THE

WORKS

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

SEVENTH VOLUME.

TO THE

MALEVOLI.

GENTLEMEN,

THE Work of an eminent Divine has been dedicated to the *Freethinkers*, not, as appears, with an intention to deprecate their resentment, but because the learned Author thought them enemies to the cause, which the labours of his life tended to support. It is for similar reasons that I address myself to you. The cause, which I have ever admired and loved, is that of Taste and Liberal Science; and though I cannot, like the learned Prelate, boast of the services which I have done, I consider you as the enemies of all good letters. Of your whole race, ZOILUS, I think, was the founder. Your ancestors, like noxious animals preserved in spirits, are rescued from oblivion in the Prologues of TERENCE; and the *Tale of a Tub* has made honourable mention of you. Nothing great, or good, or just, or praise-worthy, has escaped your censure for a number of years. The press is open to you; Malice is your APOLLO, and you know no other

inſpiration. The ſcribbler, who cannot purſue a train of thought through half a page, has vigour enough to pen a Paragraph, a REBUS, or what he calls an EPIGRAM. He deſpiſes the grace of order and connection: to be pert and briſk in flippant and disjointed ſentences, is the height of his ambition, and the utmoſt effort of his talents. This is what FIELDING calls, the new invention of writing without learning or genius.

The volumes, which I preſume to offer to the public, will of courſe fall into your hands. All that you have ſaid againſt them for twenty years, I expect will be haſhed up again. Novelty is not to be expected from you. That the pieces here reprinted have ſurvived your abuſe, may be matter of vexation to you: without a word, on my part, to ſooth your anger, or vindicate a ſingle line, they are left entirely at your mercy. In this volume, there are pieces, that never ſaw the light before: againſt theſe you may poſſibly figure away with ſome new ſtrokes of malignity: but I foreſee difficulties in your way, and how you will ſurmount them, it is impoſſible to determine. There is, indeed, a new tragedy, called, The RIVAL SISTERS, and there, I think, you will have eaſy work upon your hands. Your old hackneyed phraſes will anſwer the purpoſe. Call it a French play, a pilfered plot, all ſtolen

fable,

fable, character, ſentiment, and diction, and your buſineſs is done. In wit, as in politicks, the lie, that lives three days, may do a world of miſchief. But there are other pieces, which, I fear, will give you ſome embarraſſment. You will find here ſeveral tranſlated poems, from the Latin into Engliſh, and from the Engliſh into Latin. Theſe require the knowledge of two languages. For myſelf, I make no apology for them. They were the productions of my early years, and the time they took was, at leaſt, innocently employed. Should your diſtreſs be great, I can ſuggeſt a hint, that may help to extricate you out of your difficulties. There is amongſt you, and, I think, at the head of your ſociety, a man of notable alacrity in miſchief. To the doctrine of certain moral writers, who contend that *unprovoked, deliberate, calm, and diſintereſted malice*, never entered the heart of man, he is a living contradiction. Malevolent pleaſures, the *mala mentis gaudia*, are his only gratifications. He can complain of no rival; for in what liberal art has he diſtinguiſhed himſelf? He is not afraid of being eclipſed: the merit of others is his only provocation. But why ſhould I be at the pains of drawing his character? I find it ready to my hand, as it was given to the world ſeveral years ago, under the name of the MODERN ZOILUS. I beg leave to lay the portrait before you.

"In the arts of ſcandal and defamation THE MODERN ZOILUS is indefatigable. His criticiſm upon the comedy of KNOW YOUR OWN MIND, is in his beſt manner. He has reviewed his own works for twenty years paſt, *Annales Voluſi, cacata charta!* and out of the rubbiſh he has licked up his own venom, and coughed it up again. His common-place book, which was thought to be exhauſted in his *ſuperfœtation* upon the former editors of *Shakeſpeare,* had ſtill ſome gleanings left. The induſtry, with which he has exerted himſelf, almoſt exceeds credibility. Furniſh him with a lie, and he will run about the town to propagate it, with that *vermilion* in his cheek, which proceeds from the ferment of venemous numours, and with that *tremulous eye,* which betrays, at once, the conſcioufneſs of guilt, and the daſtardly ſpirit, that ſhrinks back from detection. The lie, once gulped down, operates in his conſtitution as an abſorbent: it draws to itſelf the morbid juices of his nature, and comes out in the *St. James's Chronicle* with additional rancour. His duplicity, in every family, where he has gained admittance, is ſuch, as would, diſplayed in a comedy, be thought overcharged, and ſtretched beyond the limits of theatrical probability. He wriggles himſelf into a gentleman's houſe to make propoſals to a young lady,

and

and takes that opportunity to try the virtue of the wife. In a little time, he worms himſelf into the ſecrets of the family, and by anonymous letters in the newſpapers, a worthy ſet of people are thrown into confuſion, they know not why, nor by whom. ZOILUS is attentive to the preſent ſtate of literature. He knows the factions and little jealouſies, that prevail among authors. He is well with one party, to betray them to another. In the outſet of life he lived in intimacy with a generous, unſuſpecting friend, and by a ſtroke of perfidy almoſt broke his heart. You ſee him every morning hurrying from *Hampſtead* with his budget full, and running, all the reſt of the day, from bookſeller to bookſeller, and from printer to printer, to diſcharge his whole ſtock of malevolence. He frequented formerly ſome perſons of genius and learning: from their countenance he gained, for a time, ſome degree of eſtimation; but no longer able to impoſe, he is now avoided by all good men for his duplicity, treachery, and malice."

Such is the MODERN ZOILUS. The character, it may be ſaid, has harſh features. There is in it a perfection of guilt, which, even by the MALEVOLI, may be thought improbable. To remove all doubt, I ſhall relate the particulars of this

this man's conduct, in a real transaction that fell within my own knowledge. The story will seem, perhaps, both tedious and dull; but the facts will afford an admirable instance of that *calm, deliberate, and unprovoked malice*, which has been already mentioned. *Pendentem volo Zoilum videre.*

It was the misfortune of an author, who had written a tragedy, called ALZUMA, and designed it for the stage, to have a slight acquaintance with our MODERN ZOILUS. They met by accident at *Hampstead*. Our critic desired to read the play. After having it in his possession for three or four weeks, he returned it, with a packet of curious observations, such as indicated the genius of a COMMENTATOR. His remarks were disregarded, and the tragedy was acted in the following winter. After two or three nights, the author was called into the country, where he remained five or six weeks. On his return to town, our critic paid him an early morning visit, announcing himself the writer of an account of the play in the CRITICAL REVIEW. Pray read it, said he; you will see in it the hand of a friend. The poet complied, and found the praise of the critic worse than his abuse.

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.

ZOILUS

ZOILUS paid another viſit on the following morning: he talked again of the CRITICAL REVIEW; but who is the man that has been abuſing you for five or ſix weeks together in the MORNING CHRONICLE? The poor Poet made anſwer that he did not know, nor care: *He that is abuſed, not knowing what is ſaid, let him not know it, and he's not abuſed at all.* That were ſtrange inſenſibility, replied our CRITIC: this man writes above the common level; at all events he deſerves an anſwer. Here the viſit ended.

He came again next morning: Have you ſeen the Morning Chronicle?—No:—The malice of this day is beyond all enduring: He is an ill-natured ſcoundrel: ſend for the paper. The requeſt was complied with. After reading no leſs than two columns of abuſe, Do you call this ill-nature? ſaid the Poet: This is as good-natured a fellow as ever was born: The man has no gall in him; he can hurt no body. ZOILUS was now much diſconcerted: he bluſhed, turned pale, beat the floor with his heel, muttering to himſelf, and ſtill repeating, it is a moſt malicious paper. This raiſed the firſt ſuſpicion againſt himſelf. From this moment the Poet had an eye upon him. The Critic went away, repeating that the writer in the MORNING CHRONICLE was an ill-natured

ſcoundrel.

ſcoundrel. That ſo much well intended malice had miſſed its blow, ſeemed a ſore diſappointment to him. *Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.* He was no ſooner gone, than a bookſeller, who then lived in *Catherine-ſtreet*, entered the room, and diſcloſing all the circumſtances within his knowledge, proved that the perſon, who was a friend in the CRITICAL REVIEW, was the writer of all the calumny in the MORNING CHRONICLE.

In a day or two the CRITIC paid another viſit. A ſnare had been laid for him. The author of *Alzuma* tranſlated a ſcene of his play into Latin, and in the *Iambic metre.* The lines, with the aſſiſtance of a friend, who copied them, were conveyed to the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, with a plentiful ſhare of abuſe upon the author of *Alzuma.* It was to be publiſhed on a Thurſday. ZOILUS was early in his morning viſit: What, ſaid he, is this Latin tragedy, from which they charge you with pilfering whole ſcenes? The original is to be publiſhed this evening. Hereupon the CRITIC took his leave, apparently in great ſpirits. He now renewed the charge with more fury than ever. The author of *Alzuma* was a thief, a pick-pocket. The Critic railed, with virulence, for five or ſix days, when it was thought proper to check him in his career. Accordingly

the poor perſecuted Poet delivered a letter to Mr. BALDWIN, marking out to the public the author of ſix weeks ſcurrility, and, as no leſs than forty letters had then been written, promiſing an equal number by way of retaliation.

This letter, which appeared in the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE on a Saturday evening, brought the matter to a criſis. ZOILUS ſaw it, and the next day, while the Poet and a friend were ſitting together, ſent in his name. He was ſhewn into another room. The Bard went to him. ZOILUS reached forth his hand in token of friendſhip. No, Sir, ſaid the poet, many words muſt paſs before we ſhake hands. The CRITIC drew a chair: the attack, he ſaid, upon his character was cruel in the laſt degree. He was paying his addreſſes to a young lady in Eſſex: as the family took in no paper but the St. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, his fortune might be marred. He uttered this in a ſoftened tone of voice. He would have cried, but could not. *Each drop he falls would prove a crocodile.* Not being able to awaken compaſſion, he deſired to refer the matter to DR. JOHNSON. The propoſal was agreed to. On the next day the Doctor came, and heard both parties. After a full diſcuſſion, he clearly ſaw that ZOILUS, though he denied the whole, was guilty of the duplicity

and

and deliberate malice laid to his charge. *Zoilus*, however, afferted his innocence. He was afked, will Mr. WOODFALL, or Mr. BALDWIN declare upon oath that you are not the Author? His own Manufcript Criticifms were produced to fhew that two or three remarkable Speeches were quoted there, with the fame peculiarities, that appeared in the newfpaper. That, faid DR. JOHNSON, could not happen to two men, who had not communicated with each other. The Doctor fhook his head, and remained filent for fome time. After a long paufe, he turned to the Author of ALZUMA, and, with that friendfhip, which he always had for him, faid "You can employ your "time better than in a wretched paper war." He advifed, that a paragraph fhould be inferted in the newfpaper, fignifying that the difpute was at an end.

The Poet complied with this advice. On the next day DR. JOHNSON, at *Streatham*, related the whole, and ended with this obfervation: "It "would be fad drudgery to anfwer fuch a man: "He lives the life of a BUSHFIGHTER, and an "OUTLAW." It may be afked, fince the affair ended in this manner, why revive it now? The reafon is, ZOILUS has been carrying on a clandeftine war ever fince.

Deftroy

Deſtroy his fib and ſophiſtry in vain:
The creature's at his dirty work again.

The MALEVOLI, I think, muſt be pleaſed with this account. It ſhews what a genius they have amongſt them. For myſelf, it would, perhaps, have been more prudent to have paſſed this man by in ſilence. There is a paſſage in *Lord Mulgrave's Voyage towards the North Pole*, that might have taught me to be cautious. We are told, in that work, that ſome officers returning in a boat to the man of war, fired at, and wounded a ſea-horſe. The animal dived immediately, and the ſea was tinged with blood. The men in the boat were glad to be delivered from a troubleſome attendant; but they had not reaſon to exult long. The ſea-horſe roſe again, and brought with it a number of others, who joined in a general attack, wreſted an oar from one of the men, and were, with difficulty prevented from ſtaving, or overſetting the boat. In the ocean of ink, ſimilar MONSTERS may act in the ſame manner. ZOILUS will probably take a dip in the puddle of GRUB-STREET, and come up with a number of others to revenge his cauſe. But I beg no quarter from the MALEVOLI.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

May 18, 1786.

TO

Dr. JOHNSON,

A

POETIC EPISTLE.

Eheu! quid volui miſero mihi? floribus Auſtrum
Perditus, et liquidis immiſi fontibus Apros.

VIRG.

TO

Dr. JOHNSON,

A

POETIC EPISTLE.

TRANSCENDANT Genius, whoſe prolific vein
Ne'er knew the frigid poet's toil and pain;
To whom APOLLO opens all his ſtore,
And ev'ry Muſe preſents her ſacred lore;
Say, pow'rful JOHNSON, whence thy verſe is fraught
With ſo much grace, ſuch energy of thought;
Whether thy *Juvenal* inſtructs the age
In chaſter numbers, and new-points his rage;
Or fair *Irenè* ſee, alas! too late
Her innocence exchang'd for guilty ſtate;
Whate'er you write, in ev'ry golden line
Sublimity and Elegance combine:
Thy nervous phraſe impreſſes ev'ry ſoul,
While harmony gives warmth and rapture to the whole.

ME, whom my angry ſtars have dipt in ink,
Who for my ſins am doom'd theſe rhymes to link,
On me, alas! no grace APOLLO ſhed,
No dreams poetic hover round my head;

An early dupe to fame, I waſte my prime,
Parnaſſus' galley-ſlave, chain'd down to rhyme;
I rub my forehead, bite my nails in vain,
No Muſe e'er ſuccours the forbidden ſtrain;
In fev'riſh toil I paſs the weary night,
And when I would ſay BLACK, Rhyme anſwers WHITE.
A bard of genius if I would deſcribe,
Whoſe poliſh'd numbers charm the tuneful bribe;
Who knows no malice, feels no envy rankling,
Reaſon ſays WHITEHEAD, Rhyme will have it FRANCKLIN.

Who ſhares a critic's taſte, and morals too?
In proſe 'tis *Spence*, 'tis *Melmoth*, *Hurd*, and YOU,
But wicked Metre babbles—the Review.

Who loves fair truth? On candour who relies?
And ſcorns to ſpread foul calumny and lies?
'Tis LLOYD and SHIRLEY, wayward Verſe replies.

In ſhort, whate'er I think, whate'er would ſay,
Some dæmon leads me from the truth aſtray.
Exhauſted, tir'd, to rave at length I ceaſe,
And ſink to dull ſerenity for peace;
And curſing books, and poetry, and fame,
I run to *Fielding's*, and on oath proclaim,
That ne'er again *Parnaſſus'* heights I'll climb,
In fruitleſs ſearch of unavailing Rhyme.

But mark the ſure returns of fancied wit:
Again I'm ſeiz'd with the poetic fit;

Like

Like *Bow'r*, my affidavit I withdraw;
My counſel tells me 'tis not good in law.
Again I rave, again I'm all on fire,
" Here, bring me paper, boy; bring, bring a quire:
" The God! the God! what bright ideas riſe!
" What wit, what fancy ſparkles in my eyes!"

In a fine phrenzy ſtraight my pen I ſeize,
This thought will elevate; this phraſe muſt pleaſe.
Sudden I ſtop; I pauſe, look blank, and ſtare;
The vivid ſpirits vaniſh into air:
JUDGEMENT, like FALSTAFF, views his mental train,
And ſwears his RAGGAMUFFINS give him pain;
Vows he's aſham'd ſuch ſtarv'd conceits to view,
Or march to DODSLEY's with the wretched crew.

Did not this delicacy ſeize the mind;
Tho' deaf APOLLO, and each MUSE unkind,
How eaſy were the taſk to pour along
The unideal barrenneſs of ſong?
And if my Muſe ſhould feel a dearth of rhyme,
Then, not to waſte in queſt of words the time,
Beneath my feet all grammar I could tread,
And boldly break unhappy PRISCIAN's head.
To ſhew ſome wretch by miſery o'erborne,
I'd ſing with FRANCKLIN, *while Electra mourn*;*

* Vide TRANSLATION, a Poem.

Or add, for rhyme-ſake, in her hapleſs ſtate
How *fair Antigone her griefs* RELATE,
And ŒDIPUS REVOLVE *the dark decrees of Fate.*
Or elſe, deſpairing of poetic rage,
With ſome vile CRITIC fill the Grub-ſtreet page:
With him each day on wings of Malice fly,
Around the town to propagate the lie;
With him ſeek ſcenes of woe to glad my breaſt,
And only grieve when I ſee others bleſt;
In ſecret brood o'er vengeance, deep and ſlow,
For years that meditates th' aſſaſſin's blow.
Theſe blended qualities, in Phœbus ſpite,
To form the CRITIC and FALSE FRIEND unite.
Hence each revolving morn our eyes ſurvey
Dull proſe, mad verſe, the libel of the day.
Hence letters, eſſays, epigrams we view;
The LLOYDS, the PURDONS, and the FRANCKLINS too.

Happy aſſociates! whoſe congenial fires
Dullneſs excites, and Envy ſtill inſpires;
Whom not a Grace, whom not a Muſe will own;
Urg'd on by pride and emptineſs alone.
As when the ſun withholds his genial ray,
Foſter'd by warmth, which dirt and dung convey,
The forc'd production vegetates its way.
Spur-gall'd to write, all genius they oppoſe,
Sworn at ſome Grub-ſtreet, altar learning's foes!
What tho' their Muſe no long excurſions tries,
But feeble born, juſt ſees the light and dies!

Yet,

Yet, inſect-like, it darts th' envenom'd ſting,
And buzzes for a day on Scandal's wing.
Scandal their malice helps about the town,
It lends the gilding, and the pill goes down.
Thus phoſphorus, reſplendent in the night,
Owes to ſtale urine its deceitful light.
And ſhall I too like theſe, with deſp'rate aim,
Attack each volume, ev'ry bard defame?
Thanks to my ſtars; I love the gen'ral weal,
I ſtill ſome clemency for paper feel.
In copious reams I never can o'erflow,
From ſome high garret, on the town below;
Who gape and wonder at their dextrous arts,
And cry, "Theſe fellows muſt have ready parts."

And yet what boots the injudicious praiſe?
Did e'er theſe ſcriblers gain one ſprig of *bayes*?
Deep in the center of the Muſes' grove,
A laurel thrives beneath the ſmile of *Jove*:
Quiv'ring in air the lofty boughs diſplay,
To tempt the youthful bard, th' immortal ſpray.
Th' immortal ſpray, if ſo the Nine decree,
Obeys his touch, and quits its parent tree.
The *ſcyon* gone, to catch poetic eyes,
Inſtant another bears the verdant prize,
Willing to yield, whene'er high Heav'n inſpire
The choſen genius with ætherial fire.
Dryden with this could critic monſters tame,
And tuneful *Pope* explore the realms of fame.

And thou too, *Johnſon*, with this boon divine,
Shalt prove thee ſprung from true poetic line;
Thy eagle flight may'ſt ſtretch to high renown,
Safe from each barking *Cerberus* of the town.
But for ſuch bards as FRANCKLIN and myſelf,
Mere pigmy wits, of genius each the elf;
From whom the Nine withheld their ſacred pow'r,
Nor ſmil'd propitious on our natal hour,
Not all our toil can prove our title true,
From the *Apprentice* to the laſt *Review*,
That gives to OSWALD what was SAPPHO's due.*

Ill fare the man, the firſt in verſe who brought
Exact propriety of word and thought;
Who gave each ſyllable its meaſur'd time,
And ſolid reaſon reconcil'd with rhyme!
Without this trade, this foe to my repoſe,
My time might paſs in one continued doze;
My ſole employ, like others void of care,
"To tend the tangles of *Neæra's* hair;"
Or free from ſtrife, and heedleſs of vain glory,
Jolly as *Quin* eat *turtle* and *John Dory*;
And far from envy, far from vulgar praiſe,
To gentle dullneſs dedicate my days;
Safe where no Parſon plays the critic's part,
And preaches, with a libel in his heart.

The *Æolian Lyre* in Gray's Ode was in the Critical Review taken for *Æolus's Harp:* And this at the time was ſaid to be the criticiſm of a *Greek Profeſſor*.

But

But from that moment, when the ſcribbling ſtrain,
The rage poetic ſeiz'd my troubled brain,
I rave by night, of ſome new plan I think ;
Wit, plot, and character ne'er yield a wink.
To write politely, and with care I ſtrive,
Afraid of ev'ry critic cur alive.
I mark how action, time, and place agree ;
I write four ſcenes, and then I blot out three.
The work, when ſeen, with varied ſpleen attend
The furious foe, and the falſe ſimp'ring friend.
That loudly raves of violated laws ;
This paler grows, and ſickens at applauſe ;
With purblind eyes he can no wit deſcry ;
But frets, and gives the public voice the lie !
Of all my pains I find abuſe the fruit,
And envy *Hill* his wild *Valerian* root.

