

THE
CHACE.
A
POEM.

BY
William Somerville, Esq;

Nec tibi cura Canum fuerit postrema.

VIRG. Georg. III.

*Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, & membris.*

HOR. Ep. XVIII. Lib. I.

L O N D O N,

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MDCCXXXV.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE Old and Infirm have at least this Privilege, that they can recall to their Minds those Scenes of Joy in which they once delighted, and ruminatè over their past Pleasures, with a Satisfaction almost equal to the first Enjoyment. For those Ideas, to which any agreeable Sensation is annex'd, are easily excited; as leaving behind them the most strong and permanent Impressions. The Amusements of our Youth are the Boast and Comfort of our declining Years. The Ancients carried this Notion even yet further, and supposed their Heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same Diversions they exercised on Earth. Death it self could not wean them from the accusom'd Sports and Gayeties of Life.

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Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,
Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
Arma procul currusque virûm miratur inanes.
Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.

VIRG. Æneid. VI.

Part on the grassy Cirque their pliant Limbs
In Wrestling exercise, or on the Sands
Struggling dispute the Prize. Part lead the Ring,
Or swell the Chorus with alternate Lays.
The Chief their Arms admires, their empty Cars,
Their Lances fix'd in Earth, Th'unharnes'd
Steeds
Graze unrestrain'd; Horses, and Cars, and Arms,
All the same fond Desires, and pleasing Cares,
Still haunt their Shades, and after Death survive.

*I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by
the more grave and censorious Part of Man-
kind) if at my leisure Hours, I run over, in
my Elbow-Chair, some of those Chaces, which
were once the Delight of a more vigorous
Age.*

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Age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent Amusement. The Result of these rambling Imaginations will be found in the following Poem; which if equally diverting to my Readers, as to my self, I shall have gain'd my End. I have intermix'd the preceptive Parts with so many Descriptions and Digressions in the Georgick Manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any Gentleman, who would enjoy this noble Sport in full Perfection. In this at least I may comfort my self, that I cannot trespass upon their Patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other Prose Writers upon this Subject.

IT is most certain, that Hunting was the Exercise of the greatest Heroes in Antiquity. By this they form'd themselves for War; and their Exploits against Wild Beasts were a Prelude to their future Victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient Heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were Μαθηταὶ Κυνηγεσιῶν, Disciples of Hunting; being

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taught carefully that Art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military Discipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny observes, those who were design'd for great Captains, were first taught certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu: to contest with the swiftest Wild Beasts, in Speed; with the boldest, in Strength; with the most cunning, in Craft and Subtilty. Plin. Panegy. And the Roman Emperors, in those Monuments they erected to transmit their Actions to future Ages, made no scruple to join the Glories of the Chace to their most celebrated Triumphs. Neither were their Poets wanting to do Justice to this heroick Exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several Poems in Latin upon Hunting. Gratius was Contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this Verse,

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

LIB. IV. PONT.

Gratius shall arm the Huntsman for the Chace.

But of his Works only some Fragments remain.

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main. There are many others of more modern Date. Amongst these Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Grattius; tho' of a more degenerate Age. But only a Fragment of his first Book is preserv'd. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgick, since it is expressly Part of his Subject. But he has favoured us only with ten Verses; and what he says of Dogs, relates wholly to Grey-hounds and Mastiffs.

Veloces Spartaë catulos, acremque Molossum:

GEOR. III:

The Greyhound swift, and Mastiff's furious Breeds

And he directs us to feed them with Butter-Milk. Pasce Sero pingui. He has it is true touch'd upon the Chace in the 4th and 7th Books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the Art of Hunting is very different now; from what it was in his Days, and very much alter'd and improv'd in these latter Ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any Notion of pursuing Wild Beasts by the Scent only, with a regular and

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well-disciplin'd Pack of Hounds; and therefore they must have pass'd for Poachers amongst our modern Sportsmen. The Muster Roll given us by Ovid, in his Story of Actæon is of all Sorts of Dogs, and of all Countries. And the Description of the ancient Hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon taken from the Sepulchre of the Nasos, and the Arch of Constantine, has not the least Trace of the Manner now in Use.

WHENEVER the Ancients mention Dogs followed by the Scent, they mean no more than finding out the Game by the Nose of one single Dog. This was as much as they knew of the Odora canum vis. Thus Nemesianus says,

*Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.*

*They challenge on the Mead the recent Stains,
And trail the Hare unto her secret Form.*

Oppian has a long Description of these Dogs in his first Book from Ver. 479 to 526. And here,

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here, tho' he seems to describe the Hunting of the Hare by the Scent thro' many Turnings and Windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those Hounds, which he calls ἰχθυήσας, finds out the Game. For he follows the Scent no further than the Hare's Form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by Sight. I am indebted for these two last Remarks to a reverend and very learned Gentleman, whose Judgment in the Belles Lettres no Body disputes, and whose Approbation gave me the Assurance to publish this Poem.

OPPIAN also observes, that the best Sort of these Finders were brought from Britain; this Island having always been famous (as it is at this Day) for the best Breed of Hounds, for Persons the best skill'd in the Art of Hunting, and for Horses the most enduring to follow the Chace. It is therefore strange that none of our Poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this Subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful Turns of Poetry. Perhaps

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haps our Poets have no great Genius for Hunting. Yet I hope, my Brethren of the Couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, Essay, will shew the World they have at least some Taste for Poetry.

THE Ancients esteem'd Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike Exercise, but as highly conducive to Health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the Body, but giving Delight and Entertainment to the Mind. And he calls the Inventors of this Art wise Men, and well skill'd in human Nature. Lib. de parvæ pilæ Exercitio.

THE Gentlemen, who are fond of a Gingle at the Close of every Verse, and think no Poem truly musical but what is in Rhime, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short Preface before the Paradise Lost, Mr. Smith's Poem in Memory of his Friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's Letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another Opinion.
For

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For my own Part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the Example of Milton, Philips, Thomfon, and all our best tragick Writers.

SOME few Terms of Art are dispers'd here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my Subject. I hope in this the Criticks will excuse me; for I am humbly of Opinion, that the Affectation, and not the necessary Use, is the proper Object of their Censure.

BUT I have done. I know the Impatience of my Brethren, when a fine Day, and the Consort of the Kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my Reader to such Diversion, as he may find in the Poem it self.

En age, Segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equo-
rum;

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRG. GEORG. III.

Cast

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Hark, away,
Cast far behind the lingring Cares of Life.
Cithæron calls aloud; and in full Cry
Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*. *Epidaurus* trains
For us the gen'rous Steed; the Hunter's Shouts,
And chearing Cries, assenting Woods return.

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T O
WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

On his POEM call'd

The C H A C E.

W HILE you, Sir, gain the steep Ascent
to Fame,

And Honours due to deathless Merit claim;

To a weak Muse a kind Indulgence lend,

Fond with just Praise your Labours to commend,

And tell the World, that Somerville's her Friend.

Her Incense guiltless of the Forms of Art

Breaths all the Huntsman's Honesty of Heart;

Whose Fancy still the pleasing Scene retains

Of Edric's Villa, and Ardenna's Plains:

Joys,

*Joys, which from Change superiour Charms receiv'd,
The Horn hoarse-sounding by the Lyre reliev'd:
When the Day crown'd with rural, chaste Delight,
Resigns obsequious to the festive Night;
The festive Night awakes th' harmonious Lay,
And in sweet Verse recounts the Triumphs of the Day.*

*Strange! that the British Muse should leave so long,
The Chace, the Sport of Britain's Kings, unsung!
Distinguish'd Land! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed
The stout, sagacious Hound, and gen'rous Steed;
In vain! while yet no Bard adorn'd our Isle,
To celebrate the glorious sylvan Toil.
For this what darling Son shall feel thy Fire,
God of th' unerring Bow, and tuneful Lyre?
Our Vows are heard — attend, ye vocal Throng,
Somerville meditates th' advent'rous Song.*

*Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,
His num'rous Verse the Huntsman's Art shall tell.
From him, ye British Youths, a vig'rous Race,
Imbibe the various Science of the Chace;
And while the well-plan'd System you admire,
Know, BRUNSWICK only could the Work inspire:
A Georgic Muse awaits AUGUSTAN Days,
And Somerviles will sing, when FREDERICS give
the Bays.*

JOHN NIXON.

T O

TO THE
A U T H O R
O F
The C H A C E.

ONCE more, my Friend, I touch the trem-
bling Lyre,

And in my Bosom feel poetick Fire.

For thee I quit the Law's more rugged Ways,

To pay my humble Tribute to thy Lays.

What, tho' I daily turn each learned Sage,

And labour thro' the unenlighten'd Page :

Wak'd by thy Lines, the borrow'd Flames I feel,

As Flints give Fire when aided by the Steel.

*Tho' in sulphureous Clouds of Smoak confin'd,
Thy rural Scenes spring fresh into my Mind.
Thy Genius in such Colours paints the Chace,
The real to fictitious Joys give Place.
When the wild Musick charms my ravish'd Ear,
How dull, how tasteless Handel's Notes appear!
Ev'n Farenelli's Self the Palm resigns,
He yields — but to the Musick of thy Lines.
If Friends to Poetry can yet be found;
Who without blushing Sense prefer to Sound;
Then let this soft, this Soul-enfeebling Band,
These warbling Minstrels quit the beggar'd Land.
They but a momentary Joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the Soul, and warm the Heart.
How tempting do thy sylvan Sports appear!
Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchsafe an Ear,
Might her fond Lust of Pow'r a while compose,
And gladly change it for thy sweet Repose.*

No fierce, unruly Senates, threaten here,
No Axe, no Scaffold, to the View appear,
No Envy, Disappointment, and Despair.
Here, blest Vicissitude! whene'er you please,
You step from Exercise, to learned Ease;
Turn o'er each Classick Page, each Beauty trace,
The Mind unwearied in the pleasing Chace.
Oh! would kind Heav'n such Happiness bestow,
Let Fools, let Knaves, be Masters here below.
Grandeur and Place, those Baits to catch the Wise,
And all their pageant Train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

THE

THE
CHACE.

A
POEM.

The ARGUMENT of the First Book.

THE Subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The Origin of Hunting. The rude and unpolish'd Manner of the first Hunters. Beasts at first hunted for Food and Sacrifice. The Grant made by God to Man of the Beasts, &c. The regular Manner of Hunting first brought into this Island by the Normans. The best Hounds and best Horses bred here. The Advantage of this Exercise to us, as Islanders. Address to Gentlemen of Estates. Situation of the Kennel and its several Courts. The Diversion and Employment of Hounds in the Kennel. The different Sorts of Hounds for each different Chace. Description of a perfect Hound. Of sizing and sorting of Hounds, the middle-sized Hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouth'd Hound for hunting the Stag and Otter. Of the Lime Hound; their Use on the Borders of England and Scotland. A Physical Account of Scents. Of good and bad scenting Days. A short Admonition to my Brethren of the Coupies.

THE

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THE Chace I sing, Hounds, and their various Breed,

And no less various Use. O thou Great Prince!

Whom *Cambria's* tow'ring Hills proclaim their Lord,

Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive Song.

While grateful Citizens with pompous Shew, 5

Rear the triumphal Arch, rich with th' Exploits
 Of thy Illustrious House; while Virgins pave
 Thy Way with Flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth
 Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
 While crowded Theatres, too fondly proud 10
 Of their exotick Minstrels, and shrill Pipes,
 The Price of Manhood, hail thee with a Song,
 And Airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-founding Horn
 Invites thee to the Chace, the Sport of Kings;
 Image of War, without its Guilt. The Muse 15
 Aloft on Wing shall soar, conduct with Care
 Thy foaming Courser o'er the steepy Rock,
 Or on the River Bank receive thee safe,
 Light-bounding o'er the Wave, from Shore to Shore.
 Be thou our great Protector, gracious Youth! 20
 And if in future Times, some envious Prince,
 Careless of Right and guileful, shou'd invade
 Thy *Britain's* Commerce, or shou'd strive in vain

To wrest the Balance from thy equal Hand;
 Thy Hunter-Train, in chearful Green array'd, 25
 (A Band undaunted, and inur'd to Toils,
 Shall compass thee around, dye at thy Feet,
 Or hew thy Passage thro' th' embattled Foe,
 And clear thy Way to Fame; inspir'd by thee
 The nobler Chace of Glory shall pursue 30
 Thro' Fire, and Smoke, and Blood, and Fields of
 Death,

NATURE, in her Productions flow, aspires
 By just Degrees to reach Perfection's Height:
 So mimick Art works leisurely, 'till Time
 Improve the Piece, or wise Experience give 35
 The proper Finishing. When *Nimrod* bold,
 That mighty Hunter, first made War on Beasts,
 And stain'd the Wood-land Green with purple Dye,
 New, and unpolish'd was the Huntsman's Art;

No stated Rule, his wanton Will his Guide. 40

With Clubs and Stones, rude Implements of War,

He arm'd his savage Bands, a Multitude

Untrain'd; Of twining Ofiers form'd, they pitch

Their artless Toiles, then range the desert Hills,

And scow'r the Plains below; the trembling Herd 45

Start at th' unufual Sound, and clam'rous Shout

Unheard before; surpriz'd alafs! to find

Man now their Foe, whom erst they deem'd their

Lord,

But mild, and gentle, and by whom as yet

Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the Plain 50

Wide-wafting, and grim Slaughter red with Blood:

Urg'd on by Hunger keen, they wound, they kill,

Their Rage licentious knows no bound; at last

Incumber'd with their Spoils, joyful they bear

Upon their Shoulders broad, the bleeding Prey. 55

Part on their Altars smokes a Sacrifice

To

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

5

To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous Hand
Supports his wide Creation; what remains
On living Coals they broil, inelegant
Of Taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer Arts 60
Of pamper'd Luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong Necessity, thus first began
The Chace of Beasts: Tho' bloody was the Deed,
Yet without Guilt. For the green Herb alone
Unequal to sustain Man's lab'ring Race, 65
* Now ev'ry moving Thing that liv'd on Earth
Was granted him for Food. So just is Heav'n,
To give us in Proportion to our Wants.

