

BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



DRYDEN VOLUME II.
"She drew an Angel down."

Page 229.

Surjojn THE *Royal*

POETICAL WORKS

OF

720

JOHN DRYDEN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise.....
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is DRYDEN now.

POPE.

Behold where DRYDEN'S less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courfers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more.....

GRAY.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Ann^o 1778.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN. 720

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

ABSAL. & ACHITHOPHEL,	MEDAL, A SATIRE,
HIND AND PANTHER,	ALEXANDER'S FEAST,
MACFLECNOE,	SECULAR MASK,

&c. &c. &c.

But see where artful DRYDEN next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming even in years!
Great DRYDEN next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all. ADDISON.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

A POEM.

IN TWO PARTS.

TO THE READER.

IT is not my intention to make an apology for my Poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party must expect to make enemies of the other: for wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the Fanatic church, as well as in the Popish, and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads: but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have genius, it will force its own reception in the world: for there is a sweetness in good verse which tickles even while it hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never

comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms ; if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges; for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire (where justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticise so weakly as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced, at their own cost, that I can write severely with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices : and other men's virtues I have commended as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you Commonwealth's-men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing my name ; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing, though it is hard for an author to judge against himself; but more probably it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both sides will condemn the character of Absalom, as

either too favourably or too hardly drawn : but they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault, on the other hand, is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory, it is no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achithophel, than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to shew Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist, and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconciliation of Absalom to David; and who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story; there seems, yet, to be room left for a composure, hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achithophel, but am content to be accused of a good-natured error, and to hope, with

Origen, that the devil himself may at last be saved : for which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful, and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction ; and he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease ; for those are only in order to prevent the surgeon's work of an *ense rescindendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all : if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

A KEY

T O

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

Abdaal,	{ General Monk, Duke of Albermarle.
Abethdin,	{ The name given, through this Poem, to a Lord Chancellor in general.
Abfalom,	{ Duke of Monmouth, natural son of King Charles II.
Achithophel,	{ Anthony-Ashly Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.
Adriel,	{ John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag,	{ Sir Edmundbury Godfrey
Amiel,	{ Mr. Seymour. Speaker of the House of Commons.
Amri,	{ Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, and Lord Chancellor.
Annabel,	{ Duchess of Monmouth.
Arod,	{ Sir William Waller.
Asaph,	{ A character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the Second Part of this Poem
Balaam,	{ Earl of Huntingdon.

Balak,	Barnet.
Barzillai,	Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba,	Duchefs of Portsmouth.
Benaiah,	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan,	Rev. Mr. Samuel Johnfon.
Bezaliel,	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb,	Ford, Lord Grey, of Werk.
Corah,	Dr. Titus Oates.
David,	King Charles II.
Doeg,	Elkanah Settle, the City poet.
Egypt,	France.
Eliab,	{ Sir Henry Bennet, Earl of Ar- lington.
Ethnic Plot,	The Popish Plot.
Gath,	{ The Land of Exile, more parti- cularly Bruffels, where King Charles II. long refided.
Hebron,	Scotland.
Hebrew Priests,	The Church of England Clergy.
Helon,	{ Earl of Feversham, a French- man by birth, and nephew to Marfhal Turenne.
Hufhai,	Hyde, Earl of Rochefter.
Jebufites,	Papifts.
Jerufalem,	London.
Jews,	Englifh.
Jonas,	Sir Wm. Jones, a great Lawyer.
Jordan,	Dover.

Jotham,	Saville, Marquis of Halifax.
Jothran,	Lord Dartmouth.
Ishbosheth,	Richard Cromwell.
Israel,	England.
Issachar,	{ Thomas Thynne, Esq. who was shot in his Coach.
Judas,	Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
Ishban,	{ Sir Robert Clayton, Alderman, and one of the City Members.
Mephibosheth,	Pordage.
Michal,	Catharine, Queen of Charles II.
Nadab,	Lord Howard of Esrick.
Og,	Shadwell.
Othniel,	{ Henry Duke of Grafton, natural Son of King Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland.
Phaleg,	Forbes.
Pharaoh,	King of France.
Rabsheka,	{ Sir Thomas Player, one of the City Members.
Sagan of Jerusalem,	{ Dr. Compton, Bishop of Lon- don, youngest Son to the Earl of Northampton.
Sanhedrim,	Parliament.
Saul,	Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei,	{ Slingsby Bethel, Sheriff of Lon- don in 1680.
Sheva,	Sir Roger L'Estrange.

Sion,	England.
Solymean Rout,	London Rebels.
Tyre,	Holland.
Uzza,	Jack Hall.
Zadoc,	{ Sancroft, Archbishop of Can- terbury.
Zaken,	{ A Member of the House of Commons.
Zimri,	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
Ziloah,	{ Sir John Moore, Lord Mayor in 1682.

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

P A R T I.

-----Si proprius fies,
Te capiet magis-----

HOR.

IN pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin,
When man on many multiply'd his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd,
When Nature prompted, and no law deny'd 5
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Isr'el's monarch, after Heav'n's own heart,
His vig'rous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and, wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image thro' the land. 10
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear,
A foil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To godlike David several sons before:
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend, 15
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all the num'rous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust, 20

Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway;
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states ally'd to Isr'el's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove, 25
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompany'd with grace,
And Paradise was open'd in his face. 30
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd;
To all his wishes nothing he deny'd,
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?) 35
His father could not, or he would not, see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forbore,
Were constru'd youth, that purg'd by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame. 40
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd.
But life can never be sincerely blest,
Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmur'ing race, 45
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
No king could govern, nor no god could please;

(Gods they had try'd of ev'ry shape and size
That god-smiths could produce, or priests devise:) 50
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty ;
And when no rule, no precedent, was found
Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
They led their wild desires to woods and caves, 55
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego ;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And, with a gen'ral shout, proclaim'd him king ; 60
Those very Jews who, at their very best,
Their humour more than loyalty exprest,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch which their hands had made ;
Thought they might ruin him they could create, 65
Or melt him to that golden calf, a state.
But these were random bolts ; no form'd design,
Nor int'rest, made the factious crowd to join :
The sober part of Isr'el, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign ; 70
And looking backward, with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight ;
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curs'd the memory of Civil wars.
The mod'rate sort of men, thus qualify'd, 75
Inclin'd the balance to the better side ;

And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful dev'l is still at hand with means, 80
And providently pimps for ill desires;
The good old cause reviv'd, a plot requires.
Plots, true or false, are necessary things
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.

Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem 85
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And ev'ry loss the men of Jebus bore, 90
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land; 95
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
This set the Heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be, 100
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.

The Jewish Rabbins, tho' their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise: 105
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd, 110
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude,
But swallow'd in the mass unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise, 115
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd,
Where gods were recommended by their taste.
Such fav'ry deities must needs be good, 120
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one, in former days, was odds.
So fraud was us'd, (the sacrificer's trade)
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade. 125
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts even the court and stews;
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay 130
By guns, invented since full many a day:

Our Author swears it not; but who can know
 How far the dev'l and Jebusites may go?
 'This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
 Had yet a deep and dang'rous consequence : 135
 For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon flotes into a flood,
 And ev'ry hostile humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
 So severa' factions, from this first ferment, 140
 Work up to foam, and threat the government.
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thoughtwise,
 Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise:
 Some had incourts beengreat, and thrown from thence,
 Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence : 145
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
 Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high,
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
 Of these the false Achithophel was first, 150
 A name to all succeeding ages curst;
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
 In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace; 155
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
 He fought the storm; but, for a calm unfit, 161
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest? 166
 Punish a body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a son; 170
 Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump, like Anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
 To compass this the triple bond he broke, 175 }
 The pillars of the public safety shook, }
 And fitted Ifr'el for a foreign yoke; }
 Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name :
 So easy still it proves, in factious times, 180
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will?
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own? 185

Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Isr'el's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unfought, the wretched to redress, 190
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the Crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed, 195
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heav'n had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achithophel, grown weary to possess 200
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince; 205
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the Crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes,
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears 210
Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.

Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel: 215
For govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their Scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.

Achithophel still wants a chief, and none 220
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom:

Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
(For politicians neither love nor hate)
But, for he knew his title not allow'd
Would keep him still depending on the crowd; 225
That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

Him he attempts, with studied arts, to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these:

Auspicious Prince, at whose nativity 230
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar, and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the Promis'd Land; 235
Whose dawning day, in every distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage;
The people's pray'r, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess, 240
And never satisfy'd with seeing, bless:

Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stamm'ring babes are taught to lisp thy name;
How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
Starve, and defraud the people of thy reign; 245
Content ingloriously to pass thy days
Like one of Virtue's fools, that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale and tarnish with our daily sight?
Believe me, royal Youth! thy fruit must be 250
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree:
Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will) 255
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent;
But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize, 260
And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heav'n's anointing oil had been in vain. 265
Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
But shun th' example of declining age;
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows length'ning as the vapours rise.

He is not now as when, on Jordan's sand, 270 }
The joyful people throng'd to see him land, }
Cov'ring the beach, and black'ning all the strand, }
But, like the prince of angels. from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light,
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn, 275
(Our only blessing since his curs'd return)
Those heaps of people, which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends, and round beset with foes? 280
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,
Foment the war, but not support the King:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite 285
With Pharaoh's arms t' assist the Jebusite;
Or if they should, their int'rest soon would break,
And, with such odious aid, make David weak.
All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts 290
From David's rule: and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, Commonwealth, and Liberty;
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Isr'el hope, and what applause 295
Might such a general gain by such a cause?

Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r,
 Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r;
 And nobler is a limited command,
 Giv'n by the love of all your native land, 300
 Than a successive title, long and dark,
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
 When Flatt'ry sooths, and when Ambition blinds?
 Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed, 305
 Yet, sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
 In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
 'Tis but a spark too much of heav'nly fire.
 Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
 Too full of angels' metal in his frame, 310
 Unwarily was led from Virtue's ways,
 Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise:
 Half loath and half consenting to the ill,
 (For royal blood within him struggled still)
 He thus reply'd;—And what pretence have I 315
 To take up arms for public liberty?
 My father governs with unquestion'd right,
 The faith's Defender, and mankind's delight;
 Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws,
 And Heav'n by wonders has espous'd his cause. 320
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
 Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
 What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
 Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?

Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good, 325
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway? 330
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad, 335
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant who, by lawless might,
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits, and restrain my hands: 340
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire:
What more can I expect while David lives? 345
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—but here he paus'd; then sighing, said—
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest, 350
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collat'ral line, where that shall end,

His brother, tho' oppress'd with vulgar spite,
 Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
 Of every royal virtue stands possess'd, 355
 Still dear to all the bravest and the best :
 His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
 His loyalty the King, the world his fame :
 His mercy e'en th' offending crowd will find,
 For sure he comes of a forgiving kind. 360
 Why should I then repine at Heav'n's decree,
 Which gives me no pretence to royalty ?
 Yet, oh that Fate, propitiously inclin'd,
 Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind ;
 To my large soul not all her treasure lent, 365
 And then betray'd it to a mean descent !
 I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
 And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
 Why am I seanted by a niggard birth ?
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth, 370
 And, made for empire, whispers me within,
 Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.

Him stagg'ring so when Hell's dire agent found,
 While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
 He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies, 375

Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
 Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain ;
 What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign ?
 Against your will your arguments have shown
 Such virtue's only given to guide a throne. 380

Not that your father's mildness I contemn,
 But manly force becomes the diadem.
 'Tis true he grants the people all they crave,
 And more, perhaps, than subjects ought to have ;
 For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame, 385
 And more his goodness than his wit proclaim ;
 But when should people strive their bonds to break,
 If not when kings are negligent or weak ?
 Let him give on till he can give no more,
 The thrifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor ; 390
 And ev'ry shekel which he can receive
 Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
 To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
 Or plunge him deep in some expensive war,
 Which when his treasure can no more supply, 395
 He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
 His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears,
 Call Jebusites and Pharaoh's pensioners,
 Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
 He shall be naked left to public scorn. 400
 The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My arts have made obnoxious to the state,
 Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
 And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
 His right, for sums of necessary gold, 405
 Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold,
 Till time shall ever-wanting David draw
 To pass your doubtful title into law ;

If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than pow'r in trust, 411
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the gen'ral good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
If alt'ring that the people can relieve, 415
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.
The Jews well know their pow'r; ere Saul they chose,
God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame; 420
The public good, that universal call,
To which e'en Heav'n submitted, answers all.
Nor let his love enchant your gen'rous mind;
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die, 425
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by th' effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof than to anoint him King? 430
It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son?
What means he then t' alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear, 435
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?

He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land,
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise. 440
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees thro' the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Tho' now his mighty soul its grief contains, 445
He meditates revenge who least complains;
And, like a lion slumb'ring in the way,
Or sleep dissembling while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws; 450
Till, at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er, and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford; 455
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw,
And self-defence is Nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time,
For then rebellion may be thought a crime. 460
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives;
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the King's defence,

Whose sacred life each minute would expose 465
To plots, from seeming friends and secret foes.
And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control.
He fears his brother, tho' he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone. 470
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd,
Like women's leachery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not; but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the Crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause; 475
They who possess the prince possess the laws.
He said; and this advice, above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty nor puff'd with pride. 480
How happy had he been if Destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high?
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And blest'd all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse, 485
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love;
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot. 490
To further this Achithophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites;

Whose diff'ring parties he could wisely join,
For several ends to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such, 495
Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts,
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high they crack'd the government.
The next for int'rest sought t'embroil the state, 501
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an uselefs heavy load, 505
Who cost too much and did too little good:
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue. 510
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the King;
The Solymean rout, well vers'd, of old,
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cow'ring and quaking at a conqu'ror's sword, 515
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these, who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the Judges' days they bore,

Resum'd their cant, and, with a zealous cry, 321
Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracy;
Where sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justify'd their spoils by inspiration:
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race, 325
If once dominion they could found in grace?
These led the pack; tho' not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A num'rous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed: 330
'Gainst form and order they their pow'r employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more num'rous was the herd of such
Who think too little, and who talk too much:
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why, 335
Ador'd their fathers' God and property;
And, by the same blind benefit of Fate,
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be fav'd, e'en in their own despight,
Because they could not help believing right. 340
Such were the tools: but a whole hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads, too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be 345
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;

But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon: 550
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Bless'd madman! who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes, 555
 And both (to show his judgment) in extremes;
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man, with him, was God or devil.
 In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert. 560
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
 For, spite of him, the weight of bus'ness fell 565
 On Absalom and wife Achithophel:
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
 Of lords below the dignity of verse: 570
 Wits, warriors, Commonwealth's-men, were the best;
 Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.
 And, therefore, in the name of Dulness, be
 The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free;
 And canting Nadab let oblivion damn, 575
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.

Let friendship's holy band some names assure,
 Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
 Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
 Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace: 580
 Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
 To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
 But he, tho' bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The wretch who Heav'n's anointed dar'd to curse,
 Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring 585
 Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king,
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath but for gain;
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 Or curse, unless against the government. 590
 Thus, heaping wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray,
 The City, to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.
 His hand a vase of justice did uphold; 595,
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
 During his office treason was no crime;
 The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
 For Shimei, tho' not prodigal of pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself. 600
 When two or three were gather'd to declaim
 Against the Monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them; }

And if they curs'd the King when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company. 605
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews,
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suff'ring saint from human laws :
For laws are only made to punish those 610
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour)
His bus'ness was, by writing, to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade : 615
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Reebabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrivel board
The grossness of a City-feast abhorr'd :
His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot, 620
Cool was his kitchen, tho' his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews :
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire. 625
With sp'ritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel;
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the Mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot, 630
Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot :

Yet Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade. 635
What tho' his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue as by prince's son.
This arch-attester for the public good 640
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever ask'd the witnesses' high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and, as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen: 645
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither chol'ric was nor proud;
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moses' face:
His memory, miraculously great, 650
Could plots exceeding man's belief repeat,
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book,
But where the witness fail'd the prophet spoke: 655
Some things like visionary flight appear,
The Spirit caught him up the Lord knows where,
And gave him his Rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university:

His judgment yet his mem'ry did excel, 660
 Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,
 And suited to the temper of the times,
 Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
 Let Isr'el's foes suspect his heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his writ apocryphal; 665
 Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made;
 He takes his life who takes away his trade.
 Were I myself in Witness Corah's place,
 The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
 Should whet my memory, tho' once forgot, 670
 To make him an appendix of my plot.
 His zeal to Heav'n made him his prince despise,
 And load his person with indignities :
 But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words; 675
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
 In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
 What others in his evidence did join,
 (The best that could be had for love or coin)
 In Corah's own predicament will fall, 680
 For Witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of ev'ry sort,
 Deluded Absalom forsakes the Court,
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And fir'd with near possession of a crown. 685
 Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes,

His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show,
 On each side bowing popularly low :
 His looks, his gestures, and his words, he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their names. 695
 Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts :
 Then with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke, 695
 Few words he said ; but easy those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my Countrymen, your lost estate,
 Tho' far unable to prevent your fate :
 Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause 700
 Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws !
 Yet, oh ! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son !
 Now all your liberties a spoil are made,
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade, 705
 And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
 My father, whom with rev'rence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame,
 And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old, 710
 Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give, my right away ;
 But why should he his own and yours betray ?

