb;
 There flowing streams of pious tears will shed,
 Sweet incense burn, fresh flowers and odours spread,
 Our last sad offerings to the royal dead!

Dead is the king, who all our lives did bless!
 Our strength in war, and our delight in peace!

Was ever prince like him to mortals given!
So much the joy of earth, and care of heaven?
Under the pressure of unequal fate,
Of so erect a mind and soul so great!
So full of meekness and so void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's highest tide!
His kindly beams on the ungrateful soil
Of this rebellious, stubborn, murmuring isle
Hatch'd plenty; ease and riches did bestow,
And made the land with milk and honey flow!
Less blest was Rome when mild Augustus sway'd,
And the glad world for love, not fear, obey'd.
Mercy, like heaven's, his chief prerogative!
His joy to save, and glory to forgive!
Who lives, but felt his influence, and did share
His boundless goodness and paternal care?
And, whilst with all th' endearing arts he strove
On every subject's heart to seal his love,
What breast so hard, what heart of human make,
But, softening, did the kind impression take?
Belov'd and loving! with such virtues grac'd,
As might on common heads a crown have plac'd!
How skill'd in all the mysteries of state!
How fitting to sustain an empire's weight!
How quick to know! how ready to advise!
How timely to prevent! how more than senates wife!
His words how charming, affable, and sweet!
How just his censure! and how sharp his wit!
How did his charming conversation please
The blest attenders on his hours of ease;

When graciously he deign'd to condescend,
 Pleas'd to exalt a subject to a friend!
 To the most low how easy of access!
 Willing to hear, and longing to redress!
 His mercy knew no bounds of time or place,
 His reign was one continued act of grace!
 Good Titus could, but Charles could never say,
 Of all his royal life, " he lost a day."
 Excellent prince! O once our joy and care,
 Now our eternal grief and deep despair!
 O father! or if aught than father's more,
 How shall thy children their sad loss deplore?
 How grieve enough, when anxious thoughts recall
 The mournful story of their sovereign's fall?
 Oh! who that scene of sorrow can display;
 When, waiting death, the fearless monarch lay!
 Though great the pain and anguish that he bore,
 His friends' and subjects' grief afflict him more!
 Yet even that, and coming fate, he bears;
 But sinks and faints to see a brother's tears!
 The mighty grief, that swell'd his royal breast,
 Scarce reach'd by thought, can't be by words express!
 Grief for himself! for grief for Charles is vain,
 Who now begins a new triumphant reign,
 Welcom'd by all kind spirits and fairs above,
 Who see themselves in him, and their own likeness love!
 What godlike virtues must that prince adorn,
 Who can so please, while such a prince we mourn!
 Who else, but that great He, who now commands
 Th' united nation's voice, and hearts, and hands,

Could so the love of a whole people gain,
 After so excellent a monarch's reign!
 Mean Virtues after Tyrants may succeed
 And please; but after Charles a James we need!
 This, this is he, by whose high actions grac'd
 The present age contends with all the past:
 Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
 Slow to advise, but eager to perform:
 In council calm, fierce as a storm in fight!
 Danger his sport, and labour his delight.
 To him the fleet and camp, the sea and field,
 Do equal harvests of bright glory yield!
 Who can forget, of royal blood how free,
 He did assert the empire of the sea?
 The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
 The tempest of his fury to sustain;
 Shatter'd and torn before his flag they fly
 Like doves, that the exalted eagle spy
 Ready to stoop and seize them from on high. }
 He, Neptune-like (when from his watery bed
 Serene and calm he lifts his awful head,
 And smiles, and to his chariot gives the rein),
 In triumph rides o'er the asserted main!
 Rejoicing crowds attend him on the strand,
 Loud as the sea, and numerous as the sand;
 So joy the many: but the wiser few
 The godlike prince with silent wonder view:
 A joy, too great to be by voice express'd,
 Shines in each eye, and beats in every breast:

They saw him destin'd for some greater day,
 And in his looks the omens read of his imperial sway!
 Nor do his civil virtues less appear,
 To perfect the illustrious character;
 To merit just, to needy virtue kind,
 True to his word, and faithful to his friend!
 What's well resolv'd, as firmly he pursues;
 Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuse!
 Honour was born, not planted in his heart;
 And virtue came by nature, not by art.
 Albion! forget thy sorrows, and adore
 That prince, who all the blessings does restore,
 That Charles, the faint, made thee enjoy before!
 'Tis done; with turrets crown'd, I see her rise,
 And tears are wip'd for ever from her eyes!

P R O L O G U E

T O N. L E E's

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

L O N G has the tribe of poets on the stage
 Groan'd under persecuting critics' rage,
 But with the sound of railing and of rhyme,
 Like bees united by the tinkling chime,
 The little stinging insects swarm the more,
 Their buzzing greater than it was before.
 But, oh! ye leading voters of the Pit,
 That infect others with your too much wit,

That well-affected members do seduce,
 And with your malice poison half the house ;
 Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway
 Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
 Rulers of abler conduct we will chuse,
 And more indulgent to a trembling Muse ;
 Women, for ends of government more fit,
 Women shall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
 Give laws to Love, and influence to Wit. }
 Find me one man of sense in all your roll,
 Whom some one woman has not made a fool.
 Ev'n business, that intolerable load
 Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,
 Much better they could manage would they please ;
 'Tis not their want of wit, but love of ease.
 For, spite of art, more wit in them appears,
 Though we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs ;
 Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,
 Set shallow in a hot and barren soil ;
 But when transplanted to a richer ground,
 Has in their Eden its perfection found.
 And 'tis but just they should our wit invade,
 Whilst we set up their painting patching trade ;
 As for our courage, to our shame 'tis known,
 As they can raise it, they can pull it down.
 At their own weapons they our bullies awe,
 Faith ! let them make an anti-salick law ;
 Prescribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,
 And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

A DETESTATION OF CIVIL WAR.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. VII.

OH! whither do ye rush, and thus prepare
 To rouse again the sleeping war?
 Has then so little English blood been spilt
 On sea and land with equal guilt?
 Not that again we might our arms advance,
 To check the insolent pride of France;
 Not that once more we might in fetters bring
 An humble captive Gallic king?
 But, to the wish of the insulting Gaul,
 That we by our own hands should fall.
 Nor wolves nor lions bear so fierce a mind;
 They hurt not their own savage kind:
 Is it blind rage, or zeal, more blind and strong,
 Or guilt, yet stronger, drives you on?
 Answer: but none can answer; mute and pale
 They stand; guilt does o'er words prevail:
 'Tis so: heaven's justice threatens us from high;
 And a king's death from earth does cry;
 E'er since the martyr's innocent blood was shed,
 Upon our fathers, and on ours, and on our children's
 head.

T O M R. C R E E C H,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

WHAT to begin would have been madnes thought,
 Exceeds our praise when to perfection brought ;
 Who could believe Lucretius' lofty song
 Could have been reach'd by any modern tongue ?
 Of all the suitors to immortal fame,
 That by translations strove to raise a name,
 This was the test, this the Ulysses' bow,
 Too tough by any to be bent but you.
 Carus himself of the hard task complains,
 To fetter Grecian thoughts in Roman chains ;
 Much harder thine, in an unlearned tongue
 To hold in bonds, so easy yet so strong,
 The Greek philosophy and Latin song. }
 If then he boasts that round his sacred head
 Fresh garlands grow, and branching laurels spread,
 Such as not all the mighty Nine before
 E'er gave, or any of their darlings wore ;
 What laurels should be thine, what crowns thy due,
 What garlands, mighty Poet, should be grac'd by you !
 Though deep, though wondrous deep, his sense does
 flow,
 Thy shining style does all its riches show ;
 So clear the stream, that through it we descry
 All the bright gems that at the bottom lie ;

Here you the troublers of our peace remove,
 Ignoble fear, and more ignoble love :
 Here we are taught how first our race began,
 And by what steps our fathers climb'd to man ;
 To man as now he is—with knowledge fill'd,
 In arts of peace and war, in manners skill'd,
 Equal before to fellow-grazers of the field !
 Nature's first state, which, well transpos'd and own'd
 (For owners in all ages have been found),
 Has made a * modern wit so much renown'd,
 When thee we read, we find to be no more
 Than what was sung a thousand years before.

Thou only for this noble task wert fit,
 To shame thy age to a just sense of wit,
 By shewing how the learned Romans writ.
 To teach fat heavy clowns to know their trade,
 And not turn wits, who were for porters made ;
 But quit false claims to the poetic rage,
 For squibs and crackers, and a Smithfield stage.
 Had Providence e'er meant that, in despite
 Of art and nature, such dull clods should write,
 Bavius and Mævius had been sav'd by Fate
 For Settle and for Shadwell to translate,
 As it so many ages has for thee
 Preserv'd the mighty work that now we see.

* Hobbes.

VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopfus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis, who is supposed by the best critics to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopfus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity. The whole Eclogue consisting of an Elegy, and an Apotheosis.

MENALCAS.

MOPFUS, since chance does us together bring,
 And you so well can pipe, and I can sing,
 Why sit we not beneath this secret shade,
 By elms and hazels mingling branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your age commands respect; and I obey.
 Whether you in this lonely copse will stay,
 Where western winds the bending branches shake,
 And in their play the shades uncertain make:
 Or whether to that silent cave you go,
 The better choice! see how the wild vines grow
 Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,
 And in the cave their purple clusters shed!

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with Phœbus too?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin; whether the mournful flame
 Of dying Phillis, whether Alcon's fame,
 Or Codrus' brawls, thy willing Muse provoke;
 Begin; young Tityrus will tend the flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad song repeat,
 That on the beech's bark I lately writ,
 And set to sweetest notes; yes, I'll begin,
 And after that, bid you, Amyntas, sing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the most humble shrub that grows,
 Yields to the beauteous blushes of the rose,
 Or bending osiers to the olive tree;
 So much, I judge, Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this discourse here put an end,
 This is the cave; sit, and my verse attend.

MOPSUS.

When the sad fate of Daphnis reach'd their ears,
 The pitying nymphs dissolv'd in pious tears.
 Witness, ye hazels, for ye heard their cries;
 Witness, ye floods, swoln with their weeping eyes.
 The mournful mother (on his body cast)
 The sad remains of her cold son embrac'd,
 And of th' unequal tyranny they us'd,
 The cruel gods and cruel stars accus'd.
 Then did no swain mind how his flock did thrive,
 Nor thirsty herds to the cold river drive;

The generous horse turn'd from fresh streams his head,
 And on the sweetest grass refus'd to feed.
 Daphnis, thy death ev'n fiercest lions mourn'd,
 And hills and woods their cries and groans return'd.
 Daphnis Armenian tigers' fierceness broke,
 And brought them willing to the sacred yoke :
 Daphnis to Bacchus' worship did ordain
 The revels of his consecrated train ;
 The reeling priests with vines and ivy crown'd,
 And their long spears with cluster'd branches bound.
 As vines the elm, as grapes the vine adorn,
 As bulls the herd, as fields the ripen'd corn ;
 Such grace, such ornament, wert thou to all
 That glory'd to be thine : since thy sad fall
 No more Apollo his glad presence yields,
 And Pales' self forsakes her hated fields.
 Oft where the finest barley we did sow,
 Barren wild oats and hurtful darnel grow ;
 And where soft violets did the vales adorn,
 The thistle rises, and the prickly thorn.
 Come, shepherds, strow with flowers the hallow'd
 ground,

The sacred fountains with thick boughs surround ;
 Daphnis these rites requires : to Daphnis' praise,
 Shepherds, a tomb with this inscription raise—
 " Here sam'd from earth to heaven I Daphnis lie ;
 " Fair was the flock I fed, but much more fair was I."

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravih'd ears
 Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful verse,

As to tir'd swains soft slumbers on the grafs ;
 As freshest springs that through green meadows pass,
 To one that's parch'd with thirst and summer's heat.
 In thee thy master does his equal meet :
 Whether your voice you try, or tune your reed,
 Blest swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed !
 Yet, as I can, I in return will sing :
 I too thy Daphnis to the stars will bring,
 I too thy Daphnis to the stars, with you,
 Will raise, for Daphnis lov'd Menalcas too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more desire ?
 For neither can there be a subject higher,
 Nor, if the praise of Stimichon be true,
 Can it be better sung than 'tis by you.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now, wondering at the glorious show,
 Through heaven's bright pavement does triumphant
 go,
 And sees the moving clouds, and the fix'd stars below :
 Therefore new joys make glad the woods, the plains,
 Pan and the Dryads, and the chearful swains :
 The wolf no ambush for the flock does lay,
 No cheating nets the harmless deer betray,
 Daphnis a general peace commands, and Nature
 does obey. }
 Hark ! the glad mountains raise to heaven their voice !
 Hark ! the hard rocks in mystic tunes rejoice !
 Hark ! through the thickets wondrous songs resound,
 A God ! A God ! Menalcas, he is crown'd !

O be propitious ! O be good to thine !
 See ! here four hallow'd altars we design,
 To Daphnis two, to Phœbus two we raise,
 To pay the yearly tribute of our praise :
 Sacred to thee, they each returning year
 Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear :
 Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise
 Thy votaries' exalted thoughts to raise,
 Rich Chian wines shall in full goblets flow,
 And give a taste of Nectar here below.
 Damætas shall with Liétian Ægon join,
 To celebrate with songs the rites divine.
 Alphifibæus with a reeling gait
 Shall the wild Satyrs' dancing imitate.
 When to the nymphs we vows and offerings pay,
 When we with solemn rites our fields survey,
 These honours ever shall be thine : the boar
 Shall in the fields and hills delight no more ;
 No more in streams the fish, in flowers the bee,
 Ere, Daphnis, we forget our songs to thee :
 Offerings to thee the shepherds every year
 Shall, as to Bacchus and to Ceres, bear :
 To thee, as to those Gods, shall vows be made,
 And vengeance wait on those by whom they are not paid.

MOPBUS.

What present worth thy verse can Mopsus find ?
 Not the soft whispers of the Southern wind
 So much delight my ear, or charm my mind ;
 Not sounding shores beat by the murmuring tide,
 Nor rivers that through stony vallies glide.

MENALCAS.

First you this pipe shall take ; and 'tis the same
That play'd poor Corydon's* unhappy flame :
The same that taught me Melibœus' † sheep.

MOPSUS.

You then shall for my sake this sheepphook keep,
Adorn'd with brasse, which I have oft deny'd
To young Antigenes in his beauty's pride :
And who could think he then in vain could sue ?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

TO MR. WALLER,

UPON

THE COPY OF VERSES MADE BY HIMSELF
ON THE LAST COPY IN HIS BOOK †.

WHEN shame, for all my foolish youth had writ,
Advis'd 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit, }
Time to grow wise, and be no more a wit— }
The noble fire, that animates thy age,
Once more inflam'd me with poetic rage.
Kings, heroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the young,
Have been the theme of thy immortal song :
A nobler argument at last thy Muse,
Two things Divine, Thee and Herself, does chuse.

* Virg. Ecl. ii.

† Ecl. iii.

‡ See Waller's Poems.

Age, whose dull weight makes vulgar spirits bend,
 Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward tend :
 No more confin'd, above the starry skies,
 Out from the body's broken cage it flies.
 But, oh ! vouchsafe, not wholly to retire,
 To join with and compleat th' ethereal choir !
 Still here remain ; still on the threshold stand ;
 Still at this distance view the promis'd land ;
 Though thou may'st seem, so heavenly is thy sense,
 Not going thither, but new come from thence.

A S O N G.

I.

AFTER the fiercest pangs of hot desire,
 Between Panthea's rising breasts
 His bending breast Philander rests ;
 Though vanquish'd, yet unknowing to retire :
 Close hugs the charmer, and asham'd to yield,
 Though he has lost the day, yet keeps the field.

II.

When, with a sigh, the fair Panthea said,
 What pity 'tis, ye gods, that all
 The noblest warriors soonest fall !
 Then with a kiss she gently rear'd his head ;
 Arm'd him again to fight, for nobly she
 More lov'd the combat than the victory.

III.

But, more enrag'd for being beat before,
 With all his strength he does prepare
 More fiercely to renew the war ;
 Nor ceas'd he till the noble prize he bore :
 Ev'n her such wondrous courage did surprize ;
 She hugs the dart that wounded her, and dies.

A S O N G.

I.

THROUGH mournful shades, and solitary groves,
 Fann'd with the sighs of unsuccessful loves,
 Wild with despair, young Thyrsis frays,
 Thinks over all Amyra's heavenly charms,
 Thinks he now sees her in another's arms ;
 Then at some willow's root himself he lays,
 The loveliest, most unhappy swain ;
 And thus to the wild woods he does complain :

II.

How art thou chang'd, O Thyrsis, since the time
 When thou could'st love and hope without a crime ;
 When Nature's pride and Earth's delight,
 As through her shady evening grove she past,
 And a new day did all around her cast,
 Could see, nor be offended at the sight,
 The melting, sighing, wishing swain,
 That now must never hope to wish again !

III.

Riches and titles! why should they prevail,
Where duty, love, and adoration, fail?

Lovely Amyra, shouldst thou prize
The empty noise that a fine title makes;
Or the vile trash that with the vulgar takes,
Before a heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
Unkind! but pity the poor swain
Your rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the slain.

A S O N G.

I.

SEE what a conquest love has made!
Beneath the myrtle's amorous shade
The charming fair Corinna lies
All melting in desire,
Quenching in tears those flowing eyes
That set the world on fire!

II.

What cannot tears and beauty do?
The youth by chance stood by, and knew
For whom those crystal streams did flow;
And though he ne'er before
To her eyes brightest rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

III.

So when the heavens serene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy light appear,

Each craggy rock, and every stone,
 Their native rigour keep;
 But when in rain the clouds fall down,
 The hardest marble weeps.

TO MR. HENRY DICKINSON,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF

“SIMON’S Critical History of the Old Testament.”

WHAT senseless loads have over-charg’d the press,
 Of French impertinence, in English dress!
 How many dull translators every day
 Bring new supplies of novel, farce, or play!
 Like damn’d French pensioners, with foreign aid
 Their native land with nonsense to invade,
 Till we’re o’er-run more with the wit of France,
 Her nauseous wit, than with her Protestants.
 But, Sir, this noble piece obligeth more
 Than all their trash hath plagu’d the town before:
 With various learning, knowledge, strength of thought,
 Order and art, and solid judgement fraught;
 No less a piece than this could make amends
 For all the trumpery France amongst us sends.
 Nor let ill-grounded superstitious fear
 Fright any but the fools from reading here.
 The sacred oracles may well endure
 Th’ exactest search, of their own truth secure;

Though at this piece some noisy zealots bawl,
 And to their aid a numerous faction call
 With stretch'd-out arms, as if the ark could fall;
 Yet wiser heads will think so firm it stands,
 That, were it shook, 'twould need no mortal hands.

T O M R. D R Y D E N,

O N H I S

“TROIILUS AND CRESSIDA,” 1679.