OR Chance or Industry in After-Times

Some few Improvements made, but short as yet 70
Of due Perfection. In this Isle remote
Our painted Ancestors were slow to learn,

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

To

To Arms devote, of the politer Arts
 Nor skill'd nor studious; 'till from *Neustria's* Coasts
 Victorious *William*, to more decent Rules 75
 Subdu'd our *Saxon* Fathers, taught to speak
 The proper Dialect, with Horn and Voice
 To cheer the busy Hound, whose well-known Cry
 His list'ning Peers approve with joint Acclaim.
 From him successive Huntsmen learn'd to join 80
 In bloody social Leagues, the Multitude
 Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various Tribes,
 To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the Pack,

HAIL happy *Britain!* highly favour'd Isle,
 And Heav'n's peculiar Care! To thee 'tis giv'n 85
 To train the sprightly Steed, more fleet than those
 Begot by Winds, or the celestial Breed
 That bore the great *Pelides* thro' the Press
 Of Heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded Ranks;
 Which

Which proudly neighing, with the Sun begins 90

Chearful his Course; and e'er his Beams decline,

Has measur'd half thy Surface unfatigued.

In thee alone, fair Land of Liberty!

Is bred the perfect Hound, in Scent and Speed

As yet unrivall'd, while in other Climes 95

Their Virtue fails, a weak degen'rate Race.

In vain malignant Steams, and Winter Fogs

Load the dull Air, and hover round our Coasts,

The Huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,

Defies the noxious Vapour, and confides 100

In this delightful Exercise, to raise

His drooping Head, and cheer his Heart with Joy.

YE vig'rous Youths, by smiling Fortune blest

With large Demesnes, hereditary Wealth,

Heap'd copious by your wise Fore-Fathers Care, 105

Hear and attend! while I the Means reveal

T'enjoy

T'enjoy those Pleasures, for the Weak too strong,
 Too costly for the Poor: To rein the Steed
 Swift-stretching o'er the Plain, to chear the Pack
 Op'ning in Conforts of harmonious Joy, 110
 But breathing Death. What tho' the Gripe severe
 Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow Disease
 Creeping thro' ev'ry Vein, and Nerve unstrung,
 Afflict my shatter'd Frame, undaunted still,
 Fix'd as a Mountain Ash, that braves the Bolts 115
 Of angry *Jove*; tho' blasted, yet unfallen;
 Still can my Soul in Fancy's Mirrour view
 Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous Scene
 In all its Splendors deck'd, o'er the full Bowl
 Recount my Triumphs past, urge others on 120
 With Hand and Voice, and point the winding Way:
 Pleas'd with that social sweet Garrulity,
 The poor disbanded Vet'ran's sole Delight.

FIRST let the Kennel be the Huntsman's Care,
Upon some little Eminence erect, 125
And fronting to the ruddy Dawn; its Courts
On either Hand wide op'ning to receive
The Sun's all-chearing Beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the Mountain Tops. For much the Pack
(Rous'd from their dark Alcoves) delight to stretch,
And bask, in his invigorating Ray:
Warn'd by the streaming Light, and merry Lark,
Forth rush the jolly Clan; with tuneful Throats
They carol loud, and in grand Chorus join'd
Salute the new-born Day. For not alone 135
The vegetable World, but Men and Brutes
Own his reviving Influence, and joy
At his Approach. Fountain of Light! if Chance
Some envious Cloud veil thy refulgent Brow,
In vain the Muses Aid, untouch'd, unstrung, 140
Lies

Lies my mute Harp, and thy desponding Bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd Lay.

LET no *Corinthian* Pillars prop the Dome,
A vain Expence, on charitable Deeds
Better dispos'd, to cloath the tatter'd Wretch, 145
Who shrinks beneath the Blast, to feed the Poor
Pinch'd with afflictive Want: For Use, not State,
Gracefully plain, let each Apartment rise.
O'er all let Cleanliness preside, no Scraps
Bestrew the Pavement, and no half-pick'd Bones, 150
To kindle fierce Debate, or to disgust
That nicer Sense, on which the Sportsman's Hope,
And all his future Triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling Pack with eager Joy
Have lapp'd their smoking Viands, Morn or Eve, 155
From the full Cistern lead the ductile Streams,
To wash thy Court well-pav'd, nor spare thy Pains,

For

For much to Health will Cleanliness avail.
 Seek'ft thou for Hounds to climb the rocky Steep,
 And brush th'entangled Covert, whose nice Scent 160
 O'er greasy Fallows, and frequented Roads
 Can pick the dubious Way? Banish far off
 Each noifome Stench, let no offensive Smell
 Invade thy wide Inclofure, but admit
 The nitrous Air, and purifying Breeze. 165

WATER and Shade no lefs demand thy Care:
 In a large Square th'adjacent Field inclofe,
 There plant in equal Ranks the fpreading Elm,
 Or fragrant Lime; moft happy thy Defign,
 If at the Bottom of thy fpacious Court, 170
 A large Canal fed by the cryftal Brook,
 From its transparent Bosom fhall reflect
 Thy downward Structure and inverted Grove.
 Here when the Sun's too potent Gleams annoy

The crowded Kennel, and the drooping Pack 175

Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd Tongues,

And drop their feeble Tails; to cooler Shades

Lead forth the panting Tribe; soon shalt thou find

The cordial Breeze their fainting Hearts revive:

Tumultuous soon they plunge into the Stream, 180

There lave their reeking Sides, with greedy Joy

Gulp down the flying Wave, this Way and that

From Shore to Shore they swim, while Clamour

loud

And wild Uproar torments the troubled Flood:

Then on the sunny Bank they roll and stretch 185

Their dripping Limbs, or else in wanton Rings

Courring around, pursuing and pursued,

The merry Multitude disporting play.

BUT here with watchful and observant Eye,

Attend their Frolicks, which too often end 190

In

In bloody Broils and Death. High o'er thy Head
Wave thy resounding Whip, and with a Voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern Debate,

And quench their kindling Rage; for oft in Sport
Begun, Combat ensues, growling they snarl, 195
Then on their Haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each others Throats, with Teeth, and Claws, in

Gore

Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, 'till on the
Ground,

Panting, half dead the conquer'd Champion lies:

Then sudden all the base ignoble Crowd 200

Loud-clam'ring seize the helpless worried Wretch,

And thirsting for his Blood, drag diff'rent Ways

His mangled Carcass on th' ensanguin'd Plain.

O Breasts of Pity void! t'oppress the Weak,

To point your Vengeance at the friendless Head, 205

And with one mutual Cry insult the Fall'n!
 Emblem too just of Man's degen'rate Race.

OTHERS apart by native Instinct led,
 Knowing Instructor! 'mong the ranker Grass
 Cull each salubrious Plant, with bitter Juice 210
 Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
 Each vitious Ferment. Thus the Hand divine
 Of Providence, beneficent and kind
 To all his Creatures, for the Brutes prescribes
 A ready Remedy, and is himself 215
 Their great Phyfician. Now grown stiff with Age,
 And many a painful Chace, the wise old Hound
 Regardless of the frolick Pack, attends
 His Master's Side, or slumbers at his Ease
 Beneath the bending Shade; there many a Ring 220
 Runs o're in Dreams; now on the doubtful Foil
 Puzzles perplex'd, or Doubles intricate

Cautious

Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his Speed,
 Bounds o'er the Lawn to feize his panting Prey:
 And in imperfect Whimp'rings speaks his Joy. 225

A diff'rent Hound for ev'ry diff'rent Chace
 Select with Judgment; nor the tim'rous Hare
 O'er-match'd destroy, but leave that vile Offence
 To the mean, murd'rous, coursing Crew; intent
 On Blood and Spoil. O blast their Hopes, just
 Heav'n! 230

And all their painful Drudgeries repay
 With Disappointment and severe Remorse.
 But husband thou thy Pleasures, and give Scope
 To all her subtle Play: By Nature led
 A thousand Shifts she tries; t'unravel these 235
 Th' industrious Beagle twists his waving Tail.
 Thro' all her Labyrinths pursues, and rings

Her doleful Knell. See there with Count'nance
blith,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning Hound
Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning Nose 240

Upward he curls, and his large Sloe-black Eyes
Melt in soft Blandishments, and humble Joy ;

His glossy Skin, or Yellow-pied, or Blue,
In Lights or Shades by Nature's Pencil drawn,
Reflects the various Tints ; his Ears and Legs 245

Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd Pride,
Rival the speckled Pard ; his Rush-grown Tail
O'er his broad Back bends in an ample Arch ;

On Shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;
His round Cat Foot, strait Hams, and wide-spread
Thighs, 250

And his low-dropping Chest, confess his Speed,
His Strength, his Wind, or on the steepy Hill,
Or far extended Plain ; in ev'ry Part

So well proportion'd, that the nicer Skill
 Of *Pheidias* himself cant' blame thy Choice. 255
 Of such compose thy Pack. But here a Mean
 Observe, nor the large Hound prefer, of Size
 Gigantick; he in the thick-woven Covert
 Painfully tugs, or in the thorny Brake
 Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: But if too small, 260
 The pigmy Brood in ev'ry Furrow swims;
 Moil'd in the clogging Clay, panting they lag
 Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep
 Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring Thorn.
 For Hounds of middle Size, active and strong,
 Will better answer all thy various Ends,
 And crown thy pleasing Labours with Success.

As some brave Captain, curious and exact,
 By his fix'd Standard forms in equal Ranks
 His gay Battalion, as one Man they move 270

Step after Step, their Size the same, their Arms
 Far-gleaming, dart the same united Blaze :
 Reviewing Generals his Merit own ;
 How regular! How just! And all his Cares
 Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve. 275
 So model thou thy Pack, if Honour touch
 Thy gen'rous Soul, and the World's just Applause.
 But above all take heed, nor mix thy Hounds
 Of diff'rent Kinds; discordant Sounds shall grate
 Thy Ears offended, and a lagging Line 280
 Of babbling Curs disgrace thy broken Pack.
 But if th' amphibious Otter be thy Chace,
 Or stately Stag, that o'er the Woodland reigns;
 Or if th' harmonious Thunder of the Field
 Delight thy ravish'd Ears; the deep-flew'd Hound
 Breed up with Care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
 Whose Ears down-hanging from his thick round
 Head

Shall

Shall sweep the Morning Dew, whose clanging
Voice

Awake the Mountain Echo in her Cell,
And shake the Forests: The bold Talbot Kind 290
Of these the Prime, as white as *Alpine* Snows;
And great their Use of old. Upon the Banks
Of *Tweed*, slow-winding thro' the Vale, the Seat
Of War and Rapine once, e'er *Britons* knew
The Sweets of Peace, or *Anna's* dread Com-
mands 295

To lasting Leagues the haughty Rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring Race; well-train'd and
skill'd

In all the Mysteries of Theft, the Spoil
Their only Substance, Feuds and War their Sport:
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent Art 300
Th' Arch * Felon was of old, who by the Tail

* Cacus, Virg. *Æn.* Lib. VIII.

Drew back his lowing Prize: In vain his Wiles,
 In vain the Shelter of the cov'ring Rock,
 In vain the footy Cloud, and ruddy Flames
 That issu'd from his Mouth; for soon he paid 305
 His forfeit Life: A Debt how justly due
 To wrong'd *Alcides*, and avenging Heav'n!
 Veil'd in the Shades of Night they ford the Stream,
 Then proling far and near, whate'er they seize
 Becomes their Prey; nor Flocks nor Herds are
 safe, 310
 Nor Stalls protect the Steer, nor strong barr'd Doors
 Secure the fav'rite Horse. Soon as the Morn
 Reveals his Wrongs, with ghastly Visage wan
 The plunder'd Owner stands, and from his Lips
 A thousand thronging Curses burst their Way: 315
 He calls his stout Allies, and in a Line
 His faithful Hound he leads, then with a Voice
 That utters loud his Rage, attentive cheers:

Soon

Soon the sagacious Brute, his curling Tail
Flourish'd in Air, low-bending plies around 320
His busy Nose, the steaming Vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one Turf untried,
'Till conscious of the recent Stains, his Heart
Beats quick; his snuffling Nose, his active Tail
Attest his Joy; then with deep op'ning Mouth 325
That makes the Welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th'audacious Felon; Foot by Foot he marks
His winding Way, while all the list'ning Crowd
Applaud his Reaf'nings. O'er the wat'ry Ford,
Dry sandy Heaths, and stony barren Hills, 330
O'er beaten Paths, with Men and Beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; till at the Cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty Throat
The Caitif vile, redeems the captive Prey:
So exquisitely delicate his Sense! 335

SHOU'D some more curious Sportsman here en-
quire,

Whence this Sagacity, this wond'rous Pow'r,
Of tracing Step by Step, or Man or Brute?
What Guide invisible points out their Way,
O'er the dank Marsh, bleak Hill, and sandy Plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark Cause reveal.
The Blood that from the Heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson Tide, then here and there
In smaller Rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ferous Particles evade 345
Thro' th' open Pores, and with the ambient Air
Entangling mix. As fuming Vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling Brook,
There by th'incumbent Atmosphere compress'd.
The panting Chace grows warmer as he flies, 350
And thro' the Net-work of the Skin perspires;

Leaves

Leaves a long-streaming Trail behind, which by
 The cooler Air condens'd, remains, unless
 By some rude Storm dispers'd, or rarified
 By the Meridian's Sun's intenser Heat. 355