He, only he, can make the nation bleed, 725
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, (with that he wip'd his eyes)
'Tis all the aid my present pow'r supplies :
No court-informer can these arms accuse ;
These arms may sons against their fathers use ; 720
And 'tis my wish the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail ;
But common int'rest always will prevail :
And pity never ceases to be shown 725
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless,
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a num'rous train : 730
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the Promis'd Land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar :
Each house receives him as a guardian god, 735
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wife Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise : 740
Achithophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,

The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes,
And try their strength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence 745
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good King David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife. 750
Thus in a pageant shew a plot is made,
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh, foolish Ifr'el! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease, 755
In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway? 760
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary lord;
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just, 765
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity, 770

How then could Adam bind his future race?
 How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
 Or how could heav'nly justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
 Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
 And tenants to their people's pleasure stand; 776
 Add, that the pow'r for property allow'd
 Is mischievously seated in the crowd;
 For who can be secure of private right,
 If sov'reign sway may be dissolv'd by might? 780
 Nor is the people's judgment always true;
 The most may err as grossly as the few;
 And faultless kings run down by common cry,
 For vice, oppression, and for tyranny,
 What standard is there in a fickle rout, 785
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
 Nor only crowds, but sanhedrims may be
 Infected with this public lunacy,
 And share the madness of rebellious times,
 To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes. 790
 If they may give and take whenever they please,
 Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
 But government itself at length must fall
 To Nature's state, where all have right to all.
 Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make, 795
 What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
 For whatsoe'er their suff'rings were before,
 That change they covet makes them suffer more,

All other errors but disturb a state,
But innovation is the blow of Fate. 800
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty : but here fix the mark ;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew, 805
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue ;
At once divine and human laws control,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tamp'ring world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse. 810

Now what relief can righteous David bring ?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king !
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows ;
Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were, e'en in the worst of days ; 815
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Barzillai first appears,
Barzillai ! crown'd with honour and with years.
Long since the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood ; 820
Unfortunately brave, to buoy the state,
But sinking underneath his master's fate :
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd,
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the courtier's art, 825
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,

Which well the noblest objects knew to chuse,
The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost. 830
His eldest hope, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heav'n will have it) always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, snatched in manhood's prime
By' unequal fates, and Providence's crime;
Yet not before the goal of honour won, 835 }
All parts fulfilled of subject and of son; }
Swift was the race, but short the time to run. }
Oh, narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own: 845
Thy force infus'd, the fainting Tyrians prop'd,
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.
Oh ancient honour! oh unconquer'd hand!
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand! 845
But Isr'el was unworthy of his name;
Short is the date of all immod'rate fame.
It looks as Heav'n our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind. 849
Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul [pole;
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry
From thence thy kindred legions may'st thou bring
To aid the guardian angel of thy king,

Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight,
No pinions can pursue immortal height : 855
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy Soul she should have fled before ;
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse ?
Now take thy sleepy flight from heav'n, and see 860
If thou canst find on earth another he :
Another he would be too hard to find ;
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning pow'r and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace ; 865
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul and noble stem ;
Him of the Western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heav'nly eloquence.
The prophets' sons, by such example led, 870
To learning and to loyalty were bred :
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws,
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause. 875
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend ;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
Himself a muse ; in sanhedrim's debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state ;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn, 880
That from his disobedient son were torn :

Jotham, of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
 Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught,
 To move assemblies, who but only try'd
 The worse a while, then chose the better side: 885
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.
 Hushai, the friend of David in distress,
 In public storms of manly steadfastness;
 By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth, 890
 And join'd experience to his native truth:
 His frugal care supply'd the wanting throne,
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
 'Tis easy conduct when Exchequers flow,
 But hard the task to manage well the low: 895
 For sov'reign pow'r is too depress'd or high,
 When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet 900
 In his own worth, and without title great.
 The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
 Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
 So dex'trous was he in the Crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense, 905
 That, as their band was Isr'el's tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend;

They, like th' unequal ruler of the day, 910
 Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;
 While he, withdrawn, at their mad labour smiles,
 And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief; a small but faithful band }
 Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand, }
 And tempt th' united fury of the land. 916 }
 With grief they view'd such pow'rful engines bent
 To batter down the lawful government.
 A num'rous faction, with pretended frights,
 In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights; 920
 The true successor from the Court remov'd,
 The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.
 These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
 They shew'd the King the danger of the wound;
 That no concessions from the throne would please,
 But lenitives fomented the disease: 926
 That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
 Was made the lure to draw the people down:
 That false Achithophel's pernicious hate
 Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state: 930
 The council violent, the rabble worse;
 That Shimci taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress,
 And long revolving in his careful breast
 Th' event of things; at last, his patience tir'd, 935
 Thus, from his royal throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,

The godlike David spoke ; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd : 940

So willing to forgive th' offending age,
So much the father did the king assuage.

But now so far my clemency they slight,
Th' offenders question my forgiving right.

That one was made for many they contend ; 945
But 'tis to rule ; for that's a monarch's end.

They call my tenderneſs of blood my fear ;
Tho' manly tempers can the longest bear.

Yet, ſince they will divert my native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by force. 950

Thoſe heap'd affronts that haughty ſubjects bring
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.

Kings are the public pillars of the ſtate,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the nation's weight ;
If my young Samſon will pretend a call 955

To ſhake the column, let him ſhare the fall :
But, oh, that yet he would repent and live !

How eaſy 'tis for parents to forgive !

With how few tears a pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a darling ſon ! 960

Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear !

Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have giv'n his ſoul another turn :

Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense 965
Is one that would by law supplant his prince ;
'The people's brave, the politicians' tool ;
Never was patriot yet but was a fool.
Whence comes it that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause ? 970
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought endu'd with so much grace.
Good Heav'ns, how faction can a patriot paint !
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne, 975
Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at least a part of government,
And mine as requisite as their consent :
Without my leave a future king to chuse,
Infers a right the present to depose. 980
True, they petition me t' approve their choice ;
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray,
Which to secure they take my pow'r away.
From plots and treasons Heav'n preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners. 986
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave,
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty ? 990
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey ;

Votes shall no more establish'd pow'r control,
 Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
 No groundless clamours shall my friends remove, 995
 Nor crowds have pow'r to punish ere they prove;
 For gods and godlike kings their care express,
 Still to defend their servants in distress.
 Oh, that my pow'r to saving were confin'd!
 Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my mind,
 To make examples of another kind? 1001 }
 Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
 Oh curs'd effects of necessary law!
 How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
 Beware the fury of a patient man. 1005
 Law they require, let Law then shew her face;
 They could not be content to look on Grace
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
 To tempt the terror of her front, and die.
 By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed, 1010
 Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
 Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
 Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear,
 And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
 Which was their principle of life before: 1015
 Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight;
 Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.
 Nor doubt th' event; for factious crowds engage
 In their first onset all their brutal rage.

Then let 'em take an unresisted course; 1020
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force :
But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubled might :
For lawful pow'r is still superior found;
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground.

He said : th' Almighty nodding gave consent, 1025
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran ;
Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord. 1030

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

P A R T II*.

-----Si quis tamen haec quoque, Si quis captus amore leget.

SINCE men like beasts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curs'd as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There Heav'n itself, and godlike kings, in vain 5
Show'r down the manna of a gentle reign,
While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone :
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting Throne. 10
For now their sov'reign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem;

* In the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the Poem of Absalom and Achithophel, upon the desire of K. Charles II. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a second Part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part, beginning p. 62. l. 21.

"Next these a troop of busy spirits press,"
and ending p. 69. l. 26.

"To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee." containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places. The preceding lines, upwards of 300 in number, were wrote by Mr. Tate. The Poem is here printed entire.

His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews ;
As if from heav'nly call this license fell, 15
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel !

Achithophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times ;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flatt'ring charms no longer stands in need ; 20
While fond of change, tho' ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought ;
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid, while pressing tides repair, 25
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Isr'el plead ?
Sway'd by a monarch whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our Promis'd Land ; 30
Whose only grievance is excess of ease,
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease !
Yet as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treason good, 35
And righteous David's self with slanders load :
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their sacrificers bleed ! 40

Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
 While in the bounds of sense they did contain,
 But soon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
 And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride:
 For probable discov'ries to dispense 45
 Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
 Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
 Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
 No less than wonders now they will impose,
 And projects void of grace or sense disclose. 50
 Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
 Michal, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought,
 The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
 Impeach'd of curs'd designs on David's life!
 His life, the theme of her eternal prayer, 55
 'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
 Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
 The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
 Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
 Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high; 60
 She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
 Quits heav'n sometimes to bless the world below;
 Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
 Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
 Oh! when rebellious Ifr'el's crimes at height, 65
 Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
 The pieties of Michal then remain
 In Heav'n's remembrance, and prolong his reign.

Less desolation did the pest pursue,
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba flew; 70
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire:
With gentler terror these our state o'er-ran,
Than since our Evidencing days began!
On ev'ry cheek a pale confusion sate, 75
Continu'd fear beyond the worst of fate!
Trust was no more, art, science, useless made,
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Mean-while a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state. 80
Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
E'en vice in him was virtue—what sad fate,
But for his honesty, had seiz'd our state?
And with what tyranny had we been curst, 85
Had Corah never prov'd a villain first?
To' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in gross
Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had th' experience got
To husband well, and make the best of 's plot; 90
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
Nor quite of future pow'r himself bereft,
But limboes large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ such reverence had got, 95
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.

Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out;
Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
But more for int'rest's sake believe and swear : 100
E'en to that height with some the frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.

Yet than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achithophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor thro' misguided sense; 105
Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence;
But for the good old cause, that did excite
Th' orig'nal rebels' wiles, revenge and spite.
These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown, 110
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursu'd,
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.

Such practises as these, too gross to lie 115
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Isr'elites unspell'd,
Tho' still the charm the giddy rabble held :
E'en Absalom, amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flatt'ring dreams, 120
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid designs no less pernicious us'd;
And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achithophel his doubts express.

Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd? 126
Not so when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew entire.

My regal pow'r how will my foes resent,
When I myself have scarce my own consent? 130

Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
How slight to force a throne that legions guard!
The task to me to prove unjust how hard!

And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic scene is wrought? 136

Dire War must first be conjur'd from below,
The realm we'd rule we first must overthrow;

And when the civil furies are on wing,
That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,

Who knows what impious chance may reach the
King? 141

Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!

Or if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace some vile officious villain's hand 145

His soul's anointed temple may invade,
Or press'd by clam'rous crowds, myself be made

His murderer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt;

Which if my filial tenderness oppose, 150
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,

Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
 A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd :
 The same pretence of public good will hold,
 And new Achithophels be found as bold 155
 To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.

He said. The statesman, with a smile, replies,
 A smile that did his rising spleen disguise ;
 My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
 And are we still with conscience to contend ? 160
 Whose want in kings as needful is allow'd,
 As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
 Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
 And only can be safe by pressing on.

The Crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise, 165
 Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes,
 Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
 And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
 Whose patience is th' effect of stinted pow'r,
 But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour ; 170
 And if remote the peril he can bring,
 Your present danger's greater from the King.
 Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
 Nor trust the father in a jealous prince !
 Your trivial faults if he could so resent, 175
 To doom you little less than banishment,
 What rage must your presumption, since, inspire,
 Against his orders your return from Tyre ?

Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
 And open court of popularity, 180
 The factious tribes—And this reproof from thee?
 The prince replies, O statesman's winding skill,
 They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!
 Illustrious Youth! return'd Achithophel,
 Misconstrue not the words that mean you well. 185
 The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
 But 'tis because you leave it unpursu'd.
 A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,
 Who reach, lay hold on death that miss the prize.
 Did you for this expose yourself to show, 190
 And to the crowd bow popularly low?
 For this your glorious progress next ordain,
 With chariots, horsemen, and a num'rous train,
 With Fame before you, like the morning star,
 And shouts of joy saluting from afar? 195
 Oh, from the heights you've reach'd but take a view,
 Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
 And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
 Have I for this so oft' made Isr'el groan?
 Your single int'rest with the nation weigh'd, 200
 And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid!
 E'en when at helm a course so dang'rous mov'd,
 To land your hopes as my removal prov'd.
 I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
 The known perfection of your policies; 205

Nor in Achithophel yet grudge or blame
The privilege that statesmen ever claim,
Who private int'rest never yet pursu'd,
But still pretended 'twas for others' good :
What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate, 210
Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state ?
From hence on ev'ry hum'rous wind that veer'd,
With shifted sails a sev'ral course you steer'd.
What from a sway did David e'er pursue,
That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you ?
Who at your instance quash'd each penal law, 216
That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe ;
And who suspends fix'd laws, may abrogate,
That done, for new, and so enslave the state.
E'en property, whose champion now you stand, 220
And seem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
As when your counsel shut the royal store ;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But secret kept till your own bank's secur'd. 225
Recount with this the triple cov'nant broke,
And Isr'el fitted for a foreign yoke ;
Nor here your counsels' fatal progress staid,
But sent our levied pow'rs to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Isr'el low in ruins laid, 230
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror
E'en yet of such a season can we dream, [made.
When royal rights you made your darling theme ;

For pow'r unlimited could reasons draw,
And place prerogative above the law; 235
Which on your fall from office grew unjust,
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust;
Whom with state-craft, to int'rest only true,
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.

To this Hell's agent—Royal Youth! fix here, 240
Let int'rest be the star by which you steer.
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose int'rest most in your advancement lies;
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion fail, 245
On ours the safety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What opposition can your rival bring, 250
While sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence: 255
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to nought they bring, 260
Their next advance removes the present king;

Perfisting else his fenates to difsolve,
In equal hazard fhall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's pow'r fo much alarms,
Shall rife without their prince t' oppofe his arms; 265
Nor boots it on what caufe at firft they join,
Their troops once up, are tools for our defign :
At leaft fuch fubtle cov'nants fhall be made,
Till peace itfelf is war in mafquerade :
Affociations of myfterious fenfe, 270
Againft, but feeming for, the King's defence :
E'en on their courts of juftice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law;
By which a conqueft if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worft, and we fecure our ftake.

He faid, and for the dire fuccefs depends 276
On various fefts, by common guilt made friends ;
Whofe heads, tho' ne'er fo diff'ring in their creed,
I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongft thefe extorting Ifhban firft appears, 280
Purfu'd by' a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
Bleft'd times! when Ifhban, he whofe occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation !
Ifhban of confcience fuited to his trade,
As good a faint as us'rer ever made : 285
Yet Mammon has not fo engrofs'd him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of fpite ;
Who, for thofe pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the caufe.

That year in which the City he did sway, 290
He left rebellion in a hopeful way ;

Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold :

Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to shame
And scandalize our peerage with his name, 295

For which his dear sedition he'd forswear,
And e'en turn loyal to be made a peer.

Next him let railing Rabtheke have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace ;

A faint that can both flesh and spirit use, 300
Alike haunt conventicles and the stews ;

Of whom the question difficult appears,
It most i' th' preachers' or the bawds' arrears.

What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem ! 305

Let David's brother but approach the Town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone ;
Protesting that he dares not sleep in's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head.

“ Next these a troop of busy spirits press, 310
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less ;

With them the tribe whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd ;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long'd to fish the troubled streams anem. 315

Some future hopes, some present payment draws
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause ;

Such stipends those vile hirelings best besit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse, 320
Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;
Judas, that pays the treason-writers' fee,
Judas, that well deserves his namefake's tree;
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects; 325
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures?
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Isr'el's Promis'd Land have you?
Here Phaleg, the Lay-Hebronite, is come, 330
'Cause, like the rest, he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer e'en of Hebronitish grain;
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd subjects' alter'd property; 335
An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.
Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and, at the table fed, 340
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to trav'ling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose,
Till bastinadoed, back again he went,
To learn those manners he to teach was sent. 345

Chastis'd, he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politics to Abfalom;
For never Hebronite, tho' kick'd and scorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
But leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed, 350
And to talk treason for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay let Hell, produce a man
So made for mischief as Ben Jochanan.
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, tho' of low degree : 355
His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd,
But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up single shekels from the grave.
Married at last, but finding charge come faster, 360
He could not live by God, but chang'd his master ;
Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool ;
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook : 365
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves ;
So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains
To let his masters see he earn'd his gains :
But as the dev'l owes all his imps a shame, 370
He chose th' apostate for his proper theme ;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew ;

A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
In ev'ry age a murm'ring generation; 375
To trace 'em from their infancy of sinning,
And shew 'em factious from their first beginning;
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the Chosen flock;
A strong authority, which must convince 380
That saints own no allegiance to their prince;
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
The son that shew'd his father's nakedness? 385
Such thanks the present church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
Must ancient failings be examples made?
Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the Heathen and the saint hast drawn, 390
Methinks th' apostate was the better man;
And thy hot father, waving my respect,
Not of a mother-church, but of a sect:
And such he needs must be of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking asses' milk, and writing 395
If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudest call of grace,
His temple, dispossest'd of one, would be
Replenish'd with sev'n devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down, 400
And shew Rebellion bare, without a gown;

Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below e'en David's Pſalms tranſlated,
Some in my ſpeedy pace I muſt out-run,
As lame Mephiboſheth the wizard's ſon : 405
To make quick way I leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox ;
And haſten Og and Doeg to rehearſe,
Two fools that crutch their feeble ſenſe on verſe ;
Who, by my Muſe, to all ſucceeding times 410
Shall live, in ſpite of their own dogg'rel rhymes.

Doeg, tho' without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blund'ring kind of melody,
Spurr'd boldly on, and daſh'd thro' thick and thin,
Thro' ſenſe and nonſenſe, never out nor in ; 415
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad :
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But faggoted his notions as they fell, }
And if they rhym'd and rattled all was well : }
Spiteful he is not, tho' he wrote a ſatire, 425
For ſtill there goes ſome thinking to ill-nature ;
He needs no more than birds and beaſts to think,
All his occaſions are to eat and drink ;
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret, 430
He means you no more miſchief than a parrot :
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter 'em in verſe is all his trade.

For almonds he'll cry Whore to his own mother,
 And call young Absalom King David's Brother.
 Let him be gallows-free by my consent, 431
 And nothing suffer since he nothing meant :
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
 This animal's below committing treason :
 Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel ? 435
 That's a preferment for Achithophel.
 The woman that committed buggary
 Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die ;
 But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
 The dog that never heard the statute read. 440
 Railing in other men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him ;
 Instinct he follows, and no farther knows,
 For to write verse with him is to transpose.
 'Twere pity treason at his door to lay, 445
 Who makes Heav'n's gate a lock to its own key.
 Let him rail on ; let his invective muse
 Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
 Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
 Indict him of a capital offence. 450
 In fireworks give him leave to vent his spite,
 Those are the only serpents he can write :
 The height of his ambition is, we know,
 But to be master of a puppet-show ;
 On that one stage his works may yet appear, 455
 And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
 For here's a tun of midnight-work to come,
 Og from a treason-tavern rolling home. }
 Round as a globe, and liquor'd ev'ry chink, 460
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link;
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 For ev'ry inch that is not fool is rogue:
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter. 465
 When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
 He curses God; but God before curs'd him:
 And if man could have reason, none has more,
 That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew
 What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew; 471
 To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
 That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
 But tho' Heav'n made him poor, with rev'rence speak-
 He never was a poet of God's making; [ing,
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull, 476
 With this prophetic blessing—Be thou dull;
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk; do any thing but write:
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men; 480
 A strong nativity—but for the pen!
 Eat opium, mingle ars'nic in thy drink,
 Still thou may'st live, avoiding pen and ink.

I see, I see 'tis counsel giv'n in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane; 485
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
'Tis fatal to thy fame, and to thy neck.
Why should thy metre good King David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Dar'ft thou presume in verse to meet thy foes, 490
Thou, whom the Penny Pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade:
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, tho' he's the poet's horse. 495
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason, and for writing dull:
To die for faction is 'a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy king express, 500
Thy praises had been satire at the best;
But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed.
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of King David's foes be this the doom, 506
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."
Achithophel each rank, degree, and age, 510
For various ends neglects not to engage;

The wise and rich for purse and counsel brought,
The fools and beggars for their number fought;
Who yet not only on the Town depends,
For even in Court the faction had its friends; 515
These thought the places they possess'd too small,
And in their hearts wish'd Court and King to fall;
Whose names the Muse disdaining, holds i' th' dark,
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;
With parasites and libel-spawning imps, 520
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involved in common smoke they sit,
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit; 525
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for mere good fellowship frequent
Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, any thing, t' employ the glass;
And who believe in their dull honest hearts, 530
The rest talk treason but to shew their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot; 535
The labours of this midnight magistrate
May vie with Corah's to preserve the state:
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On War's most pow'rful, dang'rous weapon, gold;

And last, to take from Jebusites all odds, 540
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods.
Oft' would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd;
Which to his house with richer reliques came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame: 545
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains t' inquire
What 'twas he burnt, so't made a rousing fire.
With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
So poor, that when our chusing-tribes were met,
E'en for his stinking votes he ran in debt; 551
For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints, he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus ev'ry shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last. 555

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threat'ning far and wide;
As when a batt'ring storm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hov'ring in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling swain, 560
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants and flow'rs new-opening these;
For lambs yeand lately, and far-lab'ring bees,
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall: 565
E'en so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.

