

D.r WILLIAM KING.

Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand, London Dec.r 22.d 17[illegible]

BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



KING VOL. I.

Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand, London, Dec.r 24th. 1781.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. WILLIAM KING.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I ſing the various chances of the world,
Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no ſcheme or method that I go,
But paint in verſe my notions as they flow;
With heat the wanton images purſue,
Fond of the old, yet ſtill creating new;
Fancy myſelf in ſome ſecure retreat,
Reſolve to be content, and ſo be great.

KING.

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. WILLIAM KING.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ART OF COOKERY, IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY,

ART OF LOVE, IN IMITATION OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE,

&c. &c. &c.

Read here in softeſt ſounds the ſweeteſt ſatire;
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good nature.
An Engliſh Ovid, from his birth he ſeems
Inſpir'd alike with ſtrong poetick dreams:
The Roman rants of heroes, gods, and Jove;
The Briton purely paints The Art of Love.

ANONYM.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

DR. WILLIAM KING.

THIS ingenious and humorous Poet was ſon of Ezekiel King of London, in which city he was born about the year 1663. He was bred with the ſtricteſt care from his infancy, and as ſoon as he became fit for it was put under the care of Dr. Buſby at Weſtminſter ſchool, where being choſen King's Scholar, his natural good talents received all thoſe improvements from cultivation that might be expected from ſo admirable a maſter. He was afterwards elected to Chriſt-church College in Oxford, and admitted a ſtudent there on Michaelmas term 1681, at the age of eighteen years. With this ſituation he was particularly pleaſed, and made uſe of the advantages it gave him. He had a ſtrong propenſity to letters, and of thoſe valuable treaſures he daily increaſed his ſtock; but being well deſcended, and becoming early poſſeſſed of an eaſy fortune *, he indulged his genius and

* The author of ſome Account of his Life obſerves that he was allied to the noble families of Clarendon and Rocheſter; and ſeveral paſſages of his life mentioned in the courſe of this Memoir confirms it. The Doctor himſelf having occaſion to ſpeak of ſome fine pictures of Paulo Veroneſe, in the poſſeſſion afterwards of Lord Harcourt, calls him his Couſin; and among his Hints for making a collection of books, manuſcripts, &c. which might tend to the honour of the Britiſh name, he propoſes an inquiry to be made what lives of merchants and

inclination in the choice method of his ſtudies, ranging freely and at large through the pleaſant fields of polite literature; and being raviſhed with the ſweet purſuit he proſecuted it with incredible diligence and aſſiduity.

It appeared from his looſe papers, termed by him *Adverſaria*, that before he was eight years ſtanding in the univerſity he had read over and made Reflections on twenty-two thouſand and odd hundred books and manuſcripts, a few of which we ſhall give below†

citizens of eminency have been wrote. "It is a pity, continues he, "if none or few are found. Whether there is not a life wrote "of my grandfather La Motte: he was a merchant of note." With regard to his fortune, we are informed in the Account of his Life, that he enjoyed a pretty paternal eſtate in Middleſex and elſewhere; and our Author himſelf occaſionally mentions his eſtates in Northampton and Leiceſterſhire. The paſſage is in his Animadverſions on Lord Moleſworth's Account of Denmark, which becauſe it will furniſh no unfit ſpecimen of the taſte and manner of that piece, we ſhall preſent our readers with it as follows. In anſwer to ſome of his Lordſhip's remarks on the poor diet in Denmark he writes thus: "Their peaſants "live as plentifully as in other countries; they have good "fleſh and ſalt fiſh, white meats, roots, &c.; but what ſignifies all this (according to our Author, p. 11.) ſince neceſſary freſh fiſh is wanting? I could heartily condole their condition if my tenants in Northampton and Leiceſterſhire "would not take exception; for if they found me once ſo indulgent to the peaſants of another nation, they would certainly expect a double barrel of Colcheſter oyſters by the "next carrier; and without a cod's head, ſmelts, or turbot, "I might even go to plough myſelf for Hodge and Sawney."

† *Diogenes Laertius, book* I. "Thales being aſked how a

as a ſpecimen, in order to let the reader into the humour and taſte of our Author.

" man might moſt eaſily brook misfortunes? anſwered, " if he " ſaw his enemies in a worſe condition." It is not agreed con- " cerning the Wiſe Men, or whether indeed they were Seven. " Solon ordained that the guardians of orphans ſhould not " cohabit with their mothers, and that no perſon ſhould be a " guardian to thoſe whoſe eſtate deſcended upon them at the " orphan's deceaſe; that no ſealgraver ſhould keep the ſeal " of a ring that was ſold; that if any man put out the eye of " him who had but one he ſhould loſe both his own; that " where a man never planted it ſhould be death to take " away; that it ſhould be death for a man to be taken in " drink. Solon's letters, at the end of his life in Laertius, give " us a truer idea of the man than all he has written before, " and are indeed very fine. Solon's to Croeſus are very gen- " teel; and Pittacus's, on the other ſide, as rude and philoſo- " phical: however, both ſhew Croeſus to have been a very " great man.—Anacharſis has an epiſtle to Croeſus to thank " him for his invitation; and Periander one to all the Wiſe " Men to invite them to Corinth to him after their return from " Lydia.—Epimenides has an epiſtle to Solon to invite him " to Crete under the tyranny of Piſiſtratus. Epimenides often " pretended that he roſe from death to life.—Socrates is ſaid " to have aſſiſted Euripides in his tragedies. He was a great " champion of democracy, and extols pleaſure as the beſt " thing a man could enjoy, as Xenophon witneſſes in his Sym- " poſium.—Xenophon was modeſt to exceſs, and the moſt " lovely perſon living.—Bion uſed to ſay it was more eaſy to " determine differences between enemies than friends; for " that of two friends one would become an enemy, but of " two enemies one would become a friend.—Ariſtippus was " a man of a ſoft temper, and could comply with all perſons, " places, and ſeaſons. He could enjoy and ſcorn pleaſure if " too expenſive to his way of living. He ſaid pleaſure was no " crime, but it was a crime for a man to be a ſlave to his " pleaſure. We can have no true character of him from his

He took his first degree in arts December 8th 1685, and thence proceeded regularly to that of Ma-

" life in Laertius, for it is certain he was an exact courtier, and " the rest of the philosophers, the Grecians, were generally " averse to him because he could endure to live in the court " of Dionysius, whereas they were all for a democracy, and " could not endure to see a Greek complaisant to a monarch, " being a thing, as they thought, below the dignity of his " birth. Pleasure was the thing he sought after; and the He- " gesiacks, his followers, tell us there was nothing either plea- " sant or unpleasant by nature; but that through scarcity, " novelty, and satiety, some things were delightful, others " distasteful; that wealth and poverty had no relation to plea- " sure, for that the pleasures of the rich and the pleasures of " the poor were still the same. They were of opinion that the " transgressions of men were to be pardoned, for that no man " committed a voluntary sin but by the impulse of some na- " tural passion or other; that a man ought to propose to him- " self, as his chiefest end, to live a life freest from trouble and " pain, which happens to them who are not over eager in the " chase and pursuit of pleasure. See in the life of Aristippus " the notion of the Cyreniacks about friendship, and how they " show the pleasure that is in it.—Theodorus the Atheist de- " nied friendship, as neither appearing really in fools nor " wise men; for in the first as soon as the benefit ceases the " friendship dies; and wise men trust so much to their own " abilities that they stand in need of none.—Laertius has " made verses on most of the philosophers which are very " dull.—The Phrygians profuse in their tempers.—Menede- " mus, when a stupid fellow talked impertinently to him, " said, " Hast thou any lands?" The fellow answered, " Yes; " several farms." " Go, then," said he, " and look after " them, lest thou lose thy wealth, and come to be a poor fool." " Timon, an inveterate enemy to the Academick philosophers, " has written a satire upon them all.—There is a very fine " ode of Aristotle's in Diogenes Laertius concerning virtue and

per July 6th in the year of the Revolution, and the ſame year commenced author. He had the happineſs of being endued with a religious turn of mind †,

" friendſhip which wants to be tranſlated from the Greek.—" Diogenes's ſayings are moſt of them puns. He ſaid oppo-" ſition was the ſtudy of his whole life.—Hypparchia, a wo-" man of a good birth and fortune, fell in love with Crates " the naſty Cynick, and would needs marry him, and live after " his faſhion. Crates made her brother become his auditor by " letting a f—. Theſe Cynicks were naſty brutes.--The logick " of the Stoicks ſeems to me, as far as I can make any thing " of Laertius, to be nothing but words. They held ſelfpre-" ſervation to be the firſt of all deſires infuſed into all crea-" tures.—Erillus maintained there were things indifferent " between virtue and vice."—From theſe Obſervations on Laertius the reader will be able to form a judgment of others. We need not take notice that this method of making remarks upon the authors he read is very far from being peculiar to the Doctor; it is the general way of every ſtudent; but nothing diſcovers the taſte and temper of his genius more than the turn and nature of his Adverſaria: it is theſe that ſhew how freely the Doctor ranged in the fields of polite learning, as well as what ſort of flowers pleaſed his fancy moſt. None of the humorous kind ſeem to have eſcaped his notice, eſpecially if dreſſed up in verſe, of which the following may ſerve for a ſpecimen:

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor ſobriety ſad,
For of that they are ſeldom in danger:
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they 're at home:
The good fellow is no where a ſtranger.

† This was ſo much his diſpoſition, that he would never enter upon any buſineſs of the day till he had performed his devotions, and read ſeveral portions of Scripture out of the Pſalms, the Prophets, and the New Teſtament, on which he would often make his remarks, taking a freſh piece of paper

which being joined to the warmeſt regard for the honour of his country †, prompted him to reſcue the

every morning in his hands, on which he always begun with Σὺν Θεῷ, *By God's permiſſion;* and this paper he kept at hand all day, to write down whatever occurred to his mind or pleaſed his fancy; theſe he called Hints, which he could refer to at pleaſure: accordingly we find ſeveral of theſe upon the ſubject of religion and the church, as well as virtue and morality. Such, for inſtance, are theſe: "The ſecond of "Eſdras ſeems to me full of tautologies and childiſh inſtances of God's power and explanation of his ſecret deſigns. "Chryſoſtome ſpeaks expreſsly of Jeſus Chriſt.—See Bartolus "Agricola de Advocato. Having taught the advocate to be "a good man, he proceeds to make him a good Chriſtian.— "There is ſuch an air of piety runs through all Hackluit's "diſcoveries that makes it ſeem as if that alone made them "ſucceſsful. What ſignified all the Buccaneers' proſperity "without virtue? to what authority did all their wars and "conqueſts bring them but to make one another rich and vicious?"

† In this ſpirit, at the head of a very large number of his Adverſaria we find "Criticiſms and remarks in poetry, &c. "as might tend to the honour of the Britiſh name and literature." To encourage a collection of this kind our Author recommends a prodigious number of obſervations on books, manuſcripts, and what elſe he had met with to promote the ſaid work. Theſe obſervations fill up above twenty pages in octavo, and are moſt of them exceeding curious. The great number of the valuable ſmaller poetical pieces referred to and mentioned in them are a conſpicuous proof of our Author's judgment as well as diligence. Among other rare pieces he mentions the Polemo Middiano, a Macaronick poem by Drummond of Hawthornden, which, as he intimates, was publiſhed by Dr. Gibſon, late Biſhop of London. He takes notice alſo of the Biſhop of Litchfield's Technical verſes for Chronology as a ſtupendous work, comprehending that learning through many

character and name of Wicliffe, our firſt reformer, from the calumnies of Monſ. Varillas: the thing had been publickly requeſted alſo as a proper undertaking for ſuch as were at leiſure and would take the trouble. Mr. King therefore deeming himſelf to be thus called forth to the charge, readily entered the liſts, and with a proper mixture of wit and learning handſomely expoſed the blunders of that French

ages ſo ſhort, that nothing can be a greater inſtance *memoriam in artem poſſe redire.* In the ſame view having afterwards mentioned the technical verſes uſually found in the little manuals of logick, he ſays it were to be wiſhed that the memorial verſes in all ſciences were collected together and printed; and his judgment in this particular has been confirmed, and the deſign here hinted actually put into execution by the learned Dr. Richard Gray, in his Memoria Technica, or Art of Memory. Our Poet is particularly inquiſitive after many pieces of the author of Hudibras. "If that author," ſays he, "has "left any Latin behind him it would be the beſt in that kind: "his thoughts are ſo juſt, his images ſo lively, ſuch a deep in- "ſight into the nature of mankind, and the humour of thoſe "times, that no true hiſtory could be wrote without ſtudy- "ing that author. It is pity," continues he, "that the fineſt "of our Engliſh poets, eſpecially the divine Shakeſpeare, had "not communicated their beauties to the world ſo as to be "underſtood in Latin, whereby foreigners have ſuſtained ſo "great a loſs to this day, when all of them were inexcuſable "but the moſt inimitable Shakeſpeare. I am ſo far from be- "ing envious and deſirous to keep thoſe treaſures to our- "ſelves, that I could wiſh all our moſt excellent poets tranſ- "lated into Latin that are not ſo already." Accordingly this hint of the Doctor's was not loſt; among other things we have ſince ſeen not only a Latin tranſlation of Prior's Solomon, but even of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, excellently performed in verſe by Mr. Dobſon, Fellow of New College, Oxford.

author in a piece entitled Reflections upon Mr. Varillas his History of Heresy, book I. tome I. as far as relates to English Matters, more especially those of Wicliffe, London 1688 †.

† Mr. Varillas had entitled his book *Histoire des Revolutions arrivees en Europe en Matiere de Religion*, Paris, 6 volumes 4to, 1636, and again in 1687, 12mo. It begins with the year 1374, and ends in 1650. Dr. King made use of the Amsterdam edition, not being able to procure that of Paris. At the head of the first volume Varillas had put the following advertisement: "In composing this work I have taken my materials indifferently from Catholick and Protestant writers, citing these last in their own words, as often as I found them ingenuous enough not to suppress or disguise the most important truths; and it is through their own fault that I have been obliged to have recourse to the Catholicks." In like manner Mr. King prefixed an advertisement, wherein he declares "that he was willing to contribute his share in exposing Mr. Varillas's mistakes concerning Wicliffe, having formerly laid together some observations conducing to such a design. Mr. Larroque had, it is true, gone before him in the attempt, but that ingenious gentleman was not well advised to meddle in a strange country, till time had instructed him more fully in the constitutions and language of it. That he (Mr. King) has given Mr. Varillas all the law imaginable, having made no advantage of mistakes which with any reason could be charged upon the printer, and has contradicted nothing without express proof on his side, and in things highly improbable, which seem to have no foundation in history: unless he can confront them with positive and authentick testimonies he lets the author alone, and suffers the boldness of the assertion to be its own security." In the Reflections he observes that "the enemies of the Reformation, as they seem resolved never to leave off writing controversies, and being confuted by our divines, so they are not wanting upon occasion to turn their style, and furnish out matter of triumph

About this time having fixed on the Civil Law for his profeſſion, he entered upon that line in the

" to our hiſtorians. Saunders and Cauſſin heretofore, and of " late Mr. Maimbourg and Monſ. Varillas, have thought them- " ſelves qualified for this employment. Among the reſt," continues he, " Mr. Varillas has uſed his pen with ſuch a partial " extravagance, and with ſo little regard to modeſty and " truth, that he has not only provoked the learned of the re- " formed profeſſion to chaſtiſe his impudence in their publick " writings, but has alſo drawn upon him the ſcorn and indig- " nation of ſeveral gentlemen of his own communion, who, " in a ſenſe of honour and common ingenuity, have taken " ſome pains to lay open the ſmooth impoſture. Mr. Hoſier, " Genealogiſt to the King of France, in his Epiſtle declares " himſelf to have diſcovered in him above four thouſand er- " rours. Pere Bohours in a diſcourſe of his makes it his buſi- " neſs to expoſe him. Even his old friend Mr. Dryden ſeems " to have forſaken him, and gone over to his adverſary Bo- " hours, from whoſe original he is now tranſlating the life of " St. Xavier. To be free, there is almoſt as many faults in " every ſingle page of Mr. Varillas as in a printer's table of " Errata: and if the Archbiſhop of Paris would do his duty, " he would find himſelf bound to put a holy cenſure upon " his penſioner; and as he was lately very forward to compel " thoſe of the reformed religion to a recantation of their " faith, ſo he ought here to oblige Mr. Varillas to an abjura- " tion of his hiſtory." We muſt not omit, in juſtice however to Varillas, to obſerve, that as to the matter of this penſion he abſolutely denied it. It is true Le Long tells us that he was offered ſuch by ſeveral French noblemen as well as foreigners, which he always refuſed; and particularly the States of Holland offered him one in 1669, to engage him to write their hiſtory; but he alſo refuſed this by the advice of Mr. Pompone: he accepted that only of the clergy of France, which Mr. de Harlai, Archbiſhop of Paris, had procured for him. But

univerſity, and at the regular time took his Doctor's degree therein, which qualifying him to plead in the courts of the Civil and Eccleſiaſtical law, he was admitted an Advocate, and reſiding at Doctors Commons ſoon grew into conſiderable repute, and had great practice as a Civilian. In the interim Lord Moleſworth publiſhing his Account of Denmark in 1692, our Author took up his pen once more in his country's cauſe, the honour of which was thought to be blemiſhed by that Account. Animated with this ſpirit he drew up a cenſure of it, which he printed under the title of Animadverſions upon the pretended Account of Denmark †. This was publiſhed in 1694,

Varillas contradicts this, and in his Anſwer to Biſhop Burnet ſays that he "never accepted the penſion which Mr. Harlai "had obtained for him from the clergy of France in 1670, nor "yet that which he procured of the King for him, charged "upon the Abbey of La Victoire, in 1672; and that all that "he received by the Archbiſhop's means was a preſent from "the aſſembly of the clergy in 1670, and a gratuity from the "King of two thouſand livres in 1685." However that be, our Author having obſerved that theſe Reflections on Varillas's Account of Wicliffe contain ſome memoirs of that great man, who was as it were the morning ſtar of the Reformation, proceeds thus: "It were to be wiſhed," ſays he, "that "from the many volumes of his works ſtill remaining a hi-"ſtory of Religion of that time were compoſed, which would "give great light into the affairs of England."

† Our Author acquaints us that theſe Animadverſions were wrote at the requeſt of the Rev. Mr. Brink, Miniſter of the Daniſh church in London, a perſon whoſe merit, travels, and

and was ſo much approved by Prince George, conſort to the Princeſs (afterwards Queen) Anne, that the

knowledge of the world, had deſervedly gained him the favour of the then preſent King of Denmark, upon whom he was an attendant at Veniçe; that from him, aſſiſted by his Excellency Mr. Scheel, who reſided here as Envoy Extraordinary, he had the memoirs which compoſed thoſe papers, which had the honour not to be unacceptable to his Royal Highneſs Prince George; and when ſent to Denmark were by the late king's order turned into French, and read to him as faſt as they could be tranſlated; that he had ſeen two editions of them, one in Holland and another in Germany; that he ſhould be ungrateful if he did not acknowledge the great honour which the univerſity of Copenhagen did him in a letter under the ſeal of that learned and flouriſhing body; that he took it as one of his greateſt happineſſes that by the means of his acquaintance with Mr. Brink he had accompanied him to his Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury and the Lord Biſhop of London, with letters from the Biſhop of Copenhagen, teſtifying the reſpect he had for their Lordſhips, and his juſt regard and veneration for the church of England. "As "to the matters of fact laid down in theſe papers," ſays he, "I am no farther accountable, but believe none of them can "be contradicted." The book has a great many curious remarks upon the Daniſh conſtitution both in church and ſtate, one of which we ſhall mention as follows: "It is a general "miſtake," he obſerves, "in England, to call the notion of "the Lutheran Proteſtants concerning the ſacrament Conſub-"ſtantiation, for no ſuch word is uſed amongſt them. Their "notion amounts to this, that they believe ſtedfaſtly a real "and true preſence of the body and blood of Chriſt in the ſa-"crament in a manner ineffable, which our Saviour himſelf "is beſt able both to know and do; whereas Conſubſtantia-"tion would imply ſomething more natural and material."

Doctor was appointed Secretary to her Royal Highneſs the ſame year.

In 1697 attacked by Dr. Bentley, he took a ſhare with his fellow collegians at Chriſt-church in the diſpute againſt that learned Doctor about the genuineneſs of Phalaris's Greek Epiſtles. His zeal for the honour of his college glows with a ſingular warmth in this controverſy †.

† We have two letters of our Author which ſhew how he came to enter into this diſpute: they are addreſſed to the Hon. Charles Boyle, Eſq. who had applied to him for an account of what paſſed between Mr. Bennet the bookſeller and Dr. Bentley concerning the MS. of Phalaris's Epiſtles; in anſwer to which he ſays, that among other things the Doctor declared "that if the MS. was collated it would be worth "nothing for the future; and that his whole diſcourſe was "managed with much inſolence." This letter is dated Doctors Commons, October 13th 1697, and was written in Dr. Bentley's Diſſertation on the Epiſtles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æſop, then juſt publiſhed: in which piece our Author finding himſelf treated with ſome contempt addreſſed another letter to Mr. Boyle in the following terms: "Give me leave, Sir, to "tell you a ſecret, that I have ſpent a whole day upon Dr. "Bentley's late volume of ſcandal and criticiſm, for every one "mayn't judge it for his credit to be ſo employed. He thinks "meanly I find of my reading; as meanly I think of his "ſenſe, his modeſty, or his manners: and yet for all that I "dare ſay I have read more than any man in England beſides "him and me; for I have read his book all over.—If you have "looked into it, Sir, you have found that a perſon under the "pretence of criticiſm may take what freedom he pleaſes "with the reputation and credit of any gentleman, and that "he need not have any regard to another man's character

The following year came out his humorous piece entitled A Journey to London in the Year 1698, af-

" who has once reſolved to expoſe his own. It was my miſ-
" fortune once in my life to be in the ſame place with Dr.
" Bentley, and a witneſs to a great deal of his rude and ſcur-
" rilous language, which he was ſo liberal of as to throw out
" at random in a publick ſhop, and is ſo ſilly now as to call it
" eaveſdropping in me, becauſe he was ſo noiſy and I was
" ſo near that I could not help hearing him.—You deſired
" me at ſome years diſtance to recollect what paſſed at that
" meeting, and I obeyed your commands. Shall I reckon it an
" advantage that Dr. Bentley, who diſputes the other teſti-
" monies, falls in entirely with mine? I would, if I were not
" apprehenſive, on that very account, it might be one ſtep
" farther from being credited. However, ſuch is his ſpite to
" me that he confirms the truth of all I told you; for the only
" particular I could call to mind he grants with ſome ſlight
" difference in the expreſſion; and as to the general account
" I gave of his rudeneſs and inſolence he denies it indeed, but
" in ſo rude and inſolent a manner that there is no occaſion
" for me to juſtify myſelf on that head. I had declared, it
" ſeems, that he ſaid " The MS. of Phalaris would be worth
" nothing if it were collated." He ſets me right, and avers
" the expreſſion was, that " after the various lections were
" once taken and printed the MS. would be like a ſqueezed
" orange, and little worth for the future." The ſimilitude of
" a ſqueezed orange is indeed a conſiderable circumſtance
" which I had forgot, as I doubtleſs did ſeveral others: but
" for all that I remember the general drift and manner of his
" diſcourſe as well as if all the particular expreſſions were
" preſent to me; juſt as I know his laſt book to be a diſinge-
" nuous, vain, confuſed, unmannerly, performance, though to
" my happineſs hardly any of his awkward jeſts or impertinent
" quotations ſtick by me.—I had owned it to be my opinion
" that " a MS. was worth nothing unleſs it were collated."

ter the ingenious Method of that made by Dr. Martin L—— [Liſter] the ſame year; which he deſigned as a vindication of his country, in the view of ſhewing Britain as much preferable to France as wealth, plenty, and liberty, are beyond tortoiſes' hearts, champignons, and moroglios; or the raiſing

"The Doctor cunningly diſtinguiſhes upon me, and ſays "it "is worth nothing indeed to the reſt of the world, but it is "better for the world if a price were to be ſet upon it." I beg "his pardon for my miſtake; I thought we were talking of "books in the way of ſcholars, whereas he anſwers me like a "bookſeller, and as if he dealt in MS. inſtead of reading them. "For my part, I meaſure the value of theſe kind of things "from the advantage the publick may receive from them, "and not from the profit they are likely to bring to a private "owner; and therefore I have the ſame opinion of the Alex-"andrian MS. (which he ſays he keeps in his lodgings) now "as I ſhould have had before the editors of the Engliſh Poly-"glot publiſhed the collation of it, though it may not per-"haps bear up to the ſame price in St. Paul's Churchyard or "an auction: but I hope if it be ſafely kept it need never come "to the experiment.—As to the particular reflections he has "caſt upon me it is no more than I expected; I could neither "hope nor wiſh for better treatment from one that had uſed "you ill. It is reputable both to men and books to be ill ſpoken "of by him, and a favourable preſumption on their ſide that "there is ſomething in both which may chance to recom-"mend them to the world. It is in the power of every little "creature to throw dirty language, but a man muſt have "ſome credit himſelf in the world before things he ſays "can leſſen the reputation of another: and if Dr. Bentley "muſt be thus qualified in order to miſchief me, I am ſafe "from all the harm his malice can do me. I am, &c."—

of two millions and two hundred thouſand pounds in a few hours is preferable to any coins of Zenobia, Odenatus, and Vabaluthus. This was a ſpecimen of that particular humour in which he excelled, and the charms of which proved irreſiſtible; whence giving way to that *fuga negotii* ſo incident to the poetical race, he paſſed his days in the purſuit of the ſame raviſhing images, which being aptly moulded came abroad in manuſcript in the form of pleaſant tales, and other pieces in verſe, at various times as they happened to be finiſhed †.

Thus captivated with theſe beauties he neglected his buſineſs, and even grew by degrees, as uſual in

But our Author did not reſt the matter here; in the courſe of this famous diſpute he publiſhed Dialogues of the Dead relating to the preſent Controverſy concerning the Epiſtles of Phalaris. He tells us "theſe were written in ſelfdefence; and I "preſume," continues he, "with modeſty." And nothing ſhews he had it at heart more than the various memorandums relating to that ſubject found ſcattered up and down in his Adverſaria.

† He collected theſe afterwards, and publiſhed them, together with ſome other pieces, in his Miſcellanies, prefixing this remark in the preface concerning them: "The remaining "poems which are here muſt ſeek their fate: they were "abroad in manuſcript, and I hope will not have harder for-"tune now they are in print than they had in the opinion "of ſome friends before they were ſo." That entitled Little Mouths had been univerſally admired. The reader will find it, with Dr. King's whole other poems, in this edition of his Poetical Works in two volumes.

ſuch tempers, to dread and abhor it. Heedleſs of thoſe uſeful ſupplies which it brought to his finances, and which were in a few years ſo much impaired by this neglect, and by the gay courſe of life he led in the company of ſome of the beſt wits and principal gentry and nobility of the age, he gladly accepted a ſeaſonable offer made to him in 1707 by the Lord Pembroke, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to attend his Lordſhip to that kingdom, where he was made Judge Advocate, ſole Commiſſioner of the Prizes, and Keeper of the Records; and the Lord Primate alſo conſtituted him his Vicargeneral.

With theſe honours he was well received and countenanced by perſons of the higheſt rank, and might have made his fortune if the change of climate could have wrought a change in his diſpoſition; but ſo far was he from forming any deſign to heap up riches, or of treaſuring up any of that money which was now thrown into his lap, that he returned to England with no other treaſure than a few merry poems and humorous eſſays; and retiring to his ſtudent's place at Chriſt-church, he employed himſelf in finiſhing his Art of Love, in imitation of Ovid de Arte Amandi, to which he prefixed an excellent account of that poet †.