To ev'ry Shrub the warm Effluvia cling,
 Hang on the Grass, impregnate Earth and Skies.
 With Nostrils op'ning wide, o'er Hill, o'er Dale,
 The vig'rous Hounds pursue, with ev'ry Breath
 Inhale the grateful Steam, quick Pleasures sting 360
 Their tingling Nerves, while they their Thanks
 repay,

And in triumphant Melody confess
 The titillating Joy. Thus on the Air
 Depend the Hunter's Hopes. When ruddy Streaks
 At Eve forebode a bluff'ring stormy Day,
 Or low'ring Clouds blacken the Mountain's Brow,
 When nipping Frosts, and the keen biting Blasts
 Of the dry parching East, menace the Trees

With

With tender Blossoms teeming, kindly spare
 Thy sleeping Pack, in their warm Beds of Straw 370
 Low-sinking at their Ease; listless they shrink
 Into some dark Recefs, nor hear thy Voice
 Tho' oft invoc'd; or haply if thy Call
 Rouze up the slumb'ring Tribe, with heavy Eyes
 Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their
 Tails 375
 Inverted; high on their bent Backs erect
 Their pointed Bristles stare, or 'mong the Tufts
 Of ranker Weeds, each Stomach-healing Plant
 Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
 These inauspicious Days, on other Cares 380
 Employ thy precious Hours; th'improving Friend
 With open Arms embrace, and from his Lips
 Glean Science, season'd with good-natur'd Wit.
 But if th'inclement Skies, and angry *Jove*
 Forbid the pleasing Intercourse, thy Books 385
 Invite

Invite thy ready Hand, each sacred Page
Rich with the wise Remarks of Heroes old.
Converse familiar with th' illustrious Dead;
With great Examples of old *Greece* or *Rome*
Enlarge thy free-born Heart, and bless kind Heav'n,
That *Britain* yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That Balm of Life, that sweetest Blessing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our Blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy Calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless sauntring Youth, proud of the Skut 395
That dignifies his Cap, his flourish'd Belt,
And rusty Couples gingling by his Side.
Be thou of other Mold; and know that such
Transporting Pleasures, were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wisdom's Relief, and Virtue's great Reward. 400

The ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

OF the Power of Instinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Instances in the Hunting of the Roe-buck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Season, Weather or Wind. Description of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interspers'd with Rules to be observ'd by those who follow that Chace. Transition to the Asia-tick Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian Princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the History of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short Reproof of Tyrants and Oppressors of Mankind.

BOOK the Second.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive Sage
T'observe that Instinct, which unerring
guides

The brutal Race, which mimicks Reason's Lore
And oft transcends: Heav'n-taught the Roe-buck
swift

Loiters at Ease before the driving Pack, 5
And mocks their vain Pursuit, nor far he flies
But checks his Ardour, 'till the steaming Scent
That freshens on the Blade, provokes their Rage.
Urg'd to their Speed, his weak deluded Foes
Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to Excess each Nerve, 10

Each

Each slacken'd Sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
 Then o'er the Lawn he bounds, o'er the high Hills
 Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd Crowd
 To puzzle in the distant Vale below.

'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous Hare 15
 To chuse her soft Abode: With Step revers'd
 She forms the doubling Maze; then, e'er the Morn
 Peeps thro' the Clouds, leaps to her close Recess.

As wand'ring Shepherds on th' *Arabian* Plains
 No settled Residence observe, but shift 20
 Their moving Camp, now, on some cooler Hill
 With Cedars crown'd, court the refreshing Breeze;
 And then, below, where trickling Streams distill
 From some penurious Source, their Thirst allay,
 And feed their fainting Flocks: So the wise Hares 25
 Oft quit their Seats, lest some more curious Eye
 Shou'd

Shou'd mark their Haunts, and by dark treach'rous

Wiles

Plot their Destruction; or perchance in hopes

Of plenteous Forage, near the ranker Mead,

Or matted Blade, wary, and close they fit. 30

When Spring shines forth, Season of Love and Joy,

In the moist Marsh, 'mong Beds of Rushes hid,

They cool their boiling Blood: When Summer Suns

Bake the cleft Earth, to thick wide-waving Fields

Of Corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young:

But when autumnal Torrents, and fierce Rains

Deluge the Vale, in the dry crumbling Bank

Their Forms they delve, and cautiously avoid

The dripping Covert: Yet when Winter's Cold

Their Limbs benumbs, thither with Speed return'd

In the long Grass they skulk, or shrinking creep

Among the wither'd Leaves; thus changing still,

As Fancy prompts them, or as Food invites.

D

But

But ev'ry Season carefully observ'd,
 Th' inconstant Winds, the fickle Element, 45
 The wise experienc'd Huntsman soon may find
 His subtle, various Game, nor waste in vain
 His tedious Hours, 'till his impatient Hounds
 With Disappointment vex'd, each springing Lark
 Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the Fields. 50

Now golden Autumn from her open Lap
 Her fragrant Bounties show'rs; the Fields are shorn;
 Inwardly smiling, the proud Farmer views
 The rising Pyramids that grace his Yard,
 And counts his large Increase; his Barns are stor'd, 55
 And groaning Staddles bend beneath their Load.
 All now is free as Air, and the gay Pack
 In the rough bristly Stubbles range unblam'd;
 No Widow's Tears o'erflow, no secret Curse
 Swells in the Farmer's Breast, which his pale Lips 60
 Trembling

Trembling conceal, by his fierce Landlord aw'd:
 But courteous now he levels ev'ry Fence,
 Joins in the common Cry, and hollows loud,
 Charm'd with the rattling Thunder of the Field.
 Oh bear me, some kind Pow'r invisible! 65
 To that extended Lawn, where the gay Court
 View the swift Racers, stretching to the Goal;
 Games more renown'd, and a far nobler Train,
 Than proud *Elean* Fields could boast of old.
 Oh! were a *Theban* Lyre not wanting here, 70
 And *Pindar's* Voice, to do their Merit right!
 Or to those spacious Plains, where the strain'd Eye
 In the wide Prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud Spire, that o'er the Hills ascends,
 And pierces thro' the Clouds. Or to thy Downs, 75
 Fair *Cotswold*, where the well-breath'd Beagle
 climbs,

With matchless Speed, thy green aspiring Brow,
And leaves the lagging Multitude behind.

HAIL, gentle Dawn! Mild blushing Goddess, hail!
Rejoic'd I see thy purple Mantle spread 80
O'er half the Skies, Gems pave thy radiant Way,
And orient Pearls from ev'ry Shrub depend.
Farewel, *Cleora*; here deep sunk in Down
Slumber secure, with happy Dreams amus'd,
'Till grateful Steams shall tempt thee to receive 85
Thy early Meal, or thy officious Maids,
The Toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th'important Work. Me other Joys invite,
The Horn sonorous calls, the Pack awak'd
Their Mattins chant, nor brook my long Delay. 90
My Courser hears their Voice; see there with Ears
And Tail erect, neighing he paws the Ground;
Fierce Rapture kindles in his red'ning Eyes,

And

And boils in ev'ry Vein. As captive Boys
Cow'd by the ruling Rod, and haughty Frowns 95
Of Pedagogues severe, from their hard Tasks
If once dismiss'd, no Limits can contain
The Tumult rais'd, within their little Breasts,
But give a Loose to all their frolick Play:
So from their Kennel rush the joyous Pack; 100
A thousand wanton Gayeties express
Their inward Extasy, their pleasing Sport
Once more indulg'd, and Liberty restor'd.
The rising Sun that o'er th' Horizon peeps,
As many Colours from their glossy Skins 105
Beaming reflects, as paint the various Bow
When *April* Show'rs descend. Delightful Scene!
Where all around is gay, Men, Horses, Dogs,
And in each smiling Countenance appears
Fresh-blooming Health, and universal Joy. 110

HUNTSMAN, lead on ! behind the clust'ring Pack
 Submiss attend, hear with respect thy Whip
 Loud-clanging, and thy harsher Voice obey ;
 Spare not the straggling Cur, that wildly roves ;
 But let thy brisk Assistant on his Back 115
 Imprint thy just Resentments ; let each Lash
 Bite to the Quick, 'till howling he return
 And whining creep amid the trembling Crowd.

HERE on this verdant Spot, where Nature kind,
 With double Blessings crowns the Farmer's Hopes ;
 Where Flow'rs autumnal Spring, and the rank
 Mead
 Affords the wand'ring Hares a rich Repast ;
 Throw off thy ready Pack. See, where they spread
 And range around, and dash the glitt'ring Dew.
 If some stanch Hound, with his authentick Voice,

Avow

Avow the recent Trail, the juggling Tribe
 Attend his Call, then with one mutual Cry,
 The welcome News confirm, and echoing Hills
 Repeat the pleasing Tale. See how they thread
 The Brakes, and up yon Furrow drive along! 130
 But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
 Their eager Haste; then o'er the fallow'd Ground
 How leisurely they work, and many a Pause
 Th' harmonious Confort breaks; 'till more assur'd
 With Joy redoubled the low Vallies ring. 135
 What artful Labyrinths perplex their Way!
 Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she doubts
 If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
 With Horror seiz'd. The wither'd Grass that clings
 Around her Head, of the same ruffet Hue 140
 Almost deceiv'd my Sight, had not her Eyes
 With Life full-beaming her vain Wiles betray'd.
 At Distance draw thy Pack, let all be hush'd,

No Clamour loud, no frantick Joy be heard,
 Lest the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain 145
 Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.
 Now gently put her off; see how direct
 To her known Muse she flies! Here, Huntsman, bring
 (But without hurry) all thy jolly Hounds,
 And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop, 150
 And seem to plough the Ground! then all at once
 With greedy Nostrils snuff the fuming Steam
 That glads their flutt'ring Hearts. As Winds let loose
 From the dark Caverns of the blust'ring God,
 They burst away, and sweep the dewy Lawn. 155
 Hope gives them Wings, while she's spur'd on by
 Fear.

The Welkin rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and
 Woods

In the full Confort join. Now, my brave Youths,
 Stripp'd for the Chace, give all your Souls to Joy!

See

See how their Coursers, than the Mountain Roe 160
 More fleet, the verdant Carpet skim, thick Clouds
 Snorting they breath, their shining Hoofs scarce
 print

The Grass unbruis'd; with Emulation fir'd
 They strain to lead the Field, top the barr'd Gate,
 O'er the deep Ditch exulting bound, and brush 165
 The thorny-twining Hedge: The Riders bend
 O'er their arch'd Necks; with steady Hands, by
 turns

Indulge their Speed, or moderate their Rage.
 Where are their Sorrows, Disappointments, Wrongs,
 Vexations, Sicknes, Cares? All, all are gone, 170
 And with the panting Winds lag far behind.

HUNTSMAN! her Gate observe, if in wide Rings
 She wheel her mazy Way, in the same Round
 Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten Track.

But

But if she fly, and with the fav'ring Wind 175
 Urge her bold Course; less intricate thy Task:
 Push on thy Pack. Like some poor exil'd Wretch
 The frighted Chace leaves her late dear Abodes,
 O'er Plains remote she stretches far away,
 Ah! never to return! For greedy Death 180
 How'ring exults, secure to seize his Prey.

HARK! from yon Covert, where those tow'ring
 Oaks

Above the humble Copse aspiring rise,
 What glorious Triumphs burst in ev'ry Gale
 Upon our ravish'd Ears! The Hunters shout, 185
 The clanging Horns swell their sweet-winding Notes,
 The Pack wide-op'ning load the trembling Air
 With various Melody; from Tree to Tree
 The propagated Cry, redoubling bounds,
 And winged Zephyrs waft the floating Joy 190
 Thro'

Thro' all the Regions near : Afflictive Birch
No more the School-boy dreads, his Prifon broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his Master's Call;
The weary Traveller forgets his Road,
And climbs th' adjacent Hill; the Ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd Furrow; nor his bleating Flocks
Are now the Shepherd's Joy; Men, Boys, and Girls
Defert th'unpeopled Village; and wild Crowds
Spread o'er the Plain, by the sweet Frenzy seiz'd.
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning Glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further End,
The puzzling Pack unravel Wile by Wile
Maze within Maze. The Covert's utmost Bound
Slyly she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very Track, so lately stain'd 205
By all the steaming Crowd, seems to pursue
The Foe she flies. Let Cavillers deny
That Brutes have Reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis

'Tis Heav'n directs, and Stratagems inspires,
Beyond the short Extent of human Thought. 210
But hold — I see her from the Covert break;
Sad on yon little Eminence she fits;
Intent she listens with one Ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new Course to take,
And how t'escape the fierce blood-thirsty Crew, 215
That still urge on, and still in Volleys loud,
Insult her Woes, and mock her sore Distress.
As now in louder Peals, the loaded Winds
Bring on the gath'ring Storm, her Fears prevail;
And o'er the Plain, and o'er the Mountain's Ridge,
Away she flies; nor Ships with Wind and Tide,
And all their Canvass Wings skud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial Train, your Courage try,
And each clean Courser's Speed. We scour along,
In pleasing Hurry and Confusion tost;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient Pack

Hang

Hang on the Scent unweari'd, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our lab'ring Steeds
We press, we gore; till once the Summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breath awhile; 230
Then like a foaming Torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the Vale.
Happy the Man, who with unrival'd Speed
Can pass his Fellows, and with Pleasure view
The struggling Pack; how in the rapid Course 235
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious Scent; how giddy Youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser Age reprov'd;
How niggard of his Strength, the wise old Hound
Hangs in the Rear, 'till some important Point 240
Rouse all his Diligence, or 'till the Chace
Sinking he finds; then to the Head he springs
With Thirst of Glory fir'd, and wins the Prize.
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.