A^ND will our Master Poet then admit
 A young beginner in the trade of wit,
 To bring a plain and rustic Muse, to wait
 On his in all her glorious pomp and state?
 Can an unknown, unheard-of, private name,
 Add any lustre to so bright a fame?
 No! sooner planets to the sun may give
 That light which they themselves from him derive.
 Nor could my sickly fancy entertain
 A thought so foolish, or a pride so vain.
 But, as when kings through crowds in triumphs go,
 The meanest wretch that gazes at the show,
 Though to that pomp his voice can add no more,
 Than when we drops into the ocean pour,
 Has leave his tongue in praises to employ
 (Th' accepted language of officious joy):
 So I in loud applauses may reveal
 To you, great King of Verse, my loyal zeal,

May tell with what majestic grace and mien
 Your Muse displays herself in every scene ;
 In what rich robes she has fair Cressid drest,
 And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breast.
 How when those fading eyes her aid implor'd,
 She all their sparkling lustre has restor'd,
 Added more charms, fresh beauties on them shed,
 And to new youth recall'd the lovely maid.
 How nobly she the royal brothers draws ;
 How great their quarrel, and how great their cause !
 How justly rais'd ! and by what just degrees,
 In a sweet calm does the rough tempest cease !
 Envy not now " the God-like Roman's rage ;"
 Hector and Troilus, darlings of our age,
 Shall hand in hand with Brutus tread the stage.

Shakespeare, 'tis true, this tale of Troy first told,
 But, as with Ennius Virgil did of old,
 You found it dirt, but you have made it gold.
 A dark and undigested heap it lay,
 Like Chaos ere the dawn of infant day,
 But you did first the chearful light display.
 Confus'd it was as Epicurus' world
 Of Atoms, by blind Chance together hurl'd,
 But you have made such order through it shine
 As loudly speaks the workmanship divine.

Boast then, O Troy ! and triumph in thy flames,
 That make thee sung by three such mighty names.
 Had Ilium stood, Homer had ne'er been read,
 Nor the sweet Mantuan swan his wings display'd,

Nor thou, the third, but equal in renown,
 Thy matchless skill in this great subject shown.
 Not Priam's self, nor all the Trojan state,
 Was worth the saving at so dear a rate.
 But they now flourish, by you mighty three,
 In verse more lasting than their walls could be :
 Which never, never shall like them decay,
 Being built by hands divine as well as they ;
 Never till, our great Charles being sung by you,
 Old Troy shall grow less famous than the New.

P A R I S T O H E L E N .

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

T H E A R G U M E N T .

Paris, having failed to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertained by Menelaus, Helen's husband ; but he, being called away to Crete, to take possession of what was left him by his grand-father Atreus, commends his guest to the care of his wife. In his absence Paris courts her, and writes to her the following epistle.

ALL health, fair nymph, thy Paris sends to thee,
 Though you, and only you, can give it me.
 Shall I then speak? or is it needless grown
 To tell a passion that itself has shown?
 Does not my love itself too open lay,
 And all I think in all I do betray?

If not, oh! may it still in secret lie,
Till Time with our kind wishes shall comply ;
Till all our joys may to us come sincere,
Nor lose their price by the alloy of fear !
In vain I strive ; who can that fire conceal,
Which does itself by its own light reveal ?
But, if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
Speak what my actions have declar'd so long,
I love ; you've there the word that does impart
The truest message from my bleeding heart :
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confess
To you, my fair physician, my disease,
And with such looks this suppliant paper grace
As best become the beauties of that face.
May that smooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair.
Some pleasure 'tis to think these lines shall find
An entertainment at your hands so kind.
For this creates a hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That Venus promis'd you to me in vain :
For know, lest you through ignorance offend
The gods, 'tis heaven that me does hither send.
None of the meanest of the powers divine,
That first inspir'd, still favours my design.
Great is the prize I seek, I must confess,
But neither is my due or merit less :
Venus has promis'd she would you assign,
Fair as herself, to be for ever mine.

Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithless sea.
She, with a kind and an auspicious gale,
Drove the good ship, and stretch'd out every sail :
For she, who sprung out of the teeming deep,
Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep.
Still may she keep it ! and as she with ease
Allays the wrath of the most angry seas,
So may she give my stormy mind some rest,
And calm the raging tempest of my breast,
And bring home all my sighs and all my vows
To their wish'd harbour and desir'd repose !

Hither my flames I brought, not found them here ;
I my whole course by their kind light did steer :
For I by no mistake or storm was tost
Against my will upon this happy coast.
Nor as a merchant did I plow the main
To venture life, like sordid fools, for gain.
No ; may the gods preserve my present store,
And only give me you to make it more !
Nor to admire the place came I so far ;
I have towns richer than your cities are.
'Tis you I seek, to me from Venus due ;
You were my wish, before your charms I knew.
Bright images of you my mind did draw,
Long ere my eyes the lovely object saw.
Nor wonder that, with the swift-winged dart,
At such a distance you could wound my heart :
So Fate ordain'd ; and lest you fight with Fate,
Hear and believe the truth I shall relate.

Now in my mother's womb shut up I lay,
Her fatal burthen longing for the day,
When she in a mysterious dream was told,
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold ;
Frighted she rises, and her vision she
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he ;
They sing that I all Troy should set on fire :
But sure Fate meant the flames of my desire.
For fear of this, among the swains expos'd,
My native greatness every thing disclos'd.
Beauty, and strength, and courage, join'd in one,
Through all disguise, spoke me a monarch's son.
A place there is in Ida's thickest grove,
With oaks and fir-trees shaded all above,
The grass here grows untouch'd by bleating flocks,
Or mountain goat, or the laborious ox.
From hence Troy's towers, magnificence, and pride,
Leaning against an aged oak, I spy'd.
When straight methought I heard the trembling ground
With the strange noise of trampling feet resound.
In the same instant Jove's great messenger,
On all his wings borne through the yielding air,
Lighting before my wondering eyes did stand,
His golden rod shone in his sacred hand :
With him three charming goddesses there came,
Juno, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
With an unusual fear I stood amaz'd,
Till thus the god my sinking courage rais'd ;
“ Fear not ; thou art Jove's substitute below,
“ The prize of heavenly beauty to bestow ;

"Contending goddeſſes appeal to you,
 "Decide their ſtrife." He ſpake, and up he flew.
 Then, bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
 And every one with curious eyes ſurvey:
 Each of them merited the victory,
 And I their doubtful judge was griev'd to ſee,
 'That one muſt have it, when deſerv'd by three. }
 But yet that one there was which moſt prevail'd,
 And with more powerful charms my heart aſſail'd:
 Ah! would you know who thus my breaſt could
 move?

Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love?
 With mighty bribes they all for conqueſt ſtrive,
 Juno will empires, Pallas valour give,
 Whilſt I ſtand doubting which I ſhould prefer,
 Empire's ſoft eaſe, or glorious toils of War;
 But Venus gently ſmil'd, and thus ſhe ſpake:
 "They're dangerous gifts: O do not, do not take!
 "I'll make thee Love's immortal pleaſures know,
 "And joys that in full tides for ever flow.
 "For, if you judge the conqueſt to be mine,
 "Fair Leda's fairer daughter ſhall be thine."
 She ſpake; and I gave her the conqueſt due,
 Both to her beauty, and her gift of you.

Meanwhile (my angry ſtars more gentle grown)
 I am acknowledg'd royal Priam's ſon.
 All the glad court, all Troy does celebrate,
 With a new festival, my change of fate.
 And as I now languish and die for thee,
 So did the beauties of all Troy for me.

You o'er a heart with fovereign power do reign ;
 For which a thousand virgins figh'd in vain :
 Nor did queens only fly to my embrace,
 But nymphs of form divine, and heavenly race.
 I all their loves with cold difdain repress,
 Since hopes of you first fir'd my longing breast.
 Your charming form all day my fancy drew,
 And when night came, my dreams were all of you.
 What pleasures then must you yourself impart,
 Whose shadows only so surpriz'd my heart !
 And oh ! how did I burn approaching nigher,
 That was so scorch'd by so remote a fire !

For now no longer could my hopes refrain
 From seeking their wish'd object through the main.
 I fell the stately pine, and every tree
 That best was fit to cut the yielding sea,
 Fetch'd from Gargarian hills, tall firs I cleave,
 And Ida naked to the winds I leave,
 Stiff oaks I bend, and solid planks I form,
 And every ship with well-knit ribs I arm.
 To the tall mast I sails and streamers join,
 And the gay poops with painted gods do shine.
 But on my ship does only Venus stand
 With little Cupid smiling in her hand,
 Guide of the way she did herself command. }
 My fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
 I long to plow the vast Ægéan sea ;
 My anxious parents my desires withstand,
 And both with pious tears my stay command.

Cassandra too, with loose dishevel'd hair,
 Just as our hasty ships to sail prepare,
 Full of prophetic fury cries aloud,
 " O whither steers my brother through the flood ?
 " Little, ah ! little dost thou know or heed
 " To what a raging fire these waters lead !"
 True were her fears, and in my breast I feel
 The scorching flames her fury did foretel.
 Yet out I sail, and, favour'd by the wind,
 On your blest shore my wish'd-for haven find ;
 Your husband then, so heaven, kind heaven ordains,
 In his own house his rival entertains,
 Shews me whate'er in Sparta does delight
 The curious traveller's enquiring sight :
 But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
 Could taste no pleasure in the idle shew.
 But at thy sight, oh ! where was then my heart !
 Out from my breast it gave a sudden start,
 Sprung forth and met half way the fatal dart. }
 Such or less charming was the Queen of Love,
 When with her rival goddesses she strove.
 But, fairest, hadst thou come among the three,
 Ev'n she the prize must have resign'd to thee.
 Your beauty is the only theme of fame,
 And all the world sounds with fair Helen's name :
 Nor lives there she whom pride itself can raise
 To claim with you an equal share of praise.
 Do I speak false ? Rather Report does so,
 Detracting from you in a praise too low.

More here I find than that could ever tell,
 So much your beauty does your fame excel.
 Well then might Theseus, he who all things knew,
 Think none was worthy of his theft but you ;
 I this bold theft admire ; but wonder more
 He ever would so dear a prize restore :
 Ah ! would these hands have ever let you go ?
 Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you ?
 No ; sooner I with life itself could part,
 Than e'er see you torn from my bleeding heart.
 But could I do as he, and give you back,
 Yet sure some taste of love I first would take,
 Would first, in all your blooming excellence
 And virgin sweets, feast my luxurious sense ;
 Or if you would not let that treasure go,
 Kisses at least you should, you would bestow,
 And let me smell the flower as it did grow. }
 Come then into my longing arms, and try
 My lasting, fix'd, eternal constancy,
 Which never till my funeral pile shall waste ;
 My present fire shall mingle with my last.
 Sceptres and crowns for you I did disdain,
 With which great Juno tempted me in vain.
 And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare, }
 One soft embrace from you I did prefer
 To courage, strength, and all the pomp of war. }
 Nor shall I ever think my choice was ill,
 My judgment's settled, and approves it still.
 Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true,
 As they were plac'd above all things but you.

I am, as well as you, of heavenly race,
Nor will my birth your mighty line disgrace.
Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,
And them a race of godlike kings succeed.
All Asia's sceptres to my father bow,
And half the spacious East his power allow.
There you shall see the houses roof'd with gold,
And temples glorious as the gods they hold.
Troy you shall see, and walls divine admire,
Built to the concert of Apollo's lyre.
What need I the vast flood of people tell,
That over its wide banks does almost swell?
You shall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,
And Trojan wives shining in every street.
How often then will you yourself confess
The emptiness and poverty of Greece!
How often will you say, one palace there
Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!
I speak not this, your Sparta to disgrace,
For wheresoe'er your life began its race
Must be to me the happiest, dearest place. }
Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that should be drest
In all the riches of the shining East,
Should understand how ill that fordid place
Suits with the beauty of your charming face;
That face with costly dress and rich attire
Should shine, and make the gazing world admire.
When you the habit of my Trojans see,
What, think you, must that of their ladies be?

Oh! then be kind, fair Spartan, nor disdain
A Trojan in your bed to entertain.
He was a Trojan, and of our great line,
That to the gods does mix immortal wine ;
Tithonus too, whom to her rosy bed
The goddess of the Morning blushing led ;
So was Anchises of our Trojan race,
Yet Venus' self to his desir'd embrace,
With all her train of little Loves, did fly,
And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.
Nor do I think that Menelaus can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater man.
I'm sure my father never made the sun
With frighted steeds from his dire banquet run :
No grandfather of mine is stain'd with blood,
Or with his crime names the Myrtoan flood.
None of our race does in the Stygian lake
Snatch at those apples he wants power to take.
But stay ; since you with such a husband join,
Your father Jove is forc'd to grace his line.

He (gods!) a wretch unworthy of those charms
Does all the night lie melting in your arms,
Does every minute to new joys improve,
And riots in the luscious sweets of love.
I but at table one short view can gain,
And that too, only to encrease my pain :
O may such feasts my worst of foes attend,
As often I at your spread table find.
I loath my food, when my tormented eye
Sees his rude hand in your soft bosom lie.

I burst with envy when I him behold
Your tender limbs in his loose robe infold.
When he your lips with melting kisses seal'd,
Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
When you with him in strict embraces close,
My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.
Oft have I sigh'd, then sigh'd again, to see
That sigh with scornful smiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with wine would quench my hot desire
In vain; for so I added fire to fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
You straight recall'd my longing eyes again.
What shall I do? Your sports with grief I see,
But it's a greater, not to look on thee.
With all my art I strive my flames to hide,
But through the thin disguise they are descry'd,
Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,
And O that they were so to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
Lest he the cause should ask, and I betray!
What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine,
To your dear face applying every line!
In borrow'd names I my own passion shew:
They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes, more freedom in discourse to gain,
For my excuse I drunkenness would feign.
Once I remember your loose garment fell,
And did your naked, swelling breasts reveal,
Breasts white as snow, or the false down of Jove,
When to your mother the kind Swan made love:

Whilst, with the sight surpriz'd, I gazing stand,
The cup I held dropt from my careles hand.
If you your young Hermione but kifs,
Straight from her lips I snatch the envy'd blifs.
Sometimes supinely laid, love songs I sing,
And wafte'd kiffes from my fingers fling.
Your women to my aid I try to move
With all the powerful rhetorick of love ;
But they, alas ! fpeak nothing but defpair,
And in the midft leave my neglected prayer.
Oh ! that by fome great prize you might be won,
And your poffeffion might the victor crown,
As Pelops his Hippodamia won :
Then had you feen what I for you had done :
But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
And myfelf prostrate at your feet to lay.
O thou, thy houfe's glory, brighter far
Than thy two fhining brothers' friendly ftar !
O worthy of the bed of Heaven's great King,
If aught fo fair but from himfelf could fpring !
Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,
Or here a wretched banifh'd lover die.
With no flight wound my tender breaft does fmart,
My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart ;
I find my fifter true did prophefy,
I with a heavenly dart fhould wounded die ;
Defpife not then a love by heaven defign'd,
So may the gods ftill to your vows be kind !

Much I could fay ; but what, will beft be known
In your apartment, when we are alone.

You blush, and, with a superstitious dread,
Fear to defile the sacred marriage bed :
Ah ! Helen, can you then so simple be,
To think such beauty can from faults be free ?
Or change that face, or you must needs be kind ;
Beauty and Virtue seldom have been join'd.
Jove and bright Venus do our thefts approve,
Such thefts as these gave you your father Jove.
And if in you aught of your parents last,
Can Jove and Leda's daughter well be chaste ?
Yet then be chaste when we to Troy shall go
(For she who sins with one alone, is so).
But let us now enjoy that pleasing sin,
Then marry, and be innocent again.
Ev'n your own husband doth the same persuade,
Silent himself, yet all his actions plead :
For me they plead, and he, good man ! because
He'll spoil no sport, officiously withdraws.
Had he no other time to visit Crete ?
Oh ! how prodigious is a husband's wit !
He went ; and, as he went, he cry'd, " My dear,
" Instead of me, you of your guest take care !"
But you forget your lord's command, I see,
Nor take you any care of Love or Me.
And think you such a thing as he does know
The treasure that he holds in holding you ?
No ; did he understand but half your charms,
He durst not trust them in a stranger's arms.
If neither his nor my request can move,
We're forc'd by opportunity to love ;

We should be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,
Should so secure a time unactive be.
Alone these tedious winter nights you lie
In a cold widow'd bed, and so do I.
Let mutual joys our willing bodies join,
That happy night shall the mid-day out-shine.
Then will I swear by all the powers above,
And in their awful presence seal my love.
Then, if my wishes may aspire so high,
I with our flight shall win you to comply ;
But, if nice honour little scruples frame,
The force I'll use shall vindicate your fame.
Of Theseus and your brothers I can learn,
No precedents so nearly you concern :
You Theseus, they Leucippus' daughter stole ;
I'll be the fourth in the illustrious roll.
Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my fleet does stay,
And waiting winds murmur at our delay.
Through Troy's throng'd streets you shall in triumph go,
Ador'd as some new goddesses here below.
Where'er you tread, spices and gums shall smoke,
And victims fall beneath the fatal stroke.
My father, mother, all the joyful court,
All Troy, to you with presents shall resort.
Alas ! 'tis nothing what I yet have said ;
What there you'll find, shall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, lest war pursue our hasty flight,
And angry Greece should all her force unite.
What ravish'd maid did ever wars regain ?
Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.

The Thracians Orithya stole from far,
 Yet Thrace ne'er heard the noise of following war.
 Jason too stole away the Colchian maid,
 Yet Colchos did not Thessaly invade.
 He who stole you, stole Ariadne too,
 Yet Minos did not with all Crete pursue.
 Fear in these cases than the danger's more,
 And, when the threatening tempest once is o'er,
 Our shame's then greater than our fear before. }
 But say from Greece a threaten'd war pursue,
 Know I have strength and wounding weapons too.
 In men and horse more numerous than Greece
 Our empire is, nor in its compass less.
 Nor does your husband Paris aught excel
 In generous courage, or in martial skill.
 Ev'n but a boy, from my slain foes I gain'd
 My stolen herd, and a new name attain'd;
 Ev'n then, o'ercome by me, I could produce
 Deiphobus and great Ilioneus.
 Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,
 Than when from far my certain arrows fly.
 You for his youth can no such actions feign,
 Nor can he e'er my envy'd skill attain.
 But could he, Hector's your security,
 And he alone an army is to me.
 You know me not, nor the hid prowess find
 Of him that heaven has for your bed design'd.
 Either no war from Greece shall follow thee,
 Or, if it does, shall be repell'd by me.

Nor think I fear to fight for such a wife,
 That prize would give the coward's courage life.
 All after-ages shall your fame admire,
 If you alone set the whole world on fire.
 To sea, to sea, while all the gods are kind,
 And all I promise, you in Troy shall find.

THE EPISTLE

OF

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Acontius in the temple of Diana at Delos (famous for the resort of the most beautiful virgins of all Greece) fell in love with Cydippe, a lady of quality much above his own; not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her: he writes, upon the fairest apple that could be procured, a couple of verses to this effect:

“ I swear, by chaste Diana, I will be

“ In sacred wedlock ever join'd to thee:”

and throws it at the feet of the young lady; she, suspecting not the deceit, takes it up and reads it, and therein promises herself in marriage to Acontius; there being a law there in force, that whatever any person should swear in the temple of Diana of Delos, should stand good, and be inviolably observed: but her father, not knowing what had past, and having not long after promised her to another, just as the solemnities of marriage were to be performed, she was taken with a sudden and violent

fever, which Acontius endeavours to persuade her was sent from Diana, as a punishment of the breach of the vow made in her presence. And this, with the rest of the arguments which on such occasion would occur to a lover, is the subject of the following epistle.