Happy *Inſpector !* who could once a day,
Spawn without labour ſome half-form'd eſſay ;
Whoſe flippant Muſe could, innocently dull,
Now ſaunter in the Park, now ſimples cull ;
Now thoughtleſs round a glow-worm dance a jig,
Now prate of ſnuff, his ſtockings, or his wig,
His ſilver ſtandiſh, or his blooming fair,
His florid night-gown, or his elbow chair ;
Now at *St. James's*, now at mother *Hardings* ;
Now for religion, now for Cuper's Gardens.
Spruce, pert, and briſk, and yet devoid of ſpirit,
Thy works, 'tis true, can boaſt no real merit ;

Through

Through the dull page no rays of genius gleam,
The hackney-writer of each hackney'd theme!
And yet neglect a while thou need'ſt not fear:
Thy wit, like Almanacks, may laſt the year;
If *Oſborne* waſt thy folio through the land,
And form each embryo with his plaſtic hand.
Happy next him the bard! whoſe fertile vein
At will can hatch ſome panegyrick ſtrain;
Who with a *Britiſh* herring or a ſong,
Can at a court ſalute the glitt'ring throng.
But thrice unhappy he! whoſe tim'rous mind
To rules of art is ſervilely confin'd;
Who makes no book a job; whoſe honeſt aim
Aſpires to twine the laurel round his name.
A fool admires each offspring of his brain,
No mother of her fav'rite dunce more vain!
Soon as his work ſtands venal in the *Strand*,
Yield, yield, ye *Grecian*, and ye *Roman* band!
Not ſo whom *Phœbus* favours, and the Muſe
Brings to his hallow'd lip *Caſtalian* dews;
Whate'er he writes, his taſte rejects with pride;
Diſpleas'd himſelf, he charms the world beſide.
Thus GRAY unwilling ſtrikes his living lyre,
And wiſhes, (not content!) for *Pindar's* fire.
MELMOTH repining pants for claſſic rage,
And envies PLINY, while he decks his page.
For freedom when LEONIDAS expires,
Tho' PITT and COBHAM feel their Poet's fires,

Unmov'd, lo! GLOVER hears the world commend,
And thinks ev'n PEMBERTON too much his friend.
While crowds admiring ring with juſt applauſe,
WHITEHEAD ſtill doubts his ROMAN FATHER's cauſe:
A rigid cenſor to himſelf alone,
He praiſes ſcenes like mine, yet ſlights his own.
And that ſweet bard, * who to our fancy brings
"The gayeſt, happieſt attitudes of things,"
His raptur'd verſe can throw neglected by,
And to *Lucretius* lift a reverent eye.
Each wealthy genius pines amidſt his ſtore,
And ſighs, unconſcionably! ſtill for more.
Oft on fame's rubric he who long will ſhine,
Sorely repents of each immortal line;
And wiſhes, when he dar'd a wit commence,
Monro had purg'd him to mere common ſenſe.

Thou then, my friend, who ſee'ſt the dang'rous ſtrife
In which ſome dæmon bids me plunge my life;
To the *Aonian* fount direct my feet,
Say, where the Nine thy lonely muſings meet?
Where warbles to thy ear the ſacred throng,
Thy moral ſenſe, thy dignity of ſong?
Tell, for you can, by what unerring art
You wake to finer feelings ev'ry heart?
In each bright page ſome truth important give,
And bid to future times thy RAMBLER live?

* Dr. Akenſide.

Or

Or rather, left thy care abortive prove,
(For genius must be lineally from *Jove*)
Teach me to sep'rate talents from desire,
From genuine rapture ineffectual fire;
And, since I ne'er can learn thy classic lore,
Instruct me *Johnson*, how to write no more.

Lincoln's Inn,
10*th Oct.* 1760.

THE

EXPOSTULATION,

A

SATIRE.

Aſpice num mage ſit noſtrum penetrabile telum.

VIRG.

Firſt Publiſhed in October, 1761.

THE

EXPOSTULATION.

A

SATIRE.

WITH thee, thou inward ſpark of vital fire,
Who do'ſt each function, and each thought inſpire,
Who oft impell'ſt me into ſcenes of ſtrife,
And boldly bid'ſt me ſhun the calms of life;
With thee, my Mind, I now muſt converſe hold,
And all I think, and all I feel unfold.
Too long my indolence forbore to weed
Thy rankling faults, all wildly grown to ſeed.
But ſince at length you've fairly rouz'd my gall,
Now hear your own, my friend, and once for all.

To hear thee in thy wild capricious vein,
At dullneſs rail, the cauſe of wit ſuſtain;
Diſcourſe of authors, and decide their fate,
Important maſter of each learn'd debate!
And boldly thunder out thy claſſic lore,
We'd ſwear above all modern fame you ſoar;
For juſt expreſſion, and conception true,
For genius, taſte, and ſpirit—who but you?

You,

You, one would think, in this degen'rate time,
Alone ſhou'd wear the meed of ſacred rhyme,
And boaſt, (ſo freely all around you deal)
No pore to ſmart at, and no nerve to feel.
But I, who know your very inmoſt part;
(Come, ſit we down, and let me wring your heart!)
Yes I, who know which way your folly tends,
Who count your vices at my fingers ends;
Laugh in my ſleeve, whene'er ſo briſk and vain,
You dogmatize in high *Parnaſſian* ſtrain.
Whene'er incens'd, your neighbours faults you ſcan,
Forget the author, and diſſect the man;
No barriſter harangues with half your ſpleen;
When out of place, no patriot half ſo keen.
But fairly ſay, does Heav'n thy breaſt inſpire
With emanations of ætherial fire?
Does that fine phrenzy in thy boſom roll
Which fires a genius, and pervades his ſoul?
To thee propitious, have th' *Aonian* maids
Led thy young footſteps to their ſprings and ſhades?
Know, whoe'er fails *Parnaſſus*' height to climb,
And taſte the well, whence flows immortal rhyme;
On wings *Icarian*, vain excurſions tries,
And downward cleaves the unelaſtic ſkies:
Ranks not with DRYDEN on the rubric row,
But crawls with LLOYD among the weeds below.

But if, advice unheard, remonſtrance vain,
You need muſt follow ſtill this idle ſtrain;

By

By fairer methods aim at gen'ral praiſe,
Nor on the thorns of ſatire graft your bays.
With a bold hand bid Clio ſweep the ſtring,
And ſound the virtues of a *Britiſh* king.
Shew him with all his ſubjects bleſſings crown'd,
In war victorious, and in arts renown'd.
Tell how the Muſes, with a gen'rous ſtrife,
Rouze at his voice, and waken into life.
Swell, at his word, the Rhine with Gallic blood,
And bid thy verſe devolve a crimſon flood.
Sing how the Indian, near the riſing day,
Lays down his arms, and venerates his ſway.
What, tho' Apollo ſhould his aid refuſe,
You'll ſhew, at leaſt, a kind good-natur'd muſe;
Perhaps may ſell (reflect what gain 'twill bring ye)
An ounce of incenſe for a ſolid guinea.
But I, you'll ſay, your feeble pow'rs invite
To regions that demand an eagle's flight.
A *Britiſh* king ſhould have a muſe of fire;
To ſing *Auguſtus* calls for *Virgil's* lyre:
But LLOYD and I, who, without Phœbus' aid,
Are doom'd to follow ſtill the rhyming trade;
A theme ſo lofty we can ne'er rehearſe,
Mere ſpider-ſpinners of a cobweb verſe!
For us 'twere beſt not tempt forbidden lays;
Nothing diſhonours like inſipid praiſe.
At fulſome panegyrick, void of ſkill,
Bluſh, tho' the poet can't, the patron will.

And thus, my Mind, thus would you hide your
ſpleen,
And to malignity give candour's mien?
Were it not better mount in epic bold,
And be whate'er *Rome*'s *Querno* was of old?
Like him, in fuſtian, prove the public ſport,
And be the rhyming blockhead of a court,
Than ſtrive with wit to ſay the piercing thing,
And dart your ſoul in each envenom'd ſting?
Hop'ſt thou to rival Pope's immortal page,
And ſmile at folly in a future age?
Caſt but your eye around you, and ſurvey
Books once admir'd, now with'ring in decay;
Whole poems, for their time delighful found,
All now transferr'd to grocers by the pound.
Verſe, that could once a lady's toilet grace,
'Gainſt a dead wall attracts the liv'ry'd race.
Elſe to High Holborn, or Moorfields conſign'd,
'Midſt other ſtill-born embryos of the mind,
It lies for ages doom'd, in ſilence deep
With *Shirley's Pepin*, or *Black Prince*, to ſleep;
Where worms ſubſiſt on rhymes once counted terſe,
And elegantly feed on mould'ring verſe.

But grant your works may ſhare a better fate,
And taſte, or true or falſe, prolong their date;
Grant that your foes may all, well-nich'd in rhyme,
Go down ridiculous to lateſt time;

Yet,

Yet, while you live, if mankind hate or fear,
What can avail the laurel on your bier ?
Slow comes, if warfare is the author's doom,
Slow comes the praiſe engraven on his tomb.
What dæmon then inflames your angry fits ?
Why wage a war with blockheads, or with wits ?
Th' envenom'd ſhaft they've levell'd at your name :
Has the blow reach'd you ?—have they hurt your fame ?
And why then drag them to the public eye ?
In their obſcurity let libels die.
LLOYD's poetry is quietly inurn'd,
From dirt 'twas born; and is to dirt return'd.
Incog. has *Shirley* vented all his ſpite;
His periſh'd eſſays never ſaw the light.
Th' *Apology* is number'd with the *dead*;
Each trunk it decks lie lightly on its head!
In peace henceforth may ev'ry ſcribbling ſlave
Creep to oblivious ſlumber in his grave.
Yes, write who will; each blockhead ſtill poſſeſs
The darling boaſt of a licentious preſs.
Each modern *Curl* ſtill has his rubric poſt,
And ev'ry ſhop maintains a ſcribbling hoſt.
Bankrupts in trade, their pens that moment dip,
As rats will iſſue from a ſinking ſhip.
Each printer perks ſubſcriptions in your face;
Propoſals crowd each diuretic place.
Hence England's navy oft defrauded ſtands,
And the ſoil loſes its manuring hands.

And yet no patriot reformation makes,
Nor yet, whom hunger ſpares, the preſs-act takes;
Writers abound; no bard ſo void of fire,
But finds his fools to purchaſe and admire.
You, only you remain diſguſted ſtill,
The fancied regent of the Muſes' hill!

But ſince on others works you muſt refine,
And trace new blemiſhes in ev'ry line;
Since cenſor-like, you judge each writer's wit,
Think in your turn to what muſt you ſubmit.

Firſt, LLOYD will cry—(now eſtimate your fame!)
"MURPHY, or DURFEY, for 'tis all the ſame."
Ev'n he, the adverb-teacher of a ſchool,
To nonſenſe-verſe who ſtriplings form'd by rule;
Beneath the influence of ſome full-orb'd moon,
Or elſe inſpir'd by Bacchus' ſprightly boon,
Shall a bag-wig with a ſubſcription get,
And give for ready gold inſolvent wit.
Then ſhall the birch, thirſting for youthful gore,
Stream like a meteor in his hand no more;
But at *Bob Derry's* for inſtruction ſtill
The unfledg'd pupil ſhall attend his will;
There ſhall he to his circle, wiſely drunk!
Now praiſe the *Jealous Wife*, and now a punk;
Now vent his ſpleen in his malignant fit,
Againſt thy life, thy morals, and thy wit;
His meagre cheek, 'midſt his nocturnal ſport,
With envy pale, and his lips black with port.

Beware,

Beware, he cries, of that proud haughty ſpirit,
Who views malignly ev'ry poet's merit.
Still fond in letter'd warfare to engage,
Some gad-fly bites, and ſtings him to a rage.
A fool, who thinks his notions to diſpenſe,
The legiſlator of all taſte and ſenſe!
He runs a muck, and quite a coxcomb grown,
Hates COLMAN's comedies, and likes his own.
At bar or ſenate ne'er approves a ſpeech,
And falls aſleep, tho' CHURCHILL's ſelf ſhould preach.

CHURCHILL, a rough unwieldy ſon of earth,
Vain of himſelf, and foe to other's worth;
Inflam'd with malice, in invective fierce,
A ſtrong uncouth day-labourer in verſe!
Who by ſharp ſcandal hopes in wit to ſway,
As Hannibal by vinegar made way;
He too ſhall rouze your writings to revile,
And make more deſert ſtill the *Deſert Iſle*.
He to the world ſhall tell the horrid ſtory,
How *Metaſtaſio* had a ſawn before ye.
Th' impaſſion'd tear if *China's Orphan* drew,
The ſcenes freſh modell'd, and the fable new,
The whole, intrepid genius! he'll advance,
Was plunder'd from the fopperies of *France*.
His friend the while may alien wit attack,
And the wren mount upon an eagle's back;

From the *Spectator* ſafely may purloin,
Fine-draw each ſhred, and vamp, and piece, and
join;
From *Fielding's* page raiſe contributions due,
And claſſically drunk, ſing, "I love *Sue*;"
From bards exploded incidents may glean;
Take from *Alſatia's* ſquire a fainting ſcene;
Spunge-like abſorb whate'er comes croſs his way,
'Till *Garrick* ſqueeze him dry into a play.
Then how the ſhouts of fond applauſe rebound!
Each ancient laurel withers at the ſound!
He ranks with all whom former ages ſaw;
Congreve's his brother-ſtudent of the law!
Ye moderns kneel at his thrice-honour'd ſhrine!
Worſhip the author of a work divine!
Now a new progeny ſhall glad our days,
A better order of ſucceeding plays.
New faſhions in high life ſhall ſtrike our eyes,
And from the *Iriſhman* new bulls ariſe;
By him diſtorted ſhall the country ſquire,
New ſhapes and manners, not his own admire.
Kneel and adore ye bards: This, this is He,
The great reſtorer of true comedy!
Thus Io Pæan! all his friends ſhall ſing,
From boys at ſchool conſenting ſhouts ſhall ring,
Upborne by them he'll ſoar aloft to fame;
But thou, a helpleſs, an inglorious name!
With not a friend to deck thy brow with bays,
Doſt thou, alas! aſpire to gen'ral praiſe?

To

To draw from books in him is great, indeed;
In ſuch as thee 'tis criminal to read.
Seated by party on the Muſe's throne,
Whate'er he takes, by conqueſt is his own.
If e'er he deign to ſhine in borrow'd lays,
For him they'll quote immortal *Homer*'s days.
But thou preſume to imitate a line,
No ſtar *Mæonian* on thy head ſhall ſhine.
Whatever praiſe with all thy toil and pain
Thou gain'ſt, my friend, thou muſt with envy gain;
Declar'd a plagiary, proclaim'd aloud
A mere jack-daw in furtive colours proud.

Thus do they treat you; an auxiliar band
Liſt in their cauſe, and thicken round the land.
To arms, to arms, the ſcribbling Legion cries,
Your gooſequills ſeize; his reputation dies.
See *Shirley* ruſhes on, devoid of fear,
And leads his *Craftſman*, and his *Gazetteer*.
In tenfold braſs behold the MURPHYAD riſe,
Arm'd at all points with ribaldry and lies.
See Grub-ſtreet opens her ten thouſand doors,
See Billingſgate unſluices all her ſtores;
See eſſays, fables, puns, aſſiſt the fray,
Abuſe deſcending from confed'rate SAY:*
See authors on all ſides deſert their dens,
New edge their blunted wits, and nib their pens:

* Printer of the GAZETTEER.

All who in diſtant Hockley-hole reſide,
The men who drink, Fleet-ditch, thy ſable tide!
Who in Moorfields have ſcrawl'd a darken'd cell,
In the King's Bench, or in the Compter dwell;
On Ludgate Hill, who bloody murders write,
Or paſs in Fleet-ſtreet ſupperleſs the night;
The bards who doze around an alehouſe fire,
Who tipple drams, or fatten with entire;
Thick as when locuſts o'er the land appear,
And ruin all the promiſe of the year;
Thick as when piſmires crawl along the plain,
Or half-ſtarv'd crows around ſome ripen'd grain,
They form their ranks; they rail, they doom me dead,
And the preſs aims its thunders on my head.
And muſt you ever in new broils engage?
Muſt I ſtill be a victim for your rage?
Muſt ſtill your petulance mankind provoke?
Anſwer me fairly; for 'tis paſt a joke.
What can you urge?—Muſt I then bear, you ſay,
To be made ſtill the topic of the day?
Still muſt I hear, and never once reply,
Teaz'd as I am by all the ſcribbling fry?
Muſt I not dare reſent, tormented ſore
With *Churchill*'s rumbling *Roſciad* o'er and o'er?
Shall *Lloyd* with fables and epiſtles teaſe,
And dine upon me whenſoe'er he pleaſe?
I never can, (and let the ſcribblers know it)
Bear in the dog-days a reciting poet;

A bard

A bard who takes a mean clandeſtine aim,
To raiſe himſelf, and wound another's fame;
Or if of open combat not afraid,
Calls in his brother bravoes to his aid;
On ſtrength of numbers his whole courage grounds,
And, whom he ſingle dreads, with clans ſurrounds.

For me, I never form'd a junto yet,
Ne'er made a black conſpiracy in wit;
At other's fortune never heav'd a ſigh,
Nor view'd a rival with an eunuch's eye.
Ne'er ſought the ſilent covert of the night,
To ſteal unſeen, and ſtab with coward ſpite;
If e'er provok'd to tempt the letter'd fray,
I ſtill, like Ajax, wiſh'd for open day;
And may my name ſtand, ay! accurs'd by men,
If e'er I hold a dark inſidious pen.
I'll fare the page, tho' all the Nine ſhould join,
To point each thought, and harmonize the line;
I'll fare the page, by envy's breath inſpir'd,
And not with gen'rous emulation fir'd;
That anger bears without occaſion fit,
And quarrels for the vain renown of wit;
In an ingenuous mind that plants a ſting,
Or of young genius hurts the trembling wing;
To war with merit that would rather chooſe,
Than glow with gen'rous rapture for the Muſe.

But ſhall each mean, each vulgar ſon of earth,
My fame attack, my morals, and my birth?

Still

Still on my head ſhall furious *Churchill's* rage,
Come inexhauſted foaming o'er his page?
What crime has made it my unhappy lot
To bear his phrenzy?—I provok'd him not.
When he my enemy avow'd became,
Had I e'er ſtain'd my volume with his name?
His bread to injure did I ever ſtrive?
Kind heav'n! I knew not ſuch a thing alive.
His rage announc'd him firſt; as bugs by night,
To warn ye of their being, ſtink and bite.
And thus attack'd, ſhall I not ward the blow?
Not bid defiance to th' inſulting foe?
Shall I not tell the ſcurrilous divine,
The Naiads of Fleet-ditch inſpire his line?
Not tell his pious leer and double chin,
That arrogance and venom dwell within?
As ſome huge marble goodly to the ſight,
Where the blue veins meander and unite;
Where nature throws a grace on ev'ry part,
And with a caſual hand out-rivals art;
Soon as the workman cleaves it's pond'rous ſide,
And bids the maſs in various parts divide,
Within the center of th' enormous load,
Strange to relate! he finds a lurking toad.

Is it injuſtice, is it barb'rous ſkill,
With his own arts the murderer to kill?
Conſider well the matter, and you'll find
I only claim what's claim'd by all mankind,
The gen'rous freedom to declare my mind.

Each

Each reader claims it, ſtanding at a ſtall;
Each critic claims it, who ne'er reads at all.
Who can behold a ſelf-applauded bard,
Whoſe ev'ry line doth common ſenſe diſcard,
But inſtant cries, "The ſilly ſcribbling fool!
"Of a brib'd bookſeller the venal tool;
Or elſe, "The madman! ſhut from pen and ink,
"Let him of hellebore deep doſes drink."
This will they ſay, and what do I ſay more?
They ſpeak unhurt; provok'd I quit the ſcore.
Is this the ſign of a malignant ſpirit,
That views with envious eye each author's merit?
By more deliberate means know envy tends;
Saps on unſeen, and with'ring gains its ends,
With cautious malice never once ſpeaks out,
But nods, winks, heſitates, and hints a doubt.
Hoards her deſigns; ne'er acts the open part;
Smiles in your face, and ſtabs you to the heart;

Not ſo the honeſt mind: from byas free,
It courts no object, ſacred truth! but thee.
For thee it ſearches all with ſtern delight,
Brings a right honourable lie to light;
Thro' each falſe medium darts a look ſevere,
And thro' his dignities can eye a peer;
Gives things their proper name with freedom brave;
A cat's a cat, and LLOYD a play-houſe ſlave;
In works of wit ne'er lets the faſhion ſway,
Nor joins the current folly of the day;

Each

Each piece rejudges by the rules of art,
And plays o'er all an *Ariſtarchus* part;
Marks the obſcure; to bear *will* not incline
The lazy harſhneſs of a rugged line;
Th' ambitious poverty of ſounding phraſe,
The mediocrity of eaſy lays;
The worn-out joke, the raillery unfit,
The mere rough horſe-play of a clumſy wit.
With faults like theſe, if the work venal ſtand,
It marks each fault with a proſcribing hand;
Pronounces ſentence wtth a critic's fire,
And leaves the author's faction to admire.

Are there, who ſtoop a manager to pleaſe,
Who, if he belches, can commend his eaſe;
Around the town who circulate his tales,
And take the freedom of the houſe for vails?
Is there a clerk, who writes for hire the day,
And ſteals at night to ſee a virgin play?
A bard, whoſe tragedy rejected lies;
And each day bathes in tears its parents' eyes?
Or elſe, whoſe Muſe nine nights eſcap'd diſgrace,
And hates with female ſpite a rival face?
Ev'n ſuch, with other fops, the vain, the ſad
Half-wits, half-beaux, half-parſons, and half-mad;
Whene'er they pleaſe in dread array can ſit,
The ſelf-impanell'd jury of the pit!
Annoy the play'rs, with ſcorn each ſcene diſmiſs,
Whiſtle and catcall, roar, and chafe, and hiſs.