Yon

Yon crowding Flocks, that at a Distance gaze, 245
 Have haply foil'd the Turf. See! that old Hound,
 How busily he works, but dares not trust
 His doubtful Sense; draw yet a wider Ring.
 Hark! now again the Chorus fills. As Bells
 Sally'd a while at once their Peal renew, 250
 And high in Air the tuneful Thunder rolls!
 See, how they tofs, with animated Rage
 Recov'ring all they lost! — That eager Haste
 Some doubling Wile foreshews. — Ah! yet once
 more
 They're check'd, — hold back with Speed — on
 either Hand 255
 They flourish round — ev'n yet persist — 'Tis
 right,
 Away they spring; the rustling Stubbles bend
 Beneath the driving Storm. Now the poor Chace
 Begins to flag, to her last Shifts reduc'd.

From

From Brake to Brake she flies, and visits all 260

Her well-known Haunts, where once she rang'd
secure,

With Love and Plenty blest. See! there she goes,

She reels along, and by her Gate betrays

Her inward Weakness. See, how black she looks!

The Sweat that clogs th' obstructed Pores, scarce
leaves 265

A languid Scent. And now in open View

See, see, she flies! each eager Hound exerts

His utmost Speed, and stretches ev'ry Nerve.

How quick she turns! their gaping Jaws eludes,

And yet a Moment lives; 'till round inclos'd 270

By all the greedy Pack, with infant Screams

She yields her Breath, and there reluctant dies.

So when the furious *Bacchanals* assail'd

Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated Bard!

Loud

Loud was the Cry, Hills, Woods, and *Hebrus'*
 Banks, 275
 Return'd their clam'rous Rage; distress'd he flies,
 Shifting from Place to Place, but flies in vain;
 For eager they pursue, 'till panting, faint,
 By noisy Multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
 To the relentless Crowd a bleeding Prey. 280

THE Huntsman now, a deep Incision made,
 Shakes out with Hands impure, and dashes down
 Her reeking Entrails, and yet quiv'ring Heart.
 These claim the Pack, the bloody Perquisite
 For all their Toils. Stretch'd on the Ground she
 lies, 285
 A mangled Coarse; in her dim glaring Eyes
 Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry Limb.
 Aw'd by the threat'ning Whip, the furious Hounds
 Around her Bay; or at their Master's Foot,

Each

Each happy Fav'rite courts his kind Applause, 290

With humble Adulation cowering low.

All now is Joy. With Cheeks full-blown they
wind

Her solemn Dirge, while the loud-op'ning Pack

The Concert swell, and Hills and Dales return

The sadly-pleasing Sounds. Thus the poor Hare, 295

A puny, dastard Animal, but vers'd

In subtle Wiles, diverts the youthful Train.

But if thy proud, aspiring Soul disdains

So mean a Prey, delighted with the Pomp,

Magnificence and Grandeur of the Chace; 300

Hear what the Muse from faithful Records sings.

WHY on the Banks of *Gemna*, *Indian Stream*,

Line within Line, rise the Pavilions proud,

Their filken Streamers waving in the Wind?

E

Why

Why neighs the warrior Horse? From Tent to
Tent, 305

Why press in Crowds the buzzing Multitude?

Why shines the polish'd Helm, and pointed Lance,

This Way and that far-beaming o'er the Plain?

Nor *Visapour* nor *Golconda* rebel ;

Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous Host 310

Lays waste the Provinces; nor Glory fires

To rob, and to destroy, beneath the Name

And specious Guise of War. A nobler Cause

Calls *Aurengzebe* to Arms. No Cities sack'd,

No Mother's Tears, no helpless Orphan's Cries, 315

No violated Leagues, with sharp Remorse

Shall sting the conscious Victor: But Mankind

Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on Beasts

He draws his vengeful Sword; on Beasts of Prey

Full-fed with humane Gore. See, see, he comes! 320

Imperial *Debli* op'ning wide her Gates,

Pours

Pours out her thronging Legions, bright in Arms,
And all the Pomp of War. Before them sound
Clarions and Trumpets, breathing martial Airs,
And bold Defiance. High upon his Throne, 325
Born on the Back of his proud Elephant,
Sits the great Chief of *Tamur's* glorious Race:
Sublime he fits, amid the radiant Blaze
Of Gems and Gold. *Omrabs* about him crowd,
And rein th' *Arabian* Steed, and watch his Nod: 330
And potent *Rajabs*, who themselves preside
O'er Realms of wide Extent; but here submit
Their Homage pay, alternate Kings and Slaves.
Next these with prying Eunuchs girt around,
The fair Sultanas of his Court; a Troop 335
Of chosen Beauties, but with Care conceal'd
From each intrusive Eye; one Look is Death.
Ah cruel *Eastern* Law! (had Kings a Pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannick Will)

To rob us of the Sun's all-cheering Ray, 340
 Were less severe. The Vulgar close the March,
 Slaves and Artificers; and *Debli* mourns
 Her empty and depopulated Streets.
 Now at the Camp arriv'd, with stern Review,
 Thro' Groves of Spears, from File to File, he darts
 His sharp experienc'd Eye; their Order marks,
 Each in his Station rang'd, exact and firm,
 'Till in the boundless Line his Sight is lost.
 Not greater Multitudes in Arms appear'd,
 On these extended Plains, when *Ammon's* Son 350
 With mighty *Porus* in dread Battle join'd,
 The Vassal World the Prize. Nor was that Host
 More numerous of old, which the great * King
 Pour'd out on *Greece* from all th'unpeopled East;
 That bridg'd the *Hellepont* from Shore to Shore, 355
 And drank the Rivers dry. Mean while in Troops

* *Xerxes.*

The busy Hunter-train mark out the Ground,
 A wide Circumference; full many a League
 In Compass round; Woods, Rivers, Hills, and
 Plains,

Large Provinces; enough to gratify 360

Ambition's highest Aim, could Reason bound
 Man's erring Will. Now sit in close Divan
 The mighty Chiefs of this prodigious Host.
 He from the Throne high-eminent presides,
 Gives out his Mandates proud, Laws of the Chace,
 From ancient Records drawn. With Rev'ence low,
 And prostrate at his Feet, the Chiefs receive
 His irreverfible Decrees, from which

To vary, is to die. Then his brave Bands
 Each to his Station leads; encamping round, 370
 'Till the wide Circle is compleatly form'd.

Where decent Order reigns, what these command
 Those execute with Speed, and punctual Care;

In all the strictest Discipline of War:

As if some watchful Foe, with bold Insult, 375

Hung low'ring o'er their Camp. The high Re-
solve,

That flies on Wings, thro' all th'encircling Line,

Each Motion steers, and animates the whole.

So by the Sun's attractive Pow'r controll'd,

The Planets in their Spheres roll round his Orb, 380

On all he shines, and rules the great Machine.

E'ER yet the Morn dispels the fleeting Mists,
The Signal giv'n by the loud Trumpet's Voice,
Now high in Air, th' Imperial Standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with Gold, and glitt'ring Gems;
And like a Sheet of Fire, thro' the dun Gloom
Streaming meteorous. The Soldiers Shouts,
And all the brazen Instruments of War,
With mutual Clamour, and united Din,

Fill

Fill the large Concave. While from Camp to

Camp, 390

They catch the varied Sounds, floating in Air.

Round all the wide Circumference, Tygers fell

Shrink at the Noise, deep in his gloomy Den

The Lion starts, and Morfels yet unchew'd

Drop from his trembling Jaws. Now all at once

Onward they march embattled, to the Sound

Of martial Harmony; Fifes, Cornets, Drums,

That rouse the sleepy Soul to Arms, and bold

Heroick Deeds. In Parties here and there

Detach'd o'er Hill and Dale, the Hunters range 400

Inquisitive; strong Dogs that match in Fight

The boldest Brute, around their Masters wait,

A faithful Guard. No Haunt unsearch'd, they drive

From ev'ry Covert, and from ev'ry Den,

The lurking Savages. Incessant Shouts 405

Re-echo thro' the Woods, and kindling Fires

Gleam from the Mountain Tops; the Forest seems
 One mingling Blaze: Like Flocks of Sheep they fly
 Before the flaming Brand: Fierce Lions, Pards,
 Boars, Tygers, Bears, and Wolves; a dreadful
 Crew 410

Of grim blood-thirsty Foes: growling along,
 They stalk indignant; but fierce Vengeance still
 Hangs pealing on their Rear, and pointed Spears
 Present immediate Death. Soon as the Night
 Wrapt in her sable Veil forbids the Chace, 415
 They pitch their Tents, in even Ranks, around
 The circling Camp. The Guards are plac'd, and
 Fires

At proper Distances ascending rise,
 And paint th' Horizon with their ruddy Light.
 So round some Island's Shore of large Extent, 420
 Amid the gloomy Horrors of the Night,
 The Billows breaking on the pointed Rocks,

Seem

Seem all one Flame, and the bright Circuit wide
Appears a Bulwark of furrounding Fire.

What dreadful Howlings, and what hideous Roar, 425
Disturb those peaceful Shades! where erst the Bird
That glads the Night, had chear'd the list'ning
Groves

With sweet Complaining. Thro' the silent Gloom
Oft they the Guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling Rage 430
Stung to the Quick, and mad with wild Despair.
Thus Day by Day, they still the Chace renew;
At Night encamp; 'till now in streighter Bounds
The Circle lessens, and the Beasts perceive
The Wall that hems them in on ev'ry Side. 435
And now their Fury bursts, and knows no Mean;
From Man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd Rage
Against their fellow Brutes. With Teeth and Claws
The Civil War begins; grappling they tear,

Lions

Lions on Tygers prey, and Bears on Wolves: 440
 Horrible Discord! 'Till the Crowd behind
 Shouting pursue, and part the bloody Fray.
 At once their Wrath subsides; tame as the Lamb
 The Lion hangs his Head, the furious Pard,
 Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the Face of Man, 445
 Nor bears one Glance of his commanding Eye.
 So abject is a Tyrant in Distress.

At last within the narrow Plain confin'd,
 A lifted Field, mark'd out for bloody Deeds,
 An Amphitheatre more glorious far 450
 Than ancient *Rome* cou'd boast, they crowd in heaps,
 Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet Array
 Sheath'd in refulgent Arms, a noble Band
 Advance; great Lords of high Imperial Blood,
 Early resolv'd t'assert their Royal Race, 455
 And prove by glorious Deeds their Valour's Growth
 Mature,

Mature, e'er yet the callow Down has spread
Its curling Shade. On bold *Arabian* Steeds
With decent Pride they fit, that fearless hear
The Lion's dreadful Roar; and down the Rock 460
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the Mountain's Ridge
Stretching along, the greedy Tyger leave
Panting behind. On Foot their faithful Slaves
With Javelins arm'd attend; each watchful Eye
Fix'd on his youthful Care, for him alone 465
He fears, and to redeem his Life, unmov'd
Wou'd lose his own. The mighty *Aurengzebe*,
From his high-elevated Throne, beholds
His blooming Race; revolving in his Mind
What once he was, in his gay Spring of Life, 470
When Vigour strung his Nerves. Parental Joy
Melts in his Eyes, and flushes in his Cheeks.
Now the loud Trumpet sounds a Charge. The Shouts
Of eager Hosts, thro' all the circling Line,

And

And the wild Howlings of the Beasts within 475
Rend wide the Welkin, Flights of Arrows, wing'd
With Death, and Javelins lanc'd from ev'ry Arm,
Gall fore the brutal Bands, with many a Wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting Nature shrinks, and rouses all 480
Their drooping Courage. Swell'd with furious Rage,
Their Eyes dart Fire; and on the youthful Band
They rush implacable. They their broad Shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted Head
Their flaming Falchions, as the Bolts of *Jove*, 485
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the Ground.
The grinning Monsters lye, and their foul Gore
Defiles the verdant Plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty Slaves; with pointed Spears they pierce
Thro' their tough Hides; or at their gaping Mouths
An easier Passage find. The King of Brutes
In broken Roarings breaths his last; the Bear

Grumbles

Grumbles in Death; nor can his spotted Skin,
 Tho' flick it shine, with varied Beauties gay,
 Save the proud Pard from unrelenting Fate. 495

The Battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
 Glutting her greedy Jaws, grins o'er her Prey.
 Men, Horses, Dogs, fierce Beasts of ev'ry kind,
 A strange promiscuous Carnage, drench'd in Blood,
 And Heaps on Heaps amass'd. What yet remain 500
 Alive, with vain Assault contend to break

Th' impenetrable Line. Others, whom Fear
 Inspires with self-preserving Wiles, beneath
 The Bodies of the Slain for Shelter creep.

Aghast they fly, or hide their Heads dispers'd. 505
 And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the
 Work

Of Death had been compleat; and *Aurengzebe*
 By one dread Frown extinguish'd half their Race.
 When lo! the bright Sultanas of his Court

Appear,
 8

Appear, and to his ravish'd Eyes display 510

Those Charms, but rarely to the Day reveal'd.

LOWLY they bend, and humbly sue, to save
 The vanquish'd Host. What Mortal can deny
 When suppliant Beauty begs? At his Command
 Op'ning to Right and Left, the well-train'd Troops
 Leave a large Void for their retreating Foes.
 Away they fly, on Wings of Fear upborn,
 To seek on distant Hills their late Abodes.

YE proud Oppressors, whose vain Hearts exult
 In Wantonness of Pow'r, 'gainst the brute Race, 520
 Fierce Robbers like your selves, a guiltless War
 Wage uncontroll'd: Here quench your Thirst of
 Blood;
 But learn from *Aurengzebe* to spare Mankind.