† This is ſuch an Imitation of Ovid as that wherein the imitator and his author ſtand much upon the ſame terms as

We have obſerved that our Author while in Ireland neglected the beſt opportunity of increaſing his fortune, and the circumſtance which occaſioned it we find to be this: he had contracted an intimacy, which ſoon grew into friendſhip, with Judge Upton, a man of the ſame temper with himſelf, who delighted in retirement and poetical amuſement. The Judge had a country villa called Mountown near Dublin, where he and Dr. King uſed to retire and ſpend moſt of their time without any regard to their publick offices; and by theſe means neglecting to pay court to the Lord Lieutenant, they fell under his diſpleaſure. Theſe two poetical companions indulged no other thoughts but thoſe of living and dying in their rural retreat. Upon this occaſion Dr. King wrote a paſtoral poem called Mully of Mountown. Mully was the name of a red cow which gave him milk, and was the ſubject of his poem. As our Author was known

Ben does with his father in the comedy; "What tho'f he be "my father? I an't bound 'prentice to 'en." The Doctor's virtuous diſpoſition is no where more remarkably diſtinguiſhed than in this piece, wherein both the ſubject and the example ſo naturally and almoſt unavoidably lead into ſome leſs chaſte images, ſome looſer love, which ſtands in need of a remedy. But there is no occaſion for any remedy to be preſcribed for the love here treated of beſides the ſpeedy obtaining of what it deſires, ſince it is all prudent, honourable, and virtuous. It is divided into fourteen parts, moſt of which end with ſome remarkable fable that carries with it ſome real moral.

to ſide with the party for the church, the criticks among the oppoſite party would have impoſed Mully upon the world for a political allegory, the remoteſt from the Doctor's deſign of any thing they could have deviſed; and he would hardly think of attempting to undeceive them: on the contrary, we may ſuppoſe he was not ill pleaſed to ſee himſelf in ſuch good company as that of Mr. Pope, whoſe Rape of the Lock was about the ſame time allegorized in the ſame manner by a critick, who aſſuming this poſtulatum, that the Lock ſignified the Barrier Treaty, made all the reſt of the allegory out very clearly and unexceptionably. But to return from this digreſſion.

Dr. King had not been long at the college after his return from Ireland when an incident fell out that had power enough to draw him from his beloved amuſements. An action at law had been brought againſt the Earl of Angleſey for ſeveral cruelties uſed to his lady †, wherein ſhe was backed by her mother the Counteſs of Dorcheſter. Upon this occaſion his Lordſhip ſolicited Dr. King to come to Town and undertake his cauſe, which was then before the Houſe of Lords. Here the force of friendſhip prevailed over

† She was a natural daughter of James II. and having obtained a divorce on this occaſion from the Earl of Angleſey, was afterwards married to John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamſhire.

all his averſion to the wrangling taſk of an advocate: he complied with the requeſt, took abundant pains for his old friend, more than ever he was known to do, and made ſuch a figure in the Earl's defence as ſhewed him to have abilities in his profeſſion equal to any occaſion that might call for them; ſo that he gained the reputation of an able Civilian as well as of a humorous poet.

The Doctor's warm zeal for the church carried him in 1709 on the ſide of Dr. Sacheverell, and he had a hand in ſome of the political kites which flew about at that time. In this indeed he did no more than concur with thoſe whoſe friendſhip he had always cultivated; and when theſe friends came into favour at court, and were taken ſoon after into the miniſtry, the Doctor was not wanting in his friendly offices to them, and gave a helping hand towards the ſupport of the new meaſures they entered into. He printed ſeveral papers in this view, and among others one which he called The Britiſh Palladium, or Welcome of Mr. St. John, (then Secretary of State, and afterwards Lord Bolingbroke) from France.

Shortly after this the Gazetteer's place was offered to him in a way ſo agreeable to his temper that he could not refuſe it†. Accordingly he entered upon

† This was done in the following manner. Dr. Swift, Dr. Freind, and Mr. Prior, together with ſome of theirs and Bo-

that office January 1ſt 1711; but the extraordinary trouble he met with in the diſcharge of it proved to be more than he could endure long. Beſides, he began to decline in his health, and this, joined to his natural indiſpoſition to the fatigue of any kind of buſineſs, furniſhed a ſufficient pretence for quitting the employ, which he held only till about midſummer 1712†, when he retired to a gentleman's houſe

lingbroke's friends, came to pay a viſit to our Author, and brought along with them the key of the Gazetteer's Office, together with another key for the uſe of the Paper Office, which at that time was made the repoſitory for the Pope, the Pretender, and the Devil, together with the effigies of Dr. Sacheverell and ſome other high prieſts, who were ſeized in a grand cavalcade as the mob, called then the Low-church Mob, were marching along in great triumph to burn them at Whitehall or Charingcroſs. The day following this friendly viſit, being new-year's-day 1711, the Doctor took poſſeſſion, and entered upon his office, and in two or three days after dined with the Secretary, and thanked him for his kind remembrance of him at a time when he had almoſt forgot himſelf. The author of Dr. King's Life tells us, that about half a year after Dr. Sacheverell's trial Mr. King was applied to by Dr. Swift, Dr. Freind, and ſome others, to write The Examiner, and accordingly undertook it, and began that paper about October 10th 1710, which he continued by the aſſiſtance of thoſe gentlemen, and many others who afterwards favoured him with their correſpondence; but the Doctor's ill ſtate of health obliged him to quit ſo fatiguing an employ in about four months, when it fell into other hands.

† There appear to have been more reaſons than one for the Doctor's quitting this employment. The author of his Life, publiſhed by Curl, has related an inſtance of inhumanity in

on the Surrey ſide of the Thames, where he had paſſed a ſummer or two before. Here he enjoyed his loved tranquillity with a friend, a bottle, and his books. However he croſſed the water, and made frequent viſits to his relation the Lord Clarendon at Somerſet-houſe as long as he was able; but as the autumn ſeaſon advanced he drooped gradually, and then neither cared to ſee or be ſeen by any one; and winter drawing on, he ſhut himſelf up entirely from his neareſt friends, and would not ſo much as ſee his noble relation, till his Lordſhip, hearing of his weak condition, ſent his ſiſter to fetch him in a chair to a lodging he had provided for him oppoſite to Somerſet-houſe in the Strand, where next day about noon, being Chriſtmaſday 1712, he yielded up his breath with all the patience and reſignation of a philoſopher, and with the true devotion of a Chriſtian hero. Lord

Alderman Barber towards Dr. King. This magiſtrate was then printer of The Gazette, and was ſo cruel as to oblige the Doctor to ſit up till three or four o'clock in the morning, upon thoſe days The Gazette was publiſhed, to correct the errours of the preſs, which was not the buſineſs of our Author, but a corrector who is kept for that purpoſe in every printing-office of any conſequence. This ſlavery the Doctor was not able to bear, and therefore quitted the office. The Alderman's ſeverity was the more unwarrantable, as the Doctor had been very kind in obliging him by writing Examiners and ſome other papers *gratis*, which were of advantage to him as a printer. Thoſe writings at that juncture made him known to the miniſtry, who afterwards employed him in the ſtate paper called The Gazette.

Clarendon took care of his funeral†, and had him decently interred in the cloiſters of Weſtminſter-abbey, where he lies next to his maſter Dr. Knipe, to whom a little before he had dedicated his Hiſtorical Account of the Heathen Gods.

In 1732 there came out in octavo Remains of the late learned and ingenious Dr. William King, ſome time Advocate of Doctors Commons, Vicargeneral to the Archbiſhop of Armagh, and Record-keeper of Ireland, containing Miſcellaneous Pieces in Verſe and Proſe, &c. &c. In this publication we have the following particulars relating to Dr. King's character. That in his morals he was religious and virtuous; modeſt and chaſte to that degree, that he was never known to ſpeak an immodeſt word or write a lewd one; that though he could not endure his buſineſs as an Advocate, yet he made an excellent Judge in the Court of Delegates, as often as he was called to that

† He had the greateſt eſteem poſſible for Lord Clarendon, and could not be perſuaded to go to reſt the night before his death, or lie down, till he had made ſuch a will as he thought was agreeable to his Lordſhip's inclinations, whereby he conſtituted Elizabeth King, his ſiſter, his ſole executrix, and reſiduary legatee of all his eſtate or eſtates real or perſonal, in poſſeſſion or reverſion. But the writer of his Life intimates he had ſpent his paternal eſtates, and that after his return from Ireland his ſtudent's place at Chriſt-church was all he had left: this he retained to his death, and the profits thereof, together with the buſineſs of his profeſſion, and the friendſhip of his acquaintance, which was very large, and that of the greateſt quality, were his chief ſubſiſtence.

bench; that, however, his chiefeſt pleaſure conſiſted in trifles, and he was never happier than when he thought he was hid from the world; yet that he loved company, provided they were ſuch as tallied with his humour, (for few people pleaſed him in converſation) and it was a true ſign that he liked them if he could be tolerably agreeable, at which times his diſcourſe was cheerful, and his wit pleaſant and entertaining; that he was a great diſſembler of his natural temper, which was moroſe and peeviſh where he durſt ſhew it; but he was of a timorous diſpoſition, and the leaſt ſlight or neglect would throw him into a melancholy ſtate of deſpondency; that he would ſay a great many illnatured things, but never do one; that he was made up of tenderneſs and pity, and tears would fall from him on the ſmalleſt occaſion; that he was a Civilian exquiſitely well read, a ſkilful Judge, and among the learned an univerſal ſcholar, a critick, and an adept, in all ſciences and languages expert, and our Engliſh Ovid among the poets; and that as an Author his character may be ſummed up in the following lines:

Read here in ſofteſt ſounds the ſweeteſt ſatire;
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good nature.
An Engliſh Ovid, from his birth he ſeems
Inſpir'd alike with ſtrong poetick dreams:
The Roman rants of heroes, gods, and Jove;
The Briton purely paints The Art of Love.

Thus he is repreſented by the writer of his Life, who

profeſſes a particular love and eſteem for him; and if the picture bears a juſt reſemblance of the original, Dr. King muſt have been a true humouriſt. Indeed he has drawn his own character excellently in the following verſes found in his pocket at his death, being juſt freſh written with a lead pencil:

I ſing the various chances of the world,
Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no ſcheme or method that I go,
But paint in verſe my notions as they flow;
With heat the wanton images purſue,
Fond of the old, yet ſtill creating new;
Fancy myſelf in ſome ſecure retreat,
Reſolve to be content, and ſo be great.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It is now-a-days the hard fate of ſuch as pretend to be authors that they are not permitted to be maſters of their own works; for if ſuch papers (however imperfect) as may be called a Copy of them, either by a ſervant or any other means, come to the hands of a bookſeller, he never conſiders whether it be for the perſon's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his ſentiments, whether to his ſtyle or correctneſs, or whether he has for ſome time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it ſo he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be ſo uſed, and printed with as much imperfection and as many miſtakes as a bookſeller that has common ſenſe could imagine ſhould paſs upon the Town, eſpecially in an age ſo polite and critical as the preſent.

Theſe following Letters and Poem were at the preſs ſome time before the other paper pretending to the ſame title was crept out; and they had elſe, as the learned ſay, groaned under the preſs till ſuch time as the ſheets had, one by one, been peruſed and corrected not only by the Author but his friends, whoſe judgment as he is ſenſible he wants, ſo is he proud to own that they ſometimes condeſcend to afford him.

For many faults that at firſt ſeem ſmall yet create unpardonable errours. The number of the verſe-turns

upon the harſhneſs of a ſyllable, and the laying a ſtreſs upon improper words will make the moſt correct piece ridiculous. Falſe concord, tenſes, and grammar, nonſenſe, impropriety, and confuſion, may go down with ſome perſons; but it ſhould not be in the power of a bookſeller to lampoon an author, and tell him "You did write all this; I have got it; and you ſhall "ſtand to the ſcandal, and I will have the benefit:" yet this is the preſent caſe, notwithſtanding there are above threeſcore faults of this nature; verſes tranſpoſed, ſome added, others altered, or rather that ſhould have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himſelf upon the whole; but if he ſhews his eſteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke perſons to read ſo uſeful a treatiſe; if he ſhews his averſion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old Britiſh hoſpitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muſkets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrowbones lay on the floor, and Chevy Chaſe and The Old Courtier of the Queen's were placed over the carved mantlepiece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor, he deſires little farther than that the reader would for the future give all ſuch bookſellers as are before ſpoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS

TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

LETTER I. TO MR. ——

DEAR SIR,

THE happineſs of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for I muſt confeſs moſt of my other friends are ſo much taken up with politicks or ſpeculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leiſure to peruſe ſuch parts of learning as lie remote, and are fit only for the cloſets of the curious. How bleſt are you at London, where you have new books of all ſorts! whilſt we at a greater diſtance, being deſtitute of ſuch improvements, muſt content ourſelves with the old ſtore, and thumb the Claſſicks, as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only when you tell me of the edition of a book by the ingenious Dr. Liſter, which you ſay is a treatiſe *De Condimentis et Opſoniis Veterum*, "Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to uſe an expreſſion which though vulgar, yet upon this occaſion is juſt and proper; you have made my mouth water, but have not ſent me wherewithal to ſatisfy my appetite.

I have raiſed a thouſand notions to myſelf only from the title. Where could ſuch a treaſure lie hid? what manuſcripts have been collated? under what

emperour was it written? might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who though vicious, and in ſome things fantaſtical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of eating?

Conſider, dear Sir! in what uncertainties we muſt remain at preſent. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned antiquary. I ſhewed him your letter, which threw him into ſuch a dubiouſneſs, and indeed perplexity, of mind, that the next day he durſt not put any catſup in his fiſh ſauce, nor have his beloved pepper, oil, and lemon, with his partridge, leſt before he had ſeen Dr. Liſter's book he might tranſgreſs in uſing ſomething not common to the Ancients.

Diſpatch it therefore to us with all ſpeed, for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you I hope in the firſt place it will in ſome meaſure remove the barbarity of our preſent education; for what hopes can there be of any progreſs in learning whilſt our gentlemen ſuffer their ſons at Weſtminſter, Eaton, and Wincheſter, to eat nothing but ſalt with their mutton, and vinegar with their roaſt beef, upon holy-days? What extenſiveneſs can there be in their ſouls, eſpecially when, upon their going thence to the univerſity, their knowledge in culinary matters is ſeldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the ſame, and as to ſauces they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wiſhed therefore that every family had a French tutor; for beſides his being groom, gar-

dener, butler, and valet, you would ſee that he is endued with greater accompliſhments; for, according to our ancient author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, "As "many Frenchmen as you have, ſo many Cooks you "may depend upon;" which is very uſeful where there is a numerous iſſue. And I doubt not but with ſuch tutors, and good houſekeepers to provide cake and ſweetmeats, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother to ſee that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I ſay, but we may have a warlike and frugal gentry, a temperate and auſtere clergy, and ſuch perſons of quality in all ſtations as may beſt undergo the fatigues of our fleet and armies.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break off abruptly, for I am going to Monſ. D'Avaux, a perſon famous for eaſing the toothach by avulſion. He has promiſed to ſhew me how to ſtrike a lancet into the jugular of a carp, ſo as the blood may iſſue thence with the greateſt effuſion, and then will inſtantly perform the operation of ſtewing it in its own blood in the preſence of myſelf and ſeveral more virtuoſi. But let him uſe what claret he will in the performance, I will ſecure enough to drink your health and the reſt of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER II. TO MR. ——.

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promiſe in your laſt obliging letter, to obtain the happineſs of my correſpondence with Dr. Liſter, and to that end have ſent you the encloſed, to be communicated to him if you think convenient.

LET. III. TO DR. LISTER, PRESENT.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never uſe compliments; but I muſt tell you that I have a great ambition to hold a correſpondence with you, eſpecially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients concerning dentiſcalps, vulgarly called Toothpicks. I take the uſe of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the inſtinct of Nature, which is the beſt miſtreſs upon all occaſions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their philoſophical and mathematical obſervations; they ſearched into all the ſprings of action: and tho' I muſt condemn their ſuperſtition I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vaſt diſtrict that worſhipped the crocodile, which is an animal whoſe jaws, being very oblong, give him the oppor-

tunity of having a great many teeth; and his habitation and buſineſs lying moſt in the water he, like our modern Dutch whitſters * in Southwark, had a very good ſtomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and conſequently the opportunity of waſhing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occaſion for other inſtruments to cleanſe his teeth, which are ſerrate, or like a ſaw. To this end Nature has provided an animal, called the Ichneumon, which performs this office, and is ſo maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians ſeeing ſuch an uſeful ſagacity in the crocodile, which they ſo much reverenced, ſoon began to imitate it, great examples eaſily drawing the multitude; ſo that it became their conſtant cuſtom to pick their teeth and waſh their mouths after eating. I cannot find in Marſham's Dynaſties, nor in the Fragments of Manethon, what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been lunar, that is, but of a month's continuance) ſo venerable an uſage firſt began; for it is the fault of great philologers to omit ſuch things as are moſt material. Whether Seſoſtris in his large conqueſts might extend the uſe of them is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of thoſe ages lie very much in the dark. It is very probable that the publick uſe of them came in about the ſame time that the Egyptians made uſe of juries. I find, in

* Whoſe tentergrounds are now almoſt all built upon.

the Preface to the Third Part of Modern Reports, that "the Chaldees had a great eſteem for the num-"ber Twelve, becauſe there were ſo many ſigns of the "zodiack; from them this number came to the E-"gyptians, and ſo to Greece, where Mars himſelf was "tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any ſtone that I have ſeen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them at dinner, though it is moſt likely that he did; for he was a quarrelſome ſort of a perſon, and probably though acquitted might be as guilty as Count Koningſmark. Now the cuſtom of juries dining at an eating-houſe, and having glaſſes of water brought them, with toothpicks tinged with vermilion ſwimming at the top, being ſtill continued, why may we not imagine that the toothpicks were as ancient as the dinner, the dinner as the juries, and the juries at leaſt as the grandchildren of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed ſo groſsly, that they ſeem to have had more occaſion for ſkewers than gooſequills. He is very tedious in deſcribing a ſmith's forge and an anvil; whereas he might have been more polite in ſetting out the toothpick caſe or painted ſnuff box of Achilles, if that age had not been ſo barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but conſider that Athens in the time of Pericles, when it flouriſhed moſt in ſumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire from Auguſtus down to Adrian, had nothing

that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-Head-Alley, for curioſities and toyſhops; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the univerſe like raffling ſometimes at Colonel Parſons's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conqueſts into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Cafre blacks have very fine teeth, yet I cannot find that they made uſe of any ſuch inſtrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyſſinian empire, give any account of a matter ſo important; for which he is to blame, as I ſhall ſhew in my treatiſe of Forks and Napkins, of which I ſhall ſend you an eſſay with all expedition. I ſhall in that treatiſe fully illuſtrate or confute this paſſage of Dr. Heylin, in the third book of his Coſmography, where he ſays of the Chineſe "that they eat their "meat with two ſticks of ivory, ebony, or the like, "not touching it with their hands at all, and there-"fore no great foulers of linen. The uſe of ſilver forks "with us, by ſome of our ſpruce gallants taken up of "late, came from hence into Italy, and from thence "into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of theſe particulars; for, firſt, the uſe of theſe ſticks is not ſo much to ſave linen as out of pure neceſſity, which ariſes from the length of their nails, which perſons of great quality in thoſe countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all poſſibility of working or being ſerviceable to them-

ſelves or others; and therefore if they would they could not eaſily feed themſelves with thoſe claws: and I have very good authority that in the Eaſt, and eſpecially in Japan, the princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Beſides, theſe ſticks are of no uſe but for their ſort of meat, which being pilau is all boiled to rags. But what would thoſe ſticks ſignify to carve a turkeycock or a chine of beef? therefore our forks are of quite different ſhape: the ſteel ones are bidental, and the ſilver are generally reſembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian traveller, carried his knife and fork into the Eaſt Indies; and he gives a large account how at the court of an Indian prince he was admired for his neatneſs in that particular, and his care in wiping that and his knife before he returned them to their reſpective repoſitories. I could wiſh Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his Modern Learning, would ſhew us how much we are improved ſince Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of ivory knives, with which young heirs are ſuffered to mangle their own pudding, as likewiſe of ſilver and gold knives, brought in with the deſſert for carving of jellies and orange-butter, and the indiſpenſable neceſſity of a ſilver knife at the ſideboard to mingle ſallads with, as is

with great learning made out in a treatiſe called Acetaria, concerning dreſſing of ſallads: a noble work! but I tranſgreſs——

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor! I had almoſt forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is ſo remarkable. I think I may be poſitive from this verſe of Juvenal, where he ſpeaks of the Egyptians,

Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morſu,

that it was ſacrilege to chop a leek or bite an onion; nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonſtration that Pharaoh Necho could have no true lenten porridge, nor any carriers' ſauce to his mutton; the true receipt of making which ſauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull-inn in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, which runs thus:

"Take ſeven ſpoonfuls of ſpring-water, ſlice two "onions of moderate ſize into a large ſaucer, and put "in as much ſalt as you can hold at thrice betwixt "your forefinger and thumb, if large, and ſerve it "up." *Probatum eſt.*

HOBSON, *Carrier to the Univerſity of Cambridge.*

The effigies of that worthy perſon remains ſtill at that inn; and I dare ſay not only Hobſon but old Birch, and many others of that muſical and delightful profeſſion, would rather have been labourers at the Pyramids with that regale, than to have reigned

at Memphis and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increaſe of learning, and more eſpecially your, &c.

LETTER IV. TO MR. ——

SIR,

I AM now very ſeriouſly employed in a work that I hope may be uſeful to the publick, which is a poem of The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, inſcribed to Dr. Liſter, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his works; but I have not vanity enough to think it will live ſo long. I have in the meantime ſent you an Imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to ſupper, which is the fifth epiſtle of his firſt book. Perhaps you will find ſo many faults in this that you may ſave me the trouble of my other propoſal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his gen'rous ſoul confine
To a ſmall room, few diſhes, and ſome wine,
I ſhall expect my happineſs at nine.
Two bottles of ſmooth Palm or Anjou white
Shall give a welcome and prepare delight:
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely aſk,
But the Champaigne is to each man his maſk.
I tell you with what force I keep the field,
And if you can exceed it ſpeak; I 'll yield.
The ſnow-white damaſk enſigns are diſplay'd,
And glitt'ring ſalvers on the ſideboard laid.

Thus we 'll diſperſe all buſy thoughts and cares,
The gen'ral's counſels and the ſtateſman's fears:
Nor ſhall Sleep reign in that precedent night
Whoſe joyful hours lead on the glorious light
Sacred to Britiſh worth in Blenheim's fight.
The bleſſings of good fortune ſeem refus'd
Unleſs ſometimes with gen'rous freedom us'd.
'Tis madneſs not frugality prepares
A vaſt exceſs of wealth for ſquand'ring heirs.
Muſt I of neither wine nor mirth partake
Leſt the cenſorious world ſhould call me rake?
Who unacquainted with the gen'rous wine
E'er ſpoke bold truths or fram'd a great deſign?
That makes us fancy ev'ry face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;
Sees care diſburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and ev'ry with enjoy'd.
This I 'll perform, and promiſe you ſhall ſee
A cleanlineſs from affectation free:
No noiſe, no hurry, when the meat 's ſet on,
Or when the diſh is chang'd the ſervants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch;
Whate'er you want is in the maſter's reach.
Then for the company I 'll ſee it choſe;
Their emblematick ſignal is the Roſe.
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd,
What can you hope for better from a crowd?
But I ſhall not preſcribe. Conſult your eaſe;
Write back your men and number as you pleaſe;
Try your back-ſtairs, and let the lobby wait:
A ſtratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

LETTER V TO MR. ——

I Here ſend you what I promiſed, A Diſcourſe of Cookery, after the method which Horace has taken in his Art of Poetry, which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an author to be imitated in the delivery of precepts for any art or ſcience. He is indeed ſevere upon our ſort of learning in ſome of his Satires; but even there he inſtructs, as in the fourth ſatire of the ſecond book, ver. 13.

Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut ſucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
Ponere: namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum.

Chuſe eggs oblong; remember they 'll be found
Of ſweeter taſte and whiter than the round.
The firmneſs of that ſhell includes the male.

I am much of his opinion, and could only wiſh that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning eggs. One is, how incomparably better roaſted eggs are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with eggs in the ſhell. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much eaſier they will ſit upon your ſtomach. The worthy perſon who recommended it to me made many proſelytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unſucceſsful.

I have in this Poem uſed a plain, eaſy, familiar, ſtyle, as moſt fit for precept; neither have I been too exact

an imitator of Horace, as he himſelf directs. I have not conſulted any of his tranſlators; neither Mr. Oldham, whoſe copiouſneſs runs into paraphraſe, nor Ben Johnſon, who is admirable for his cloſe following of the original, nor yet the Lord Roſcommon, ſo excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very deſign and ſoul of that author. I conſidered that I went upon a new undertaking, and though I do not value myſelf upon it ſo much as Lucretius did, yet I dare ſay it is more innocent and inoffenſive.

Sometimes when Horace's rules come too thick and ſententious I have ſo far taken liberty as to paſs over ſome of them; for I conſider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the moſt patient diſpoſition, as their underſervants too often experience. I wiſh I might prevail with them to moderate their paſſions, which will be the greater conqueſt ſeeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidſt the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his Art of Poetry, which is one of the moſt accurate pieces that he or any other author has written, there is a ſecret connexion in reality, though he doth not expreſs it too plainly, and therefore this imitation of it has many breaks in it. If ſuch as ſhall condeſcend to read this Poem would at the ſame time conſult Horace's original Latin, or ſome of the aforementioned tranſlators, they would find at leaſt this benefit, that they would recollect thoſe excellent inſtructions which he delivers to us in ſuch elegant language.

I could wiſh the Maſter and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem to be read with due conſideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, ſeeing it contains many uſeful inſtructions for human life. It is true that ſome of theſe rules may ſeem more principally to reſpect the ſteward, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, or perhaps the butler; but the Cook being the principal perſon, without whom all the reſt will be little regarded, they are directed to him; and the work being deſigned for the univerſal good, it will accompliſh ſome part of its intent if thoſe ſort of people will improve by it.

It may happen in this as in all works of art, that there may be ſome terms not obvious to common readers; but they are not many. The reader may not have a juſt idea of a ſwoled mutton, which is a ſheep roaſted in its wool, to ſave the labour of fleaing. Bacon and filbert-tarts are ſomething unuſual; but ſince ſprout-tarts and Piſtachio-tarts are much the ſame thing, and to be ſeen in Dr. Salmon's Family Dictionary, thoſe perſons who have a deſire for them may eaſily find the way to make them. As for grout it is an old Daniſh diſh; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient family of Leigh to carry a diſh of it up to the coronation. A dwarf-pie was prepared for King James I. when Jeffery his dwarf roſe out of one armed with a ſword and buckler, and is ſo recorded in hiſtory that there are few but know it. Though mari-

nated fiſh, hippocraes, and ambigues, are known to all that deal in Cookery, yet terrenes are not ſo uſual, being a ſilver veſſel filled with the moſt coſtly dainties, after the manner of an oglio. A ſurpriſe is likewiſe a diſh not ſo very common, which, promiſing little from its firſt appearance, when open abounds with all ſorts of variety, which I cannot better reſemble than to the fifth act of one of our modern comedies. Leſt Monteth, Vinegar, Talieſſin, and Boſſu, ſhould be taken for diſhes of rarities, it may be known that Monteth was a gentleman with a ſcalloped coat; that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; Talieſſin was one of the moſt ancient bards amongſt the Britons; and Boſſu one of the moſt certain inſtructers in criticiſm that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the wits that I call my Cooks by the title of Ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other perſons: I am ſure their apprentices of late years have had very good opportunities of improvement; and men of the firſt pretences to literature have been very liberal, and ſent in their contributions very largely. They have been very ſerviceable both to ſpit and oven; and for theſe twelve months paſt whilſt Dr. Wotton with his Modern Learning was defending pie cruſt from ſcorching, his dear friend Dr. Bentley with his Phalaris has been ſinging of capons. Not that this was occaſioned by any ſuperfluity

or tedioufneſs of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by ſome worthy patriots, to make the labours of the two Doctors as far as poſſible to become uſeful to the publick.