READ boldly this; here you shall swear no more,
 For that's enough which you have sworn before.
 Read it; so may that violent disease,
 Which thy dear body, but my soul doth seize,
 Forget its too-long practis'd cruelty,
 And health to you restore, and you to me.
 Why do you blush? for blush you do, I fear,
 As when you first did in the temple swear:
 Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim,
 And truth can never be the cause of shame:
 Shame lives with guilt; but you your virtue prove
 In favouring mine, for mine's a husband's love.
 Ah! to yourself those binding words repeat
 That once your wishing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
 When th' apple brought them dancing to your feet. }
 There you will find the solemn vow you made,
 Which if your health or mine can aught persuade,
 You to perform should rather mindful be,
 Than great Diana to revenge on thee.
 My fears for you increase with my desire,
 And Hope blows that already raging fire;
 For hope you gave, nor can you this deny,
 For the great Goddess of the fane was by;
 She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd shrine
 A sudden kind auspicious light did shine:

Her statue seem'd to nod its awful head,
And give its glad consent to what you said ;
Now, if you please, accuse my prosperous cheat,
Yet still confess 'twas Love that taught me it :
In that deceit what did I else design
But with your own consent to make you mine ?
What you my crime, I call my innocence,
Since loving you has been my sole offence.
Nor Nature gave me, nor has practice taught,
The nets with which young virgins' hearts are caught.
You my accuser taught me to deceive,
And Love, with you, did his assistance give ;
For Love stood by, and smiling bad me write
The cunning words he did himself indite :
Again, you see, I write by his command,
He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand,
Again such kind, such loving words I send,
As makes me fear that I again offend :
Yet, if my love's my crime, I must confess,
Great is my guilt, but never shall be less.
Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,
In finding out new paths to reach thy love !
A thousand ways to that steep mountain lead,
Though hard to find, and difficult to tread.
All these will I find out, and break through all,
For which, my flames compar'd, the danger's small.
The gods alone know what the end will be,
Yet, if we mortals any thing foresee,
One way or other you must yield to me. }

If all my arts should fail, to arms I'll fly,
 And snatch by force what you my prayers deny :
 I all those heroes mighty acts applaud,
 Who first have led me this illustrious road.
 I too—but hold, death the reward will be ;
 Death be it then ! ——— }
 For to lose you is more than death to me.

Were you less fair, I'd use the vulgar way
 Of tedious courtship, and of dull delay.
 But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
 And something wondrous as itself inspires ;
 Those eyes that all the heavenly lights out-shine,
 (Which, oh ! may'st thou behold and love in mine !)
 Those snowy arms, which on my neck should fall,
 If you the vows you made regard at all,
 That modest sweetness and becoming grace,
 That paints with living red your blushing face,
 Those feet, with which they only can compare,
 That through the silver flood bright Thetis bear :
 Do all conspire my madness to excite,
 With all the rest that is deny'd to fight :
 Which could I praise, alike I then were blest,
 And all the storms of my vex'd soul at rest :
 No wonder then if, with such beauty fir'd,
 I of your love the sacred pledge desir'd.
 Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
 Your very frowns all others' smiles excel ;
 But give me leave that anger to appease,
 By my submission that my love did raise.

Your pardon prostrate at your feet I'll crave,
The humble posture of your guilty slave.
With falling tears your fiery rage I'll cool,
And lay the rising tempest of your foul.
Why in my absence are you thus severe?
Summon'd at your tribunal to appear
For all my crimes, I'd gladly suffer there :
With pride whatever you inflict receive,
And love the wounds those hands vouchsafe to give.
Your fetters too — but they, alas! are vain,
For Love has bound me, and I hug my chain :
Your hardest laws with patience I'll obey,
Till you yourself at last relent, and say,
When all my sufferings you with pity see,
“ He that can love so well, is worthy me ! ”
But, if all this should unsuccessful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd love.
O may my fears be false ! yet she delights
In just revenge of her abused rites.
I dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread,
Lest you should think that for myself I plead.
Yet out it must : — 'Tis this, 'tis surely this,
'That is the fuel to your hot disease :
When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
Her fatal messenger the goddess sends ;
And when you would to his kind call consent,
This fever does your perjury prevent.
Forbear, forbear, thus to provoke her rage,
Which you so easily may yet assuage :

Forbear to make that lovely charming face
 The prey to every envious disease :
 Preserve those looks to be enjoy'd by me,
 Which none should ever but with wonder see :
 Let that fresh colour to your cheeks return,
 Whose glowing flame did all beholders burn :
 But let on him, th' unhappy cause of all
 The ills that from Diana's anger fall,
 No greater torments light than those I feel,
 When you, my dearest, tenderest part, are ill.
 For, oh ! with what dire tortures am I rack'd,
 Whom different griefs successively distract !
 Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow,
 To think that I have caus'd so much to you.
 Then, great Diana's witness, how I pray
 That all our crimes on me alone she'd lay !
 Sometimes to your lov'd doors disguis'd I come,
 And all around them up and down I roam ;
 Till I your woman coming from you spy,
 With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
 With silent steps, like some sad ghost, I steal
 Close up to her, and urge her to reveal
 More than new questions suffer her to tell :
 How you had slept, what diet you had us'd ?
 And oft the vain physician's art accus'd.
 He every hour (oh, were I blest as he !)
 Does all the turns of your distemper see.
 Why sit not I by your bed-side all day,
 My mournful head in your warm bosom lay,
 Till with my tears the inward fires decay ?

Why prefs not I your melting hand in mine,
 And from your pulse of my own health divine?
 But, oh! these wishes all are vain; and he
 Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee,
 Forgetful as thou art of heaven and me. }
 He that lov'd hand doth prefs, and oft doth feign
 Some new excuse to feel thy beating vein.
 Then his bold hand up to your arm doth slide,
 And in your panting breast itself does hide;
 Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,
 For his officious care too great a fee.
 Robber, who gave thee leave to taste that lip,
 And the ripe harvest of my kisses reap?
 For they are mine, so is that bosom too,
 Which, false as 'tis, shall never harbour you:
 Take, take away those thy adulterous hands,
 For know, another lord that breast commands.
 'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee,
 But heaven and she first gave herself to me:
 And you in justice therefore should decline
 Your claim to that which is already mine.
 This is the man, Cydippe, that excites
 Diana's rage, to vindicate her rites.
 Command him then not to approach thy door;
 This done, the danger of your death is o'er.
 For fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
 Which great Diana heard, and did allow.
 And she who took it, will thy health restore,
 And be propitious as she was before.

“ 'Tis not the steam of a slain heifer's blood
 “ That can allay the anger of a God :
 “ 'Tis truth, and justice to your vows, appease
 “ Their angry deities ; and without these
 “ No slaughter'd beast their fury can divert,
 “ For that's a sacrifice without a heart.”

Some, bitter potions patiently endure,
 And kiss the wounding lance that works their cure :
 You have no need these cruel cures to feel,
 Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
 Why let you still your pious parents weep,
 Whom you in ignorance of your promise keep ?
 Oh ! to your mother all our story tell,
 And the whole progress of our love reveal :
 Tell her how first, at great Diana's shrine,
 I fix'd my eyes, my wondering eyes, on thine :
 How like the statues there I stood amaz'd,
 Whilst on thy face intemperately I gaz'd.
 She will herself, when you my tale repeat,
 Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.
 Marry, she'll say, whom heaven commends to thee,
 He, who has pleas'd Diana, pleases me.
 But should she ask from what descent I came,
 My country, and my parents, and my name ;
 Tell her, that none of these deserve my shame. }
 Had you not sworn, you such a one might chuse ;
 But, were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse.
 'This in my dreams Diana bade me write,
 And when I wak'd, sent Cupid to indite.

Obey them both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity see,
She too will soon relent that wounded thee.

}

Then to our joys with eager haste we'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love :

To the great temple we'll in triumph go,
And with our offerings at the altar bow.

A golden image there I'll consecrate,
Of the false Apple's innocent deceit ;

And write below the happy verse that came
The messenger of my successful flame.

“ Let all the world this from Acontius know,

“ Cydippe has been faithful to her vow.”

More I could write ! but, since thy illness reigns,
And racks thy tender limbs with sharpest pains,
My pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,
Although for me too little, yet too much for thee.

JUVENAL, SAT. IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this satire first brings in Crispinus, whom he had a lash at in his first satire, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous prodigality and luxury, in giving the price of an estate for a barbel: and from thence takes occasion to introduce the principal subject and true design of this satire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous story of a turbot presented to Domitian, of so vast a bigness, that all the Emperor's scullery had not a dish large enough to hold it: Upon which the senate in all haste is summoned, to consult in this exigency, what is fittest to be done. The Poet gives us a particular of the senators' names, their distinct characters, and speeches, and advice; and, after much and wise consultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the senate, and concludes the satire.

ONCE more Crispinus call'd upon the stage
 (Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my rage:
 A monster, to whom every vice lays claim,
 Without one virtue to redeem his fame.
 Feeble and sick, yet strong in lust alone,
 The rank adulterer preys on all the town,
 All but the widows' nauseous charms go down. }
 What matter then how stately is the arch
 Where his tir'd mules slow with their burden march?
 What matter then how thick and long the shade
 Through which he is by sweating slaves convey'd?

How many acres near the city walls
 Or new-built palaces, his own he calls?
 No ill man's happy; least of all is he
 Whose study 'tis to corrupt chastity;
 Th' incestuous brute, who the veil'd vestal maid
 But lately to his impious bed betray'd,
 Who for his crime, if laws their course might have,
 Ought to descend alive into the grave*.

But now of slighter faults; and yet the same
 By others done, the censor's justice claim.
 For what good men ignoble count and base,
 Is virtue here, and does Crispinus grace:
 In this he's safe, whate'er we write of him,
 The person is more odious than the crime.
 And so all satire's lost. The lavish slave
 Six thousand pieces † for a barbel gave:
 A sesterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they
 Gave out, that hear great things, but greater say.
 If, by this bribe well plac'd, he would ensnare
 Some sapless usurer that wants an heir,
 Or if this present the sly courtier meant
 Should to some punk of quality be sent,
 That in her easy chair in state does ride,
 The glasses all drawn up on every side,
 I'd praise his cunning; but expect not this,
 For his own gut he bought the stately fish.

* Crispinus had seduced a vestal virgin; and, by the law of Numa, shou' have been buried alive.

† Roman Sestertii.

Now even Apicius * frugal seems, and poor,
Outvy'd in luxury unknown before.

Gave you, Crispinus, you this mighty sum ;
You that, for want of other rags, did come
In your own country paper wrapp'd, to Rome ?
Do scales and fins bear price to this excess ?
You might have bought the fisherman for less.
For less some provinces whole acres sell ;
Nay, in Apulia †, if you bargain well,
A manor would cost less than such a meal.

What think we then of this luxurious lord ‡ ?
What banquets loaded that imperial board ?
When, in one dish, that, taken from the rest,
His constant table would have hardly miss'd,
So many sesterces were swallow'd down,
To stuff one scarlet-coated court buffoon,
Whom Rome of all her knights now chiefest greets,
From crying stinking fish about her streets.

Begin, Calliope, but not to sing :
Plain, honest truth we for our subject bring.
Help then, ye young Pierian maids, to tell
A downright narrative of what befell.
Afford me willingly your sacred aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have styl'd
you maids.

* Famous for gluttony, even to a proverb. See Dr. King's
" Art of Cookery."

† Where land was remarkably cheap.

‡ Domitian.

When he, with whom the Flavian race decay'd*, }
 The groaning world with iron sceptre sway'd, }
 When a bald Nero † reign'd, and servile Rome }
 obey'd,

Where Venus' shrine does fair Ancona grace,
 A turbot taken, of prodigious space,
 Fill'd the extended net, not less than those
 That dull Mæotis does with ice inclose ;
 Till, conquer'd by the sun's prevailing ray,
 It opens to the Pontic Sea their way ;
 And throws them out unwieldy with their growth,
 Fat with long ease, and a whole winter's sloth :
 The wise commander of the boat and lines,
 For our high priest ‡ the stately prey designs ;
 For who that lordly fish durst sell or buy,
 So many spies and court-informers nigh ?
 No shore but of this vermin swarms does bear,
 Searchers of mud and sea-weed ! that would swear
 The fish had long in Cæsar's ponds been fed,
 And from its lord undutifully fled ;
 So, justly ought to be again restor'd :
 Nay, if you credit sage Palphurius' || word,
 Or dare rely on Armillatus' || skill,
 Whatever fish the vulgar fry excel
 Belong to Cæsar, wheresoe'er they swim,
 By their own worth confiscated to him.

* Domitian was the last and worst of that family.

† Domitian, from his cruelty, was called a second Nero ; and, from his baldness, Calvus.

‡ A title often assumed by the Emperors.

|| Both of consular degree, yet spies and informers.

The boatman then shall a wise present make,
And give the fish before the seizers take.

Now sickly Autumn to dry frosts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and fresh preserv'd the prey;
Yet with such haste the busy fishes flew,
As if a hot south-wind corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the lake, where what remains
Of Alba still her ancient rites retains,
Still worships Vesta, though an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay.

The wondering crowd, that to strange fights resort,
And choak'd a while his passage to the court,
At length gives way; ope flies the palace-gate,
The turbot enters in, without the Fathers * wait;
The boatman straight does to Atrides press,
And thus presents his fish, and his address:

Accept, dread Sir, this tribute from the main,
Too great for private kitchens to contain.
To your glad genius sacrifice this day,
Let common meats respectfully give way.
Haste to unload your stomachs, to receive
This turbot, that for you did only live.
So long preserv'd to be imperial food,
Glad of the net, and to be taken proud.

How fulsome this! how gross! yet this takes well,
And the vain Prince with empty pride does swell.
Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,
When to his face the worthless wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile court-flattery to a god has rais'd.

* The Senate, or *Patres Conscripti*.

But oh, hard fate! the palace stores no dish
 Afford, capacious of the mighty fish.
 To sage debate are summon'd all the peers,
 His trusty and much-hated counsellors,
 In whose pale looks that ghastly terror sat,
 That haunts the dangerous friendships of the great.

The loud Liburnian *, that the senate call'd,
 "Run, run; he's set, he's set!" no sooner bawl'd,
 But, with his robe snatcht up in haste, does come
 Pegasus †, bailiff of affrighted Rome.
 What more were præfects then? The best he was,
 And faithfullest expounder of the laws.
 Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd best,
 When Justice exercis'd her sword the least.

Old Crispus ‡ next, pleasant though old, appears,
 His wit nor humour yielding to his years.
 His temper mild, good-nature join'd with sense,
 And manners charming as his eloquence.
 Who fitter for a useful friend than he,
 To the great Ruler of the earth and sea,
 If, as his thoughts were just, his tongue were free? }
 If it were safe to vent his generous mind
 To Rome's dire plague, and terror of mankind;
 If cruel Power could softening counsel bear.
 But what's so tender as a tyrant's ear;
 With whom whoever, though a favourite, spake,
 At every sentence set his life at stake,

* The Roman criers were usually of this country.

† A learned lawyer, and præfect of Rome.

‡ Who made the jest on Domitian's killing flies.

'Though the discourse were of no weightier things,
 Than sultry summers, or unhealthful springs?
 This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
 With his weak arms to stem the stronger tide.
 Nor did all Rome, grown spiritless, supply
 A man that for bold truth durst bravely die.
 So, safe by wise complying silence, he
 Ev'n in that court did fourscore summers see.

Next him Acilius, though his age the same,
 With eager haste to the grand council came :
 With him a youth, unworthy of the fate
 That did too near his growing virtues wait,
 Urg'd by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate. }
 (But 'tis long since old age began to be
 In noble blood no less than prodigy,
 Whence 'tis I'd rather be of giants' birth*,
 A pigmy brother to those sons of earth.)
 Unhappy youth! whom from his destin'd end,
 No well-dissembled madness could defend ;
 When naked in the Alban theatre,
 In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting spear.
 Who sees not now through the Lord's thin disguise,
 That long seem'd fool, to prove at last more wise?
 That stale court trick is now too open laid :
 Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd †?
 Those honest times might swallow this pretence,
 When the King's beard was deeper than his sense.

* Of an obscure and unknown family.

† In counterfeiting madness.

Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,
With equal marks of terror in his face.

Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward flame
Of an old crime that is not fit to name.

Worse, yet in scandal taking more delight,
Than the vile Pathick * that durst satire write.

Montanus' belly next, advancing slow
Before the sweating senator, did go.

Crispinus after, but much sweeter comes,
Scented with costly oils and Eastern gums,
More than would serve two funerals for perfumes. }

Then Pompey, none more skill'd in the court-game
Of cutting throats with a soft whisper, came.

Next Fuscus †, he who many a peaceful day
For Dacian vultures was reserv'd a prey,
Till, having study'd war enough at home,
He led abroad th' unhappy arms of Rome.

Cunning Vejento next, and by his side
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide,
Decrepit, yet a furious lover he,
And deeply smit with charms he could not see.
A monster, that ev'n this worst age outvies,
Conspicuous, and above the common size.
A blind base flatterer, from some bridge or gate ‡,
Rais'd to a murdering minister of state.
Deserving still to beg upon the road,
And bless each passing waggon and its load.

* Nero, who charged his own crimes on Quintianus.

† Cornelius Fuscus, who was slain in Dacia.

‡ The common stands for beggars.

None more admir'd the fish ; he in its praise
 With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raise ;
 But to the left all his fine things did say,
 Whilst on his right the unseen turbot lay.
 So he the fam'd Cilician Fencer prais'd,
 And at each hit with wonder seem'd amaz'd :
 So did the scenes and stage machines admire,
 And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire.

Nor came Vejento short ; but, as inspir'd
 By thee, Bellona, by thy fury fir'd,
 Turns prophet. See the mighty omen, see,
 He cries, of some illustrious victory !
 Some captive king thee his new lord shall own ;
 Or from his British chariot headlong thrown
 The proud Arviragus come tumbling down !
 The monster's foreign. Mark the pointed spears
 That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears !
 Who nobler could, or plainer things presage ?
 Yet one thing 'scap'd him, the prophetic rage
 Shew'd not the turbot's country, nor its age.

At length by Cæsar the grand question's put :
 My lords, your judgement ; shall the fish be cut ?
 Far be it, far from us, Montanus cries ;
 Let's not dishonour thus the noble prize !
 A pot of finest earth, thin, deep, and wide,
 Some skilful quick Prometheus must provide.
 Clay and the forming wheel prepare with speed.
 But, Cæsar, be it from henceforth decreed,
 That potters on the royal progress wait,
 'T' assist in these emergencies of state.