The

The ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

OF King Edgar and his imposing a Tribute of Wolves Heads upon the Kings of Wales: From hence a Transition to Fox-Hunting, which is described in all its Parts. Censure of an over-numerous Pack. Of the several Engines to destroy Foxes, and other Wild Beasts. The Steel-Trap described, and the Manner of using it. Description of the Pitfall for the Lion; and another for the Elephant. The ancient Way of Hunting the Tyger with a Mirror. The Arabian Manner of Hunting the Wild Boar. Description of the Royal Stag-Chace at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an Address to his Majesty, and an Eulogy upon Mercy.

BOOK the Third.

IN *Albion's* Isle when glorious *Edgar* reign'd,
 He wisely provident, from her white Cliffs
 Launch'd half her Forests, and with num'rous
 Fleets

Cover'd his wide Domain: There proudly rode
 Lord of the Deep, the great Prerogative. 5

Of *British* Monarchs. Each Invader bold,

Dane and *Norwegian*, at a Distance gaz'd,

And disappointed, gnash'd his Teeth in vain.

He scour'd the Seas, and to remotest Shores

With swelling Sails the trembling Corfair fled. 10

Rich Commerce flourish'd; and with busy Oars

Dash'd

Dash'd the resounding Surge. Nor less at Land
His royal Cares; wife, potent, gracious Prince!
His Subjects from their cruel Foes he fav'd,
And from rapacious Savages their Flocks. 15
Cambria's proud Kings (tho' with Reluctance) paid
Their tributary Wolves; Head after Head,
In full Account, 'till the Woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous Race extinct is lost.
In fertile Pastures, more securely graz'd 20
The social Troops; and soon their large Increase
With curling Fleeces whiten'd all the Plains.
But yet alas! the wily Fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilf'ring Foe, proling around
In Midnight Shades, and wakeful to destroy. 25
In the full Fold, the poor defenceless Lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful Arts, with sweet warm Blood
Supplies a rich Repast. The mournful Ewe,
Her dearest Treasure lost, thro' the dun Night

Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
 While in th' adjacent Bush, poor *Philomel*,
 (Her self a Parent once, 'till wanton Churls
 Despoil'd her Nest) joins in her loud Laments,
 With sweeter Notes, and more melodious Woe.

FOR these nocturnal Thieves, Huntsman, prepare
 Thy sharpest Vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
 To right th' oppress'd, and bring the Felon vile
 To just Disgrace! E'er yet the Morning peep,
 Or Stars retire from the first Blush of Day,
 With thy far-echoeing Voice alarm thy Pack, 40
 And rouse thy bold Compeers. Then to the Copse,
 Thick with entangling Grass, or prickly Furze
 With Silence lead thy many-colour'd Hounds,
 In all their Beauty's Pride. See! how they range
 Dispers'd, how busily this Way and that, 45
 They cross, examining with curious Nose

Each

Each likely Haunt. Hark! on the Drag I hear
 Their doubtful Notes, preluding to a Cry
 More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry Mouth.
 As straggling Armies, at the Trumpet's Voice, 50
 Prefs to their Standard; hither all repair,
 And hurry thro' the Woods; with hasty Step
 Rustling, and full of Hope; now driv'n on Heaps
 They push, they strive; while from his Kennel
 sneaks

The conscious Villain. See! he skulks along, 55
 Slick at the Shepherd's Coft, and plump with Meals
 Purloin'd. So thrive the Wicked here below.
 Tho' high his Brush he bear, tho' tipt with white
 It gayly shine; yet e're the Sun declin'd
 Recall the Shades of Night, the pamper'd Rogue 60
 Shall rue his Fate revers'd; and at his Heels
 Behold the just Avenger, swift to seize
 His forfeit Head, and thirsting for his Blood.

HEAVENS! what melodious Strains! how beat
our Hearts

Big with tumultuous Joy! the loaded Gales 65
Breath Harmony; and as the Tempest drives
From Wood to Wood, thro' ev'ry dark Recess
The Forest thunders, and the Mountains shake.
The Chorus swells; less various, and less sweet
The trilling Notes, when in those very Groves, 70
The feather'd Choristers salute the Spring,
And ev'ry Bush in Confort joins; or when
The Master's Hand, in modulated Air,
Bids the loud Organ breath, and all the Pow'rs
Of Musick in one Instrument combine,
An universal Minstrelsy. And now
In vain each Earth he tries, the Doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the Covert safe;
He pants for purer Air. Hark! what loud Shouts

Re-echo

Re-echo thro' the Groves! he breaks away, 80

Shrill Horns proclaim his Flight. Each straggling

Hound

Strains o'er the Lawn to reach the distant Pack.

'Tis Triumph all and Joy. Now, my brave Youths,

Now give a Loose to the clean gen'rous Steed;

Flourish the Whip, nor spare the galling Spur; 85

But in the Madness of Delight, forget

Your Fears. Far o'er the rocky Hills we range,

And dangerous our Course; but in the Brave

True Courage never fails. In vain the Stream

In foaming Eddies whirls; in vain the Ditch 90

Wide-gaping threatens Death. The craggy Steep,

Where the poor dizzy Shepherd crawls with Care,

And clings to ev'ry Twig, gives us no Pain;

But down we sweep, as stoops the Falcon bold

To pounce his Prey. Then up th' opponent Hill, 95

By the swift Motion flung, we mount aloft

So Ships in Winter-Seas now sliding sink
 Adown the steepy Wave, then tofs'd on high
 Ride on the Billows, and defy the Storm.

WHAT Lengths we pass! where will the wan-
 d'ring Chace 100

Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as Swallows skim
 The new-shorn Mead, and far more swift we fly.
 See my brave Pack; how to the Head they press,
 Justling in close Array, then more diffuse
 Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning Mouths
 The vollied Thunder breaks, So when the Cranes
 Their annual Voyage steer, with wanton Wing
 Their Figure oft they change, and their loud clang
 From Cloud to Cloud rebounds How far behind
 The Hunter-Crew, wide-straggling o'er the Plain!
 The panting Courser now with trembling Nerves
 Begins to reel; urg'd by the goreing Spur,

Makes

Makes many a faint Effort: He snorts, he foams,
 The big round Drops run trickling down his Sides,
 With Sweat and Blood distain'd. Look back and
 view 115

The strange Confusion of the Vale below,
 Where sow'r Vexation reigns; see yon poor Jade,
 In vain th' impatient Rider frets and swears,
 With galling Spurs harrows his mangled Sides;
 He can no more: His stiff unpliant Limbs 120
 Rooted in Earth, unmov'd, and fix'd he stands,
 For ev'ry cruel Curfe returns a Groan,
 And fobs, and faints, and dies. Who without
 Grief

Can view that pamper'd Steed, his Master's Joy,
 His Minion, and his daily Care, well cloath'd, 125
 Well-fed with ev'ry nicer Cate; no Cost,
 No Labour spar'd; who, when the flying Chace
 Broke from the Copse, without a Rival led

The num'rous Train: Now a sad Spectacle
 Of Pride brought low, and humbled Insolence, 130
 Drove like a pannier'd Ass, and scourg'd along.
 While these with loosen'd Reins, and dangling Heels,
 Hang on their reeling Palfreys, that scarce bear
 Their Weights; another in the treach'rous Bog
 Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biting
 Thoughts 135
 Torment th' abandon'd Crew! old Age laments
 His Vigour spent: The tall, plump, brawny Youth
 Curfes his cumb'rous Bulk; and envies now
 The short Pygmean Race, he whilom kenn'd
 With proud insulting Leer. A chosen few 140
 Alone the Sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleasing Toils. Here, Huntsman, from this
 Height
 Observe yon Birds of Prey; if I can judge,
 'Tis there the Villain lurks; they hover round

And

And claim him as their own. Was I not right? 145

See! there he creeps along; his Brush he drags,

And sweeps the Mire impure; from his wide Jaws

His Tongue unmoisten'd hangs; Symptoms too sure

Of sudden Death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields

To black Despair. But one Loose more, and all

His Wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon Village now

The rattling Clamour rings. The Barns, the Cots

And leafless Elms return the joyous Sounds.

Thro' ev'ry Homestall, and thro' ev'ry Yard,

His midnight Walks, panting, forlorn, he flies; 155

Thro' ev'ry Hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry Jakes

Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes

In a superior Stench to lose his own:

But faithful to the Track, th' unerring Hounds

With Peals of echoing Vengeance close pursue. 160

And now distress'd, no shelt'ring Covert near

Into the Hen-rooft creeps, whose Walls with Gore

Distain'd

Distain'd attest his Guilt. There, Villain, there
 Expect thy Fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
 The Pack inquisitive, with Clamour loud, 165
 Drag out their trembling Prize; and on his Blood
 With greedy Transport feast. In bolder Notes
 Each sounding Horn proclaims the Felon dead:
 And all th' assembled Village shouts for Joy.
 The Farmer who beholds his mortal Foe 170
 Stretch'd at his Feet, applauds the glorious Deed,
 And grateful calls us to a short Repast:
 In the full Glass the liquid Amber smiles,
 Our native Product. And his good old Mate
 With choicest Viands heaps the lib'ral Board,
 To crown our Triumphs, and reward our Toils.

HERE must th' instructive Muse (but with Re-
 spect)

Censure that num'rous Pack, that Croud of State,

With

With which the vain Profusion of the Great
Covers the Lawn, and shakes the trembling Copse.
Pompous Incumbrance! A Magnificence
Useless, vexatious! For the wily Fox,
Safe in th' increasing Number of his Foes,
Kens well the great Advantage : Slinks behind
And flyly creeps thro' the same beaten Track, 185
And hunts them Step by Step; then views escap'd
With inward Extasy, the panting Throng
In their own Footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud *Eastern* Kings, summon to Arms
Their gaudy Legions, from far distant Climes 190
They flock in Crouds, unpeopling half a World:
But when the Day of Battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd Foe, a Band compact
Of chosen Vet'ranes; they press blindly on,
In Heaps confus'd, by their own Weapons fall, 195
A smoking Carnage scatter'd o'er the Plain.

NOR Hounds alone this noxious Brood destroy :
 The plunder'd Warrener full many a Wile
 Devises to entrap his greedy Foe,
 Fat with nocturnal Spoils. At Close of Day, 200
 With Silence drags his Trail ; then from the Ground
 Pares thin the close-graz'd Turf, there with nice
 Hand
 Covers the latent Death, with curious Springs
 Prepar'd to fly at once, when'er the Tread
 Of Man or Beast, unwarily shall press 205
 The yielding Surface. By th' indented Steel
 With Gripe tenacious held, the Felon grins,
 And struggles, but in vain : Yet oft 'tis known,
 When ev'ry Art has fail'd, the captive Fox
 Has shar'd the wounded Joint, and with a Limb 210
 Compounded for his Life. But if perchance
 In the deep Pitfall plung'd, there's no Escape ;

But

But unreprov'd he dies, and bleach'd in Air
The Jest of Clowns, his reeking Carcass hangs.

OF these are various Kinds; not ev'n the King 215
Of Brutes evades this deep devouring Grave :
But by the wily *African* betray'd,
Heedless of Fate, within its gaping Jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient Beam
With Blushes paints the Dawn ; and all the Race 220
Carnivorous, with Blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome Cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping Offals, and the mangled Limbs
Of Men and Beasts; the painful Forrester
Climbs the high Hills, whose proud aspiring Tops,
With the tall Cedar crown'd, and taper Fir,
Affail the Clouds. There 'mong the craggy Rocks,
And Thickets intricate, trembling he views
His Footsteps in the Sand; the dismal Road

And Avenue to Death. Hither he calls 230
 His watchful Bands; and low into the Ground
 A Pit they sink, full many a Fathom deep.
 Then in the midst a Column high is rear'd,
 The Butt of some fair Tree; upon whose Top
 A Lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his Dam. 235
 And next a Wall they build, with Stones and Earth
 Encircling round, and hiding from all View
 The dreadful Precipice. Now when the Shades
 Of Night hang low'ring o'er the Mountain's Brow;
 And Hunger keen, and pungent Thirst of Blood, 240
 Rouze up the slothful Beast, he shakes his Sides,
 Slow-rising from his Lair, and stretches wide
 His rav'nous Paws, with recent Gore distain'd.
 The Forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
 Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears 245
 The bleating Innocent, that claims in vain
 The Shepherd's Care, and seeks with piteous Moan
 The

The foodful Teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's Meal. For now the greedy Brute
Windshim from far; and leaping o'er the Mound 250
To seize his trembling Prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep Abyfs. Prostrate he lies
Aftunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine Eye-balls flashing Fire, thy Length of Tail,
That lashes thy broad Sides, thy Jaws befmeared 255
With Blood and Offals crude, thy shaggy Main
The Terror of the Woods, thy stately Port,
And Bulk enormous, since by Stratagem
Thy Strength is foil'd? Unequal is the Strife,
When sov'reign Reason combats brutal Rage. 260

ON distant *Ethiopia's* Sun-burnt Coasts,
The black Inhabitants a Pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent Kind, and diff'rent Use.
With slender Poles the wide capacious Mouth,

And

And Hurdles flight, they close; o'er these is spread

A Floor of verdant Turf, with all its Flow'rs

Smiling delusive, and from strictest Search

Concealing the deep Grave, that yawns below.