Where, Judah, where was now thy Lion's roar?
Thou only couldst the captive lands restore;
But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest, 570
From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.
Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
Too much the representers of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no supply,
But what the Crown's prerogatives must buy; 575
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were than to preserve the state!
From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes 580
Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown'd depose:
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!
By sanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus prest,
What passions rent the righteous David's breast? 585
Who knows not how t' oppose or to comply,
Unjust to grant, and dang'rous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Isr'el's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
Which yet the extremest virtue did require, 590
E'en of that prince whose downfal they conspire!
His absence David does with tears advise
T' appease their rage: undaunted he complies.
Thus he who, prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas, 595

At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And, like an exile, quits the Promis'd Land!
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains, 600
And painfully his royal state maintains,
Who now embracing on th' extremest shore
Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before;
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
To storms and seas than to the raging crowd! 605
Forbear, rash Muse! the parting scene to draw,
With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw;
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd, 610
The Twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd;
While this sole fear—
Does trouble to our suff'ring hero bring,
Lest next the pop'lar rage oppress the king.
Thus parting, each for th' others danger griev'd, 615
The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd Hero! while propitious gales,
Soft as thy comfort's breath, inspire thy sails;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft' have rode! 620
Safe on thy breast reclin'd, her rest be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves asleep;

Whilst happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd Hero! while the shores of Tyre 625
At thy approach so silent shall admire,
Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by ev'ry nation but their own; 630
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
'Their akeing conscience gives their tongue the lie.
E'en in the worst of men the noblest parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the best respects commend 635
Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend;
All sacred names of most divine esteem,
And to perfection all sustain'd by him;
Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
Swift to discern and to reward desert; 640
No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest subjects still employ'd;
Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
Between his monarch's int'rest and the state,
But heaps those blessings on the royal head, 645
Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Against his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade! 650

Of future superstition they complain,
And Jebusitic worship, in his reign;
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright, which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove, 655
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove,
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conscience but their lands; 660
They grudge God's tythes, how, therefore, shall they
An idol full possession of the field? [yield

Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
The people's suff'rings than that monarch's less,
Who must to hard conditions still be bound, 665
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?
Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
And jealous sanhedrims would give no more. 670

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid;
Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with such measures can comply
As shock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Isr'el's king, 675
And he alone sufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,

At such profound expence he has not stood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood ; 680
Would ne'er thro' wrong and right his progress take,
Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
First to invade our rights, and then his own ;
His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil, 685
And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
And curse its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews so num'rously partake,
That e'en an host his pensioners would make ; 690
From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king ;
These with pretended friendship to the state,
Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred rights and property : 696
To ruin thus the chosen flock are sold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold ;
Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign : 700
Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod,
We trust our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reas'ning prophets preach
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars, 705
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars,

When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the field;
When sons' curs'd steel the fathers' gore did stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain! 710
When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand,
Our tribes lay slaughter'd thro' the Promis'd Land,
Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign :
Which scene of woes unknowing we renew, 715
And madly e'en those ills we fear pursue,
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils;
Yet our fierce sanhedrim, in restless rage,
Against our absent hero still engage, 720
And chiefly urge, such did their frenzy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring, 725
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting still the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels : 730
At last his deep resentments silence broke,
Th' imperial palace shook while thus he spoke.

“ Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.”

While halting Punishment her stroke delays, 735
Our sov'reign right, Heav'n's sacred trust, decays!
For whose support e'en subjects' int'rest calls;
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray. 740
Right lives by law, and law subsists by pow'r;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which Heav'n itself in vain has try'd with grace!
When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes uncloze,
And Isr'el judge between her friends and foes? 746
When shall we see expir'd deceivers' sway,
And credit what our God and monarchs say?
Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
E'en sanhedrims in blind obedience hold; 750
Those patriots' falsehood in their actions see,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If ought for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim,
Our senates in due methods they had led, 755
T' avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread;
But first ere yet they prop'd the sinking state,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate,
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,
But barb'rously destroy'd the nation's rest. 760
O! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive,

When their injustice we are press'd to share,
The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir ?
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd, 765
And this the privilege of royal blood ?
But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
His suff'rings yet were than the people's less,
Condemn'd for life the murd'ring sword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field : 770
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppression which they fear make way ;
Succession fix'd by Heav'n, the kingdom's bar,
Which, once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war ;
Waste, rapine, spoil, without the assault begin, 775
And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not understand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand,
Authority and force to join with skill,
And save the lunatics against their will. 780
The same rough means that 'swage the crowd appease
Our senates, raging with the crowd's disease.
Henceforth unbias'd measures let them draw
From no false gloss, but genuine text of law ;
Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score, 785
Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed ;
Impartial justice from our throne shall show'r,
All shall have right, and we our sov'reign pow'r." 790

He said; th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ.
From Hebron now the suff'ring heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd,
Till his approach, like some arriving god, 795
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode,
The deluge check'd that to Judea spread,
And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Isr'el, Isr'el's peace contrives;
The field confess'd his pow'r in arms before, 801
And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.
'Thro' Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread, 805
And conscious Faction shrinks her snaky head;
His train their suff'rings think o'erpaid, to see
The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrest,
A virtue proper to the brave and best; 810
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To serve the Crown, and loyal by descent,
Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Deserv'd at once two royal masters' trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood; 816
Of learning yet no portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muses, and the Muses' pride.

Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of steady soul when public storms were high; 820
Whose conduct while the Moor fierce onsets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who most his suff'rings mourn'd,
And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
While those that fought his absence to betray, 825
Prefs first their nauseous false respects to pay;
Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,
And with malicious duty break his rest.

While real transports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their dissembled joy, 830
His triumphs so resounded far and near,
Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunters' clam'rous train
Some slumb'ring lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft' had forc'd the bold assailants yield, 835
And scatter'd his pursuers thro' the field,
Disdaining, furls his mane, and tears the ground,
His eyes inflaming all the desert round,
With roar of seas directs his chafers' way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray; 840
Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confest.
Where now was the instructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide,
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd, 845
And thus on shelves the cred'lous youth convey'd?

In deep-revolving thoughts he weighs his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate;
At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift, 850
In which his dext'rous wit had oft' been shown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own;
But now, with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolutions stands possess'd,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay, 855
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him, therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
The statesman plots t' engage in some bold crime 860
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure 865
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate,
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
Nor cares what claimer's crown'd except the true.
Wake, Absalom! approaching ruin shun, 871
And see, O see for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desp'rate villains made?

Lost pow'r and conscious fears their crimes create,
 And guilt in them was little less than fate; 876
 But why shouldst thou, from ev'ry grievance free,
 Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
 For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
 Love dress'd thy bowers, and laurels sought thy brow;
 Preferment, Wealth, and Power, thy vassals were, 881
 And of a monarch all things but the care.
 Oh! should our crimes again that curse draw down,
 And rebel arms once more attempt the crown,
 Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom, 885
 Alike by conquest or defeat undone.
 Who could relentless see such youth and charms
 Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
 A prince so form'd with Earth's and Heav'n's applause,
 To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause? 890
 Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
 Who conqu'ring, would not for himself prevail;
 The faction whom he trusts for future sway,
 Him and the public would alike betray,
 Amongst themselves divide the captive state, 895
 And found their hydra-empire in his fate.
 Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
 The pity'd youth with sceptres in his sight,
 So have their cruel politics decreed,
 Must by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!
 For could their pride brook any prince's sway, 901
 Whom but mild David would they chuse t' obey?

Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design?
From hate to that their reformations spring, 905
And David not their grievance, but the King.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes;
Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flatter'd youth must see. 910
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achithophel,
Who now an envious festival enstals,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too, must gild; 915
But, oh, how weakly does Sedition build!
For, lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
So have I seen disastrous Chance invade
Where careful emmets had their forage laid, 920
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain,
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth broke up, distracted go, 925
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow:
E'en so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all jostling in the street,
Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For shekel without treat or treason paid. 930

Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars. 934

Here, lab'ring Muse ! those glorious chiefs relate
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate ;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurell'd Asaph's verse :
Hard task ! yet will not I thy flight recall ;
View heav'n, and then enjoy thy glorious fall. 940

First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Foretells our praise, and gives his poet fame ;
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land,
Which for its gen'rous natives yet could be 945
Held worthy such a president as he !

Bezaliel, with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks, serene his life and thought,
On whom so largely Nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more !
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal, 951
His second care that service to conceal ;

Of dues observant, firm to ev'ry trust,
And to the needy always more than just ;
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide, 955
Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride ;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copied in his son,

Whose forward fame should every Muse engage,
 Whose youth boasts skill deny'd to others' age : 960
 Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
 Already are the conquest of his mind :
 Whose loyalty before its date was prime,
 Nor waited the dull course of rolling time ;
 The monster Faction early he dismay'd, 965
 And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.

Brave Abdaal o'er the prophets' school was plac'd,
 Abdaal ! with all his father's virtue grac'd ;
 A hero who, while stars look'd wond'ring down,
 Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown. 970
 That praise was his ; what therefore did remain
 For foll'wing chiefs, but boldly to maintain
 That crown restor'd ? and in this rank of fame
 Brave Abdaal with the first a place must claim.
 Proceed, illustrious, happy Chief ! proceed, 975
 Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
 While th' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain
 To register the glories thou shalt gain ;
 For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
 And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake, 980
 Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
 And to the sun their scaly brood expose,
 Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise,
 Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.

Eliab our next labour does invite, 985
 And hard the task to do Eliab right :

Long with the Royal wanderer he rov'd,
 And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
 Such ancient service, and desert so large,
 Well claim'd the royal household for his charge. 990
 His age with only one mild heiress blest'd,
 In all the bloom of smiling Nature dress'd,
 And blest'd again to see his flow'r ally'd
 To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride!
 The bright restorer of his father's youth, 995
 Devoted to a son's and subject's truth,
 Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
 So bravely fought while fought by Absalom.
 A prince! th' illustrious planet of thy birth,
 And thy more pow'rful virtue, guard thy worth,
 That no Achithophel thy ruin boast; 1001
 Isr'el too much in one such wreck has lost.

E'en Envy must consent to Helon's worth,
 Whose soul, tho' Egypt glories in his birth,
 Could for our captive ark its zeal retain, 1005
 And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
 To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride
 He all th' allurements of his court defy'd;
 Whom profit nor example could betray,
 But Isr'el's friend, and true to David's sway: 1010
 What acts of favour in his province fall,
 On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
 Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;

Who with a loyalty that did excel, 1015
 Brought all th' endowments of Achithophel.
 Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
 But Isr'el's sanctions into practice drew;
 Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
 Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him : 1020
 No Rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense
 So just, and with such charms of eloquence ;
 To whom the double blessing does belong,
 With Moses' inspiration Aaron's tongue.

Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,
 Wakeful as Judah's Lion for the crown, 1025
 Who for that cause still combats in his age,
 For which his youth with danger did engage.
 In vain our factious priests the cant revive,
 In vain seditious scribes with libel strive 1030
 T' inflame the crowd, while he, with watchful eye
 Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly ;
 Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect ;
 He undeceives more fast than they infect.
 So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd, 1035
 Advanc'd his signal and the plague was stay'd.

Once more, my fainting Muse ! thy pinions try,
 And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
 What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee ?
 We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree !
 Thy laurel grove no envious flash can blast ; 1040
 The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achithophel;
Thy strains shall be our slumb'ring prophets' dream,
And when our Sion virgins sing their theme, 1046
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

How fierce his satire loos'd! restrain'd, how tame!
How tender of th'offending young man's fame! 1050
How well his worth and brave adventures styl'd!
Just to his virtues, to his error mild.
No page of thine that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise, as due;
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield, 1055
All Paradise without one barren field;
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

What praise for such rich strains shall we allow?
What just rewards the grateful Crown bestow? 1060
While bees in flow'rs rejoice, and flow'rs in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph, and the fame, shall last.

Still Hebron's honour'd, happy soil, retains 1065
Our Royal hero's beauteous dear remains,
Who now fails off with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his suff'rings' bright companion back;
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy; 1070

Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see,
Without a bribe to envious Destiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where, by inglorious Chance, the valiant dy'd.
Give not insulting Askalon to know, 1075
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe;
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd.
Weep, Arnon! Jordan! weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply. 1080

Calm were th' elements, Night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murm'ring, and the winds asleep;
Yet Fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treach'rous sands the princely bark devour;
Then Death, unworthy, seiz'd a gen'rous race, 1085
To virtue's scandal, and the stars' disgrace!
Oh! had th' indulgent pow'rs vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves a list'd field,
A list'd field of Heav'n's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose, 1090
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconqu'ring, thus expir'd;
But Destiny is now their only foe,
And dying, e'en o'er that they triumph too; 1094
With loud last breaths their master's 'scape applaud,
Of whom kind Force could scarce the Fates defraud;
Who for such foll'wers lost, O matchless mind!
At his own safety now almost repin'd.

Say, Royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms, 1100
If all your suff'rings past so nearly prest,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief your breast?

Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but tofs'd in storms;
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove, 1105
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love;
But far remov'd in thund'ring camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground;
In tasks of danger always seen the first, 1109
Feeds from the hedge, and flakes with ice his thirst:
Long must his patience strive with Fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage,
Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
Such toil of fate must build a man of fame, 1115
And such to Isr'el's crown the godlike David came.

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste?
The Spring, so far behind her course delay'd,
On th' instant is in all her bloom array'd; 1120
The winds breathe low, the element serene,
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hyblæan swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms,
See where the princely bark in loosest pride, 1125
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!

High on her deck the Royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Isr'el and to David's breast !
Here all your toils, here all your suff'rings, rest. 1130

This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all Sedition's fyrtes stem,
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair ;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd, 1135
That Faction at the next election fail'd,
When e'en the common cry did Justice sound,
And Merit by the multitude was crown'd :
With David then was Isr'el's peace restor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord. 1140

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A P O E M.

IN THREE PARTS.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and tho' Conscience is the common word which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me he will find in the body of the Poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it; only this advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call them either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn as to comprehend all the several members of them, at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example, there are some of the church by law established, who envy not liberty of conscience to Dissenters, as being well sa-

tisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them : yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his Majesty in point of toleration : but neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satire any way intended ; it is aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side ; for those who are come over to the royal party are, consequently, supposed to be out of gunshot. Our physicians have observed that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal ; and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been enemies to kingly government as well as catholic religion ? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince ; but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their ad-

dresses to his Majesty, have said, "That he has re-
"stored God to his empire over conscience." I con-
fess I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness;
but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and
prerogative of every private man; he is absolute in
his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power
for that which passes only betwixt God and him :
those who are driven into the fold are, generally
speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it
ought in reason to be expected that they should both
receive it, and receive it thankfully : for, at this time
of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those
whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it
else but publicly to own that they suffered not be-
fore for conscience' sake, but only out of pride and
obstinacy to separate from a church for those im-
positions which they now judge may be lawfully obey-
ed ? After they have so long contended for their Cla-
ssical ordination, (not to speak of rites and ceremo-
nies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal ? If
they can go so far out of complaisance to their old
enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade
them to take another step, and see whither that would
lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully, I shall
say no more than that they ought, and I doubt not
they will, consider from what hand they received it.

It is not from a Cyrus, a Heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign, who expects a return in *specie* from them, that the kindness, which he has graciously shewn them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter, and the beginning of this spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hinderances. About a fortnight before I had finished it his Majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad; which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the Third part of it; but I was always in some hope that the church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test, which was one design of the Poem when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended; I mean that defence of myself to which every honest man is bound when he is injuriously attacked in print; and I refer myself to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's papers, and that of the Ducheſs, (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am

now informed both of the author and supervisors of this pamphlet, and will reply when I think he can affront me; for I am of Socrates' opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time, let him consider whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those whom he pretended to answer; and, at his leisure, look out for some original treatise of humility, written by any Protestant in English, I believe I may say in any other tongue; for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez, though with the omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last chapter, which will be found on comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause; for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would dispute the motives of her change, how preposterously let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue; but he may as well infer that a Catholic cannot fast, because he

will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The First part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The Second, being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning church-authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could, yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The Third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two episodes, or fables, which are interwoven with the main design, so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common places of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one church against the other; at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART I.

-----Antiquam exquirite matrem,
Et vera incestu patuit Dea.

VIRG.

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin:
Yet had she oft' been chas'd with horns and hounds, 5
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, tho' fated not to die.

No so her young; for their unequal line
Was Hero's make, half human, half divine: 10
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to Fate,
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk, whose vocal blood arose, 15
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endu'd with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
So captive Isr'el multiply'd in chains,
A num'rous exile, and enjoy'd her pains. 20

With grief and gladness mix'd the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd ;
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and penfive now she rang'd alone, 25
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, tho' from their rage restrain'd
By sov'reign pow'r, her company disdain'd,
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity. 30

'Tis true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight;
For Truth has such a face and such a mien
As, to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.

The bloody bear, an independent beast, 35
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express.
Among the tim'rous kind the quaking hare
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon ape, as Atheists use,
Mimic'd all sects, and had his own to chuse; 40
Still when the lion look'd his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place, 45
And mountains levell'd in his furious race ;
So first rebellion founded was in grace :

But, since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name, 50
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;
So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil;
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chac'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd; 55
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And Nature's king thro' Nature's optics view'd;
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a god descry:
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend, 60
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God! how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide? 65
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take 70
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wand'ring fires,
Follow'd false lights, and, when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own. 75

Such was I, such by nature still I am ;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
Can I believe eternal God could lie 80
Disguis'd in mortal mould and infancy,
That the great Maker of the world could die,
And, after that, trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel? 85
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste, rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside ;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers shew the sun his way; 90
For what my senses can themselves perceive
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who say the host should be descry'd
By sense, define a body glorify'd?
Impassable, and penetrating parts? 95
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body thro' th' opposing might
Of bolts and bars, impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in open sight:
For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain 100
One single place two bodies did contain;
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.

Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity?

105

'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility;

For later ages must on former wait,

110

And what began belief must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.

Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r divine,
As means, or ends, of some more deep design?

115

Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.

God thus asserted, man is to believe

Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,

And for mysterious things of faith rely

120

On the proponent, Heav'n's authority.

If then our faith we for our guide admit,

Vain is the farther search of human wit;

As when the building gains a surer stay,

We take th' unuseful scaffolding away.

125

Reason by sense no more can understand;

The game is play'd into another hand.

Why chuse we then, like bilanders, to creep

Along the coast, and land in view to keep,

When safely we may launch into the deep?

130

In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
 Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
 And with a better guide a better world explore.
 Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
 And not veil these again to be our food? 135

His grace in both is equal in extent,
 The first affords us life, the second nourishment.

And if he can, why all this frantic pain
 To construe what his clearest words contain,
 And make a riddle what he made so plain? 140

To take up half on trust, and half to try,
 Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.

Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
 To pay great sums, and to compound the small:
 For who would break with Heav'n, and would not
 break for all? 145

Rest then, my Soul! from endless anguish freed,
 Nor sciences thy guide nor sense thy creed.

Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss;

The bank above must fail before the venture miss.

But Heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far from thee,
 Thou first apostate to divinity; 151

Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains,
 A fiercer foe, th' insatiate wolf, remains.

Too boastful Britain! please thyself no more

That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore; 155

The bear, the boar, and ev'ry savage name,
 Wild in effect, tho' in appearance tame,

Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blisful bow'r,
 And, muzzled tho' they seem, the mutes devour.
 More haughty than the rest the wolfish race 160
 Appear, with belly gaunt and famish'd face;
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
 Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
 And pricks up his predestinating ears. 165
 His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
 Did all the bestial citizens surprize :
 Tho' fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a-while
 As captain or companion of the spoil.
 Full many a year his hateful head had been 170
 For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen ;
 The last of all the litter, 'scap'd by chance,
 And from Geneva first infested France.
 Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
 But others write him of an upstart race, 175
 Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
 But his innate antipathy to kings.
 These last deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
 Who near the Lemman lake his consort lin'd ;
 That fiery Zuinglius first th' affection bred, 180
 And meagre Calvin blest'd the nuptial bed.
 In Isr'el some believe him whelp'd long since,
 When the proud sanhedrim oppress'd the Prince ;
 Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
 When Corah with his brethren did conspire 185

From Moses' hand the sov'reign sway to wrest,
 And Aaron of his ephod to divest;
 Till op'ning earth made way for all to pass,
 And could not bear the burden of a class.
 The fox and he came shuffled in the dark, 190
 If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark;
 Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
 The dog (a common species) will contain;
 And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
 Abhorring the supremacy of man, 195
 In woods and caves the rebel race began.

O happy pair! how well have you increas'd!
 What ills in church and state have you redress'd?
 With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
 Your first essay was on your native laws; 200
 Those having torn with ease, and trampled down,
 Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
 And freed from God and monarchy your town. }
 What tho' your native kennel still be small,
 Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall? 205
 Yet your victorious colonies are sent
 Where the north ocean girds the continent;
 Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
 In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed;
 And, like the first, the last affects to be 210
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
 As where in fields the Fairy rounds are seen,
 A rank four herbage rises on the green,

So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance. 215

Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show }
To Heav'n above, and to their prince below, }
As none but traitors and blasphemers know. }
God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse 221
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.

As where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound,
Nor bladed grafs nor bearded corn succeeds, 225
But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds ;
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracts of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.

But as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd ; 230
As only Indian shades of light deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive ;
So Presbyt'ry and pestilential Zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.

From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew ; 235
But, ah ! some pity e'en to brutes is due :
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.

Of all the tyrannies on human kind
The worst is that which persecutes the mind. 240

Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,

'Tis but because we cannot think alike.

In punishing of this we overthrow

The laws of nations and of Nature too.

Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,

245

Where still the stronger on the weaker prey;

Man only of a softer mould is made,

Not for his fellows' ruin, but their aid;

Created kind, beneficent, and free,

The noble image of the Deity.

250

One portion of informing fire was giv'n

To brutes, th' inferior family of Heav'n :

The smith Divine, as with a careless beat,

Struck out the mute creation at a heat;

But when arriv'd at last to human race,

255

The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space;

And, to distinguish man from all the rest,

Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast,

And mercy, mix'd with reason, did impart,

One to his head, the other to his heart :

260

Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive;

The first is law, the last prerogative :

And like his mind his outward form appear'd,

When, issuing naked to the wond'ring herd,

He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they

fear'd :

265

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,

Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,

Or with increase of feet t'o'ertake 'em in their flight:

Of easy shape, and pliant ev'ry way,
 Confessing still the softness of his clay, 270 }
 And kind as kings upon their coronation day;
 With open hands and with extended space
 Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.

Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
 His kingdom o'er his kindred world began, 275
 Till knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,
 And pride of empire, four'd his balmy blood :
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins,
 The murd'rer Cain was latent in his loins,
 And blood began its first and loudest cry, 280
 For diff'ring worship of the Deity.

Thus persecution rose, and farther space
 Produc'd the mighty Hunter of his race.
 Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,
 Content to fold 'em from the famish'd beast; 285
 Mild were his laws; the sheep and harmless Hind
 Were never of the persecuting kind.

Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
 Such mercy from the British Lion flows, }
 That both provide protection from their foes. 290 }

Oh, happy regions ! Italy and Spain,
 Which never did those monsters entertain.
 The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance
 No native claim of just inheritance;
 And self-preserving laws, severe in show, 295
 May guard their fences from th' invading foe.

Where birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely share
 The common benefit of vital air :
 Themselves unarm'd, let them live unarm'd,
 Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd : 300
 Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
 They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold :
 More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
 The Lion awfully forbids the prey : 304
 Their rage repress'd, tho' pinch'd with famine fore,
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar ;
 Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
 These are the chief ; to number o'er the rest,
 And stand, like Adam, naming ev'ry beast,
 Were weary work ; nor will the Muse describe 310
 A slimy-born and fun-begotten tribe,
 Who, far from steeples, and their sacred sound,
 In fields their sullen conventicles found.
 These gross half-animated lumps I leave,
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive ;
 But if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher 316
 Than matter put in motion may aspire :
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
 So drossy, so divisible are they,
 As would but serve pure bodies for allay :
 Such souls as herds produce, such beetle things 321
 As only buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings ;
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance ;
 Such are the blindfold blows of Ignorance :

They know not beings, and but hate a name ; 325
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind,
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey ! 330

How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd nor wholly free.
Then like her injur'd Lion let me speak ; 335

He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wand'ring heart ;
Tho' unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will. 340

If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropp'd half way down, nor lower fell ;
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high, 345
It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.

Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy-heralds make in her defence,
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun : 350
A lion old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade ;

Then by a left-hand marriage weds the dame,
 Cov'ring adult'ry with a specious name :
 So Schism begot ; and Sacrilege and she, 355
 A well-match'd pair, got graceless Herefy.
 God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause
 To trample down divine and human laws :
 Both would be call'd Reformers, and their hate
 Alike destructive both to church and state. 360
 The fruit proclaims the plant ; a lawless prince
 By luxury reform'd incontinence ;
 By ruins charity ; by riots abstinence ;
 Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside :
 Oh, with what ease we follow such a guide, 365
 Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd !
 Where marriage-pleasures midnight pray'r supply,
 And matin bells, a melancholy cry,
 Are tun'd to merrier notes, Increase and multiply.
 Religion shows a rosy-colour'd face, 370
 Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace :
 A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
 What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
 Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait ?
 All would be happy at the cheapest rate. 375
 Tho' our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
 The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heav'n ;
 For his Arabian prophet with delights
 Of sense allur'd his Eastern proselytes.

The jolly Luther, reading him, began
T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradise more sweet;
Bethought him of a wife ere half-way gone,
(For 'twas uneasy travelling alone) 385
And in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of heav'n for Bacchanals above.
Sure he presum'd of praise who came to flock
Th' ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnish'd, and batt'ning on their food, to show 390
Their diligence of careful herds below.

Our Panther, tho' like these she chang'd her head,
Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore. 395
Her upper part, of decent discipline,
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;
And fathers, councils, church, and churches' head,
Were on her rev'rend phylacteries read;
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest, 400
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd;
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home. 405
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:

Nice in her choice of ill, tho' not of best,
 And least deform'd, because deform'd the least.
 In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends, 410
 Where one for substance, one for sign, contends,
 Their contradicting terms she strives to join,
 Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
 A real presence all her sons allow,
 And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow, 415
 Because the Godhead's there they know not how.
 Her novices are taught that bread and wine
 Are but the visible and outward sign
 Receiv'd by those who in communion join;
 But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd, 420
 His blood and body who to save us dy'd.
 The faithful this thing signify'd receive;
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
 For what is signify'd and understood
 Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood: 425
 'Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
 They take the sign and take the substance too.
 The lit'ral sense is hard to flesh and blood,
 But nonsense never can be understood.
 Her wild belief on every wave is tost, 430
 But sure no church can better morals boast:
 True to her king her principles are sound,
 Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
 Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
 And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood. 435

Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
 That int'rest or obligation made the tie,
 Bound to the fate of murder'd Monarchy.
 Before the sounding axe so falls the vine
 Whose tender branches round the poplar twine. 440
 She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
 In death undaunted as an Indian wife;
 A rare example! but some souls we see
 Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity;
 Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone; 445
 Resolv'd into a baser form, they run,
 And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
 Let this be Nature's frailty, or her fate,
 Or Isgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate,
 Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew, 450
 No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
 Because she wants innate authority;
 For how can she constrain them to obey,
 Who has herself cast off the lawful sway? 455
 Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
 In common theft will share the common spoil.
 Let her produce the title and the right
 Against her old superiors first to fight;
 If she reform by text, e'en that's as plain 460
 For her own rebels to reform again.
 As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,
 And each may be his own interpreter,

Our airy faith will no foundation find ;
The Word's a weathercock for every wind : 465
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail ;
The most in pow'r supplies the present gale :
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To church and councils whom she first betray'd ;
No help from Fathers' or Tradition's train ; 470
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
And by that Scripture which she once abus'd,
To reformation stands herself accus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err ; 475
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide : }
If then that conscience set th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church-authority. 480
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be constru'd to defend ?
E'en those whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits ;
Because no disobedience can ensue, 485
Where no submission to a judge is due ;
Each judging for himself by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.
Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human laws. 490

How answ'ring to its end a church is made,
Whose pow'r is but to counsel and persuade!
O soild rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house not built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against th' infernal gate, 495
A patent during pleasure of the state!

Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A mere mock queen of a divided herd,
Whom soon by lawful pow'r she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole: 500
Then, as the moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below: 506
Now mixing with a savage crowd she goes,
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,
Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r. 510

One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train;
None of her sylvan subjects made their court, 515
Levées and couchées pass'd without resort;
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those whom they first instructed to rebel.

More liberty begets desire of more;
 The hunger still increaseth with the store: 520
 Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
 Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food, }
 Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring flood. }
 The Panther, full of inward discontent,
 Since they would go, before them wisely went, 525
 Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.
 Among the rest the Hind, with fearful face,
 Beheld from far the common wat'ring-place,
 Nor durst approach, till with an awful roar 530
 The sov'reign Lion bade her fear no more.
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,
 Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
 And drank a sober draught; the rest, amaz'd,
 Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd, 535
 Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind, }
 Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd. }
 They thought at first they dream'd, for 'twas offence
 With them to question certitude of sense, 540
 Their guide in faith; but nearer when they drew, }
 And had the faultless object full in view, }
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hue! }
 Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd. 544 }
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd, }
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd. }

Whether for love or int'rest, ev'ry sect
 Of all the savage nation shew'd respect.
 The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
 The more the company the less they fear'd. 550
 The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
 Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him first;
 But what he durst not speak the Panther durst. }

For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
 To ferny heaths, and to their forest lair, 555
 She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
 Proff'ring the Hind to wait her half the way;
 That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
 With much good-will the motion was embrac'd, 560
 To chat a while on their adventures pass'd;
 Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
 Her friend and fellow-suff'rer in the plot;
 Yet wond'ring how of late she grew estrang'd,
 Her forehead cloudy and her count'nance chang'd,
 She thought this hour th' occasion would present 566
 To learn her secret cause of discontent,
 Which well she hop'd might be with ease redrest,
 Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
 And more a gentlewoman than the rest. 570
 After some common talk what rumours ran,
 The lady of the Spotted Muff began, 572

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART II.

DAME, said the Panther, times are mended well
Since late among the Philistines you fell.

The toils were pitch'd, a spacious track of ground
With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round;

Th' inclosure narrow'd, the sagacious pow'r
Of hounds and death drew nearer ev'ry hour :

'Tis true the younger Lion 'scap'd the snare,
But all your priestly calves lay struggling there,
As sacrifices on their altars laid,

While you their careful mother wisely fled,

Not trusting Destiny to save your head :

For whate'er promises you have apply'd
To your unfailing church, the surer side
Is four fair legs, in danger to provide :

And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, saving rev'rence of the miracle,

The better luck was your's to 'scape so well.

As I remember, said the sober Hind,

Those toils were for your own dear self design'd

As well as me; and with the self-same throw
To catch the quarry and the vermin too;

Forgive the slanderous tongues that call'd you so.

Howe'er you take it now, the common cry

Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.

Besides, in Popery they thought you nurst, 25
As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,
Because some forms, and ceremonies some,
You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed : but thinking long,
The Test, it seems, at last, has loos'd your tongue. 30
And to explain what your forefathers meant
By real presence in the sacrament,
After long fencing push'd against a wall,
Your salvo comes, that he's not there at all :
There chang'd your faith, and what may change }
may fall. 35

Who can believe what varies every day,
Ner ever was nor will be at a stay ?

Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,
Reply'd the Panther. Grant such presence were, 40
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the sacrament believe.

Then, said the Hind, as you the matter state,
Not only Jesuits can equivocate ; 45
For real, as you now the word expound,
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat ;
You know who took the shadow for the meat :
Your church's substance thus you change at will, 50
And yet retain your former figure still.

I freely grant you spoke to save your life,
 For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
 Long time you fought, redoubled batt'ry bore,
 But, after all, against yourself you swore; 55
 Your former self; for every hour your form
 Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.
 Thus fear and int'rest will prevail with some,
 For all have not the gift of martyrdom.

The Panther grinn'd at this, and thus reply'd; 60
 'That men may err was never yet deny'd:
 But, if that common principle be true,
 The canon, Dame, is levell'd full at you.
 But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see
 That wondrous wight Infallibility: 65
 Is he from heav'n, this mighty champion, come,
 Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?
 First feat him somewhere, and derive his race,
 Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose, tho' I disown it, said the Hind, 70
 The certain mansion were not yet assign'd,
 The doubtful residence no proof can bring
 Against the plain existence of the thing.
 Because philosophers may disagree,
 If sight b' emission or reception be, 75
 Shall it be thence inferr'd I do not see?
 But you require an answer positive,
 Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
 For fallacies in universals live.

I then affirm that this unfailing guide 80
 In Pope and gen'ral councils must reside;
 Both lawful, both combin'd, what one decrees
 By num'rous votes, the other ratifies:
 On this undoubted sense the church relies.
 'Tis true some doctors in a scantier space, 85
 I mean in each apart, contract the place:
 Some, who to greater length extend the line,
 The church's after-acceptation join.
 This last circumference appears too wide;
 The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd; 90
 As members by their representatives,
 Oblig'd to laws which prince and senate gives.
 Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space:
 In Pope and council who denies the place,
 Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace?
 Those canons all the needful points contain, 96
 Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,
 That no disputes about the doubtful text
 Have hitherto the lab'ring world perplex'd;
 If any should in after-times appear, 100
 New councils must be call'd to make the meaning clear;
 Because in them the pow'r supreme resides,
 And all the promises are to the guides.
 This may be taught with sound and safe defence;
 But mark how sandy is your own pretence, 105
 Who setting councils, Pope, and church aside,
 Are ev'ry man his own presuming guide.

The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain;
All who can read interpreters may be : 110
Thus, tho' your several churches disagree,
Yet ev'ry saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone.
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When diff'ring doctors and disciples fight. 115
Tho' Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs ;
Or, like wild horses, sev'ral ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Christian world,
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force, 120
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse ;
No matter what dissension leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake ;
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind by-path to Paradise, 125
Where driving in a circle slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door ;
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more : 130
For he, kind prophet ! was for damning none,
But Christ and Moses were to save their own ;
Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Tho' reason good for Turks to take the place,

And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

135

True, said the Panther, I shall ne'er deny
My brethren may be fav'd as well as I :
'Tho' Huguenots condemn our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation,
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread ;
Yet, Lady, still remember I maintain
The Word in needful points is only plain.

140

Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend,
Rejoin'd the Matron ; but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still, astray
In weighty points, and full damnation's way :
For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow ?

145

And did not these by gospel-texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?

Have not all heretics the same pretence

To plead the Scriptures in their own defence ? 155

How did the Nicene council then decide

That strong debate ? was it by Scripture try'd ?

No, sure ; to that the rebel would not yield ;

Squadrons of texts he marshall'd in the field :

That was but Civil war, an equal set,

160

Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.

With texts point blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
 And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?
 The good old bishops took a simpler way;
 Each ask'd but what he heard his father say, 165
 Or how he was instructed in his youth,
 And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

The Panther smil'd at this : And when, said she,
 Were those first councils disallow'd by me?
 Or where did I at sure tradition strike, 170
 Provided still it were apostolic?

Friend, said the Hind, you quit your former ground,
 Where all your faith you did on Scripture found:
 Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
 But thus your memory betrays your wit. 175

No, said the Panther; for in that I view
 When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true;
 I set 'em by the rule, and as they square
 Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
 This oral fiction, that old faith declare. 180

HIND. The council steer'd, it seems, a diff'rent course;
 They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force;
 But you tradition by the Scripture try;
 Pursu'd by sects, from this to that you fly,
 Nor dare on one foundation to rely. 185
 The Word is then depos'd, and in this view
 You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
 Thus said the Dame, and, smiling, thus pursu'd;
 I see tradition then is disallow'd

When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true, 190
And Scripture as interpreted by you :
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground,
Unless you could infallibly expound,
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me. 195
Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide ;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often ground our titles on the same :
After long labour lost, and time's expense, 200
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
Thus all disputes for ever must depend,
For no dumb rule can controversies end.
Thus, when you said tradition must be try'd
By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide, 205
You said no more but that yourselves must be
The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.
Against our church-tradition you declare,
And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair :
At least 'tis prov'd against your argument, 210
The rule is far from plain where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure,
Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure ?
For you may palm upon us new for old :
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold. 215

How but by foll'wing her, reply'd the Dame,
To whom deriv'd from sire to son they came ;

Where ev'ry age does one another move,
And trusts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise, 220
The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies?

Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eyeballs glitt'ring in the dark,
And said but this; Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful gapes have made 225
'Tis dangerous climbing; to your sons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

HIND. The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for
But from the Wolf such wishes oft' I meet; [sweet,
You learn'd this language from the Blatant Beast, 230
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd,
You must evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs, unblemish'd authors use
As ancient as those ages they accuse; 235
Till when, 'tis not sufficient to defame;
An old possession stands till elder quits the claim.
Then for our int'rest, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own;
For when traditions in your faces fly, 240
Resolving not to yield, you must decry:
As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you stand of other aid bereft,
You to the Twelve Apostles would be left. 245

Your friend, the Wolf, did with more craft provide
To set these toys, traditions, quite aside;
And Fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament.
But, Madam Panther, you, tho' more sincere, 250
Are not so wise as your adulterer;
The private spirit is a better blind
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find;
For they who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd, 255 }
The way to please 'em was to make them proud.
Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf;
Who could suspect a coz'nage from himself?
On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second-hand: 260
But you, who Fathers and traditions take,
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
Pretending church-authority to fix,
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
Are, like a mule, made up of diff'ring seed, 265
And that's the reason why you never breed;
At least not propagate your kind abroad,
For home Dissenters are by statutes aw'd;
And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you (to speak the best) are at a stay, 270 }
For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood;
Of all expedients never one was good. }

Well may they argue, nor can you deny, 275
 If we must fix on church-authority,
 Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood,
 That must be better still if this be good.
 Shall she command who has herself rebell'd ?
 Is Antichrist by Antichrist expell'd ? 280

Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
 To set aloft a bastard of the race?
 Why all these wars to win the Book, if we
 Must not interpret for ourselves, but she ?
 Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free. 285 }

For purging fires traditions must not fight,
 But they must prove Episcopacy's right.
 Thus those led horses are from service freed,
 You never mount 'em but in time of need :
 Like mercenaries, hir'd for home-defence, 290

They will not serve against their native prince.
 Against domestic foes of hierarchy

These are drawn forth to make Fanatics fly ;
 But when they see their countrymen at hand,
 Marching against 'em under church command, 295
 Straight they forsake their colour, and disband }

Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge
 With weak defence against so strong a charge,
 But said ; For what did Christ his Word provide,
 If still his church must want a living guide ? 300
 And if all saving doctrines are not there,
 Or sacred penmen could not make 'em clear,

From after-ages we should hope in vain
For truths which men inspir'd could not explain.

Before the Word was written, said the Hind, 305
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human-kind :

From his Apostles the first age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.

Thus by tradition faith was planted first,
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd. 310

This was the way our wise Redeemer chose.

Who, sure, could all things for the best dispose,
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes. }

He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
Th' event would be like that of Moses' law ; 315

Some diff'rence would arise, some doubts remain,
Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.

No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure ;
Not those indited by his first command, 320

A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.

Thus faith was ere the written Word appear'd,
And men believ'd not what they read, but heard :

But since th' Apostles could not be confin'd
To these, or those but sev'rally design'd, 325

Their large commission round the world to blow,
To spread their faith they spread their labours too :

Yet still their absent flock their pains did share,
They hearken'd still, for love produces care ;

And as mistakes arose, or discords fell, 330
Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,
For all their wants they wisely did provide,
And preaching by Epistles was supply'd. 335
So great physicians cannot all attend,
But some they visit, and to some they send.
Yet all those Letters were not writ to all,
Nor first intended but occasional;
Their absent sermons; nor if they contain 340
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught;
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
"He darkly writ," is true, apply'd to all. 345
For this obscurity could Heav'n provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts arose, the diff'rence to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made,
And if appointed, sure to be obey'd. 350
Thus, with due rev'rence to th' Apostles' writ,
By which my sons are taught, to which submit,
I think those truths their sacred works contain
The church alone can certainly explain;
That following ages, leaning on the past, 355
May rest upon the primitive at last.

Nor would I thence the Word no rule infer,
 But none without the church-interpreter;
 Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
 And is itself the subject of dispute. 360

But what th' Apostles their successors taught,
 They to the next, from them to us is brought
 Th' undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought. }

From hence the church is arm'd, when errors rise,
 To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise, 365
 And, safe intrench'd within, her foes without defies. }

By these all fest'ring fores her councils heal,
 Which time or has disclos'd or shall reveal;
 For discord cannot end without a last appeal. }

Nor can a council national decide, 370
 But with subordination to her guide;

I wish the cause were on that issue try'd:
 Much less the Scripture; for, suppose debate }

Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
 Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent, 375
 (Such is our dying Saviour's Testament)

The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
 The doubtful heirs their diff'ring titles plead;
 All vouch the words their int'rest to maintain,
 And each pretends by those his cause is plain: 380

Shall then the testament award the right?

No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;

The field of battle, subject of debate;

The thing contended for the fair estate.

The sense is intricate: 'tis only clear
 What vowels and what consonants are there:
 Therefore 'tis plain its meaning must be try'd
 Before some judge appointed to decide.

385

Suppose the fair Apostate said, I grant
 The faithful flock some living guide should want, 390
 Your arguments an endless chase pursue;
 Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
 This mighty Moses of the chosen crew.

The Dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,
 With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd; 395
 And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
 As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
 Pronounc'd his words—"She whom ye seek am I."
 Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
 Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd. 400
 Then thus the Matron modestly renew'd;
 Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
 And see to which of them yourselves think fit
 The conduct of your conscience to submit:
 Each profelyte would vote his doctor best, 405
 With absolute exclusion to the rest:
 Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
 And end, as it began, in anarchy:
 Yourself the fairest for election stand,
 Because you seem crown-gen'ral of the land, 410
 But soon against your superstitious lawn
 Some Presbyterian fabre would be drawn.

In your establish'd laws of sov'reignty
The rest some fundamental flaw would see,
And call rebellion Gospel-liberty.

415

To church-decrees your articles require
Submission mollify'd, if not entire.

Homage deny'd, to censures you proceed ;
But when Curtana will not do the deed,
You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.

420

Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
(Those prying varlets hit the blots you make)
Because some ancient friends of your's declare,
Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,

425

Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
Which every sect will for themselves expound,
Nor think less rev'rence to their doctors due
For sound interpretation than to you.

If, then, by able heads are understood

430

Your brother prophets who reform'd abroad,
Those able heads expound a wiser way,

That their own sheep their shepherd should obey :

But if you mean yourselves are only sound,

That doctrine turns the reformation round,

435

And all the rest are false reformers found ;

Because in sundry points you stand alone,

Not in communion join'd with any one,

And therefore must be all the church, or none.

Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best, 440
 Against this forc'd submission they protest,
 While sound and sound a diff'rent sense explains,
 Both play at hard-head till they break their brains,
 And from their chairs each others' force defy,
 While unregarded thunders vainly fly. 445

I pass the rest, because your church alone,
 Of all usurpers, best could fill the throne :
 But neither you nor any sect beside,
 For this high office can be qualify'd
 With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide : 450
 For that which must direct the whole must be
 Bound in one bond of faith and unity ;
 But all your several churches disagree.
 The consubstantiating church and priest
 Refuse communion to the Calvinist ; 455
 The French reform'd from preaching you restrain,
 Because you judge their ordination vain ; [dain.
 And so they judge of your's ; but donors must or-
 In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,
 Not one reform'd can with another join ; 460
 But all from each, as from damnation, fly ;
 No union they pretend but in Non-popery :
 Nor, should their members in a synod meet,
 Could any church presume to mount the seat
 Above the rest, their discords to decide ; 465
 None would obey, but each would be the guide ;

And, face to face, dissensions would increase,
 For only distance now preserves the peace :
 All, in their turns, accusers and accus'd,
 Babel was never half so much confus'd. 470
 What one can plead, the rest can plead as well ;
 For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
 And all confess themselves are fallible. }
 Now, since you grant some necessary guide,
 All who can err are justly laid aside ; 475
 Because a trust so sacred to confer
 Shews want of such a sure interpreter, }
 And how can he be needful who can err ? }
 Then granting that unerring guide we want,
 That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant ; 480
 Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
 Our needs, and obviate that necessity.
 It then remains that church can only be
 The guide, which owns unfailing certainty ;
 Or else you slip your hold, and change your side, 485
 Relapsing from a necessary guide.
 But this annex'd condition of the crown,
 Immunity from errors, you disown : [down. }
 Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions }
 For petty royalties you raise debate, 490 }
 But this unfailing universal state }
 You shun, nor dare succeed to such a glorious weight ; }
 And for that cause those promises detest
 With which our Saviour did his church invest ;

But strive t' evade, and fear to find them true, 495
 As conscious they were never meant to you;
 All which the mother-church asserts her own,
 And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne :
 So when of old th' Almighty Father sate
 In council to redeem our ruin'd state, 500
 Millions of millions at a distance round,
 Silent the sacred consistory, crown'd, [pound, }
 To hear what mercy, mix'd with justice, could pro- }
 All prompt with eager pity to fulfil
 The full extent of their Creator's will : 505
 But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
 A mournful whisper thro' the host was heard,
 And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
 Submissively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd crown.
 Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high 510
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity,
 Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent }
 A weight which all the frame of heav'n had bent, }
 Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent. }
 Now, to remove the least remaining doubt, 515
 That e'en the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,
 Behold what heav'nly rays adorn her brows ! }
 What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows }
 To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted Spouse ! }
 Behold what marks of majesty she brings, 520
 Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings !

Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys;
 With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
 With that t' assert spiritual royalty. 525

One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
 Entire, one solid shining diamond;
 Not sparkles, shatter'd into sects, like you;
 One is the church, and must be, to be true:

One central principal of unity, 530
 As undivided, so from errors free,
 As one in faith, so one in sanctity.

Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting rage
 Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:

Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
 She stoops from heav'n, and meets 'em half way
 down, 536

And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.

But like Egyptian forcerers you stand,
 And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
 To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the
 land: 540

You could, like them, with like infernal force,
 Produce the plague, but not arrest the course;
 But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace
 And public scandal sat upon the face, 544

Themselves attack'd, the Magi strove no more,
 They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
 Themselves they could not cure of the dishonesty.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
 Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
 From east to west triumphantly she rides, 550
 All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides:
 The Gospel-sound diffus'd from pole to pole,
 Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll;
 'The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
 Convey'd to ev'ry clime in ev'ry age. 555

Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
 To raise new blushes on my British race;
 Our sailing ships like common sewers we use,
 And thro' our distant colonies diffuse }
 The draught of dungeons and the stench of stews; }
 Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost, 561
 We disembogue on some far Indian coast:
 Thieves, panders, paillards, sins of ev'ry sort,
 Those are the manufactures we export,
 And these the missions our zeal has made; 565 }
 For, with my country's pardon be it said, }
 Religion is the least of all our trade. }
 Yet some improve their traffic more than we, }
 For they on gain, their only god, rely, }
 And set a public price on piety. 570 }
 Industrious of the needle and the chart,
 They run full sail to their Japanese mart;
 Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
 Sell all of Christian to the very name, 574 }
 Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked shame. }

Thus of three marks which in the Creed we view,
 Not one of all can be apply'd to you;
 Much less the fourth: in vain, alas! you seek
 Th' ambitious title of Apostolic:

Godlike descent! 'tis well your blood can be 580
 Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree;
 For all of ancient that you had before,
 (I mean what is not borrow'd from our store) }
 Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;
 Old heresies condemn'd in ages past, 585
 By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
 The church her old foundations has remov'd,
 And built new doctrines on unstable sands;
 Judge that, ye Winds and Rains! you prov'd her, yet
 she stands. 590

Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
 Shew when, and how, and from what hands, they grew.
 We claim no pow'r, when heresies grow bold,
 To coin new faith, but still declare the old:
 How else could that obscene disease be purg'd, 595
 When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?

To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more
 Requir'd than saying 'Twas not us'd before.
 Those monumental arms are never stirr'd
 Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword. 600

Thus what you call Corruptions, are, in truth,
 The first plantations of the Gospel's youth;

Old standard faith: but cast your eyes again,
 And view those errors which new sects maintain,
 Or which of old disturb'd the church's peaceful
 reign, 605

And we can point each period of the time
 When they began, and who begot the crime;
 Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd,
 Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd:
 Of all which are already pass'd away 610
 We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

Despair at our foundations then to strike,
 Till you can prove your faith apostolic;
 A limpid stream drawn from the native source,
 Succession lawful in a lineal course. 615
 Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
 So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
 Under one chief of the spiritual state,
 The members all combin'd, and all subordinate;
 Shew such a seamless coat, from schism so free, 620
 In no communion join'd with heresy.

If such a one you find, let truth prevail;
 Till when your weights will in the balance fail;
 A church unprincipled kicks up the scale. }

But if you cannot think (nor sure you can 625
 Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
 That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
 Should suffer Falschhood, for so long a space,
 To banish Truth, and to usurp her place; }

That sev'n successive ages should be lost, 630

And preach damnation at their proper cost;

That all your erring ancestors should die,

Drown'd in th' abyss of deep idolatry:

If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,

Awake, and open your unwilling eyes; 635

God hath left nothing for each age undone,

From this to that wherein he sent his Son; [done. }

Then think but well of him, and half your work is }

See how his church, adorn'd with ev'ry grace, }

With open arms, a kind forgiving face, 640 }

Stands ready to prevent her long-lost son's embrace. }

Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,

Nor less himself could from discov'ry keep,

When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,

And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin. 645

That pious Joseph in the church behold, }

To feed your famine, and refuse your gold; }

The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you sold! }

Thus while with heav'nly charity she spoke,

A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke, 650

Shot from the skies, a cheerful azure light: }

The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight, }

And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty }

spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky

For James his late nocturnal victory; 655

The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I saw myself the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night;
The messenger with speed the tidings bore; 660
News which three lab'ring nations did restore;
But Heav'n's own nuncius was arriv'd before.

By this the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell;
When she, by frequent observation wise, 665
As one who long on heav'n had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.
The western borders were with crimson spread,
The moon descending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite 670
The stranger dame to be her guest that night.
'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast,
She said, were weak inducements to the taste
Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast;
But what plain fare her cottage could afford, 675
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely her's; and, to supply the rest,
An honest meaning, and an open breast:
Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health. 680
This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,

Because she wanted an unerring guide,
 And then the dew-drops on her silken hide
 Her tender constitution did declare, 685
 Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
 And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air;
 But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
 Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate. 690

The Panther, tho' she lent a list'ning ear,
 Had more of lion in her than to fear;
 Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
 With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
 Return'd her all the thanks she could afford, 695
 And took her friendly hostess at her word,
 Who ent'ring first her lowly roof, a shed,
 With hoary moss and winding ivy spread,
 Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
 Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest; 700
 So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest,
 Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner;
 This peaceful seat my poverty secures; 705
 War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
 Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode
 Has oft' receiv'd, and yet receives, a god;
 A god victorious, of a Stygian race, 709
 Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.

This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain;
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty;
And, tho' ill habits are not soon controll'd,
A while suspended her desire of gold;
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

The Hind did first her country cates provide,
Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART III.

Much malice, mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ;
Because the Muse has peopled Caledon [known,
With panthers, bears, and wolves, and beasts un- }
As if we were not flock'd with monsters of our own. }
Let Æsop answer, who has set to view 6
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And Mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
Has sharply blam'd a British lioness;
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep, 10
Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.
Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply?
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men. 15

Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dang'rous guest by night;
Let those remember that she cannot die
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
Nor need she fear the Panther, tho' untam'd, 20
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd;
The wary savage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;

But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry sons in frequent senate met. 25
Mean-while she quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten fallad cool'd her blood.
Their commons, tho' but coarse, were nothing scant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove 30
T' express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal:
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing theme; 35
Rememb'ring every storm which toss'd the state,
When both were objects of the public hate, [fate. }
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own children's }

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake; 40
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
Her strength t' endure, her courage to defy,
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On these, proluxly thankful, she enlarg'd, 45
Then with acknowledgment herself she charg'd;
For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now should they part, malicious tongues would say
They met like chance-companions on the way, 50

Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd ;
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd ;
 But that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends ;
 The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The Panther nodded when her speech was done, 55
 And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone ;
 But said, her gratitude had gone too far
 For common offices of Christian care.
 If to the lawful heir she had been true,
 She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due. 60

I might, she added, with like praise describe
 Your suff'ring sons, and so return your bribe ;
 But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd ;
 For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.
 I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away ; 65
 You, like the gawdy fly, your wings display, [day.
 And sip the sweets, and bask in your great patron's }
 }

This heard, the Matron was not slow to find
 What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind :
 Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight, 70
 And canker'd Malice, stood in open sight ;
 Ambition, Int'rest, Pride without control,
 And Jealousy, the jaundice of the soul ;
 Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
 With all the lean tormentors of the will. 75

'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
 Her new-made union with her ancient foes,

Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindness, with an alter'd face;
Yet durst she not too deeply prob the wound, 80
As hoping still the nobler parts were found;
But strove with anodynes t' assuage the smart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain;
It shows a rest of kindness to complain; 85
A friendship loath to quit its former hold,
And conscious merit may be justly bold;
But much more just your jealousy would shew,
If others' good were injury to you;
Witness, ye Heav'ns! how I rejoice to see 90
Rewarded worth and rising loyalty.
Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind. 95
When Virtue spumes before a prosp'rous gale,
My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard,
Cæsar should still have such, and such should still re-
ward.

'The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and till'd;
'Tis just you reap the product of the field: 101
Your's be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.

Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
 Your charity for alms may safely spare, 105 }
 For alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
 My daily bread is lit'rally implor'd ;
 I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.

If Cæsar to his own his hand extends, 109 }
 Say, which of your's his charity offends : [friends. }
 You know he largely gives to more than are his
 Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor ?
 Our mite decreases nothing of your store.

I am but few, and by your fare you see
 My crying sins are not of luxury. 115 }
 Some juster motive, sure, your mind withdraws, }
 And makes you break our friendship's holy laws ; }
 For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.

Shew more occasion for your discontent ;
 Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent : 120
 Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
 Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
 When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
 To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
 How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw, 125
 And tax the sheep for troubling streams below,
 Or call her (when no farther cause you find)
 An enemy profess'd of all your kind ;
 But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think
 The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink. 130

This last illusion gall'd the Panther more,
 Because, indeed, it rubb'd upon the fore;
 Yet seem'd she not to winch, tho' shrewdly pain'd,
 But thus her passive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report, 135
 Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
 You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
 But I am always on the suff'ring side :
 You know my doctrine, and I need not say
 I will not, but I cannot, disobey. 140

On this firm principle I ever stood,
 He of my sons who fails to make it good,
 By one rebellious act renounces to my blood. }

Ah ! said the Hind, how many sons have you
 Who call you Mother, whom you never knew ? 145
 But most of them who that relation plead
 Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead :
 They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
 And fain would nibble at your grandame Gold ;
 Inquire into your years, and laugh to find 150
 Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd.
 Were you not dim and doted, you might see
 A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
 No more of kin to you than you to me. }
 Do you not know that, for a little coin, 155
 Heralds can foist a name into the line ?

They ask you blessing but for what you have,
 But once possess'd of what with care you save,
 The wanton boys would piss upon your grave. }

Your sons of latitude that court your grace, 160
 Tho' most resembling you in form and face,
 Are far the worst of your pretended race;
 And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
 Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot;
 For in some Popish libels I have read 165
 The Wolf has been too busy in your bed;
 At least her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
 The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
 Their malice, too, a fore suspicion brings;
 For tho' they dare not bark, they snarl at kings:
 Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line; 171
 Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.

Think you your new French profelytes are come
 To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?
 Your benefices twinkled from afar; 175
 They found the new Messiah by the star:
 Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
 And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
 Mark with what management their tribes divide;
 Some stick to you, and some to t'other side, 180
 That many churches may for many mouths provide.
 More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
 All would have latitude enough to take;
 The rest unbenefic'd your sects maintain,
 For ordinations without cures are vain, 185
 And chamber practice is a silent gain.

Your sons of breadth at home are much like these;
 Their soft and yielding metals run with ease;
 They melt, and take the figure of the mould,
 But harden, and preserve it best in gold. 190

Your Delphic sword, the Panther then reply'd,
 Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.
 Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
 Three steeples argent in a sable field,
 Have sharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed, 195
 Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
 Such who themselves of no religion are,
 Allur'd with gain, for any will declare;
 Bare lies with bold assertions they can face,
 But dint of argument is out of place: 200
 The grim logician puts 'em in a fright;
 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.

Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
 They say the schism of beds began the game,
 Divorcing from the church to wed the dame: 205
 Tho' largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,
 That conscience, conscience would not let him rest;
 I mean not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
 And old uncharming Catharine was remov'd.
 For sundry years before he did complain, 210
 And told his ghostly confessor his pain;
 With the same impudence, without a ground,
 They say, that look the reformation round,
 No Treatise of Humility is found:

But if none were, the Gospel does not want; 215
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant
The sermon on the Mount was Protestant.

No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as sure as all
The writings of St. Peter and St. Paul;
On that decision let it stand or fall. 220

Now, for my converts, who, you say, unfeign'd
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearsay, but observe, at least,
If since their change their loaves have been increas'd.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did, 225
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
Tax those of int'rest who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign;
Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price, 230
But, rais'd three steeples high'r, would change their
And quit the cassock for the canting coat. [note,
Now, if you damn this censure as too bold,
Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.

Mean-time my sons, accus'd by Fame's report, 235
Pay small attendance at the Lion's court,
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late,
For silently they beg who daily wait.
Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought. 240
How they should speed their fortune is untry'd,
For not to ask is not to be deny'd.

For what they have their God and king they bless,
 And hope they should not murmur had they less;
 But if reduc'd subsistence to implore, 245
 In common prudence they would pass your door.
 Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
 Has shewn how far your charities extend :
 'This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read, 249
 " He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."

With odious Atheist names you load your foes; }
 Your lib'ral clergy why did I expose? }
 It never fails in charities like those. }
 In climes where true religion is profess'd,
 That imputation were no laughing jest; 255
 But *Imprimatur*, with a chaplain's name,
 Is here sufficient license to defame.
 What wonder is't that black detraction thrives? }
 The homicide of names is less than lives, }
 And yet the perjur'd murderer survives! 260 }

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
 The boiling indignation of her breast;
 She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
 Pollute her satire with ignoble blood;
 Her panting foe she saw before her eye, 265
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
 So when the gen'rous lion has in sight
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
 But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
 He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane, 270

And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
 Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious prey.
 So James, if great with less we may compare,
 Arrests his rolling thunderbolts in air,
 And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
 T' implore the remnants of long-suff'ring grace 276

This breathing-time the Matron took, and then
 Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.
 Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,
 And let Heav'n judge betwixt your sons and mine :
 If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here 281
 With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
 Then welcome infamy and public shame,
 And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.

'Tis said with ease, but, oh ! how hardly try'd 285
 By haughty souls, to human honour ty'd !
 O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride !
 Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
 And what thou didst, and dost, so dearly prize,
 That fame, that darling fame, make that thy
 sacrifice. 290

'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n; then add thy tears
 For a long race of unrepenting years :

'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
 Then add those may-be years thou hast to live :
 Yet nothing still, then poor and naked come; 295

Thy Father will receive his unthrift home, [sum.
 And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty

Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a son
 Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;
 He champs the bit, impatient of his loss, 300
 And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.
 Instruct him better, gracious God! to know,
 As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too;
 That, suff'ring from ill tongues, he bears no more
 Than what his sov'reign bears, and what his Saviour
 bore. 305

It now remains for you to school your child,
 And ask why God's anointed he revil'd.
 A king and princess dead! did Shimei worse?
 The curser's punishment should fright the curse.
 Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er, 310
 But he who counsell'd him has paid the score;
 The heavy malice could no higher tend,
 But woe to him on whom the weights descend.
 So to permitted ills the demon flies;
 His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies: 315
 Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
 The foe discharges ev'ry tire around,
 In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight,
 But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;
 To that long story little answer needs: 321
 Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
 Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd
 What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.

The dire effects appear'd in open sight, 325 }
 Which, from the cause, he calls a distant sight, }
 And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light. }

Now, last, your sons a double pean sound,
 A Treatise of Humility is found;
 'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought, 330
 Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
 The fam'd original thro' Spain is known, }
 Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son, }
 Which your's, by ill translating, made his own ; }
 Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name, 335
 The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
 My altars kindled first that living coal;
 Restore, or practise better what you stole:
 That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
 'Tis all the restitution I require. 340

Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd,
 And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd;
 For laws of arms permit each injur'd man
 To make himself a saver where he can
 Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell 345
 The names of pirates in whose hands he fell,
 But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
 And ev'ry Algerine is lawful prize.
 No private person in the foe's estate
 Can plead exemption from the public fate; 350
 Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;
 Then let the greater supersede the less;

But let th' abettors of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may, sure be found to write 355
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight
A spotted dame, and all her offspring white. }

The Savage, tho' she saw her plea controll'd,
Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife, 360
And judg'd conversion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange
So few should follow profitable change,
For present joys are more to flesh and blood
Than a dull prospect of a distant good. 365
'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to blefs,
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this;
The weak attraction of the greater fails; 370
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails;
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow:
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
It shows a nobler principle than gain. 375

Your inference would be strong, the Hind reply'd,
If your's were in effect the suff'ring side;
Your clergy's sons their own in peace possess,
Nor are their prospects in reversion less:

My profelytes are struck with awful dread ; 380
 Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head ;
 The respite they enjoy but only lent,
 The best they have to hope protracted punishment.
 Be judge yourself, if int'rest may prevail, 384
 Which motives, your's or mine, will turn the scale.
 While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,
 That is, till man's predom'nant passions cease,
 Admire no longer at my slow increase. }

By education most have been misled ;
 So they believe, because they so were bred : 390
 The priest continues what the nurse began,
 And thus the child imposes on the man.
 The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat ;
 But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat,
 The sly seducer both of age and youth ; 395
 They study that, and think they study truth.
 When int'rest fortifies an argument,
 Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent ;
 For souls already warpt receive an easy bent. }
 Add long prescription of establish'd laws, 400
 And picque of honour to maintain a cause,
 And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
 And zeal, the blind conductor of the will,
 And, chief among the still-mistaking crowd,
 The fame of teachers obstinate and proud, 405
 And, more than all, the private judge allow'd, }

Disdain of Fathers, which the dance began,
 And, last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
 The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile; 410
 Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,

And range around the realm without control,
 Among my sons for proselytes to prowl,
 And here and there you snap some silly soul.

You hinted fears of future change in state; 415

Pray Heav'n you did not prophesy your fate.

Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,
 But may mistake the season of the year;

The swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear.

For charity, reply'd the Matron, tell 420
 What sad mischance those pretty birds beset.

Nay, no mischance, the savage Dame reply'd,
 But want of wit in their unerring guide,
 And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.

Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail, 425
 Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
 Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
 Pursues the sun, in summer, brisk and bold,
 But wisely shuns the persecuting cold; 430
 Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
 Tho' 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone:
 From hence she has been held of heav'nly line,
 Endu'd with particles of soul divine.

This merry chorister had long possess'd 435
 Her summer-seat, and feather'd well her nest,
 Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
 And Time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
 The shedding trees began the ground to strow
 With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow; 440
 Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
 Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew;
 When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
 And seek a better heav'n, and warmer climes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height, 445
 And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
 The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair;
 All to the general rendezvous repair, [in air:]
 They try their flutt'ring wings, and trust themselves }
 But whether upward to the moon they go, 450 }
 Or dream the winter out in caves below, }
 Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know. }

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,
 And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night;
 Next morn they rose, and set up ev'ry sail; 455
 The wind was fair, but blew a mackrel gale:
 The sickly young fat shiv'ring on the shore,
 Abhor'd salt water, never seen before,
 And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
 The passage, and expect a fairer day. 460

With these the Martin readily concurr'd,
 A church-begot and church-believing bird;

Of little body but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity design'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind; 465
Yet often quoted canon-laws and code,
And Fathers which he never understood;
But little learning needs in noble blood :
For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in
Her household-chaplain, and her next of kin ; 470
In superstition silly to excess,
And casting schemes by planetary guesses :
In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak, 475
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not ; so his advice
Was present safety bought at any price,
A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream 480
Of rising waters and a troubled stream,
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
With something more, not lawful to express,
By which he sily seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate : 485
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot :

The mad divinerefs had plainly writ, 490
 A time ſhould come (but many ages yet)
 In which, ſiniſter Deſtinies ordain,
 A dame ſhould drown with all her feather'd train,
 And ſeas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
 At this ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout 495
 Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.

'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer fort
 Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport :
 They ſaid their only danger was delay,
 And he who heard what ev'ry fool could ſay, 500
 Wou'd never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
 The paſſage yet was good ; the wind, 'tis true,
 Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
 No more than uſual equinoxes blew.
 The ſun, already from the Scales declin'd, 505
 Gave little hopes of better days behind,
 But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
 Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the ſky
 Should ſlag their wings, and hinder them to fly ;
 'Twas only water thrown on ſails too dry. 510
 But leaſt of all philoſophy preſumes
 Of truth in dreams from melancholy fumes ;
 Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
 Might think of ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
 Till groſſer atoms, tumbling in the ſteam 515
 Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream :

As little weight his vain presages bear
 Of ill effect to such alone who fear :
 Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
 Each Nostradamus can foretel with ease : 520
 Not naming persons and confounding times,
 One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.

Th' advice was true, but fear had seiz'd the most,
 And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
 The question crudely put, to shun delay, 525
 'Twas carry'd by the major part to stay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
 His power, and from a priest became a prince.
 He order'd all things with a busy care,
 And cells and refectories did prepare, 530
 And large provisions laid of winter-fare ;
 But now and then let fall a word or two
 Of hope that Heav'n some miracle might show,
 And for their sakes the sun should backward go,
 Against the laws of Nature upward climb, 535
 And mounted on the Ram, renew the prime,
 For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
 Of Ahaz' dial and of Joshua's day.

In expectation of such times as these,
 A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of Ease ; 540
 For Martin much devotion did not ask ;
 They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
 Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)

That this accomplish'd, or at least in part, 545
 Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.

Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,
 Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind, }
 (For Swifles or for Gibeonites design'd)

These lubbers, peeping thro' a broken pane, 550

To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighb'ring plain,
 And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)

New blossoms flourish, and new flow'rs arise,
 As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
 Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year: 555

The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
 With glitt'ring beams, and in the meads below

The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold }
 to flow :

At last they heard the foolish cuckoo sing,
 Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of spring. 560

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
 And repossess their patrimonial sky.

The priest before 'em did his wings display ; }
 And, that good omens might attend their way,
 As luck would have it, 'twas St Martin's day. }

Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone? 566

The canopy of heav'n is all her own :

Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,

And glide along in glades, and skim in air,

And dip for insects in the purling springs, 570

And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.

Their mothers think a fair provision made,
 That ev'ry son can live upon his trade ;
 And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
 Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands. 575
 The youthful widow longs to be supply'd,
 But first the lover is by lawyers ty'd
 To settle jointure-chimnies on the bride. }
 So thick they couple, in so short a space,
 That Martin's marriage-off'rings rise apace : 580
 Their ancient houses running to decay,
 Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay :
 They teem already ; store of eggs are laid,
 And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid :
 Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear }
 In flocks to greet the new-returning year, 586 }
 To bless the founder and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time, (so fast their numbers rise)
 To plant abroad, and people colonies.
 The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd, 590
 (For so their cruel destiny requir'd)
 Were sent far off on an ill-fated day ;
 The rest would needs conduct 'em on their way, }
 And Martin went, because he fear'd alone to stay. }

So long they flew with inconfid'rate haste, 595
 That now their afternoon began to waste ;
 And, what was ominous, that very morn
 The sun was enter'd into Capricorn,

Which, by their bad astronomer's account,
 That week the Virgin Balance should remount : 600
 An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
 And hid the small remainders of his day :
 The crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark,
 But birds met birds, and jostled in the dark :
 Few mind the public in a panic fright, 605
 And fear increas'd the horror of the night.

Night came, but unattended with repose ;
 Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close :
 Alone, and black she came ; no friendly stars arose. }

What should they do, beset with dangers round,
 No neighb'ring drop, no lodging to be found, 611
 But bleak plains and bare unhospitable ground? }

The latter brood, who just began to fly,
 Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
 For succour to their helpless mother call ; 615 }

She spread her wings ; some few beneath 'em crawl ;
 She spread 'em wider yet, but could not cover all. }

T' augment their woes, the winds began to move,
 Debate in air for empty fields above,

Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain 620
 His rattling hailstones, mix'd with snow and rain.

The joyless morning late arose, and found
 A dreadful desolation reign around,
 Some bury'd in the snow, some frozen to the ground. }

The rest were struggling still with death, and lay 625
 The crows' and ravens' right, an undefended prey.

Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree;
 But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
 He headed all the rabble of the town, 630
 And finish'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.
 Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd
 For treas'nous crimes, because the laws provide
 No Martin there in winter shall abide.
 High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear, 635
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;
 And there his corpse, unblest'd, is hanging still,
 To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill.

The patience of the Hind did almost fail,
 For well she mark'd the malice of the tale, 640
 Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
 In malice it began, by malice grows;
 He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron harvest rose.
 But most in Martin's character and fate
 She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate, 645
 The people's rage, the persecuting state;
 Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part;
 You clear your conscience, or at least your heart:
 Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
 For Swallows are unluckly birds to kill. 650
 As for my sons the family is blest,
 Whose ev'ry child is equal to the rest:
 No church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
 Such Martins build in your's, and more than mine.

Or else an old fanatic author lies,
 Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries:
 But thro' your parable I plainly see
 The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
 The sunshine that offends the purblind sight;
 Had some their wishes, it would soon be night. 660
 Mistake me not, the charge concerns not you;
 Your sons are malcontents, but yet are true,
 As far as non-resistance makes 'em so;
 But that's a word of neutral sense, you know,
 A passive term, which no relief will bring, 665
 But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.

Rest well assur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
 My sons would all support the regal side, [try'd. }
 Tho' Heav'n forbid the cause by battle should be }

The Matron answer'd with a loud *Amen*, 670
 And thus pursu'd her argument again.

If, as you say, and as I hope no less, }
 Your sons will practise what yourselves profess, }
 What angry pow'r prevents our present peace? }

The Lion, studious of our common good, 675
 Desires, and kings' desires are ill withstood,

To join our nations in a lasting love; }
 The bars betwixt are easy to remove, }
 For sanguinary laws were never made above. }

If you condemn that prince of tyranny, 680
 Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,

Make not a worse example of your own,
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted sword your suff'ring brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor-edge on life.

685

Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion's joins! 690
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's
loins.

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first reformer's coat.
Oh, let their crime in long oblivion sleep!
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis your's to keep. 695
Unjust, or just, is all the question now;
'Tis plain that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand, 700
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand;
Yet still remember that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your sov'reign lord,
Design'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and dis-heir the crown. 705
'T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.

What means it else which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away?

Suppose some great oppressor had, by sleight
Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right, 711
Your common fire surrend'ring in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?

More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold, 715
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace before he render'd back the gold.

What more could you have done than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedlow, and their plot, been true?

Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;
Their dire magicians threw their mists around, 721
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground:

But now, when Time has made th' imposture plain,
(Late tho' he follow'd Truth, and limping held
her train)

What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again?

The painted harlot might a while bewitch, 826
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?

The first reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state, 730
They suffer'd only in the common fate:

But now the sov'reign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is bare,

Your answer is, they were not dispossess'd ;
 They need but rub their metal on the Test 735
 To prove their ore ; 'twere well if gold alone
 Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone ;
 But that unfaithful Test unsound will pass,
 The dross of Atheists and sectarian brass ;
 As if th' experiment were made to hold 740
 For base production, and reject the gold.
 Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
 And sects may be preferr'd without disguise :
 No danger to the church or state from these ;
 The Papist only has his writ of Ease. 745
 No gainful office gives him the pretence
 To grind the subject or defraud the prince.
 Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
 To thrive, but our's alone is privileg'd to starve.

Still thank yourselves, you cry ; your noble race
 We banish not, but they forsake the place : 751
 Our doors are open ; true, but ere they come
 You toss your 'censing Test, and fume the room,
 As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
 And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the Panther sharply had reply'd ; 756
 But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
 She wisely gave the loser leave to chide ;
 Well satisfy'd to have the butt and peace,
 And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
 Because she su'd *in forma pauperis* ; 761

Yet thought it decent something should be said,
 For secret guilt by silence is betray'd;
 So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
 But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride. 765

Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
 As once Æneas to th' Italian king;

By long possession all the land is mine;
 You strangers come with your intruding line,
 To share my sceptre, which you call to join. 770

You plead, like him, an ancient pedigree,
 And claim a peaceful seat by Fate's decree.

In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
 T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
 And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd, 775
 Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.

Thus plausibly you veil th' intended wrong,
 But still you bring your exil'd gods along,
 And will endeavour, in succeeding space, 779

Those household puppets on our hearths to place.

Perhaps some barb'rous laws have been preferr'd;

I spake against the Test, but was not heard:

These to rescind, and peerage to restore,

My gracious sov'reign would my vote implore;
 I owe him much, but owe my conscience more. 785

Conscience is then your plea, reply'd the Dame,

Which, well inform'd, will ever be the same;

But your's is much of the camelion hue,

To change the dye with ev'ry distant view.

When first the Lion sat with awful sway, 790
 Your conscience taught your duty to obey:
 He might have had your statutes and your Test;
 No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
 He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
 But on that broken reed your church rely'd. 795
 In vain the sects essay'd their utmost art,
 With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;
 Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his
 heart.

But when by long experience you had prov'd
 How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd, 800
 A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
 And only short of Heav'n's unbounded grace,
 A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
 Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile,
 Forgetting whence your Egypt was supply'd, 805
 You thought your sov'reign bound to send the tide,
 Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
 But vainly deem'd he durst not be a king:
 Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
 To stretch her limits, and extend the span, 810
 Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
 And make a wise alliance with her foes.
 Can Conscience own th' associating name,
 And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
 For sure she has been thought a bashful dame. 815

}

But if the cause by battle should be try'd,
You grant she must espouse the regal side :
O Proteus Conscience ! never to be ty'd.
What Phœbus from the tripod shall disclose
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes ! 820
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie ;
Immortal pow'rs the term of Conscience know,
But Int'rest is her name with men below.

Conscience or Int'rest be't, or both in one, 825
The Panther answer'd in a surly tone,
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our Penal Laws no sons of your's admit,
Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit. 830
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land,
And, once let in, with unresisted sway
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply 835
With laws unjust, but hard necessity :
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic for a greater good.
Possess your soul with patience, and attend ;
A more auspicious planet may ascend ; 840
Good Fortune may present some happier time
With means to cancel my unwilling crime ;

(Unwilling, witness all ye Pow'rs above !)
 To mend my errors and redeem your love ;
 That little space you safely may allow ; 845
 Your all-dispensing power protects you now.

Hold, faith the Hind, 'tis needless to explain ;
 You would postpone me to another reign,
 Till when you are content to be unjust ;
 Your part is to possess, and mine to trust ; 850
 A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
 For present profit and inheritance.
 Few words will serve to finish our dispute ;
 Who will not now repeal would persecute :
 To ripen green revenge your hopes attend, 855
 Wishing that happier planet would ascend.
 For shame ! let Conscience be your plea no more :
 To will hereafter proves she might before ;
 But she's a bawd to Gain, and holds the door. }

Your care about your banks infers a fear 860
 Of threat'ning floods and inundations near ;
 If so, a just reprisal would only be
 Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea ;
 And all your jealousies but serve to show
 Your ground is, like your neighbour nation, low. 865
 T' entrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
 Is to distrust the justice of your cause,
 And argues that the true religion lies
 In those weak adversaries you despise.