Indeed Cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the higheſt ſtations of human life. The great philoſopher Pythagoras, in his Golden Verſes, ſhews himſelf to be extremely nice in eating when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abſtain from beans. The nobleſt foundations of honour, juſtice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in turnips, as appears in that great Dictator Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army, and having brought home victory retired to his cottage: for when the Samnite ambaſſadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dreſſing turnips for his repaſt, they immediately returned with this ſentence, "That it was impoſſible "to prevail upon him that could be contented with "ſuch a ſupper." In ſhort, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made uſe of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemagne that the Great Cook of the palace was one of the prime miniſters of ſtate, and conductor of armies. So true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal ſkill "required to bring an army into the field and to ſet

"forth a magnificent entertainment, ſince the one was "as far as poſſible to annoy your enemy, and the other "to pleaſure your friend." In ſhort, as for all perſons that have not a due regard for the learned, induſtrious, moral, upright, and warlike, profeſſion of Cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Iſlands, where they being ſo barbarous as to make the moſt contemptible perſon to be their butcher, they had likewiſe their meat ſerved up raw, becauſe they had no fire to dreſs it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conſcience!

As this ſmall Eſſay finds acceptance I ſhall be encouraged to purſue a great deſign I have in hand of publiſhing a *Bibliotheca Culinaria*, or The Cook's Complete Library, which ſhall begin with a tranſlation, or at leaſt an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian feaſt. He ſhall be publiſhed with all his comments, uſeful gloſſes, and indexes, of a vaſt copiouſneſs, with cuts of the baſting-ladles, drippingpans, and drudgingboxes, &c. lately dug up at Rome out of an old ſubterranean ſkullery. I deſign to have all authors in all languages upon that ſubject, therefore pray conſult what oriental manuſcripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his Notes upon Lockman's Fables, (whom I take to be the ſame perſon with Æſop) gives us an admirable receipt for making the ſour milk, that is, the bonny-clabber, of the Arabians. I ſhould be glad to know

how Mahomet uſed to have his ſhoulder of mutton dreſſed: I have heard he was a great lover of that joint; and that a maid of an inn poiſoned him with one, ſaying, "If he is a prophet he will diſcover it; if "he is an impoſtor no matter what becomes of him." I ſhall have occaſion for the aſſiſtance of all my friends in this great work. I ſome poſts ago deſired a friend to enquire what manuſcripts Sol Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He ſays he finds among his executors ſeveral admirable bills of fare for Ariſtotle ſuppers, and entertainments of country ſtrangers, with certain prices, according to their ſeveral ſeaſons. He ſays ſome pages have large black croſſes drawn over them, but for the greater part the books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to ſearch Cook's Hall what manuſcripts they may have in their archieves. See what in Guildhall; what account of cuſtard in the Swordbearer's office; how many tun he, a common crier, or a common hunt, may eat in their lifetime. But I tranſgreſs the bounds of a letter, and have ſtrayed from my ſubject, which ſhould have been to beg you to read the following lines when you are inclined to be moſt favourable to your friend, for elſe they will never be able to endure your juſt cenſure. I rely upon your good nature, and I am

Your moſt obliged, &c.

LETTER VI. TO MR. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the diſcourſe I had with you the other day, and upon ſerious conſideration find that the true underſtanding of the whole Art of Cookery will be uſeful to all perſons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and eſpecially to poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of their maſters, that poets are not ſo well acquainted with good eating as otherwiſe they might be if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's preſence this I would be bound to ſay, that a good dinner is brother to a good poem; only it is ſomething more ſubſtantial, and between two and three o'clock more agreeable.

I have known a ſupper make the moſt diverting part of a comedy. Mr Betterton in The Libertine* has ſat very gravely with the leg of a chicken; but I have ſeen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of peaſe and buttered eggs under the table. The Hoſt in The Villain†, who carries tables, ſtools, furniture, and proviſions, all about him, gives great content to the ſpectators when from the crown of his hat he produces his cold capon: ſo Armarillis (or rather Par-

* A tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

† A tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

thenope, as I take it) in The Rehearſal, with her wine in her ſpear and her pie in her helmet, and the Cook that ſlobbers his beard with ſackpoſſet in The Man's The Maſter ‡, have in my opinion made the moſt diverting part of the action. Theſe embelliſhments we have received from our imitation of the ancient poets. Horace in his Satires makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unuſual entertainments and diſhes given him by Naſidienus, and with his raillery upon garlick in his third epode. The ſupper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the moſt lively deſcription of Nero's luxury. Juvenal ſpends a whole ſatire about the price and dreſſing of a ſingle fiſh, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus whether ſerious or jocoſe good eating is made the ſubject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all poets agree that epiſodes are to be interwoven in their poems with the greateſt nicety of art; and ſo it is the ſame thing at a good table: and yet I have ſeen a very good epiſode (give me leave to call it ſo) made by ſending out the leg of a gooſe or the gizzard of a turkey to be broiled; though I know that criticks with a good ſtomach have been offended that the unity of action ſhould be ſo far broken. And yet as in our plays ſo at our common tables many epiſodes are allowed, as ſlicing of cucumbers, dreſſing of

‡ A comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

ſallads, ſeaſoning the inſide of a ſirloin of beef, breaking lobſters' claws, ſtewing wild ducks, toaſting of cheeſe, legs of larks, and ſeveral others.

A poet who by proper expreſſions and pleaſing images is to lead us into the knowledge of neceſſary truth may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarouſly, unleſs he has ſome knowledge of this Art of Cookery, and the progreſs of it. Would it not ſound ridiculous to hear Alexander The Great command his cannon to be mounted, and to throw redhot bullets out of his mortarpieces? or to have Statira talk of tapeſtry hangings, which all the learned know were many years after her death firſt hung up in the hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falſtaff complain of having dirtied his ſilk ſtockings, or Anne of Boleyn call for her coach, would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the firſt that had her coach or wore ſilk ſtockings? Neither can a poet put hops in an Engliſhman's drink before hereſy came in; nor can he ſerve him with a diſh of carp before that time: he might as well give King James I. a diſh of aſparagus upon his firſt coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor preſent Queen Catharine with a ſugarloaf; whereas he might as eaſily have given her a diamond as large, ſeeing the iceing of cakes at Wood ſtreet corner, and the refining of ſugar, was but an inven-

tion of two hundred years ſtanding; and before that time our anceſtors ſweetened and garniſhed all with honey, of which there are ſome remains in Windſor bowls, baron bracks, and large ſimnels, ſent for preſents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would ſhew his reading if the poet put a hen turkey upon a table in a tragedy, and therefore I would adviſe it in Hamlet inſtead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more ſatisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports how the ſiſters of Meleager or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into hen turkeys; from whence proceeds their ſtatelineſs of gate, reſervedneſs in converſation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice and all their actions. But this would be the moſt improper meat in the world for a comedy; for melancholy and diſtreſs require a different ſort of diet as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady that was pleaſed to ſay, "that if "ſhe were upon a ſtrange road, and driven to great "neceſſity, ſhe believed ſhe might for once be able to "ſup upon a ſackpoſſet and a fat capon."

I am ſure poets as well as Cooks are for having all words nicely choſen and properly adapted; and therefore I believe they would ſhew the ſame regret that I do to hear perſons of ſome rank and quality ſay, "Pray cut up that gooſe; help me to ſome of that "chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover:" not

conſidering how indiſcreetly they talk before men of art, whoſe proper terms are, "Break that gooſe;"—"fruſt that chicken;"—"ſpoil that hen;"—"ſauce "that capon;"—"mince that plover."—If they are ſo much out in common things, how much more will they be with bitterns, herns, cranes, and peacocks? But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errours of the world unleſs we lend our helping hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greateſt author of dramatick poetry, Mr Dryden, has made uſe of the myſteries of this art in the prologues to two of his plays, one a tragedy, the other a comedy, in which he has ſhewn his greateſt art, and proved moſt ſucceſsful. I had not ſeen the play for ſome years before I hit upon almoſt the ſame words that he has in the following prologue to All for Love:

"Fops may have leave to level all they can,
"As Pigmies would be glad to top a man.
"Half-wits are fleas, ſo little and ſo light,
"We ſcarce could know they live but that they bite.
"But as the rich, when tir'd with daily feaſts,
"For change become their next poor tenant's gueſts,
"Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
"And ſnatch the homely rather from the coals;
"So you, retiring from much better cheer,
"For once may venture to do penance here:
"And ſince that plenteous autumn now is paſt,
"Whoſe grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taſte,
"Take in good part from our poor poet's board
"Such ſhriveil'd fruit as winter can afford."

How fops and fleas ſhould come together I cannot eaſily account for; but I doubt not but his ale, raſher, grapes, peaches, and ſhrivelled apples, night pit, box, and gallery it well enough. His prologue to Sir Martin Marall is ſuch an exquiſite poem, taken from the ſame art, that I could wiſh it tranſlated into Latin to be prefixed to Dr. Liſter's work. The whole is as follows:

PROLOGUE.

" Fools which each man meets in his diſh each day
" Are yet the great regalia of a play;
" In which to poets you but juſt appear,
" To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear.
" Fops in the Town more eaſily will paſs;
" One ſtory makes a ſtatutable aſs:
" But ſuch in plays muſt be much thicker ſown
" Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
" Obſerving poets all their walks invade,
" As men watch woodcocks gliding thro' a glade,
" And when they have enough for comedy
" They ſtow their ſeveral bodies in a pie:
" The poet 's but the Cook to faſhion it;
" For, Gallants! you yourſelves have found the wit.
" To bid you welcome would your bounty wrong:
" None welcome thoſe who bring their cheer † along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a poet) is ſo extremely lively and well painted, that methinks I ſee the whole audience with a diſh of buttered eggs in one hand and a woodcock pie in the other. I hope I may be excuſed after ſo great an example, for I declare I have no deſign but to encourage learn-

† Some criticks read it *chair*. *King*.

ing, and am very far from any deſigns againſt it: and therefore I hope the worthy gentleman who ſaid that the Journey to London ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a book that if received would diſcourage ingenuity, would be pleaſed not to make his bonefire at the upper end of Ludgate ſtreet, for fear of endangering the bookſellers' ſhops and the cathedral.

I have abundance more to ſay upon theſe ſubjects; but I am afraid my firſt courſe is ſo tedious that you will excuſe me both the ſecond courſe and the deſſert, and call for pipes and a candle. But conſider the papers come from an old friend, and ſpare them out of compaſſion to, Sir, &c.

LETTER VII. TO MR. ——

SIR,

I Am no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappineſs in the loſs of you here. The occaſion of this is to deſire your aſſiſtance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of ſome friends; but unleſs they help me it will be impoſſible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune to —write; but what is worſe, I have never conſidered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been ſo

very bad as to deſign to print; but then a wicked thought came acroſs me with "Who will buy?" for if I tell you the title you will be of my mind, that the very name will deſtroy it; "The Art of Cookery, "in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry; with ſome "familiar Letters to Dr. Liſter and others, occaſioned "principally by the Title of a Book publiſhed by the "Doctor concerning the Soups and Sauces of the "Ancients." To this a beau will cry "Phough! "what have I to do with kitchenſtuff?" To which I anſwer, "Buy it, and give it to your ſervants:" for I hope to live to ſee the day when every miſtreſs of a family, and every ſteward, ſhall call up their children and ſervants with "Come, Miſs Betty, how much "have you got of your Art of Cookery? Where did "you leave off, Miſs Iſabel?"—"Miſs Kitty, are "you no farther than King Henry and the Miller?" "—Yes, Madam, I am come to

———His name ſhall be enroll'd
In Eſtcourt's book, whoſe gridiron 's fram'd of gold.

"Pray, mother, is that our Maſter Eſtcourt?" "Well, "child, if you mind this you ſhall not be put to your "Aſſembly Catechiſm next Saturday." What a glorious ſight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to ſee the butler outlearning the ſteward, and the painful ſcullerymaid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping houſekeeper! I am told that if a book is any thing uſeful the printers have a way of

pirating on one another, and printing other perſons' copies, which is very barbarous; and then ſhall I be forced to come out with "The true Art of Cookery "is only to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a Pattenmaker's "under St. Dunſtan's-church, with the Author's Seal "at the Titlepage, being Three Saucepans in a Bend "Proper, on a Cook's Apron, Argent. Beware of "Counterfeits." And be forced to put out advertiſements with "Straps for razors, and the beſt ſpectacles, "are to be had only at the Archimedes, &c."

I deſign propoſals, which I muſt get delivered to the Cooks' Company, for the making an order that every apprentice ſhall have The Art of Cookery when he is bound, which he ſhall ſay by heart before he is made free; and then he ſhall have Dr. Liſter's book of Soups and Sauces delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindneſs you may ſhew me I ſhall always endeavour to make what returns lie in my power. I am your's, &c.

LETTER VIII. TO MR. ——

DEAR SIR,

I Cannot but recommend to your peruſal a late exquiſite comedy called The Lawyer's Fortune, or Love in a Hollow Tree, which piece has its peculiar embelliſhments, and is a poem carefully framed ac-

cording to the niceſt rules of The Art of Cookery; for the play opens with a ſcene of good houſewifery, where Favourite the houſekeeper makes this complaint to Lady Bonona:

"FAV. The laſt mutton killed was lean, Madam. "Should not ſome fat ſheep be bought in?

"BON. What ſay you, Letacre, to it?

"LET. This is the worſt time of the year for ſheep: "the freſh graſs makes them fall away, and they "begin to taſte of the wool: they muſt be ſpared a "while, and Favourite muſt caſt to ſpend ſome ſalt-"meat and fiſh. I hope we ſhall have ſome fat calves "ſhortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to The Art of Cookery, where our Author ſays,

> But tho' my edge be not too nicely ſet,
> Yet I another's appetite may whet;
> May teach him when to buy; when ſeaſon paſt
> What 's ſtale, what 's choice, what 's plentiful, what 's waſte,
> And lead him thro' the various maze of taſte.

In the ſecond act Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's ſon, the conſummate character of the play, having in the firſt act loſt his hawk, and conſequently his way, benighted and loſt, and ſeeing a light in a diſtant houſe, comes to the thriſty widow Furioſa's, (which is exactly according to the rule, "A Prince who in a fo-"reſt rides aſtray!") where he finds the old gentle-

woman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, whilſt the maid is ſpinning. Peg reaches a chair; ſack is called for; and in the meantime the good old gentlewoman complains ſo of rogues that ſhe can ſcarce keep a gooſe or turkey in ſafety for them. Then Florida enters with a little white bottle about a pint, and an oldfaſhioned glaſs, fills, and gives her mother; ſhe drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, ſhe to him again, he to Furioſa, who ſets it down on the table. After a ſmall time the old lady cries, "Well, it is my bedtime; but my daugh-"ter will ſhew you the way to your's, for I know you "would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now upon her retirement, (ſee the great judgment of the poet!) ſhe being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he ſuits the following regale according to the age of the perſon. Had boys been put to bed it had been proper to have "laid the gooſe to the fire;" but here it is otherwiſe; for after ſome intermediate diſcourſe he is invited to a repaſt, when he modeſtly excuſes himſelf with "Truly, Madam, I have no "ſtomach to any meat but to comply with you. You "have, Madam, entertained me with all that is de-"ſirable already." The lady tells him "Cold ſup-"per is better than none;" ſo he ſits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot. I am ſure Horace could not have prepared himſelf more exactly; for (according to the rule, "A widow has cold pie") though Va-

lentine being lovesick could not eat, yet it was his fault and not the poet's. But when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furiosa and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother, the hospitable Lady Bonona's, (who by the by had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her attorney) then affluence and dainties are to appear, (according to this verse "Mangoes, potargo, cham-"pignons, caveare,") and Mrs. Favourite the housekeeper makes these most important enquires.

"FAV. Mistress, shall I put any mushrooms, man-"goes, or bamboons, into the sallad?

"BON. Yes, I pr'ythee, the best thou hast.

"FAV. Shall I use catsup or anchovies in the gravy?

"BON. What you will."

But however magnificent the dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of some persons is, makes her excuse for it with "Well, Gentlemen, can ye "spare a little time to take a short dinner? I promise "you it shall not be long." It is very probable, though the author does not make any of the guests give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a great sportsman, might furnish the table with game and wildfowl. There was at least one pheasant in the house which Valentine told his mother of the morning before: "Madam, I had a good flight of a pheasant cock, "that after my hawk seized made head as if he

"would have fought; but my hawk plumed him "preſently." Now it is not reaſonable to ſuppoſe that Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman under that concern would have any ſtomach to it for her own ſupper. However, to ſee the fate of things! there is nothing permanent: for one Mrs. Candia making (though innocently) a preſent of an hawk to Valentine, Florida his miſtreſs grows jealous, and reſolves to leave him, and run away with an odd ſort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine to appeaſe her ſends a meſſage to her by a boy, who tells her "His maſter, to ſhew the trouble he took by her miſ-"apprehenſion, had ſent her ſome viſible tokens, the "hawk torn to pieces with his own hands;" and then pulls out of the baſket the wings and legs of a fowl: ſo we ſee the poor bird demoliſhed, and all hopes of wildfowl deſtroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would ſtop here! But the cruel beauty refuſing to be appeaſed, Valentine takes a ſudden reſolution, which he communicates to Letacre the ſteward, to bruſh off and quit his habitation. However it was, whether Letacre did not think his young maſter real, and Valentine having threatened the houſekeeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, it ſeems they made but ſlender proviſion for their expedition; for there is but one ſcene interpoſed before we find diſtreſſed Valentine in the

moſt miſerable condition that the joint arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to repreſent him. There is a ſcene of the greateſt horrour, and moſt moving to compaſſion, of any thing that I have ſeen amongſt the Moderns: "Talks of no pyramids of fowl or biſks "of fiſh" is nothing to it: for here we ſee an innocent perſon, unleſs puniſhed for his mother's and houſekeeper's extravagance, as was ſaid before, in their muſhrooms, mangoes, bamboons, catſup, and anchovies reduced to the extremity of eating his cheeſe without bread, and having no other drink but water. For he and his boy, with two ſaddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confuſed trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk acroſs the deſert at a diſtance, and yet they venture in; where Valentine accoſts his boy with theſe lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:

Hang up thy wallet on that tree,
And creep thou in this hollow place with me:
Let 's here repoſe our weary'd limbs till they more weary'd be.

BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece of cheeſe. What ſhall we do for bread?

VAL. When we have ſlept we will ſeek out
Some roots that ſhall ſupply that doubt.

BOY. But no drink, Maſter?

VAL. Under that rock a ſpring I ſee
Which ſhall refreſh my thirſt and thee.

So the act cloſes; and it is diſmal for the audience to conſider how Valentine and the poor boy, who it

ſeems had a coming ſtomach, ſhould continue there all the time the muſick was playing and longer. But to eaſe them of their pain, by an invention which the poets call Cataſtrophe, Valentine, though with a long beard, and very weak with faſting, is reconciled to Florida, who embracing him ſays, "I doubt I have "offended him too much; but I will attend him "home, cheriſh him with cordials, make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wiſh ſhe had Dr. Liſter's book to help her!) "anoint his limbs, and "be a nurſe, a tender nurſe! to him." Nor do bleſſings come alone; for the good mother having refreſhed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the houſe, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, "to get the beſt entertainment ſhe ever yet pro-"vided, to conſider what ſhe has and what ſhe wants, "and to get all ready in few hours:" and ſo this moſt regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the comedy. Some perſons may admire your meagre tragedies; but give me a play where there is a proſpect of good meat or good wine ſtirring in every act of it.

Though I am confident the author had written this play and printed it long before The Art of Cookery was thought of, and I had never read it till the other poem was very nearly perfected, yet it is admirable to ſee how a true rule will be adapted to a good work,

or a good work to a true rule. I ſhould be heartily glad, for the ſake of the publick, if our poets for the future would make uſe of ſo good an example. I doubt not but whenever you or I write comedy we ſhall obſerve it.

I have juſt now met with a ſurpriſing happineſs; a friend that has ſeen two of Dr. Liſter's works, one *De Euccinis Fluviatilibus et Marinis Exercitatio*, An Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fiſh, in which he ſays ſome of the chiefeſt rarities are the pizzle and ſpermatick veſſels of a ſnail delineated by a microſcope, the omentum or caul of its throat, its fallopian tube, and its ſubcrocean teſticle, which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celſus, Farnelius, and Hervey, were never maſters of; the other curioſity is the admirable piece of Cælius Apicius *De Opſoniis et Condimentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem*, being ten books of Soups and Sauces, and The Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this ſo important affair is not ſufficiently communicative. My friend ſays he has a promiſe of leave to read it: what remarks he makes I ſhall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Moſt humble ſervant, &c.

LETTER IX. TO MR. ——

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happineſs to you, becauſe you are ſo much my friend as to rejoice at it. I ſome days ago met with an old acquaintance, a curious perſon, of whom I enquired if he had ſeen the book concerning Soups and Sauces? He told me he had, but that he had but a very ſlight view of it, the perſon who was maſter of it not being willing to part with ſo valuable a rarity out of his cloſet. I deſired him to give me what account he could of it. He ſays that it is a very handſome octavo, for ever ſince the days of Ogilby good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an author ſtrangely; that there is a copious index, and at the end a catalogue of all the Doctor's works concerning cockles, Engliſh beetles, ſnails, ſpiders that get up into the air and throw us down cobwebs, a monſter vomited up by a baker, and ſuch like, which if carefully peruſed would wonderfully improve us. There is it ſeems no manuſcript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; ſo that this impreſſion is from one of Humelbergius, who as my friend ſays he does not believe contrived it himſelf, becauſe the things are ſo very much out of the way

that it is not probable any learned man would ſet himſelf ſeriouſly to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the editor, "That "whatever manuſcripts there might have been they "muſt have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as "being written out by the Cooks themſelves, or ſome "of their friends or ſervants, who are not always the "moſt accurate." And then as my friend obſerved, if the Cook had uſed it much it might be ſullied, the Cook perhaps not always licking his fingers when he had occaſion for it. I ſhould think it no improvident matter for the ſtate to order a ſelect ſcrivener to tranſcribe receipts, leſt ignorant women and houſekeepers ſhould impoſe upon future ages by ill-ſpelt and uncorrect receipts for potting of lobſters or pickling of turkeys. Cælius Apicius it ſeems paſſes for the author of this treatiſe, whoſe ſcience, learning, and diſcipline, were extremely contemned, and almoſt abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and ſo lay neglected till the inferiour ages, but then were introduced as being a help to phyſick, to which a learned author, called Donatus, ſays that "the kitchen "is a handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every reſpect come up to the Ancients, that by a very good author an old gentleman is introduced as making uſe of three doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman. They are reported to be

excellent phyſicians, and if kept at a conſtant penſion their ſees will not be very coſtly.

It ſeems, as my friend has learnt, there were two perſons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny "to have had a great deal of wit "and judgment in all affairs that related to eating," and conſequently has his name affixed to many ſorts of amulets and pancakes. Nor were emperours leſs contributors to ſo great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whoſe imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the laſt of which emperours had the peculiar glory of firſt making ſauſages of ſhrimps, crabs, oyſters, prawns, and lobſters; and theſe ſauſages being mentioned by the author which the editor publiſhes, from that and many other arguments the learned Doctor irrefragably maintains that the book, as now printed, could not be tranſcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the titles of Apicius and Vitellius more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, auſtere, and ſolid virtue. And it ſeems under his adminiſtration a perſon that found out a new ſoup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new continent. My friend ſays the editor tells us of unheard-of dainties! how "Æſopus had a ſupper "of the tongues of birds that could ſpeak;" and that

" his daughter regaled on pearls," though he does not tell us how ſhe dreſſed them; how " Hortenſius left " ten thouſand pipes of wine in his cellar for his heir's " drinking;" how " Vedius Pollio fed his fiſhponds " with man's fleſh;" and how " Cæſar bought ſix " thouſand weight of lampreys for his triumphal ſup- " per." He ſays the editor proves equally to a demonſtration, by the proportions and quantities ſet down, and the nauſeouſneſs of the ingredients, that the dinners of the emperours were ordered by their phyſicians, and that the recipe was taken by the Cook, as the collegiate Doctors would do their bills, to a modern apothecary; and that this cuſtom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals overran the Weſtern Empire; and that they, by uſe, exerciſe, and neceſſity of abſtinence, introduced the eating of cheeſe and veniſon without thoſe additional ſauces which the phyſicians of old found out to reſtore the depraved appetites of ſuch great men as had loſt their ſtomachs by an exceſs of luxury. Out of the ruins of Eraſiſtratus's book of Endive, Glaucus Lorrenſis of Cowheel, Mithæcus of Hotpots, Dionyſius of Sugarſops, Agis of Pickled Broombuds, Epinetus of Sackpoſſet, Euthedemus of Appledumplings, Hegeſippus of Blackpudding, Crito of Sowced Mackarel, Stephanus of Lemon Cream, Archites of Hog's-harſlet, Aceſtius of Quince-marmalade, Hickeſius of Potted Pigeons,

Diocles of Sweetbreads, and Philiſtion of Oat-cakes, and ſeveral other ſuch authors, the great Humelbergius compoſed his Annotations upon Apicius, whoſe receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and loſt, were preſerved in the utmoſt parts of Tranſylvania for the peculiar palate of the ingenious editor. Latinus Latinius finds fault with ſeveral diſhes of Apicius, and is pleaſed to ſay they are nauſeous; but our editor defends that great perſon by ſhewing the difference of our cuſtoms; how Plutarch ſays, "The Ancients uſed no "pepper," whereas all or at leaſt five or ſix hundred of Apicius's delicates were ſeaſoned with it: for we may as well admire that ſome Weſt Indians ſhould abſtain from ſalt, as that we ſhould be able to bear the bitterneſs of hops in our common drink; and therefore we ſhould not be averſe to rue, cummin, parſley-ſeed, marſh-mallows, or nettles, with our common meat; or to have pepper, honey, ſalt, vinegar, raiſins, muſtard and oil, rue, maſtick, and cardamums, ſtrown promiſcuouſly over our dinner when it comes to table. My friend tells me of ſome ſhort obſervations he made out of the Annotations which he owes to his memory, and therefore begs pardon if in ſome things he may miſtake, becauſe it is not wilfully: "as "that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of cuſtard; "that the tetrapharmacon, a diſh much admired by "the Emperours Adrian and Alexander Severus, was

" made of pheaſant, peacock, a wild ſow's hock and " udder, with a bread pudding over it; and that the " name and reaſon of ſo odd a diſh are to be ſought " for amongſt the phyſicians."