Then Boughs of Trees they cut, with tempting

Fruit

Of various Kinds surcharg'd; the downy Peach, 270

The clust'ring Vine, and of bright golden Rind

The fragrant Orange. Soon as Ev'ning grey

Advances flow, besprinkling all around

With kind refreshing Dews the thirsty Glebe,

The stately Elephant from the close Shade 275

With Step majestick strides, eager to taste

The cooler Breeze, that from the Sea-beat Shore

Delightful breaths, or in the limpid Stream

To lave his panting Sides; joyous he scents

The rich Repast, unweeting of the Death 280

That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks

The

The brittle Boughs, and greedily devours
 The Fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
 The Price is Life. For now the treach'rous Turf
 Trembling gives way; and the unweildy Beast 285
 Self-sinking, drops into the dark Profound.
 So when dilated Vapours, struggling heave
 Th' incumbent Earth; if Chance the cavern'd
 Ground,
 Shrinking subside, and the thin Surface yield,
 Down sinks at once the pond'rous Dome, ingulph'd
 With all its Tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man!
 How various are thy Wiles! artful to kill
 Thy savage Foes, a dull unthinking Race!
 Fierce from his Lair, springs forth the speckled Pard,
 Thirsting for Blood, and eager to destroy; 295
 The Huntsman flies, but to his Flight alone
 Confides not: At convenient Distance fix'd,
 A polish'd Mirrour, stops in full Career

The furious Brute: He there his Image views ;
 Spots against Spots with Rage improving glow ; 300
 Another Pard his bristly Whiskers curls,
 Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
 Distends his op'ning Paws; himself against
 Himself opposed, and with dread Vengeance arm'd.
 The Huntsman now secure, with fatal Aim 305
 Directs the pointed Spear, by which transfix'd
 He dies, and with him dies the rival Shade.
 Thus Man innum'rous Engines forms, t'affail
 The Savage kind : But most the docile Horse,
 Swift and confederate with Man, annoys 310
 His Brethren of the Plains; without whose Aid
 The Hunters Arts were vain, unskill'd to wage
 With the more active Brutes, an equal War.
 But born by him, without the well-train'd Pack,
 Man dares his Foe, on Wings of Winds secure. 315

HIM the fierce *Arab* mounts, and with his Troop
 Of bold Compeers, ranges the Deserts wild.
 Where by the Magnet's Aid, the Traveller
 Steers his untrodden Course; yet oft on Land
 Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling Waves of Sand 320
 Immerst and lost. While these intrepid Bands,
 Safe in their Horse's Speed, out-fly the Storm,
 And scouring round, make Men and Beasts their
 Prey. .

The grisly Boar is singled from his Herd,
 As large as that in *Erimanthian* Woods, 325
 A Match for *Hercules*. Round him they fly
 In Circles wide; and each in passing sends
 His feather'd Death into his brawny Sides.
 But perillous th' Attempt. For if the Steed
 Haply too near Approach; or the loose Earth 330
 His Footing fail; the watchful angry Beast

Th' Advantage spies; and at one sidelong Glance
 Rips up his Groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
 And plunging, from his Back the Rider hurls
 Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the Ground,
 And drags his reeking Entrails o'er the Plain.
 Mean while the furlly Monster trots along,
 But with unequal Speed; for still they wound,
 Swift-wheeling in the spacious Ring. A Wood
 Of Darts upon his Back he bears; adown 340
 His tortur'd Sides, the crimson Torrents roll
 From many a gaping Font. And now at last
 Stag'ring he falls, in Blood and Foam expires.

BUT whither roves my devious Muse, intent
 On antique Tales? While yet the royal Stag 345
 Unfung remains. Tread with respectful Awe
Windsor's green Glades; where *Denham*, tuneful Bard,
 Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads, with his Song
 Sublimely

Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred Shade,
To glean submits what thy full Sickle leaves. 350

THE Morning Sun that gilds with trembling Rays
Windſor's high Tow'rs, beholds the courtly Train
Mount for the Chace, nor views in all his Courſe
A Scene ſo gay: heroick, noble Youths,
In Arts, and Arms renown'd, and lovely Nymphs
The faireſt of this Iſle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deſerts her *Paphian* Grove
For our more favour'd Shades: In proud Parade
Theſe ſhine magnificent, and preſs around
The Royal happy Pair. Great in themſelves, 360
They ſmile ſuperior; of external Show
Regardleſs, while their inbred Virtues give
A Luſtre to their Pow'r, and grace their Court
With real Splendors, far above the Pomp
Of eaſtern Kings, in all their tinsel Pride. 365

Like Troops of Amazons, the female Band
 Prance round their Cars, not in refulgent Arms
 As those of old; unskill'd to weild the Sword,
 Or bend the Bow, these kill with surer Aim.
 The royal Offspring, fairest of the Fair, 370
 Lead on the splendid Train. *Anna* more bright
 Than Summer Suns, or as the Lightning keen,
 With irresistibile Effulgence arm'd,
 Fires ev'ry Heart. He must be more than Man,
 Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing Ray. 375
Amelia, milder than the blushing Dawn,
 With sweet engaging Air, but equal Pow'r
 Insensibly subdues, and in soft Chains
 Her willing Captives leads. Illustrious Maids
 Ever triumphant! whose victorious Charms, 380
 Without the needless Aid of high Descent
 Had aw'd Mankind, and taught the World's great
 Lords

To bow and sue for Grace. But who is he
 Fresh as a Rose-bud newly blown, and fair
 As op'ning Lillies; on whom ev'ry Eye 385
 With Joy, and Admiration dwells? See, see,
 He reins his docile Barb with manly Grace.
 Is it *Adonis* for the Chace array'd?
 Or *Britain's* second Hope? Hail, blooming Youth!
 May all your Virtues with your Years improve, 390
 'Till in consummate Worth, you shine the Pride
 Of these our Days, and to succeeding Times
 A bright Example. As his Guard of Mutes
 On the great Sultan wait, with Eyes deject
 And fix'd on Earth, no Voice, no Sound is heard 395
 Within the wide Serail, but all is hush'd,
 And awful Silence reigns; thus stand the Pack
 Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to Earth,
 While pass the glitt'ring Court, and royal Pair:
 So disciplin'd those Hounds, and so reserv'd, 400

Whose Honour 'tis to glad the Hearts of Kings.
 But soon the winding Horn, and Huntsman's Voice,
 Let loose the gen'ral Chorus; far around
 Joy spreads its Wings, and the gay Morning smiles.

UNHARBOUR'D now the royal Stag forsakes 405
 His wonted Lair; he shakes his dappled Sides,
 And tosses high his beamy Head, the Cope
 Beneath his Antlers bends. What doubling Shifts
 He tries! not more the wily Hare; in these
 Wou'd still persist, did not the full-mouth'd Pack
 With dreadful Confort thunder in his Rear.
 The Woods reply, the Hunter's chearing Shouts
 Float thro' the Glades, and the wide Forest rings.
 How merrily they chant! their Nostrils deep
 Inhale the grateful Steam. Such is the Cry, 415
 And such th' harmonious Din, the Soldier deems
 The Battle kindling, and the Statesman grave

Forgets

Forgets his weighty Cares; each Age, each Sex
In the wild Transport joins; luxuriant Joy,
And Pleasure in Excess, sparkling exult 420
On ev'ry Brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou Man, when thou'rt no more
Thy self! when all the Pangs that grind thy Soul,
In Rapture and in sweet Oblivion lost,
Yield a short Interval, and Ease from Pain! 425

SEE the swift Courser strains, his shining Hoofs
Securely beat the solid Ground. Who now
The dang'rous Pitfall fears, with tangling Heath
High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring Bog
Soft-yielding to the Step? All now is plain, 430
Plain as the Strand Sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky Shore. Glades crossing Glades
The Forest opens to our wond'ring View:
Such was the King's Command. Let Tyrants fierce
Lay

Lay waste the World; his the more glorious Part 435
 To check their Pride; and when the brazen Voice
 Of War is hush'd, (as erst victorious *Rome*)
 T'employ his station'd Legions in the Works
 Of Peace; to smoothe the rugged Wilderness.
 To drain the stagnate Fen, to raise the Slope 440
 Depending Road, and to make gay the Face
 Of Nature, with th' Embellishments of Art.

How melts my beating Heart! as I behold
 Each lovely Nymph our Island's Boast and Pride,
 Push on the gen'rous Steed, that strokes along 445
 O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy Hill,
 Nor falters in th' extended Vale below ;
 Their Garments loosely waving in the Wind,
 And all the Flush of Beauty in their Cheeks!
 While at their Sides their pensive Lovers wait, 450
 Direct their dubious Course; now chill'd with Fear
 Soli-

Solicitous, and now with Love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rising Storm
May darken with black Wings, this glorious Scene!
Shou'd some malignant Pow'r thus damp our Joys,
Vain were the gloomy Cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless Love the *Tyrian* Queen.
For *Britain's* virtuous Nymphs are chaste as fair,
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal Triumph reign
In the Dun Gloom, as in the Blaze of Day. 460

Now the blown Stag, thro' Woods, Bogs, Roads,
and Streams

Has measur'd half the Forest; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his Fears.
Tho' far he cast the ling'ring Pack behind,
His haggard Fancy still with Horror views 465
The fell Destroyer; still the fatal Cry
Insults his Ears, and wounds his trembling Heart.

So

So the poor Fury-haunted Wretch (his Hands
In guiltless Blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying Shrieks; and the pale threat'ning Ghost
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.
See here his Slot; up yon green Hill he climbs,
Pants on its Brow awhile, sadly looks back
On his Pursuers, cov'ring all the Plain;
But wrung with Anguish, bears not long the Sight
Shoots down the Steep, and sweats along the Vale:
There mingles with the Herd, where once he
reign'd
Proud Monarch of the Groves, whose clashing
Beam
His Rivals aw'd, and whose exalted Pow'r
Was still rewarded with successful Love. 480
But the base Herd, have learn'd the Ways of Men,
Averse they fly, or with rebellious Aim

Chace him from thence: needles their impious

Deed,

The Huntsman knows him by a thousand Marks,

Black, and Imboft; nor are his Hounds deceiv'd;

Too well distinguish these, and never leave

Their once devoted Foe; familiar grows

His Scent, and strong their Appetite to kill.

Again he flies, and with redoubled Speed

Skims o'er the Lawn; still the tenacious Crew 490

Hang on the Track, aloud demand their Prey

And push him many a League. If haply then

Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly Train

Behind are cast, the Huntsman's clanging Whip

Stops full their bold Career; passive they stand, 495

Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious Crowd,

As if by stern *Medusa* gaz'd to Stones.

So at their Gen'ral's Voice whole Armies halt

In full Pursuit, and check their Thirst of Blood.

Soon

Soon at the King's Command, like hafty Streams 500
 Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
 With fresh recruited Might. The Stag, who hop'd
 His Foes were loft, now once more hears aftunn'd
 The dreadful Din; he shivers ev'ry Limb,
 He starts, he bounds; each Bush presents a Foe. 505
 Prefs'd by the fresh Relay, no Pause allow'd,
 Breathless, and faint, he falters in his Pace,
 And lifts his weary Limbs with Pain, that scarce
 Sustain their Load; he pants, he fobs appall'd;
 Drops down his heavy Head to Earth, beneath 510
 His cumb'rous Beams opprefs'd. But if perchance
 Some prying Eye surprize him; soon he rears
 Erect his tow'ring Front, bounds o'er the Lawn
 With ill-diffembled Vigour, to amufe
 The knowing Forefter; who inly smiles 515
 At his weak Shifts, and unavailing Frauds.
 So midnight Tapers wafte their laft Remains,

Shine

Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From Wood to Wood redoubling Thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the Vales; the moving Storm 520
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant Shouts,
And Horns shrill-warbling in each Glade, prelude
To his approaching Fate. And now in view
With hobbling Gate, and high, exerts amaz'd
What Strength is left: To the last Dregs of Life
Reduc'd, his Spirits fail, on ev'ry Side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least Op'ning left
To gleaming Hope, th' Unhappy's last Reserve.
Where shall he turn? Or whither fly? Despair
Gives Courage to the Weak. Resolv'd to dye, 530
He fears no more, but rushes on his Foes,
And deals his Deaths around; beneath his Feet
These grovelling lye, those by his Antlers gor'd
Defile th' enfanguin'd Plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at Bay against yon knotty Trunk, 535
That

That covers well his Rear, his Front presents
 An Host of Foes. O! shun, ye noble Train,
 The rude Encounter, and believe your Lives
 Your Country's Due alone. As now aloof
 They wing around, he finds his Soul uprais'd, 540
 To dare some great Exploit; he charges home
 Upon the broken Pack, that on each Side
 Fly diverse; then as o'er the Turf he strains,
 He vents the cooling Stream, and up the Breeze
 Urges his Course with eager Violence: 544
 Then takes the Soil, and plunges in the Flood
 Precipitant; down the Mid-Stream he wafts
 Along, 'till (like a Ship distress'd, that runs
 Into some winding Creek) close to the Verge
 Of a small Island, for his weary Feet 550
 Sure Anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd:
 His Nose alone above the Wave, draws in
 The vital Air; all else beneath the Flood
 Conceal'd,

Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying Eye
Of Man or Brute. In vain the crowding Pack 555
Draw on the Margin of the Stream, or cut
The liquid Wave with oary Feet, that move
In equal Time. The gliding Waters leave
No Trace behind, and his contracted Pores
But sparingly perspire: The Huntsman strains 560
His lab'ring Lungs, and puffs his Cheeks in vain:
At length a Blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of Sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the Flood, his Mouth
Loud-op'ning spends amain, and his wide Throat
Swells ev'ry Note with Joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the Wave, hangs on his Hanch, and wounds
Th' unhappy Brute, that flounders in the Stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy Shore. Haply once more escap'd; 570
Again he stands at Bay, amid the Groves

Of Willows, bending low their downy Heads.
 Outragious Transport fires the greedy Pack;
 These swim the Deep, and those crawl up with
 Pain

The flipp'ry Bank, while others on firm Land 575
 Engage; the Stag repells each bold Assault,
 Maintains his Post, and Wounds for Wounds returns.
 As when some wily Corfair boards a Ship
 Full-freighted, or from *Africk's* golden Coasts,
 Or *India's* wealthy Strand, his bloody Crew 580
 Upon her Deck he flings; these in the Deep
 Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy Sides,
 And clinging climb aloft; while those on Board
 Urge on the Work of Fate; the Master bold,
 Press'd to his last Retreat, bravely resolves 585
 To sink his Wealth beneath the whelming Wave,
 His Wealth, his Foes, nor unreveng'd to dye.
 So fares it with the Stag: So he resolves

To plunge at once into the Flood below,
 Himself, his Foes in one deep Gulph immers'd. 590
 E'er yet he executes this dire Intent,
 In wild Disorder once more views the Light;
 Beneath a Weight of Woe, he groans distress'd:
 The Tears run trickling down his hairy Cheeks;
 He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The King beholds
 His wretched Plight, and Tenderneſs innate
 Moves his great Soul. Soon at his high Command
 Rebuk'd, the diſappointed, hungry Pack
 Retire ſubmiſs, and grumbling quit their Prey.