Tyrannic force is that which least you fear; 870
 The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear :
 Avert it, Heav'n! nor let that plague be sent
 To us from the dispeopled continent.

But piety commands me to refrain;
 Those pray'rs are needless in this monarch's reign. 875
 Behold! how he protects your friends oppress,
 Receives the banish'd, succours the distress.
 Behold! for you may read an honest open breast;
 He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
 An act to which by honour he is ty'd, 880
 A gen'rous, laudable, and kingly pride.
 Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
 This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
 And yet—— 885

And yet 'tis but because you must;
 You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
 The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd t' enlarge
 On pow'r of kings and their superior charge,
 As Heav'n's trustees before the people's choice;
 Tho', sure, the Panther did not much rejoice 891
 To hear those echoes giv'n of her once loyal voice.

The Matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
 But could not win; her hour of grace was past:
 Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
 To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king, 896

She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
 Of her late treaty with her new ally;
 Which well she hop'd would more successful prove
 Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love. 900
 The Panther ask'd what concord there could be
 Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?
 The Dame reply'd, 'Tis sung in ev'ry street,
 The common chat of gossips when they meet;
 But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while 905
 To take a wholesome tale, tho' told in homely style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood,
 (So few deserve the name of plain and good)
 Of three fair lineal lordships stood possessor,
 And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best. 910
 Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
 Much had he done and suffer'd for his truth;
 At land, and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
 Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
 Who oft'ner drew his sword, and always for the }
 right. 915 }

As Fortune would, (his fortune came, tho' late)
 He took possession of his just estate,
 Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent,
 Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;
 But overlook'd his hinds; their pay was just, 920
 And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust;
 Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;
 So true, that he was awkward at a trick:

For little souls on little shifts rely,
 And cowards arts of mean expedients try; 925 }
 The noble mind will dare do any thing but lie. }
 False friends, his deadliest foes, could find no way,
 But shows of honest bluntness to betray;
 That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;
 He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd. 930
 Some lucky planet, sure, attends his birth,
 Or Heav'n would make a miracle on earth;
 For prosp'rous honesty is seldom seen
 To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
 It looks as Fate with Nature's law would strive, 935
 To shew plain dealing once an age may thrive;
 And when so tough a frame she could not bend,
 Exceeded her commission to befriend.

This grateful man, as Heav'n increas'd his store,
 Gave God again, and daily fed his poor: 940
 His house with all convenience was purvey'd;
 The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd,
 And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
 Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

Nor did their alms extend to those alone 945
 Whom common faith more strictly made their own;
 A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
 Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
 Tho' some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
 The greater part degen'rate from their kind; 950

Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on salt they feed.

Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws,
Yet bound by promise, he supports their cause,
As corporations privileg'd by laws. 955

That house, which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built long since, God knows, for better birds;
But, flutt'ring, there they nestle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like harpies they could scent a plenteous board; 961
Then, to be sure, they never fail'd their lord:
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and ate, and grudgingly obey'd:
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more; 965
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind;
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance. 970

When once possess'd, they never quit their claim,
For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heav'n's high name;
And, hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent
The gift should be profan'd by worldly management.

Their flesh was never to the table serv'd, 975
Tho' 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were starv'd,
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood:

Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
E'en tho' they were not Doves, to persecute : 980

Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence ;
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their bills they brought,
But left his hinds each in his private pow'r, 985

That those who like the bran might leave the flour.

He for himself, and not for others, chose,

Nor would he be impos'd on nor impose ;

But in their faces his devotion paid,

And sacrifice with solemn rites was made, 990

And sacred incense on his altars laid.

Besides these jolly birds, whose corps impure
Repaid their commons with their salt manure,

Another farm he had behind his house,

Not over-stock'd, but barely for his use, 995

Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,

And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread ;

Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,

Beheld these inmates and their nurseries :

Tho' hard their fare, at ev'ning and at morn 1000

A cruse of water and an ear of corn,

Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought

A theaf in ev'ry single grain was brought ;

Fain would they filch that little food away,

While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey ; 1005

And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall
 The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall ;
 That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
 And clap his wings, and call his family
 To sacred rites, and vex th' ethereal powers 1010
 With midnight matins at uncivil hours ;
 Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
 Just in the sweetness of their morning rest :
 Beast of a bird ! supinely when he might
 Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light ! 1015
 What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
 Could he not let a bad example die ?
 The world was fall'n into an easier way ;
 This age knew better than to fast and pray ;
 Good sense in sacred worship would appear 1020
 So to begin as they might end the year :
 Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
 Of crowing Chanticleers in cloister'd walls.
 Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled,
 And sister Partlet with her hooded head 1025
 Was hooted hence, because she would not pray abed. }
 The way to win the restiff world to God
 Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
 Unnat'ral fasts, and foreign forms of pray'r,
 Religion frights us with a mien severe ; 1030
 'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
 And put her in undress to make her please :

A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind. 1034

Such doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught,
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;
But sure the common cry was all for these
Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease:
Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail, 1040
(For Vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful Grace)

An hideous figure of their foes they drew, 1043
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true,
And this grotesque design expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it some Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.

All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to strike: 1050
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small
To view the monster crowded Pigeon-hall;
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees,
Adoring shrines, and stocks of fainted trees,
And by him a mishapen ugly race; 1055
The curse of God was seen on ev'ry face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But still the worse the look the fitter for a fiend.

The master of the farm, displeas'd to find
So much of rancour in so mild a kind, 1060

Inquir'd into the cause, and came to know
 The passive church had struck the foremost blow,
 With groundless fears and jealousies possess'd,
 As if this troublesome intruding guest
 Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest,
 A deed his in-born equity abhorr'd, 1066
 But Int'rest will not trust, tho' God should plight his
 A law, the source of many future harms, [word.
 Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms
 With loss of life, if any should be found 1070
 To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
 That bloody statute chiefly was design'd
 For Chanticleer the White, of clergy kind;
 But after-malice did not long forget
 The lay that wore the robe and coronet. 1075
 For them, for their inferiors and allies,
 Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise,
 By which unrighteously it was decreed,
 That none to trust or profit should succeed
 Who would not swallow first a pois'nous wicked }
 weed; 1080
 Or that to which old Socrates was curst,
 Or henbane juice, to swell them till they burst.
 The patron, as in reason, thought it hard }
 To see this inquisition in his yard, 1084
 By which the sov'reign was of subjects' use debarr'd. }
 All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
 Th' effects of so unnatural a law,

But still the Dovehouse obstinately stood
 Deaf to their own and to their neighbours' good;
 And, which was worse, if any worse could be,
 Repented of their boasted loyalty: 1091

Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
 And drunk with fumes of popular applause;
 For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
 He fits for Fate, and first destroys their mind. 1095

New doubts, indeed, they daily strove to raise,
 Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays,
 And emissary Pigeons had in store,
 Such as the Meccan Prophet us'd of yore,
 To whisper counsels in their patron's ear, 1100
 And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.
 The master smil'd to see 'em work in vain,
 To wear him out, and make an idle reign;
 He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
 And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts; 1105
 But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
 And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
 For fools are doubly fools, endeav'ring to be wise. }

After a grave consult what course were best,
 One, more mature in folly than the rest, 1110
 Stood up, and told them, with his head aside,
 That desp'rate cures must be to desp'rate ills apply'd;
 And, therefore, since their main impending fear
 Was from th' increasing race of Chanticleer,

Some potent bird of prey they ought to find, III15
 A foe profess'd to him and all his kind;
 Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
 Well pounc'd to fasten, and well-wing'd to fly;
 One they might trust their common wrongs to wreak;
 The Musquet and the Coyftrel were too weak; III20
 Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest,
 The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best;
 Of small renown, 'tis true, for, not to lie,
 We call him but a Hawk by courtesy;
 I know he hates the Pigeon-house and farm, III25
 And more, in time of war has done us harm;
 But all his hate on trivial points depends;
 Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends:
 For Pigeons' flesh he seems not much to care,
 Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare. III30
 On this high potentate, without delay,
 I wish you would confer the sov'reign sway;
 Petition him t' accept the government,
 And let a splendid embassy be sent.

This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed, III35
 Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.

Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard, }
 His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd, }
 With B.'s upon their breast, appointed for his guard. }
 He came, and, crown'd with great solemnity, III40
 God save King Buzzard! was the gen'ral cry.

A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height ;
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer,
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter : 1145
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built, for love's delight,
A prophet form'd to make a female profelyte :
A theologue more by need than genial bent,
By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
Int'rest in all his actions was discern'd ; 1150
More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd.
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled,
But brought the virtues of his heav'n along,
A fair behaviour and a fluent tongue. 1155
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive,
The most unlucky parasite alive.
Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
And then himself pursu'd his compliment ;
But by reverse of fortune chas'd away, 1160
His gifts no longer than their author stay ;
He shakes the dust against th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
Oft' has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same,
For in his rage he spares no sov'reign's name ; 1165
The hero and the tyrant change their style
By the same measure that they frown or smile.
When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
The kindness he returns is to expose ;

For courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great, 1170 }
 No gratitude in felon minds beget ; }
 As tribute to his wit the churl receives the treat. }
 His praise of foes is venomously nice ; }
 So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice : }
 " A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice." }
 Seven sacraments he wisely does disown, 1176 }
 Because he knows confession stands for one,
 Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
 And not for fear or love to be betray'd :
 But he, uncall'd, his patron to control, 1180 }
 Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul ;
 Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his crimes,
 And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
 Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
 Invulnerable in his impudence, 1185 }
 He dares the world ; and, eager of a name,
 He thrusts about, and jostles into fame.
 Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
 And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets :
 So fond of loud report, that not to miss 1190 }
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss) }
 He rather would be known for what he is. }
 Such was, and is, the captain of the Test,
 Tho' half his virtues are not here express,
 The modesty of Fame conceals the rest. 1195 }
 The spleenful Pigeons never could create
 A prince more proper to revenge their hate :

Indeed more proper to revenge than save ;
A king whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave ;
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd 1200
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud ;
Gave time to fix their friends and to seduce the
crowd :

They long their fellow-subjects to enthrall,
Their patron's promise into question call, 1204
And vainly think he meant to make'em lords of all.

False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the Doves were to be dispossess'd ;
Nor sighs nor groans, nor goggling eyes did want,
For now the Pigeons, too, had learn'd to cant. 1209
The house of pray'r is stock'd with large increase,
Nor doors nor windows can contain the press ;
For birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode ;
Ev'n Atheists out of envy own a God ;
And, reeking from the stews, adult'ers come,
Like Goths and Vandals, to demolish Rome. 1215
That conscience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute ;
No rigour of the laws to be relax'd,
And much the less because it was their lord's request ;
They thought it great their sov'reign to control, 1220
And nam'd their pride Nobility of soul.

'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
Were short of pow'r their purpose to effect ;

But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
 And cuff'd the tender chickens from their food;
 And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
 Tho' naming not the patron, to infer, 1227
 With all respect, he was a gross idolater.

But when th' imperial owner did espy
 That thus they turn'd his grace to villany, 1230
 Not suff'ring wrath to discompose his mind,
 He strove a temper for th' extremes to find,
 So to be just, as he might still be kind;
 Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
 Of sacred strength for every age to come. 1235
 By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,
 No rights infring'd, but license to oppress:
 Such pow'r have they as factious lawyers long
 To crowns ascrib'd, that kings can do no wrong:
 But since his own domestic birds have try'd 1240
 The dire effects of their destructive pride,
 He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
 Concluding well within his kingly breast,
 His fowls of Nature too unjustly were oppress.
 He therefore makes all birds of ev'ry sect 1245
 Free of his farm, with promise to respect
 Their sev'ral kinds alike, and equally protect.
 His gracious edict the same franchise yields
 To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
 And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds:

To Crows the like impartial grace affords, 1251
 And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds:
 Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
 Each has his district and his bounds decreed,
 Combin'd in common int'rest with his own, 1255
 But not to pass the Pigeons' Rubicon.

Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove, }
 All prophecies accomplish'd from above, }
 For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove. }
 Reduc'd from her imperial high abode, 1260
 Like Dionysius to a private rod,
 The passive church, that with pretended grace }
 Did her distinctive mark in duty place, }
 Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face. 1264 }

What after happen'd is not hard to guess, }
 The small beginnings had a large increase, [peace. }
 And arts and wealth succeed, the sacred spoils of }
 'Tis said the Doves repented, tho' too late
 Become the smiths of their own foolish fate;
 Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour, 1270
 But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in pow'r;
 Like snows in warmth, that mildly pass away,
 Dissolving in the silence of decay.

'The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
 Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race 1275
 To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
 And all together make a seeming goodly flight;

But each have sep'rate int'rests of their own;
Two czars are one too many for a throne:
Nor can th' usurper long abstain from food; 1280
Already he has tasted Pigeons' blood,
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord shall late to heav'n repair.
Bare bending times and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or, rent in schism, (for so their fate decrees) 1286
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress'd,
The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast.
Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end, 1290
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings, at the close
Seem'd to require her natural repose:
For now the streaky light began to peep,
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep. 1295
The Dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest
The peace of Heav'n, betook herself to rest.
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
With glorious visions of her future state! 1299

MACFLECNOE.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecnoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute, 5
Thro' all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest'd with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state; 10
And, pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, 15
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity:
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense. 20
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike thro', and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye, 25
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty;

Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology! 30
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung, 35
When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge, 40
And big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore 45
The Trebles squeak for fear, the Basses roar;
Echoes from Pissing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall!
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that flotes along. 50
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not e'en the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme,

Tho' they in number as in sense excel ; 55
 So just, so like tautology, they fell,
 That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
 The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more. }

Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for joy, 60
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy :
 All arguments, but most his plays, persuade
 That for anointed Dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
 (The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd) 65
 An ancient fabric, rais'd t' inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight ;
 A watch-tower once ; but now, so Fate ordains,
 Of all the pile an empty name remains :
 From its old ruins brothel-houses rise, 70
 Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
 Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
 And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep *.
 Near these a nursery erects its head,
 Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred, 75
 Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where infant punks their tender voices try †,
 And little Maximins the gods defy. }

* Parodies on these lines of Cowley, (*Davidis*, Book I.)
 Where their vast courts the mother-waters keep,
 And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.

† ————— Where unfledg'd tempests lie,
 And infant winds their tender voices try.

Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Johnson dares in socks appear ; 80
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds :
Pure clinches the suburban Muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecnoe, as a place to fame well known, 85
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne ;
For ancient Decker prophesy'd long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince, }
Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense,
To whom true Dulness should some Psysches owe, 90
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow ;
Humourists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Now Empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation thro' the Town. 95
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay ;
From dusty shops neglected authors come, 100
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way :
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard. 105

The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd ;
At his right hand our young Ascanius fate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state ;
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace, 110
And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his fire a mortal foe to Rome ;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true Dulness would maintain, 115
And in his father's right and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball, 120
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale ;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre and his rule of sway,
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung. 125
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if Fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook, 130
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took :
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.

The fire then shook the honours of his head,
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed 135
 Full on the filial Dulness: long he stood,
 Repelling from his breast the raging god,
 At length burst out in this prophetic mood. }

Heav'ns bless my son! from Ireland let him reign
 To far Barbadoes on the western main; 140
 Of his dominion may no end be known,
 And greater than his father's be his throne;
 Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen!—
 He paus'd, and all the people cry'd, Amen!
 Then thus continu'd he: My son, advance 145
 Still in new impudence, new ignorance:
 Success let others teach, learn thou from me
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
 Let virtuosos in five years be writ,
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit: 150
 Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
 Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
 Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
 And in their folly shew the writer's wit;
 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence, 155
 And justify their author's want of sense.
 Let them be all by thy own model made
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid,
 That they to future ages may be known,
 Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own. 160
 Nay, let thy men of wit, too, be the same,
 All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name;

But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose:
And when false flow'rs of rhet'ric thou wouldst cull,
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull; 166
But write thy best, and top; and in each line
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine;
Sir Formal, tho' unfought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill. 170
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Johnson's hostile name.
Let Father Flecnoe fire thy mind with praise,
And Uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Johnson has no part; 175
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain? 180
Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kifs my arse,
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'rege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd as oil and waters flow, 185
His always flotes above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd; 190

Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.

Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.

A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ, 195
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.

Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy Tragic Muse gives smiles, thy Comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive fatires never bite. 200

In thy felonious heart tho' venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.

Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.

Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land; 206

There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways:

Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute. 210

He said; but his last words were scarcely heard, }
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd, }
And down they sent the yet-declaining bard. }

Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind: 215

The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art. 217

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS :

FOR to whom can I dedicate this Poem with so much justice as to you ? It is the representation of your own hero ; it is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting : neither the landscape of your Tower, nor the Rising Sun, nor the *anno Domini* of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party, especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it : all his kings are bought up already ; or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist ; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had : yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true : and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula, though they have not seen the man, they can

help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us, in your Preface to the No-protestant Plot, that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty. I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderberg, as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men, who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, What right has any man among you, or any association of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in factionous clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you

judges in Israel? or how is it consistent with your zeal for the public welfare to promote sedition? Does your definition of Loyal, which is to serve the King according to the laws, allow you the license of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour, what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many. If you were the patriots you would seem, you would not, at this rate, incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's disposition or his practice, or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government, and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty; and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like; which, in effect, is every thing that is done by the King and council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when it is apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which

I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers, and to show you that I have, the Third Part of your No-protestant Plot is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called *The Growth of Popery*; as manifestly as Milton's *Defence of the English People* is from Buchanan, *De Jure Regni apud Scotas*; or your First Covenant, and New Association, from the Holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a Huguenot, murdered Francis Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza; or that it was a Huguenot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian, (for our church abhors so devilish a tent) who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate, which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former

and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that, in some cases, you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same Third Part of the No-protestant Plot, and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended Association you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the Papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship, but, in times of war, when they are hard-pressed by arguments, lie close intrenched behind the Council of Trent; so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose; for indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword. 'Tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth: but there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other; one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it, the other without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your

own jury. But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you would employ the same pens against it who have combated, with so much success, against Absalom and Achithophel; for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to wave the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed you are no free-born subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock, and welcome: let your verses run upon my feet; and, for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and, in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already: but, above all the rest, commend me to the Non-conformist parson who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying *help*, at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him

a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed, and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste-paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achithophel signify the Brother of a Fool, the author of that Poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin: and perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achithophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even Protestant socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a Protestant rhymers as a dissenter from the church of England a Protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of Profane and Saucy Jack, and Atheistic Scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him? by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your

cause from Genesis to the Revelations, and has half the text of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind : now, if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please ; for the short of it is, it is indifferent to your humble servant whatever your party says or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

Per Graium populos, medineque per Elidis urbem,
Ibat ovans, Divumque sibi poscebat honorem.