Riſe

Rife from th' unfinifh'd piece; the bard decry,
The only culprit that unheard muft die.
A writ of error fhould he dare to bring,
And fly on Millar's, or on Tonfon's wing,
Of ev'ry reader he becomes the flave,
The ftanding jeft of each buffooning knave.
In humble preface he implores in vain,
Or lulls with dedication's gentle ftrain.
The poet's judge no flatt'ry can allay,
As *Dennis* rigid, and foul-mouth'd as *Say*.

And muft I only then ftill choke with bile?
Shall men be coxcombs, nor I dare to fmile?
Not dare to fmile, when all around I fee,
Each garret emptying its full reams on me?
On me, who Heav'n be thank'd! havehad the fkill
To keep at bay the brethren of the quill;
Who ne'er with *Shirley* have a pipe enjoy'd,
Nor at Bob Derry's have got drunk with *Lloyd*.
Who fhun the haunts of each dull fcribbling fool,
And ne'er with *Churchill* read my works to *Pool*.*
My writings hurt them: what, Sir? their fuccefs?
May envy ftill grow pale, nor know redrefs!
My fatire hurts them too!—mifguided men!
Who own a wound from fuch a pow'rlefs pen.
A Mufe like mine may ferve, but never bites;
Who, without me, had known that *Shirley* writes?

* A lady celebrated, in an indecent poem, called the MERETRICIAD.

Yes,

Yes, yes, he writes, nor has my feeble ſtrain
Congeal'd his gall, or petrified his vein.
Still *Churchill* pours the torrent of his wit;
Yet why ?—th' advice I gave was ſound and fit:
" No more abroad to mend the manners roam,
" But know that charity begins at home;
" And e'er to plays and play'rs you turn your head,
" Attend your function, and inter the dead."
This was the counſel; this the kind addreſs;
And tell me frankly, ſaid his Biſhop leſs ?

Whom have I wounded ? did I e'er with art
Aim at the innocent a poiſon'd dart ?
On any honeſt head did I with ſkill,
A drop of venom from my pen diſtil ?
Shew me the man, whom real genius fires,
Who pants for fame, and whom the God inſpires;
Of right and wrong the bounds who ſtill can find,
And boaſts the pure receſſes of the mind;
Who free from envy ſees a riſing youth,
His breaſt impregnated with gen'rous truth;
Fond to oblige, deſirous to commend,
Nor for his talents jealous of a friend:
In his own way a rival who can eye,
Nor to ſubvert him, helps about a lie;
Shew ſuch a man, my idol he ſhall prove,
And ev'n with JOHNSON ſhall divide my love.

But ſhould there iſſue forth a pigmy wight,
Still flagrant from the rod, who needs muſt write;
Whoſe

Whoſe hand, ſtill tingling from the uſher's ſtroke,
Muſt pen an eſſay, and the Muſe provoke;
Prate, like a CONNOISSEUR, of juſt and fit,
Yet want the growth of manhood and of wit;
From a friend's genius who his ſtrength derives,
As grafted on the crab the medlar thrives;
Who thus ſupported, can the merit claim
Ev'n from the ſtock whence his nutrition came;
In ſelf-applauſe who can whole hours employ,
While his fond eye conſents in tears of joy;
By works of darkneſs hopes to riſe to day,
And *damns* a brief, and *petty-fogs* a play;
Cabals and plots, and wriggles for a name,
And ſhrinks and withers at a rival's fame;
Who Scythian-like, when his keen ſhaft has ſped,
Thinks he enjoys the virtues of the dead;
Fears leſt your induſtry with him ſhould vie,
And ſeems a friend to be a ſurer ſpy;
Fond to adviſe you, merely to deceive,
And, if your work ſucceeds, the firſt to grieve;
Who, for his ends, mean offices can bear,
And fetch and carry letters for a play'r;
Who deems a MANAGER a ſacred thing,
And ſwears who laughs at him reviles his king;
Far, far from me let ſuch his talents boaſt,
And be the GENIUS of an *Evening Poſt*.

Farther, ſtill farther let *Criſpinus* ſtand;
Between us riſe whole continents of land.

Yet

Yet e'er we part, his picture I would choose:
Come then and sit, *Crispinus*, for the Muse;
The honest Muse, whose hand severely kind,
Shall crayon forth each feature of thy mind.
Her work begins:—emerging from the strife
Of mingling colours, lo! he starts to life.
Is that *Crispinus?*—what that uncouth form!
Who seems a very monster in a storm!
Can he, or truth, or poesy, dispense?
That CALIBAN in manners as in sense!
In his fierce look, what passions scowling lie!
The downward head, and the assassin's eye.
His very youth 'gainst decency rebell'd,
From school with early infamy expell'd.
Thence comet-like irregular he flew,
And as he fled, still more eccentric grew.
Still he despis'd all order, sense, and rank,
At fairs he cudgell'd, and with porters drank;
In ev'ry low dexterity he dealt,
Broughtonian fame, and judgment at the belt.
'Till, wond'rous to relate! his race to crown,
He sanctify'd his scandal with a gown.
Then Tartuff like, a pulpit he attain'd,
With real malice, and devotion feign'd:
There pious leers, a satyr in disguise!
And talks of virtue with lascivious eyes;
For scanty hire the morning lecture gives,
And still a needy *Bacchanalian* lives.

His

His days of folly one continued round,
Now at the punch-houſe, now the ſkittle-ground;
Now at the billiard-room whole hours he'll ſit,
Now hiſs the foremoſt critic of the pit;
To works obſcene now lend th' obſcener jeſt,
And to a *Meretriciad* give a zeſt.
To acts of envy all his ſoul inclin'd,
A mere Therſites both in form and mind!
All worth above him eager to annoy;
Miſchief his pride, and malice all his joy.
Who gains by libels infamous renown,
And forges Grub-ſtreet lies for half a crown;
Who doom'd to wander ſtill in folly's maze,
Spends in one vile antitheſis his days;
Reels to the altar, ſour with morning gin,
And in a brothel writes lampoons on ſin;
Of ev'ry name the common ſtabber grown,
Then ſuicide next moment of his own.
With him of lawy'rs, NORTON is the worſt,
And WARBURTON's with want of learning curſt.
Ev'n He, the ornament that gilds our age,
Is now no more than JEFF'RIES or than PAGE.
If ſuch *Criſpinus*, may he ſhun my ways,
And be his calumny my higheſt praiſe.

Thee too, *Orbilius*, thee my juſt diſdain
Rejects; thou meaneſt of th' envenom'd train!
To thy green years if nature e'er was kind,
Grown old in youth, thou'rt now a vaniſh'd mind.

By drams thy faculties diſſolv'd away,
Of rankling envy thou art leſt the prey.
He knows thy character, who ſees thy face:
Thy look's a libel on the human race!
The envious ſneer is thine, if genius riſe;
The ghaſtly ſmile, when patient merit ſighs.
Thinking, that frets, but never tends to uſe;
The pangs of labour, nothing that produce.
Rancour, that luſts each neighbour to abuſe;
An unperforming pidgeon-liver'd Muſe!
The narrow ſpirit, that for pelf can pray;
Profuſion, that can muddle it away.
So mean, for favours he can humbly ſue,
So proud, when granted, can abuſe you too:
In each low plot a ready tool profeſs'd:
An underſtrapper at his own requeſt!
Deſpis'd by rakes, ſad outcaſt of the ſchools,
Bullied by cowards, a flatt'rer to fools!
A mere—but more the Muſe will not detect;
For who can bear a *Maggot* to diſſect?

Sworn in a league when bards like theſe combine,
And rancour is th' Apollo of each line;
When half-wits covenanted ſeize the bays,
And ſing alternate one another's praiſe;
From others brows when ev'ry ſprig they tear,
Vainly they think uſurpers-like to wear;
When their own works for models they diſplay,
And this man's poems ſhew, and t'other's play;

At

At this I burſt; at this my Muſe proceeds,
Not like the barber whiſp'ring to the reeds,
But tells aloud, and calls the world to hear,
Each jealous ſcribbler wears an aſs's ear.

But ſtill, my Mind, why quarrel with theſe fools?
Why indiſcreetly wanton with edge tools?
Satire's a dang'rous weapon, and hath made
Sworn foes to Pope himſelf the rhyming trade.
Renounce for ever your ſatyric pen,
Or let your Muse ne'er tread the ſtage again.
Elſe ſhall the Vandals ſtorm you from the pit,
And with their lungs revenge their want of wit.
Muſt I then ſtand appall'd by party-zeal?
No!—to a people's judgment I appeal.
That people ever generous as brave,
From ruffian hands the virgin Muſe will ſave.
A play of merit their protection draws;
Find but the piece, and they will find applauſe:
Faction with all her catcalls ſhall retire,
And envy with'ring, with her ſnakes expire.

But ſtill, tho' here the diſappointed foe
Sounds a retreat, he aims a ſecond blow:
Angry he foams; he roars with croaking note,
"The ſcenes are patchwork, like a Joſeph's coat;
"The whole, a motley linſey-wolſey piece,
"From old and modern Rome, from France and Greece."

Why let him ſay it: if the creature lie,
His fib will bounce, and flutter, hiſs, and die.
And if the charge be true, ſhall men expect
To find us ſcholars, then as thieves detect?
Shall I ſee others rifle all the ſpring,
Nor dare a garland for myſelf to bring?
No; let me roam through each poetic ſhade,
Taſte ev'ry fount, and viſit ev'ry glade;
Crop from each ancient's brow the faireſt flow'rs,
And follow Genius to th' Aonian bow'rs;
Still ſome ſmall ſpark of inſpiration gain,
Or from the Muſe, or Muſe-inſpired train.
Ye ſacred Nine, to whom I lowly bend,
To whom my morning oriſons aſcend;
With whom my earlieſt youth aſpir'd to dwell,
And ſought your viſions in each penſive cell;
Give me, oh! give me purer air to breathe,
In haunts where poet never cull'd a wreath;
Bid new-form'd images before me roll,
And ſtream the fair ideas on my ſoul.
Or if, like Philip's ſon, I ſigh in vain
For ſome new world's yet unexplor'd domain,
Like him, then let me make the old my own,
Its manners view, and leave no tract unknown.
Chief let the band, who warm'd a happier age,
Who ſtrung the lyre, or gave th' hiſtoric page;
Let them, Oh! let them teach their ſacred lore,
And of fair wiſdom open all their ſtore;

At

At morn, at eve the rapture ſtill impart,
And touch with finer ſentiment the heart;
Embelliſh virtue, give the laſh to crimes,
And be the moraliſts of after-times!
Illuſtrious race! if e'er I court the Muſe,
Some heav'nly portion of yourſelves infuſe;
Nor let the flow'rs, which at your ſhrine I gain,
Tranſplanted die, and curſe my barren brain;
But round my brow, ye ſons of laſting praiſe!
With modern ivy twine one ſprig of bays.

Old Homer thus could Maro's breaſt inſpire,
And thus Menander his own Terence fire.
Moliere himſelf, the great Moliere, whoſe view
Unmaſk'd each object, and look'd nature thro',
To Plautus' pallette could his colours owe,
And bid with Roman tints his canvaſs glow;
Seize the true comic, each diverting whim,
And Spain and Italy both wrote for him.
On ancient columns Johnſon rear'd his name;
On borrow'd wings ev'n Shakeſpeare ſoar'd to fame.
The manly Wycherley lov'd foreign lays,
And Steel and Vanbrugh travell'd for their bays.
On their example will I reſt my cauſe,
Tho' niggard envy ſtill withhold applauſe.
Yes, while I live, it is my ſettled plan,
Whate'er I read, to profit all I can,
Tho' dulneſs ſons conjoin'd—friend, learn to fear
(The voice of prudence whiſpers in my ear)

Why dulneſs ſons for ever?—let the men
Juſt bubble up, and then ſink down agen;
Sooth 'em with flatt'ry; to oppoſe is vain:
With all my heart, I'll ſing another ſtrain;
Bob Lloyd in fable equals *La Fontain*;
Colman, the comic Muſe is yours entire;
And *Juvenal* muſt yield to *Churchill*'s fire;
Purdon and *Thruſh*, and *Pottinger* and *Say*,
The weekly lie, the ſcandal of the day,
The lurking foe,—Bravo, my Mind! proceed;
'Tis wond'rous well!—Braviſſimo, indeed!
But can'ſt thou ſooth them with this artful ſtyle?
'Tis deep malignity beneath a ſmile.
This praiſe that damns will make 'em chafe the more:
Heav'ns! how they now will fret, and rave and roar!
Hard is, at beſt, the fate of all who chooſe
For idle fame to meditate the Muſe;
Tapers light up to lend mankind a ray,
And unregarded waſte themſelves away.
Round you more various ills in ambuſh wait,
For you muſt add ſeverity to fate.
Lo! from the Printing-houſe one darts his pen,
And vomits ſmoke, like Cacus, from his den.
St. James's Chronicle alarms the town,
And in four columns ſcandal marches down:
Scandal, you ſay, ſoon drops its languid head:
At morn it flutters, and at eve 'tis dead.

For

For boys at ſchool it helps to vamp a kite,
Or elſe emblazes ſome rejoicing night.
To the tale whiſper'd, or the printed lie,
A life well acted, is a dread reply.
To all the harm a jealous wit can mean,
A piece well written is the worſt of ſpleen.
It is, my Mind; then let it be your rule,
To ſmile contempt on ev'ry ſcribbling fool.
What, ſmile in ſilence, and with patience bear
Fierce ſlander's tongue, and envy's livid glare?
No; from the laſh be ev'ry witling ſore,
As for their malice witches died of yore.
Alas! alas! all Grub-ſtreet in a rage,
Will lay its harpy claws upon your page;
Your name each angry bard will ſtill purſue:
What can the bravoes of Parnaſſus do?
What ſhould I fear?—an evidence ſuborn'd,
And ev'ry miſchief from a poet ſcorn'd;
Who can—what can he?—huſh!—ſpeak out—again!
Be prudent, friend, or fairly drop your pen.

PROLOGUES,

EPILOGUES, &c.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

EARL OF ESSEX;

A

TRAGEDY

Written by HENRY BROOKE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF GUSTAVUS VASA.

Spoken by Mr. SHERIDAN.

WHENE'ER the brave, the generous, and just,
Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust;
The Tragic Muse attends the mournful herse,
And pays her tribute of immortal verse:
Inspir'd by noble deeds she seeks the plain,
In honour's cause where mighty chiefs are slain;
And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.

Nor thus content; she visits Death's cold womb,
Bursting the cearments of the marble tomb,
"To cast him up again!"—to bid him live,
And to the scene the bright example give.
Thus once-fam'd Essex at her voice appears,
Reviving from the sacred dust of years.

Nor deem it much, that we retrace to night
A tale, to which you've liſten'd with delight.
How oft, of yore, to learned Athens eyes
Did new Electras and new Phædras riſe?
In France how many Theban Monarchs groan
For Laius blood, and inceſt not their own?
When there new Iphigenias heave the ſigh,
Freſh drops of pity guſh from ev'ry eye.
On the ſame theme though rival wits appear,
The heart ſtill finds the ſympathetic tear.

And if ſoft pity pours her plenteous ſtore
For fabled kings, and empires now no more;
Much more ſhould you,—from Freedom's gen'rous plan
Who ſtill inherit all the rights of man;
Much more ſhould you with kindred ſorrows glow,
For your own chiefs, your own domeſtic woe;
Much more a Britiſh ſtory ſhould impart
The warmeſt feelings to each Britiſh heart.

Our Bard you know:—you've felt his ſacred rage,
Proſcrib'd by pow'r,* yet glowing in his page:
Crown'd with your praiſe this night let Eſſex ſhine,
And pay Guſtavus for each golden line.

* Guſtavus Vaſa, a Tragedy, ſoon after the Licenſing Act, prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY

OF

ZOBEIDE,

Written by J. CRADDOCK, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

WELL fare the man, peace to his gentle shade,
The Bard, who first made Epilogues a trade!
Without that art, design'd from ev'ry face
With wit and mirth fair virtue's tear to chase,
Heav'ns! what a life each actress must pursue!
To weep and rave is all she'd have to do!
Night after night, with warring passions sore,
"To fret her hour, and then be heard no more."

Now, after blood, and death in ev'ry play,
We come again, to laugh it all away;
Rally the pit; set belles and beaux at odds,
And prove a smart freethinker to the gods; (*the upper gallery*)

Chat

Chat in familiar ſtrain; the boxes maul:
An Epilogue, like gaming, levels all.

Not ev'n our Bayes within muſt hope to be
Free from the laſh:—his play he writ for me;
And, in return, my gratitude you'll ſee.

Why ramble with Voltaire to Eaſtern climes,
To Scythian laws, and rude, unpoliſh'd times?
Change but the names, his tragedy, at beſt,
Slides into comedy, and turns to jeſt.

As thus: a ſtateſman, old, and out of place,
Sour, diſcontented, malice in his face!
(In theſe bleſt days we but ſuppoſe the caſe)
Flies from St. James's to his own eſtate,
To chew the wiſdom of each paſt debate;
How in the houſe he made a glorious ſtir,
With "Sir, I move"—and, "Mr. Speaker,—Sir!"
Zobeide's his daughter:—Oh, for her farewell
The town, and all that charms a modern belle!
Almacks farewell!—farewell the maſquerade!
Sweet Ranelagh! Vauxhall's enchanting ſhade!
Squire Groom makes love: rich? Yes; a vaſt domain;
Well-bred?—The ſavage Scythian of the plain!
The match is fix'd; deeds ſign'd; the knot is tied;
Down comes my Lord in all his pomp and pride.
"And will my angel chooſe this ruſtic plan?
"Oh! cuckold him by all means; I'm your man."

Now

Now mark our author's ignorance of life:
What, not elope?—is that a modiſh wife?
Poor fool, ſhe doubts; ſays, no; her huſband dies;
Now ſtab yourſelf, ſays Bayes; but Nature cries,
How! ſtab yourſelf! for what? For vain renown?
John, put the horſes to, and drive to Town.
That were true taſte, life! manners! painted high!
But our Bard makes,—to moiſten ev'ry eye,
A widow with a prince refuſe to fly.

Yet, after all, excuſe him, ladies, pray;
For ſure there is ſome nature in his play.
He's modeſt now; but if no cenſure blight
A firſt attempt, he'll ſoar a nobler flight.
Drop one kind tear; give him that ſlender token;
And hither come, till the Pantheon open.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY

ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, MARCH 1772,

IN THE CHARACTER OF SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

WHERE are my fellows?—Hey! La Fleur; my page?
Send my coach round; I'll walk acroſs the ſtage.
But nine o'clock!—at this hour whither fly?
To kill the time what gay expedient try?

Ladies, your pow'r though lawleſs man denies,
This night preſents the triumph of your eyes.
The wild to conquer ſtill is beauty's lot;
Behold your beau faſt in the marriage-knot!
I'm fairly caught:——yet how to train a wife,
And fix the fleeting joys of wedded life?
Since firſt Sir Harry's ſhoulder-knot was ſeen,
London is chang'd, and grown another ſcene.
New manners reign; ev'n love itſelf muſt yield,
And to Demoivre's chances quit the field.
The urchin Cupid feels the gambling vice;
Lays by his dart, and ſhakes the box and dice.
Amongſt the gay, Avarice has rais'd her throne,
And youth now burns with paſſions not it's own.

Far,

Far, far from me ſuch cares, and ſtill be mine
The joys of gen'rous love, and gen'rous wine.
In France all rhyme, dance, ſing; their ſwords they draw,
And though they're ſlaves, they're ſlaves to Nature's law.
Love is their Grand Monarque: him all obey;
The fair command; the young their homage pay.
Hibernia's ſons, abroad oblig'd to roam
To ſeek that bread, they muſt not earn at home,
Addreſs the fair, "all ſeaſons and all weather,
"Oh, as if heav'n and earth, my dear, were come "together!"
They love; they fight; the ſword ends all debate;—
But ſtill in honour;—nothing done in hate.
"Parry this:" one falls; the victor droops his head;
"Ah! ſpake, Sir Callaghan, if you are dead."
Sir Callaghan looks up with rueful face,
"Not dead, my friend, but ſpeechleſs; that's my caſe."
"Yaſs, they are brave, and well become the field,"
Cries the North Briton, "yet we do no yield;
"The Campbells, and Monroes are bonny cheeld."
A Frenchman's angry: "diable, pourquoi ça?"
Lets day light through you—"ah! pardonnezmoi."

Thus men and manners travellers may ſee;
And better far than in one ſpot to be,
"I'll lay you two to four, and five to three."

So *a l'honneur*; my page! yet e'er I go,
No more Sir Harry kiſſing the Pope's toe,
Plain Mrs. Barry begs a word or ſo.

To win your favour ev'ry ſhape I try;
'Tis that which makes my beſt ambition ſigh;
For that I hazard, in the varied ſcene,
Euphraſia's dagger, and Sir Harry's mien:
If he obtain a ſmile, and ſhe a tear,
Each wiſh is crown'd; my Jubilee is here.

PROLOGUE

TO

BRAGANZA

A

TRAGEDY,

By ROBERT JEPHSON, Eſq.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

WHILE in theſe days of ſentiment and grace
Poor Comedy in tears reſigns her place,
And ſmit with Novels, full of maxims crude,
She, that was frolic once, now turns a prude;
To her great end the Tragic Muſe aſpires,
At Athens born, and faithful to her ſires.

The comic ſiſter in hyſteric fit,
You'd ſwear, has loſt all memory of wit.
Folly for her may now exult on high;
Feather'd by Ridicule no arrows fly,
But if you are abſurd,—ſhe's ſure to cry.
She that could jig, and nickname all Heav'ns creatures,
With ſorrows not her own deforms her features.
With ſtale reflections keeps a conſtant pother;
Greece gave her one face, and ſhe makes another.
So very pious, and ſo full of woe,
You well may bid her, "to a nunnery go."