The work is divided into ten books, of which the firſt treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongſt other things ſhews that ſaucepans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian uſed a glaſs of bitter in a morning; that the Ancients ſcalded their wine; and that burnt claret, as now practiſed with ſpice and ſugar, is pernicious; that the adulteration of wine was as ancient as Cato; that brawn was a Roman diſh, which Apicius commends as wonderful; its ſauce then was muſtard and honey before the frequent uſe of ſugar; nor were ſouced hogs-feet, cheeks, and ears, unknown to thoſe ages; it is very probable they were not ſo ſuperſtitious as to have ſo great a delicate only at Chriſtmas; it were worth a diſſertation between two learned perſons, ſo it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæſar introduced it into Britain; and it is ſtrange he ſhould take no notice of it, whereas he has recorded that they did not eat hare's fleſh; that the Ancients uſed to marinate their fiſh, by frying them in oil, and the moment they were taken out pouring boiling vinegar upon them. The learned annotator obſerves, that the beſt way of keeping the liquor in oyſters is by laying the deep ſhell

downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed oyſters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, ſince made uſe of at Colcheſter with moſt admirable ſucceſs! What eſtates might Brawn or Locket have got in thoſe days! when Apicius only for boiling ſprouts after a new faſhion deſervedly came into the good graces of Druſus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The firſt book having treated of Sauces or ſtanding Pickles for reliſh, which are uſed in moſt of the ſucceeding receipts, the ſecond has a glorious ſubject, of Sauſages both with ſkins and without, which contains matters no leſs remarkable than the former. The Ancients that were delicate in their eating prepared their own muſhrooms with an amber or at leaſt a ſilver knife; where the annotator ſhews elegantly againſt Hardouinus, that the whole knife, and not only the handle, was of amber or ſilver, leſt the ruſtineſs of an ordinary knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are outdone by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The third book is of ſuch Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans uſed nitre to make their herbs look green; the annotator ſhews our ſaltpetre at preſent to differ from the ancient nitre. Apicius had a way of mincing them firſt with oil and ſalt, and ſo

boiling them, which Pliny commends: but the preſent receipt is to let the water boil well, throw in ſalt and a bit of butter, and ſo not only ſprouts but ſpinage will be green. There is a moſt extraordinary obſervation of the editor's to which I cannot but agree, that it is a vulgar errour that walnuttrees, like Ruſſian wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and ſtones are uſed by boys and others to get the fruit down, the walnuttree being ſo very high they could not otherwiſe reach it, rather out of kindneſs to themſelves than any regard to the tree that bears it. As for aſparagus, there is an excellent remark that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a hundred of them weighed thirty; that cucumbers are apt to riſe in the ſtomach, unleſs pared, or boiled with oil, vinegar, and honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any diſturbance, becauſe it was a rule for them to have always boiled cabbage for their firſt diſh at ſupper; that the beſt way to roaſt onions is in colewort leaves, for fear of burning them; that beets are good for ſmiths, becauſe they, working at the fire, are generally coſtive; that Petronius has recorded a little old woman who ſold the *agreſte olus* of the Ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to thoſe who in our

days cry nettletops, elderbuds, and cliver, in ſpring-time very wholeſome.

The fourth book contains the univerſal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus compoſed the Pandects of Phyſick, and Juſtinian thoſe of Law, ſo Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art in this book which bears that inſcription. The firſt chapter contains the admirable receipt of a ſalacacaby of Apicius. Bruiſe in a mortar parſley-ſeed, dried pennyroyal, dried mint, ginger, green coriander, raiſins ſtoned, honey, vinegar, oil, and wine, put them into a cacabulum, three cruſts of Pycentine bread, the fleſh of a pullet, goat ſtones, veſtine cheeſe, pine kernels, cucumbers, dried onions minced ſmall; pour a ſoup over it, garniſh it with ſnow, and ſend it up in the cacabulum. This cacabulum being an unuſual veſſel, my friend went to his Dictionary, where finding an odd interpretation of it, he was eaſily perſuaded, from the whimſicalneſs of the compoſition, and the fantaſticalneſs of ſnow for its garniture, that the propereſt veſſel for a phyſician to preſcribe to ſend to table upon that occaſion might be a bedpan. There are ſome admirable remarks in the annotations to the ſecond chapter concerning the Dialogue of Aſellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between muſhrooms, chats, or becaficoes, oyſters, and redwings, a work that ought to be publiſhed; for the ſame annotator obſerves that this iſland is not deſtitute of redwings, though coming

to us only in the hardeſt weather, and therefore ſeldom brought fat to our tables; that the chats come to us in April and breed, and about autumn return to Africk; that experience ſhews us they may be kept in cages, fed with beef or wether mutton, figs, grapes, and minced filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of ſuch as would preſerve our Britiſh diſhes; the firſt delighting in hodgepodge, gallimaufries, forced meats, juſſels, and ſalmagundies; the latter in ſpare-ribs, ſirloins, chines and barons; and thence our terms of art both as to dreſſing and carving become very different; for they lying upon a ſort of couch, could not have carved thoſe diſhes which our anceſtors when they ſat upon forms uſed to do: but ſince the uſe of cuſhions and elbowchairs, and the editions of good books and authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them: for indeed hitherto we have been ſomething to blame; and I believe few of us have ſeen a diſh of capon-ſtones at table, (lamb-ſtones is acknowledged by the learned annotator that we have) for the art of making capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning off their ſpurs, which occaſioning their ſterility makes them capons in effect, though thoſe parts thereby become more large and tender.

The fifth book is of Peaſeporridge; under which are included, frumenty, watergruel, milkporridge, rice-milk, flummery, ſtirabout, and the like. The La-

tin or rather Greek name is *auſprios;* but my friend was pleaſed to entitle it *Pantagruel,* a name uſed by Rabelais, an eminent phyſician. There are ſome very remarkable things in it; as, the Emperour Julianus had ſeldom any thing but ſpoonmeat at ſupper; that the herb fenugreek, with pickles, oil, and wine, was a Roman dainty; upon which the annotator obſerves that it is not uſed in our kitchens for a certain ungrateful bitterneſs that it has; and that it is plainly a phyſical diet that will give a ſtool; and that mixed with oats it is the beſt purge for horſes: an excellent invention for frugality that nothing might be loſt! for what the lord did not eat he might ſend to his ſtable.

The ſixth book treats of Wildfowl, how to dreſs oſtridges, (the biggeſt, groſſeſt, and moſt difficult of digeſtion, of any bird) phenicopters, parrots, *&c.*

The ſeventh book treats of things ſumptuous and coſtly, and therefore chiefly concerning Hog-meat; in which the Romans came to that exceſs, that the laws forbad the uſage of hogs-harſlet, ſweetbreads, cheeks, *&c.* at their publick ſuppers; and Cato, when Cenſor, ſought to reſtrain the extravagant uſe of brawn by ſeveral of his orations. So much regard was had then to The Art of Cookery, that we ſee it took place in the thoughts of the wiſeſt men, and bore a part in their moſt important councils. But alas! the degeneracy of our preſent age is ſuch, that I believe few beſides the annotator know the excellency

of a virgin ſow, eſpecially of the black kind, brought from China, and how to make the moſt of her liver, lights, brains, and pettitoes, and to vary her into thoſe fifty diſhes which Pliny ſays were uſually made of that delicious creature. Beſides, Galen tells us more of its excellencies; "That fellow that eats bacon for two "or three days before he is to box or wreſtle ſhall be "much ſtronger than if he ſhould eat the beſt roaſt "beef or bagpudding in the pariſh."

The eighth book treats of ſuch dainties as four-footed beaſts afford us; as, 1. The Wild Boar, which they uſed to boil with all its briſtles on. 2. The Deer, dreſſed with broth made with pepper, wine, honey, oil, and ſtewed damſons, &c. 3. The Wild Sheep, of which there are "innumerable in the mountains of "Yorkſhire and Weſtmorland that will let nobody "handle them;" but if they are caught they are to be ſent up with an "elegant ſauce, preſcribed after a phy-"ſical manner, in form of an electuary, made of pep-"per, rue, parſley-ſeed, juniper, thyme dried, mint, "pennyroyal, honey, &c." with which any apothecary in that country can furniſh you. 4. Beef with onion ſauce, and commended by Celſus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, becauſe the Greeks ſcarce knew how to make oxen, and powdering-tubs were in very few families; for phyſicians have been very peculiar in their diet in all ages; otherwiſe Galen would ſcarce have found out that young foxes were in ſeaſon in autumn. 5. The Sucking Pig boiled in paper.

6. The Hare, the chief of the Roman dainties, its blood being the ſweeteſt of any animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperours and nobility had parks to fatten them in, yet in the time of Didianus Julianus if any one had ſent him one, or a pig, he would make it laſt him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which muſt have been a great expenſe, and is very remarkable. But the moſt exquiſite animal was reſerved for the laſt chapter; and that was the Dormouſe, a harmleſs creature, whoſe innocence might at leaſt have defended it both from Cooks and phyſicians. But Apicius found out an odd ſort of fate for thoſe poor creatures; ſome to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into hogs-guts, and ſo boiled for ſauſages. In ancient times people made it their buſineſs to fatten them; Ariſtotle rightly obſerves that ſleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that ſleep was their only nouriſhment. But the annotator has cleared that point; he, good man! has tenderly obſerved one of them for many years, and finds that it does not ſleep all the winter as falſely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repaſt then rolls itſelf up in a ball to ſleep. This dormouſe according to the author did not drink in three years time; but whether other dormice do ſo I cannot tell, becauſe Bambouſelbergius's treatiſe of Fattening Dormice is loſt: though very coſtly they

became a common diſh at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd receipt for dreſſing them, and ſerving them up with poppies and honey, which muſt be a very ſoporiferous dainty, and as good as owl-pie to ſuch as want a nap after dinner. The fondneſs of the Romans came to be ſo exceſſive towards them that, as Pliny ſays, "the Cenſorian laws "and Marcus Scaurus in his conſulſhip got them pro-"hibited from publick entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their ſubjects in ſo reaſonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewiſe that "ſcales were brought to table in thoſe ages to weigh "curious fiſhes, birds, and dormice," to ſee whether they were at the ſtandard of excellence and perfection, and ſometimes I ſuppoſe to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The annotator takes hold of this occaſion to ſhew "of how great uſe ſcales would "be at the tables of our nobility," eſpecially upon the bringing up of a diſh of wildfowl; "for if twelve "larks (ſays he) ſhould weigh below twelve ounces, "they would be very lean, and ſcarce tolerable; if "twelve and down-weight they would be very well; "but if thirteen they would be fat to perfection." We ſee upon how nice and exact a balance the happineſs of eating depends!

I could ſcarce forbear ſmiling, not to ſay worſe, at ſuch exactneſs and ſuch dainties, and told my friend that thoſe ſcales would be of extraordinary uſe at Dunſtable; and that if the annotator had not proſcribed his dormouſe I ſhould upon the firſt occaſion be glad to viſit it, if I knew its viſiting days and hours, ſo as not to diſturb it.

My friend ſaid there remained but two books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fiſh, in the account of which he would not be long, ſeeing his memory began to fail him almoſt as much as my patience:

> 'Tis true in a long work ſoft ſlumbers creep,
> And gently ſink the artiſt into ſleep *;

eſpecially when treating of dormice.

The ninth book is concerning Seafiſh, where amongſt other learned annotations is recorded that famous voyage of Apicius, who having ſpent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were lobſters of a vaſt and unuſual bigneſs in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on ſhipboard the ſame day, and having ſuffered much at ſea came at laſt to the coaſt. But the fame of ſo great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the fiſhermen ſailed out to meet him, and preſented him with their faireſt

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

lobſters. He aſked if they had no larger? they anſwered, "Their ſea produced nothing more excellent "than what they had brought." This honeſt freedom of theirs, with his diſappointment, ſo diſguſted him that he took pet, and bad the maſter return home again immediately; and ſo it ſeems Africa loſt the breed of one monſter more than it had before *. There are many receipts in the book to dreſs cramp-fiſh, that numb the hands of thoſe that touch them; the cuttle-fiſh, whoſe blood is like ink; the pourcountrel, or many feet; the ſea-urchin, or hedge-hog; with ſeveral others, whoſe ſauces are agreeable to their natures. But to the comfort of us Moderns the Ancients often ate their oyſters alive, and ſpread hard eggs minced over their ſprats, as we do now over our ſalt fiſh. There is one thing very curious concerning herrings; it ſeems the Ancients were very fantaſtical in making one thing paſs for another; ſo at Petronius's ſupper the Cook ſent up a fat gooſe, fiſh, and wildfowl of all ſorts to appearance, but ſtill all were made out of the ſeveral parts of one ſingle porker The great Nicomedes King of Bithynia had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook: the king was extremely affected with freſh

* Lord Lyttelton's nineteenth Dialogue of the Dead (perhaps the moſt humorous in that admirable collection) ſeems to have been entirely founded on the hints ſuggeſted by Dr. King.

herrings, (as indeed who is not?) but being far up in Aſia from the ſeacoſt, his whole wealth could not have purchaſed one; but his Cook contrived ſome ſort of meat which, put into a frame, ſo reſembled a herring that it was extremely ſatisfactory both to this prince's eyes and guſto. My friend told me that to the honour of the city of London he had ſeen a thing of this nature there, that is, a herring, or rather a ſalmagundi, with the head and tail ſo neatly laid that it ſurpriſed him. He ſays many of the ſpecies may be found at the Sugarloaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent reliſh to Burton ale, and not coſting above ſixpence; an inconſiderable price for ſo imperial a dainty!

The tenth book, as my friend tells me, is concerning Fiſh Sauces, which conſiſt of variety of ingredients, amongſt which is generally a kind of frumenty: but it is not to be forgotten by any perſon who would boil fiſh exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at preſent is ſaid to be a Dutch receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It ſeems Seneca the philoſopher, (a man from whoſe moroſe temper little good in The Art of Cookery could be expected) in his third book of Natural Queſtions, correcting the luxury of the times, ſays the Romans were come to that daintineſs that they would not eat a fiſh unleſs upon the ſame day it was taken, that it might taſte of

the ſea, as they expreſſed it, and therefore had them brought by perſons who rode poſt, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an uſual expreſſion for a Roman to ſay, "In other matters I may confide in "you; but in a thing of this weight it is not conſi- "ſtent with my gravity and prudence. I will truſt no- "thing but my own eyes. Bring the fiſh hither; let me "ſee him breathe his laſt!" And when the poor fiſh was brought to table ſwimming and gaſping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying "mullet!" My friend ſays the annotator looks upon theſe "as jeſts made by the Stoicks, and ſpoken abſurdly "and beyond nature;" though the annotator at the ſame time tells us that it was a law at Athens that the fiſhermen ſhould not waſh their fiſh, but bring them as they came out of the ſea. Happy were the Athe- nians in good laws, and the Romans in great examples! but I believe our Britons need wiſh their friends no longer life than till they ſee London ſerved with live herring and gaſping mackarel. It is true we are not quite ſo barbarous but that we throw our crabs alive into ſcalding water, and tie our lobſters to the ſpit to hear them ſqueak when they are roaſted: our eels uſe the ſame periſtaltick motion upon the gridiron, when their ſkin is off and their guts are out, as they did be- fore; and our gudgeons, taking opportunity of jump-

ing after they are flowered, give occaſion to the admirable remark of ſome perſons' folly, when to avoid the danger of the fryingpan they leap into the fire. My friend ſaid that the mention of eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the annotator, "That they who amongſt the Sybarites would fiſh "for eels or ſell them ſhould be free from all taxes." I was glad to hear of the word Conclude, and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I ſhortly intend a hiſtory, ſhewing how they deſervedly banniſhed cocks for waking them in a morning, and ſmiths for being uſeful; how one cried out becauſe one of the roſe-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their horſes to dance; and ſo their enemies coming againſt them with guittars and harpſicords ſet them ſo upon their round O's and minuets, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thouſand of them ſlain, as Gouldman, Lyttelton, and ſeveral other good authors, affirm. I told my friend I had much overſtayed my hour; but if at any time he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caſpar Barthius, and another friend, with himſelf, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice diſhes to cover the table at once, which except they would think of any thing better ſhould be a ſalacacaby, a diſh of fenugreek, a wild ſheep's head and appurtenance, with a ſuitable

electuary, a ragout of capons'-ſtones, and ſome dormice ſauſages.

If, as friends do with one another at a veniſon-paſty, you ſhould ſend for a plate, you know you may c mand it; for what is mine is your's, as being enti your, &c.

THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

Occaſioned principally by the Title of a Book publiſhed by the Doctor, being the Works of Apicius Cælius concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients; with an Extract of the greateſt Curioſities contained in that Book *.

Humbly inſcribed

TO THE HON. BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

Firſt printed in 1708.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS Liſter! were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face but with a neck like Brawn,
With wings of turkey and with feet of calf,
Tho' drawn by Kneller it would make you laugh.
Such is, good Sir! the figure of a feaſt
By ſome rich farmer's wife and ſiſter dreſt,

* Of Dr. Liſter's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was reprinted at Amſterdam in 1709 by Theod. Janſ. Almeloveen, under the title of Apicii Cælii de Opſoniis et Condimentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum Annotationibus Martini Liſter, e Medicis Domeſticis Sereniſſimæ Majeſtatis Reginæ Annæ, et Notis ſelectioribus, variiſque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, Reineſii, A Van Der Linden, et aliorum, ut et variarum Lectionum Libello. Editio Secunda. Dr. Aſkew had a copy of each edition.

Which were it not for plenty and for ſteam
Might be reſembled to a ſick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run ſo faſt,
That ſyllabubs come firſt and ſoups the laſt.
Not but that Cooks and poets ſtill were free
To uſe their pow'r in nice variety;
Hence mack'rel ſeem delightful to the eyes
Tho' dreſs'd with incoherent gooſeberries:
Crabs, ſalmon, lobſters, are with fennel ſpread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead:
Yet no man lards ſalt pork with orangepeel,
Or garniſhes his lamb with ſpitchcock'd eel.
A Cook perhaps has mighty things profeſt,
Then ſent up but two diſhes nicely dreſt:
What ſignify Scotcht-collops to a feaſt?
Or you can make whipp'd cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a ſailor who wants beef,
Who lately ſhipwreck'd never can have eaſe
Till reeſtabliſh'd in his pork and peaſe?
When once begun, let induſtry ne'er ceaſe
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your deſſert bright pewter comes too late
When your firſt courſe was all ſerv'd up in plate.
Moſt knowing Sir! the greateſt part of Cooks
Searching for truth are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little, hence has try'd
Turkey-poults freſh from the egg in butter fry'd:
Others to ſhew the largeneſs of their ſoul
Prepare you muttons ſwol'd and oxen whole.

To vary the ſame things ſome think is art:
By larding of hogs-feet, and bacon-tart,
The taſte is now to that perfection brought
That care when wanting ſkill creates the fault.
In Covent Garden did a tailor dwell
Who might deſerve a place in his own hell:
Give him a ſingle coat to make he 'd do 't;
A veſt or breeches ſingly; but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a ſuit!
Rather than frame a ſupper like ſuch clothes
I 'd have fine eyes and teeth without my noſe.
You that from pliant paſte would fabricks raiſe,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praiſe,
Your knuckles try, and let your ſinews know
Their pow'r to knead and give the form to dough:
Chuſe your materials right, your ſeas'ning fix,
And with your fruit reſplendent ſugar mix;
From thence of courſe the figure will ariſe,
And elegance adorn the ſurface of your pies.
Beauty from order ſprings: the judging eye
Will tell you if one ſingle plate is awry:
The Cook muſt ſtill regard the preſent time;
T' omit what 's juſt in ſeaſon is a crime:
Your infant peaſe t' aſparagus prefer,
Which to the ſupper you may beſt defer.
Be cautious how you change old bills of fare;
Such alterations ſhould at leaſt be rare;
Yet credit to the artiſt will accrue
Who in known things ſtill makes th' appearance new.

Freſh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
And now by conſtant uſe familiar grown.
What lord of old would bid his Cook prepare
Mangoes, potargo, champignons, caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd anceſtors find fault
For want of ſugartongs or ſpoons for ſalt?
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one veſſel ſav'd his name from death.
The ſeaſons change us all. By autumn's froſt
The ſhady leaves of trees and fruit are loſt;
But then the ſpring breaks forth with freſh ſupplies,
And from the teeming earth new buds ariſe.
So ſtubble-geeſe at Michaelmas are ſeen
Upon the ſpit; next May produces green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark;
What Cavalier would know St. James's Park *?
For Locket's ſtands where gardens once did ſpring,
And wild ducks quack where graſshoppers did ſing:

* In the time of King Henry VIII. the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, enclo-ſed it, laid it out in walks, and collecting the waters together gave to the new-enclofed ground and new-raiſed building the name of St. James's. It was much enlarged by Charles II. who added to it ſeveral fields, planted it with rows of limetrees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal with a decoy and other ponds for waterfowl. The limetrees or tilia, whoſe bloſſoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in conſe-quence of a ſuggeſtion of Mr. Evelyn in his Fumifugium, pu-bliſhed in 1661.—The improvements lately made ſeem in ſome meaſure to have brought it into the ſtate it was in before the Reſtoration; at leaſt the wild ducks have in their turn gi-ven way to the graſshoppers.

A princely palace on that ſpace does riſe
Where Sedley's noble Muſe found mulberries *.
Since places alter thus, what conſtant thought
Of filling various diſhes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who 'd fix thoſe things where faſhion is a rule.
King Hardicnute midſt Danes and Saxons ſtout
Carous'd on nutbrown ale and din'd on grout,
Which diſh its priſtine honour ſtill retains,
And when each prince is crown'd in ſplendour reigns.
By Northern cuſtom duty was expreſt
To friends departed by their fun'ral feaſt.
Tho' I 've conſulted Holinſhed and Stow
I find it very difficult to know
Who, to refreſh th' attendants to a grave
Burnt claret firſt or Naples-biſcuit gave.
Trotter from quince and apples firſt did frame
A pie which ſtill retains his proper name:
Tho' common grown, yet with white ſugar ſtrow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodneſs is allow'd.
As wealth flow'd in, and plenty ſprang from peace,
Good humour reign'd, and pleaſures found increaſe.
'Twas uſual then the banquet to prolong
By muſick's charm and ſome delightful ſong,
Where ev'ry youth in pleaſing accents ſtrove
To tell the ſtratagems and cares of love;

* A comedy called The Mulberry Garden.

How ſome ſucceſsful were, how others croſt;
Then to the ſparkling glaſs would give his toaſt,
Whoſe bloom did moſt in his opinion ſhine,
To reliſh both the muſick and the wine.
Why am I ſtyl'd a Cook if I 'm ſo loth
To marinate my fiſh or ſeaſon broth,
Or ſend up what I roaſt with pleaſing froth,
If I my maſter's guſto won't diſcern,
But thro' my baſhful folly ſcorn to learn?
When among friends good humour takes its birth
'Tis not a tedious feaſt prolongs the mirth;
But it 's not reaſon therefore you ſhould ſpare
When as their future Burgeſs you prepare
For a fat corporation and their mayor.
All things ſhould find their room in proper place,
And what adorns this treat would that diſgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have exceſſive doings at their wake:
Ev'n tailors at their yearly feaſts look great,
And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.
A prince who in a foreſt rides aſtray,
And weary to ſome cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of fowl or biſks of fiſh,
But hungry ſups his cream ſerv'd up in earthen diſh;
Quenches his thirſt with ale in nutbrown bowls,
And takes the haſty raſher from the coals,
Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free,
Who thought himſelf as good a man as he.

Unleſs ſome ſweetneſs at the bottom lie
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pie?
If you would have me merry with your cheer
Be ſo yourſelf, or ſo at leaſt appear.
The things we eat by various juice control
The narrowneſs or largeneſs of our ſoul.
Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep;
The tender lettuce brings on ſofter ſleep;
Eat beef or piecruſt if you 'd ſerious be;
Your ſhellfiſh raiſes Venus from the ſea:
For Nature that inclines to ill or good
Still nouriſhes our paſſions by our food.
Happy the man that has each fortune try'd,
To whom ſhe much has given and much deny'd;
With abſtinence all delicates he ſees,
And can regale himſelf with toaſt and cheeſe.
Your betters will deſpiſe you if they ſee
Things that are far ſurpaſſing your degree;
Therefore beyond your ſubſtance never treat:
'Tis plenty in ſmall fortune to be neat.
'Tis certain that a ſteward cann't afford
An entertainment equal with his lord.
Old age is frugal, gay youth will abound
With heat, and ſee the flowing cup go round.
A widow has cold pie; nurſe gives you cake;
From gen'rous merchants ham or ſturgeon take:
The farmer has brown bread as freſh as day,
And butter fragrant as the dew of May:

Cornwall ſquabpie, and Devon whitepot brings,
And Lei'ſter beans and bacon, food of kings!
At Chriſtmas time be careful of your fame;
See the old tenants' table be the ſame;
Then if you would ſend up the brawner's head,
Sweet roſemary and bays around it ſpread;
His foaming tuſks let ſome large pippin grace,
Or midſt thoſe thund'ring ſpears an orange place;
Sauce like himſelf, offenſive to its foes,
The roguiſh muſtard, dang'rous to the noſe!
Sack and the well-ſpic'd Hippocras the wine,
Waiſſail the bowl with ancient ribands fine,
Porridge with plumbs, and turkeys with the chine.
If you perhaps would try ſome diſh unknown,
Which more peculiarly you 'd make your own,
Like ancient ſailors ſtill regard the coaſt;
By vent'ring out too far you may be loſt.
By roaſting that which your forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roaſted, much is ſpoil'd.
That Cook to Britiſh palates is complete
Whoſe ſav'ry hand gives turns to common meat.
Tho' Cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Thro' niceneſs of their ſubject few have writ.
In what an awkward ſound that ballad ran
Which with this bluſt'ring paragraph began!
"There was a prince of Lubberland,
"A potentate of high command,
"Ten thouſand bakers did attend him,
"Ten thouſand brewers did befriend him;

" Theſe brought him kiſſing-cruſts, and thoſe
" Brought him ſmall beer, before he roſe."
The author raiſes mountains ſeeming full,
But all the cry produces little wool:
So if you ſue a beggar for a houſe,
And have a verdict, what d' ye gain? a louſe!
Homer, more modeſt, if we ſearch his books,
Will ſhew us that his heroes all were Cooks;
How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins
To quarter out the ox and ſpit the loins.
Oh could that poet live! could he rehearſe
Thy Journey, Lifter! in immortal verſe!
Muſe! ſing the man that did to Paris go
That he might taſte their ſoups and muſhrooms know!
Oh! how would Homer praiſe their dancing dogs,
Their ſtinking cheeſe and fricaſee of frogs!
He 'd raiſe no fables, ſing no flagrant lie,
Of boys with cuſtard chok'd at Newberry;
By their whole courſes you 'd entirely ſee
How all their parts from firſt to laſt agree.
If you all ſorts of perſons would engage
Suit well your eatables to every age.
The fav'rite child that juſt begins to prattle,
And throws away his ſilver bells and rattle,
Is very humourſome, and makes great clutter
Till he has windows on his bread and butter;
He for repeated ſupper-meat will cry,
But won't tell mammy what he 'd have or why.

The ſmoothfac'd youth, that has new guardians
From playhouſe ſteps to ſupper at The Roſe, [choſe,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating muſt be little, coſtly, nice.
Maturer Age, to this delight grown ſtrange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour, riſing from a Sheriff's wealth:
Unleſs he ſome inſurance dinner lacks
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age by ſtill intruding years
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Moroſe, perverſe in humour, diffident,
The more he ſtill abounds the leſs content;
His larder and his kitchen too obſerves,
And now leſt he ſhould want hereafter ſtarves;
Thinks ſcorn of all the preſent age can give,
And none theſe threeſcore years knew how to live.
But now the Cook muſt paſs thro' all degrees,
And by his art diſcordant tempers pleaſe,
And miniſter to health and to diſeaſe.
Far from the parlour have your kitchen plac'd;
Dainties may in their working be diſgrac'd.
In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,
And from your eels their ſlimy ſubſtance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night;
For they who like the thing abhor the ſight.