This counsel pleas'd; nor could it fail to take,
So fit, so worthy of the man that spake.
The old court riots he remember'd well;
Could tales of Nero's midnight suppers tell,
When Falern wines the labouring lungs did fire,
And to new dainties kindled false desire.
In arts of eating, none more early train'd,
None in my time had equal skill attain'd.
He, whether Circe's rock his oysters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian shore,
Knew at first taste, nay at first sight could tell
A crab or lobster's country by its shell.

They rise; and straight all, with respectful awe,
At the word given, obsequiously withdraw,
Whom, full of eager haste, surprize, and fear,
Our mighty prince had summon'd to appear;
As if some news he'd of the Catti tell,
Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel:
As if expresses from all parts had come
With fresh alarms threatening the fate of Rome.

What folly this! But, oh! that all the rest
Of his dire reign had thus been spent in jest;
And all that time such trifles had employ'd
In which so many nobles he destroy'd;
He safe, they unreveng'd, to the disgrace
Of the surviving, tame, Patrician race!
But, when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
Him, whom so many lords had slain they flew.

DAMON AND ALEXIS.

DAMON.

TELL me, Alexis, whence these sorrows grow?
 From what hid spring do these salt torrents flow?
 Why hangs the head of my afflicted swain;
 Like bending lilies over-charg'd with rain?

ALEXIS.

Ah, Damon, if what you already see,
 Can move thy gentle breast to pity me;
 How would thy sighs with mine in concert join,
 How would thy tears swell up the tide of mine?
 Couldst thou but see (but, oh, no light is there,
 But blackest clouds of darkness and despair!)
 Could'st thou but see the torments that within
 Lie deeply lodg'd, and view the horrid scene!
 View all the wounds, and every fatal dart
 That sticks and rankles in my bleeding heart!
 No more, ye swains, Love's harmless anger fear,
 For he has empty'd all his quiver here.
 Nor thou, kind Damon, ask me why I grieve,
 But rather wonder, wonder that I live.

DAMON.

Unhappy youth! too well, alas! I know
 The pangs despairing lovers undergo!

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA AND DORINDA.

WHEN first the young Alexis saw
 Cælia to all the plain give law,
 The haughty Cælia, in whose face
 Love dwelt with Fear, and Pride with Grace;
 When every swain he saw submit
 To her commanding eyes and wit,
 How could th' ambitious youth aspire
 To perish by a nobler fire?
 With all the power of verse he strove
 The lovely shepherdes to move:
 Verse, in which the Gods delight,
 That makes nymphs love, and heroes fight;
 Verse, that once rul'd all the plain,
 Verse, the wishes of a swain.
 How oft has Thyrsis' pipe prevail'd,
 Where Egon's flocks and herds have fail'd?
 Fair Amaryllis, was thy mind
 Ever to Damon's wealth inclin'd;
 Whilst Lycidas's gentle breast,
 With Love, and with a Muse possess'd,
 Breath'd forth in verse his soft desire,
 Kindling in thee his gentle fire?

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA'S SOLILOQUY.

MISTRESS of all my senses can invite,
Free as the air, and unconfin'd as light ;
Queen of a thousand slaves that fawn and bow,
And, with submissive fear, my power allow,
Should I exchange this noble state of life
To gain the vile detested name of Wife ;
Should I my native liberty betray,
Call him my lord, who at my footstool lay ?
No : thanks, kind heaven, that hast my soul employ'd,
With my great sex's useful virtue, Pride.
That generous pride, that noble just disdain,
That scorns the slave that would presume to reign.
Let the raw amorous scribbler of the times
Call me his Cælia in insipid rhymes ;
I hate and scorn you all, proud that I am
T' revenge my sex's injuries on man.
Compar'd to all the plagues in marriage dwell,
It were preferment to lead apes in hell.

T O
SOME DISBANDED OFFICERS,
UPON THE
LATE VOTE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HAVE we for this serv'd full nine hard campaigns?
 Is this the recompence for all our pains?
 Have we to the remotest parts been sent,
 Bravely expos'd our lives, and fortunes spent,
 To be undone at last by Parliament? }
 Must colonels and corporals now be equal made,
 And flaming sword turn'd pruning knife and spade?
 T——b, S——, F——, and thousands more,
 Must now return to what they were before.
 No more in glittering coaches shall they ride,
 No more the feathers shew the coxcombs' pride.
 For thee, poor ——! my Muse does kindly weep,
 To see disbanded colonels grown so cheap.
 So younger brothers with fat jointures fed,
 Go despicable, once their widows dead.
 No ship, by tempest from her anchor torn,
 Is half so lost a thing, and so forlorn.
 On every stall, in every broker's shop,
 Hang up the plumes of the dismantled fop;
 Trophies like these we read not of in story,
 By other ways the Romans got their glory.
 But in this, as in all things, there's a doom,
 Some die i' th' field, and others starve at home.

T O A

ROMAN CATHOLICK UPON MARRIAGE.

CENSURE and penances, excommunication,
 Are bug-bear words to fright a bigot nation ;
 But 'tis the Church's more substantial curse,
 To damn us all for better and for worse.
 Falsely your Church seven sacraments does frame,
 Penance and Matrimony are the same.

A F R A G M E N T.

—AND yet he fears to use them, and be free ;
 Yet some have ventur'd, and why should not all ?
 Let villains, perjur'd, envious, and malicious,
 The wretched miser and the midnight murderer ;
 Betrayers of their country, or their friend,
 (And every guilty breast) fear endless torment,
 Blue lakes of brimstone, unextinguish'd fires,
 Scorpions and whips, and all that guilt deserves ;
 Let these, and only these, thus plague themselves.
 For though they fear what neither shall nor can be,
 'Tis punishment enough it makes them live,
 Live, to endure the dreadful apprehension
 Of Death, to them so dreadful ; but why dreadful,
 At least to virtuous minds ? — To be at rest,
 To sleep, and never hear of trouble more,

Say, is this dreadful? Heart, wouldst thou be at quiet?
 Dost thou thus beat for rest, and long for ease,
 And not command thy friendly hand to help thee?
 What hand can be so easy as thy own,
 To apply the medicine that cures all diseases!

AN EPISTLE* TO MR. OTWAY.

DEAR Tom, how melancholy I am grown
 Since thou hast left this learned dirty town †, }
 To thee by this dull letter be it known.

Whilst all my comfort, under all this care,
 Are duns, and puns, and logic, and small beer.
 Thou seest I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
 Or the top scene that Settle ever writ:
 The sprightly Court that wander up and down
 From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
 All, all are fled; but them I well can spare,
 For I'm so dull I have no business there.
 I have forgot whatever there I knew,
 Why men one stocking tye with ribbon blue:
 Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
 That at their breasts hang dangling by a string;
 (Yet stay, I think that I to mind recal,
 For once ‡ a squirt was rais'd by Windsor wall).

* In answer to one in Otway's Poems.

† Mr. Duke was then at Cambridge.

‡ Sir Samuel Moreland. DUKE.

I know no officer of court ; nay more,
 No dog of court, their favourite before.
 Should Veny fawn, I should not understand her,
 Nor who committed incest for Legander.
 Unpolish'd thus, an arrant scholar grown,
 What should I do but sit and coo alone,
 And thee, my absent mate, for ever moan. }
 Thus 'tis sometimes, and sorrow plays its part,
 Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.
 For, whilst with wit, with women, and with wine,
 Thy glad heart beats, and noble face does shine,
 Thy joys we at this distance feel and know ;
 Thou kindly wishest it with us were so.
 Then thee we name ; this heard, cries James, For him,
 Leap up, thou sparkling wine, and kiss the brim :
 Crosses attend the man who dares to flinch,
 Great as that man deserves who drinks not Finch.
 But these are empty joys, without you two,
 We drink your names, alas ! but where are you ?
 My dear, whom I more cherish in my breast
 Than by thy own soft Muse can be express ;
 True to thy word, afford one visit more,
 Else I shall grow, from him thou lov'dst before,
 A greasy blockhead fellow in a gown,
 (Such as is, Sir, a cousin of your own ;)
 With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
 And wit that at a quibble never fails,

AD THOMAM OTWAY.

MUSARUM nostrûmque decus, charissime Thoma,
 O animæ melior pars, Otoæ, meæ;
 Accipe quæ sacri tristes ad littora Cami
 Avulsi vestro flevimus à gremio.
 Quot mihi tunc gemitus ex imo pectore ducti,
 Perque meas lacrymæ quot cecidere genas,
 Et falices testes, & plurima testis arundo,
 Et Camus pigro tristior amne fluens.
 Audiit ipse etenim Deus, & miserata dolores
 Lubrica paulisper constitit unda meos.
 Tunc ego; vos nymphæ viridi circumlita musco
 Atria quæ colitis, tuque, verende Deus,
 Audite O qualem absentem ploramus amicum,
 Audite ut lacrymis auctior annis eat.
 Pectoris is candore nives, constantibus arcti
 Stellam animis, certâ fata vel ipsa fide;
 Ille & Amore columbas, ille & Marte leones
 Vincit, Pierias ingenioque Deas,
 Sive vocat jocus, & charites, & libera vini
 Gaudia, cumque suâ matre sonandus Amor.
 Ille potest etiam numeros æquare canendo
 Sive tuos, Ovidi, sive, Catulle, tuos.
 Sive admirantis moderatur fræna theatri,
 Itque cothurnato Musa superba pede,
 Fulmina vel Sophoclis Lycophrontæasve tenebras,
 Carminis aut fastus, Æschyle magne, tui,
 Vincit munditiis & majestâte decorâ,
 Tam bene naturam pingere docta manus,
 Hæc ego, cum spectans labentia flumina, versus
 Venere in mentem, magne poeta tui.

“ Who for Preferments,” &c. [see Otway's Poems.]

“ Premia quis meritis ingrata expectet ab Aulâ,
 Omnis ubi exigam captat simul Aulicus escam
 Gobio? quis piscis sapientior illa vadosa
 Fulminis angusti coleret loca, pisciculorum
 Esurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervum,
 Qui dum quisque micat, medicatam ut glutiat offam,
 Trudunt, impellunt, truduntur, & impelluntur;
 Nec potius, latum gremio quâ flumen aperto
 Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,
 Et requiem, & muscos virides, pulchramque vocatus
 Ad libertatem pronò delabitur alveo?”

Quos tibi pro tali persolvam carmine grates,
 O animi interpres, magne Poeta, mei!
 Nos neque folicitæ Natura effinxit ad urbis
 Officia, aut fraudes, Aula dolosa, tuas:
 Nos procul à cœno, & strepitu, fumoque remotos,
 Cum Venere & Musis myrtea scena tegat!
 Nos paribus cantare animis permittat Apollo
 Flammas meque tuas, teque, Otoæ, meas.
 Ergone me penitus vestris hædere medullis,
 Ergone sincerus me tibi junxit Amor?
 Tu quoque, tu nostris habitas, mea vita, medullis,
 Teque meo æternus pectore figit Amor.

In another Place.

Qualia tu scribis, vel qualia Carolus ille
 Noster, amor Phœbi, Pieridumque decus.

C O N T E N T S

O F

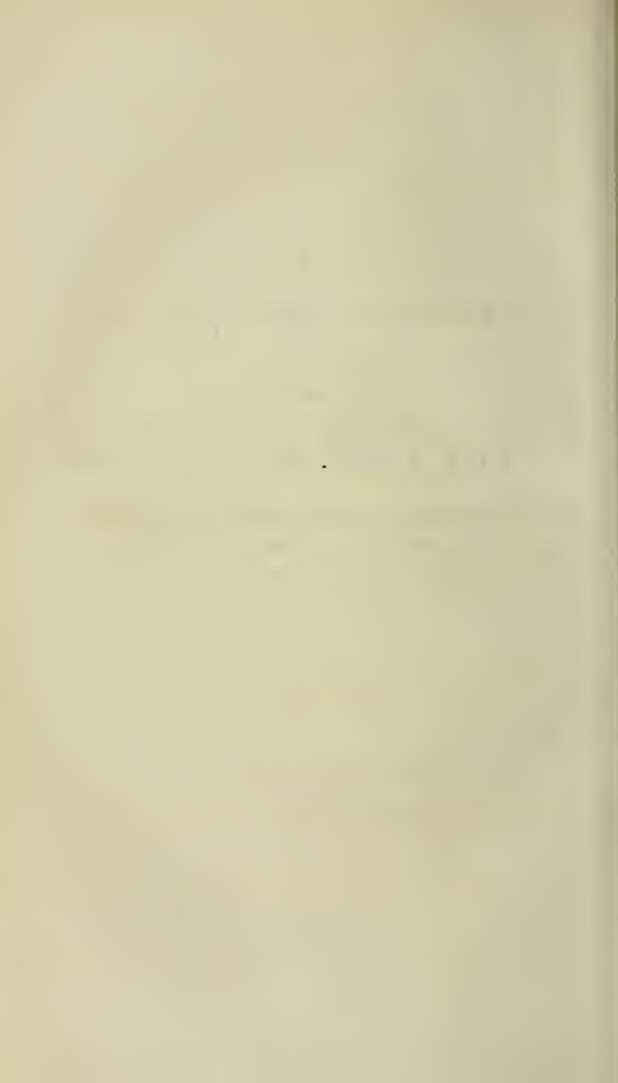
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T H E
P O E M S
O F
WILLIAM KING, LL.D.
STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH, ADVO-
CATE OF DOCTORS COMMONS,
&c. &c.



THE
ART OF COOKERY;

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME

LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

OCCASIONED PRINCIPALLY BY

The Title of a Book published by the DOCTOR, being
the Works of APICIUS COELIUS, *concerning*
the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients.

WITH

An Extract of the greatest Curiosities contained in
that Book.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

THE HONOURABLE BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1703.

OF Dr. Lister's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was reprinted at Amsterdam, in 1709, by Theod. Janf. Almeloveen, under the title of "Apicii Cælii de Opsoniis & "Condimentis, sive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum "Annotationibus Martini Lister, è Medicis Domesticis Serenissimæ Majestatis Reginae Annæ, & Notis selectioribus, "variisque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, Reinesii, "A Van Der Linden, & aliorum, ut & variarum Lectionum "Libello. Editio Secunda." Dr. Askew had a copy of each edition. N.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is now-a-days the hard fate of such as pretend to be Authors, that they are not permitted to be masters of their own works; for, if such papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a servant or any other means, come to the hands of a Bookseller, he never considers whether it be for the person's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his sentiments, whether to his style or correctness, or whether he has for some time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, so he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be so used, and printed with as much imperfection and as many mistakes as a Bookseller that has common sense could imagine should pass upon the town, especially in an age so polite and critical as the present.

These following Letters and Poem were at the press some time before the other paper pretending to the same title was crept out: and they had else, as the Learned say, groaned under the press till such time as the sheets had one by one been perused and corrected, not only by the Author, but his friends; whose judgment, as he is sensible he wants, so is he proud to own that they sometimes condescend to afford him.

For many faults, that at first seem small, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the

verse turns upon the harshness of a syllable; and the laying a stress upon improper words will make the most correct piece ridiculous. False concord, senses, and grammar, nonsense, impropriety, and confusion, may go down with some persons; but it should not be in the power of a Bookseller to lampoon an Author, and tell him, "You did write all this: I have got it; and you shall stand to the scandal, and I will have the benefit." Yet this is the present case, notwithstanding there are above threescore faults of this nature; verses transposed, some added, others altered, or rather that should have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himself upon the whole; but, if he shews his esteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke persons to read so useful a treatise; if he shews his aversion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old British hospitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muskets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chace" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he desires little farther, than that the Reader would for the future give all such Booksellers as are before spoken of no manner of encouragement.

L E T T E R S

T O

DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

L E T T E R I.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

THE happiness of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I must confess, most of my other friends are so much taken-up with politicks or speculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leisure to peruse such parts of Learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the closets of the Curious. How blest are you at London, where you have new Books of all sorts! whilst we at a greater distance, being destitute of such improvements, must content ourselves with the old store, and thumb the Classics as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the Edition of a Book by the ingenious Dr. Lister, which you say is a Treatise *De Condimentis* &

Opsonis Veterum, “Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients,” as I take it. Give me leave to use an expression, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occasion is just and proper: You have made my mouth water, but have not sent me wherewithal to satisfy my appetite.

I have raised a thousand notions to myself, only from the title. Where could such a treasure lay hid? What Manuscripts have been collated? Under what Emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious and in some things fantastical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eating*?

Consider, dear Sir, in what uncertainties we must remain at present. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned Antiquary. I shewed him your Letter; which threw him into such a dubiousness, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durst not put any *catchup* in his *fish-sauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, left, before he had seen Dr. Lister's Book, he might transgress in using something not common to the Ancients.

Dispatch it, therefore, to us with all speed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the first place, it will, in some measure, remove the barbarity of our present education: for what hopes can there be of any progress in Learning, whilst our Gentlemen suffer their sons, at Westminster, Eaton, and Winchester, to eat no-

thing but *salt* with their *mutton*, and *vinegar* with their *roast-beef*, upon holidays? what extensiveness can there be in their souls; especially when, upon their going thence to the University, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is seldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the same; and as to *saucés*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wished, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, besides his being Groom, Gardener, Butler, and Valet, you would see that he is endued with a greater accomplishment; for, according to our ancient Author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, “As many Frenchmen as you have, so many Cooks you may depend upon;” which is very useful, where there is a numerous issue. And I doubt not but, with such tutors, and good house-keepers to provide *cake* and *sweet-meats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to see that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I say, but we may have a warlike and frugal Gentry, a temperate and austere Clergy; and such Persons of Quality, in all stations, as may best undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break-off abruptly; for I am going to Monsieur D’Avaux, a person famous for easing the tooth-ach by *avulsion*. He has promised to shew me how to strike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, so as the blood may issue thence with the greatest effusion, and then will instantly

perform the operation of stewing it in its own blood, in the presence of myself and several more Virtuosi. But, let him use what *claret* he will in the performance, I will secure enough to drink your health and the rest of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

L E T T E R II.

To Mr. ———

S I R,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promise, in your last obliging letter, to obtain the happiness of my correspondence with Dr. Lister; and to that end have sent you the inclosed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

L E T T E R III.

To Dr. L I S T E R, present.