Not ſo Melpomene: to Nature true,
She holds her own great principle in view.
She from the firſt, when men her pow'r confeſt,
When grief and terror ſeiz'd the tortur'd breaſt;
She made, to ſtrike her moral to the mind,
The ſtage the great tribunal of mankind.

Hither the worthies of each clime ſhe draws,
Who founded ſtates, or reſcued dying laws;
Who in baſe times a life of glory led,
And for their country who have toil'd or bled;
Hither they come; again they breathe, they live,
And virtue's meed through ev'ry age receive.

Hither the murd'rer comes, with haggard mien!
And the fiend Conſcience hunts him o'er the ſcene.
None are exempted, all muſt re-appear,
And ev'n Kings attend for judgment here;
Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuſe,
Is a ſcene furniſh'd to the Tragic Muſe.

Such is her art; weaken'd perhaps at length,
And while ſhe aims at beauty, loſing ſtrength.
Oh! when, reſuming all her native rage,
Shall her true energy alarm the ſtage?

This night a bard—(our hopes may riſe too high;
'Tis your's to judge; 'tis yours the cauſe to try)
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
Once more, we hope, will rouze the gen'rous flame.

His

His no French play, tame, poliſh'd, dull by rule;
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakeſpeare's
ſchool.
Inſpir'd by him, he ſhews, in glaring light,
A nation ſtruggling with tyrannic might;
Oppreſſion ruſhing on with giant ſtrides,
A bold conſpiracy, which virtue guides;
Heroes, for freedom who dare ſtrike the blow;
A tableture of honour, guilt, and woe.
If on his canvaſs Nature's colours ſhine,
You'll praiſe the hand, that trac'd the juſt deſign.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SIEGE OF SINOPE,

A

TRAGEDY

By Mrs. BROOKE.

Spoken by Mrs YATES.

IN all this buſtle, rage, and tragic roar,
Which ſome wits here politely call a *bore*,
Have I not wept, and rav'd, and tore my hair,
Till ſome I forc'd to weep, and ſome to ſtare?
Yet now I muſt, by cuſtom to divert you,
Tell what I think of this heroic virtue.
Mirth has increas'd, when tragedies are finiſh'd,
Increaſes ſtill, and muſt not be diminiſh'd.
Alarm'd your paſſions tho' our play may keep,
Behind the curtain you muſt have a peep.
Tho' bright the tragic character appear,
Our private foibles you delight to hear.
In life's great drama the ſame rule we find:
When, on that ſtage, the patron of mankind
Performs his part, the public virtues ſtrike;
But 'tis the ſecret anecdote we like.

If there a Patriot rave with furious might,
And love his country, out of downright ſpite;
It paſſes for a copy of his face;
Has he not been at Court to beg a Place?
When ſome bright Orator his country's cauſe
Suſtains, and talks of liberty and laws,
Hear, hear, all cry; in attitude he ſtands,
Sprawling his feet, and ſtretching forth his hands:
" In this petition, Sir! the nation begs;
" And, Mr. Speaker! while I'm upon my legs;
" And, Sir—our anceſtors—and whig and tory;
" And, Sir—the laws;—and, Sir—Great Britain's glory!"
All gaze; all wonder; ſuch amazing powers!
But how does he employ his private hours?
The nation ſav'd, he hurries, in a trice,
To ſhake the box, and be undone at dice;
Or tir'd of party, ſinks into a place,
And with a RIBBAND covers his diſgrace.
Some Politicians figure in debate,
Then ſnore, to ſhew the quiet of the State.
Your Hollanders, when treachery is ripe,
Break every treaty, and can ſmoke their pipe.
If by remonſtrances you try to mend them,
Mynheer ſmokes on—" 'tis all *ad referendum*."
We ſtorm upon the ſtage th' impaſſion'd breaſt,
Then come, and turn all ſympathy to jeſt.

And yet, ſhall flippant mirth, and giddy joy,
The beſt impreſſions of the heart deſtroy?

'Tis yours, ye fair, to quell our Author's fear;
A Female Poet draws the tender tear.
True to her ſex, ſhe copies from the life
The Mother, Daughter, and the faithful Wife.
Let her this night your kind protection gain:
The Critic then will parody in vain.
And let fair Virtue, ere ſhe quit the age,
Here pauſe awhile, and linger on the ſtage.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

ROYAL SUPPLIANTS,

A

TRAGEDY

By the Rev. DOCTOR DELAP:

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

WELL, theſe heroic times,—(I ſcarce can ſpeak)
Theſe ancient fables borrow'd from the Greek
Are all ſo full of horror, rage, and death,
So violent! they take away ones breath.
Let me recover, pray:—this tragic ſtrife
Night after night, leads one a weary life.

Through what variety of folks long dead,
Through what ſtrange times, and beings are we led?
Now a fond daughter trembling for her ſire,
Now PHÆDRA burning with unlawful fire:
Now a FAIR PENITENT my lungs I crack,
Now Deſdemona, ſmother'd by a black!
To take theſe various ſhapes, and fill the whole,
An actreſs needs a tranſmigrating ſoul.

This

This night, you'll own, I've had full cauſe to mourn,
A chief renown'd from my embraces torn!
Well might ſhe weep, and hang her penſive head,
From whoſe fond arms fam'd HERCULES is fled.
The air with griefs a widow well might load;
Oh! ſuch a huſband can theſe times afford?
With bright renown he fill'd the Eaſtern climes,
And differ'd, ladies, from theſe modern times.
Yet in one thing, which hiſt'ry wont diſguiſe,
Tho' brave, heroic, generous, and wiſe,
The hero tam'd, aſide his club could throw,
Chain'd to the diſtaff, like a modern beau.

And yet, ye beaux, think not in theſe light rhymes
From you we'll draw the colour of the times.
Ev'n at this hour, in theſe degen'rate days
Heroic virtue ſtill can merit praiſe.
Survey the globe, where'er our navy rides,
Still Britiſh valour in each breaſt preſides.
When round the ſhip, by dire diſaſtrous chance,
Devouring flames on ev'ry ſide advance;
No ſuccour near! when in each ſwelling breeze
Deſtruction ruſhing on the ſailor ſees;
Lo! on the anchor where the hero * lies,
With look ſerene, and ſtill the foe defies!

* Captain Farmer, Commander of the Quebec, who fought a French ſhip of war off Uſhant for upwards of three hours, and in the moment of victory, his ſhip accidentally taking fire, periſhed in the manner here deſcribed.

He

He views the flame; he views the brawling wave;
Then ſinks, undaunted ſinks, in glory's grave.

May worth like his each gen'rous breaſt inſpire,
And kindle through the land our ancient fire;
For nought, as Shakeſpeare ſings, "can make us rue,
"If England to herſelf will prove but true."

PROLOGUE

FOR THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF

Miss BRUNTON,

At the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, on Monday, October the 17th, 1785.

Spoken by Mr. HOLMAN.

THE Tragic Muſe long ſaw the Britiſh ſtage
Melt with her tears, and kindle with her rage:
She ſaw her ſcene with various paſſions glow,
The Tyrant's downfall, and the Lover's woe.

'Twas then her Garrick—at that well known name
Remembrance wakes, and gives him all his fame.
Then Garrick came, and with him came each night
True comic mirth, or tears that gave delight.
To him great Nature open'd Shakeſpeare's ſtore:
" Here learn (ſhe ſaid) here learn the ſacred lore.
" His fancy realiz'd the bard ſhall ſee,
" And his beſt commentator breathe in thee."
She ſpoke: his magic talents Roscius tried:
Then Hamlet moraliz'd, and Richard died.

The dagger gleam'd before the murd'rer's eye,
And for old LEAR each bosom heav'd a sigh.
Then ROMEO drew the sympathetic tear:
With him and CIBBER love lay bleeding here.

Enchanting CIBBER! from that warbling throat
No more pale sorrow pours the liquid note.
Her voice suppress'd, and GARRICK's genius fled,
MELPOMENE declin'd her drooping head:
She mourn'd her loss; then fled to Western skies,
And saw at Bath another genius rise.
She saw her SIDDONS; saw her pow'rful art,
Born to command, to seize, to melt the heart;
To rival ancient fame, and reach the goal,
With notes that charm, with eyes that look the soul!
Old Drury's scene the Goddess bade her choose:
The Actress heard, and came, "herself a Muse."

From the same nursery this night appears
Another warbler, yet of tender years.
As a young bird, as yet unus'd to fly
On wings expanded through the liquid sky,
With doubt and fear its first excursion tries,
"And shivers ev'ry feather with surprize;"
So comes our chorister:—the Summer ray
Around her nest call'd forth a short essay.
Now flutt'ring, ling'ring, on the brink she sees
This unknown clime, nor dares to trust the breeze,

But

But here no unfledg'd wing was ever cruſh'd :
Be each rude blaſt within its cavern huſh'd !
Soft ſwelling gales may waft her on her way,
Till eagle-like, ſhe views the fount of day.
She then may dauntleſs ſoar : her tuneful voice
May pleaſe each ear, and bid the grove rejoice.

TO

Mrs. BARRY,

With the printed Copy of the

GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

ENchanting genius! Siren of the age!
O form'd to animate a drooping ſtage!
Bleſt in thy talents, matchleſs in thy art!
Delightful tyrant of the feeling heart!
This Play be thine, accept the Poet's praiſe,
And ſtill endure the ſcenes you help'd to raiſe.

Britain and France ſhall now the laurel ſhare;
Thou *Clairon* here, and ſhe a *Barry* there.
Proceed, great Actreſs! friend of every Muſe!
The Nine without thee half their rapture loſe.
Fair Virtue's image they can only trace;
Thou giv'ſt her form, her harmony, and grace.
In human ſhape (what Plato wiſh'd to ſee)
She walks the ſtage; ſhe breathes, ſhe charms in thee.
Proceed each night to draw the tender tear,
Pleaſe ev'ry eye, and raviſh ev'ry ear.
Nor let the pride of a too ſelfiſh age
Damp with unhallow'd ſounds thy native rage.
Ah! let not ſurly wealth thy art degrade,
And genuine rapture call a mimic trade.

Thine

Thine is the art, which Tully priz'd of yore,
Himſelf inſtructed by theatric lore:
Thine is the art Demoſthenes admir'd,
Th' Athenian State when his bold action fir'd;
Aloft, like thine, when his extended hand
Appall'd the proud oppreſſors of the land;
And, nerv'd by feelings equal to thy own,
Made haughty Philip tremble on his throne.

Go, fair Enthuſiaſt! with thy magic ſkill
Mould the obedient paſſions to thy will:
The paſſions, pliant to thy ſov'reign ſway,
Alternate riſe, blend, mix, and melt away.
Shew how Euphraſia, of affections mild,
Doats on her ſire, her huſband, and her child.
Sweet fall the accents—oh! let ſtillneſs reign,
While the ſoft warbler pours the plaintive ſtrain!
Sweet fall the accents, meek as ev'ry grace
That decks that form, and beams around thy face.
Then riſing higher, urg'd by Nature's laws,
Brave ev'ry danger in a father's cauſe;
With pilgrim-feet aſcend the craggy ſteep;
There might the night-bird liſten as you weep.
Thence to the tyrant wing thy rapid way,
And ſhake his ſoul with horror and diſmay.
Alarm'd, diſtracted, wild with madd'ning fears,
"Amaze the faculties of eyes and ears."
To vengeance rouz'd, charming in terror ſhine,
And bid ev'n Brutus' dagger envy thine.

Lovely

Lovely aſſaſſin!—hark!—with loud acclaim
Conſenting theatres atteſt thy fame;
Delighted hear thee, with true genius fraught,
Give weight to words, and energy to thought.
Wak'd by thy voice to life each Muſe ſhall ſpring:
"What Muſe for Barry can refuſe to ſing?"
Whitehead once more ſhall form the juſt deſign,
And tune the note, almoſt as ſweet as thine.
Glover ſhall open his poetic ſtore,
And his lov'd chorus meditate no more.
Then ſhall new Rowes, new Southerns, Otways rife;
A Shakeſpeare comes but once from the indulgent ſkies.
Theſe ſcenes no longer ſhall attract thy eye,
Poor loſt Euphraſia thrown neglected by!
A female Garrick Britain's ſtage ſhall ſee,
And ev'n the Bard owe half his fame to thee.

Lincoln's-Inn,
May 22, 1772.

THE

GAME OF CHESS,

A

POEM,

TRANSLATED FROM THE

SCACCHIA, LUDUS

OF

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA.

——Anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem.

VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

OF the original poem, which is here prefented in an Englifh drefs, it were fuperfluous to fay, that from the time of Leo X. it has been admired by all perfons of a juft tafte. It was this performance that firft recommended the Author to the patronage of the great, and raifed him, afterwards, to the bifhoprick of Alba. The art of ennobling trifles, and almoft out of nothing raifing a fucceffion of beautiful images, is here difplayed with a wonderful felicity. HOMER, in his battle of *the frogs and mice*, led the way; but it may be doubted, whether VIDA has not furpaffed his mafter. In the former we fee the paffions of human nature affigned to irrational animals; VIDA has given the fame to inanimate objects, and that vein of fancy, which runs the whole, is, perhaps, a ftep beyond the great poet of antiquity. In perufing VIDA's performance, the Reader may recollect a remark of Mr. Pope's, as fenfible as it is elegant. " I believe, fays that admirable author, " it will be found a juft " obfervation, that the low actions of life cannot " be put into a figurative ftyle, without being " RIDICULOUS; but things natural can. Metaphors " raife the latter into dignity, as we fee in the " *Georgicks*; but throw the former into ridicule, as

" in the *Lutrin*. I think this may well be accounted " for. Laughter implies cenſure: Inanimate and " irrational beings are not objects of cenſure, and " therefore may be elevated, as much as you pleaſe, " and no ridicule follows. But where rational beings " are repreſented above their real character, it be- " comes ridiculous in art, becauſe it is vicious in " morality. The *Bees* in Virgil (were they rational " beings,) would be ridiculous, by having their " manners and actions repreſented on a level with " creatures ſo ſuperior as men; ſince it would im- " ply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of " ridicule." Of this fine obſervation VIDA ſeems to have known the full extent. He has given to a Game of Cheſs all the grandeur of a battle in Homer or Virgil; and he has, withal, found the art of intereſting the reader in the fate of his warriors. The beautiful embelliſhments, which Mr. Pope derived from this poem, in the deſcription of a game at cards, in the *Rape of the Lock*, will occur to every body.

For tranſlating ſo ingenious a piece, the preſent writer, after ſaying that it is the production of his earlieſt years, will make no apology. He thinks it neceſſary to add, that the names of the cheſs men, in Vida's Poem, do not correſpond with thoſe now in uſe. What PHILLIDORE calls BISHOPS, KNIGHTS, ROOKS or CASTLES, and PAWNS, the language of poetry has entitled ARCHERS, CAVALRY, ELE-

PHANTS,

PHANTS, and INFANTRY. Whether the latter were the original names in vogue, or were introduced by *Vida*, to give to his piece the graces of a more animated and poetic diction, is a point left to the Antiquarians, and to that race of men, who throw round every Author, however elegant or pathetic, the mist of their own dullness, and call themselves Commentators.

Argument of the Firſt Canto.

THE ſubject propoſed: a ludicrous war between two imaginary nations. The Kings contend for Glory. Invocation to the Nymphs of the river Serio. The difficulty of treating poetically ſo uncommon a ſubject. Origin of the Game of Cheſs: Neptune's Marriage: Jupiter with the other Deities attends the Nuptial Feaſt: Neptune, after dinner, to amuſe the Company, produces a Cheſs Board. Deſcription of a Cheſs Board. Neptune makes a ſpeech: He produces the Cheſs Men. Deſcription of the Men; their number; their colour, and their ſeveral functions. The two armies are drawn up in order of battle. The ſeveral ſtations of the combatants aſſigned. The Kings, the Queens, the Archers, the Cavalry, the Elephants, and the Infantry are all deſcribed. A ſimile. The laws of war are explained, and the various movements of the combatants ſet forth with preciſion. Jupiter recollects the conſequences of party and faction among the Gods, and how Olympus had been ſhaken by the animoſity of the leaders. He enjoins a ſtrict neutrality. Apollo and Mercury are appointed to play the Game. The choice of their different ſides is left to themſelves, and to excite their ardor, ample gifts are promiſed as a reward to the Victor.

THE

GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO I.

FAntaſtic ſcenes of mimic war I ſing,
Contending heroes, and a routed king;
How two mock realms, their glory to maintain,
Marſhall their ſquadrons on the chequer'd plain:
Ye blue-ey'd Nymphs, that haunt the flow'ry meads,
Where his ſoft ſtream the ſilver SERIO leads,
And knit in dance along the margin green,
Charm with melodious airs the ſylvan ſcene;
Celeſtial maids attend; the theme diſplay,
The mighty theme, unknown to poets lay.

Hard

LUDIMUS effigiem belli, ſimulataque veris
Prælia, buxo acies fictas, & ludicra regna:
Ut gemini inter ſe reges, albuſque nigerque,
Pro laude oppoſiti, certent bicoloribus armis.
Dicite, Seriades Nymphæ, certamina tanta,
Carminibus prorſus vatum illibata priorum.

Nulla

Hard is the taſk, and yet, inſpir'd by fame,
And youthful ardour of poetic flame,
I mount aloft, unbeaten paths explore,
And range thro' wilds beyond the Muſes lore.
The rather, Virgins, guide your bard along,
Through all the mazes of the myſtic ſong;
From you Auſonia learn'd theſe wars to wage,
Pleas'd with the mockery of martial rage;
To you a ſiſter told the wond'rous tale,
And what ſhe taught ſhall over time prevail.

Old Ocean burn'd of yore with warm deſire,
Not all his ſea could quench the am'rous fire:
The nymph he wo'd, and to his arms for life
At length receiv'd a conſtant virtuous wife.

Fair

Nulla via eſt: tamen ire juvat, quò me rapit ardor,
Inviaque audaci propero tentare juventa.
Vos per inacceſſas rupes, & inhoſpita euntem
Saxa, Deæ, regite, ac ſecretum oſtendite callem.
Vos hujus ludi in primis meminiſſe neceſſe eſt:
Vos primæ ſtudia hæc Italis monſtrâſtis in oris,
Scacchidis egregæ monimentum inſigne ſororis.
Jupiter Æthiopum ſedes, & Memnonis arva
Iverat, Oceani menſas dignatus amici,
Qui ſibi tum optatis junxit Tellurem hymenæis.
Affuit unà omnis Superûm chorus: omnia feſto
Æquoris immenſi reſonabant littora plauſu.
Ut dapibus compreſſa fames, menſæque remotæ,
Quò Superûm mentes ludo mulceret inani,

 Oceanus

Fair Amphitrite her name: to grace the feaſt,
Jove deign'd to viſit him, an humble gueſt.
Adown he march'd to Ethiopia's plain;
The leſſer deities attend his train.
With genial mirth the ſprightly jeſt went round;
With genial mirth the wide-ſtretch'd ſhores reſound.
Soon as the banquet ceas'd, the hours to kill,
The bride-groom meditates with eager ſkill.
A board he brings, whoſe well contraſted die
Preſents a chequer'd object to the eye.
Sixty and four ſmall ſquares, in equal rows,
Rank'd eight by eight, a larger ſquare compoſe;
Of equal ſize each ſmall quadrangle's ſeen,
But colours differing variegate the ſcene;
A milky white ſucceeds to jetty black,
Like tints that vary on the tortoiſe back.

Then

Oceanus tabulam afferri jubet interpictam.
Sexaginta inſunt & quatuor ordine ſedes
Octono; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat
Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una
Sedibus, æquale & ſpatium, ſed non color unus:
Alternant ſemper variæ, ſubeuntque viciſſim
Albentes nigris; teſtudo picta ſupernè
Qualia devexo geſtat diſcrimina tergo.
Tum Superis tacitè ſecum mirantibus inquit;
Marti aptam ſedem, ludicraque caſtra videtis:
Hoc campo adverſas acies ſpectare licebit
Oppoſitis ſignis belli ſimulacra ciere;
Quæ quondam ſub aquis gaudent ſpectacla tueri
Nereides, vaſtique omnis gens accola ponti;

Siquando

Then Ocean thus: th' attentive Gods give ear:
" Behold the ſeat of deſolation drear;
" The hoſtile field, where oft with dire alarms
" Contending nations meet in adverſe arms.
" The war's whole art, if e'er the watry plains
" In calms ſubſide, and grateful ſtillneſs reigns,
" In their cool grots the Nereids pleas'd ſurvey,
" While unperceiv'd the minutes glide away."

He ſaid, and ſtreight from his inverted urn
Th' impriſon'd heroes on the table turn.
Touch'd into human ſhape by th' artiſt's hand,
Frowning in imitative box they ſtand;
They ſeem to think, and emulous of life,
Look ſtern defiance, and demand the ſtrife.

Supe-

Siquando placidum mare, & humida regna quiêrunt.
En verò ſimulata adſunt qui prælia ludant.
Sic ait; & verſa in tabulam deprompſit ab urna
Arte laboratam buxum, ſimulataque noſtris
Corpora, torno acies fictas, albaſque, nigraſque;
Agmina bina pari numeroque, & viribus æquis;
Bis nivea cum veſte octo, totidemque nigranti.
Ut variæ facies, pariter ſunt & ſua cuique
Nomina, diverſum munus, non æqua poteſtas.
Illic & reges paribus capita alta coronis,
Et regum pariter nuptas in bella paratas,
Cernere erat: ſunt qui pedibus certamina inire
Sueti; ſunt & equis qui malint, quique ſagittis;
Nec deeſt quæ ferat armatas in prælia turres

Bellua;

Superior ſtrength on neither ſide they boaſt:
But ſixteen combatants in either hoſt.
Here the white troops their glitt'ring falchions wield;
There the black legions darken all the field.
By diff'rent paths they urge their way to fame,
Nor differ more in feature than in name.