Next let diſcretion moderate your coſt,
And when you treat three courſes be the moſt.
Let never freſh machines your paſtry try
Unleſs grandees or magiſtrates are by;
Then you may put a dwarf into a pie:
Or if you 'd fright an alderman and mayor,
Within a paſty lodge a living hare;
Then midſt their graveſt furs ſhall mirth ariſe,
And all the Guild purſue with joyful cries.
Crowd not your table; let your numbers be
Not more than ſev'n, and never leſs than three.
'Tis the deſſert that graces all the feaſt,
For an ill end diſparages the reſt:
A thouſand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your tranſparent ſweetmeats truly nice
With Indian ſugar and Arabian ſpice;
And let your various creams encircled be
With ſwelling fruit juſt raviſh'd from the tree.
Let plates and diſhes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth tranſparent wrought.
The feaſt now done, diſcourſes are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth purſu'd.
The cheerful maſter midſt his jovial friends
His glaſs "To their beſt wiſhes" recommends.
The grace-cup follows "To his ſov'reign's health,"
And to his country "Plenty, peace, and wealth:"
Performing then the piety of grace
Each man that pleaſes reaſſumes his place;

While at his gate from ſuch abundant ſtore
He ſhow'rs his godlike bleſſings on the poor.
In days of old our fathers went to war
Expecting ſturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their beef they often in their murrions ſtew'd,
And in their baſket-hilts their bev'rage brew'd.
Some officer perhaps might give conſent
To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every ſoldier got,
Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But when our conqueſts were extenſive grown,
And thro' the world our Britiſh worth was known,
Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaigne ſparkled equal with their lace;
Quails, becaficoes, ortolans, were ſent
To grace the levee of a gen'ral's tent;
In their gilt plate all delicates were ſeen,
And what was earth before became a rich terrene.
When the young players once get to Iſlington
They fondly think that all the world 's their own:
'Prentices, pariſh-clerks, and Hectors, meet;
He that is drunk or huily'd pays the treat.
Their talk is looſe; and o'er the bouncing ale
At conſtables and juſtices they rail;
Not thinking cuſtard ſuch a ſerious thing
That common councilmen 't will thither bring,
Where many a man at variance with his wife
With ſoft'ning mead and cheeſecake ends the ſtrife.

Ev'n ſquires come there, and with their mean diſcourſe
Render the kitchen which they ſit in worſe.
Midwives demure, and chambermaids moſt gay,
Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In cream and codlings rev'lling with delight:
What theſe approve the great men will diſlike;
But here is the art, if you the palate ſtrike
By management of common things ſo well
That what was thought the meaneſt ſhall excel,
While others ſtrive in vain all perſons own
Such diſhes could be dreſs'd by you alone.
When ſtraiten'd in your time, and ſervants few,
You 'll rightly then compoſe an ambigue,
Where firſt and ſecond courſe, and your deſſert,
All in one ſingle table have their part.
From ſuch a vaſt confuſion it is delight
To find the jarring elements unite
And raiſe a ſtructure grateful to the ſight.
Be not too far by old example led;
With caution now we in their footſteps tread.
The French our reliſh help, and well ſupply
The want of things too groſs by decency.
Our fathers moſt admir'd their ſauces ſweet,
And often aſk'd for ſugar with their meat;
They butter'd currants on fat veal beſtow'd,
And rumps of beef with virgin-honey ſtrow'd.

Inſipid taſte! old Friend, to them who Paris know,
Where rocambole, ſhalot, and the rank garlick, grow.
Tom Bold did firſt begin the ſtrolling mart,
And drove about his turnips in a cart;
Sometimes his wife the citizens would pleaſe,
And from the ſame machine ſell pecks of peaſe:
Then pippins did in wheelbarrows abound,
And oranges in whimſey boards went round.
Beſs Hoy firſt found it troubleſome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her cherries on a ſtall;
Her currants there and gooſeberries were ſpread,
With the enticing gold of gingerbread:
But flounders, ſprats, and cucumbers, were cry'd,
And ev'ry ſound and ev'ry voice was try'd.
At laſt the law this hideous din ſuppreſt,
And order'd that the Sunday ſhould have reſt,
And that no nymph her noiſy food ſhould ſell
Except it were new milk or mackarel.
There is no diſh but what our Cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade:
Not French kickſhaws or oglios brought from Spain
Alone have found improvement from their brain;
But pudding, brawn, and whitepots, own'd to be
Th' effects of native ingenuity.
Our Britiſh fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain
Would they take time; would they with leiſure work,
With care would ſalt their beef and cure their pork;

Would boil their liquor well whene'er they brew:
Their conqueſt half is to the victualler due.
Becauſe that thrift and abſtinence are good,
As many things if rightly underſtood,
Old Croſs condemns all perſons to be fops
That cann't regale themſelves with muttonchops:
He often for ſtuft beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean Rummer as the Peſthouſe ſhuns:
Sometimes poor jack and onions are his diſh,
And then he ſaints thoſe friars who ſtink of fiſh.
As for myſelf, I take him to abſtain
Who has good meat with decency, tho' plain:
But tho' my edge be not too nicely ſet,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when ſeaſon 's paſt,
What 's ſtale, what's choice, what's plentiful, what's waſte,
And lead him thro' the various maze of taſte.
The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious Cooks The Reliſh call;
For when the market ſends in loads of food
They all are taſteleſs till that makes them good.
Beſides, it is no ignoble piece of care
To know for whom it is you would prepare.
You 'd pleaſe a friend, or reconcile a brother,
A teſty father, or a haughty mother?
Would mollify a judge, would cram a ſquire,
Or elſe ſome ſmiles from Court you may deſire?

Or would perhaps ſome haſty ſupper give,
To ſhew the ſplendid ſtate in which you live?
Purſuant to that int'reſt you propoſe
Muſt all your wine and all your meat be choſe:
Let men and manners ev'ry diſh adapt;
Who 'd force his pepper where his gueſts are clapt?
A cauldron of fat beef and ſtoop of ale
On the huzzaing mob ſhall more prevail
Than if you give them with the niceſt art
Ragouts of peacocks' brains or filbert tart.
The French by ſoups and hautgouts glory raiſe,
And their deſires all terminate in praiſe.
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is to ſave all the money they can touch.
"Hans," cries the father, "ſee a pin lies there;
"A pin a-day will fetch a groat a-year.
"To your five farthings join three farthings more,
"And they if added make your halfpence four!"
Thus may your ſtock by management increaſe;
Your wars ſhall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and ruſty coin prevail
What hopes of ſugar'd cakes or butter'd ale?
Cooks garniſh out ſome tables, ſome they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture ſhew their ſkill.
Clog not your conſtant meals, for diſhes few
Increaſe the appetite when choice and new.
Ev'n they who will extravagance profeſs
Have ſtill an inward hatred for exceſs.

Meat forc'd too much untouch'd at table lies;
Few care for carving trifles in diſguiſe,
Or that fantaſtick diſh ſome call Surpriſe.
When pleaſures to the eye and palate meet
That Cook has render'd his great work complete;
His glory far, like Sirloins knighthood, flies,
Immortal made as Kitcat by his pies.
Good nature muſt ſome failings overlook,
Not wilfulneſs but errours of the Cook.
A ſtring won't always give the ſound deſign'd
By the muſician's touch and heav'nly mind;
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the deſtin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no ſalt is thrown about the diſh,
Or no fry'd parſley ſcatter'd on the fiſh:
Shall I in paſſion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my Cook deny,
For things which careleſſneſs might overſee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?
I with compaſſion once may overlook
A ſkewer ſent to table by my Cook;
But think not therefore tamely I 'll permit
That he ſhould daily the ſame fault commit,
For fear the raſcal ſend me up the ſpit!
Poor Roger Fowler had a gen'rous mind,
Nor would ſubmit to have his hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all, yet never could excel
In any thing but ſtuffing of his veal:

But when that diſh was in perfection ſeen,
And that alone, would it not move your ſpleen?
'Tis true in a long work ſoft ſlumbers creep,
And gently ſink the artiſt into ſleep.
Ev'n Lamb himſelf at the moſt ſolemn feaſt
Might have ſome chargers not exactly dreſt.
Tables ſhould be like pictures to the ſight,
Some diſhes caſt in ſhade, ſome ſpread in light;
Some at a diſtance brighten, ſome near hand,
Where eaſe may all their delicace command:
Some ſhould be mov'd when broken; others laſt
Thro' the whole treat, incentive to the taſte.
Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the kitchen call'd his eldeſt ſon.
"Tho' wiſe thyſelf," ſays he, "tho' taught by me,
"Yet fix this ſentence in thy memory;
"There are ſome certain things that do n't excel,
"And yet we ſay are tolerably well:
"There 's many worthy men a lawyer prize
"Whom they diſtinguiſh as of middle ſize
"For pleading well at bar or turning books;
"But this is not, my Son! the fate of Cooks,
"From whoſe myſterious art true pleaſure ſprings
"To ſtall of garter and to throne of kings.
"A ſimple ſcene, a diſobliging ſong,
"Which no way to the main deſign belong,
"Or were they abſent never would be miſs'd,
"Have made a well-wrought comedy be hiſs'd;

" So in a feaſt no intermediate fault
" Will be allow'd,, but if not beſt it is naught."
He that of feeble nerves and joints complains
From ninepins, coits, and from trapball, abſtains,
Cudgels avoids, and ſhuns the wreſtling place,
Leſt Vinegar reſound his loud diſgrace:
But ev'ry one to Cookery pretends;
Nor maid nor miſtreſs e'er conſult their friends.
But, Sir, if you would roaſt a pig, be free;
Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We 'll ſee when 't is enough when both eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout;
But if it lies too long the crackling 's pall'd,
Not by the drudgingbox to be recall'd.
Our Cambrian fathers, ſparing in their food,
Firſt broil'd their hunted goats on bars of wood:
Sharp hunger was their ſeaſ'ning, or they took
Such ſalt as iſſu'd from the native rock:
Their ſallading was never far to ſeek,
The poignant watergraſs or ſav'ry leek,
Until the Britiſh bards adorn'd this iſle,
And taught them how to roaſt and how to boil;
Then Talieſſin roſe, and ſweetly ſtrung
His Britiſh harp, inſtructing whilſt he ſung;
Taught them that honeſty they ſtill poſſeſs,
Their truth, their open heart, their modeſt dreſs,
Duty to kindred, conſtancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends;

Contempt of wealth and pleaſure, to appear
To all mankind with hoſpitable cheer.
In afterages Arthur taught his Knights
At his Round Table to record their fights,
Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monſters ſubdu'd, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inſpir'd that Cambrian ſoul which ne'er can yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick! truly great,
To future heroes due example ſet;
By his capacious cauldron made appear
From whence the ſpirits riſe and ſtrength of war.
The preſent age, to gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vaſt improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beef-ſteaks;
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Eſtcourt's book *, whoſe gridiron 's fram'd of gold.
Scorn not theſe lines, deſign'd to let you know
Profits that from a wellplac'd table flow.

* That is, be admitted a member of The Beef-Steak Club.—Richard Eſtcourt, who was a player and dramatick writer, is celebrated in The Spectator as poſſeſſed of a ſprightly wit and an eaſy and natural politeneſs. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-Steak Club was firſt inſtituted he had the office of Providore aſſigned him; and as a mark of diſtinction uſed to wear a ſmall gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green ſilk riband. He died in the year 1713.

'Tis a ſage queſtion if the Art of Cooks
Is lodg'd by Nature or attain'd by books?
That man will never frame a noble treat
Whoſe whole dependance lies in ſome receipt:
Then by pure Nature ev'ry thing is ſpoil'd;
She knows no more than ſtew'd, bak'd, roaſt, and boil'd.
When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice ragout or charming fricaſſee.
The lad that would his genius ſo advance
That on the rope he might ſecurely dance,
From tender years enures himſelf to pains,
To ſummer's parching heat and winter's rains,
And from the fire of wine and love abſtains.
No artiſt can his hautboy's ſtops command
Unleſs ſome ſkilful maſter form his hand;
But gentry take their Cooks tho' never try'd;
It ſeems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus ſhew him a fool
That dreads a parent's check or rods at ſchool.
Oxcheek when hot, and wardens bak'd, ſome cry,
But it is with an intention men ſhould buy:
Others abound with ſuch a plenteous ſtore,
That if you 'll let them treat they 'll aſk no more;
And it is the vaſt ambition of their ſoul
To ſee their Port admir'd and table full:
But then amidſt that cringing fawning crowd
Who talk ſo very much and laugh ſo loud,
Who with ſuch grace his Honour's actions praiſe,
How well he fences, dances, ſings, and plays!

Tell him his livery 's rich, his chariot 's fine,
How choice his meat and delicate his wine!
Surrounded thus, how ſhould the youth deſcry
The happineſs of friendſhip from a lie?
Friends act with cautious temper when ſincere,
But flatt'ring impudence is void of care:
So at an Iriſh funeral appears
A train of drabs with mercenary tears,
Who wringing oft' their hands, with hideous moan,
Know not his name for whom they ſeem to groan;
While real Grief with ſilent ſteps proceeds,
And love unfeign'd with inward paſſion bleeds.
Hard fate of wealth! Were lords as butchers wife
They from their meat would baniſh all the flies.
The Perſian kings with wine and maſſy bowl
Search'd to the dark receſſes of the ſoul,
That ſo laid open no one might pretend
Unleſs a man of worth to be their friend;
But now the gueſts their patrons undermine,
And ſlander them for giving them their wine.
Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
Unleſs by theſe inſtructions they 'll be taught
They ſpread the net and will themſelves be caught.
Were Horace, that great maſter, now alive,
A feaſt with wit and judgment he 'd contrive;
As thus.—Suppoſing that you would rehearſe
A labour'd work, and ev'ry diſh a verſe,
He 'd ſay, " Mend this, and t' other line, and this."
If after trial it were ſtill amiſs,

He 'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
Or ſet ſome diſh more curious in its place.
If you perſiſt, he would not ſtrive to move
A paſſion ſo delightful as ſelflove.
We ſhould ſubmit our treats to criticks' view,
And ev'ry prudent Cook ſhould read Boſſu.
Judgment provides the meat in ſeaſon fit,
Which by the genius dreſt its ſauce is wit.
Good beef for men, pudding for youth and age,
Come up to the decorum of the ſtage.
The critick ſtrikes out all that is not juſt,
And it is ev'n ſo the butler chips his cruſt.
Poets and paſtry-Cooks will be the ſame,
Since both of them their images muſt frame:
Chimeras from the poet's fancies flow,
The Cook contrives his ſhapes in real dough.
When Truth commands there is no man can offend
That with a modeſt love corrects his friend,
Tho' it is in toaſting bread or butt'ring peaſe,
So the reproof has temper, kindneſs, eaſe.
But why ſhould we reprove when faults are ſmall?
Becauſe it is better to have none at all.
There is often weight in things that ſeem the leaſt,
And our moſt trifling follies raiſe the jeſt.
'Tis by his cleanlineſs a Cook muſt pleaſe;
A kitchen will admit of no diſeaſe.
The fowler and the huntſman both may run
Amidſt that dirt which he muſt nicely ſhun.

Empedocles, a ſage of old, would raiſe
A name immortal by unuſual ways:
At laſt his fancies grew ſo very odd
He thought by roaſting to be made a god.
Tho' fat, he leapt with his unwieldy ſtuff
In Ætna's flames, ſo to have fire enough.
Were my Cook fat, and I a ſtander-by,
I 'd rather than himſelf his fiſh ſhould fry.
There are ſome perſons ſo exceſſive rude
That to your private table they 'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to faſt;
Turn like a fox they 'll catch you at the laſt.
You muſt, ſince bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your houſe as in a peſtilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he 'll approach,
And as you 're ſcamp'ring ſtop you in your coach.
Then think of all your ſins, and you will ſee
How right your guilt and puniſhment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw ſome debtor into jail:
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curſe,
You are detain'd by ſomething that is worſe.
Were it in my election, I ſhould chuſe
To meet a rav'nous wolf or bear got looſe.
He 'll eat and talk, and talking ſtill will eat:
No quarter from the paraſite you 'll get;
But like a leech well fix'd he 'll ſuck what 's good,
And never part till ſatisfy'd with blood.

THE ART OF LOVE;

IN FOURTEEN PARTS.

IN IMITATION OF

OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

TO THE LORD HERBERT *,

Eldeſt Son of his Excellency the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Caerdiff, Roſs of Kendal, Parr, Fitz-Hugh Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shutland, Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a ſubject that will naturally be protected by the goodneſs and temper of your Lordſhip; for as the advantages of your mind and perſon muſt kindle the flames of love in the coldeſt breaſt, ſo you are of an age moſt ſuſceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all thoſe accompliſhments at home which others are forced to ſeek abroad, and have given the world aſſurance, by ſuch beginnings, that you will ſoon be qualified to fill the higheſt offices of the crown with the ſame univerſal applauſe that has conſtantly attended your illuſtrious father in the diſcharge of them. For the good of your poſterity may you ever be happy in the choice of

* Henry Lord Herbert ſucceeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749.

what you love! and though these Rules will be of small use to you that can frame much better, yet let me beg leave that by dedicating them to your service I may have the honour of telling the world that I am obliged to your Lordship, and that I am most entirely

Your Lordship's

most faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

PREFACE.

It is endeavoured in the following Poems to give the readers of both ſexes ſome ideas of The Art of Love; ſuch a love as is innocent and virtuous, and whoſe deſires terminate in preſent happineſs and that of poſterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the Ancients, amongſt whom none has touched that paſſion more tenderly and juſtly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the maſterſhip in that art; and therefore in the fourth book *De Triſtibus*, when he would give ſome account of himſelf to future ages, he calls himſelf *Tenerorum Luſor Amorum*, as if he gloried principally in the deſcriptions he had made of that paſſion.

The preſent Imitation of him is at leaſt ſuch a one as Mr. Dryden mentions "to be an endeavour of a "later poet to write like one who has written before "him on the ſame ſubject; that is, not to tranſlate "his words, or be confined to his ſenſe, but only to "ſet him as a pattern, and to write as he ſuppoſes "that author would have done had he lived in our "age and in our country. But he dares not ſay that "Sir John Denham* or Mr. Cowley have carried "this libertine way, as the latter calls it, ſo far as

* Mr. Dryden alludes to The Deſtruction of Troy, &c.

"this definition reaches." But, alas! the preſent imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote upon laſting foundations; but the preſent ſubject being Love, it would be unreaſonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the paſſion and grounds of it will continue the ſame thro' all ages, yet there will be many little modes, faſhions, and graces, ways of complaiſance and addreſs, entertainments and diverſions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and perſons will write, and the Ancients have ſo great a fund of learning, whom can the Moderns take better to copy than ſuch originals? it is moſt likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thouſand to one but their imitation is better than any clumſy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing has as much reaſon to underſtand the true ſcope, genius, and force, of the expreſſions of his author as a literal tranſlator; and after all he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and if there is any thing that may ſeem pardonable, the Latin at the bottom ſhews to whom he is engaged for it *. An imitator and his

* In the firſt editions of The Art of Cookery and of The Art of Love Dr. King printed the original under the reſpective pages of his tranſlations.

author ſtand much upon the ſame terms as Ben does with his father in the comedy *:

What thof' he be my father? I an't bound 'prentice to 'en.

There were many reaſons why the imitator tranſpoſed ſeveral verſes of Ovid, and has divided the whole into fourteen Parts rather than keep it in three books. Theſe may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the reſt, ſome were, that matters of the ſame ſubject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthenſome; and therefore (if ſmall matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his Georgicks, ſo here moſt of the parts end with ſome remarkable fable, which carries with it ſome moral: yet if any perſons pleaſe to take the ſix firſt parts as the firſt book, and divide the eight laſt, they may make three books of them again. There have by chance ſome twenty lines crept into the Poem out of The Remedy of Love, which (as inanimate things are generally the moſt wayward and provoking) ſince they would ſtay have been ſuffered to ſtand there. But as for the Love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be preſcribed for it but the ſpeedy obtaining of what it deſires. Should the imitator's ſtyle ſeem not to be ſufficiently reſtrained, ſhould he

* Congreve's Love for Love.

not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be considered that perhaps even in that he desired to imitate his author, and would not peruse them, lest as some of Ovid's works were, so these might be committed to the flames: but he leaves that for the reader to do, if he pleases, when he has bought them.

THE ART OF LOVE.

PART I.

WHOEVER knows not what it is to love,
Let him but read theſe verſes and improve.
Swift ſhips are rul'd by art, and oars, and ſails;
Skill guides our chariots; wit o'er love prevails.
Automedon with reins let looſe could fly;
Tiphys with Argo's ſhip cut waves and ſky.
In Loveaffairs I 'm charioteer of Truth,
And ſureſt pilot to incautious youth.
Love 's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy;
But then conſider he is but a boy.
Chiron with pleaſing harp Achilles tam'd,
And his rough manners with ſoft muſick fram'd:
Tho' he 'd in council ſtorm, in battle rage,
He bore a ſecret reverence for age.
Chiron's command with ſtrict obedience ties
The ſinewy arm by which brave Hector dies.
That was his taſk, but fiercer Love is mine:
They both are boys, and ſprung from race divine.
The ſtiffneck'd bull does to the yoke ſubmit,
And the moſt fiery courſer champs the bit:
So Love ſhall yield. I own I 've been his ſlave,
But conquer'd where my enemy was brave;
And now he darts his flames without a wound,
And all his whiſtling arrows die in ſound.

Nor will I raiſe my fame by hidden art;
In what I teach ſound reaſon ſhall have part:
For Nature's paſſion cannot be deſtroy'd,
But moves in virtue's path when well employ'd.
Yet ſtill it will be convenient to remove
The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
May infant Chaſtity, grave matrons' pride,
A parent's wiſh, and bluſhes of a bride,
Protect this Work! ſo guard it, that no rhyme
In ſyllable or thought may vent a crime!
The ſoldier that Love's armour would defy
Will find his greateſt courage is to fly.
When Beauty's am'rous glances parley beat
The only conqueſt then is to retreat;
But if the treach'rous fair pretend to yield,
'Tis preſent death unleſs you quit the field.
Whilſt youth and vanity would make you range,
Think on ſome beauty may prevent your change;
But ſuch by falling ſkies are never caught:
No happineſs is found but what is ſought.
The huntſman learns where does trip o'er the lawn,
And where the foaming boar ſecures his brawn:
The fowler's lowbell robs the lark of ſleep;
And they who hope for fiſh muſt ſearch the deep:
And he that fuel ſeeks for chaſte deſire
Muſt ſearch where virtue may that flame inſpire.
To foreign parts there is no need to roam;
The bleſſing may be met with nearer home.

From India ſome, others from neighb'ring France,
Bring tawny ſkins and puppets that can dance.
The ſeat of Britiſh empire does contain
Beauties that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
As fruitful fields with plenty bleſs the ſight,
And as the Milky Way adorns the night,
So that does with thoſe graceful nymphs abound,
Whoſe dovelike ſoftneſs is with roſes crown'd.
There tend'reſt blooms inviting ſoftneſs ſpread,
Whilſt by their ſmalleſt twine the captive 's led;
There youth advanc'd in majeſty does ſhine,
Fit to be a mother to a race divine.
No age in matrons, no decay, appears;
By prudence only there you gueſs at years.
Sometimes you 'll ſee theſe beauties ſeek the ſhade
By lofty trees in royal gardens made;
Or at St. James's, where a noble care
Makes all things pleaſing like himſelf appear;
Or Kenſington, ſweet air and bleſt retreat
Of him that owns a ſov'reign, tho' moſt great *!
Sometimes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
They view the noble ſtag and tripping fawn.

* George Prince of Denmark, conſort to the Queen, greatly admired theſe fine gardens.—They were purchaſed by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch, were enlarged by Queen Mary, and improved by Queen Anne, who was ſo pleaſed with the place that ſhe frequently ſupped during the ſummer in the Greenhouſe. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their preſent ſize, three miles and a half in compaſs.

On Hyde-park's circles if you chance to gaze
The lights revolving ſtrike you with amaze.
To Bath and Tunbridge they ſometimes retreat,
With waters to diſpel the parching heat:
But youth with reaſon there may oft' admire
That which may raiſe in him a nobler fire,
Till the kind fair relieves what he endures,
Caus'd at that water which all others cures.
Sometimes at marriage rites you may eſpy
Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
Where to bleſt muſick they in dances move,
With innocence and grace commanding Love.
But yearly when that ſolemn night returns
When grateful incenſe on the altar burns,
For cloſing the moſt glorious day e'er ſeen,
That firſt gave light to happy Britain's queen,
Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of nymphs ador'd and goddeſſes of old,
Equal thoſe beauties who that circle frame,
A ſubject fit for never-dying Fame;
Whoſe gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
Yet ſtill can add no luſtre to their own.
But when their Queen does to the ſenate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the ſhow,
Then guard your hearts, ye Makers of our laws!
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cauſe;

Leſt the ſubmiſſive part ſhould fall to you,
And they who ſuppliants help be forc'd to ſue.
Then may their yielding hearts compaſſion take,
And grant your wiſhes for your country's ſake:
Eaſe to their beauties' wounds may goodneſs give,
And ſince you make all happy let you live.
Sometimes theſe beauties on Newmarket plains,
Ruling their gentle pads with ſilken reins,
Behold the conflicts of the generous ſteeds,
Sprung from true blood and well atteſted breeds:
There youth may juſtly with diſcerning eye
Thro' riding Amazonian habit ſpy
That which his ſwifteſt courſer cannot fly.
It is no treach'rous or baſe piece of art
T' approve the ſide with which the fair takes part,
For equal paſſion equal minds will ſtrike
Either in commendation or diſlike:
For when two fencers ready ſtand to fight,
And we 're ſpectators of the bloody fight,
Our nimble paſſion Love has ſoon deſign'd
The man to whom we muſt and will be kind.
We think the other is not fit to win;
This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
If danger dares approach him how we ſtart!
Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
He takes the wounds but we endure the ſmart.
And Nature by ſuch inſtances does prove
That we fear moſt for that which moſt we love.

Therefore if Chance ſhould make her ſaddle ſlide,
Or any thing ſhould ſlip or be unty'd,
Oh! think it not a too officious care
With eagerneſs to run and help the fair.
We offer ſmall things to the pow'rs above:
'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
So when Eliza, whoſe propitious days
Revolving Heav'n does ſeem again to raiſe,
Whoſe ruling genius ſhew'd a maſterſtroke
In ev'ry thing ſhe did and all ſhe ſpoke,
Was ſtepping o'er a paſſage which the rain
Had fill'd, and ſeem'd as ſtepping back again,
Young Raleigh ſcorn'd to ſee his queen retreat,
And threw his velvet cloak beneath her feet:
The queen approv'd the thought, and made him great *.
Mark when the queen her thanks divine would give
Midſt acclamations that ſhe long may live;
To whom kind Heav'n the bleſſing has beſtow'd,
To let her arms ſucceed for Europe's good;
No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns,
Nor are the captives dragg'd with pond'rous chains;
But all declare the Britiſh ſubjects' caſe,
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
Then whilſt the pomp of Majeſty proceeds
With ſtately ſteps and eight well choſen ſteeds,

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his riſe at court.

From every place beauties may be ſeen
That will acknowledge none but her for queen.
Then if kind Chance a lovely maid has thrown
Next to a youth with graces like her own,
Much ſhe would learn, and many queſtions aſk;
The anſwers are the lover's pleaſing taſk.
" Is that the man who made the French to fly?
" What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?
" Where was it that he with ſword victorious ſtood,
" And made their trembling ſquadrons chuſe the flood?
" What is the gold adorns this royal ſtate?
" Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?
" Do n't it require a moſt prodigious care
" To manage treaſures in the height of war?
" Muſt he not be of calmeſt truth poſſeſt
" Preſides o'er councils of the royal breaſt?
" Seafights are ſurely diſmal ſcenes of war!
" Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?
" Has not the Emp'rour got ſome envoy here?
" Won't Daniſh, Swediſh, Pruſſian, lords appear?
" Who repreſents the line of Hanover?
" Do n't The States General aſſiſt them all?
" Should we not be in danger if they fall?
" If Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet
" In this ſolemnity it would be complete.
" Think you that Barcelona could have ſtood
" Without the hazard of our nobleſt blood?

" At Ramilies what enſigns did you get?
" Did many towns in Flanders then ſubmit?
" Was it the conq'ror's bus'neſs to deſtroy,
" Or was he met by all of them with joy?
" Oh! could my wiſh but fame eternal give
" The laurel on thoſe brows ſhould ever live!"
The Britiſh worth in nothing need deſpair
When it has ſuch aſſiſtance from the fair.
As virtue merits it expects regard,
And Valour flies where Beauty is the reward.

PART II.