GREAT Prince! from thee, what may thy Sub-
 jects hope; 600

So kind, and ſo beneficent to Brutes?
 O Mercy, heav'nly born! Sweet Attribute!
 Thou great, thou beſt Prerogative of Pow'r!
 Juſtice may guard the Throne, but join'd with thee,

On Rocks of Adamant it stands secure, 605
And braves the Storm beneath; soon as thy Smiles
Gild the rough Deep, the foaming Waves subside,
And all the noisy Tumult sinks in Peace.

The

THE CHACE BOOK IV

The ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book.

OF the Necessity of destroying some Beasts, and preserving others for the Use of Man. Of breeding of Hounds; the Season for this Business. The Choice of the Dog, of great Moment. Of the Litter of Whelps. Of the Number to be rear'd. Of setting them out to their several Walks. Care to be taken to prevent their Hunting too soon. Of ent'ring the Whelps. Of breaking them from running at Sheep. Of the Diseases of Hounds. Of their Age. Of Madness; two Sorts of it described, the Dumb, and outragious Madness: It's dreadful Effects. Burning of the Wound recommended as preventing all ill Consequences. The infectious Hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The Vanity of trusting to the many infallible Cures for this Malady. The dismal Effects of the Biting of a Mad Dog, upon Man described. Description of the Otter Hunting. The Conclusion.

BOOK the Fourth.

WHATE'ER of Earth is form'd, to Earth
returns

Dissolv'd: the various Objects we behold,
 Plants, Animals, this whole material Mass,
 Are ever changing, ever new. The Soul
 Of Man alone, that Particle divine, 5
 Escapes the Wreck of Worlds, when all Things fail.
 Hence great the Distance 'twixt the Beasts that pe-
 rish,
 And God's bright Image, Man's immortal Race.
 The Brute Creation are his Property,
 Subservient to his Will, and for him made. 10

As

As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
 Preserves; their sole and arbitrary King.
 Shou'd he not kill, as erst the *Samian* Sage
 Taught unadvis'd, and *Indian* Brachmans now
 As vainly preach; the teeming rav'nous Brutes 15
 Might fill the scanty Space of this Terrene,
 Incumb'ring all the Globe: Shou'd not his Care
 Improve his growing Stock, their Kinds might fail,
 Man might once more on Roots, and Acorns feed,
 And thro' the Deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn, 20
 Quite destitute of ev'ry Solace dear,
 And ev'ry smiling Gayety of Life.

THE prudent Huntsman therefore will supply
 With annual large Recruits, his broken Pack,
 And propagate their Kind. As from the Root 25
 Fresh Scions still spring forth, and daily yield
 New blooming Honours to the Parent-Tree.

Far shall his Pack be fam'd, far sought his Breed,
 And Princes at their Tables feast those Hounds
 His Hand presents, an acceptable Boon. 30

E'ER yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
 His steepy Course, or Mother Earth unbound
 Her frozen Bosom to the *Western* Gale ;
 When feather'd Troops, their social Leagues dis-
 solv'd,
 Select their Mates, and on the leafless Elm 35
 The noisy Rook builds high her wicker Nest ;
 Mark well the wanton Females of thy Pack,
 That curl their taper Tails, and frisking court
 Their pyebald Mates enamour'd ; their red Eyes
 Flash Fires impure ; nor Rest, nor Food they take,
 Goaded by furious Love. In sep'rate Cells
 Confine them now, lest bloody Civil Wars
 Annoy thy peaceful State. If left at large,

The

The growling Rivals in dread Battle join,
 And rude Encounter. On *Scamander's* Streams 45
 Heroes of old with far less Fury fought,
 For the bright *Spartan* Dame, their Valour's Prize.
 Mangled and torn thy fav'rite Hounds shall lie,
 Stretch'd on the Ground; thy Kennel shall appear
 A Field of Blood: like some unhappy Town 50
 In Civil Broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
 Her bloody Scourge aloft, fierce Parties rage,
 Staining their impious Hands in mutual Death.
 And still the best belov'd, and bravest fall:
 Such are the dire Effects of lawless Love. 55

HUNTSMAN! these Ills by timely prudent Care
 Prevent: for ev'ry longing Dame select
 Some happy Paramour; to him alone
 In Leagues connubial join. Consider well
 His Lineage; what his Fathers did of old, 60

Chiefs

Chiefs of the Pack, and first to climb the Rock,
 Or plunge into the Deep, or thread the Brake
 With Thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and Briars
 inwoven.

Observe with Care his Shape, Sort, Colour, Size.
 Nor will sagacious Huntsmen less regard 65

His inward Habits; the vain Babbler shun,
 Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.

His foolish Offspring shall offend thy Ears
 With false Alarms, and loud Impertinence.

Nor less the shifting Cur avoid, that breaks 70
 Illusive from the Pack; to the next Hedge

Devious he strays, there ev'ry Muse he tries,
 If haply then he cross the streaming Scent,

Away he flies vain glorious; and exults
 As of the Pack supreme, and in his Speed 71

And Strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind
 His vex'd Associates pant, and lab'ring strain

To climb the steep Ascent. Soon as they reach
 Th'insulting Boaster, his false Courage fails,
 Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal Noose, 80
 His Master's Hate, and Scorn of all the Field.
 What can from such be hop'd, but a base Brood
 Of coward Curs, a frantick, vagrant Race?

WHEN now the third revolving Moon appears,
 With sharpen'd Horns, above th' Horizon's Brink;
 Without *Lucina's* Aid, expect thy Hopes
 Are amply crown'd; short Pangs produce to Light
 The smoking Litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
 Nature their Guide, they seek the pouting Teat
 That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender Dam 90
 Has form'd them with her Tongue, with Pleasure
 view

The Marks of their renown'd Progenitors,
 Sure Pledge of Triumphs yet to come. All these

Select

Select with Joy; but to the merc'less Flood
 Expose the dwindling Refuse, nor o'erload 95
 Th' indulgent Mother. If thy Heart relent,
 Unwilling to destroy, a Nurse provide,
 And to the Foster-Parent give the Care
 Of thy superfluous Brood; she'll cherish kind
 The Alien Offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold 100
 Her Tendernefs, and hospitable Love.

IF frolick now, and play-full they desert
 Their gloomy Cell, and on the verdant Turf
 With Nerves improv'd, pursue the mimick Chace,
 Courfing around; unto thy choicest Friends 150
 Commit thy valu'd Prize: The rustick Dames
 Shall at thy Kennel wait, and in their Laps
 Receive thy growing Hopes, with many a Kiss
 Carefs, and dignify their little Charge
 With some great Title, and resounding Name 110
 Of

Of high Import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful Ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd Younger, immature,
Alone to range the Woods, or haunt the Brakes
Where dodging Conies sport: His Nerves unstrung,
And Strength unequal; the laborious Chace
Shall stint his Growth, and his rash forward Youth
Contract such vicious Habits, as thy Care
And late Correction never shall reclaim.

WHEN to full Strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the Field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler Prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by Degrees
To stricter Discipline. With these consort
The Stanch, and steddy Sages of thy Pack, 125
By long Experience vers'd in all the Wiles,
And subtle Doublings of the various Chace.

Easy the Lesson of the youthful Train,
 When Instinct prompts, and when Example guides.
 If the too forward Younker at the Head 130
 Pres boldly on, in wanton sportive Mood,
 Correct his Haste, and let him feel abash'd
 The ruling Whip. But if he stoop behind
 In wary modest Guise, to his own Nose
 Confiding sure; give him full Scope to work 135
 His winding Way, and with thy Voice applaud
 His Patience, and his Care; soon shalt thou view
 The hopeful Pupil Leader of his Tribe,
 And all the list'ning Pack attend his Call.

OFT lead them forth where wanton Lambkins
 play, 140

And bleating Dams with jealous Eyes observe
 Their tender Care. If at the crowding Flock
 He bay presumptuous, or with eager Haste

Pursue

Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant Plain ;
In the foul Fact attach'd, to the strong Ram 145
Tye fast the rash Offender. See! at first
His horn'd Companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged Ground :
Then with his Load fatigued, shall turn a Head,
And with his curl'd hard Front incessant peal 150
The panting Wretch ; 'till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the Turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining Whip, but ply his bleeding Sides
Lash after Lash, and with thy threat'ning Voice,
Harsh-echoing from the Hills, inculcate loud 155
His vile Offence. Sooner shall trembling Doves
Escap'd the Hawk's sharp Talons, in mid Air,
Assail their dang'rous Foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful Flocks. In tender Age
Thus Youth is train'd; as curious Artists bend 160
The

The taper, pliant Twig; or Potters form
 Their soft and ductile Clay to various Shapes;

NOR is't enough to breed; but to preserve
 Must be the Huntsman's Care. The stanch old
 Hounds,

Guides of thy Pack, tho' but in Number few, 165
 Are yet of great Account; shall oft untye
 The Gordian Knot, when Reason at a stand
 Puzzling is lost, and all thy Art is vain.

O'er clogging Fallows, o'er dry plaster'd Roads,
 O'er floated Meads, o'er Plains with Flocks distain'd
 Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious Way.

As Party-Chiefs in Senates who preside,
 With pleaded Reason and with well-turn'd Speech
 Conduct the staring Multitude; so these
 Direct the Pack, who with joint Cry approve, 175
 And loudly boast Discov'ries not their own.

UNNUM-

UNNUMBER'D Accidents, and various Ills,

Attend thy Pack, hang hov'ring o'er their Heads,
And point the Way that leads to Death's dark Cave.

Short is their Span; few at the Date arrive

Of ancient *Argus*, in old *Homer's* Song 180

So highly honour'd: Kind, sagacious Brute!

Not ev'n *Minerva's* Wisdom cou'd conceal

Thy much lov'd Master from thy nicer Sense.

Dying his Lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er

With eager Eyes, then clos'd those Eyes, well

pleas'd. 185

OF leffer Ills the Muse declines to sing,

Nor stoops so low; of these each Groom can tell

The proper Remedy. But O! what Care!

What Prudence can prevent Madness, the worst

Of Maladies? Terrifick Pest! that blasts 190

The Huntsman's Hopes, and Defolation spreads
 Thro' all th' unpeopled Kennel unrestrain'd.
 More fatal than th' envenom'd Viper's Bite;
 Or that *Apulian* Spider's pois'nous Sting,
 Heal'd by the pleasing Antidote of Sounds. 195

WHEN *Sirius* reigns, and the Sun's parching
 Beams

Bake the dry gaping Surface, visit thou
 Each Ev'n and Morn, with quick observant Eye,
 Thy panting Pack. If in dark fullen Mood,
 The glouting Hound refuse his wonted Meal, 200
 Retiring to some close, obscure Retreat,
 Gloomy, disconsolate: With Speed remove
 The poor infectious Wretch, and in strong Chains
 Bind him suspected. Thus that dire Disease
 Which Art can't cure, wise Caution may prevent.

BUT

BUT this neglected, soon expect a Change,
 A dismal Change, Confusion, Frenzy, Death.
 Or in some dark Recess, the senseless Brute
 Sits sadly pining : Deep Melancholy,
 And black Despair, upon his clouded Brow 210
 Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning Jaws
 The clammy Venom, and infectious Froth,
 Distilling fall; and from his Lungs inflam'd,
 Malignant Vapours taint the ambient Air,
 Breathing Perdition: His dim Eyes are glaz'd, 215
 He droops his pensive Head, his trembling Limbs
 No more support his Weight; abject he lies,
 Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till Death at last
 Gracious attends, and kindly brings Relief.

OR if outrageous grown, behold alas! 220
 A yet more dreadful Scene; his glaring Eyes

Redden with Fury, like some angry Boar
 Churning he foams; and on his Back erect
 His pointed Bristles rise; his Tale incurv'd
 He drops, and with harsh broken Howlings rends 225
 The poison-tainted Air, with rough hoarse Voice
 Incessant Bays; and snuffs th' infectious Breeze;
 This Way and that he stares aghast, and starts
 At his own Shade; jealous, as if he deem'd
 The World his Foes. If haply tow'rd the Stream 230
 He cast his roving Eye, cold Horror chills
 His Soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
 Now frantick to the Kennel's utmost Verge
 Raving he runs, and deals Destruction round.
 The Pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets 235
 Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry Bite is Death.

If now perchance thro' the weak Fence escap'd,
 Far up the Wind he roves, with open Mouth

Inhales

Inhales the cooling Breeze, nor Man, nor Beast
He spares implacable. The Hunter-Horse, 240
Once kind Associate of his sylvan Toils,
(Who haply now without the Kennel's Mound
Crops the rank Mead, and list'ning hears with Joy
The chearing Cry, that Morn and Eve salutes
His raptur'd Sense) a wretched Victim falls. 245
Unhappy Quadrupede! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond Master with his Voice applaud
Thy Gentleness, thy Speed; or with his Hand
Stroke thy soft dappled Sides, as he each Day
Visits thy Stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou
With sprightly Neighings, to the winding Horn,
And the loud-op'ning Pack in confort join'd,
Glad his proud Heart. For oh! the secret Wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the Ground and dies.