In regal ſtate two Monarchs firſt appear;
With theſe their Queens ruſh on devoid of fear.
On foot ſome boldly to th' attack advance,
And ſome on horſeback ſhake the glitt'ring lance.
Amidſt the charging hoſts ſome boaſt the art
From the bent bow to aim the miſſive dart.
Ev'n elephants attend the martial train,
Add horror to the war, and tow'r along the plain.

And

Bellua; utrinque Indos credas ſpectare elephantes.
Jamque aciem in verſum ſtatuunt, ſtructæque cohortes
Procedunt campo, caſtriſque locantur utriſque.
Linea principio ſublimes ultima reges
Parte utraque capit, quartis in ſedibus ambos
Tractu eodem adverſos inter ſe; ſex tamen æquis
In medio ſedes ſpatiis hinc inde relictæ:
Sede albus ſeſe nigra tenet, ater in alba.
Proxima reginas capit orbita: regibus ambæ
Hærent, quæque ſuo, dextrum latus altera, lævum
Altera lege datis tangunt ſtationibus; atrumque
Atra tenet campum, ſpatio ſtat candida in albo,
Et proprium ſervant prima ſtatione colorem.

Inde

And now from either camp in juſt array
Pour fourth the nations eager for the fray.
Deep in the rear, far as the utmoſt line,
From danger ſafe the wary Monarchs ſhine.
On the fourth tract, ſix ſquares between, they ſtand;
The Moor on white, the foe on ſable land.

Not ſo the Queens: to pleaſe the female mind,
Congenial colours are to theſe aſſign'd;
With their complexions ſuch as juſt agree,
And woman's vanity ev'n here we ſee.
Around their Lords with anxious care they cling,
One leads the right, and one the adverſe wing.

Next two white archers boldly take their poſt;
An equal number joins the ſable hoſt;

Intrepid

Inde ſagittiferi juvenes de gente nigranti
Stant gemini, totidem pariter candore nivali;
Nomen Areiphilos Graii fecere vocantes,
Quòd Marti ante alios cari fera bella laceſſant.
Continuò hos inter rex, necnon regia conjux
Clauduntur medii: duo dehinc utrinque coruſci
Auratis equites ſagulis, criſtiſque decori,
Cornipides in aperta parant certamina Martis.
Tum geminæ, velut extremis in cornibus arces,
Hinc atque hinc altis ſtant propugnacula muris,
Quas dorſo immanes geſtant in bella elephanti.
Poſtremò ſubeunt octo hinc atque inde ſecundis
Ordinibus pedites, caſtriſque armantur utriſque,
Armigeri partim regis, partimque miniſtræ

Virginis

Intrepid warriors all! to danger train'd,
And fam'd for laurels in the combat gain'd;
Hence ſons of war to Grecian ſages known,
And dear to Mars, the God inſpires his own.
Next to their ſov'reigns plac'd, they bend the bow,
Their country's pride, and terror of the foe.

The troopers next in radiant veſt appear,
Their haughty creſts high curling in the air;
Two on each ſide bound o'er the chequer'd board,
And brave the fury of the ſlaught'ring ſword.

In either wing, far as the verge o'th' field,
The warlike elephants their caſtles wield.
Amidſt the ranks they move in martial ſtate,
And the earth labours with the cumbrous weight.

Next

Virginis armiſonæ, qui prima pericula belli,
Congreſſuſque ineant primos, pugnamque laceſſant.
Non aliter campis legio ſe buxea utrinque
Compoſuit duplici digeſtis ordine turmis,
Adverſiſque ambæ fulſere coloribus alæ,
Quàm Gallorum acies, Alpino frigore lactea
Corpora, ſi tendant albis in prælia ſignis,
Auroræ populos contra, & Phaethonte peruſtos
Inſano Æthiopas, & nigri Memnonis alas.
Tum pater Oceanus rurſus ſic ore locutus:
Cœlicolæ, jam quænam acies, quæ caſtra, videtis:

Diſcite

Next eight foot combatants their ſtrength combine,
And form their phalanx on the ſecond line.
One half the King's own regiment compoſe,
And half, a virgin train, their Queens incloſe.
'Tis theirs, 'midſt ſcenes of death, in armour bright
To march, and foremoſt to provoke the fight.

As when from Alpine heights the Gaul deſcends,
And to the burning zone his progreſs bends;
Unfurl'd in air the gilded lilies play,
White from the ſnow of many a winter's day;
Aſia's alarm'd through all her wide domain,
And her black ſons come thick'ning o'er the plain.

The troops thus rang'd, again the God proceeds;
" Now ſee, immortals, what heroic deeds,
" What

Diſcite nunc (neque enim ſunt hæc ſine legibus arma)
Certandi leges, nequeant quas tendere contra.
Principio alterni reges in prælia mittunt
Quem pugnæ numero ex omni elegere ſuorum.
Si niger arma ferens primus proceſſit in æquor,
Continuò adverſum ſemper ſe candidus offert;
Nec plures licet ire ſimul, facto agmine, in hoſtem.
Propoſitum cunctis unum, ſtudium omnibus unum,
Obſeſſos reges inimicæ claudere gentis,
Ne quò impunè queant fugere, atque inſtantia fata
Evitare:

" What wars I promis'd, and what dire alarms,
" And learn what rules controul each nation's arms.
" Firſt then the Monarchs, with alternate ſway,
" Detach ſome choſen hero to the fray;
" And, if a warrior of the ſable hoſt,
" Straight a white champion iſſues from his poſt.
" Ne'er in whole ſquadrons are they known t' advance,
" But man by man they brave the hoſtile lance.
" One gen'ral aim each private ſoldier knows;
" One common purpoſe in each boſom glows,
" The adverſe Monarch to encompaſs round,
" And ſeize each apt advantage of the ground,
" To bar his paſſage: with their Monarch's life
" The conquer'd nation ends the doubtful ſtrife.

" But ere to fate the King beleaguer'd yield,
" An Iliad riſes on the chequer'd field.

" O'er

Evitare: etenim capiunt ita prælia finem.
Haud tamen interea cuneis obſtantibus ultro
Parcunt; ſed citiùs quo regem ſternere leto
Deſertum evaleant, cædunt ferro obvia paſſim
Agmina: rareſcunt hìc illic funere ſemper
Utraque caſtra novo, magis ac magis area belli
Picturata patet; ſternuntque caduntque viciſſim.
Sed cædentem opus eſt ſublati protinus hoſtis
Succeſſiſſe loco, & conatus vindicis alæ
Suſtinuiſſe ſemel: mox, ſi vitaverit ictum,
Inde referre licet ſe in tutum præpete planta.

" O'er the wide plain rage, death, and terror fly ;
" By turns the heroes conquer, or they die.
" The ranks are thinn'd by the wide wafting ſword,
" And carnage deſolates the painted board.
" Each hapleſs combatant, that falls in fight,
" Meets in the hoſtile camp ſepulchral rite ;
" While the brave youth, who gave the deadly blow,
" Seizes the ſtation of the ſlaughter'd foe :
" There if for once no mortal ſtroke he meet,
" The hero then may ſeek a ſafe retreat.

" But the foot ſoldiers, an ignoble race,
" The laws forbid their footſteps to retrace.
" The wars whole art againſt their wily foe,
" By diff'rent modes, the rival nations ſhew.
" In a ſtraight line the infantry advance
" From ſquare to ſquare, and ſtand the doubtful chance :

" But

At pedites prohibent leges certaminis unos,
Cum ſemel exierint, (facilis jactura) reverti.
Nec verò inceſſus cunctis bellantibus idem,
Pugnandive modus : pedites in prælia euntes
Evaleant unam tantùm tranſmittere ſedem ;
Inque hoſtem tendunt adverſi, & limite recto.
Congreſſu tamen in primo fas longiùs ire,
Et duplicare gradus conceſſum : at comminus hoſtem
Cùm feriunt, ictum obliquant, & vulnera furtim
Intentant ſemper lateri, cavaque ilia cædunt.
Sed gemini claudunt aciem qui hinc inde elephanti,
Cùm turres in bella gerunt, ac prælia miſcent ;

Recta

" But when to war their firſt approach they make,
" A double ſpace they bravely then may take;
" And if enrag'd they aim the deathful wound,
" Sidelong they walk the parti-colour'd ground;
" Acroſs the angle of each ſquare they tread,
" And heap the plain with mountains of the dead.
" The elephants right onward move, and to and fro
" Their caſtles bear againſt the trembling foe.
" Far as the limits of the plain you ſpy,
" On ev'ry ſide without controul they fly.
" O'er all the ranks the ruthleſs monſter bounds;
" The groaning earth beneath his hoof reſounds.
" But never angular they move along,
" With pace unwieldy, thro' th' embattl'd throng.
" That way the archers ſcow'r along the field,
" And bid their arrows pierce the ſev'nfold ſhield.

" On

Recta fronte valent, dextra, lævaque, retroque,
Ferre aditum contrà, campumque impunè per omnem
Proruere, ac totis paſſim dare funera caſtris.
Ne tamen obliquis occultent nixibus ictum;
Qui tantùm mos conceſſus pugnantibus arcu,
Dilectis Marti ante alios: nam ſemper uterque
Fertur in obliquum, ſpatiis nigrantibus alter,
Alter candenti ſemper ſe limite verſat;
Directiſque ineunt ambo fera bella ſagittis.
Nec variare licet, quamvis fas ire per omnem
Hinc atque hinc campum, atque omnes percurrere ſedes.
Inſultat ſonipes ferus, atque repugnat habenis:

" On a white line one ever tries his force,
" Through a black tract the other drives his course.
" Ne'er from this movement are they known to change,
" But thus impell'd, the paths of war they range.

" The neighing ſteed, indignant of the rein,
" Paws and inſults the party-colour'd plain.
" In a ſtraight line the horſe ne'er ruſh to arms,
" But prance and curvet 'midſt the dire alarms;
" Forming a ſemicircle, ſpring with pride
" Over two ſquares, and thro' the battle ride;
" And if on ſable land they wait the foe,
" On a white ſtation next they aim the blow.
" By theſe fix'd laws the cavalry is bound,
" And thus they change the colour of their ground.

" With ſoul all up in arms, with martial rage
" Inflam'd, the Queens a dreadful combat wage;
" From

Nunquam continuo ſtipata per agmina ductu
Procurrit: tantùm ſurſum ſeſe arduus effert
Semper, & in gyrum greſſus magno impete lunat
Curvatos, duplicemque datur tranſmittere ſedem.
Si nigrante priùs campo expectaverit, album
Mox petere, & ſedis ſemper mutare colorem
Lex jubet, ac certo ſemper ſe ſiſtere ſaltu.
At regina, furens animis, pars optima belli,
In frontem, in terga, ac dextram, lævamque movetur,
Itque iter obliquum, ſed ſemper tramite recto
Procedit

" From right to left, thro' the thick war they fly,
" And where they rush the vanquish'd legions die.
" Back on the rear with martial rage they turn,
" Or in the van with tenfold fury burn.
" Sometimes obliquely 'cross each square they go;
" Nor bound, nor limit doth their courage know;
" Through ev'ry path they seek the trembling foe.
" Unless some warrior, raging in the fray,
" Prevent the heroine, and obstruct her way.
" But o'er the ranks to bound they ne'er prepare;
" The cavalry alone thus wage the war.

" In the fierce shock, with less impetuous rage,
" The scepter'd rulers of each realm engage;
" The father of his people each on him the fate
" Of war depends, and glory of the State.

While

Procedit; neque enim curvato insurgere saltu
Cornipedum de more licet: non terminus olli,
Nec cursûs meta ulla datur: quocunque libido
Impulerit, licet ire; modò ne ex agmine quisquam
Hostilive suove aditus occludat eunti.
Nulli etenim super educto fas agmina saltu
Transiliisse: equiti tantùm hæc concessa potestas.
Cautiùs arma movent gentis regnator uterque,
In quibus est omnis spes, ac fiducia belli.
Omnibus, incolumi rege, stat cernere ferro;
Sublato, pugna excedunt, & castra relinquunt:
Ille adeò in bello captus secum omnia vertit.
Ergo, hærens cunctatur; eum venerantur, & omnes
Agmine circumstant denso, mediumque tuentur:

" While he ſurvives, they meet the raging ſtrife,
" Firm patriots all, and prodigal of life:
" But if their Monarch fall, in battle ſlain,
" They ſheath the ſword, and, drooping, quit the plain.
" Hence the wiſe Sov'reign, to the public good
" Attentive ſtill, preſerves his ſacred blood.
" To him his ſubjects firm allegiance vow;
" Him they addreſs; to him they lowly bow;
" Round him they form, and as one man contend
" Him with their lives and fortunes to defend.
" Oft to his reign to give a longer date,
" The ſelf-devoted victims meet their fate;
" To ſave their ſov'reign's life they hazard all,
' And with their country's wiſhes bravely fall.'
" The wary Kings ne'er ſeek the hero's name,
" Nor riſe by purple ſlaughter into fame.

" The

Utque armis ſæpe eripiant, ſua corpora bello
Objiciunt, mortemque optant pro rege paciſci.
Non illi ſtudium feriendi, aut arma ciendi:
Se tegere eſt ſatis, atque inſtantia fata cavere.
Haud tamen obtulerit ſe quiſquam impunè propinquum
Obvius; ex omni nam ſummum parte nocenti
Jus habet: ille quidem haud procurrere longiùs auſit;
Sed poſtquam auſpiciis primis progreſſus ab aula
Mutavit ſedes proprias, non ampliùs uno

Ulteriùs

" The gentler proof of patriot minds they give :
" 'Tis a King's glory for the State to live.
" If the foe near him ſtand, by honour ſway'd,
" He ſends him headlong to the Stygian ſhade ;
" On ev'ry ſide inflicts his rage at will ;
" His high prerogative is ſacred ſtill.
" His firſt ſtep knows no bound ; that motion o'er,
" A free career, the laws allow no more ;
" From ſquare to ſquare with caution he proceeds,
" The public weal inſpiring all his deeds,
" Whether unſtain'd with blood he walk the plain,
" Or hurl the foe to Pluto's gloomy reign.

" Theſe are the manners, theſe their ancient laws ;
" Now view them warring in the public cauſe."

Thus Ocean ſpake : the cloud-compelling Sire
In his capacious mind revolving how the ire

Of

Ulteriùs fas ire gradu, ſeu vulneret hoſtem,
Seu vim tela ferunt nullam, atque innoxius erret.
Hic mos certandi, hæc belli antiquiſſima jura.
Nunc aciem inter ſe certantes cernite utramque.
Sic ait : at quoniam, quoties fera bella fatigant
Mortales, Superi ſtudiis diverſa foventes,
Ipſi etiam inter ſeſe odiis bellantur iniquis,
Maximaque interdum toto ardent prælia cœlo ;
Jupiter omnipotens ſolio rex fatus ab alto
Omnes abſtinuiſſe jubet mortalibus armis ;
Atque minis, ne quem foveant, perterret acerbis.

Of adverſe nations ſets all Heav'n in arms,
Till high Olympus ſhake with dire alarms,
The heav'nly Synod from his ſeat addreſs'd,
And ſpoke the thoughts deep rolling in his breaſt.
He wills that unimpaſſion'd all forbear
To aid the ſtrife, or mingle in the war;
On ev'ry mind ſtrikes reverential awe,
And gives his will the ſanction of a law.

Then he ſelects, to guide the mimic fray,
Unſhorn Apollo, and the ſon of May,
Fair blooming Mercury: not yet the God
Had wav'd the wonders of the magic rod;
Nor yet his golden pinions dar'd to try,
Through worlds and worlds, along the liquid ſky:
Not yet Apollo through the Heav'nly way
Guided the chariot of the gariſh day;
Diſtinguiſh'd only by his graceful air,
The well-ſtor'd quiver, and the golden hair.
Jove to their ſkill commits the martial train,
And all the labours of the vaſt campaign;

He

Tum Phœbum vocat intonſum, Atlantiſque nepotem,
Egregium furto peperit quem candida Maia,
Inſignes ambos facie, & florentibus annis.
Nondum Mercurius levibus talaria plantis
Addiderat: nondum Titania lumina agebat
Per liquidum curru gemmato Phœbus Olympum,
Tantùm humeros pharetrâ inſignis, & crinibus aureis.

Hos

He adds the pow'r to choose their diff'rent sides,
As fancy dictates, or as judgment guides;
With bright reward each gen'rous chief inspires,
And their young breasts with love of glory fires.

Hos Pater adversis solos decernere jussit
Inter se studiis, & ludicra bella fovere,
Ac partes tutari ambas, quas vellet uterque:
Necnon proposuit victori præmia digna.

THE

GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO II.

Argument of the Second Canto.

THE Gods take their places. Apollo commands the white Army, and Mercury the black. They caſt lots for the firſt move: Apollo begins. A white ſoldier advances, and is oppoſed by a black one. Being upon oppoſite ſquares, they cannot attack each other. The troops advance on both ſides. The black ſoldier, that firſt ſtept from the lines, kills his man, and is ſlain in his turn. The black King moves to the left wing. The Cavalry, on both ſides, come into the engagement. A dreadful ſlaughter follows. Mercury moves one of his horſe to an advantageous poſt, from which check is given to the white King, and an Elephant is at the ſame time in danger. Apollo ſaves his King. The Elephant falls. The white army is covered with conſternation. The black Trooper is ſlain by the white Queen. The Elephant is ſtill lamented. A ſimile. Mercury is reſolved to work by Stratagem. A black Archer threatens deſtruction to the white Queen. Apollo overlooks her ſituation, and is going to move. Venus favours the white army: She makes ſigns to Apollo: The Queen is ſaved. Mercury complains of foul play. Apollo juſtifies himſelf: He had a right to change his mind, before his hand was off. A new law is made, and for the future the rule is *touch man and go*. Jupiter reproves Venus by an angry frown. Mercury is enraged: he is tempted to throw the board in their faces. He endeavours to cheat by a falſe move: Apollo ſees the fraud: The man is recalled. A hearty laugh among the Gods. Apollo watches Mercury's tricks. A black horſeman attacks the white Queen. A white Archer interpoſes. The black King and Queen are both in danger from an Archer. The Archer is killed, and the black one, who gave the mortal wound, falls in his turn. A dreadful combat enſues. Both ſides retreat alternately, and return to the charge. The Canto ends with a Simile.

CANTO II.

TH' immortals take their ſeats; around them ſtand
Of leſſer deities a duteous band.
The white battalions to Apollo's ſway
Submit; and Mercury the Moors obey.
The compact ſettled, that no pow'r ſhall ſhow
To either ſide the meditated blow,
By lot they try, which ſtate ſhall claim the right,
(A point of moment!) to begin the fight.
To the white nation this the fates aſſign:
Their chief conceives a deep well-laid deſign.
He bids a ſoldier tempt the Mooriſh hoſt,
Before the Queen who took his faithful poſt.
The ſoldier marches forth; two paces makes;
The ſable warrior the ſame meaſure takes.

Now

DII magni ſedere: Deûm ſtat turba minorum
Circumfuſa; cavent ſed lege, & fœdere pacto,
Ne quiſquam, voce aut nutu, ludentibus auſit
Prævifos monſtrare ictus. Quem denique primum
Sors inferre aciem vocet, atque invadere Martem,
Quæſitum: primumque locum certaminis albo
Ductori tulit, ut quem vellet primus in hoſtem
Mitteret: id ſanè magni referre putabant.

Tum

Now front to front each other they defy,
And ſeem in wood to roll a threat'ning eye.
Vain menacing! the laws reſtrain their rage,
Nor let foot ſoldiers on one tract engage.
Auxiliar aid ſtraight joins each adverſe band,
Pour forth their camp, and people all the land.
Nor yet the horror of the day is ſeen,
And Mars but preludes to the ſwelling ſcene.
At length the warrior of the ſable crew,
Forth from the lines who firſt to combat flew,
On his left ſide directs a deadly wound,
And plants his ſtandard on the hoſtile ground.
Unhappy youth! he little ſaw the foe
With vengeful malice aim the ſidelong blow;
Proſtrate the hero falls, untimely ſlain,
And leaves his laurels on the crimſon plain.

This

Tum tacitus ſecum verſat, quem ducere contrà
Conveniat, peditemque jubet procedere campum
In medium, qui reginam dirimebat ab hoſte.
Ille gradus duplices ſuperat: cui tum arbiter ater
Ipſe etiam adverſum recto de gente nigranti
Tramite agit peditem, atque jubet ſubſiſtere contra
Advenientem hoſtem, paribuſque occurrere in armis.
Stant ergo adverſis inter ſe frontibus ambo,
In mediis campi ſpatiis, ac mutua tentant
Vulnera, nequicquam: neque enim vis ulla nocendi eſt
Armigeris, tractu dum miſcent prælia eodem.
Subſidio ſocii dextra, lævaque frequentes

 Hinc

This from his rank beheld the Mooriſh king,
And mov'd his ſacred perſon to the wing.
There deep ſurrounded, and from danger far,
He eyes the quick viciſſitudes of war.