In Loveaffairs the theatre has part,
That wiſe and moſt inſtructing ſcene of art,
Where vice is puniſh'd with a juſt reward,
And virtue meets with ſuitable regard;
Where mutual love and friendſhip find return,
But treach'rous inſolence is hiſs'd with ſcorn,
And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn.
This without bluſhes whilſt a virgin ſees
Upon ſome brave ſpectator Love may ſeize,
Who till ſhe ſends it never can have eaſe.
As things that were the beſt at firſt
By their corruption grow the worſt,
The modern ſtage takes liberties
Unſeen by our forefathers' eyes.

As bees from hive, from molehill ants,
So ſwarm the females and gallants,
All crowding to the comedy
For to be ſeen and not to ſee.
But tho' theſe females are to blame,
Yet ſtill they have ſome native ſhame:
They all are ſilent till they 're aſk'd,
And ev'n their impudence is maſk'd;
For Nature would be modeſt ſtill,
And there is reluctancy in will.
Sporting and plays had harmleſs been,
And might by any one be ſeen,
Till Romulus began to ſpoil them,
Who kept a palace call'd Aſylum,
Where baſtards, pimps, and thieves, and pand..rs,
Were liſted all to be commanders;
But then the raſcals were ſo poor
They could not change a rogue for whore,
And neighb'ring jades reſolv'd to tarry
Rather than with ſuch ſcrubs they 'd marry,
But for to cheat them and be wiv'd
They knaviſhly a farce contriv'd.
No gilded pillars there were ſeen,
Nor was the cloth they trod on green;
No ghoſts came from the cellar crying,
Nor angels from the garret flying:
The houſe was made of ſticks and buſhes,
And all the floor was ſtrew'd with ruſhes;

The ſeats were rais'd with turf and ſods,
Whence heroes might be view'd and gods.
Paris and Helen was the play,
And how both of them ran away.
Romulus bad his varlets go
Invite the Sabines to his ſhow.
Unto this opera no rate is;
They all were free to come in *gratis*;
And they, as girls will ſeldom miſs
A merry meeting, came to this.
There was much wiſhing, ſighing, thinking,
Not without whiſpering and winking.
Their pipes had then no ſhaking touch;
Their ſong and dance were like the Dutch.
The whole performance was by men,
Becauſe they had no eunuchs then.
But whilſt the muſick briſkly play'd
Romulus at his cue diſplay'd
The ſign for each man to his maid.
"Huzza!" they cry; then ſeize: ſome tremble
In real fact, tho' moſt diſſemble:
Some are attempting an eſcape,
And others ſoftly cry, "A rape!"
Whilſt ſome bawl out, "That they had rather
"Than twenty pound loſe an old father:"
Some look extremely pale, and others red:
Some wiſh they 'd ne'er been born, or now were dead;
And others fairly wiſh themſelves a-bed:

Some rant, tear, run; whilſt ſome ſit ſtill,
To ſhew they 're raviſh'd much againſt their will.
Thus Rome began; and now at laſt,
After ſo many ages paſt,
Their rapes and lewdneſs without ſhame,
Their vice and villany, is the ſame
Ill be their fate who would corrupt the ſtage,
And ſpoil the true corrector of the age!

PART III.

Now learn thoſe arts which teach you to obtain
Thoſe beauties which you ſee divinely reign.
Tho' they by Nature are tranſcendent bright,
And would be ſeen ev'n thro' the gloom of night,
Yet they their greateſt luſtre ſtill diſplay
In the meridian pitch of calmeſt day;
'Tis then we purple view and coſtly gem,
And with more admiration gaze on them.
Faults ſeek the dark: they who by moonlight woo
May find their fair one as inconſtant too.
When modeſty ſupported is by truth
There is a boldneſs that becomes your youth.
In gentle ſounds diſcloſe a lover's care;
'Tis better than your ſighing and deſpair.
Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The hare grown bold may face the dogs again,

When Beauty do n't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
Since harmony in Love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd impudence ſometimes will try
At things which juſtice cannot but deny;
Then what that ſays is inſolence and pride
Is prudence with firm honour for its guide.
The lady's counſels often are betray'd
By truſting ſecrets to a ſervile maid,
The whole intrigues of whoſe inſidious brain
Are baſe, and only terminate in gain.
Let them take care of too diffuſive mirth;
Suſpicious thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Sinon's craft it had not been deſtroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean ſongs, and free diſcourſe,
With ſly inſinuations, may prove worſe
To tender females than the Trojan horſe.
Take care how you from virtue ſtray,
For ſcandal follows the ſame way,
And more than truth it will deviſe.
Old poets did delight in lies,
Which modern ones now call ſurpriſe.
Some ſay that Myrrha lov'd her father,
That Byblis lik'd her brother rather;
And in ſuch tales old Greece did glory,
Amongſt the which pray take this ſtory.
Crete was an iſle whoſe fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,

And there upon Mount Ida ſtood
A venerable ſpacious wood,
Within whoſe centre was a grove
Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:
In vales below a bull was fed
Whom all the kine obey'd as head;
Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
But all the reſt of him was driven ſnow.
(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
At the ſame time one Juſtice Minos,
That liv'd hard by, was marry'd lately,
And that his bride might ſhew more ſtately,
When thro' her pedigree he run,
Found ſhe was daughter to the Sun.
Her name Paſiphaë was height,
And as her father ſhe was bright.
This lady took up an odd fancy
That with this bull ſhe fain would dance ye.
She 'd mow him graſs, and cut down boughs,
On which his ſtatelineſs might browſe.
Whilſt thus ſhe hedges breaks, and climbs,
Sure Minos muſt have happy times!
She never car'd for going fine;
She 'd rather trudge among the kine:
Then at her toilet ſhe would ſay,
" Methinks I look *bizarre* to-day;
" Sure my glaſs lies; I 'm not ſo fair;
" Oh! were this face o'ergrown with hair!

" I never was for topknots born;
" My favourites ſhould each be horn.
" But now I 'm liker to a ſow
" Than what I wiſh to be, a cow—
" What would I give that I could low!
" My bull-y cares for none of thoſe
" That are afraid to ſpoil their clothes:
" Did he but love me, he 'd not fail
" To take me with my draggle-tail."
Then tears would fall; and then ſhe 'd run
As would the devil upon Dun.
When ſhe ſome handſome cow did ſpy
She 'd ſcan her form with jealous eye;
Say, " How ſhe friſks it o'er the plain,
" Runs on, and then turns back again!
" She ſeems a bear reſolv'd to prance,
" Or a ſhe aſs that tries to dance.
" In vain ſhe thinks herſelf ſo fine;
" She cann't pleaſe bull-y, for he 's mine.
" But 't is revenge alone aſſuages
" My envy when the paſſion rages.
" Here, Raſcal! quickly yoke that cow,
" And ſee the ſhrivell'd carrion plough.
" But ſecond counſel 's beſt: ſhe dies:
" I 'll make immediate ſacrifice,
" And with the victim feaſt my eyes.
" 'Tis thus my rivals I 'll remove
" Who interpoſe 'twixt me and what I love.

" Iö in Egypt is worſhipp'd now
" Since Jove transform'd her to a cow.
" 'Twas on a bull Europa came
" To that bleſt land which bears her name.
" Who knows what fate 's ordain'd for me,
" The languiſhing Paſiphaë,
" Had I a bull as kind as ſhe!"
When madneſs rages with unuſual fire
'Tis not in Nature's pow'r to quench deſire;
Then vice transforms man's reaſon into beaſt,
And ſo the monſter 's made the poet's jeſt.

PART IV.

Let youth avoid the noxious heat of wine;
Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill deſign.
The grape, when ſcatter'd on the wings of Love,
So clogs the down the feathers cannot move.
The boy, who otherwiſe would fleeting ſtray,
Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to ſtay;
Then courage riſes when the ſpirit is fir'd,
And rages to poſſeſs the thing deſir'd;
Care vaniſhes thro' the exalted blood,
And ſorrow paſſes in the purple flood;
Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a ſoul
Whoſe thoughts in fancy'd heaps of plenty roll.
Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
Plain ſimple truth from a diſſembling heart;

Then to ſome wanton paſſion he muſt run
Which his diſcreeter hours would gladly ſhun,
Where he the time in thoughtleſs eaſe may paſs,
And write his *billet-doux* upon the glaſs,
Whilſt ſinking eyes with languiſhment profeſs
Follies his tongue refuſes to confeſs.
Then his good nature will take th' other ſup
If ſhe 'll firſt kiſs that he may kiſs the cup;
Then ſomething nice and coſtly he could eat,
Suppoſing ſtill that ſhe will carve the meat;
But if a brother or a huſband is by,
Whom the illnatur'd world may call a ſpy,
He thinks it not below him to pretend
The openheartedneſs of a true friend,
Gives him reſpect ſurpaſſing his degree;
The perſon that is meant by all is ſhe.
'Tis thought the ſafeſt way to hide a paſſion,
And therefore call'd the friendſhip now in faſhion:
By ſecret ſigns and enigmatick ſtealth
She is the toaſt belongs to ev'ry health,
And all the lover's bus'neſs is to keep
His thoughts from anger and his eyes from ſleep.
He 'll laugh ye, dance ye, ſing ye, vault, look gay,
And ruffle all the ladies in his play;
But ſtill the gentleman is extremely fine;
There is nothing apiſh in him but the wine.
Many a mortal has been bit
By marrying in the drunken fit.

To lay the matter plain before ye
Pray hearken whilſt I tell my ſtory.
It happen'd about break of day
Gnoſſis a girl had loſt her way,
And wander'd up and down the Strand
Whereabouts now York Buildings ſtand;
And half awake, ſhe roar'd as bad
As if ſhe really had been mad;
Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
And petticoats hung dangling down;
Her ſhoes were ſlipt, her ankles bare,
And all around her flew her yellow hair.
" Oh, cruel Theſeus! can you go
" And leave your little Gnoſſis ſo?
" You in your ſcull did promiſe carriage,
" And gave me proofs of future marriage,
" But then laſt night away did creep,
" And baſely left me faſt aſleep."
Then ſhe is falling in a fit,
But don't grow uglier one bit;
The flood of tears rather ſupplies
The native rheum about her eyes.
The bubbies then are beat again;
Women in paſſion feel no pain.
" What will become of me? oh! what
" Will come of me? oh! tell me that."
Bacco was drawer at The Sun,
And had his belly like his tun.

For blubber-lips, and cheeks all bloated,
And frizzled pate, the youth was noted.
He, as his cuſtom was, got drunk,
And then went ſtrolling for a punk.
Six links and lanterns, 'cauſe it was dark yet,
He preſs'd from Covent-Garden-Market;
Then his next captives were the Waits,
Who play'd leſt he ſhould break their pates.
But as along in ſtate he paſſes
He met a fellow driving aſſes;
For there are ſev'ral folks whoſe trade is
To milk them for conſumptive ladies.
Nothing would ſerve but get aſtride,
And the old bellman too muſt ride.
What with their houting ſhouting yell
The ſcene had ſomething in it of hell:
And who ſhould all this rabble meet
But Gnoſſy drabbling in the ſtreet?
The fright deſtroy'd her ſpeech and colour,
And all remembrance of her ſculler:
Her conduct thrice bad her be flying;
Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
Like bullruſhes on ſide of brook,
Or aſpin leaves, her joints all ſhook.
Bacco cry'd out, "I 'm come, my Dear!
"I ll ſoon diſperſe all thoughts of fear:
"Nothing but joys ſhall revel here."
Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
Proteſted "ſhe ſhould have no harm;

" But rather would assure her he
" Rejoic'd in opportunity
" Of meeting such a one as she;
" And that encircled all around
" With glass and candles many a pound,
" She should with bells command the bar,
" And call her rooms Sun, Moon, and Star;
" That the good company were met,
" And should not want a wedding-treat."
In short they marry'd, and both made ye
He a free landlord, she a kind landlady.
The Spartan lords their villains would invite
To an excess of drink in children's sight:
The parent thus their innocence would save,
And to the load of wine condemn the slave.

PART V.

The season must be mark'd for nice address;
A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour less.
Not the wise gard'ner more discretion needs
To manage tender plants and hopeful seeds,
To know when rain, when warmth, must guard his flow'rs,
Than lovers do to watch their most auspicious hours.
As the judicious pilot views from far
Th' influences of each rising star,
Where signs of future calms or storms appear,
When fitting to be bold, and when to fear;

So Love's attendant by long art deſcries
The riſe of growing paſſion from the eyes.
Love has its feſtival as well as faſt,
Nor does its carnival for ever laſt.
What was a viſit now is to intrude;
What is civil now to-morrow will be rude.
Small ſigns denote great things: the happy man
That can retrieve a glove or falling fan
With grateful joy the benefit receives,
Whilſt with deſponding care his rival grieves.
Whene'er it may ſeem proper you ſhould write,
Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:
By Scrope*, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be taught,
And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.
Submiſſive voice and words do beſt agree
To their hard fortune who muſt ſuppliants be:
It was by ſpeech like this great Priam won
Achilles' ſoul, and ſo obtain'd his ſon.
Hope is an uſeful goddeſs in your caſe,
And will increaſe your ſpeed in Cupid's race:
Tho' in its promiſes it fail ſometimes,
Yet with freſh reſolution ſtill it climbs:

* Sir Car Scrope, one of thoſe writers in the reign of King Charles II. that Mr Pope calls

"The mob of gentlemen who write with eaſe."

He was created a Baronet January 16th 1666. The greater part of his writings conſiſt of tranſlations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with ſome love ſongs and lampoons. They are to be found in the volumes of Dryden's Miſcellanies. He died ſome time in the year 1680.

Tho' much is loſt at play, yet Hope at laſt
Drives on, and meets with ſome ſucceſsful caſt.
Why then make haſte; on paper ting'd with gold
By quill of dove thy loveſick tale unfold.
Move ſprightly, knowing it is for life you puſh;
Your letter will not tho' yourſelf might bluſh.
'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
The Britiſh youth—to ſtudy rules of ſpeech:
That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
Gives ſecret ſtrength to juſtice in a cauſe:
To that the crowd, the judge, the ſenate, yield;
'Gainſt that ev'n beauty cann't maintain the field.
Conceal your art, and let your words appear
Common, not vulgar; not too plain, tho' clear.
Shew not your eloquence at the firſt ſight,
But from your ſhade riſe by degrees of light.
Dreſs thoughts as if Love's ſilence firſt were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling paſſion ſpoke.
Suppoſe that your firſt letter is ſent back,
Yet ſhe may yield upon the next attack:
If not, by art a diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
Soft waterdrops the marble will deſtroy,
And ten years' ſiege prove conqueror of Troy.
Suppoſe ſhe has read, but then no anſwer gave;
It is ſufficient ſhe admits her ſlave.
Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love ſent back again.

Perhaps ſhe writes, but it is to bid you ceaſe,
And that your lines but diſcompoſe her peace.
This is a ſtratagem of Cupid's war;
She 'd like a Parthian wound you from afar,
And by this art your conſtancy would try:
She 's neareſt much when ſeeming thus to fly.
Purſue the fair Diſdain thro' ev'ry place
That with her preſence ſhe vouchſafes to grace:
If to the play ſhe goes, be there, and ſee
How Love rewarded makes the comedy:
Fly to the Park, if thither ſhe 'd retire;
Perhaps ſome gentle breeze may fan the fire:
But if to Court, then follow where you 'll find
Majeſtick Truth with ſacred Hymen join'd.
It is in vain ſome ſtudy to profeſs
Their inclination by too nice a dreſs,
As not content with manly cleanlineſs.
Mien, ſhape, or manner, no addition needs;
There is ſomething careleſs that all art exceeds.
Adonis from his lonely ſolitudes,
Rough Theſeus landing from the briny floods,
Hippolytus freſh hunting from the woods,
O'er heroines of race divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd wig and ſnuff box might have fail'd.
No youth that is wiſe will to his figure truſt,
As if ſo fine to be accoſted firſt.
Diſtreſs muſt aſk, and gratefully receive;
'Tis Heav'n and Beauty's honour they can give.

There's ſome have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a ſubmiſſion that is leſs than man,
Might gain their end, but ſunk in the attempt,
And found that which they merited, contempt.
Gain but admittance, half your ſtory is told;
There is nothing then remains but to be bold:
Venus and Fortune will aſſiſt your claim,
And Cupid dart the breaſt at which you aim.
No need of ſtudy'd ſpeech or ſkilful rules;
Love has an eloquence beyond the ſchools,
Where ſofteſt words and accents will be found
All flowing in to form the charming ſound.
Of her you love bright images you 'll raiſe;
When juſt they are not flattery but praiſe.
What can be ſaid too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food?
For nine years' ſpace Egypt had fruitleſs ſtood
Without the aid of Nile's prolifick flood,
When Thraſius ſaid, "That bleſſing to regain
"The gods require a ſtranger ſhould be ſlain."
"Be thou the man," the fierce Buſiris cries;
"I 'll make th' adviſer his own ſacrifice;
"Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."
Perillus, firſt and laſt of 's trade,
For Phalaris a bull had made;
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the braſier in the pot,

And gave him, like an honeſt fellow,
Precedence in his bull to bellow.
The tyrants both did right. No law more juſt
Than "He that thinks of ill ſhould feel it firſt."
Curſt be their arts, unſtudy'd be their trade,
Who female truth by falſehood would invade;
That can betray a friend or kinſman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames;
Whoſe eager paſſion finds its ſure relief
When terminating in another's grief!
Careleſs hereafter what they promiſe now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow,
Then cite th' example of the faithleſs Jove,
Who laughs they ſay at perjury in love.
They think they have a thouſand ways to pleaſe,
Ten thouſand more to keep the mind at eaſe;
For as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantaſtick rounds;
Like Proteus, can be lion, river, bear,
A tree, or any thing that is fram'd of air.
Thus they lay ſnares, thus they ſet off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit:
But they who thro' this courſe of miſchief run
Will find that fraud is various, virtue one.
Achilles, a gigantick boy!
Was wanted at the ſiege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the gen'rals did deſire him;

For Diſcord, you muſt know, had thrown
An apple where it was two to one
But if a ſtir was made about it
Two of the three muſt go without it:
And ſo it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who reſolv'd to have it.
(The ſtory here would be too long,
But you may find it in the ſong.)
Venus, altho' not over virt'ous,
Yet ſtill deſigning to be court'ous,
Reſolved to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot,
Firſt ſtol'n by one ſhe would not ſtay with,
Then marry'd to be run away with.
Her Paris carry'd to his mother,
And thence in Greece aroſe that pother
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
And Chaucer, make us ſuch a cant.
It was a juſt and noble cauſe,
The breach of hoſpitable laws:
Tho' done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to ſeek relief;
But when they ſought the country round
There 's no Achilles to be found.
His mother was afraid t' have loſt him,
And therefore thus ſhe did accoſt him:
" My pretty Dear! let me perſuade ye
" This once for to become a lady:

" This petticoat and mantua take,
" And wear this nightrail for my ſake.
" I 've made your knots all of the ſmalleſt,
" Becauſe your ſomething of the talleſt.
" I 'd have you never go unlac'd
" For fear of ſpoiling of your waiſt.
" Now languiſh on me—ſcorn me now—
" Smile—frown—run—laugh—I ſee it will do.
" You 'd perfect all you now begin
" Only for poking out your chin."
Him thus inſtructed ſoon ſhe ſends
To Lycomede, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a friend's,
Who grown full large by country feeding
Was ſent to him to mend her breeding:
Herſelf had now no child, nor no man
To truſt but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter
If he would uſe her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Pſyche, and Phillis, ſhe took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and expreſt
Much kindneſs for his topping gueſt;
Shew'd her his girls; ſaid, " Whilſt ſhe 'd ſtay
" His Zoe ſhould be us'd as they."
At firſt there much reſerv'dneſs paſt,
But when acquaintance grew at laſt,

They 'd jeſt, and ev'ry one would ſhew
Her works, which ſhe could never do.
One ſaid her fingers were moſt fitting
For the moſt fiddling work of knitting;
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all muſt help her for love's ſake.
Zoe undreſt in nightgown tawdry,
With clumſy fiſt muſt work embroid'ry;
Whilſt others try her greaſy clunches
With ſtoning currants in whole bunches:
But there was one call'd Dedamy
Miſtruſted ſomething by the by,
And, ſighing, thus one night ſhe ſaid,
"Why, Zoe, may n't we go to bed?"
"Soon as you pleaſe, good Miſtreſs Ded!"
The fleeting months ſoon roll about;
Time came when murder all muſt out.
Zoe for fear of the old man
Into the army quickly ran,
And ſav'd the ſlitting of his noſe
By timely changing of his clothes.
Thus whilſt we Glory's dictates ſhun
Into the ſnares of Vice we run;
And he that ſhould his country ſerve,
And beauty by his worth deſerve,
In female ſoftneſs wanton ſtays,
And what he ſhould adore betrays.

PART VI.

But now, O happy Youth! thy prize is found,
And all thy wiſhes with ſucceſs are crown'd.
Not Iö Pæans when Apollo is prais'd,
Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd,
Not acclamations of exalted Rome,
To welcome Peace with her Auguſtus home,
Can more delight a brave and gen'rous mind
Than it muſt you to ſee a beauty kind.
The bays to me with gratitude you 'll give,
Like Heſiod and like Homer make me live.
Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
Hippodamy, with his life's danger bought;
Thus proſp'rous Jaſon, rich with Golden Fleece,
On Argos' vocal timber ſail'd for Greece.
But ſtay, fond Youth! the danger is not paſt;
You 're not arriv'd in port nor anchor caſt.
From you my heart may ſtill more bays deſerve,
If what by me you gain'd by me you ſhall preſerve.
Nor than the conqueſt is the glory leſs
To fix the throne on that which you poſſeſs.
Now, Erato! divineſt, ſofteſt, Muſe!
Whoſe name and office both do Love infuſe,
Aſſiſt my great deſign. If Venus' ſon,
That vagabond! would from his mother run,

And then with ſoaring wings and body light
Thro' the vaſt world's extent would take his flight,
By artful bonds let me ſecure his ſtay,
And make his univerſal pow'r obey.
Whilſt I my art would thus improve,
And fondly thought to ſhackle Love,
Two neighbours that were ſtanding by,
Tormented both with jealouſy,
Told me it was in vain to try:
When one began his tale, as thus;
"Perhaps you 've heard of Dædalus;
"When Minos would have made him ſtay
"How thro' the clouds he found his way.
"He was a workman wiſe and good;
"Building was what he underſtood.
"Like to the houſe where we act plays
"He made a turning winding maze,
"Fitting to harbour acts of ſin,
"And put a whore and baſtard in.
"I 've done your work; and now my truſt is,
"Good Sir! that you will do me juſtice.
"'Tis true I hither fled for murther;
"Let my misfortunes go no further:
"Some end all punithments ſhould have.
"Birth to the wretch my country gave;
"Let it afford me now a grave.
"Diſmiſs my ſon; at leaſt, if rather
"You 'd keep the boy, diſmiſs his father."

This he might say, and more, or so;
But Minos would not let him go.
At this he was enrag'd, and cry'd,
"It is in danger wit is try'd:
"Minos possesses earth and sea,
"The sky and air are left for me.
"Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove!
"If I approach your seats above:
"It is necessity that draws
"A new-invented rule for Nature's laws."
Thus he began. Full many a feather
With twine of thread he stitch'd together:
(Abundance more than are enough
To make your wife and mine a muff.)
Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
To fix the whole but melted wax:
That was the work of the young boy,
Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy,
Not guessing ere he was much older
He should have one upon each shoulder.
To whom his father; "Here is the ship
"By which we must from Minos slip.
"Child, follow me just as I fly on,
"And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
"I'll be your guide; and never fear,
"Conducted by a father's care.
"The Virgin and Bootes shun;
"Take heed lest you approach the Sun;

" His flaming influence will be felt,
" And the diffuſive wax will melt.
" The ſea by riſing fogs diſcover;
" O'er that be ſure you never hover:
" It would be difficult to drag
" Your wetted pinions ſhould they flag.
" Between them both the ſky is fair,
" No winds or hurricanes are there,
" But you may fan the fleeting air.
" Thus ſpeaking he with whipcord ſtrings
" Faſtens and then extends the wings;
" And when th' youth is completely dreſt,
" Juſt as the eagle from her neſt,
" By gentle flights her eaglet tries
" To dare the ſun and mount the ſkies,
" The father ſo his boy prepares,
" Not without kiſs and falling tears.
" In a large plain a riſing height
" Gives ſome aſſiſtance to their flight.
" With a quick ſpring and flutt'ring noiſe
" They in the ſky their bodies poiſe.
" Back on his ſon the father looks,
" Praiſing his ſwiſt and even ſtrokes.
" Now dreadleſs with bold art ſupply'd
" He does on airy billows ride,
" And ſoar with an ambitious pride.
" Mortals who by the limpid flood
" With patient angle long have ſtood,

" On the ſmooth water's ſhining face
" See the amazing creatures paſs,
" Look up aſtoniſh'd whilſt the reed
" Drops from the hand, whoſe ſenſe is dead.
" Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haſte
" They Samos now and Naxos paſt,
" Paros and Delos, bleſt abode!
" And parent of the Clarian god.
" Lebinthus on their right-hand lies,
" And ſweet Calydne's groves ariſe,
" And fam'd Aſtypalæa's fens
" Breed ſhoals of fiſh in owzy dens:
" When the unwary boy, whoſe growing years
" Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
" Mounts an ethereal hill, whence he might ſpy
" The lofty regions of a brighter ſky:
" Far from his father's call and aid
" His wings in glitt'ring fire diſplay'd,
" Whoſe ambient heat their plume involves,
" And all their liquid bands diſſolves.
" He ſees his looſen'd pinions drop;
" On naked arms lies all his hope.
" From the vaſt concave precipice he finds
" A ſwift deſtruction ſinking with the winds.
" Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
" Whoſe womb is equally as ſteep.
" Then, " Father! father!" he 'd have cry'd;
" Tempeſts the trembling ſounds divide,

" With diſmal fear contracts his breath,
" And the rough wave completes his death.
" My ſon! my ſon!" long might the father cry:
" There is no track to ſeek him in the ſky.
" By floating wings his body found
" Is cover'd with the neighb'ring ground.
" His art, tho' not ſucceſsful, has its fame,
" And the Icarian ſeas preſerve his name."
If men from Minos could eſcape,
And into birds transform their ſhape,
And there was nothing that could hold them,
Provided feathers might be ſold them,
The thought from madneſs ſurely ſprings
To fix a god that is born with wings.
Quoth th' other man, " Sir, if you 'll tarry
" I 'll tell you a tale of my boy Harry
" Would make a man afraid to marry.
" This boy does oft' from paper white
" In miniature produce a kite.
" With tender hands the wood he bends
" On which the body he extends;
" Paſte made of flour with water mix'd
" Is the cement by which it is fix'd;
" Then ſciſſars from the maid he 'll borrow,
" With promiſe of return to-morrow.
" With thoſe he paper nicely cuts
" Which on the ſides for wings he puts.

" The tail, that is an eſſential part,
" He manages with equal art,
" With paper ſhreds at diſtance ty'd,
" As not too near nor yet too wide,
" Which he to fitting length extends
" Till with a tuft the fabrick ends.
" Next packthread of the ev'neſt twine,
" Or ſometimes ſilk, he 'll to it join,
" Which by the guidance of his hand
" Its riſe or downfal may command,
" Or carry meſſengers to ſee
" If all above in order be :
" Then wanton zephirs fan it till it riſe,
" And thro' ethereal rills ploughs up the azure ſkies.
" Sometimes in ſilent ſhade of night
" He 'll make it ſhine with wondrous light
" By lantern with tranſparent folds
" Which flaming wax in ſafety holds.
" This glitt'ring with myſterious rays
" Does all the neighbourhood amaze :
" Then comes the conj'rer o' th' place
" With legs aſquint and crooked face,
" Who with his ſpying pole from far
" Pronounces it a blazing ſtar;
" That wheat ſhall fall and oats be dear,
" And barley ſhall not ſpring that year ;
" That murrain ſhall infect all kine,
" And meaſles will deſtroy the ſwine;

" That fair maids' ſweethearts ſhall fall dead
" Before they loſe their maidenhead;
" And widows ſhall be forc'd to tarry
" A month at leaſt before they marry.
" But whilſt the fool his thought enjoys
" The whole contrivance was my boy's.
" Now mark me; it was from ſuch like things
" The poets fram'd out Cupid's wings.
" If a child's nature thus can ſoar,
" And all this lies within his pow'r,
" His mother ſurely can do more.
" Pray tell me what is to be done
" If ſhe 'll with cuckoldmakers run?
" No watchful care of jealous eye
" Can hinder if eſcape ſhe 'll try:
" The kite will to her carrion fly."
Where native modeſty the mind ſecures
The huſband has no need of locks and doors;
The ſpecious comet fram'd by Jealouſy
Will prove deluſion all, and all a lie.