S I R,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never use compliments; but I must tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients concerning *dentifcalps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the use of them to have been of great antiquity, and the

original to come from the instinct of Nature, which is the best mistress upon all occasions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their Philosophical and Mathematical observations: they searched into all the springs of action; and, though I must condemn their superstition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vast district that worshipped the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whose jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and, his habitation and business lying most in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whitsters* * in Southwark, had a very good stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and consequently the opportunity of washing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occasion for other instruments to cleanse his teeth, which are ferrate, or like a saw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *ichneumon*, which performs this office, and is so maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, seeing such an useful sagacity in the *crocodile*, which they so much revered, soon began to imitate it, great examples easily drawing the multitude; so that it became their constant custom to pick their teeth, and wash their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marsham's "Dynasties," nor in the "Fragments of Manethon," what year of

* Whose tenter-grounds are now almost all built upon.

the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) so venerable an usage first began : for it is the fault of great Philologers, to omit such things as are most material. Whether Sesostris, in his large conquests, might extend the use of them, is as uncertain ; for the glorious actions of those ages lay very much in the dark. It is very probable that the public use of them came in about the same time that the Egyptians made use of *juries*. I find, in the Preface to the " Third Part of Modern Reports," that " the Chaldees had a great esteem for the number TWELVE, because there were so many signs of the Zodiack ; from them this number came to the Egyptians, and so to Greece, where Mars himself was tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *stone* that I have seen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is most likely that he did ; for he was a quarrelsome sort of a person, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count Koningmark. Now the custom of *juries* dining at an eating-house, and having glasses of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion swimming at the top, being still continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at least as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim ? Homer makes his

heroes feed so grossly, that they seem to have had more occasion for *speewers* than *goose-quills*. He is very tedious in describing a Smith's forge and an anvil: whereas he might have been more polite, in setting out the *tooth-pick-case* or painted *snuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been so barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but consider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flourished most in sumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire from Augustus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curiosities and *toy-shops*; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the universe like *raffling* sometimes at Colonel Parsons's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conquests into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Caffre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made use of any such instrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyssinian empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall shew in my Treatise of "Forks and Napkins," of which I shall send you an Essay with all expedition. I shall in that Treatise fully illustrate or confute this passage of Dr. Heylin, in the Third Book of his "Cosmography," where he says of the Chinese, "That they eat their meat with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; not touching it with their hands at all,

“ and therefore no great foulers of linen. The
“ use of silver forks with us, by some of our
“ spruce gallants taken-up of late, came from
“ hence into Italy, and from thence into England.”

I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of these particulars. For, first, the use of these *sticks* is not so much *to save linen*, as out of pure necessity; which arises from the length of their nails, which persons of great quality in those countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working, or being serviceable to themselves or others; and therefore, if they would, they could not easily feed themselves with those claws; and I have very good authority, that in the East, and especially in Japan, the Princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Besides, these sticks are of no use but for *their* sort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags. But what would those sticks signify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef*? therefore our *forks* are of quite different shape: the steel ones are bidental, and the silver generally resembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian Traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into the East Indies; and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian Prince, he was admired for his neatness in that particular,

and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife* before he returned them to their respective repositories. I could wish Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his “Modern Learning,” would shew us how much we are improved since Dr. Heylin’s time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are suffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewise of *silver* and *gold knives*, brought in with the dessert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indispensable necessity of a *silver knife* at the side-board, to mingle *sallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatise called *Acetaria*, concerning “Dressing of Sallads.” A noble Work! But I transgress—

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almost forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is so remarkable. I think I may be positive, from this verse of Juvenal, where he speaks of the Egyptians,

“Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morsu;”

that it was “sacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion.” Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonstration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier’s sauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which sauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull-inn in Bishopsgate-street, which runs thus:

“Take seven spoonfuls of spring-water; slice two onions of moderate size into a large saucer,

“ and put in as much salt as you can hold at thrice
 “ betwixt your fore-finger and thumb, if large,
 “ and serve it up.” *Probatum est.*

HOBSON, Carrier to the Univerfity
 of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy perfon remains ftill at that inn; and I dare fay, not only Hobfon, but old Birch, and many others of that mufical and delightful profefion, would rather have been labourers at the pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increafe of Learning, and more efpecially your, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

To Mr. ———

S I R,

I AM now very ferioufly employed in a Work that, I hope, may be ufeful to the Publick, which is a Poem of the “ Art of Cookery,” in imitation of Horace’s “ Art of Poetry,” infcribed to Dr. Lifter, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his Works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live fo long. I have in the mean time fent you an imitation of Horace’s invitation of Torquatus to fupper, which is the Fifth Epiftle of his Firft Book. Perhaps you will find

so many faults in this, that you may save me the trouble of my other proposal; but, however, take it as it is :

If Bellvill can his generous soul confine
 To a small room, few dishes, and some wine,
 I shall expect my happiness at nine. }
 Two bottles of smooth Palm, or Anjou white,
 Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight;
 Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely ask;
 But the Champagne is to each man his flask,
 I tell you with what force I keep the field;
 And, if you can exceed it, speak; I'll yield.
 The snow-white damask ensigns are display'd,
 And glittering salvers on the side-board laid.
 Thus we'll disperse all busy thoughts and cares,
 The General's counsels, and the Statesman's fears:
 Nor shall sleep reign in that precedent night,
 Whose joyful hours lead on the glorious light, }
 Sacred to British worth in Blenheim's fight.
 The blessings of good-fortune seem refus'd,
 Unless sometimes with generous freedom us'd.
 'Tis madness, not frugality, prepares
 A vast excess of wealth for squandering heirs.
 Must I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
 Lest the censorious world should call me rake?
 Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
 E'er spoke bold truths, or fram'd a great design?
 That makes us fancy every face has charms;
 That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;

Sees care disburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wish enjoy'd.

This I'll perform, and promise you shall see
A cleanliness from affectation free :

No noise, no hurry, when the meat's set on,
Or, when the dish is chang'd, the servants gone :
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
Whate'er you want is in the Master's reach.

Then for the company, I'll see it chose ;
Their emblematic signal is the Rose.

If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd ;
What can you hope for better from a crowd ?
But I shall not prescribe. Consult your ease,
Write back your men, and number, as you please :
Try your back-stairs, and let the lobby wait :
A stratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

L E T T E R V.

To Mr. ———

I HERE send you what I promised, “ A Discourse
“ of Cookery,” after the method which Ho-
race has taken in his “ Art of Poetry,” which I
have all along kept in my view ; for Horace cer-
tainly is an Author to be imitated in the delivery

of *precepts* for any art or *science*. He is indeed severe upon OUR sort of learning in some of his *Satires*; but even there he instructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, ver. 13.

“ Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
 “ Ut fucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
 “ Ponere: namque marem cohibent callosa vitellum.”

“ Choose eggs oblong; remember they'll be found
 “ Of sweeter taste, and whiter than the round:
 “ The firmness of that shell includes the male.”

I am much of his opinion, and could only wish that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roasted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with *eggs* in the *shell*. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much easier they will sit upon your stomach. The worthy person who recommended it to me made many profelytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unsuccessful.

I have in this Poem used a plain, easy, familiar style, as most fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an Imitator of Horace, as he himself directs. I have not consulted any of his Translators; neither Mr. Oldham, whose copiousness runs into Paraphrase; nor Ben Jonson, who is admirable for his close following of the original; nor yet the Lord Roscommon, so excellent for the beauty of

his language, and his penetration into the very design and soul of that Author. I considered that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myself upon it so much as Lucretius did, yet I dare say it is more innocent and inoffensive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and sententious, I have so far taken liberty as to pass over some of them; for I consider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the most patient disposition, as their under-servants too often experience. I wish I might prevail with them to moderate their passions, which will be the greater conquest, seeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidst the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which is one of the most accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a secret connexion in reality, though he doth not express it too plainly; and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If such as shall condescend to read this Poem would at the same time consult Horace's original Latin, or some of the aforementioned Translators, they would find at least this benefit, that they would recollect those excellent instructions which he delivers to us in such elegant language.

I could wish the Master and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem to be read with due consideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, seeing it contains many useful in-

structions for human life. It is true, that some of these rules may seem more principally to respect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the Butler. But the Cook being the principal person, without whom all the rest will be little regarded, they are directed to him; and the Work being designed for the universal good, it will accomplish some part of its intent, if those sort of people will improve by it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of Art, that there may be some terms not obvious to common Readers; but they are not many. The Reader may not have a just idea of a *fwoled mutton*, which is a sheep roasted in its wool, to save the labour of flaying. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are something unusual; but, since *sprout-tarts* and *pistachio-tarts* are much the same thing, and to be seen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," those persons who have a desire for them may easily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Danish dish; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient Family of Leigh, to carry a dish of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf-pye* was prepared for King James the First, when Jeffery his dwarf rose out of one armed with a sword and buckler; and is so recorded in history, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fish*, *hippocraes*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in Cookery; yet *terrenes* are not so usual, being a silver vessel filled with the most costly dainties, after the manner

of an *oglio*. A *surprize* is likewise a dish not so very common; which, promising little from its first appearance, when open abounds with all sorts of variety; which I cannot better resemble than to the Fifth Act of one of our modern Comedies. Lest *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Talieffin*, and *Bossu*, should be taken for dishes of rarities; it may be known, that *Monteth* was a gentleman with a scalloped coat, that *Vinegar* keeps the ring at Lincoln's-inn-fields, *Talieffin* was one of the most ancient Bards amongst the Britons, and *Bossu* one of the most certain instructors in criticism that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the Wits, that I call my Cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other persons. I am sure their *ap-prentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the first pretences to literature have been very liberal, and sent in their contributions very largely. They have been very serviceable both to *spit* and *oven*; and for these twelve months past, whilst Dr. Wotton with his "Modern Learning" was defending *pye-crust* from scorching, his dear Friend Dr. Bentley, with his "Phalaris," has been singing of *capons*. Not that this was occasioned by any superfluity or tediousness of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the

two Doctors, as far as possible, to become useful to the publick.

Indeed, Cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the highest stations of human life. The great Philosopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden Verses," shews himself to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abstain from *beans*. The noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great Dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: for, when the Samnite ambassadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dressing *turnips* for his repast, they immediately returned with this sentence, "That it was impossible to prevail upon him that could be contented with such a *supper*." In short, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made use of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemagne, that the Great Cook of the Palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies: so true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal skill required to bring an army into the field, and to set forth a magnificent entertainment; since the one was as far as possible to annoy your enemy, and the other to pleasure

“ your friend.” In fhort, as for all perfons that have not a due regard for the learned, induftrious, moral, upright, and warlike profefion of Cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Iflands, where, they being fo barbarous as to make the moft *contemptible* perfon to be their *butcher*, they had likewise their *meat* ferved up *raw*, becaufe they had no fire to drefs it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all confcience!

As this fmall effay finds acceptance, I fhall be encouraged to purfue a great defign I have in hand, of publishing a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the “ Cook’s Complete Library,” which fhall begin with a tranflation, or at leaft an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian Feaft. He fhall be published, with all his *comments*, *ufeful gloffes*, and *indexes*, of a vaft copioufnefs, with cuts of the *bafing-ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *subterranean fhullery*. I defign to have all Authors in all languages upon that fubjeâ; therefore pray confult what Oriental Manufcripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his Notes upon Locman’s Fables (whom I take to be the fame perfon with Æfop), gives us an admirable receipt for making the *four milk*, that is, the *bonny clabber*, of the Arabians. I fhould be glad to know how Mahomet ufed to have his *fhoulder of mutton* drefsed. I have heard he was a great

lover of that joint; and that a maid of an Inn poisoned him with one, saying, “ If he is a Prophet, he will discover it; if he is an impostor, no matter what becomes of him.” I shall have occasion for the assistance of all my friends in this great work. I some posts ago desired a friend to enquire what Manuscripts Sol. Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He says, he finds among his executors several admirable *bills of fare* for *Aristotle* suppers, and entertainments of country strangers, with certain prices, according to their several seasons. He says, some pages have large black crosses drawn over them; but for the greater part the Books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to search Cooks’ Hall, what Manuscripts they may have in their Archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *custard* in the Sword-bearer’s office: how many tun He, a Common Cryer, or a Common Hunt, may eat in their life-time. But I transgress the bounds of a Letter, and have strayed from my subject, which should have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be most favourable to your friend; for else they will never be able to endure your just censure. I rely upon your good-nature; and I am

Your most obliged, &c.

L E T T E R VI.

To Mr. ———

D E A R S I R,

I HAVE reflected upon the discourse I had with you the other day, and, upon serious consideration, find that the true understanding of the whole “Art of Cookery” will be useful to all persons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and especially to Poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of their masters, that Poets are not so well acquainted with good eating, as otherwise they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D’Urfey’s presence, this I would be bound to say, “That a good dinner is brother to a good poem:” only it is something more substantial; and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

I have known a supper make the most diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton, in “The Libertine*,” has set very gravely with the leg of a chicken: but I have seen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of pease and buttered eggs, under the table. The Host, in “The Villain †,” who carries tables, stools, furniture, and provisions,

* A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

† A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

all about him, gives great content to the spectators, when from the crown of his hat he produces his cold capon: so Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The Rehearsal," with her wine in her spear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that slobbers his beard with sack-poffet, in "The Man's the Master*;" have, in my opinion, made the most diverting part of the action. These embellishments we have received from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenus very merry with the recollection of the unusual entertainments and dishes given him by Nasidienus; and with his raillery upon garlick in his Third Epode. The Supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the most lively description of Nero's luxury. Juvenal spends a whole Satire about the price and dressing of a single fish, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether serious or jocose, good eating is made the subject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all Poets agree that Episodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the greatest nicety of art; and so it is the same thing at a good table: and yet I have seen a very good Episode (give me leave to call it so) made by sending out the leg of a goose, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know that Criticks with a good stomach

* A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

have been offended that the unity of action should be so far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, so at our common tables, many Episodes are allowed, as slicing of cucumbers, dressing of fallads, seasoning the inside of a surloin of beef, breaking lobsters' claws, stewing wild ducks, toasting of cheese, legs of larks, and several others.

A Poet, who, by proper expressions and pleasing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of necessary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarously, unless he has some knowledge of this " Art of Cookery," and the progress of it. Would it not sound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces*? or to have Statira talk of *tapestry-hangings*, which, all the Learned know, were many years after her death first hung up in the Hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falstaff complain of having dirtied his *silk stockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the first that had her *coach*, or wore *silk stockings*? Neither can a Poet put *hops* in an Englishman's drink before *heresy* came in: nor can he serve him with a dish of *carp* before that time: he might as well give King James the First a dish of *asparagus* upon his first coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor present Queen Ca-

tharine with a *sugar-loaf*, whereas he might as easily have given her a diamond as large, seeing the *iceing of cakes* at Wood-street Corner, and the *refining of sugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years standing, and before that time our Ancestors sweetened and garnished all with *honey*, of which there are some remains in *Windfor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *simnels*, sent for presents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would shew his reading, if the Poet put a *ben-turkey* upon a table in a Tragedy; and therefore I would advise it in Hamlet, instead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more satisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the sisters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *ben-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their stateliness of gait, reservedness in conversation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the most improper meat in the world for a Comedy; for melancholy and distress require a different sort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleased to say, “that, if she
“ were upon a strange road, and driven to great
“ necessity, she believed she might for once be able
“ to sup upon a *sack-possiet* and a *fat capon*.”

I am sure Poets, as well as Cooks, are for having all words nicely chosen and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would shew the same

regret that I do, to hear persons of some rank and quality say, “ Pray cut up that goose. Help me “ to some of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half “ that plover;” not considering how indiscreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whose proper terms are, “ *Break that Goose;*” — “ *frust that Chicken;*” — “ *spoil that Hen;*” — “ *sauce that Capon;*” — “ *mince that Plover.*” — If they are so much out in common things, how much more will they be with *bitterns, herons, cranes, and peacocks?* But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unless we lend our helping-hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greatest Author of Dramatic Poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made use of the mysteries of this Art in the Prologues to two of his Plays, one a Tragedy, the other a Comedy; in which he has shewn his greatest art, and proved most successful. I had not seen the Play for some years, before I hit upon almost the same words that he has in the following Prologue to “ All for “ Love:”

“ Fops may have leave to level all they can,
 “ As Pigmies would be glad to top a man.
 “ Half-wits are fleas, so little and so light,
 “ We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
 “ But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
 “ For change, become their next poor tenant's guests,
 “ *Drink hearty draughts of Ale from plain brown bowls,*
 “ *And snatch the homely Rosher from the coals;*
 “ So you, retiring from much better cheer,
 “ For once may venture to do penance here;

“ And, since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
 “ Whose grapes and peaches have indulg’d your taste,
 “ Take in good part from our poor Poet’s board
 “ Such shriveled fruit as Winter can afford.”

How *fops* and *fleas* should come together, I cannot easily account for; but I doubt not but his *ale*, *rasber*, *grapes*, *peaches*, and *shriveled apples*, might “ Pit, Box, and Gallery,” it well enough. His Prologue to “ Sir Martin Mar-all” is such an exquisite Poem, taken from the same Art, that I could wish it translated into Latin, to be prefixed to Dr. Lister’s Work. The whole is as follows:

P R O L O G U E.

“ Fools, which each man meets in his dish each day,
 “ Are yet the great regalia of a play;
 “ In which to Poets you but just appear,
 “ To prize that highest which cost them so dear.
 “ Fops in the town more easily will pass,
 “ One story makes a statutable ass:
 “ But such in Plays must be much thicker sown,
 “ Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
 “ Observing Poets all their walks invade,
 “ As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade;
 “ And, when they have enough for Comedy,
 “ They ’stow their several bodies in a pye.
 “ The Poet’s but the Cook to fashion it,
 “ For, Gallants, you yourselves have found the wit.
 “ To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong:
 “ None welcome those who bring their *cheer* * along.”

The image (which is the great perfection of a Poet) is so extremely lively, and well painted,

* Some Criticks read it *Chair*. KING.

that methinks I see the whole audience with a dish of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock-pye in the other. I hope I may be excused, after so great an example; for I declare I have no design but to encourage Learning, and am very far from any designs against it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who said that the "Journey to London" ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a Book, that, if received, would discourage ingenuity, would be pleased not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate-street, for fear of endangering the Booksellers' shops and the Cathedral.

I have abundance more to say upon these subjects; but I am afraid my first course is so tedious, that you will excuse me both the second course and the dessert, and call for pipes and a candle. But consider, the Papers come from an old Friend; and spare them out of compassion to,

SIR, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my Letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappiness in the

lofs of you here. The occasion of this is, to desire your assistance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of some friends; but, unless they help me, it will be impossible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune to—write; but, what is worse, I have never considered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been so very bad as to design to print; but then a wicked thought came across me with “Who will buy?” For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will destroy it: “The
 “ Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace’s Art
 “ of Poetry; with some familiar Letters to Dr.
 “ Lister and others, occasioned principally by the
 “ Title of a Book, published by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients.” To this a Beau will cry, “Phough! what have I
 “ to do with Kitchen-stuff?” To which I answer, “Buy it, and give it to your Servants.” For I hope to live to see the day when every Mistress of a family, and every Steward, shall call up their children and servants with, “Come, Miss Betty,
 “ how much have you got of your *Art of Cookery*?”
 —“Where did you leave off, Miss Isabel?”—
 “Miss Kitty, are you no farther than *King Henry
 “ and the Miller*?”—“Yes, Madam, I am come to

“ — His name shall be enroll’d

“ In Estcourt’s Book, whose gridiron’s fram’d of gold.”

“Pray, Mother, is that our Master Estcourt?”—
 “Well, child, if you mind this, you shall not be

“ put to your *Assembly Catechism* next Saturday.” What a glorious fight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to see the Butler out-learning the Steward, and the painful Scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping House-keeper ! I am told that, if a Book is any thing useful, the Printers have a way of pirating on one another, and printing other persons’ copies ; which is very barbarous. And then shall I be forced to come out with, “ The True Art of Cookery is “ only to be had at Mr. Pindar’s, a Patten- “ maker’s, under St. Dunstan’s Church, with the “ Author’s Seal at the Title-page, being Three “ Sauce-pans, in a Bend Proper, on a Cook’s “ Apron, Argent. Beware of Counterfeits.” And be forced to put out Advertisements, with “ Strops “ for Razors, and the best Spectacles, are to be “ had only at the Archimedes, &c.”