And now the cavalry in all their pride
From the left wing deſcend on either ſide.
Furious they ruſh alternate on the foe,
And ſcatter round deſtruction, death, and woe.
From all retreat the laws of war debar
The foot, who fall whole hecatombs of war.
O'er the wide ranks the fiery Trooper bounds,
And the drench'd field with pawing ſteeds reſounds.

But while Apollo guides his horſe along,
And wreaks his vengeance on th' ignoble throng;
In

Hinc atque hinc ſubeunt, latè & loca milite complent,
Alternantque vices: necdum tamen horrida miſcent
Prælia, ſed placidus mediis Mars ludit in armis;
Excurſuſque breves tentant, tutique tenent ſe.
Jamque pedes nigri rectoris, qui prior hoſtem
Contra iit, obliquum læva clam ſtrinxerat enſem,
Atque album è mediis peditem citus abſtulit armis,
Illiuſque locum arripuit præſtantibus auſis:
Ah miſer! inſtantem lateri non viderat hoſtem;
Ipſe etiam cadit, & pugnas in morte relinquit.
Tum cautus ſuſcæ regnator gentis ab aula
Subduxit ſeſe media, penituſque repôſtis
Caſtrorum latebris extrema in fauce recondit,
Et peditum cuneis ſtipantibus abditus hæſit.
Nec

In Hermes breaſt deſigns far deeper roll,
Lodge in each thought, and ſettle in his ſoul.
He bids his cavalry remit their ſway,
And unperforming thro' the battle ſtray.
Th' obedient ſteed flies guiltleſs o'er the plain;
Bounds o'er the ranks, nor hears the ſounding rein,
Till all his wiles, and all his doublings paſt,
He gains the meditated poſt at laſt.
There the bold enterprize confeſs'd to view,
Proudly he halts before the hoſtile crew;
Threatens deſtruction to the regal ſtate,
Or dooms an elephant to inſtant fate;
A tow'ring elephant, on the right hand ſide
That march'd in all his formidable pride.

Apollo, now what anxious thoughts poſſeſs
Thy troubled ſoul? while in the laſt diſtreſs
A Monarch

Nec mora, ſurgit eques bellator lævus utrinque,
Et mediis hinc inde inſultant cœtibus ambo,
Alternique ruunt, & ſpargunt fata per hoſtes.
Sternuntur pedites paſſim, miſeranda juventus,
Quòd nequeant revocare gradum: ſonat ungula campo
In medio, & totis miſcentur funera caſtris.
Dum verò peditum intentus Latonius heros
Cædibus inſtat atrox, equitemque per agmina verſat
Vaſtatorem alæ piceæ; longè Arcada major
Ardor agit tacitis jamdudum invadere furtis
Magnum aliquid; peditumque ultro ſæpe obvia tranſit
Agmina,

A Monarch calls for aid ; or, doom'd to die,
An elephant with mute imploring eye
Sues for relief in vain ! The Monarch's life
Claims his firſt care. Amidſt the dangerous ſtrife
The elephant remains : The fatal blow
At length is dealt him by the ſable foe.
Oh ! dire diſaſter to the milk-white train !
The huge vaſt beaſt down drops upon the plain.
" The time ſhall come," incens'd Apollo cries,
" When thou ſhalt ſorely rue that dear-bought prize ;
" When thou ſhalt wiſh thee guiltleſs of the life
" Of my brave warrior, noble in the ſtrife.
He ſaid : His infantry ſweep o'er the land,
And round the victor cloſe-embodied ſtand.
The Trooper ſees th' impending danger nigh ;
He faulters, looks aghaſt, attempts to fly.

Vain

Agmina, cornipedem ducens in prælia lævum,
Qui regi inſidias tendens huc vertitur, atque huc,
Per medioſque hoſtes impunè infrænis oberrat.
Conſtitit, optataque diu ſtatione potitus
Letum intentabat pariter regique, elephantique,
Alæ qui dextro cornu turritus in auras
Attollens caput, ingenti ſe mole tenebat.
Delius ingemuit, clauſo ſuccurrere regi
Admonitus ; namque indefenſum in morte elephantem
Linquere ſe videt, atque ambos non poſſe periclo
Eripere, & fatis urgeri cernit iniquis.
Cura prior ſed enim eſt trepidum defendere regem,

Vain his attempt! Here the white Queen commands,
And there the foot, a dreadful phalanx ſtands.
At length, enrag'd, the fair one gives the wound,
And lays him breathleſs on the chequer'd ground.
Who would not be that youth? no more to riſe,
Slain by a female hand, the hero lies,
His comfort ev'n in death! and clos'd his willing eyes.

But the white nation ſtill their loſs bemoan;
A mingled cry burſts forth, an army's groan!
Rage and deſpair riſe in each breaſt by turns,
And the whole hoſt with mix'd emotions burns.
As when a bull enrag'd, with furious might
Provokes the war, and ruſhes to the fight;
'Gainſt his right horn if Fortune's blow hath ſped,
And ſhatter'd half the honours of his head;

With

Quem rapit in dextrum latus: at niger emicat enſe
Stricto eques, & magnis elephantem intercipit auſis,
Damnum ingens; neque enim eſt, ſævæ poſt virginis arma,
Bellantum numero ex omni magis utilis alter.
Non tamen impuné evades, ait acer Apollo;
Et peditum cuneis denſaque indagine cingit.
Ille igitur trepidare metu, certique pericli
Fruſtra velle fugam: nam, hinc fata minatur Amazon,
Inde obſtat conſerta phalanx: tandem altiùs acto
Virginis enſe cadit, pulchræ ſolatia mortis.
Æſtuat alba, cohors latere heu! minùs utilis uno,
Et magis atque magis furit acri accenſa dolore.

Sicut

With ſtrength renew'd he kindles all his ire,
And from his eye-ball flaſhes living fire;
His huge broad cheſt, his limbs, he bathes in gore,
And hills and woods rebellow to the roar.
Revenge, revenge! exclaims the God of day,
And animates his cohorts to the fray.
On the black troops enrag'd his cohorts fall,
Careleſs of life, and prompt at honour's call;
In Mooriſh blood the crimſon fields are drown'd;
And ſhrieks and agonizing groans reſound.

But Mercury, meantime, with deep intent
Views all the war, and on deſtruction bent,
Obſerves each motion, where the warriors glow,
And plans the future ſlaughter of the foe.
The ſnowy Amazon he views from far,
As on ſhe ruſhes thro' the ranks of war.

Her

Sicut ubi dextrum taurus certamine cornu
Amiſit, dum ſe adverſo fert pectore in hoſtem,
Sævior in pugnam ruit, armos ſanguine, & altè
Colla animoſa lavans: gemitu omnis ſylva remugit.
Talis erat facies, cæſi poſt fata elephantis,
Candentis turmæ: hinc furiis majoribus ardet
Phœbus, & ultrices hortatur in arma cohortes,
In ferrum & cædes pronus, cupiduſque nocendi;
Incautuique ambas perdit ſine lege phalangas:
Dumque hoſtes pariter cernat procumbere victos,
Ipſe ſuos morti indefenſos objicit ultro.
Mercurius, melior furto, cunctatur, & hærens

Her to enſnare his bold brigades he led,
And ruin nods o'er her devoted head.
The infantry, to hide the bold deſign,
A man detach to tempt the hoſtile line.
The man advances: with well-feign'd ſurprize
The leader ſeems to mark where danger lies;
Blames his raſh conduct; with deluſion ſly
Starts, looks aghaſt, and heaves a treach'rous ſigh.
Meantime a ſable archer ſhifts his place,
And from the right moves on with ardent pace:
'Gainſt the white Amazon with dextrous art
He draws his arrow, levell'd at her heart.
Apollo ſaw it not, with hopes elate,
Unconſcious of the ſcheme, and blind to fate,
To the left wing he rolls a penſive eye,
Reſolv'd from thence an ambuſcade to try;

There

Uſque alium ex alio ſpectando prævidet ictum.
Sæpe ille, ex longo meditatus fata ſuperbæ
Reginæ, peditem perdendum comminus offert,
Diſſimulatque dolos; mox pœnitet, & trahit alto
Improbus, errorem fingens, ſuſpiria corde.
Atque ſagittiferi è dextro jam ſpicula cornu
Virginis in latus albentis tendebat: id hoſtis
Haud primùm ſenſit, peditemque trahebat in atram
Læva aciem, rerum ignarus: verùm improba cladem
Et tantas Erycina Venus miſerata ruinas,
Incauto juveni furtim tacito innuit ore,
Atque oculis; Phœbo nam forte adverſa ſedebat:
Nulla mora, ad nutus Divæ tremefactus Apollo
Conſtitit, atque oculis laté agmina circumſpexit;

Et

There on a warrior's ſhoulder lays his hand;
The warrior felt him, eager for command.
But the ſoft Queen of Love, who took her ſeat
Before Apollo, ſaw the near defeat;
To her own lov'd white warriors ſtill a friend,
And griev'd to ſee unnumber'd woes impend,
She nods, ſhe ſmiles, ſhe rolls a melting eye,
And winks intelligence of danger nigh.
Scar'd at the ſight, Apollo checks his aim,
And once again reviews the lifts of fame;
Sees the black archer in cloſe ambuſh wait,
And from his Queen averts the feather'd fate.
" She's mine, ſhe's mine," enraptur'd Hermes cries,
" What ho! Apollo, yield the radiant prize;
" The Queen is mine," he ſhouts, and rends the ſky;
The Queen is mine, the echoing ſhores reply.

But ſtrong affections thro' the hoſt divine
Invade each breaſt, and different ways incline.
Phœbus,

Et ſubitò inſidias ſenſit, peditemque retraxit.
Quem contra impulerat dextra impiger; atque periclo
Reginam eripuit: tum Maia Atlantide cretus
Littoreum caveæ conſeſſum vocibus implet,
Reginam captam ingeminans: fremit undique turba
Cœlicolùm ſtudiis variis, ſeſeque tuetur
Phœbus, & his alto fatur de littore verbis.
Quæ porrò invidia eſt dextram ludicra petenti
Præmia corrigere incautam, in meliuſque referre,

Phœbus, who knew all parties, and their ends,
Their views and wiſhes, thus his cauſe defends.
" What law forbids me, provident and ſlow,
" While yet I meditate the future blow,
" Ere yet alone the untouch'd warrior ſtand,—
" What law forbids me to retract my hand?
" Wouldſt thou enact, that when our fingers light
" On a man's head, that man ſhall ſtand the fight
" Without retreat from danger or ſurprize?
" If ſuch thy will"——" We will it," Hermes cries.
The warriors hear; the law both nations chooſe;
The Gods approve, and loud applauſe enſues.

Meantime, of Heav'n the cloud-compelling Sire
Awful beholds the Queen of ſoft deſire;
Not with that look, which ſends the ſtorm aloof,
But nods his ſable brow, and frowns reproof.
Cyllenius ſaw it not, but ſore with pain,
And ſtill his wrath unable to contain,

In

Cùm nec pacta vetent? Quòd ſi, Maia, ſate, poſthac
Id ſedet omnino prohiberi; lege caveto:
Quique prior fuerit digitis impulſus in hoſtem,
Sive albus, piceuſve fuat, diſcrimine nullo
Ille eat, & dubii ſubeat diſcrimina Martis.
Dixit, & hæc toto placuit ſententia circo
Cœlicolis. Venerem obtutu clam verſus acerbo
Juppiter increpuit; nec ſenſit filius Arcas:
Sed puer ingemuit labefactus corda dolore
Ingenti; vix ſe tenuit, quin ludicra caſtra,

Injectiſque

In rage well nigh o'erthrew the mimic world,
And both the camps in one confuſion hurl'd.
With art he now reſolves the foe to meet,
Train'd up in fraud, and practis'd in deceit;
He bids an archer, in the deathful ſcene,
Of a brave trooper counterfeit the mien.
Too plain the cheat Apollo to beguile:
To the cœleſtial Synod, with a ſmile,
" What tho'," he ſaid, " Cyllenius boaſts the art
" To practiſe wiles, and play th' impoſtor's part,
" And though, thou cunning deity, I find
" Fraud is the ruling bias of thy mind,
" Yet here no more thy ſtratagems perform;
" Call back your archer, and his pace reform."
He ſaid; with joy the glad ſpectators roar,
And unextinguiſh'd laughter fills the ſhore.
Hermes with vain excuſe his man withdraws,
And through the ranks proclaims the martial laws.
But

Injectiſque acies manibus confunderet ambas.
Tum ſecum ſtatuit furtis certare doliſque
Omnibus, ac totis fraudes innectere caſtris.
Jam tum igitur juvenem pharetratum in prælia ducens,
Cornipedis ſimulare gradus jubet: ociùs ille
Emicat, atque albæ reginæ fata minatur.
Non Phœbum latuere doli: ſubriſit & ore
Verſus ad aſtantes, Quamvis accommoda furtis
Mercurio ſit dextra, inquit, fraudique, doliſque,
Callide Atlantiada, invigiles; haud me tamen ultra
Fallere erit; jamque, improbe, iniquam corrige dextram.

But not leſs vigilant Apollo's mind;
He dreads a foe to perfidy inclin'd;
Watches each movement with obſervant eye,
And marks the nimble fingers where they fly:
The nimble fingers, as they move along
Th' alternate ſoldier through th' embattl'd throng,
Might elſe a ſecond, ambuſh'd in his hand,
Inſtruct to march, and gain his ſilent ſtand.
A ſable trooper now in martial ſtate.
On the white Queen denounces inſtant fate;
But ſoon the Moor is check'd; the wily foe
An archer ſends to ward th' impending blow;
Meantime, an elephant in ſnowy pride
Is ſeen from far o'er all the ranks to ride.
Now a white trooper, from his fatal poſt,
Aims at both ſov'reigns of the Mooriſh hoſt.
Miſtaken youth! ſmit with the love of fame,
His breaſt high beating with the patriot's flame,

He

Spectantum cunei ingenti riſere theatro,
Atque Arcas, veluti deceptus imagine falſa,
Summiſit buxum conceſſo in prælia greſſu
Arcum intendentem: vigilat jam cautus Apollo,
Fraudeſque, inſidiaſque timens, occultaque furta.
Ille etenim perſæpe, manu dum ducit in hoſtes
Alternam buxum, jus contra & fœdera pacta,
Implicitans celeres digitos duo corpora bello
Objiciat ſimul, obſervet niſi providus hoſtis.
Jamque equitem contra nigrantem candidus arcum
Intendens ſeſe oppoſuit pharetratus, & arcet

Reginæ

He takes his ſtand where fierceſt valour ſhines,
And fears no danger 'midſt the hoſtile lines ;
In fancy ſees the ſwarthy Memnon yield,
And deems his own the laurels of the field.
To check his rage ſee the black archer fly,
Proud ſelf-devoted for his King to die.
What tho' too near a ſnowy ſoldier ſtand,
In act to ſtretch him on the crimſon ſtrand,
Dauntleſs he draws the bow ; th' unerring dart
Pierces the foe, and quivers in his heart.
The ſnowy trooper falls, and bites the ground,
Th' indignant ſpirit iſſues at the wound.
Nor long the Moor rejoices : on the board
Proſtrate he falls, by a white ſoldier's ſword ;
Soon the white ſoldier dies the crimſon plain,
" And the gor'd battle bleeds in ev'ry vein."
The tow'ring elephants with fury rage ;
Archer meets archer ; horſe with horſe engage.

The

Reginæ jugulo intentum : tum dexter oberrat
Huc atque huc elephas, niveiſque exultat in armis.
Hæſerat in medio, dominæ, regique minatus
Albus eques ; ratus impunè, & jam ſorte ſuperbus
Nequicquam ſpoliornm animum paſcebat amore.
Non tulit hanc ſpeciem juvenis pharetratus, & arcu
Contendit calamum, ſeſeſque immittit in hoſtem,
Fata licèt pedes intentet, moriturus in armis
Inſigni pro laude : alvo mediæ hæſit arundo
Stridula, & ima chalybs deſcendit in ilia adactus.
Volvitur ille excuſſus humique, & calcibus auras
Verberat ; in ventos vita indignata receſſit.

Inde

The fiery troopers ſwell the purple flood,
" Spur their proud courſers hard, and ride in blood."
The ranks condenſe; with rage the battle burns;
Plebeians, Heroes, Kings and Queens, by turns,
Mix in the ſtrife; arms claſh, and bucklers ring;
The fierce battalions throng around their King.
Slaughter enſues; blood ſtreams; the nations yield,
And valour now, now fortune rules the field.
The Moor retreats; enrag'd the milk-white train
Purſue the ſwarthy legions o'er the plain.
The white troops halt; they fly; the Moor purſues,
Hangs on the rear, and the fierce fight renews.

As when th' Ionian wave fierce tempeſts ſweep,
Or where th' Atlantic heaves the rolling deep,

If

Inde ſagittiferum ſternit pedes: hunc pedes alter
Hoſtili de plebe necat: pugna aſpera ſurgit.
Turribus occurrunt ingenti mole elephanti:
Sæva pharetrigeri contendunt ſpicula nervis;
Quadupedumque gemit bicolor ſub verbere campus.
Incaluere animi parte ex utraque, & in armis
Concurrunt denſi: ſimul omnis copia gentis
Albæque piceæque, duces, ambæque phalanges;
Confuſæque acies magno certamine totis
Denſantur campis; virtus, fortunaque in unum
Conveniunt: hi nunc victores agmina verſa
Æquore agunt toto; verſis referuntur habenis
Nunc iidem, variantque vices, & fluctuat omnis
Area bellorum: vaſti velut æquoris undæ,

Siquando

If burſt from adverſe quarters of the ſky,
The winds their high engender'd battle try,
Now o'er the land the ſwelling billows roar,
Now back recoil, and foam along the ſhore.

Siquando inter ſe, recluſo carcere, ſæva
Bella cient animoſi Euri, vertantque profundum,
Ionio in magno, aut undiſono Atlanteo,
Alternos volvunt procurva ad littora fluctus.

THE

GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO III.

Argument of the Third Canto.

THE Queen of the white nation is inflamed with warlike rage. She rushes into the thick of the battle. A prodigious carnage follows. She kills, as she advances, a black archer; in her retreat, an elephant falls a victim to her fury. The Moors behold the havock with dismay. The black King sees the desperate situation of his affairs: He applies to his Queen to save the State from destruction. The Queen wants no importunity. She enters into the engagement. The battle now is warmer than ever. The two Queens enact wonders. The Kings, in the meantime, watch the part of their several camps, where the slain are deposited, that none may be brought back into the field of battle. Mars is a friend to the Moors: He endeavours by fraud to support their cause. He conveys from the burying ground a black Archer and a foot soldier into the ranks. The men come to new life. A Simile. Vulcan sees the cheat, and proclaims it. Jupiter reprimands the God of war for his treachery. The two men are carried back to the enemy's camp. Apollo and Mercury use their best exertions. The Queens continue the attack. At length the white Queen is slain. The black one does not long survive. Both armies are dejected: They lament their loss. The numbers are diminished on both sides. Apollo has only remaining an elephant, an archer, and three of his infantry: Mercury has the same number, but a trooper instead of an elephant. He is resolved to fight it out to the last. The field, which at first presented two powerful armies, is now a scene of desolation.

CANTO III.

MEantime the Queen, whom the white realms obey,
Darts through the field, and ſcatters wide diſmay;
With rage reſiſtleſs thunders o'er the ground,
And a black archer meets his deadly wound.
Back ſhe retreats, and as ſhe ſcow'rs the plain,
She hurls an elephant to Pluto's reign.
Now on the left ſhe breaks the thick array;
Now on the right with ſlaughter marks her way.
Launch'd from her arm the miſſive jav'lins fly,
And groans of dying warriors rend the ſky.
Where'er the heroine treads the crimſon field,
Horror attends; the Mooriſh ſquadrons yield.
A thouſand hearts within her boſom bound,
And if ſhe falls, ſhe falls with glory crown'd.

Impend-

AT medias acies inter crudeſcit Amazon
Candida, plena animis, multiſque in millibus ardet.
Namque ſagittiferum incurſans, redienſque elephantem,
Nigrantes ſternit; dextra, lævaque per alas
Fulminat, atque manu ſpargens haſtilia ſævit.
Bellanti dant tela locum, retroque reſidunt

Hinc,

Impending fate the ſable nation rues,
And to his Queen th' afflicted Monarch ſues;
Nor pauſe, nor ſtay; the Queen her ſabre draws,
And aſks no motive but her country's cauſe.
Who firſt, brave Amazon, in ſcenes of death,
Who laſt to thee reſigns his fated breath?
To thee how many owe their mortal wound!
Steeds fall on ſteeds, and bite the chequer'd ground.
In heaps the infantry beſtrew the plain,
And mangled archers, dear to Mars in vain.
To paint the fight what Bard ſhall dare aſpire!
Oh! for a hundred tongues! a Muſe of fire!
A Muſe to fly, where'er the heroes call,
Where dangers preſs, and where the thickeſt fall!
With heaps of ſlain the field is cover'd o'er,
And ruthleſs ſlaughter bathes her feet in gore.
Horſemen and horſe together ſwell the tide,
And the wide plains with purple ſtreams are dy'd.
Shouts

Hinc, atque hinc inimicæ acies: per tela, per hoſtes
Illa ruit pulchram in mortem; ſimul ultima tentat
Caſtra, fugæ fidens, animoſque in bella viriles
Sæva gerit; penetrat cuneos, aperitque viam vi.
Tandem fuſca cohors, nigrantiſque arbiter alæ
Ipſe etiam arma ſuæ trepidus, vireſque, animoſque
Virginis implorat: nulla eſt mora, fervida Amazon
Emicat, atque ardens paribus ſe ſiſtit in armis.
Quem primum haſta, aut quem poſtremum, bellica virgo,
Demetis; aut quot humi candentia corpora linquis?