PART VII.

Nor all the herbs by ſage Medea found,
Not Marſan drugs, tho' mixt with magick ſound,
Not philtres ſtudy'd by Theſſalian art,
Can fix the mind and conſtancy impart.

Could theſe prevail Jaſon had felt their charms,
Ulyſſes ſtill had dy'd in Circe's arms.
Continue lovely if you 'll be belov'd:
Virtue from virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay,
By time the blooming outſide will decay.
See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
And only thorns upon the roſetree left.
Then lay up ſtores of learning and of wit,
Whoſe fame ſhall ſcorn the Acherontick pit;
And whilſt thoſe fleeting ſhadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part, which cannot die.
Ulyſſes had no magick in his face,
But then his eloquence had charming grace,
Such as could force itſelf to be believ'd,
And all the Wat'ry goddeſſes deceiv'd;
To whom Calypſo from her widow'd ſhore
Sends him theſe ſighs, which furious tempeſts bore.
" Your paſſage often I by art delay'd,
" Oblig'd you more the more to be betray'd.
" Here you have often on this rolling ſand
" Deſcrib'd your ſcene of war with ſlender wand:
" Here is Troy, and this circumference its walls;
" Here Simoïs gently in the ocean falls;
" Here lies my camp; theſe are the ſpacious fields
" Where to this ſword the crafty Dolon yields;
" This of Sithonian Rheſus is the tent.—
" On with the pleaſing tale your language went,

" When a tenth wave did with one flaſh deſtroy
" The platform of imaginary Troy.
" By fear like this I would enforce your ſtay,
" To ſee what names the waters toſs'd away.
" I took you caſt up helpleſs by the ſea;
" Thouſands of happy hours you paſs'd with me,
" No mention made of old Penelope,
" On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
" But write our benefits upon the wave.
" Why then be gone, the ſeas uncertain truſt;
" As I found you ſo may you find them juſt:
" Dying Calypſo muſt be left behind,
" And all your vows be waſted with the wind."
Fond are the hopes he ſhould be conſtant now
Who to his tend'reſt part had broke his vow.
By artful charms the miſtreſs ſtrives in vain
The looſe inconſtant wanderer to gain:
Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

PART VIII.

INDULGENCE ſoon takes with a noble mind:
Who can be harſh that ſees another kind?
Moſt times the greateſt art is to comply
In granting that which juſtice might deny.
We form our tender plants by ſoft degrees,
And from a warping ſtem raiſe ſtately trees.

To cut th' oppoſing waves we ſtrive in vain,
But if we riſe with them and fall again
The wiſh'd-for land with eaſe we may attain.
Such complaiſance will a rough humour bend,
And yielding to one failure ſave a friend.
Mildneſs and temper have a force divine
To make ev'n paſſion with their nature join.
The hawk we hate as living ſtill in arms,
And wolves aſſiduous in the ſhepherds' harms.
The ſociable ſwallow has no fears,
Upon our tow'rs the dove her neſt prepares,
And both of them live free from human ſnares.
Far from loud rage and echoing noiſe of fights
The ſofteſt Love in gentle ſound delights.
Smooth mirth, bright ſmiles, calm peace, and flowing joy,
Are the companions of the Paphian boy;
Such as when Hymen firſt his mantle ſpread
All o'er the ſacred down which made the bridal bed.
Theſe blandiſhments keep Love upon the wing,
His preſence freſh, and always in the ſpring:
This makes a proſpect endleſs to the view,
With light that riſes ſtill and ſtill is new;
At your approach find ev'ry thing ſerene,
Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian queen,
Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
With Muſes ſprung from Jove and Graces three.
Birds ſhot by you, fiſh by your angle caught,
The Golden Apples from Heſperia brought,

The bluſhing peach, the fragrant nectarines,
Laid in freſh beds of flow'rs and ſcented greens,
Fair lilies ſtrew'd with bloody mulberries,
Or grapes whoſe juice made Bacchus reach the ſkies,
May oftentimes a grateful preſent make,
Not for the value but the giver's ſake.
Perhaps ſhe may at vacant hours peruſe
The happy product of your eaſy Muſe.
Far from intrigue and ſcandal be your verſe,
But praiſe of virgin modeſty rehearſe,
Mauſolus by his conſort deify'd,
How for Admetus bleſt Alceſtis dy'd.
Since Overbury's Wife * no poets ſeem
T' have choſe a wiſer or a nobler theme.
You 'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer,
Pardon a ſervant; let all come from her.
Thus what you grant if ſhe muſt recommend
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
So when pale Want is craving at the door
We ſend our fav'rite ſon to help the poor;
Pleas'd with their grateful pray'rs that he may live,
And find what heav'nly pleaſure it is to give.
Praiſe all her actions, think her dreſs is fine;
Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join:
Your wealth does beſt when plac'd on Beauty ſhine.

* This poem, ſuppoſed to have been written for the Earl of Somerſet, is the character of a good woman, juſt the reverſe of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through ſixteen editions in 1638.

If she in tabby waves encircled be,
Think Amphitrite rises from the sea.
If by her the purpureal velvet is worn,
Think that she rises like the blush of Morn:
And when her silks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chinese or in the Persian loom,
Think that she then like Pallas is array'd,
By whose mysterious art the wheel was made.
Each day admire her diff'rent graceful air
In which she winds her bright and flowing hair.
With her when dancing let your genius fly;
When in her song the note expires then die.
If in the autumn when the wasting year
Its plenty shews that soon must disappear,
When swelling grape, and peach with lovely hue,
And pear and apple fresh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taste perhaps invite
That which we seldom rule, our appetite;
When noxious heat and sudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence presides,
Her fev'rish blood should pulse unusual find,
Or vap'rous damps of spleen should sink her mind,
Then is the time to shew a lover's cares;
Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears;
Give the salubrious draughts with your own hand:
Persuasion has the force of a command.
Watch and attend; then your reward will prove
When she recovers full increase of Love.

Far from this Love is haughty pride,
Which ancient fables beſt deride;
Women imperious, void of ſhame,
And careleſs of their lovers' fame,
Who of tyrannick follies boaſt,
Tormenting him that loves them moſt.
When Hercules by labours done
Had prov'd himſelf to be Jove's ſon,
By peace which he to earth had giv'n
Deſerv'd to have his reſt in heav'n,
Envy, that ſtrives to be unjuſt,
Reſolv'd to mortify him firſt,
And that he ſhould enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphale,
Who ſhould his heroſhip expoſe
By ſpinning hemp in women's clothes:
Her mind ſhe did vouchſafe one day
Thus to her lover to diſplay;
"Come, quickly, Sir! off with my ſkin;
"Think you I 'll let a tanner in?
"If you of lions talk or boars
"You certainly turn out of doors.
"Your club is abundantly too thick
"For one ſhall move a fiddleſtick.
"What ſhould you do with all thoſe arrows?
"I will have nothing kill'd but ſparrows.
"Heccy, this day you may remember,
"For you ſhall ſee a lady's chamber.

" Let me be rightly underſtood;
" What I intend is for your good.
" In boddice I deſign to lace ye,
" And ſo among my maids I 'll place ye.
" When you 're genteeler grown and thinner
" May be I 'll call you up to dinner.
" With arms ſo brawny, fiſts ſo red,
" You 'll ſcrub the rooms or make the bed.
" You cann't ſtick pins or frizle my hair.
" Bleſs me! you 've nothing of an air.
" You 'll ne'er come up to working point;
" Your fingers all ſeem out of joint.
" Then beſides, Heccy, I muſt tell ye
" An idle hand has empty belly;
" Therefore this morning I 'll begin
" Try how your clumſineſs will ſpin.
" You are my ſhadow, do you ſee:
" Your hope, your thought, your wiſh, all be
" Invented and controll'd by me.
" Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
" With trembling horrour if I frown.
" Say as I ſay: ſervants cann't lie;
" Your truth is my propriety.
" Nay, you ſhould be to torture brought
" Were I but jealous you tranſgreſt in thought;
" Or if from Jove your ſingle wiſh ſhould crave
" The fate of not continuing ſtill my ſlave.

" There is no lover that is wife
" Pretends to win at cards or dice:
" 'Tis for his miſtreſs all is thrown;
" The ill fortune his, the good her own.
" Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
" Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
" Whom ev'ry beauty did adorn,
" Freſh as Aurora's bluſhing morn,
" Into the horrid woods is run,
" Where he ne'er ſees the ray of ſun,
" Nor to his palace dares return,
" Where he for Pſyche's love did burn,
" And found correction at her hands
" For diſobeying juſt commands,
" But muſt his ſilent penance do
" For once not buckling of her ſhoe:
" A good example, Child! for you;
" Which ſhews you when we have our fool
" We've policy enough to rule.
" I might have made you ſuch a fellow
" As ſhould have carry'd my umbrella,
" Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
" And bad the mob not come too near;
" Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
" Nay, been a helper in the ſtable.
" To my commands obedience pay
" At dead of night or break of day.

" Speed is your province: if it is I
" That bid you run you ought to fly.
" He that Love's nimble paſſion feels
" Will ſoon outſtrip my chariot-wheels:
" Thro' Dogſtar's heat he 'll tripping go,
" Nor leaves he print upon the ſnow:
" The wind itſelf to him is ſlow.
" He that in Cupid's wars would fight
" Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
" A bed of earth midſt ſhow'rs of rain,
" After no ſupper, are his gain.
" Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
" And in a little cottage lay:
" All this he did for fear of Jove;
" And who would not do more for Love?
" If entrance is by locks deny'd,
" Then thro' the roof or window ſlide.
" Leander each night ſwam the ſeas
" That he might thereby Hero pleaſe:
" Perhaps I may be pleas'd to ſee
" Your life in danger when for me.
" You 'll find my ſervants in a row,
" Remember then you make your bow,
" For they are your ſuperiours now.
" No matter if you do engage
" My porter, woman, fav'rite page,
" My dog, my parrot, monkey, black,
" Or any thing that does partake
" Of that admittance which you lack.

" But after all you may n't prevail,
" And your moſt glitt'ring hopes may fail;
" For Ceres does not always yield
" The crop entruſted to the field.
" Fair gales may bring you to a coaſt
" Where you 'll by hidden rocks be loſt.
" Love is tenacious of its joys,
" Gives ſmall reward for great employs,
" But has as many griefs in ſtore
" As ſhells by Neptune caſt on ſhore,
" As Athos hares, as Hybla bees,
" Olives on the Palladian trees;
" And when his angry arrows fall
" They 're not found ting'd with common gall.
" You 're told I 'm not at home, it is true:
" I may be there but not for you,
" And I may let you ſee it too.
" Perhaps I bid you come at night:
" If the door is ſhut ſtay till it is light.
" Perhaps my maid ſhall bid you go,
" A thing ſhe knows you dare not do.
" Your rival ſhall admiſſion gain,
" And laugh to ſee his foe in pain.
" All this and more you muſt endure
" If you from me expect a cure.
" 'Tis fitting I ſhould ſearch the wound
" Leſt all your danger be not found."

When eaſy fondneſs meets with woman's pride,
Nothing which that can aſk muſt be deny'd.
He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
Is pleas'd to ſeem a female and a ſlave.
The hero number'd with the gods before
Is ſo debas'd as to be man no more.

PART IX.

Not by the ſail with which you put to ſea
Can you where Thetis ſwells conducted be:
To the ſame port you 'll diff'rent paſſage find,
And fill your ſheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
You nurs'd the fawn now grown ſtag wondrous big,
And ſleep beneath the ſhade you knew a twig.
The bubbling ſpring, increas'd by floods and rain,
Rolls with impetuous ſtream and foams the main:
So Love augments in juſt degrees; at length
By nutrimental fires it gains its ſtrength.
Daily till midnight let kind looks or ſong,
Or tales of Love, the pleaſing hours prolong.
No wearineſs upon their bliſs attends [friends.
Whom marriage-vows have render'd more than
So Philomels of equal mates poſſeſt
With a congenial heat and downy reſt
And care inceſſant hover o'er their neſt;
Hence from their eggs (ſmall worlds whence all things [ſpring)
Produce a race by Nature taught to ſing,

Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come
Had their parental love ſtray'd far from home.
By a ſhort abſence mutual joys increaſe:
'Tis from the toils of war we value peace.
When Jove a while the fruitful ſhow'r reſtrains,
The field on his return a brighter verdure gains:
So let not grief too much diſturb thoſe hearts
Which for a while the war or bus'neſs parts.
'Twas hard to let Proteſilaus go,
Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
Ulyſſes made indeed a tedious ſtay;
His twenty winters' abſence was delay:
But happineſs revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with freſh incenſe burn.
Tales of his ſhip, her web, they both recount, [mount.
Pleas'd that their wedlock-faith all dangers could ſur-
Make thou ſpeed back; haſte to her longing arms;
She may have real or impending harms.
There are no minutes in a lover's fears;
They meaſure all their time by months and years.
Poets are always virtue's friends;
'Tis what their Muſe ſtill recommends;
But then the fatal track it ſhows
Where devious vice thro' trouble goes.
They tell us how a huſband's care
Neglected leaves a wife too fair
In hands of a young ſpark call'd Paris,
And how the beauteous truſt miſcarries.

With kindneſs he receives the youth,
Whoſe modeſt looks might promiſe truth;
Then gives him opportunity
To throw the ſpecious vizard by.
The man had things to be adjuſted
With which the wife ſhould not be truſted,
And whilſt he gave himſelf the looſe
Left her at home to keep the houſe.
When Helen ſaw his back was turn'd
The devil a bit the gipſy mourn'd.
Says ſhe, "'Tis his fault to be gone;
"It ſha' n't be mine to lie alone.
"A vacant pillow is ſuch a jeſt,
"That with it I could never reſt.
"He ne'er conſider'd his own danger
"To leave me with a handſome ſtranger.
"Wolves would give good account of ſheep
"Left to their vigilance to keep.
"Pray who, except it were geeſe or widgeons,
"Would hire a hawk to guard their pigeons!
"Suppoſing then it might be ſaid
"That Menelaus now were dead,
"A pretty figure I ſhould make
"To go in mourning for his ſake!
"She that in widow's garb appears,
"Eſpecially when at my years,
"May ſeem to be at her laſt pray'rs.

" But I 'll ſtill have my heart divided
" 'Twixt one to loſe and one provided.
" He that is gone is gone: leſs fear
" Of wanting him that I have here."
The ſequel was the fire of Troy,
Brought to deſtruction by this boy.
They tell us how a wife provok'd,
And to a brutiſh huſband yok'd,
Who by diſtracting paſſion led
Scorns all her charms and flies her bed,
When on her rival ſhe has ſeiz'd
Seems with a ſecret horrour pleas'd:
They then deſcribe her like ſome boar
Plunging his tuſk in maſtiff's gore;
Or lioneſs, whoſe raviſh'd whelp
Roars for his mother's furious help;
Or baſiliſk when rous'd, whoſe breath,
Teeth, ſting, and eyeballs, all are death:
Like franticks ſtruck by magick rod
Of ſome deſpis'd avenging god,
Make her thro' blood for vengeance run,
Like Progne ſacrifice her ſon;
And like Medea dart thoſe fires
By which Creuſa's ghoſt expires;
Then let her with exalted rage
Her grief with the ſame crimes aſſuage:
To heighten and improve the curſe,
Becauſe he is bad they make her worſe.

So Tyndaris diſſolves in tears
When firſt ſhe of Chryſeis hears;
But when Lyrneſſis captive is led,
And raviſh'd to defile her bed,
Her patience leſſens by degrees;
But when at laſt ſhe Priameis ſees,
Revenge does to Ægyſthus fly for eaſe;
In his adult'rous arms does plots diſcloſe
Which fill Mycenæ with ſtupendous woes,
And parricide and hell around her throws.
Ye heav'nly Pow'rs! the female truth preſerve,
And let it not from native goodneſs ſwerve;
And let no wanton toys become the cauſe
Why men ſhould break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let ſuch fables and ſuch crimes remain
Only as fictions of the poet's brain,
Yet marks ſet up to ſhun thoſe dang'rous ſhelves
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themſelves.

PART X.

At firſt the ſtars, the air, the earth, and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap,
Till Love eternal did each being ſtrike
With voice divine to march and ſeek its like:
Then ſeeds of heav'ns, then air of vap'rous ſound,
Then fertile earth circled with waters round,
On which the bird, the beaſt, the fiſh, might move,
All centred in that univerſal Love;

Then man was fram'd with ſoul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler ſhare of love than they:
To him was woman, crown'd with virtue, giv'n,
The moſt immediate work and care of Heav'n.
Whilſt thus my darling thoughts in raptures ſung,
Apollo to my ſight in viſion ſprung:
His lyre with golden ſtrings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flouriſh in his hands.
Says he, "You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
"Your art at Delphi you will beſt complete.
"There is a ſhort maxim, prais'd when underſtood,
"Uſeful in practice, and divinely good;
"Let each man know himſelf; ſtrive to excel:
"The pleaſure of the bleſt is doing well.
"'Tis wiſdom to diſplay the ruling grace;
"Some men are happy in a charming face;
"Know it, but be not vain: ſome manly ſhow
"By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
"There let them prove their ſkill; perhaps ſome heart
"May find that ev'ry ſhot is Cupid's dart.
"The prudent lover, if his talent lies
"In eloquence, e'nt talkative but wiſe,
"So mixes words delicious to the ear,
"That all muſt be perſuaded who can hear.
"He that can ſing let him with pleaſing ſound,
"Tho' it is an air that is not mortal, wound.
"Let not a poet my own art refuſe:
"I'll come, and bring aſſiſtance to his Muſe."

But never by ill means your fortune puſh,
Nor raiſe your credit by another's bluſh:
The ſecret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what gods in Samothracia reign.
'Tis virtue by grave ſilence to conceal
What talk without diſcretion would reveal.
For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midſt of fruits and water ſtarv'd and dry:
But Cytherea's modeſty requires
Moſt care to cover all her lambent fires.
Love has a pleaſing turn, makes that ſeem beſt
Of which our lawful wiſhes are poſſeſt.
Andromeda, of Lybic hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monſters of the flood:
Wing'd Perſeus ſaw her beauty thro' that cloud.
Andromache had large majeſtick charms,
Therefore was fitteſt grace to godlike Hector's arms.
Beauties in ſmaller airs bear like commands,
And wondrous magick acts by ſlend'reſt wands.
Like Cybele ſome bear a mother's ſway,
Whilſt infant gods and heroines obey.
Some rule like ſtars by guidance of their eyes,
And others pleaſe when like Minerva wiſe.
Love will from heav'n, art, nature, fancy, raiſe
Something that may exalt its conſort's praiſe.
There will be little jealouſies
By which Love's art its ſubjects tries.
They think it languiſhes with reſt,
But riſes like the palm oppreſt:

And as too much proſperity
Often makes way for luxury,
Till we by turn of fortune taught
Have wiſdom by experience bought;
So when the hoary aſhes grow
Around Love's coals it is time to blow;
And then its craftineſs is ſhown
To raiſe your cares to hide its own,
And have you by a rival croſt,
Only in hopes you may n't be loſt.
Sometimes they ſay that you are faulty,
And that they know where you were naughty;
And then perhaps your eyes they 'd tear,
Or elſe dilacerate your hair,
Not ſo much for revenge as fear.
But ſhe perhaps too far may run,
And do what ſhe would have you ſhun,
Of which there is a poetick ſtory
That if you pleaſe I 'll lay before you.
Old Juno made her Jove comply
For fear, not aſking when or why,
Unto a certain ſort of matter,
Marrying her ſon unto his daughter;
And ſo to bed the couple went,
Not with their own but friends' conſent.
This Vulcan was a ſmith they tell us
That firſt invented tongs and bellows;
For breath and fingers did their works,
(We 'd fingers long before we 'd forks)

Which made his hands, both hard and brawny,
When waſh'd of colour orange-tawny.
His whole complexion was a ſallow,
Where black had not deſtroy'd the yellow.
One foot was clump'd, which was the ſtronger,
T'other ſpiny, tho' much longer;
So both to the proportion come
Of the forefinger and the thumb.
In ſhort, the whole of him was naſty,
Illnatur'd, vain, imperious, haſty.
Deformity alike took place
Both in his manners and his face.
Venus had perfect ſhape and ſize,
But then ſhe was not overwiſe;
For ſometimes ſhe her knee is crimping,
To imitate th' old man in limping:
Sometimes his dirty paws ſhe ſcorns,
Whilſt her fair fingers ſhew his horns.
But Mars, the bully of the place, is
The chiefeſt ſpark in her good graces.
At firſt they 're ſhy, at laſt grow bolder,
And conjugal affection colder.
They car'd not what was ſaid or done,
Till Impudence defy'd the Sun.
Vulcan was told of this. Quoth he,
"Is there ſuch roguery? I 'll ſee."
He then an iron net prepar'd,
Which he to the bed's teſter rear'd,

Which when a pulley gave a ſnap
Would fall and make a cuckold's trap.
All thoſe he plac'd in the beſt room,
Then feign'd that he muſt go from home;
For he at Lemnos forges had,
And none but he to mind the trade.
  Love was too eager to beware
Of falling into any ſnare.
They went to bed, and ſo were caught,
And then they of repentance thought.
The ſhow being ready to begin
Vulcan would call his neighbours in.
Jove ſhould be there, that does make bold
With Juno, that notorious ſcold;
Neptune, firſt bargeman on the water;
Thetis, the oyſterwoman's daughter;
Pluto, that chimney-ſweeping ſloven;
With Proſerpine hot from her oven;
And Mercury, that is ſharp and cunning
In ſtealing cuſtoms and in running;
And Dy the midwife, tho' a virgin;
And Æſculapius the ſurgeon;
Apollo, who might be phyſician,
Or ſerve them elſe for a muſician;
The piper Pan to play her up;
And Bacchus with his chirping cup;
And Hercules ſhould bring his club in
To give the rogue a luſty drubbing;

And all the Cupids ſhould be by
To ſee their mother's infamy.
One Momus cry'd, "You 're hugely pleas'd;
"I hope your mind will ſoon be eas'd;
"For when ſo publickly you find it
"People you know will little mind it:
"They love to tell what no one knows,
"And they themſelves only ſuppoſe.
"Not ev'ry huſband can afford
"To be a cuckold on record;
"Nor ſhould he be a cuckold ſtyl'd
"That once or ſo has been beguil'd,
"Unleſs he makes it demonſtration,
"Then puts it in ſome proclamation,
"With gen'ral voice of all the nation."
The company were come, when Vulcan hopping,
And for his key in left ſide-pocket gropping,
"Cries, "It is but op'ning of that door
"To prove myſelf a cuckold, her a whore."
They all deſir'd his leave that they might go;
They were not curious of ſo vile a ſhow:
Perſons concern'd might one another ſee,
And they 'd believe ſince witneſſes were three:
And they, thus prov'd to be ſuch fooliſh elves,
Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn, themſelves.
Diſcretion covers that which it would blame,
Until ſome ſecret bluſh and hidden ſhame
Have cur'd the fault without the noiſe of fame.

The work is done: and now let Ovid have
Some gratitude attending on his grave:
Th' aſpiring palm, the verdant laurel, ſtrow,
And ſweets of myrtle wreaths around it throw.
In phyſick's art as Podalirius ſkill'd,
Neſtor in court, Achilles in the field,
As Ajax had in ſingle combat force,
And as Automedon beſt rul'd the horſe,
As Calchas vers'd in prophecies from Jove,
So Ovid has the maſterſhip of Love.
The poet's honour will be much the leſs
Than that which by his means you may poſſeſs
In choice of Beauty's laſting happineſs:
But when the Amazonian quits the field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant ſhield,
That ſhe by Ovid's Art was brought to yield.
When Ovid's thoughts in Britiſh ſtyle you ſee,
Which may n't ſo ſounding as the Roman be,
Yet then admittance grant: it is fame to me.

PART XI.

I who the art of war to Danaans gave
Will make Penthesilea's force as brave,
That both becoming glorious to the fight
With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.

What tho' it was Vulcan fram'd Achilles' ſhield?
My Amazonian darts ſhall make him yield.
A myrtle crown with victory attends
Thoſe who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
When Beauty has ſo many arms in ſtore,
(Some men will ſay) why ſhould you give it more?
Tell me who, when Penelope appears
With conſtancy maintain'd for twenty years,
Who can the fair Laodamia ſee
In her lord's arms expire as well as he,
Can view Alceſtis, who with joy removes
From earth inſtead of him ſhe ſo much loves,
Can hear of bright Evadne, who in fires
For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd expires,
When Virtue has itſelf a female name?
So Truth, ſo Goodneſs, Piety, and Fame,
Would headſtrong fight, and would not conquer'd be,
Or ſtoop to ſo much generoſity.
'Tis not with ſword, or fire, or ſtrength of bow,
That female warriours to their battle go:
They have no ſtratagem or ſubtle wile;
Their native innocence can ne'er beguile.
The fox's various maze, bear's cruel den,
They leave to fierceneſs and the craft of men.
'Twas Jaſon that transferr'd his broken vows
From kind Medea to another ſpouſe:
Theſeus left Gnoſſis on the ſands to be
Prey to the birds or monſters of the ſea:

Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
Return, and let his Phillis name the shore:
Æneas wreck'd, and hospitably us'd,
Fam'd for his piety, yet still refus'd
To stay where lov'd, but left the dang'rous sword
By which she dy'd to whom he broke his word.
Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
If my instructions had not come too late;
For then their art and prudence had retain'd
What first victorious rays of Beauty gain'd.
Whilst thus I thought, not without grief to find
Defenceless Virtue meet with fate unkind,
Bright Cytherea's sacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus she bad me teach:
"What had the harmless maid deserv'd from thee?
"Thou hast giv'n weapons to her enemy;
"Whilst in the field she must defenceless stand,
"With want of skill and more unable hand.
"Stesichorus, who would no subject find
"But harm to maids was by the gods struck blind;
"But when his song did with their glories rise
"He had his own restor'd to praise their eyes.
"Be rul'd by me, and arms defensive give;
"'Tis by the ladies' favours you must live."
She then one mystick leaf with berries four
(Pluck'd from her myrtle crown) bad me with speed
devour.

I find the pow'r inſpir'd thro' purer ſky;
My breath diſſolves in verſe to make young lovers die.
Here Modeſty and Innocence ſhall learn
How they may truth from flatt'ring ſpeech diſcern.
But come with ſpeed; loſe not the flying day:
See how the crowding waves roll down away,
And neither tho' at Love's command will ſtay.
Theſe waves and time we never can recall,
But as the minutes paſs muſt loſe them all;
Nor like what is paſt are days ſucceeding good,
But ſlide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, altho' a goddeſs, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year;
Whilſt gliſt'ring ſnakes by caſting off their ſkin
Freſh courage gain, and life renew'd begin:
The eagles caſt their bills, the ſtag its horn;
But Beauty to that bleſſing is not born.
Thus Nature prompts its uſe to forward Love,
Grac'd by examples of the pow'rs above.
Endymion pierc'd the chaſte Diana's heart,
And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

PART XII.

A PERSON of ſome quality
Happen'd they ſay in love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither ſay him No or Ay,
Nor would ſhe have him go his way.