I design proposals, which I must get delivered to the Cooks’ Company, for the making an order that every apprentice shall have the “ Art of “ Cookery” when he is bound, which he shall say by heart before he is made free ; and then he shall have Dr. Lister’s Book of “ Soups and Sauces” delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindness you may shew me, I shall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power.

I am yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. —

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your perusal a late exquisite Comedy, called “The Lawyer’s Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;” which piece has its peculiar embellishments, and is a Poem carefully framed according to the nicest rules of the “Art of Cookery;” for the Play opens with a scene of good Houfewifery, where Favourite the House-keeper makes this complaint to Lady Bonona.

“FAV. The last mutton killed was lean, Madam. Should not some fat sheep be bought in?”

“BON. What say you, Let-acre, to it?”

“LET. This is the worst time of the year for sheep. The fresh grafs makes them fall away, and they begin to taste of the wool; they must be spared a while, and Favourite must cast to spend some salt-meat and fish. I hope we shall have some fat calves shortly.”

What can be more agreeable than this to the “Art of Cookery,” where our Author says,

“But though my edge be not too nicely set,

“Yet I another’s appetite may whet;

“May teach him when to buy, when season past,

“What’s stale, what’s choice, what’s plentiful, what

“waste,

* And lead him through the various maze of taste.

In the Second Act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's son, the consummate character of the Play, having in the First Act lost his Hawk, and consequently his way, *benighted and lost, and seeing a light in a distant house, comes to the thrifty widow Furiosa's* (which is exactly according to the rule, "A Prince, "who in a Forest rides astray!") *where he finds the old gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, whilst the maid is spinning. Peg reaches a chair; sack is called for; and in the mean time the good old gentlewoman complains so of rogues, that she can scarce keep a goose or a turkey in safety, for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle about a pint, and an old-fashioned glass, fills and gives her mother; she drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, he to Furiosa, who sets it down on the table. After a small time, the old lady cries, "Well, it is my bed-time; but my daughter will shew you the way to yours: for I know you would willingly be in it."* This was extremely kind! Now, upon her retirement, (see the great judgment of the Poet!) she being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he suits the following regale according to the age of the person. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the *goose* to the "fire:" but here it is otherwise; for, after some intermediate discourse, he is invited to a repast; when he modestly excuses himself with, "Truly, "Madam, I have no stomach to any meat, but

“ to comply with you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all that is desirable already.” *The Lady tells him, “ cold Supper is better than none;” so he sits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot.* I am sure, Horace could not have prepared himself more exactly; for (according to the rule, “ A Widow has cold Pye”), though Valentine, being love-sick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the Poet’s. But, when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furiosa, and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother the hospitable Lady Bonona’s (who, by the bye, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her Attorney), then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this Verse “ Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, “ Caveare”); and Mrs. Favourite the house-keeper makes these most important enquiries :

“ FAV. Mistrefs, shall I put any Mushrooms, Mangoes, or Bamboons, into the Sallad ?

“ BON. Yes, I pr’ythee, the best thou hast.

“ FAV. Shall I use Ketch-up or Anchovies in the Gravy ?

“ BON. What you will.”

But, however magnificent the Dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of some persons is, makes her excuse for it, with, “ Well, Gentle-
“ men, can ye spare a little time to take a short
“ dinner? I promise you, it shall not be long.” It is very probable, though the Author does not make any of the guests give a relation of it, that

Valentine, being a great sportsman, might furnish the table with game and wild-fowl. There was at least one Pheasant in the House, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before. “ Madam, “ I had a good flight of a Pheasant-cock, that, “ after my Hawk seized, made head as if he would “ have fought; but my Hawk plumed him pre- “ sently.” Now it is not reasonable to suppose that, Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman under that concern would have any stomach to it for her own supper. However, to see the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs. Candia making (though innocently) a present of an Hawk to Valentine, Florida his mistress grows jealous, and resolves to leave him, and run away with an odd sort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appease her, sends a message to her by a boy, who tells her, “ His “ master, to shew the trouble he took by her mis- “ apprehension, had sent her some visible tokens, “ the Hawk torn to-pieces with his own hands;” *and then pulls out of the basket the wings and legs of a fowl.* So we see the poor bird demolished, and all hopes of wild-fowl destroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would stop here. But, the cruel Beauty refusing to be appeased, Valentine takes a sudden resolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the Steward, to *brush-off,* and *quit his habitation.* However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young Master real, and

Valentine having threatened the House-keeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, it seems they made but slender provision for their expedition; for there is but one Scene interposed, before we find distressed Valentine in the most miserable condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to represent him. There is a Scene of the greatest horror, and most moving to compassion, of any thing that I have seen amongst the Moderns; “ Talks of no “ pyramids of Fowl, or bisks of Fish,” is nothing to it; for here we see an innocent person, unless punished for his Mother’s and Housekeeper’s extravagance, as was said before, in their Mushrooms, Mangoes, Bamboons, Ketchup, and Anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *cheese without bread*, and having no other drink but water. *For he and his boy, with two saddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confused trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk across the desert at a distance, and yet they venture in; where Valentine accosts his boy with these lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble :*

“ Hang up thy wallet on that tree	}
“ And creep thou in this hollow place with me,	
“ Let’s here repose our wearied limbs till they more	
“ wearied be!	

“ BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece
“ of cheese. What shall we do for bread?

“ VAL. When we have slept, we will seek out
“ Some roots that shall supply that doubt.

“ BOY. But no drink, Master?

“ VAL. Under that rock a spring I see,
“ Which shall refresh my thirst and thee.”

So the Act closes; and it is dismal for the Audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it seems, had a coming stomach, should continue there all the time the musick was playing, and longer. But, to ease them of their pain, by an invention which the Poets call *catastrophe*, Valentine, though with a *long beard*, and very *weak* with fasting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, says, “ I doubt I have offended him
“ too much; but I will attend him home, cherish
“ him with cordials, make him broths,” (poor good-natured creature! I wish she had Dr. Lister’s Book to help her!) “ anoint his limbs, and be a
“ nurse, a tender nurse, to him.” Nor do blessings come alone; for the good Mother, having *refreshed* him *with warm baths*, and *kept him tenderly in the house*, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, “ to get the best entertainment she ever yet pro-
“ vided, to consider what she has and what she
“ wants, and to get all ready in few hours.” And so this most regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there

was any thing ever more of a piece than the Comedy. Some persons may admire your meagre Tragedies; but give me a Play where there is a prospect of good meat or good wine stirring in every Act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before the "Art of Cookery" was thought of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to see how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I should be heartily glad, for the sake of the publick, if our Poets, for the future, would make use of so good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we shall observe it.

I have just now met with a surprizing happiness; a Friend that has seen two of Dr. Lister's Works, one "De Buccinis Fluvialibus et Marinis Exercitatio," an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fish; in which, he says, some of the chiefest rarities are the *pizzle* and *spermatic vessels* of a Snail, delineated by a microscope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *sub-crocean testicle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Fernelius, and Harvey, were never masters of. The other curiosity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, "De Opsoniis & Condimentis, sive Arte Coquinaria, Libri de-

“cem,” being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this so important affair is not sufficiently communicative. My Friend says, he has a promise of leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Most humble servant, &c.

THE
ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF
HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
 With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like Brawn;
 With wings of Turkey, and with feet of Calf;
 Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh!
 Such is, good Sir, the figure of a Feast, 5
 By some rich Farmer's wife and sister drest;
 Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
 Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
 Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
 That Syllabubs come first, and Soups the last. 10
 Not but that Cooks and Poets still were free,
 To use their power in nice variety;
 Hence Mackarel seem delightful to the eyes,
 Though dress'd with incoherent Gooseberries.
 Crabs, Salmon, Lobsters, are with Fennel spread, 15
 Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;

Yet no man lards salt Pork with Orange-peel,
Or garnishes his Lamb with Spitchcock'd Eel. 18

A Cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress'd :
What signify Scotcht-collops to a Feast ?
Or you can make whipp'd Cream ; pray what relief
Will that be to a Sailor who wants Beef ;
Who, lately shipwreck'd, never can have ease,
Till re-establish'd in his Pork and Pease ? 25

When once begun, let industry ne'er cease
Till it has render'd all things of one piece :
At your Dessert bright Pewter comes too late,
When your first course was all serv'd up in Plate.

Most knowing Sir ! the greatest part of Cooks, 30
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little ; hence has tried
Turkey-poults fresh'd, from th' Egg in Batter fried :
Others, to shew the largeness of their soul,
Prepare you Muttons swol'd, and Oxen whole. 35
To vary the same things, some think is art :
By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon-tart,
The taste is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault.

In Covent-Garden did a Taylor dwell, 40
Who might deserve a place in his own Hell :
Give him a single coat to make, he'd do't ;
A vest, or breeches, singly : but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a suit :
Rather than frame a Supper like such cloaths, 45
I'd have fine eyes and teeth, without my nose.

You that from pliant Pafte would fabricks raise,
 Expecting thence to gain immortal praife,
 Your knuckles try, and let your finews know
 Their power to knead, and give the form to dough; 50
 Chufe your materials right, your feafoning fix,
 And with your Fruit refplendent Sugar mix:
 From thence of courfe the figure will arife,
 And elegance adorn the furface of your Pies.

Beauty from order fprings: the judging eye 55
 Will tell you if one fingle plate's awry.
 The Cook muft ftill regard the prefent time;
 T' omit what's juft in feafon is a crime.
 Your infant Peafe t' Afparagus prefer,
 Which to the Supper you may beft defer. 60

Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
 Such alterations fhould at leaft be rare;
 Yet credit to the Artift will accrue,
 Who in known things ftill makes th' appearance new.
 Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffick known, 65
 And now by conftant ufe familiar grown.
 What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare
 Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Caveare?
 Or would our thrum-capp'd Anceftors find fault,
 For want of Sugar-tongs, or Spoons for Salt? 70
 New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
 Has by one vefsel fav'd his name from death.
 The Seafons change us all. By Autumn's froft,
 The fhady leaves of trees and fruit are loft.
 But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh fupplies,
 And from the teeming Earth new buds arife.

So Stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen
 Upon the spit; next May produces Green.
 The fate of things lies always in the dark :
 What Cavalier would know St. James's Park *? 80
 For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring ;
 And Wild-ducks quack where Grasshoppers did sing ;
 A Princely Palace on that space does rise,
 Where Sedley's noble Muse found Mulberries †.
 Since Places alter thus, what constant thought 85
 Of filling various dishes can be taught ?
 For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
 Who'd fix those things where Fashion is a rule.

King Hardicnute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,
 Carouz'd in nut-brown Ale, and din'd on Grout; 90
 Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
 And, when each Prince is crown'd, in splendour
 reigns.

* In the time of king Henry VIII. the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, inclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-inclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II.; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds, for water-fowl. The "Lime-trees or *Tilia*," whose blossoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, in his "Fumifugium," published in 1661.—The improvements lately made seem in some measure to have brought it into the state it was in before the Restoration; at least, the Wild-ducks have in their turn given way to the Grasshoppers. N.

† A comedy called, "The Mulberry Garden." N.

By Northern custom, duty was express'd,
 To friends departed, by their Funeral Feast.
 Though I've consulted Holinshed and Stow, 95
 I find it very difficult to know

Who, to refresh th' attendants to a grave,
 Burnt-claret first or Naples-biscuit gave.

Trotter from Quince and Apples first did frame
 A Pye, which still retains his proper name: 100
 Though common grown, yet, with white Sugar strow'd,
 And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.

As Wealth flow'd in, and Plenty sprang from Peace,
 Good-humour reign'd, and Pleasures found increase.
 'Twas usual then the banquet to prolong 105
 By Musick's charm, and some delightful song;
 Where every youth in pleasing accents strove
 To tell the stratagems and cares of Love;
 How some successful were, how others cross'd;
 Then to the sparkling glass would give his toast, 110
 Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
 To relish both the Musick and the Wine.

Why am I styl'd a Cook, if I'm so loth }
 To marinate my Fish, or season Broth, }
 Or send up what I roast with pleasing froth;
 If I my Master's *gusto* won't discern, 116
 But, through my bashful folly, scorn to learn?

When among friends good-humour takes its birth,
 'Tis not a tedious Feast prolongs the mirth;
 But 'tis not reason therefore you should spare, }
 When, as their future Burgefs, you prepare }
 For a fat Corporation and their Mayor.

All things should find their room in proper place ;
 And what adorns this treat, would that disgrace.
 Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake, 125
 And have excessive doings at their wake :
 Ev'n Taylors at their yearly Feasts look great,
 And all their Cucumbers are turn'd to Meat.

A Prince, who in a Forest rides astray,
 And, weary, to some cottage finds the way, 130
 Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, or bisks of Fish,
 But, hungry, sups his Cream serv'd up in earthen dish ;
 Quenches his thirst with Ale in nut-brown bowls,
 And takes the hasty Rasher from the coals :
 Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free, 135
 Who thought himself as good a man as he.

Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie,
 Who cares for all the crinkling of the Pye ?

If you would have me merry with your cheer,
 Be so yourself, or so at least appear. 140

The things we eat by various juice control
 The narrowness or largeness of our soul.
 Onions will make ev'n Heirs or Widows weep ;
 The tender Lettuce brings on softer sleep ;
 Eat Beef or Pye-crust if you'd serious be ; 145
 Your Shell-fish raises Venus from the Sea ;
 For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
 Still nourishes our passions by our food.

Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
 To whom she much has given, and much denied : 150
 With abstinence all delicates he sees,
 And can regale himself with Toast and Cheese :

Your Betters will despise you, if they see
 Things that are far surpassing your degree ;
 Therefore beyond your substance never treat ; 155
 'Tis plenty, in small fortune, to be neat.

'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford
 An entertainment equal with his Lord.
 Old age is frugal ; gay youth will abound
 With heat, and see the flowing cup go round. 160

A Widow has cold Pye ; Nurse gives you Cake ;
 From generous Merchants Ham or Sturgeon take.
 The Farmer has brown Bread as fresh as day,
 And Butter fragrant as the dew of May.

Cornwall Squab-pye, and Devon White-pot
 brings ; 165

And Leicester Beans and Bacon, food of Kings !

At Christmas-time, be careful of your fame,
 See the old Tenants' table be the same ;
 Then, if you would send up the Brawler's head,
 Sweet Rosemary and Bays around it spread : 170

His foaming tusks let some large Pippin grace,
 Or midst those thundering spears an Orange place ;
 Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,

The roguish Mustard, dangerous to the nose. 174

Sack and the well-spiced Hippocras the Wine,
 Wassail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
 Porridge with Plums, and Turkeys with the Chine. }

If you perhaps would try some dish unknown,
 Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
 Like ancient sailors still regard the coast, 180
 By venturing out too far you may be lost.

By roasting that which your Forefathers boil'd,
 And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.
 That Cook to British palates is complete,
 Whose favoury hand gives turns to common meat. 185

Though Cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
 Through niceness of their subject, few have writ.
 In what an aukward found that Ballad ran,
 Which with this blustering paragraph began :

THERE WAS A PRINCE OF LUBBERLAND, 190
 A POTENTATE OF HIGH COMMAND,
 TEN THOUSAND BAKERS DID ATTEND HIM,
 TEN THOUSAND BREWERS DID BEFRIEND HIM:
 THESE BROUGHT HIM KISSING-CRUSTS, AND
 THOSE
 BROUGHT HIM SMALL-BEER, BEFORE HE ROSE. 195

The Author raises mountains seeming full,
 But all the *cry* produces little *wool* :
 So, if you sue a Beggar for a house,
 And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A Loufe !
 Homer, more modest, if we search his Books, 200
 Will shew us that his Heroes all were Cooks ;
 How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
 To quarter out the Ox, and spit the loins.
 Oh could that Poet live ! could he rehearse
 Thy Journey, LISTER, in immortal verse ! 205

MUSE, SING THE MAN THAT DID TO PARIS GO,
 THAT HE MIGHT TASTE THEIR SOUPS, AND
 MUSHROOMS KNOW !

Oh, how would Homer praise their dancing Dogs,
 Their stinking Cheese, and Fricasee of Frogs !

He'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lye, 210
 Of Boys with Custard choak'd at Newberry ;
 But their whole courses you'd entirely see,
 How all their parts from first to last agree.

If you all sorts of persons would engage,
 Suit well your Eatables to every age. 215

The favourite Child, that just begins to prattle,
 And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,
 Is very humourfome, and makes great clutter,
 Till he has Windows on his Bread and Butter :
 He for repeated Supper-meat will cry, 220
 But won't tell Mammy what he'd have, or why.

The smooth-fac'd Youth, that has new Guardians }
 chose, }
 From Play-house steps to Supper at the Rose,
 Where he a main or two at random throws :
 Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice, 225
 His eating must be little, costly, nice.

Maturer Age, to this delight grown strange,
 Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
 Expecting there frugality and health,
 And honour rising from a Sheriff's wealth : 230
 Unless he some Insurance-dinner lacks,
 'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
 But then old age, by still intruding years,
 Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears :
 Morose, perverse in humour, diffident, 235
 The more he still abounds, the less content ;
 His Larder and his Kitchen too observes,
 And *now*, lest he should want hereafter, starves ;

Thinks scorn of all the present age can give,
 And none these threescore years knew how to live. 240
 But now the Cook must pass through all degrees, }
 And by his art discordant tempers please, }
 And minister to Health and to Disease. }

Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd,
 Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd. 245
 In private draw your Poultry, clean your Tripe,
 And from your Eels their slimy substance wipe.
 Let cruel offices be done by night,
 For they who like the thing abhor the sight.

Next, let discretion moderate your cost, 250
 And, when you treat, three courses be the most.
 Let never fresh machines your Pastry try, }
 Unless Grandees or Magistrates are by: }
 Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye. }
 Or, if you'd fright an Alderman and Mayor, 255
 Within a Pasty lodge a living Hare;
 Then midst their gravest Furs shall mirth arise,
 And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.

Crowd not your table: let your number be
 Not more than seven, and never less than three. 260

'Tis the Dessert that graces all the Feast,
 For an ill end disparages the rest:
 A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
 Defaces obligation by that blot.
 Make your transparent Sweet-meats truly nice,
 With Indian Sugar and Arabian Spice:
 And let your various Creams incircled be
 With swelling Fruit just ravish'd from the tree.

Let Plates and Dishes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth transparent wrought. 270

The Feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth pursued.
The cheerful Master, 'midst his jovial friends,
His glass "to their best wishes" recommends.

The Grace-cup follows to his Sovereign's health, 275
And to his Country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."

Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleases re-assumes his place ;
While at his gate, from such abundant store,
He showers his god-like blessings on the poor. 280

In days of old, our Fathers went to war,
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare :
Their Beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
And in their Basket-hilts their Beverage brew'd.