Shouts from both nations intermingled rise;
Who fights, meets death; death follows him that flies.
Thro' paths of blood the warlike heroines fly,
Determin'd each to conquer, or to die.

And now the Monarchs, who both nations sway,
The captives of the sword with care survey.
Safe from the foe a station they assign,
Where their entrenchments stretch their fartheſt line.
There the brave warrior, who disdain'd to yield,
And left his mangled body on the field,
With his fall'n countrymen, a gen'rous band!
'Midst heaps of slain lies welt'ring on the strand;
And, left again he view the realms of light,
Or dare in steel complete provoke the fight,
Each sov'reign watches with observant eye:
In their King's cause 'tis giv'n but once to die.

But

Semianimes volvuntur equi niveique nigrique,
Et peditum cunei, dilectaque pectora Marti
Aligerâ juvenes ineuntes bella sagittâ
Quis cladem fando illius, quis funera pugnæ,
Prostratosque duces speret se æquare canendo?
Sternitur omne solum buxo, atque miserrima cædes
Exoritur: confusa inter sese agmina cædunt;
Implicitæque ruunt albæ, nigræque phalanges:
Sternuntur pedites, & corpora quadrupedantum.
Nam versæ inter se jactantes mutua tela

But now the God of war, an anxious friend,
O'er his lov'd Moors ſees various ills impend.
He views the purple field, and round him throws
His eye quick glancing, where the combat glows,
In death's wide range, if aught he could explore,
Of the black troops the fortune to reſtore.
He views afar the melancholy plain,
Where breathleſs lie the chiefs in battle ſlain,
And from the heap conveys with furtive aim
A ſoldier, and an archer known to fame.
Wak'd to new life with glad ſurprize they view
Their former camp, and to their country true
Again they live, again the fight renew.

As when ſome wretch at Cholcos yields his breath,
A ghaſtly form, ſtretch'd in the arms of death,
Her potent charms Medea ſtraight applies,
And the ingredients of her cauldron tries:

The

Fœmineis ambæ nituntur Amazones armis,
Uſque adeò certæ non cedere, donec in auras
Aut hæc, aut illa effundat cum ſanguine multo
Sævam animam, ſolâ linquentes prælia morte.
Interea amborum populorum rector uterque
Captivos hoſtes, & victa cadavera bello
Carcere ſervabant caſtris vicina, caventes
Ne capti ſemel, aut obita jam morte jacentes,
In vitam revocati iterum certamina inerent.
At lateri innixus Phœbeo Threicius Mars,
Junctus amicitia puero Arcadi, ſi quid amico

Fata

The ſubtle drugs inſinuate their force,
And the meand'ring blood renews its courſe:
The dead revives; he joins the ſons of men,
And wond'ring acts his functions o'er again.

But Vulcan, ſon of Heav'ns imperial Queen,
Obſerv'd each movement of the various ſcene:
He call'd on Mars, and call'd with cloud acclaim:
The Thracian hero burns with conſcious ſhame;
While grief and rage in Hermes' boſom roll,
Heighten deſpair, and deſolate his ſoul.

The mighty Sire, to whom th' immortals bow,
Perceives the fraud, and awful ſhakes his brow;
Then Mars addreſſing with indignant ire,
While from each eye ſhot forth cœleſtial fire,
" And doſt thou hope," he ſaid, " doſt thou preſume
" To thwart our fix'd, irrevocable doom?
" Thy

Fata ſinant prodeſſe, animum per cuncta volutat,
Obſervatque omnes caſus: tum corpora bina
Capta, pharetratum juvenem, peditemque nigrantes,
Cœtibus è functis jam vita, atque æthere caſſis
Surripit, & caſtris rurſum clam immittit apertis.
Ergo iterum gemini captivi prælia inibant;
Miſcebantque manus animoſi, atque arma ferebant.
Haud ſecus (ut perhibent) cùm Colchis nacta cadaver,
Aut virgo Maſſylla, recens: cantuque triformem
Sæpe ciens Hecaten, ac magni numina Ditis;

" Thy arts are fruitleſs; vain the bold deſign;
" Let thoſe, who once were ſlain, to death reſign:
" Such is our ſov'reign will." He ſpoke, and ſtraight
The new recruits once more ſubmit to fate;
Again they ſeek the pale, the ſilent ſhore,
And all the order of the field reſtore.

And now the chiefs, inflam'd with tenfold rage,
In the fierce horrors of the war engage.
Breathing revenge, and terrible in arms,
The Queens ſhake all the field with dire alarms.
The lines ſhrink back, where'er the heroines tread,
And the earth groans with mountains of the dead:
Their vigour fails at length, by toil oppreſs'd,
And weary ſlaughter pants awhile for reſt:
In ſullen mood they quit the doubtful ſtrife,
And each repairs to guard her Monarch's life.
Soon the white Amazon new ſtrength inſpires,
And love of glory ſtill her boſom fires;

Againſt

Falſam animam inſinuat membris, auraſque loquaces:
Continuò erigitur corpus, loquiturque, videtque,
Et vivos inter fruitur cœleſtibus auris.
Non tulit indignum facinus Junonia proles
Mulciber, (ille dolum ſolus deprendit) & ore
Inclamat, Phœbumque monet: Thrax palluit heros
Deprenſus: Phœbo exarſit dolor oſſibus ingens.
Tum Marti Pater omnipotens iratus, iniqua
Præſidia abduci, atque indebita corpora bello
Protinus è caſtris jubet, atque retexere falſos
Hinc atque inde ictus; & cuncta in priſtina reddit.

Jamque

Againſt the Mooriſh Queen ſhe wings her flight;
The Mooriſh Queen ſinks down in endleſs night.
O ſhort liv'd triumph! Short, alas! the date
Of joy and victory! The hand of fate
To death, ah! beauteous warrior! bids thee yield,
And lays thee decent on the ſanguine field.
Their Queens both ſtates lament in mournful ſtrain,
And grief and horror cover all the plain.
Each boſom ſighs; tears guſh from ev'ry eye,
On their cold bier as the pale ſlumb'rers lie.
The laſt ſad obſequies the nations pay,
And the long funeral pomp obſcures the day.

The rites perform'd, with zeal the troops repair
To guard their Kings, ſole object of their care.
The thin battalions now ſcarce man the board,
Remnants of war, and gleanings of the ſword.

Each

Jamque duces furiis ambo majoribus inſtant;
Reginaſque ambas converſa per agmina mittunt:
Cæde madent illæ, toto æquore fata ferentes:
Confidunt tandem obverſæ, regeſque tuentur
Quæque ſuum. Ecce, autem bellatrix agminis albi
A tergo ferro invaſit, ſtravitque nigrantem
Igraram: verùm ipſa etiam cadit icta ſagittâ
Ah miſera! & ſpoliis haud longùm exultat opimis.
Convertere oculos ambæ hinc, atque inde cohortes;
Atque acies lacrymis & fœmineo ululatu

Each ſhatter'd hoſt beholds with wild affright
The waſte of blood, and carnage of the fight;
Equal their loſs, and equal their diſmay;
An equal tempeſt ſwept their ranks away.
One elephant, Apollo, in thy train,
An archer, and three ſoldiers, now remain.
Theſe to oppoſe, the Moors direct their courſe;
The ſame their numbers, but not ſo their force.
No elephant is ſeen in tow'ring pride:
Their laſt brave elephant in battle died.
From the right wing a trooper dares advance,
Firm to the laſt, and ſhakes his glitt'ring lance:
In their King's cauſe the reſt reſign'd their breath,
And peaceful lie in honourable death.

O'er the wide waſte now Hermes rolls his eye;
He views a ſcene of blood, and heaves a ſigh:
Yet

Ambas incubuiſſe putes, dum funera ducunt.
Tum reges mœſtos ipſa ad prætoria denſi
Agglomerant ſeſe circum; timor omnibus idem
Incumbit; par tempeſtas, par hauſit utroſque
Diluvium populos; & ſunt ſua funera cuique.
Haud prorſus tamen ambobus defecerat omne
Robur: opes reſtant, & adhuc intacta juventus,
Tres pedites tibi, Phœbe, ſagittifer alter, & ingens
Bellua turrito dorſo; totidemque tibi, Arcas,
Excepto, elephante, alta qui nuper in aula,
Pace fruens, cecidit, poſitisi nglorius armis,
Eminus aligerâ percuſſus runaine pectus.
Sed dexter tibi reſtat eques imperditus: hauſit
Cetera

Yet nought his warlike ardour can abate,
Resolv'd to grapple to the last with fate;
His troops, sad reliques of Apollo's rage,
He orders now with caution to engage:
His soldiers scorn capitulating fears,
And the field gleams with their erected spears.
Slowly they march; each pass with care survey,
Still to retrieve the fortune of the day;
Now ambush'd close they meditate the blow;
Now guard each post, and now assault the foe.
Nor less Apollo burns with martial ire,
Trembling with hope, and stung with fierce desire.
His feeble lines present their thin array,
The shatter'd cohorts of the long-fought day.
The glitt'ring bands, which at the morning's dawn
O'er the wide field in martial pride were drawn,
Now

Cetera bellantum Mars impius agmina, bellique
Alea, florentes & desolaverat aulas.
At Cyllenæo juveni spes occidit omnis.
Æstuat, amissæ gentis memor, & suspirat
Heroas magnos tot fato corpora functa.
Non tamen excedit pugna: fracta agmina bello,
Relliquias tenues immitis Apollinis, astu
Cautior in pugnam mittit, post funera tanta
Si qua fata sinant gentis sarcire ruinas.
It nigrum campis agmen, stat ubique morari,
Fortunamque omnem tentare, aditusque nocendi.
Exultat contrà non æquo prælia motu
Cynthius invadens: facies indigna cohortum,

Now mourn their chiefs, their braveſt warriors ſlain,
And a diſpeopled realm in one campaign !

Heu ! facies miſeranda ducum ; raro agmine aperta
Caſtra patent latè, viduatæ & civibus aulæ.

THE

GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO IV.

Argument of the Fourth Canto.

THE Kings are inconſolable for the loſs of their Queens: They grow tired of a widowed bed. Though they ſtill love their firſt wives, they have no objection to ſecond nuptials. The white King proclaims his intention: He incites the virgins to contend for his throne and bed. That honour, by the laws, is for her only, who reaches the fartheſt line of the enemy. The white virgins exert their utmoſt courage. One on the right wing flies before the reſt. The Moor gives no oppoſition. He is now bent on a ſecond marriage. A black virgin urges on, but is a ſquare later than her antagoniſt. The white virgin ſucceeds. The King weds her. Her coronation. Mercury is overwhelmed with grief. The virgin, whom he moved, is near her wiſhes, but does not dare ſtep on the laſt line. An elephant of the enemy guards that whole tract. The white Queen urges on with prodigious ſlaughter. The black troops fly before her. A Simile. The ſlaughter continues. The black King is in danger. A poſt lies open to the white Queen, where ſhe may be ſure of victory. Mercury perceives it. He endeavours, by talking, to divert Apollo's attention. The ſcheme ſucceeds. Apollo overlooks his advantage, and kills a foot ſoldier. Mercury exults. He ſaves his King by interpoſing a black trooper, who ſoon after kills the white elephant. A black Queen is raiſed to the throne. The fight is renewed with great ardour on both ſides. Mercury again cavils with Apollo, and puts him off his guard. Apollo anſwers with warmth. He ſends his Queen into the thick of the enemy. A dreadful combat follows. Both armies are thrown into confuſion. Victory inclines to neither ſide.

CANTO IV.

THE ſcepter'd Monarchs, ſore beſet with pain,
Strive to allay their grief, but ſtrive in vain.
Since that black hour, when their lov'd conſorts fell,
A thouſand paſſions in their hearts rebel;
Their fond regret no comfort can controul,
Each beauteous dame deep-imag'd in the ſoul.
But in the criſis of the war they dread
A vacant throne, and ſolitary bed.
To their firſt vows, and to their country true,
They think of pleaſures paſt, and ſigh for new.
By proclamation the white King invites
His blooming virgins to the nuptial rites;
The blooming virgins, 'midſt the din of arms,
Call forth at once their courage and their charms;
In

MŒREBANT vacuis thalamis regnator uterque
Jamdudum exoſi ſine conjuge tædia lecti.
Primus amor maneat quamvis immotus utriſque,
Sors tamen ad nova conjugia, atque novos hymenæos
Flectit iniqua. Igitur primùm rex agminis albi
Reginæ comites olim, fidaſque miniſtras
Regali invitat thalamo; quæ, funera mœſtæ
Poſt fera bellatricis heræ, tela irrita bello
Jactabant,

In deeds of glory with each other vie,
Reſolv'd, their Monarch to embrace, or die.
The wary Monarch views the gen'rous ſtrife,
And from the laws alone demands a wife.
The laws to her the diadem aſſign,
Through the thick war, who gains the utmoſt line.
The fiery virgins ruſh through ſword and fire,
Love and ambition all their ſouls inſpire;
Eager they pant; but on the army's right
Thro' the third tract a rival wings her flight,
And fluſh'd with hope, anticipates the charms
Of love and empire in a Monarch's arms.

The Mooriſh King from his pavilion ſpies
The warlike maid, as to the goal ſhe flies;
Confeſs'd to view he ſees her hopes appear,
Inactive ſees, nor checks the bold career.

Of

Jactabant, acies inter cuneoſque nigrantes,
Oppetere, amiſſæ, dominæ pro cæde, paratæ.
Sed priùs explorare auſus ſedet, atque viriles
Cunctarum ſpectare animos, ut digna cubili
Intret: in hoſtiles ſedes, atque ultima caſtra
Hortaturque, jubetque ſupremam apprendere metam.
Nulli fas etenim regis ſperare cubile,
(Pacta vetant) niſi quæ per tela invecta, per hoſtes,
Tranſactis ſpatiis cunctis impunè ſuprema
Attigerit priùs adverſi penetralia regis.
Arrexere animos famulæ, pariterque per hoſtes
Limitibus properant rectis: tamen ocior antè it

Tertia

Of gentle love he too had felt the dart,
The pow'r of beauty thrilling to his heart.
On the fourth tract a ſun burnt dame aſpires
To wake by valour a young Monarch's fires.
But, ah! brave virgin! to thy cauſe unkind,
The fates detain thee on one ſquare behind;
While the white Amazon with rapid pace
Purſues her courſe, ſtill foremoſt in the race;
Till, bold ambition kindling in her eyes,
On the laſt line ſhe wins th' imperial prize.
With joy the Monarch claſps her in his arms,
Admires her valour much, but more her charms.
The diadem, his former conſort's pride,
He orders forth, and crowns the beauteous bride.
No bluſh ſhe feigns, no amorous delay,
But to the King's pavilion wings her way,
" And keeps with joy her coronation day."

Wide

Tertia quam dextro ducebat ſemita cornu,
Exultatque, agitatque animo connubia regis:
Nam comìtes ſpe ſublapſâ ceſſere volentes.
Illa volat cœptis immanibus; addidit alas
Gloria præpetibus plantis, & plurima merces.
Nulla obſtat mora: nec facinus prohibere tyranno
Cura nigro eſt; novaque ipſe etiam connubia tentat,
Et vacuis thalamis alias inducere nuptas.
Ergo iter alternæ accelerant; ſamulamque ſiniſtram
Quarto limite agit, ſaltu ſed tardior uno,
Parrhaſius juvenis: jamque imperterrita virgo
Candida, facta potens voti, penetraverat omnes

Sedes,

Wide o'er the chequer'd field *te deums* ring,
And the white legions *Hymeneals* ſing.
Loud peals of joy dejected Hermes hears;
Grief heaves in ſighs, and anger ſtreams in tears.
For him what now remains? in black deſpair
He beats his breaſt, and rends his ſcatter'd hair;
Sees the black virgin, whom a crown inſpires,
Within one move of all her bright deſires;
There ſees her halt; there ſees, ah! luckleſs maid!
The prize in view, nor dares that prize invade.
Lo! on the fartheſt limit of the land,
A warlike elephant hath fix'd his ſtand;
O'er all the line his glaring eye-ball throws,
And threatens hideous ruin on the foes.

From the white camp, meanwhile, in martial pride,
To battle iſſues forth the ſcepter'd bride.

Rage

Sedes, atque alacris metâ conſederat altâ.
Tum rector jubet afferri ſellamque, tiaramque,
Extinctæ ornatus, necnon fulgentia ſceptra,
Dignaturque toro meritam, optatiſque hymenæis.
Gaudet cana cohors, inſultatque eminus atræ.
Haud lacrymas cohibet Maia ſatus, æthera voce
Inceſſens, pictoſque à pectore rupit amictus.
Nigranti famulæ tantùm gradus unus ad ipſam
Reſtabat metam ah! miſeræ; ſed limite recto
Turritus fera fata elephas impunè minatur
Inſurgens, ſi ſupremam contingere ſedem
Audeat, & toto caſtra obſidet ultima tractu,
Et pavidam obſervans extremis ſedibus arcet.

Interea

Rage and deſpair, and death attend her train,
And the pale fates ſtand trembling on the plain;
Proud of her charms, and the imperial crown,
She breathes revenge, and mows the battle down.
Earth groans, Olympus ſhakes; a purple flood
Imbrues the field; Bellona ſtalks in blood.
The Moors behold her terrible from far,
As on ſhe drives, the thunderbolt of war!
Apall'd, they wiſh for the earth's gaping womb,
To ſink at once in the deep cavern'd gloom.
Now wild with fear, to the King's tent they fly,
There to obtain relief, or there to die.

As in the meadows, when the lowing brood
To paſture ſtray, and crop the verdant food,
If chance a wolf, with rage and hunger keen,
Who all night long had roam'd the Sylvan ſcene,
Soon

Interea nova regali dignata virago,
Connubio exultans, toto dat funera campo.
Illam tollit honos novus, & fortuna tumentem;
Fulminis in morem ruit, atque nigrantia ſævit
Caſtra, per, & ſedes, ac ſidera territat armis.
Horreſcunt faciem inviſam nigra agmina crudæ
Virginis, atque imæ exoptant telluris hiatus.
Diffugiunt trepidi vaſto irrumpente fragore
Hoſte, metuque omnes acti glomerantur in unum,
Aulaï in medio juxta latera ardua regis.
Haud ſecus alta boves ſparſæ per paſcua quondam,

Soon as the eaſt glows with the bluſhing dawn,
From his high hill comes thund'ring down the lawn;
Cow'ring the heifers fly, a daſtard train!
To the ſtrong bull that lords it o'er the plain;
Him they ſurround; him with their horns aſſail,
And hollow groans are heard along the vale.

Thro' the thick war the fierce virago flies,
They yield, ſhe follows; who reſiſts her, dies.
The wonders of her daring all behold,
And now their King in cloſer ranks infold.
In ev'ry ſound the Amazon they hear;
On ev'ry ſide her deathful blade they fear,
Now flaming in the van, now hanging o'er the rear.
She ruſhes on, each avenue to bar,
And to the King's pavilion drives the war.

There

Ut ſenſere lupum venientem, protinus omnes
Conveniunt trepidæ, & fortem facto agmine taurum
Ductorem armenti implorant, ipſique propinquant
Certatim inter ſe trudentes cornua, rauco
Murmure; mugitu longè nemora alta reſultant.
At regina furens trepidos toto agmine victrix
Impingens in terga, ipſique ante omnia regi
Fata parans, pugnas alta ad prætoria miſcet:
Nunc ruit huc, nunc huc; tunc &, niſi læva fuiſſet
Mens illi, poterat candentem invadere ſedem
Limite in obliquum quarto, & concludere fauces.
Ultimus ille labor regi, gentique fuiſſet

Nigranti,

There rushes on, where the fierce chiefs engage,
And round the Monarch bids the battle rage;
In fancy sees him bleed; but oh! vain boast!
Tho' now defenceless lies the wish'd-for post;
Tho' a white square a vacant space afford,
A station to command the checquer'd board;
Ne'er to her valour shall that conquest bow,
Ne'er shall those laurels deck the heroine's brow.
Ah! blind to fortune! fury in her eyes,
She looks around, nor sees the radiant prize;
Or one bold step had made the day her own,
And the black tyrant tumble from his throne.

Afflicted Hermes sees impending fate,
And his king falling with a falling state.
Then thus, if yet he can prevent the stroke,
In taunting accents thus his mind he spoke:
" How long, Apollo, wilt thou stand at bay?
" Why loiter thus? and why this dull delay?
" Wake

Nigranti, & fatis Arcas lugeret iniquis:
Nempe erat hinc leti facilis via in ilia regis;
Nec poterat quisquam se tantæ opponere cladi.
Sensit Atlantiades tacitus, dubioque tremebant
Corda metu: accelerare hostem jubet improbus, ictum
Ne videat, verbisque rapit per inania mentem,
Castigatque moras: Adeon' juvat usque morari,
Nec pudor est? quæ tanta animis ignavia? sic nos
Increpitas semper cunctantes impiger ipse?
Scilicet expectas dum nox certamina tollat?

" Wake from your trance: your legions ling'ring ſtand;
" Still muſt they wait their leader's trembling hand?
" Or wilt thou pauſe, till yon' bright orb decline,
" And to the ſhades of night the world reſign?
" Are theſe the arts, the maxims you purſue?
" Why blame in others, what yourſelf will do?"
Stung by the taunt, Apollo views with pain
His lengthen'd cares, and all his toil in vain.
Nor ſees, while riſing paſſions cloud his ſight,
Where honourable deeds his queen invite;
Nor makes the poſt on the white ſquare his own,
Nor ſhakes the ſwarthy Tyrant on his throne;
But ſends, with meaner blood to glut his blade,
A ſoldier down to night's eternal ſhade.