VIRG.

OF all our antic fights and pageantry,
Which English idiots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone,
A monster more the fav'rite of the Town
Than either fairs or theatres yet have shown. 5
Never did Art so well with Nature strive,
Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive;
So like the man, so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light:
One side is fill'd with title and with face, 10
And, lest the King should want a regal place,
On the reverse a tow'r the town surveys,
O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,
Letamur, which, in Polish, is Rejoice: 15
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd,
And a new canting holiday design'd.
Five days he sat, for every cast and look,
Four more than God to finish Adam took:
But who can tell what essence angels are, 20
Or how long Heav'n was making Lucifer?

O, could the style that copy'd ev'ry grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch face,
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill ! 25
A martial hero first, with early care,
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war ;
A beardless chief, a rebel ere a man,
So young his hatred to his prince began !
Next this, how wildly will ambition steer ! 30
A vermin wriggling in th' usurper's ear,
Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the faint-like mould ;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train. 35
But as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise :
There split the faint ; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope : 40
Saints must not trade, but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly principle was all the same,
But a gross cheat betrays his part'ner's game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slack ;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack ; 45
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay,
Whole droves of blockheads choking up his way :
They took, but not rewarded, his advice ;
Villain and wit exact a double price.

Pow'r was his aim ; but thrown from that pretence, }
 The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence, 51 }
 And malice reconcil'd him to his prince. }
 Him, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd,
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 Behold him now exalted into trust, 55
 His counsels oft' convenient, seldom just.
 E'en in the most sincere advice he gave,
 He had a grudging still to be a knave.
 The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years,
 Made him uneasy in his lawful gears; 60
 At best as little honest as he could,
 And, like white witches, mischievously good.
 To his first bias longingly he leans,
 And rather would be great by wicked means.
 Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold, 65
 Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold :
 From hence those tears, that illum of our woe,
 Who helps a pow'rful friend fore-arms a foe.
 What wonder if the waves prevail so far,
 When he cut down the banks that made the bar? 70
 Seas follow but their nature to invade,
 But he by art our native strength betray'd.
 So Samson to his foe his force confess'd,
 And to be shorn lay slum'bring on her breast;
 But when this fatal counsel, found too late, 75
 Expos'd its author to the public hate ;

When his just sov'reign, by no impious way,
 Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway;
 Forsaken of that hope he shifts his sail,
 Drives down the current with a pop'lar gale, 80 }
 And shews the fiend confess'd without a veil.
 He preaches to the crowd that pow'r is lent,
 But not convey'd, to kingly government;
 That claims successive bear no binding force;
 That coronation-oaths are things of course: 85
 Maintains the multitude can never err,
 And sets the people in the Papal chair.
 The reason's obvious, Int'rest never lies;
 The most have still their int'rest in their eyes; }
 The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wise. }
 Almighty Crowd! thou shorten'st all dispute, 91
 Pow'r is thy essence, wit thy attribute;
 Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
 'Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way!
 Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide, 95
 When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd;
 As righteously they did those dooms repent;
 Still they were wise whatever way they went:
 Crowds err not tho' to both extremes they run,
 To kill the father and recall the son. 100
 Some think the fools were most as times went then,
 But now the world's o'er-stock'd with prudent men.
 The common cry is e'en Religion's test;
 The Turk's is at Constantinople best;

Idols in India, Popery at Rome;
And our own worship only true at home :
And true, but for the time; 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God-a'mighties in their turns. 110
A tempting doctrine, plausible and new;
What fools our fathers were if this be true!
Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare;
And, that a lawful power might never cease, 115
Secur'd succession to secure our peace.
Thus property and sov'reign sway, at last,
In equal balances were justly cast;
But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse,
Instructs the beast to know his native force, 120
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue!
The lavish government can give no more, 125
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God tried us once; our rebel fathers fought;
He glutted 'em with all the pow'r they fought,
Till master'd by their own usurping brave,
The free-born subject sunk into a slave. 130
We lothe our manna, and we long for quails;
Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails!

How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill!
Proud of his pow'r, and boundless in his will!
That kings can do no wrong we must believe: 135
None can they do, and must they all receive?
Help, Heav'n! or sadly we shall see an hour
When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
Already they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of laws which they dispense; 140
No justice to their righteous cause allow'd,
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd;
And Medals grav'd, their conquest to record,
The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.

The man who laugh'd but once to see an ass 145
Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass,
Might laugh again to see a jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable law.
The witnesses that, leech-like, liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them was med'cinally good; 150
But when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore,
Then justice and religion they forswore;
Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are rais'd by factions and decry'd,
And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side. 155
They rack e'en Scripture to confess their cause,
And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd page,
It has been us'd as ill in every age;

And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take ; 160
 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?

Happy who can this talking trumpet seize,
 They make it speak whatever sense they please.

'Twas fram'd, at first, our oracle t' inquire, 164

But since our sects in prophesy grow higher, [spire. }

The text inspires not them, but they the text in- }

London! thou great emporium of our isle!

O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful, Nile!

How shall I praise or curse to thy desert,

Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part? 170

I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand;

Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;

Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,

Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.

Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee; 175

Thy nobler parts are from infection free:

Of Isr'el's tribes thou hast a num'rous band,

But still the Canaanite is in the land.

Thy military chiefs are brave and true,

Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few. 180

The head is loyal which thy heart commands,

But what's a head with two such gouty hands?

The wise and wealthy love the surest way,

And are content to thrive and to obey;

But Wisdom is to sloth too great a slave; 185

None are so busy as the fool and knave.

Those let me curse, what vengeance will they urge,
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge,
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heav'n, nor a forgiving King! 190
In gospel-phraze their chapmen they betray;
Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey:
The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
They boast e'en when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing, 195
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of ev'ry jarring sect;
They cheat the country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they'll be sure to make his cause their own. 200
Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan
Of murd'ring kings, or the French Puritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly pow'r would murder too.
What means their trait'rous combination less, 205
Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess?
But treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd;
Successful crimes alone are justify'd.
The men who no conspiracy would find,
Who doubts but, had it taken, they had join'd; 210
Join'd in a mutual cov'nant of defence,
At first without, at last against their prince.
If sov'reign right by sov'reign pow'r they scan,
The same bold maxim holds in God and man:

God were not safe, his thunder could they shun; 215
He should be fore'd to crown another son.

Thus when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich possession was the murd'ers' own.

In vain to sophistry they have recourse;

By proving theirs no plot, they prove 'tis worse,

Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force; 221

Which tho' not actual, yet all eyes may see

'Tis working, in th' immediate pow'r to be;

For from pretended grievances they rise,

First to dislike, and after to despise,

225

Then, Cyclop-like, in human flesh to deal,

Chop up a minister at every meal:

Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King,

But clip his regal rights within the ring;

From thence t' assume the pow'r of peace and war,

And ease him, by degrees, of public care:

231

Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,

He should have leave to exercise the name,

And hold the cards, while Commons play'd the game.

For what can pow'r give more than food and drink,

To live at ease, and not be bound to think?

236

These are the cooler methods of their crime,

But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;

On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,

And grin and whet like a Croatian band,

240

That waits impatient for the last command.

Thus outlaws open villany maintain;
 They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain;
 And if their pow'r the passengers subdue,
 The most have right, the wrong is in the few. 245
 Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
 For in some soils republics will not grow;
 Our temp'rate isle will no extremes sustain
 Of pop'lar sway or arbitrary reign,
 But slides between them both into the best, 250
 Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest:
 And tho' the climate, vex'd with various winds,
 Works thro' our yielding bodies on our minds,
 The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
 To recommend the calmness that succeeds. 255

But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
 O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts!
 Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,
 And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
 What curses on thy blasted name will fall! 260
 Which age to age their legacy shall call?
 For all must curse the woes that must descend on all.
 Religion thou hast none; thy Mercury
 Hast past thro' ev'ry sect, or theirs thro' thee;
 But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains, 265
 And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
 What else inspires the tongues and swells the breasts
 Of all thy bellowing renegado priests,

That preach up thee for God, dispense thy laws,
 And with thy stum ferment their fainting cause; 270
 Fresh fumes of madness raise, and toil and sweat
 To make the formidable cripple great?

Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless pow'r
 Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
 Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be; 275
 Thy god and theirs will never long agree:
 For thine (if thou hast any) must be one

That lets the world and human-kind alone;
 A jolly god, that passes hours too well
 To promise heav'n, or threaten us with hell; 280
 That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,
 And wink at crimes he did himself commit.

A tyrant theirs; the heav'n their priesthood paints
 A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints;
 A heav'n, like Bedlam, slovenly and sad, 285
 Foredoom'd for souls with false religion mad.

Without a vision poets can foreshow
 What all but fools by common sense may know.
 If true succession from our isle should fail,
 And crowds profane with impious arms prevail, 290
 Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,
 Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
 With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit age.
 The swelling poison of the sev'ral sects, 294
 Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
 Shall burst its bag; and, fighting out their way,
 The various venoms on each other prey.

The Presbyter, puffed up with sp'ritual pride,
 Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride,
 His brethren damn, the Civil pow'r defy, 300
 And parcel out republic Prelacy :
 But short shall be his reign ; his rigid yoke
 And tyrant pow'r will puny sects provoke,
 And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train, 304
 Will croak to Heav'n for help from this devouring crane.
 The cut-throat Sword and clam'rous Gown shall jar
 In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war :
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend,
 Lords envy lords, and friends with ev'ry friend
 About their impious merit shall contend. 310
 The surly Commons shall respect deny,
 And jostle Peerage out with property :
 Their Gen'ral either shall his trust betray :
 And force the crowd to arbitrary sway,
 Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim, 315
 In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame,
 And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.

Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
 Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
 Till halting Vengeance overtook our age ; 320
 And our wild labours, wearied into rest,
 Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

-----Pudet haec opprobria vobis
 Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:
OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE,
IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero fate
On his imperial throne : 5
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais by his side
State like a blooming Eastern bride, 10
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair. 15

CHORUS.

" Happy, happy, happy pair!
" None but the brave,
" None but the brave,
" None but the brave deserves the fair."

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high 20
Amid the tuneful quire,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove, 25
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia prest, 30
 And while he fought her snowy breast;
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound; [world.
 A present Deity! they shoot around; 35
 A present Deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears;
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod, 40
 And seems to shake the spheres,

CHORUS.

“ With ravish'd ears
 “ The monarch hears;
 “ Assumes the god,
 “ Affects to nod, 45
 “ And seems to shake the spheres.”

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
 Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:

The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums : 50
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face.
 Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he comes!
 Bacchus! ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain; 55
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain. 60

CHORUS.

" Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
 " Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 " Rich the treasure,
 " Sweet the pleasure;
 " Sweet is pleasure after pain." 65

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound the King grew vain,
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 The master saw the madness rise, [the slain.
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes, 70
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius, great and good ! 75
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood ;
Deserted at his utmost need 80
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor fate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul 85
The various turns of chance below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

" Revolving in his alter'd soul
" The various turns of chance below ; 90
" And now and then a sigh he stole,
" And tears began to flow."

V.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move, 95
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble ; 100

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee ; 105
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause :
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
 The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair 110
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast. 115

CHORUS.

" The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 " Gaz'd on the fair
 " Who caus'd his care,
 " And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 " Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again. 120
 " At length, with love and wine at once oppress,
 " The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast."

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder, 125
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And, amaz'd, he stares around. 130

Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes! 135

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain : 140
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods! 145
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy. 150

CHORUS.

" And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
" Thais led the way,
" To light him to his prey,
" And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy."

VII.

Thus long ago, 155
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire. 160
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds, 165
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down. 170

GRAND CHORUS.

" At last divine Cecilia came,
 " Inventress of the vocal frame;
 " The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 " Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 " And added length to solemn sounds, 175
 " With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown be-
 " Let old Timotheus yield the prize, [fore.
 " Or both divide the crown;
 " He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 " She drew an angel down." 180

THE SECULAR MASK.

Enter JANUS.

JAN. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace;
An hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.

Behold, behold, the goal in sight, 5
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

*Enter CHRONOS, with a scythe in his hand, and a globe on
his back; which he sets down at his entrance.*

CHRO. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.

I could not bear 10
Another year
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS laughing.

MOM. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back, 15
The world was a fool e'er since it begun;
And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry. 20

CHO. *of all three.*] "'Tis better to laugh than to cry."

JAN. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
 Old Time begin the show,
 That he may see, in ev'ry scene,
 What changes in this age have been. 25

CHRO. Then, goddess of the silver bow, begin.

[*Horns, or hunting music within.*]

Enter DIANA.

DIA. With horns and with hounds I waken the day,
 And hie to the woodland-walks away ;
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon ; 30
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chace the wild goats o'er summits of rocks ;
 With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
 And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

CHO. of all.] " With shouting and hooting we pierce

" thro' the sky, 35

" And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry."

JAN. Then our age was in its prime ;

CHRO. Free from rage,

DIA. ——— And free from crime.

MOM. A very merry, dancing, drinking, 40
 Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

CHO. of all.] " Then our age was in its prime ;

" Free from rage, and free from crime.

" A very merry, dancing, drinking,

" Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time." 45

[*Dance of* DIANA's attendants.]

Enter MARS.

MARS. Inspire the vocal brags, inspire ;
The world is past its infant age :
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire, 50
And kindle manly rage.

Mars has look'd the sky to red,
And Peace, the lazy god, is fled.
Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly ;
The sprightly green 55

In woodland-walks no more is seen ;
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

CHO. *of all*] " Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly ;
" The sprightly green
" In woodland-walks no more is seen ; 60
" The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye."

MARS. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum ;
Thro' all the world around
Sound a reveille, found, found ;
The warrior god is come. 65

CHO. *of all*] " Sound the trumpet, beat the drum ;
" Thro' all the world around
" Sound a reveille, found, found ;
" The warrior god is come."

MOM. Thy sword within the scabbard keep, 70
And let mankind agree ;
Better the world were fast asleep
Than kept awake by thee.

The fools are only thinner,
 With all our cost and care,
 But neither side a winner,
 For things are as they were.

75

CHO. *of all.*] "The fools are only thinner,
 "With all our cost and care,
 "But neither side a winner,
 "For things are as they were."

80

Enter VENUS.

VEN. Calms appear when storms are past;
 Love will have his hour at last:
 Nature is my kindly care;
 Mars destroys, and I repair.
 Take me, take me, while you may,
 Venus comes not ev'ry day.

85

CHO. *of all.*] "Take her, take her, while you may,
 "Venus comes not ev'ry day."

CHRO. The world was then so light,
 I scarcely felt the weight;
 Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night:
 But since the Queen of Pleasure left the ground,
 I faint, I lag,
 And feebly drag
 The pond'rous orb around.

90

95

MOM. All, all of a piece throughout;
Pointing to Diana.] Thy chase had a beast in view;
To Mars.] Thy wars brought nothing about;
To Venus.] Thy lovers were all untrue.

100

JAN. 'Tis well an old age is out,

CHRO. And time to begin a new.

CHO. *of all.*] "All, all of a piece throughout;

"Thy chase had a beast in view;

"Thy wars brought nothing about; 105

"Thy lovers were all untrue.

"'Tis well an old age is out,

"And time to begin a new." 108

Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

IN that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When Life and Sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the Ark did fill;
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it false and slipp'ry ground; 6
And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,
Till new-born Nature in fresh looks appear'd.
Thus, Royal Sir, to see you landed here,
Was cause enough of triumph for a year : 10
Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be secure and great ;
Till your kind beams, by their continu'd stay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
Such vapours while your pow'rful influence dries, 15
Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd :
But this untainted year is all your own ;
Your glories may without our crimes be shown. 20
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refresh'd our joys by adding more :
As Heav'n, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us new.

Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight, 25
 The season, too, comes fraught with new delight :
 Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
 Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop :
 Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy Spring,
 And open'd scenes of flow'rs and blossoms bring 30
 To grace this happy day, while you appear
 Not king of us alone, but of the year.
 All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart ;
 Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part.
 Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim, 35
 And heav'n this day is feasted with your name.
 Your cavalcade the fair spectators view
 From their high standings, yet look up to you.
 From your brave train each singles out a prey,
 And longs to date a conquest from your day. 40
 Now charg'd with blessings, while you seek repose,
 Officious Slumbers haste your eyes to close ;
 And glorious Dreams stand ready to restore
 The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
 Next, to the sacred temple you are led, 45
 Where waits a crown for your more sacred head :
 How justly from the Church that crown is due,
 Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd, by you !
 The grateful choir their harmony employ,
 Not to make greater, but more solemn joy. 50
 Wrapt soft and warm, your name is sent on high,
 As flames do on the wings of incense fly :

Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
 Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings :
 Her melting strains in you a tomb have found, 55
 And lie, like bees, in their own sweetness drown'd.
 He that brought peace all discord could atone,
 His name is music of itself alone.
 Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,
 And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread 60
 Thro' the large dome, the people's joyful sound,
 Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground,
 Which in one blessing mix'd descends on you,
 As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.
 Not that our wishes do increase your store, 65
 Full of yourself, you can admit no more :
 We add not to your glory, but employ
 Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.
 Nor is it duty, or our hopes, alone
 Create that joy, but full fruition : 70
 We know those blessings which we must possess,
 And judge of future by past happiness.
 No promise can oblige a prince so much
 Still to be good, as long to have been such.
 A noble emulation heats your breast, 75
 And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
 Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
 As bodies nourish with resembling food.
 You have already quench'd Sedition's brand,
 And Zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land. 80

'The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause
 So far from their own will as to the laws,
 You for their umpire and their synod take,
 And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.
 Kind Heav'n so rare a temper did provide, 85
 That Guilt repenting might in it confide.
 Among our crimes oblivion may be set ;
 But 'tis our King's perfection to forget.
 Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes
 From milder heav'ns you bring, without their crimes.
 Your calmness does no after-storms provide, 91
 Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
 When empire first from families did spring,
 Then every father govern'd as a king ;
 But you, that are a sov'reign prince, allay 95
 Imperial power with your paternal sway.
 From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,
 Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends :
 Born to command the mistress of the seas,
 Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire please.
 Hither in summer ev'nings you repair 101
 To take the *fraicheur* of the purer air :
 Undaunted here you ride, when Winter raves,
 With Cæsar's heart, that rose above the waves.
 More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays ; 105
 No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
 In stately frigates most delight you find,
 Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind ;

What to your cares we owe is learn'd from hence,
 When ev'n your pleasures serve for our defence. 110
 Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
 Where in new depths the wond'ring fishes glide :
 Here in a royal bed the waters sleep;
 When tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep.
 Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects, 115
 So safe are all things which our King protects.
 From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,
 Second alone to that it brought in you ;
 A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by Fate,
 The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait. 120
 It was your love before made discord cease ;
 Your love is destin'd to your country's peace.
 Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
 With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
 This to a mighty King presents rich ore, 125
 While that with incense does a god implore.
 Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you chuse,
 This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
 Thus from your Royal Oak, like Jove's of old,
 Are answers sought, and destinies foretold ; 130
 Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
 And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
 Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
 Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate ;
 Chuse only, Sir, that so they may possess,
 With their own peace, their children's happiness. 136

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