Some Officer perhaps might give consent, 285
To a large cover'd Pipkin in his tent,

Where every thing that every Soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not, }
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.

But, when our conquests were extensive grown, 290
And through the world our British worth was
known,

Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign spark'd equal with their Lace ;
Quails, Beccofico's, Ortolans, were sent
To grace the levee of a General's tent ; 295

In their gilt Plate all delicates were seen,
And what was Earth before became a rich Terrene.

When the young Players once get to Islington,
 They fondly think that all the world's their own :
 Prentices, Parish-clerks, and Hectors meet ; 300
 He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the Treat.
 Their talk is loose ; and o'er the bouncing Ale
 At Constables and Justices they rail ;
 Not thinking Custard such a serious thing,
 That Common-council-men 'twill thither bring ; 305
 Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
 With softening Mead and Cheese-cake ends the strife.
 Ev'n Squires come there, and, with their mean dis-
 course,

Render the Kitchen, which they sit in, worse.
 Midwives demure, and Chamber-maids most gay, 310
 Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
 Here find their entertainment at the height,
 In Cream and Codlings revelling with delight.
 What these approve the great men will dislike :
 But here's the art, if you the palate strike ; 315
 By management of common things so well,
 That what was thought the meanest shall excel ;
 While others strive in vain, all persons own
 Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.

When straiten'd in your time, and servants few, 320
 You'll rightly then compose an *ambigue* :
 Where first and second Course, and your Dessert,
 All in one single table have their part.
 From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
 To find the jarring elements unite,
 And raise a structure grateful to the sight. }

Be not too far by old example led,
 With caution now we in their footsteps tread :
 The French our relish help, and well supply
 The want of things too gross by decency. 330
 Our Fathers most admir'd their Sauces sweet,
 And often ask'd for Sugar with their Meat ;
 They butter'd Currants on fat Veal bestow'd,
 And Rumps of Beef with Virgin-honey strew'd.
 Infipid Taste, old Friend, to them who Paris know, 335
 Where Rocombole, Shallot, and the rank Garlick, grow.

Tom Bold did first begin the strolling mart,
 And drove about his Turnips in a cart ;
 Sometimes his Wife the Citizens would please,
 And from the same machine fell Pecks of Pease ; 340
 Then Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
 And Oranges in Whimsy-boards went round ;
 Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
 And therefore plac'd her Cherries on a stall ;
 Her Currants there and Gooseberries were spread, 345
 With the enticing gold of Ginger-bread :
 But Flounders, Sprats, and Cucumbers, were cried,
 And every found and every voice was tried.
 At last the Law this hideous din suppress'd,
 And order'd that the Sunday should have rest ; 350
 And that no Nymph her noisy food should sell,
 Except it were new Milk or Mackarel.

There is no dish but what our Cooks have made,
 And merited a charter by their trade. 354
 Not French Kickshaws, or Oglío's brought from Spain,
 Alone have found improvement from their brain ;

But Pudding, Brawn, and White-pots, own'd to be
'Th' effects of native ingenuity.

Our British Fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain, 360
Would they take time; would they with leisure work,
With care would salt their Beef, and cure their Pork;
Would boil their liquor well whene'er they brew,
THEIR CONQUEST HALF IS TO THE VICTUALLER
DUE.

Because that thrift and abstinence are good, 365
As many things if rightly understood;
Old Crofs condemns all persons to be Fops,
That can't regale themselves with Mutton-chops.
He often for stuf Beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean Rummer, as the Pest-house, shuns. 370
Sometimes Poor Jack and Onions are his dish,
And then he faints those Fryars who stink of Fish.
As for myself, I take him to abstain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely set, 375
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when season's past,
What's stale, what choice, what plentiful, what waste, }
And lead him through the various maze of taste. }

The fundamental principle of all 380
Is what ingenious Cooks THE RELISH call;
For, when the market sends in loads of food,
They all are tasteless till *that* makes them good.
Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
'To know for whom it is you would prepare: 385

You'd please a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
 A testy Father, or a haughty Mother ;
 Would mollify a Judge, would cram a Squire,
 Or else some smiles from Court you may desire ;
 Or would, perhaps, some hasty Supper give, 390
 To shew the splendid state in which you live.
 Pursuant to that interest you propose,
 Must all your Wine and all your Meat be chose.
 Let men and manners every dish adapt :
 Who'd force his Pepper where his guests are *clapt* ? 395
 A cauldron of fat Beef and stoop of Ale
 On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,
 Than if you give them with the nicest art
Ragouts of Peacocks brains, or Filbert-tart.

The French by Soups and *Haut-gouts* glory raise, 400
 And their desires all terminate in praise.
 The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
 Is, to save all the money they can touch :
 " Hans," cries the Father, " see a Pin lies there ;
 " A Pin a day will fetch a Groat a year. 405
 " To your Five Farthings join Three Farthings more ;
 " And they, if added, make your Halfpence Four !"
 Thus may your stock by management increase,
 Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace.
 Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail, 410
 What hopes of Sugar'd Cakes or Butter'd Ale ?

Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,
 Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill :
 Clog not your constant meals ; for dishes few
 Increase the appetite, when choice and new. 415

Ev'n they, who will Extravagance profess,
 Have still an inward hatred for Excess :
 Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
 Few care for carving trifles in disguise,
 Or that fantastick dish some call *surprize*.
 When pleasures to the eye and palate meet, 421
 That Cook has render'd his great work complete :
 His glory far, like SUR-LOIN'S KNIGHTHOOD, flies ;
 Immortal made, as KIT-CAT by his Pies.

Good-nature must some failings overlook, 425
 Not wilfulness, but errors of the Cook.

A string won't always give the sound design'd
 By the Musician's touch and heavenly mind :
 Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
 Still to the destin'd point directly go. 430

Perhaps no Salt is thrown about the dish,
 Or no fried Parsley scatter'd on the Fish ;
 Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,
 And hopes of pardon to my Cook deny,
 For things which carelessness might oversee, 435
 And all mankind commit as well as he ?

I with compassion once may overlook
 A Skewer sent to table by my Cook :
 But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
 That he should daily the same fault commit,
 For fear the Rascal send me up the Spit !

Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
 Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,
 But aim'd at all ; yet never could excel
 In any thing but stuffing of his Veal : 445

But, when that dish was in perfection seen,
 And that alone, would it not move your spleen?
 'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
 And gently sink the Artist into sleep.

Ev'n Lamb himself, at the most solemn feast, 450
 Might have some chargers not exactly drest.

Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
 Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,
 Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
 Where ease may all their *delicace* command : 455
 Some should be mov'd when broken ; others last
 Through the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
 Up from the Kitchen call'd his eldest Son : 459
 " Though wise thyself," says he, " though taught by me,
 " Yet fix this sentence in thy memory :
 " There are some certain things that don't excel,
 " And yet we say are *tolerably-well* :
 " There's many worthy men a Lawyer prize,
 " Whom they distinguish as of *middle* size, 465
 " For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books ;
 " But this is not, my Son, the fate of Cooks,
 " From whose mysterious art true pleasure springs
 " To *stall* of Garter, and to *throne* of Kings.
 " A simple scene, a disobliging song, 470
 " Which no way to the main design belong,
 " Or were they absent never would be mis'd,
 " Have made a well-wrought Comedy be his'd :
 " So in a Feast no intermediate fault
 " Will be allow'd ; but, if not best, 'tis naught." 475

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
 From Nine-pins, Coits, and from Trap-ball, abstains;
 Cudgels avoids, and shuns the Wrestling-place,
 Lest Vinegar resound his loud disgrace.

But every one to Cookery pretends ; 480

Nor Maid nor Mistress e'er consult their friends.

But, Sir, if you would roast a Pig, be free :

Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me ?

We'll see when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,

Or if it wants the nice concluding bout : 485

But, if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,

Not by the Drudging-box to be recall'd.

Our Cambrian Fathers, sparing in their Food,
 First broil'd their hunted Goats on bars of wood.
 Sharp Hunger was their seasoning, or they took 490
 Such Salt as issued from the native rock.

Their Sallading was never far to seek,

The poignant Water-grass, or savoury Leek ;

Until the British Bards adorn'd this Isle,

And taught them how to roast, and how to boil : 495

Then Talieffin rose, and sweetly strung

His British Harp, instructing whilst he sung :

Taught them that honesty they still possess,

Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress,

Duty to kindred, constancy to friends, 500

And inward worth, which always recommends ;

Contempt of wealth and pleasure, to appear

To all mankind with hospitable cheer.

In after-ages, Arthur taught his Knights

At his Round Table to record their fights, 505

Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
 Monsters subdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
 Inspir'd that Cambrian soul which ne'er can yield. }
 Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
 To future Heroes due example set, 510
 By his capacious cauldron made appear,
 From whence the spirits rise, and strength of war.
 The present age, to gallantry inclin'd,
 Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.
 He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes, 515
 May be a fit companion o'er Beef-steaks;
 His name may be to future times enroll'd
 In Estcourt's Book*, whose Gridiron's fram'd of Gold.
 Scorn not these lines, design'd to let you know
 Profits that from a well-plac'd Table flow. 520

'Tis a sage question, if the Art of Cooks
 Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books:
 That man will never frame a noble treat,
 Whose whole dependence lies in some Receipt:
 Then by pure Nature every thing is spoil'd, 525
 She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and boil'd.

*. That is, "be admitted a member of The Beef-steak Club."—
 Richard Estcourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as possessed of a sprightly wit, and an easy and natural politeness. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-steak Club was first instituted, he had the office of Providore assigned him; and, as a mark of distinction, used to wear a small gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green silk ribband. He died in the year 1713. N.

When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *Ragout*, or charming *Fricassee*.

The lad that would his genius so advance,
That on the rope he might securely dance, 530
From tender years enures himself to pains,
To Summer's parching heat, and Winter's rains, }
And from the fire of Wine and Love abstains; }
No Artist can his Hautboy's stops command,
Unless some skilful Master form his hand: 535
But Gentry take their Cooks though never tried;
It seems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus shew him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at school.

Ox-cheek when hot, and Wardens bak'd, some cry;
But 'tis with an intention men should buy. 541
Others abound with such a plenteous store,
That, if you'll let them treat, they'll ask no more:
And 'tis the vast ambition of their soul,
To see their Port admir'd, and Table full. 545
But then, amidst that cringing fawning crowd,
Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
Who with such grace his Honour's actions praise,
How well he fences, dances, sings, and plays;
Tell him his Livery's rich, his Chariot's fine, 550
How choice his Meat, and delicate his Wine;
Surrounded thus, how should the Youth descry
The happiness of Friendship from a Lye?
Friends act with cautious temper when sincere;
But flattering Impudence is void of care: 555

So at an Irish Funeral appears

A train of Drabs with mercenary tears ;

Who, wringing oft' their hands, with hideous moan,
Know not his name for whom they seem to groan ;

While real Grief with silent steps proceeds, 560

And Love unfeign'd with inward passion bleeds.

Hard fate of Wealth ! Were Lords as Butchers wife,
'They from their meat would banish all the *Flies!*

The Persian Kings, with Wine and massy Bowl,

Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul ; 565

That, so laid open, no one might pretend,

Unless a man of worth, to be their Friend.

But now the Guests their Patrons undermine ;

And slander them, for giving them their Wine.

Great men have dearly thus companions bought : 570

Unless by these instructions they 'll be taught,

They spread the net, and will themselves be caught. }

Were Horace, that great Master, now alive,

A Feast with wit and judgment he 'd contrive.

As thus :—Supposing that you would rehearse 575

A labour'd Work, and every Dish a Verse ;

He 'd say, “ Mend this, and t'other Line, and this.”

If after trial it were still amiss,

He 'd bid you give it a new turn of face,

Or set some Dish more curious in its place. 580

If you persist, he would not strive to move

A passion so delightful as Self-love.

We should submit our Treats to Criticks' view,

And every prudent Cook should read Bossu.

Judgment provides the Meat in season fit, 585
Which by the genius dress'd, its sauce is Wit.

Good Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
Come up to the decorum of the Stage.

The Critick strikes out all that is not just,
And 'tis ev'n so the Butler chips his crust. 590

Poets and Pastry-cooks will be the same,
Since both of them their images must frame.

Chimæras from the Poet's fancies flow :

The Cook contrives his shapes in real Dough.

When Truth commands, there's no man can offend,
That with a modest love corrects his Friend, 596

Though 'tis in toasting Bread, or buttering Pease,
So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease.

But why should we reprove when faults are small ?

Because 'tis better to have none at all. 600

There's often weight in things that seem the least,
And our most trifling follies raise the jest.

'Tis by his cleanliness a Cook must please ;
A Kitchen will admit of no disease.

The Fowler and the Huntsman both may run 605
Amidst that dirt which he must nicely shun.

Empedocles, a Sage of old, would raise

A Name immortal by unusual ways ;

At last his fancies grew so very odd,

He thought by *roasting* to be made a God. 610

Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldy stuff
In Ætna's flames, so to have Fire enough.

Were my Cook fat, and I a stander-by,

I'd rather than himself his Fish should fry.

There are some persons so excessive rude, 615
That to your private Table they'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast;
Turn like a Fox, they'll catch you at the last.
You must, since bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your house as in a pestilence. 620
Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,
And, as you're scampering, stop you in your Coach.
Then think of all your sins, and you will see
How right your guilt and punishment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail, 625
But you would throw some debtor into gaol.
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curse,
You are detain'd by something that is worse.
Were it in my election, I should chuse,
To meet a ravenous Wolf or Bear got loose. 630
He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
No quarter from the Parasite you'll get;
But, like a Leech well fix'd, he'll suck what's good,
And never part till satisfied with Blood.

L E T T E R IX.

To Mr. ———

D E A R S I R ,

I MUST communicate my happiness to you, because you are so much my Friend as to rejoice at it. I some days ago met with an old Acquaintance, a curious person, of whom I enquired if he had seen the Book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very slight view of it, the person who was master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a rarity out of his closet. I desired him to give me what account he could of it. He says, that it is a very handsome Octavo; for, ever since the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an Author strangely; that there is a copious Index; and at the end a Catalogue of all the Doctor's Works, concerning Cockles, English Beetles, Snails, Spiders that get up into the air and throw us down Cobwebs, a Monster vomited up by a Baker, and such like; which, if carefully perused, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it seems, no Manuscript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; so that this impression is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my Friend

says, he does not believe contrived it himself, because the things are so very much out of the way, that it is not probable any Learned Man would set himself seriously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the Editor, “ That, whatever Manuscripts there might have
“ been, they must have been extremely vicious and
“ corrupt, as being written out by the Cooks them-
“ selves, or some of their Friends or Servants, who
“ are not always the most accurate.” And then, as my Friend observed, if the Cook had used it much, it might be sullied; the Cook, perhaps, not always licking his fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no improvident matter for the State to order a select Scrivener to transcribe Receipts, lest ignorant women and Housekeepers should impose upon future ages by ill-spelt and uncorrect Receipts for potting of Lobsters, or pickling of Turkeys. Cælius Apicius, it seems, passes for the Author of this Treatise; whose science, learning, and discipline, were extremely contemned, and almost abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and so lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to Physick, to which a Learned Author, called Donatus, says, that “ the Kitchen is a Handmaid.” I remember in our days, though we cannot in every respect come up to the Ancients, that by a very good Author an old gentleman is introduced as

making use of three Doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent Physicians; and, if kept at a constant pension, their fees will not be very costly.

It seems, as my Friend has learnt, there were two persons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs that related to Eating," and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of Amulets and Pancakes. Nor were Emperors less contributors to so great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whose Imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the last of which Emperors had the peculiar glory of first making Saufages of Shrimps, Crabs, Oysters, Sprawns, and Lobsters. And these Saufages being mentioned by the Author which the Editor publishes, from that and many other arguments the Learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the Book, as now printed, could not be transcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the Titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, austere, and solid virtue. And, it seems, under his administration, a person that found out a new Soup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new Continent. My Friend says, the Editor tells us of

unheard-of-dainties ; how “ Æſopus had a ſupper
“ of the tongues of Birds that could ſpeak ;” and
that “ his Daughter regaled on Pearls,” though
he does not tell us how ſhe dreſſed them ; how
“ Hortenſius left ten thouſand Pipes of Wine in
“ his Cellar, for his Heir’s drinking ;” how “ Ve-
“ dius Pollio fed his Fiſh-ponds with Man’s Fleſh ;”
and how “ Cæſar bought ſix thouſand weight of
“ Lampreys for his Triumphal Supper.” He ſays,
the Editor proves equally to a demonſtration, by
the proportions and quantities ſet down, and the
nauſeouſneſs of the ingredients, that the Dinners
of the Emperors were ordered by their Phyſicians ;
and that the *Recipe* was taken by the Cook, as the
Collegiate Doctors would do their Bills, to a mo-
dern Apothecary ; and that this cuſtom was taken
from the Egyptians ; and that this method conti-
nued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the Weſt-
ern Empire ; and that they, by uſe, exerciſe, and
neceſſity of abſtinence, introduced the eating of
Cheeſe and Veniſon without thoſe additional Sauces,
which the Phyſicians of old found out to reſtore the
depraved appetites of ſuch great men as had loſt
their ſtomachs by an exceſs of luxury. Out of the
ruins of Eraſiſtratus’s Book of *Endive*, Glaucus
Lorrenſis of *Cow-beel*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dio-
nyſius of *Sugar-fops*, Agis of *Pickled Broom-buds*,
Epinetus of *Sack-poſſet*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dump-
lings*, Hegeliſippus of *Black-pudding*, Crito of *Sowced
Mackarel*, Stephanus of *Lemon-cream*, Archites of

Hog's-barflet, *Acestius of Quince-marmalade*, *Hiccius of Potted Pigeons*, *Diocles of Sweet-breads*, and *Philistion of Oat-cakes*, and several other such Authors, the great *Humelbergius* composed his Annotations upon *Apicius*; whose Receipts, when part of *Tully*, *Livy*, and *Tacitus*, have been neglected and lost, were preserved in the utmost parts of *Transylvania*, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious Editor. *Latinus Latinus* finds fault with several dishes of *Apicius*, and is pleased to say they are nauseous; but our Editor defends that great person, by shewing the difference of our customs; how *Plutarch* says, "the Ancients used no Pepper," whereas all, or at least five or six hundred, of *Apicius's* Delicates were seasoned with it. For we may as well admire that some *West Indians* should abstain from *Salt*, as that we should be able to bear the bitterness of *Hops* in our common drink: and therefore we should not be averse to *Rue*, *Cummin*, *Parsley-feed*, *Marsh-mallows*, or *Nettles*, with our common *Meat*; or to have *Pepper*, *Honey*, *Salt*, *Vinegar*, *Raisins*, *Mustard* and *Oil*, *Rue*, *Mastick*, and *Cardamums*, strown promiscuously over our *Dinner* when it comes to table. My Friend tells me of some short observations he made out of the Annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in some things he may mistake, because it is not wilfully, as, that *Papirius Petrus* was the great patron of *Custard*: that the "*Tetrapharmacon*, a dish much

“ admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexan-
“ der Severus, was made of Pheasant, Peacock, a
“ wild Sow’s Hock and Udder, with a Bread Pud-
“ ding over it ; and that the name and reason of so
“ odd a dish are to be sought for amongst the Phy-
“ sicians.”