HENCE to the Village with pernicious Haste 255
 Baleful he bends his Course: The Village flies
 Alarm'd; the tender Mother in her Arms,
 Hugs close the trembling Babe; the Doors are barr'd,
 And flying Curs by native Instinct taught,
 Shun the contagious Bane; the rustick Bands 260
 Hurry to Arms, the rude Militia seize
 Whate'er at hand they find; Clubs, Forks, or Guns
 From ev'ry Quarter charge the furious Foe,
 In wild Disorder, and uncouth Array:
 'Till now with Wounds on Wounds oppress'd and
 gor'd, 265
 At one short pois'nous Gasp he breaths his last.

HENCE to the Kennel, Muse, return, and view,
 With heavy Heart that Hospital of Woe;
 Where Horror stalks at large, insatiate Death

Sits growling o'er his Prey : Each Hour presents 270
 A different Scene of Ruin and Distress.
 How busy art thou Fate! and how severe
 Thy pointed Wrath! the Dying and the Dead
 Promiscuous lye; o'er these the Living fight
 In one eternal Broil; not conscous why, 275
 Nor yet with whom. So Drunkards in their Cups,
 Spare not their Friends, while senseless Squabble
 reigns.

HUNTSMAN! it much behooves thee to avoid
 The perilous Debate. Ah! rouze up all
 Thy Vigilance, and tread the treach'rous Ground 280
 With careful Step. Thy Fires unquench'd preserve,
 As erst the Vestal Flame; the pointed Steel
 In the hot Embers hide; and if surpriz'd
 Thou feel'st the deadly Bite, quick urge it home
 Into the recent Sore, and cauterize 285

The Wound; spare not thy Flesh, nor dread
th' Event:

Vulcan shall save, when *Æsculapius* fails.

HERE, shou'd the knowing Muse recount the
Means

To stop this growing Plague. And here, alas!
Each Hand presents a sov'reign Cure, and boasts 290
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend, each to his sep'rate Seat
Confine, in Fetters bound; give each his Mefs
Apart, his Range in open Air; and then
If deadly Symptoms to thy Grief appear; 295
Devote the Wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous Victim for the publick Weal.

SING, philosophick Muse, the dire Effects
Of this contagious Bite on hapless Man.

The rustick Swains, by long Tradition taught 300
 Of Leeches old, as soon as they perceive
 The Bite impress'd, to the Sea-Coasts repair.
 Plung'd in the briny Flood, th' unhappy Youth
 Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish
 The Seas as yet had cover'd him beneath 305
 The foaming Surge, full many a Fathom deep.
 A Fate more dismal, and superior Ills
 Hang o'er his Head devoted. When the Moon
 Closing her monthly round, returns again
 To glad the Night; or when full-orb'd she shines 310
 High in the Vault of Heav'n; the lurking Pest
 Begins the dire Assault. The pois'nous Foam
 Thro' the deep Wound instill'd with hostile Rage,
 And all its fiery Particles saline,
 Invades th' arterial Fluid; whose red Waves 315
 Tempestuous heave, and their Cohesion broke,
 Fermenting boil; intestine War ensues,

And

And Order to Confusion turns embroil'd.

Now the distended Vessels scarce contain

The wild Uproar, but press each weaker Part, 320

Unable to resist: The tender Brain,

And Stomach suffer most; Convulsions shake

His trembling Nerves, and wand'ring pungent

Pains

Pinch sore the sleepless Wretch; his flutt'ring Pulse

Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns 325

His cruel Fate, and to his weeping Friends

Laments in vain; to hasty Anger prone,

Resents each slight Offence, walks with quick Step,

And wildly stares; at last with boundless Sway

The Tyrant Frenzy reigns. For as the Dog, 330

(Whose fatal Bite convey'd th' infectious Bane)

Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bates.

Like Agitations in his boiling Blood

Present like Species to his troubled Mind;

His

His Nature, and his Actions all canine. 335

So as (old *Homer* sung) th' Associates wild

Of wand'ring *Ithacus*, by *Circe's* Charms

To Swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the Groves.

Dreadful Example to a wicked World!

See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with Thirst,

But dares not drink. 'Till now at last his Soul

Trembling escapes, her noisome Dungeon leaves,

And to some purer Region wings away.

ONE Labour yet remains, celestial Maid!

Another Element demands thy Song. 345

No more o'er craggy Steeps, thro' Coverts thick

With pointed Thorn, and Briers intricate,

Urge on with Horn and Voice the painful Pack:

But skim with wanton Wing th' irriguous Vale,

Where winding Streams amid the flow'ry Meads 350

Perpetual glide along; and undermine

The

The cavern'd Banks, by the tenacious Roots
 Of hoary Willows arch'd; gloomy Retreat
 Of the bright scaly Kind; where they at Will,
 On the green wat'ry Reed their Pasture graze, 355
 Suck the moist Soil, or slumber at their Ease,
 Rock'd by the restless Brook, that draws aslope
 Its humid Train, and laves their dark Abodes.
 Where rages not Oppression? Where, alafs!
 Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil 360
 Haunt ev'n the lowest Deeps; Seas have their Sharks,
 Rivers and Ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous Pike;
 He in his Turn becomes a Prey; on him
 Th' amphibious Otter feasts. Just is his Fate
 Deserv'd: But Tyrants know no Bounds; nor Spears
 That bristle on his Back, defend the Perch
 From his wide greedy Jaws; nor burnish'd Mail
 The yellow Carp; nor all his Arts can save
 Th' insinuating Eel, that hides his Head

Beneath

Beneath the slimy Mud; nor yet escapes 370
 The crimson-spotted Trout, the River's Pride,
 And Beauty of the Stream. Without Remorse,
 This midnight Pillager ranging around,
 Infatiate swallows all. The Owner mourns
 Th' unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears 375
 The Huntsman's early Call, and sees with Joy
 The jovial Crew, that march upon its Banks
 In gay Parade, with bearded Lances arm'd.

THIS subtle Spoiler of the Beaver kind,
 Far off perhaps, where ancient Alders shade 380
 The deep still Pool; within some hollow Trunk
 Contrives his wicker Couch: Whence he surveys
 His long Purlieu, Lord of the Stream, and all
 The finny Shoals his own. But you, brave Youths,
 Dispute the Felon's Claim; try ev'ry Root, 385
 And ev'ry reedy Bank; encourage all

The busy-spreading Pack, that fearless plunge
 Into the Flood, and cross the rapid Stream.
 Bid Rocks, and Caves, and each resounding Shore,
 Proclaim your bold Defiance; loudly raise
 Each cheering Voice, 'till distant Hills repeat
 The Triumphs of the Vale. On the soft Sand
 See there his Seal impress'd! and on that Bank
 Behold the glitt'ring Spoils, half-eaten Fish,
 Scales, Fins, and Bones, the Leavings of his Feast.
 Ah! on that yielding Sag-bed, see, once more
 His Seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy Marsh
 The fly Goose-footed Proler bends his Course,
 And seeks the distant Shallows. Huntsman, bring
 Thy eager Pack; and trail him to his Couch. 400
 Hark! the loud Peal begins, the clam'rous Joy,
 The gallant Chiding, loads the trembling Air.

YE

YE *Naiads* fair, who o'er these Floods preside,
Raife up your dripping Heads above the Wave,
And hear our Melody. Th' harmonious Notes 405
Float with the Stream; and ev'ry winding Creek
And hollow Rock, that o'er the dimpling Flood
Nods pendant; still improve from Shore to Shore
Our sweet reiterated Joys. What Shouts!
What Clamour loud! What gay heart-chearing
Sounds 410
Urge thro' the breathing Brags their mazy Way!
Not Quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier Strains
The dancing Billows; when proud *Neptune* rides
In Triumph o'er the Deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy Steam, that to each Blade 415
Rank-scenting clings! See! how the Morning Dews
They sweep, that from their Feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a Track oblique behind.

Now

Now on firm Land they range; then in the Flood
 They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy Pools 420
 Rustling they work their Way: no Holt escapes
 Their curious Search. With quick Sensation now
 The fuming Vapour stings; flutter their Hearts,
 And Joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry Mouth,
 In louder Symphonies. Yon hollow Trunk, 425
 That with its hoary Head incurv'd, salutes
 The passing Wave; must be the Tyrant's Fort,
 And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
 While others at the Root incessant Bay:
 They put him down. See, there he dives along! 430
 Th' ascending Bubbles mark his gloomy Way.
 Quick fix the Nets, and cut off his Retreat
 Into the shelt'ring Deeps. Ah, there he vents!
 The Pack plunge headlong, and protended Spears
 Menace Destruction. While the troubled Surge 435
 Indignant foams, and all the scaly Kind
 Affrighted,

Affrighted, hide their Heads. Wild Tumult reigns,
 And loud Uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
 See, that bold Hound has seiz'd him; down they
 sink,

Together lost: But soon shall he repent 440

His rash Assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
 Half drown'd, and clammers up the slipp'ry Bank
 With Ouze and Blood distain'd. Of all the Brutes,
 Whether by Nature form'd, or by long Use,
 This artful Diver best can bear the Want
 Of vital Air. Unequal is the Fight,
 Beneath the whelming Element. Yet there
 He lives not long; but Respiration needs
 At proper Intervals. Again he vents;
 Again the Crowd attack. That Spear has pierc'd 450
 His Neck; the crimson Waves confess the Wound.
 Fix'd is the bearded Lance, unwelcome Guest,
 Where-e'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,

With him it mounts; sure Guide to ev'ry Foe;
 Inly he groans, nor can his tender Wound 455
 Bear the cold Stream. Lo! to yon sedgy Bank
 He creeps disconsolate; his num'rous Foes
 Surround him, Hounds, and Men. Pierc'd thro'
 and thro',
 On pointed Spears they lift him high in Air;
 Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
 Bid the loud Horns, in gayly-warbling Strains,
 Proclaim the Felon's Fate; he dies, he dies.

REJOICE, ye scaly Tribes, and leaping dance
 Above the Wave, in Sign of Liberty
 Restor'd; the cruel Tyrant is no more. 465
 Rejoice secure and blest'd; did not as yet
 Remain, some of your own rapacious Kind;
 And Man, fierce Man, with all his various Wiles.

O Hap-

O Happy! if ye knew your happy State,
 Ye Rangers of the Fields; whom Nature boon 470
 Cheers with her Smiles, and ev'ry Element
 Conspires to bless. What, if no Heroes frown
 From marble Pedestals; nor *Raphaël's* Works,
 Nor *Titian's* lively Tints, adorn our Walls?
 Yet these the meanest of us may behold; 475
 And at another's Cost, may feast at Will
 Our wond'ring Eyes; what can the Owner more?
 But vain, alas! is Wealth, not grac'd with Pow'r.
 The flow'ry Landskip, and the gilded Dome,
 And Vistas op'ning to the wearied Eye, 480
 Thro' all his wide Domain; the planted Grove,
 The shrubby Wilderness, with its gay Choir
 Of warbling Birds, can't lull to soft Repose
 Th'ambitious Wretch, whose discontented Soul
 Is harrow'd Day and Night; he mourns, he pines,

Until his Prince's Favour makes him great.
 See there he comes, th' exalted Idol comes!
 The Circle's form'd, and all his fawning Slaves
 Devoutly bow to Earth; from ev'ry Mouth
 The nauseous Flatt'ry flows, which he returns 490
 With Promises, that die as soon as born.
 Vile Intercourse! where Virtue has no Place.
 Frown but the Monarch; all his Glories fade;
 He mingles with the Throng, outcast, undone,
 The Pageant of a Day; without one Friend 495
 To sooth his tortur'd Mind; all, all are fled.
 For tho' they bask'd in his meridian Ray,
 The Insects vanish, as his Beams decline.

NOT such our Friends; for here no dark Design,
 No wicked Int'rest bribes the venal Heart; 500
 But Inclination to our Bosom leads,

And

And weds them there for Life; our social Cups
Smile, as we smile; open, and unreserv'd.

We speak our inmost Souls; good Humour, Mirth,
Soft Complaisance, and Wit from Malice free, 505
Smooth ev'ry Brow, and glow on ev'ry Cheek.

O Happiness sincere! what Wretch wou'd groan
Beneath the galling Load of Pow'r, or walk
Upon the flipp'ry Pavements of the Great,
Who thus cou'd reign, unenvy'd and secure? 510

YE guardian Pow'rs who make Mankind your Care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden Depths,
Trace each mysterious Cause, with Judgment read
Th' expanded Volume, and submit adore
That great creative Will, who at a Word 515
Spoke forth the wond'rous Scene. But if my Soul
To

To this gross Clay confin'd, flutters on Earth
With less ambitious Wing; unskill'd to range
From Orb to Orb, where *Newton* leads the Way;
And view with piercing Eyes, the grand Machine,
Worlds above Worlds; subservient to his Voice,
Who veil'd in clouded Majesty, alone
Gives Light to all; bids the great System move,
And changeful Seasons in their Turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself. Yet this at least 525
Grant me propitious, an inglorious Life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false Pursuits
Of Wealth or Honours; but enough to raise
My drooping Friends, preventing modest Want,
That dares not ask. And if to crown my Joys, 530
Ye grant me Health, that, ruddy in my Cheeks,
Blooms in my Life's Decline; Fields, Woods, and
Streams,

Each

Each tow'ring Hill, each humble Vale below,
Shall hear my chearing Voice, my Hounds shall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' Horizon round. 535

F I N I S.

Each rowing
 Shall be my
 The day after



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