This lady thought it beſt to ſend
For ſome experienc'd truſty friend,
To whom ſhe might her mind impart,
T' unchain her own and bind his heart.
A tirewoman by occupation,
A uſeful and a choice vocation,
She ſaw all, heard all, never idle,
Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle,
Diverting with a kind of wit,
Aiming at all, would ſometimes hit,
Tho' in her ſort of rambling way
She many a ſerious truth would ſay,
Thus in much talk among the reſt
The oracle itſelf expreſt:
" I 've heard ſome cry, Well, I profeſs
" There is nothing to be gain'd by dreſs!
" They might as well ſay that a field
" Uncultivated yet would yield
" As good a crop as that which ſkill
" With utmoſt diligence ſhould till:
" Our vintage would be very fine
" If nobody ſhould prune their vine!
" Good ſhape and air, it is confeſt,
" Is giv'n to ſuch as Heav'n has bleſt;
" But all folks have not the ſame graces,
" There is diſtinction in our faces:
" There was a time I 'd not repine
" For any thing amiſs in mine,

" Which, tho' I ſay it, ſtill ſeems fair,
" Thanks to my art as well as care!
" Our grandmothers they tell us wore
" Their fardingale and their bandore,
" Their pinners, forehead cloth, and ruff,
" Content with their own cloth and ſtuff,
" With hats upon their pates like hives,
" Things might become ſuch ſoldiers' wives,
" Thought their own faces ſtill would laſt them
" In the ſame mould which Nature caſt them:
" Dark paper buildings then ſtood thick,
" No palaces of ſtone or brick;
" And then, alas! were no Exchanges;
" But ſee how time and faſhion changes!
" I hate old things and age. I ſee,
" Thank Heav'n! times good enough for me.
" Your goldſmiths now are mighty neat;
" I love the air of Lombard Street.
" Whate'er a ſhip from India brings,
" Pearls, diamonds, ſilks, are pretty things:
" The cabinet, the ſcreen, the fan,
" Pleaſe me extremely if Japan:
" And what affects me ſtill the more,
" They had none of them heretofore.
" When you 're unmarry'd never load ye
" With jewels; they may incommode ye:
" Lovers may n't dare approach; but moſtly
" They 'll fear when marry'd you 'll be coſtly.

" Fine rings and lockets beſt are try'd
" When giv'n to you as a bride:
" In the meantime you ſhew your ſenſe
" By going fine at ſmall expenſe.
" Sometimes your hair you upwards furl,
" Sometimes lay down in fav'rite curl;
" All muſt thro' twenty fiddlings paſs,
" Which none can teach you but your glaſs:
" Sometimes they muſt diſhevell'd lie
" On neck of poliſh'd ivory;
" Sometimes with ſtrings of pearl they 're fix'd,
" And the united beauty mix'd;
" Or when you won't their grace unfold,
" Secure them with a bar of gold.
" Humour and faſhions change each day;
" Not birds in foreſts, flow'rs in May,
" Would ſooner number'd be than they.
" There is a ſort of negligence
" Which ſome eſteem as excellence,
" Your art with ſo much art to hide
" That nothing of it be deſcry'd;
" To make your careleſs treſſes flow
" With ſo much air that none ſhould know
" Whether they had been comb'd or no:
" But in this ſo neglected hair
" Many a heart has found its ſnare.
" Nature indeed has kindly ſent
" Us many things, more we invent;

" Little enough, as I may ſay,
" To keep our beauty from decay.
" As leaves that with fierce winds engage
" Our curling treſſes fall with age:
" But then by German herbs we find
" Colour for locks to gray inclin'd.
" Sometimes we purchaſe hair; and why?
" Is not all that our own we buy?
" You buy it publickly, ſay they:
" Why tell us that when we do n't pay.
" Of French pomades the Town is full.
" Praiſe Heav'n no want of Spaniſh wool!
" Let them look fluſht, let them look dead,
" That cann't afford the white and red.
" In Covent-Garden you buy poſies,
" There we our lilies and our roſes.
" Who would a charming eyebrow lack
" Who can get any thing that is black?
" Let not theſe boxes open lie;
" Some folks are too much giv'n to pry.
" Art not diſſembl'd would diſgrace
" The purchas'd beauties of our face:
" This if ſuch perſons ſhould diſcover
" 'Twould rather loſe than gain a lover.
" Who is there now but underſtands
" Searcloths to flea the face or hands?
" Tho' the idea is not ſo taking,
" And the ſkin ſeems but odd in making,

" Yet when it will with freſh luſtre ſhine,
" Her ſpark will tell you it is divine.
" That picture there your eye does ſtrike
" It is the work of great Van Dyke,
" Which by a Roman would be fainted,
" What was it but canvaſs till it was painted?
" There is ſeveral things ſhould not be known;
" O'er theſe there is a curtain drawn
" Till it is their ſeaſon to be ſhown.
" Your door on fit occaſions keep
" Faſt ſhut: who knows but you 're aſleep?
" When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
" And what elſe at the toilet lies,
" Are all put on we 're ſaid to riſe.
" There was a lady whom I knew,
" That muſt be nameleſs 'cauſe it is true,
" Who had the diſmalleſt miſchance
" I 've heard of ſince I was in France:
" I do proteſt the thoughts of it
" Have almoſt put me in a fit.
" Old Lady Meanwell's chamber door,
" Juſt on the ſtairs of the firſt floor,
" Stood open; and pray who ſhould come
" But Knowall flouncing in the room?
" No ſingle hair upon her head
" I thought ſhe would have fell down dead.
" At laſt ſhe found a cap of hair,
" Which ſhe put on with ſuch an air,

" That ev'ry lock was out of place,
" And all hung dangling down her face.
" I would not mortify one ſo,
" Except ſome twenty that I know.
" Her careleſſneſs and her defect
" Were laid to Miſtreſs Prue's neglect,
" And much illnature was betray'd
" By noiſe and ſcolding with the maid.
" The young look on ſuch things as ſtuff,
" Thinking their bloom has art enough.
" When ſmooth we matter it not at all;
" 'Tis when the Thames is rough we ſquall.
" But whate'er it is may be pretended
" No face or ſhape but may be mended.
" All have our faults, and muſt abide them;
" We therefore ſhould take care to hide them.
" You 're ſhort; ſit ſtill, you 'll taller ſeem;
" You 're only ſhorter from the ſtem.
" By looſer garb your leanneſs is conceal'd;
" By want of ſtays the groſſer ſhape is reveal'd.
" The more the blemiſhes upon the feet,
" The greater care the lace and ſhoes be neat.
" Some backs and ſides are wav'd like billows;
" Theſe holes are beſt made up with pillows.
" Thick fingers always ſhould command
" Without the ſtretching out the hand.
" Who has bad teeth ſhould never ſee
" A play unleſs a tragedy;

" For we can teach you how to ſimper,
" And when it is proper you ſhould whimper.
" Think that your grace and wit is now
" Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.
" Let room for ſomething more than breath
" Juſt ſhew the ends of milkwhite teeth.
" There is a *je n' ſcai quoi* is found
" In a ſoft ſmooth affected ſound;
" But there is a ſhrieking crying tone
" Which I ne'er lik'd when all is done;
" And there are ſome who laugh like men,
" As ne'er to ſhut their mouths again;
" So very loud and *mal propos*,
" They ſeem like hautboys to a ſhow.
" But now for the reverſe. 'Tis ſkill
" To let your tears flow when you will:
" It is of uſe when people die,
" Or elſe to have the ſpleen, and cry
" Becauſe you have no reaſon why.
" Now for your talk.—Come, let me ſee:
" Here loſe your H, here drop your T;
" Deſpiſe that R; your ſpeech is better
" Much for deſtroying of one letter.
" Now liſp, and have a ſort of pride
" To ſeem as if your tongue were ty'd;
" This is ſuch a becoming fault,
" Rather than want it ſhould be taught.

" And now that you have learnt to talk
" Pray let me ſee if you can walk.
" There is many dancingmaſters treat
" Of management of ladies' feet.
" There is ſome their mincing gate have choſe,
" Treading without their heel or toes.
" She that reads Taſſo or Malherbe *
" Chuſes a ſtep that is ſuperbe.
" Some giddy creatures, as if ſhunning
" Something diſlik'd, are always running:
" Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride,
" As our lifeguard men, all aſtride:
" But each of theſe have decoration
" According to their affectation.
" That dance is graceful and will pleaſe
" Where all the motions glide with eaſe.
" We to the ſkilful theatre
" This ſeeming want of art prefer.
" 'Tis no ſmall art to give direction
" How to ſuit knots to each complexion,
" How to adorn the breaſt and head
" With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
" As the morn riſes, ſo that day
" Wear purple, ſky-colour, or gray;

* By the manner in which Taſſo and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr King, they ſeem not to have been the moſt fashionable authors of that age. Our Author has tranſlated what he calls An admirable Ode of Malherbe.

" Your black at Lent, your green in May,
" Your filamot when leaves decay.
" All colours in the ſummer ſhine:
" The nymphs ſhould be like gardens fine,
" It is the faſhion nowadays
" That almoſt ev'ry lady plays:
" Baſſet and piquet grow to be
" The ſubject of our comedy:
" But whether we diverſion ſeek
" In theſe, in comet, or in gleek,
" Or ombre, where true judgment can
" Diſcloſe the ſentiments of man,
" Let 's have a care how we diſcover,
" Eſpecially before a lover,
" Some paſſions which we ſhould conceal,
" But heats of play too oft' reveal;
" For be the matter ſmall or great
" There is like abhorrence for a cheat.
" There is nothing ſpoils a woman's graces
" Like peeviſhneſs and making faces;
" Then angry words and rude diſcourſe
" You may be ſure becomes them worſe.
" With hopes of gain when we 're beſet
" We do too commonly forget
" Such guards as ſcreen us from thoſe eyes
" Which may obſerve us and deſpiſe.
" I 'd burn the cards rather than know
" Of any of my friends did ſo.

" I 've heard of ſome ſuch things, but I,
" Thanks to my ſtars! was never by.
" Thus we may paſs our time: the men
" A thouſand ways divert their ſpleen
" Whilſt we ſit peeviſhly within;
" Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
" Fuddling, ſwimming, fencing, ſmoking;
" And little thinking how poor we
" Muſt vent our ſcandal o'er our tea.
" I ſee no reaſon but we may
" Be briſk, and equally as gay.
" Whene'er our gentlemen would range
" We 'll take our chariot for the 'Change:
" If they 're diſpoſing for the play
" We 'll haſten to the opera;
" Or when they 'll luſtily carouſe
" We 'll ſurely to the Indian Houſe;
" And at ſuch coſt whilſt thus we roam
" For cheapneſs' ſake they 'll ſtay at home.
" Few wiſe men's thoughts e'er yet purſu'd
" That which their eyes had never view'd;
" And ſo our never being ſeen
" Is the ſame thing as not t' have been.
" Grandeur itſelf and poverty
" Were equal if no witneſs by;
" And they who always ſing alone
" Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
" Had Danae been ſhut up ſtill
" She 'd been a maid againſt her will,

" And might have grown prodigious old
" And never had her ſtory told.
" 'Tis fit fair maids ſhould run a-gadding
" To ſet the am'rous beaux a-madding.
" To many a ſheep the wolf has gone
" Ere it can neatly ſeize on one;
" And many a partridge 'ſcapes away
" Before the hawk can pounce its prey:
" And ſo if pretty damſels rove
" They 'll find out one perhaps may love,
" If they no diligence will ſpare,
" And in their dreſſing ſtill take care.
" The fiſher baits his hook all night
" In hopes by chance ſome eel may bite.
" Each with their diff'rent grace appears,
" Virgins with bluſh, widows with tears,
" Which gain new huſbands tender-hearted,
" To think how ſuch a couple parted.
" But then there are ſome foppiſh beaux
" Like us in all things but their clothes;
" That we may ſeem the more robuſt,
" And fitteſt to accoſt them firſt,
" With powder, paint, falſe locks, and hair,
" They give themſelves a female air;
" Who having all their tale by rot,
" And harping ſtill on the ſame note,
" Will tell us that and nothing more
" Than what a thouſand heard before:

" Tho' they all marks of Love pretend
" There is nothing which they leſs intend;
" And 'midſt a thouſand hideous oaths
" With jewels falſe and borrow'd clothes,
" Our eaſineſs may give belief
" To one that is an arrant thief."
The ſpark was coming; ſhe undreſt
Scuttles away as if poſſeſt.
The Governeſs cries, " Where d' ye run?"
" Why, Madam, I 've but juſt begun."
She bawls; the other nothing hears,
But leaves her prattling to the chairs.
Virtue without theſe little arts
At firſt ſubdues, then keeps our hearts;
And tho' more gracefully it ſhows
When it from lovely perſons flows,
Yet often goodneſs moſt prevails
When beauty in perfection fails.
Tho' ev'ry feature may n't be well,
Yet all together may excel.
There is nothing but will eaſy prove
When all the reſt is made up by Love.

PART XIII.

VIRGINS ſhould not unſkill'd in muſick be;
For what is more like themſelves than harmony?

Let not vice uſe it only to betray,
As Sirens by their ſongs entice their prey:
Let it with ſenſe, with voice, and beauty join,
Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the mind divine;
For there is a double grace when pleaſing ſtrings
Are touch'd by her that more delightful ſings.
Thus Orpheus did the rage of deſerts quell,
And charm'd the monſtrous inſtruments of hell:
New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
Whilſt to the work officious marble ran:
Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode
On the mute fiſh ſafe thro' the rolling flood.
Nor are the eſſays of the female wit
Leſs charming in the verſes they have writ.
From ancient ages Love has found the way
Its baſhful thoughts by letters to convey,
Which ſometimes run in ſuch engaging ſtrain
That pity makes the fair write back again.
What is thus intended ſome ſmall time delay;
His paſſion ſtrengthens rather by our ſtay:
Then with a cautious wit your pen withhold,
Leſt a too free expreſſion make him bold.
Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
And in reproof let tenderneſs appear.
As he deſerves it give him hopes of life:
A cruel miſtreſs makes a froward wife.
Affect not foreign words: Love will impart
A gentle ſtyle more excellent than art.

Aſtrea's * lines flow on with ſo much eaſe
That ſhe who writes like them muſt ſurely pleaſe.
Orinda's † works, with courtly graces ſtor'd,
True ſenſe in nice expreſſions will afford;
Whilſt Chudleigh's ‡ words ſeraphick thoughts expreſs
In lovely grandeur, but without exceſs.
Oh! had not Beauty parts enough to wound,
But it muſt pierce us with poetick ſound,
Whilſt Phœbus ſuffers female pow'rs to tear
Wreaths from his Daphne which they juſtly wear!

* A name aſſumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady well known in the gay and poetical world in the licentious reign of King Charles II. She was authoreſs of ſeventeen plays, two volumes of novels, ſeveral tranſlations, and many poems.

† The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She was the daughter of John Fowler merchant, and born in London 1631; was married to James Philips of the Priory of Cardigan, Eſq. about the year 1647, and died in Fleetſtreet in the month of June 1664. Her poems have been ſeveral times printed. She was alſo the writer of a volume of letters publiſhed many years after her death, to Sir Charles Cotterel, entitled Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus, which have been admired.—Mrs. Philips was as much famed for her friendſhip as for her poetry; and had the good fortune to be equally eſteemed by the beſt poet and the beſt divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addreſſed his Diſcourſe on the Nature and Effects of Friendſhip to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory in an elegant ode preſerved amongſt his works.

‡ This lady was daughter to Richard Lee of Winſlade, in the county of Devon, Eſq. She was born in the year 1656, became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh of Aſhton, in the ſame county, Bart. and died Dec. 15th 1710. Her poems were twice printed in her lifetime in one volume 8vo.; the ſecond edition in 1709. She alſo publiſhed a volume of Eſſays upon ſeveral Subjects in Proſe and Verſe 1710.

If greater things to leſſer we compare
The ſkill of Love is like the art of war.
The gen'ral ſays, "Let him the horſe command;
"You by that enſign, you that cannon, ſtand:
"Where danger calls let th' other bring ſupplies:"
With pleaſure all obey in hopes to riſe.
So if you have a ſervant ſkill'd in laws
Send him with moving ſpeech to plead your cauſe.
He that has native unaffected voice
In ſinging what you bid him will rejoice.
And wealth as Beauty orders it beſtow'd
Would make ev'n miſers in expenſes proud.
But they o'er whom Apollo rules have hearts
The moſt ſuſceptible of lovers' ſmarts,
And like their god ſo they feel Cupid's darts.
The gods and kings are by their labours prais'd,
And they again by them to honour rais'd;
For none to Heav'n or majeſty expreſt
Their duty well but in return were bleſt:
Nor did the mighty Scipio think it ſcorn
That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born,
His wars, retirements, councils, ſhould attend,
In all diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Friend.
He that for want of worlds to conquer wept
Without conſulting Homer never ſlept.
The poet's cares all terminate in fame;
As they obtain they give a laſting name.

Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia riſe,
And Berenice's Hair adorns the ſkies.
The ſacred bard no treach'rous craft diſplays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays:
Far from ambition and wealth's ſordid care,
In him good nature and content appear;
And far from courts, from ſtudious parties free,
He ſighs forth Laura's charms beneath ſome tree;
Deſpairing of the valu'd prize he loves
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
Poets have quick deſire and paſſion ſtrong;
Where once it lights there it continues long:
They know that truth is the perpetual band
By which the world and heav'n of Love muſt ſtand.
The poet's art ſoftens their tempers ſo
That manners eaſy as their verſes flow.
Oh! could they but juſt retribution find,
And as themſelves what they adore be kind!
In vain they boaſt of their celeſtial fire
Whilſt there remains a heav'n to which they cann't [aſpire!
Apelles firſt brought Venus to our view,
With blooming charms and graces ever new,
Who elſe unknown to mortals might remain
Hid in the caverns of her native main;
And with the painter now the poets join
To make the mother and her boy divine:
Therefore attend, and from their muſick learn
That which their minds inſpir'd could beſt diſcern.

First see how Sidney then how Cowley mov'd,
And with what art it was that Waller lov'd:
Forget not Dorset, in whose gen'rous mind
Love, sense, wit, honour, ev'ry grace, combin'd:
And if for me you one kind wish would spare,
Answer a poet to his friendly pray'r;
Take Stepney's verse, with candour ever blest,
For Love will there still with his ashes rest:
There let warm spice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlasting sweets perfume his urn.
Not that the living Muse is to be scorn'd;
Britain with equal worth is still adorn'd.
See Halifax, where sense and honour mixt
Upon the merits just reward have fixt;
And read their works who writing in his praise
To their own verse immortal laurels raise.
Learn Prior's lines, for they can teach you more
Than sacred Ben or Spenser did before;
And mark him well that uncouth physick's art
Can in the softest tune of wit impart.
See Pastorella o'er Florello's grave,
See Tamerlane make Bajazet his slave,
And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave.
Thro' Rapin's nurseries and gardens walk,
And find how nymphs transform'd by am'rous colours talk.
Pomona see with Milton's grandeur rise,
The most delicious fruit of Paradise,
With apples might the first-born man deceive,
And more persuasive voice than tempting Eve.

Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has ſtill in ſtore,
Whom would I number up I muſt outrun
The longeſt courſe of the laborious ſun.

PART XIV.

Our manners like our countenance ſhould be,
They always candid, and the other free;
But when our mind by anger is poſſeſt
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beaſt:
No feature then its wonted grace retains
When the blood blackens in the ſwelling veins:
The eyeballs ſhoot out fiery darts would kill
Th' oppoſer if the Gorgon had its will.
When Pallas in a river ſaw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks ſhe let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face
Which in that paſſion once conſults her glaſs.
Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment ſeiz'd,
But ever reſt ſerene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and ſullen brow ſeems to reprove
The firſt advances that are made to Love,
To which there is nothing more averſe than pride.
Men without ſpeaking often are deny'd;
And a diſdainful look too oft' reveals
Thoſe ſeeds of hatred which the tongue conceals,

When eyes meet eyes, and ſmiles to ſmiles return,
'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
And by their mutual paſſion ſoon will know
That all are darts, and ſhot from Cupid's bow:
But when ſome lovely form does ſtrike your eyes
Be cautious ſtill how you admit ſurpriſe.
What you would love with quick diſcretion view;
The object may deceive by being new:
You may ſubmit to a too haſty fate,
And would ſhake off the yoke when it is too late.
We often into our deſtruction ſink
By not allowing time enough to think.
Reſiſt at firſt. For help in vain we pray
When ills have gain'd full ſtrength by long delay.
Be ſpeedy, leſt perhaps the growing hour
Put what is now within beyond our pow'r.
Love as a fire in cities finds increaſe,
Proceeds, and till the whole is deſtroy'd won't ceaſe:
It with allurements does like rivers riſe,
From little ſprings enlarg'd by vaſt ſupplies.
Had Myrrha kept this guard ſhe had not ſtood
A monumental crime in weeping wood.
Becauſe that Love is pleaſing in its pain
We not without reluctance health obtain.
Phyſick may tarry till to-morrow's ſun,
Whilſt the curs'd poiſons thro' the vitals run.
The tree not to be ſhook has pierc'd the ground,
And death muſt follow the neglected wound.

O'er diff'rent ages Love bears diff'rent ſway,
Takes various turns to make all ſorts obey.
The colt unback'd we ſooth with gentle trace,
We feed the runner deſtin'd for the race;
And it is with time and maſters we prepare
The manag'd courſers ruſhing to the war.
Ambitious youth will have ſome ſparks of pride,
And not without impatience be deny'd.
If to his Love a rival you afford,
You then preſent a trial for his ſword:
His eager warmth diſdains to be preplext,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and ſenſe,
And as they ſeldom give ſo ſeldom take offence:
For he that knows reſiſtance is in vain
Knows likewiſe ſtruggling will increaſe his pain.
Like wood that is lately cut in Paphian grove
Time makes him a fit ſacrifice for Love:
By ſlow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
Till perſeverance makes the flame aſpire.
This Love is more ſure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves whilſt this is forc'd to ſtay.
There are ſome tempers which you muſt oblige
Not by a quick ſurrender but a ſiege;
That moſt are pleas'd when driven to deſpair
By what they 're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think unleſs their uſage has been hard
Their conqueſt loſes part of its reward.

Thus ſome raiſe ſpleen from their abounding wealth,
And clogg'd with ſweets from acids ſeek their health:
And many a boat does its deſtruction find
By having ſcanty ſails too full of wind.
Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?
Is it not folly to afford
Our enemy a naked ſword?
Yet it is my weakneſs to confeſs
What puts men often in diſtreſs:
But then it is ſuch beaux * as be
Poſſeſs'd with ſo much vanity
To think that whereſoe'er they turn
Whoever looks on them muſt burn.
What they deſire they think is true
With ſmall encouragement from you.
They will a ſingle look improve,
And take civilities for love.

* It is obvious that this word conveys, at preſent, a very different idea from its original ſignification, which was plainly that of an accompliſhed gentleman.—How different are the manly beaux of Farquhar from the preſent Macaronies! and how many intermediate gradations have ariſen between them? The genuine beau appears to have been corrupted by a ſervile imitation of that ludicrous character the *petit maitre* of our neighbour nation, a title affected by ſuch of that vain people as had no other, in humble emulation of their *grand maitre* Louis XIV.: from theſe came the Lord Foppingtons and Sir Harry Wildairs, and from them degenerated by degrees the Fribble and the Macaroni.

" We all expected you at play;
" Was it not a miſtreſs made you ſtay?"
The beau is fir'd, cries, " Now I find
" I out of pity muſt be kind:
" She ſigh'd impatient till I came."
Thus ſoaring to the lively flame
We ſee the vain ambitious fly
Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.
Both ſexes have their jealouſy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has giv'n a ſudden vent to grief,
Occaſion'd by ſome perſons lying
To ſet an eaſy wife a-crying;
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy caſe.
There is a mount, Hymettus ſtyl'd,
Where pinks and roſemary are wild;
Where ſtrawberries and myrtles grow,
And violets make a purple ſhow;
Where the ſweet bays and laurel ſhine,
All ſhaded by the lofty pine;
Where zephirs with their wanton motion
Have all the leaves at their devotion:
Here Cephalus, who hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,
And all his duſty labour done,
In the meridian of the ſun

ART o[illegible]uld creep, 2190
Into ſome ſecret hedge v[illegible]elf aſleep;
And ſing and hum him[illegible] not and c[illegible]y
But commonly being [illegible]ne cooler cry:
He thus would for ſo[illegible]
" O now if ſome [illegible]ne! 2195
" Cooler would cor[illegible]
" Deareſt, rareſt, [illegible]t,
" Lovelieſt, faire[illegible]
" Cooler! com[illegible]
" Oh! Air, [illegible]e! 2200
" Freſh and[illegible]eſt,
" Deareſt, [illegible] faireſt,
" Lovelie[illegible]come. Cooler! come. Cooler! come."
" Cooler! [illegible]an that had heard him ſing
A wom[illegible] her malice on the wing; 2205
Soon ha[illegible]ales uſually do n't want
For ſe[illegible]w-goſſip that will cant,
A fell[illegible]till is pleas'd with others' ails,
Who[illegible] therefore carries ſpiteful tales.
[illegible]d thought that ſhe might raiſe ſome ſtrife 2210
[illegible] telling ſomething to his wife;
[illegible]nat once upon a time ſhe ſtood
[illegible]n ſuch a place, in ſuch a wood,
On ſuch a day, and ſuch a year,
There did, at leaſt there did appear 2215
('Cauſe for the world ſhe would not lie
As ſhe muſt tell her by the by)

Her husband, first more loudly bawling,
And afterwards more softly calling
A person not of the best fame,
And Mistress Cooler was her name.
"Now, Gossip, why should she come thither
"But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all her colour turn'd,
And tho' her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs sent forth sudden flash[es],
Her cheeks and lips were pale as ash[es].
Then, "Wo the day that she was bo[rn],
The nightrail innocent was torn;
Many a thump was giv'n the breast,
"And she, oh! she should never rest!
"She straight would hie her to the wood;
"And he 'd repent it—that he shou'd."
With eager haste away she moves,
Never regarding scarf or gloves:
Into the grotto soon she creeps,
And into ev'ry thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
"And now (she cries) I plainly see
"How time and place and all agree:
"But here is a covert where I 'll lie,
"And I shall have them by and by."
'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as last time,
Heated and ruffled with his pastime,

...e very ſelfſame place
...e was us'd to waſh his face;
...en he ſung, and then he humm'd,
...on his knee with fingers thrumm'd.
...ien Criſſy found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted Air,
Saw what device was took to fool her,
And no ſuch one as Miſtreſs C...oler,
Miſtruſting then no future harms
She would have ruſh'd into his arms;
But as the leaves began to ruſtle,
He thought ſome beaſt had made the buſtle:
He ſhot; then cry'd, "I 've kill'd my deer."—
"Ay, ſo you have, (ſays Cris) I fear."—
"Why, Criſſy! pray what made you here?"
By Goſſip Trot I underſtood
"You kept a ſmall girl in this wood."
Quoth Ceph, "'Tis pity thou ſhouldſt die
"For this thy fooliſh jealouſy,
"For it is a paſſion that does move
"Too often from exceſs of love."
But when they fought for wound full ſore
The petticoat was only tore,
And ſhe had got a luſty thump
Which in ſome meaſure bruis'd her rump:
Then home moſt lovingly they went;
Neither had reaſon to repent:
Their following years paſs'd in content,

And Criſſy made him the beſt wife
For the remainder of his life.
The Muſe has done, nor will more laws obt
Leſt ſhe by being tedious ſhould be rude.
Unbrace Love's ſwans; let them unharneſs'd ſtray
And eat ambroſia thro' the Milky Way:
Give liberty to ev'ry Paphian dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove:
But when the Amazonian trophies riſe
With monuments of their paſt victories,
With what diſcretion and what art they fought
Let them record "They were by Ovid taught."

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