The Work is divided into Ten Books ; of which the First treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongst other things shews that Sauce-pans were tinned before the time of Pliny ; that Gordian used a glass of Bitter in a Morning ; that the Ancients scalded their Wine ; and that burnt Claret, as now practised, with Spice and Sugar, is pernicious ; that the Adulteration of Wine was as ancient as Cato ; that *Brawn* was a Roman Dish, which Apicius commends as *wonderful* ; its Sauce then was Mustard and Honey, before the frequent use of Sugar : nor were Sowced Hogs-feet, Cheeks, and Ears, unknown to those ages. It is very probable, they were not so superstitious as to have so great a delicate only at Christmas. It were worth a Dissertation between two learned persons, so it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæsar introduced it into Britain : and it is strange he should take no notice of it ; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat Hare’s flesh ; that the Ancients used to *marinate* their Fish, by frying them in Oil, and, the moment they were taken out, pouring boiling Vinegar upon them.

The Learned Annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the Liquor in Oysters is, by laying the deep shell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed Oysters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, since made use of at Colchester with most admirable success! What estates might Brawn or Locket have got in those days, when Apicius, only for boiling Sprouts after a new fashion, deservedly came into the good graces of Drusus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The First Book having treated of Sauces or standing Pickles for Relish, which are used in most of the succeeding Receipts; the Second has a glorious subject, of Saufages, both with skins and without, which contains matters no less remarkable than the former. The Ancients that were delicate in their Eating prepared their own Mushrooms with an Amber, or at least a Silver Knife; where the Annotator shews elegantly, against Hardouinus, that the whole Knife, and not only the Handle, was of Amber or Silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary Knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The Third Book is of such Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans used *Nitre*, to make their Herbs look green; the Annotator shews

our Salt-petre at present to differ from the ancient *Nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them first with Oil and Salt, and so boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the present Receipt is, To let the Water boil well; throw in Salt and a bit of Butter; and so not only Sprouts but Spinage will be green. There is a most extraordinary observation of the Editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that Walnut-trees, like Ruffian Wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and stones are used by boys and others to get the fruit down, the Walnut-tree being so very high they could not otherwise reach it, rather out of kindness to themselves, than any regard to the Tree that bears it. As for Asparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient Gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a Pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a Hundred of them weighed thirty: that Cucumbers are apt to rise in the Stomach, unless pared, or boiled with Oil, Vinegar, and Honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule for them to have always boiled Cabbage for their first dish at Supper: that the best way to roast Onions is in Colewort Leaves, for fear of burning them: that Beets are good for Smiths, because they, working at the fire, are generally costive: that Petronius has recorded a little old Woman, who

fold the *Agreste Olus* of the Ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to those who in our days cry Nettle-tops, Elder-buds, and Cliver, in spring-time very wholesome.

The Fourth Book contains the universal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus composèd the Pandects of Physic, and Justinian those of Law; so Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this Book which bears that inscription. The First Chapter contains the admirable Receipt of a *Sallacaby* of Apicius. Bruise in a Mortar Parsley-seed, dried Peneryal, dried Mint, Ginger, green Coriander, Raisins stoned, Honey, Vinegar, Oil, and Wine; put them into a *Cacabulum*; three Crufts of Pycentine Bread, the Flesh of a Pullet, Goat Stones, Vestine Cheese, Pine Kernels, Cucumbers, dried Onions minced small; pour a Soup over it, garnish it with Snow, and send it up in the *Cacabulum*. This *Cacabulum* being an unusual vessel, my Friend went to his Dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the whimsicalness of the composition, and the fantasticalness of Snow for its garniture, that the properest vessel for a Physician to prescribe, to send to table upon that occasion, might be a Bed-pan. There are some admirable Remarks in the Annotations to the Second Chapter, concerning the Dialogue of Asellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between Mushrooms, *Chats*, or *Beccofico's*, Oysters, and Redwings; a Work

that ought to be published: for the same Annotator observes, that this Island is not destitute of Redwings, though coming to us only in the hardest weather, and therefore seldom brought fat to our tables; that the *Chats* come to us in April and breed, and about Autumn return to Africk; that experience shews us they may be kept in cages, fed with Beef or Wether Mutton, Figs, Grapes, and minced Filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of such as would preserve our British dishes; the first delighting in Hodge-podge, Gallimaufreys, Forced Meats, Juffels, and Salmagundies; the latter in Spear-ribs, Surloins, Chines and Barons; and thence our terms of Art, both as to Dressing and Carving, become very different; for they, lying upon a sort of Couch, could not have carved those dishes which our Ancestors when they sat upon Forms used to do. But, since the use of Cushions and Elbow-chairs, and the Editions of good Books and Authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been something to blame; and I believe few of us have seen a dish of Capon-stones at table (Lamb-stones is acknowledged by the learned Annotator that we have): for the art of making Capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman Antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning of their spurs; which, occasioning their sterility, makes them Capons in effect,

though those parts thereby became more large and tender.

The Fifth Book is of Pease-porridge; under which are included, Frumetary, Watergruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, Flumary, Stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *Ausprios*; but my Friend was pleased to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a Name used by Rabelais, an eminent Physician. There are some very remarkable things in it; as, The Emperor Julianus had seldom any thing but Spoon-meat at Supper: that the Herb Fenugreek, with Pickles, Oil, and Wine, was a Roman Dainty; upon which the Annotator observes; that it is not used in our Kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterness that it has; and that it is plainly a Physical Diet, that will give a stool; and that, mixed with Oats, it is the best Purge for Horses: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be lost; for what the Lord did not eat, he might send to his Stable!

The Sixth Book treats of Wild-fowl; how to dress Ostridges (the biggest, grossest, and most difficult of digestion, of any Bird), Phœnicoptrices, Parrots, &c.

The Seventh Book treats of things *sumptuous* and *costly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *Hog-meat*; in which the Romans came to that excess, that the Laws forbid the usage of Hogs-harlet, Sweet-breads, Cheeks, &c. at their public Suppers;

and Cato, when Cenſor, ſought to reſtrain the extravagant uſe of Brawn, by ſeveral of his orations. So much regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we ſee it took place in the thoughts of the wiſeſt men, and bore a part in their moſt important councils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our preſent age is ſuch, that I believe few beſides the Annotator know the excellency of a Virgin Sow, eſpecially of the *black* kind brought from China; and how to make the moſt of her Liver, Lights, Brains, and Pettitoes; and to vary her into thoſe fifty diſhes which, Pliny ſays, were uſually made of that delicious Creature. Beſides, Galen tells us more of its excellencies: “ That
“ fellow that eats Bacon for two or three days be-
“ fore he is to box or wreſtle, ſhall be much
“ ſtronger than if he ſhould eat the beſt Roaſt
“ Beef or Bag Pudding in the Pariſh.”

The Eighth Book treats of ſuch Dainties as *four-footed* Beaſts afford us; as, 1. the *Wild Boar*, which they uſed to boil with all its bristles on. 2. The *Deer*, dreſſed with Broth made with Pepper, Wine, Honey, Oil, and ſtewed Damſons, &c. 3. The *Wild Sheep*, of which there are “ innumerable in
“ the Mountains of Yorkſhire and Weſtmorland,
“ that will let nobody handle them;” but, if they are caught, they are to be ſent up with an “ ele-
“ gant Sauce, preſcribed after a phyſical manner,
“ in form of an Electuary, made of Pepper, Rue,
“ Parsley-ſeed, Juniper, Thyme dried, Mint, Pe-

“ neryal, Honey, &c.” with which any Apothecary in that country can furnish you. 4. *Beef*, with Onion Sauce, and commended by Celsus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, because the Greeks scarce knew how to *make Oxen*, and *Powdering-tubs* were in very few Families: for Physicians have been very peculiar in their Diet in all ages; otherwise Galen would scarce have found out that young Foxes were in season in Autumn. 5. The *Sucking Pig* boiled in Paper. 6. The *Hare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties*; its Blood being the sweetest of any Animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperors and Nobility had Parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had sent him one, or a Pig, he would make it last him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which must have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite Animal was reserved for the last Chapter; and that was the *Dormouse*, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from Cooks and Physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for those poor creatures; some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *Hogs-guts*, and so boiled for Saufages. In ancient times, people made it their business to fatten them: Aristotle rightly observes, that sleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that sleep was their only nourishment. But

the Annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds that it does not sleep all the Winter, as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast then rolls itself up in a ball to sleep. This Dormouse, according to the Author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other Dormice do so, I cannot tell, because Bamboufelbergius's Treatise "of Fattening Dormice" is lost. Though very costly, they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd Receipt for dressing them, and serving them up with Poppies and Honey; which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as Owl-pye to such as want a nap after dinner. The fondness of the Romans came to be so excessive towards them, that, as Pliny says, "the Censorian Laws, and Marcus Scaurus in his Consulship, got them prohibited from public entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their subjects in so reasonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewise, that "*scales* were brought to table in those ages, to weigh curious Fishes, Birds, and Dormice," to see whether they were at the standard of excellence and perfection, and sometimes, I suppose, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The Annotator takes hold of this occasion, to shew

“ of how great use scales would be at the tables of
 “ our Nobility,” especially upon the bringing up
 of a dish of Wild-fowl: “ For, if twelve Larks
 “ (says he) should weigh below twelve ounces,
 “ they would be very lean, and scarce tolerable;
 “ if twelve, and down-weight, they would be very
 “ well; but, if thirteen, they would be fat to per-
 “ fection.” We see upon how nice and exact a
 balance the happiness of Eating depends!

I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse,
 at such exactness and such dainties; and told my
 Friend, that those scales would be of extraordinary
 use at Dunstable; and that, if the Annotator had
 not prescribed his Dormouse, I should upon the first
 occasion be glad to visit it, if I knew its visiting-
 days and hours, so as not to disturb it.

My Friend said, there remained but Two Books
 more, one of Sea and the other of River Fish, in
 the account of which he would not be long, seeing
 his memory began to fail him almost as much as
 my patience.

“ 'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,

“ And gently sink the Artist into sleep * ;”

especially when treating of Dormice.

The Ninth Book is concerning Sea Fish, where,
 amongst other learned Annotations, is recorded that
 famous Voyage of Apicius, who, having spent many
 millions, and being retired into Campania, heard
 that there were Lobsters of a vast and unusual big-

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

ness in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on shipboard the same day; and, having suffered much at sea, came at last to the coast. But the fame of so great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the Fishermen sailed out to meet him, and presented him with their fairest Lobsters. He asked, if they had no larger. They answered, "Their sea produced nothing more excellent than what they had brought." This honest freedom of theirs, with his disappointment, so disgusted him, that he took pet, and bade the Master return home again immediately: and so, it seems, Africa lost the breed of one monster more than it had before*. There are many Receipts in the Book, to dress Cramp-fish, that numb the hands of those that touch them; the Cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the Pourcontrel, or Many-feet; the Sea-urchin, or Hedge-hog; with several others, whose Sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us Moderns, the Ancients often ate their Oysters alive, and spread hard Eggs minced over their Sprats as we do now over our Salt-fish. There is one thing very curious concerning Herrings: It seems, the Ancients were very fantastical, in making one thing pass for another; so, at Petronius's Supper, the Cook sent up a fat Goose, Fish, and

* Lord Lyttelton's Nineteenth "Dialogue of the Dead" (perhaps the most humorous in that admirable collection) seems to have been entirely founded on the hints suggested by Dr. King. N.

Wild-fowl of all forts to appearance, but still all were made out of the several parts of one single Porker. The great Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook: the King was extremely affected with fresh Herrings; (as indeed who is not?) but, being far up in Asia from the sea-coast, his whole wealth could not have purchased one; but his Cook contrived some sort of meat, which, put into a frame, so resembled a Herring, that it was extremely satisfactory both to this Prince's eyes and *gusto*. My Friend told me, that, to the honour of the City of London, he had seen a thing of this nature there; that is, a Herring, or rather a Salmogundy, with the head and tail so neatly laid, that it surprized him. He says, many of the *species* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent relish to Burton Ale, and not costing above six-pence, an inconsiderable price for so imperial a dainty!

The Tenth Book, as my Friend tells me, is concerning *Fish Sauces*, which consist of variety of ingredients, amongst which is generally a kind of Frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any person who would boil Fish exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at present is said to be a Dutch Receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It seems, Seneca the Philosopher (a man from whose morose temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected), in his Third

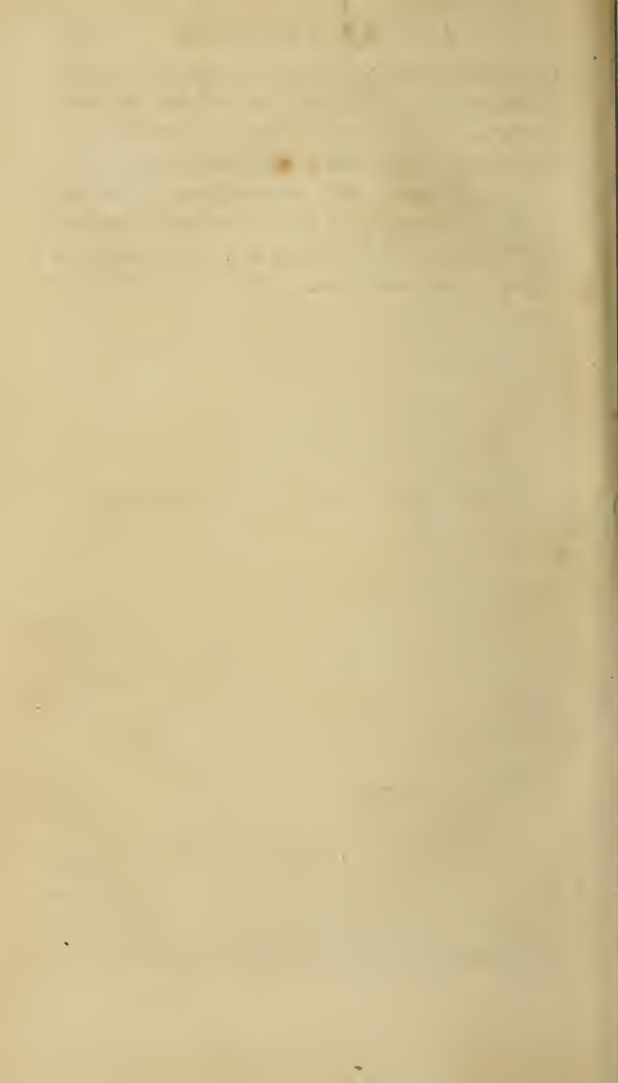
Book of Natural Questions, correcting the luxury of the times, says, the Romans were come to that daintiness, that they would not eat a Fish unless upon the same day it was taken, "that it might taste of the Sea," as they expressed it; and therefore had them brought by persons who rode post, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an usual expression for a Roman to say, "In other matters I may confide in you; but in a thing of this weight, it is not consistent with my gravity and prudence. I will trust nothing but my own eyes. Bring the Fish hither, let me see him breathe his last." And, when the poor Fish was brought to table swimming and gasping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying Mullet!" My Friend says, the Annotator looks upon these "as jests made by the Stoicks, and spoken absurdly and beyond nature;" though the Annotator at the same time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the Fishermen should not wash their Fish, but bring them as they came out of the sea. Happy were the Athenians in good Laws, and the Romans in great Examples! But I believe our Britons need wish their Friends no longer life, than till they see London served with live Herrings and gasping Mackarel. It is true, we are not quite so barbarous but that we throw our Crabs alive into scalding water, and tie our Lobsters to the spit to hear them squeak when they

are roasted ; our Eels use the same peristaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their skin is off and their guts are out, as they did before ; and our Gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occasion to the admirable remark of some persons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My Friend said, that the mention of Eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the Annotator, " That they who amongst the Sybarites would " fish for Eels, or sell them, should be free from all " taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude* ; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I shortly intend a History, shewing how they deservedly banished Cocks for waking them in a morning, and Smiths for being useful ; how one cried out because one of the Rose-leaves he lay on was ruffled ; how they taught their Horses to dance ; and so their enemies, coming against them with *guitars* and *harpsichords*, set them so upon their *Round O's* and *Minuets*, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Gouldman, Littleton, and several other good Authors, affirm. I told my Friend, I had much overstayed my hour ; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another Friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice Dishes to cover the Table at once, which, except they would think

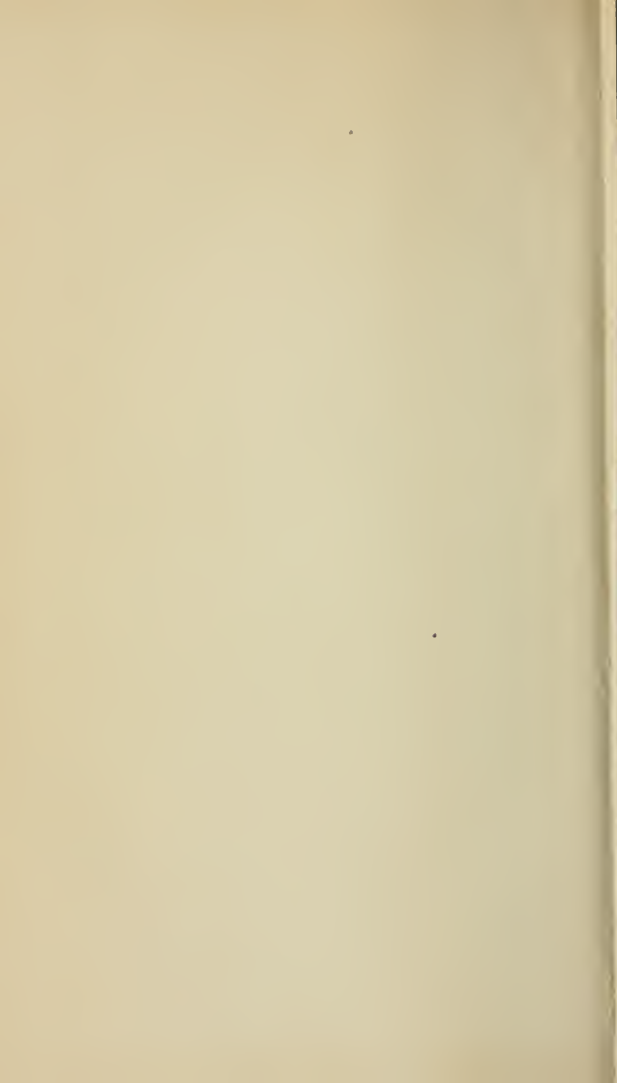
of any thing better, should be a Salacacaby, a Dish of Fenugreek, a Wild-sheep's head and appurtenance with a suitable Electuary, a *ragout* of Capon's Stones, and some Dormouse Saufages.

If, as Friends do with one another at a Venison-pasty, you should send for a plate, you know you may command it ; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

END OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME.









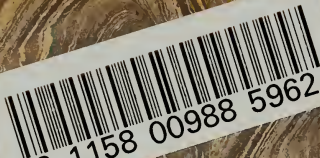


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