The field now open, and the paſſes freed,
Hermes beholds the unavailing deed.
Joy fills his ſoul; joy ſparkles in his eyes,
Exalts his voice, and rends with ſhouts the ſkies.

Then

His actus, peditem imprudens dum captat Apollo,
Præteriit fortunam: alacer vocem extulit aſtris
Lætitiâ exiliens Cyllenius: inde periclo
Regem ipſum eripiens, opponit Amazonis armis
Haud invitum equitem, qui ſævos arceat ictus.
Tum ſecum meditans candenti letum elephanti,
Qui meta arcebat famulam, ne regis iniret
Conceſſos thalamos, curvato perculit arcu:
Concidit, atque ictu tellurem bellua vaſto
Pulſavit moriens; dum regi intentat Apollo

Necquicquam

Then from the Queen enrag'd his King to ſhield,
He bids a trooper tempt the lifted field.
To ſhield his King the willing trooper ſtands
" Proud to obey his leader's juſt commands."
The leader meditates, now bolder grown,
With a new bride to fill the vacant throne.
Tow'rd the laſt line he darts an ardent eye,
And dooms the tow'ring elephant to die.
The time is apt; the fatal word he ſaid;
An archer draws his arrow to the head:
With fatal aim the twanging bow he plies,
And to its mark th' impatient arrow flies.
The monſter's ſide pours forth a purple flood;
He falls, he groans, he welters in his blood.

The road now level to ambition's aim,
The ſun-burnt maid purſues her path to fame.
No danger threatens from oppoſing foes;
No more Apollo can her flight oppoſe:

Eager

Nequicquam exitium: tum metam impunè miniſtra
Nigra tenet, (nec Phœbus obeſt) jam regia conjux
Jamque alacres paribus certamina viribus ambo
Rurſum ineunt, nuptaſque ferunt in bella ſecundas.
Tum, quanquam ambiguæ ſpes ſint, incertaque belli
Alea adhuc, tamen, ac ſi palmæ certus, & omne
Diſcrimen poſitus ſit ſupra, gaudia ficto
Ore puer Maiæ ſimulat, verbiſque ſuperbit

Eager ſhe ruſhes to th' imperial ſcene;
The willing Moors pay homage to their Queen.

Proud of their ſecond loves, the Kings review
Their ſtrength recruited, and the war renew.
Still doubtful hangs the fortune of the day,
And equal valour turns th' alternate fray.
But Mercury, who could with ſly addreſs,
Feign what he felt not, what he felt ſuppreſs;
With notes of triumph fills the ambient ſky;
Fear in his heart, and rapture in his eye;
He ſeems with ſcorn the enemy to treat,
Boaſting of conqueſt, dreading a defeat;
And while (ſly fraud!) their numbers he defies,
His confidence is terror in diſguiſe.
Apollo brook'd not the inſulting ſtrain;
" Thy vaunts," he ſaid, " are inſolent and vain."
" Not yet has Victory her purple wing
" Wav'd o'er thy banners; unſubdued my King
" Againſt thy ſwarthy prince ſtill keeps the field,
" And my brave hardy vet'rans ſcorn to yield.
" For

Improbus, inſultans, (aſtûs genus!) & ſua creber
Vocibus extollens, albæ premit arma cohortis.
Quem ſic deprenſa juvenis Latonius arte
Increpitat: Nondum extremam dubio ultima bello
Impoſuit fortuna manum, & jam voce ſuperbis.
Proinde mihi inſulta & tumidis reple omnia verbis,
Certa tuum annuerit tibi cùm victoria Martem.
Sed

" For thee, when fate has turn'd the doubtful ſcale,
" Then ſwell with triumph ; then let pride prevail :
" But now this ſtroke, to daſh thy promis'd joys,
" This ſtroke, vain boaſter ! this thy hope deſtroys."
The ſnowy Queen obeys his ſtern command,
The crimſon ſabre glitt'ring in her hand.
Again both hoſts in dreadful ſtrife engage,
And the war kindles with redoubled rage.
One common ardour, one great ſoul in all;
'Tis fix'd to conquer, or in battle fall.
The combat thickens ; helms and ſhields reſound;
Swords flaſh; ſhields glitter; darts beſtrew the ground ;
A melancholy ſcene of death around.
For victory or ruin all prepare ;
And ſword to ſword, and man to man they dare.
Now theſe preſs forward, where the foe declines,
And proudly hope to ſtorm the hoſtile lines;
Now backward roll, as ebbs the tide of war,
From their own camp the enemy to bar.

Their

Sed jam nulla mora eſt; tua nunc, nunc irrita faxo
Dicta manu. Hæc fatus, reginam hortatur in hoſtes.
Continuò oxoritur magnum certamen, & ingens
Hinc atque hinc rabies; dum fixum vincere utriique.
Audentes in tela ruunt : ſtat multus ubique
Terror, ubique pavor, mortiſque ſimillima imago.
Nituntur cuncti adverſi, ſeſeque viro vir

 Obtulit :

Their panting breaſts now fickle fortune plies,
And bids alternate paſſions fall and riſe:
Now warm with hope, they bear the prize away;
Now deſolate with fear, they loſe the day,
And with quick change their throbbing boſoms play.

Obtulit: invigilant caſtris avertere peſtem
Quiſque ſuis, hoſtemque fugant, hoſtiliaque ipſi
Caſtra petunt, variantque vices, fortunaque ludit
Spe cupidos, & corda moræ impatientia torquet.

THE

GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO V.

Argument of the Fifth Canto.

THE black Queen enters into the heat of the engagement. The white troops give way. Their Queen is buſy in another part of the field: She forces her way to the royal tent, puts the ſentinels to the ſword, and gives check to the King. The black Queen comes to his relief: She throws herſelf between him and the enemy. Apollo is in the utmoſt diſtreſs. A black trooper has gained a poſt, from which he threatens the white King and Queen at once. In this ſituation of affairs Apollo is ſorely grieved. Mercury exults. The white Queen falls. The King revenges her death. The black trooper is ſlain. Apollo ſees impending ruin: his people are almoſt all cut off. Two foot-warriors and an archer are all that remain. Mercury muſters the Moors. The black Queen meditates the deſtruction of the adverſe King. She hews down all before her. The white archer and the two ſoldiers are put to the ſword. The King now ſtands alone: he will not abdicate his crown. He flies and baffles the enemy. The black King purſues him. After paſſing through various defiles, the white King halts upon his firſt line. The black Queen takes poſt on the ſecond line, and hems him in. The black King wiſhes to gain the honour of the day; but in vain; one ſquare is always between him and his adverſary. The black Queen gives the finiſhing ſtroke. The white King dies in the field of battle. Mercury exults and triumphs. Jupiter rewards him. Mercury inſtructs a Nymph in the game of Cheſs. He meets her on the banks of the river *Serio*. His amour is related. He gives the Nymph a Cheſs Board, as a token of his love. The Nymph teaches the Game to the people of Italy. The Poem concludes.

CANTO V.

FROM the Moor's Camp, meantime, in armour bright,
The fierce Virago animates the fight.
At glory's call ſhe preſſes on with ſpeed,
Where the war glows, and where the braveſt bleed.
With the bold Amazon none dare engage,
Nor the white Queen attempts to check her rage.
Through paths far diſtant, the white Queen proceeds,
Prompt of deſign, and bold in gen'rous deeds.
Round the Moor's camp each avenue ſhe tries,
In his pavilion where the Monarch lies.
The picket guard, the ſentinels around
Fall by ſurprize, and bite the checquer'd ground.
Each poſt obtain'd, each faſtneſs of the place,
Tow'rds her deſign ſhe moves in ſilent pace,
There

FUNERA ſpargebat fuſcæ regina cohortis
Per medias animoſa acies: non æmula contrà
Oppoſuit ſeſe virgo, ſed calle per hoſtes
Secreto interea regis tendebat ad alta
Limina: dein ſubitò captis cuſtodibus arcis
Irruit, atque aditus irrumpens obſidet aulam,
Intentatque

There hopes to triumph by reſiſtleſs might,
And at one blow conclude the ling'ring fight.

This from afar beheld the ſable Queen,
Her eye quick glancing o'er th' embattl'd ſcene.
She ſees the plan by bold ambition form'd,
Her King beſieg'd, and the entrenchment ſtorm'd.
With rage her boſom heaves, now ſinks with grief;
What ſhall ſhe do? where turn? how bring relief?
O'er vulgar lives ſhe ſcorns her ſword to wield,
And leaves unglean'd the harveſt of the field.
Swift as the wind, ſhe meaſures back the plain,
And darts and glitt'ring ſwords oppoſe in vain.
Between her king and the proud foe ſhe ſtands,
And bravely there defies the hoſtile bands:
On her, on her their fury dares invoke,
And lays her boſom naked to the ſtroke.

This

Intentatque necem regi. Tum nigra virago,
Poſtquam altis vidit canam in penetralibus hoſtem,
Cæde madens ſtrages citò linquit, & imperfecta
Funera, & acta pedem retro exanimata repreſſit;
Nec timuit mediam ſe certæ opponere morti,
Et patriæ, & trepido properans ſuccurere regi.
Hic aliud majus Phœbo, graviuſque dolendum
Objicitur: nam cornipedem Cyllenius atrum
Huc illuc agitans campo inſultabat aperto.
Ardet equus, ſaltuque furit; nec deſtitit auſis,
Donec, reginæ pariter regique minatus,
Optatum tenuit ſedem, exitioque futurus

Aut

This check'd Apollo's rage; nor this alone;
Lo! other evils now inveſt his throne.
For Mercury, who knew with prudent care,
For each event his meaſures to prepare,
Detach'd a trooper, with inſulting pace,
To range at large the parti-colour'd ſpace.
The gen'rous ſteed ſpurns, at each pauſe, the rein;
His hoof, in fancy, beats the abſent plain;
He champs, he foams, indignant of control,
Devours the ground, and ſtretches to the goal.
There the proud trooper feels his boſom glow,
Fierce of deſign, and riſing to the blow;
The blow that fells a Monarch on the plain,
Or ſends his queen to Pluto's gloomy reign.

Scar'd at the ſight, Apollo ſees too late
The dire dilemma that involves the ſtate;
The conqu'ring Moor elate with martial pride,
And the white nation preſs'd on ev'ry ſide.

Grief

Aut huic, aut illi, nigrantibus obſtitit armis.
Ut vidit, triſti turbatus pectus Apollo
Ingemuit; larguſque genis non defuit humor.
Et jam jam labi, atque retro ſublapſa referri
Spes omnis, fluxæ vires, averſa Deûm mens.
Arcas ſucceſſu exultans, ac munere Divûm
Lætus, ovanſque, animum vocemque ad ſidera tollit;
Et tandem rediit vigor in præcordia victo.
Protinus incluſam feriens ſub tartara mittit

Reginam,

Grief ſwells his breaſt, and tears bedew his eye;
Such tears as patriots ſhed, when nations die.
His ruin'd cauſe the Gods averſe ſurvey,
And fortune to the Moor transfers the day.
Hermes exults; and now, with brandiſh'd blade,
The white Queen's life a trooper dares invade.
Ill fated princeſs! ſhe reſigns her breath
In honour's cauſe, and ſeeks the ſhades of death;
While, poor atonement for ſo great a prize!
By the King's hand the ſable trooper dies.

Nor yet Apollo quits the crimſon field;
He ſcorns to ſue for mercy, or to yield.
Where'er he views the wide extended plains,
A poor epitome of war remains.
Two ſoldiers only in the ranks appear,
And one bold archer, ſtill untaught to fear.

To

Reginam, & ſpoliis potitur non ſegnis opimis:
Tantùm olli bellator equus cadit, ilia foſſus
Ultoris ferro regis. Nondum tamen expes
Phœbus abit, ſed pugnat adhuc: atq; agminis albi
Relliquiæ, pedites duo, & arcu inſignis eburno,
Martis amor juvenis, nequicquam bella laceſſunt.
Audentes facit amiſſæ ſpes lapſa ſalutis,
Succurruntque duci labenti in funera: ſed non
Talibus auxiliis, nec defenſoribus iſtis
Tempus eget: toto Maia ſatus æquore ſævit.
Inſtat vi multâ nigra virgo, ſeptaque regis
Circuit, excidium intentans, hac perfurit atque hac:

Nec

To ſhield their King, undaunted they repair ;
Their hope of ſafety fix'd in brave deſpair.
Ah ! gallant warriors ! check your ardent courſe :
Not your weak aid, nor ſuch unequal force
The time demands ; o'er all the checquer'd ground
Lo ! Hermes ſtorms, and calls his Moors around :
The Moors obey ; the Queen her aid combines,
Braves ev'ry danger, and lays waſte the lines.
The King ſhe ſeeks ; the King, where'er ſhe flies,
Burns in her ſoul, and flaſhes from her eyes.
Aloud ſhe calls, " What ho ! young Monarch, ho !
" 'Tis the black Amazon, thy mortal foe."
Him low in duſt her vengeance pants to lay,
And where ſhe ruſhes, ruin marks her way.
She ſhakes her crimſon ſteel : the ſhatter'd foes
Her crimſon ſteel no longer can oppoſe ;
An undiſtinguiſh'd prey their lives they yield,
Till man by man they periſh on the field.

The

Nec requievit enim, donec certamine iniquo
Relliquias gentis candentis, & ultima bello
Auxilia abſumpſit. Medio rex æquore inermis
Conſtitit amiſſis ſociis ; velut æthere in alto,
Expulit ardentes flammas ubi lutea bigis
Luciferis aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
Lucet adhuc, Venus, & cælo mox ultimus exit.
Nulla ſalus illi ſuperat, ſpes nulla ſalutis :
Non tamen excedit victus, ſed claudere ſeſe
Hoſtiles inter cuneos, impunè per enſes

Actus,

The helpleſs King bemoans his ſlaughter'd hoſt,
And troops of friends he now no more muſt boaſt:
He mourns a ruin'd, ſolitary reign,
His guards, his people welt'ring on the plain.

As when the morn has chac'd the ſhades of night;
And purpled o'er the Eaſt with orient light,
The ſtars withdraw their ineffectual fires,
And one by one the Heav'nly hoſt retires;
Thy orb, fair Venus, ſtill emits a ray,
A while to gleam alone, then fade away.

Deſerted, helpleſs, thus the King remains,
But ſtill th' unconquerable mind retains;
He ſcorns to abdicate, though numbers preſs,
In ruin brave, majeſtic in diſtreſs.
Exploring ev'ry path, he ſtands at bay,
And thro' th' embattled phalanx wins his way,
Secure of life, while none his paſſage meet,
And the field opens ſtill a ſafe retreat.

Till

Actus, avet, donec nuſquam ſpatia ulla ſuperſint
Effugiis. Nam ſi nemo illi fata minetur,
Nec ſuperet ſedes, quam impunè capeſſere poſſit;
Nil tantorum operum impenſis foret omnibus actum:
Sed labor effuſus fruſtra, vireſque fuiſſent;
Nec titulos quiſquam, aut victoris nomen haberet.
Ergo per vacuas ſedes, deſertaque caſtra
Nunc huc, rurſum illuc, incertos implicat orbes
Diffugiens:

Till fate has ſtretch'd one monarch on the plain,
Of all their toil the warriors boaſt in vain.
For this the ſnowy King his flight renews;
The ſable Monarch, where he flies, purſues;
And where the ſable Monarch bends his courſe,
The white King flies, and ſtill eludes his force;
Seizes each poſt, the vacant lines afford,
Retreats, advances, flies, and ſkims along the board.
But who from deſtiny can hope to fly?
Th' inevitable hour of fate draws nigh:
For now the limit of the checquer'd ground
His ſteps have reach'd; his fortune's utmoſt bound!
There as he moves, the ſable Queen from far
Darts o'er the plain, and ruſhes through the war:
The captive Monarch eager to confine,
She plants her ſtandard on the ſecond line.
Her King exults, as with experienc'd eyes
He views the field, and to the conqueſt flies;
Purſues

Diffugiens: niger inſequitur rex æquore toto,
Atque fugæ ſemper ſpatiumque abitumque relinquit.
Pòſt, ubi ſupremo tendentem limite greſſum
Vidit, reginam ſedes ſervare ſecundas
Juſſit, ab anguſtis ne ſe ille abducere poſſet
Ordinibus; tantumque fugæ miſero ultima reſtat
Linea: tum ſeſe contrà niger æmulus infert
Dux gentis propiore gradu; ſedes tamen una
Alterum ab alterius contactu ſummovet uſque.
Ut verò contra exultantem victus, & expes

Purſues the foe, by love of glory led,
And now he lays, or thinks he lays him dead.
Vain the purſuit! where'er they tread the ſcene,
One ſquare ſtill leaves a vacant ſpace between.
The ſable Amazon beholds with pain
The ling'ring labour of the long campaign.
Forward ſhe ſprings, and on the fartheſt land,
With rage inſatiate, takes her fatal ſtand.
Unhappy Prince! which way the danger ſhun?
Fate calls thee hence; thy race of glory's run!
Thirſting for blood, the heroine gives the blow;
Th' indignant Monarch ſeeks the ſhades below.
On the bare earth his limbs extended lie;
The Gods applaud, and rend with ſhouts the ſky.

Hermes in triumph ſees his labours o'er,
And Io Pæan rings along the ſhore.
Keen ſhafts of wit aim'd at Apollo fly,
Who durſt in arms the matchleſs chief defy.

The

Conſtitit invitus, fortunam nacta virago
Extremam inſiliit ſedem, totoque minatur
Limite: nec miſero reſtat locus ampliùs uſquam.
Tandem illum ſurgens virgo crudelis in enſem
Immolat, & finem impoſuit ſors aſpera pugnæ;
Ingenti Superûm plauſu, & clamore ſecundo.
Victor Atlantiades exultat litore toto
Improbus, & victo inſultat, ridetque dolentem:

Quem

The matchleſs chief with pleaſure Jove ſurveys,
Approves his toil, and crowns his deeds with praiſe.
Then gives the wand, the magic wand, whoſe aid
Draws from the realms of night th' unbodied ſhade;
Whoſe unrelenting pow'r to endleſs pain
In Stygian lakes can ſend the guilty train;
Can quench in ſlumber the unwilling ſight,
Or call the fleeting ſpirit back to light.
Such was the gift to grace the victor's claim.
The victor taught th' Italian ſwains the game:
What the God taught, th' Italian ſwains obey,
And their ſons celebrate the mimic fray.

Theſe ſports, (if aught of truth old Bards relate)
Theſe feſtive ſports to love firſt ow'd their date.
For where thro' arching bow'rs the SERIO glides,
And with his ſilver ſtream the lawn divides,
A train of Virgins haunt the flow'ry plain,
Their feet reſponſive to the vocal ſtrain.

With

Quem pater omnipotens ad ſe vocat, & dat habere
Felicem virgam, qua puras evocet umbras
Pallenti Styge, ut infectum ſcelus eluit ignis;
Quaque Erebo damnet fontes, & carcere cæco;
Detque adimatque oculis ſomnos; & funere in ipſo
Lumina lethæo claudat perfuſa ſopore.
Mox verò gratum ludum mortalibus ipſe
Oſtendit Deus, & morem certaminis hujus

With theſe a Nymph appear'd, ſurpaſſing fair;
Of heav'nly feature, and majeſtic air:
Her, as ſhe rov'd where cooling banks invite,
Hermes beheld, and kindled at the ſight.
Oft, when retiring from the noon-day beam,
She ſought the freſhneſs of the limpid ſtream,
He ſaw each charm in all its native grace,
Charms that eclips'd the wonders of her face;
Now ſaw that form on the green margin's ſide,
With ſofter gleam now in the azure tide;
And now, where, bending thro' the quiv'ring reeds,
With ſnowy hand her ſilver ſwans ſhe feeds.
Her virgin-pride too ſoon the God diſarms:
She bluſh'd, and bluſhing gave him all her charms.
Hermes, the yielding fair-one to requite,
With fond remembrance of the dear delight,
Beſtow'd, ſtill gazing on that heav'nly face,
The checquer'd board, and party-colour'd race;
Explain'd the laws by which the troops engage,
And taught the Nymph the various war to wage.

The

Italiæ primùm docuit celebrare colonos.
Namq; olim, ut perhibent, dilectam Scacchida, qua non
Inter Seriadas præſtantior, altera Nymphas,
Compreſſit ripâ errantem, & nil tale putantem,
Dum paſcit niveos herboſa ad flumina olores.
Tum bicolorem illi buxum dedit, atque pudoris
Amiſſi pretium, vario ordine picturatam
Argentique aurique gravem tabulam addidit, uſumque
Edocuit,

The Nymph well pleas'd, and of the preſent vain,
Diſplay'd love's trophy to her ſiſter-train;
Taught them the art, the manners of the game,
And bade the mimic ſtrife retain her name.

Her name the Nymphs record in ditties ſweet,
And oft at eve the wond'rous tale repeat.
Oft have I heard them; in my vernal day
Oft has attention liſten'd to the lay;
What time I firſt eſſay'd the ſylvan ſtrains,
And with the Muſe walk'd o'er my native plains.

Edocuit, Nymphæque etiam nunc ſervat honorem,
Et nomen ludus, celebrat quem maxima Roma,
Extremæque hominum diverſa ad littora gentes.
Omnia quæ puero quondam mihi ferre ſolebant
Seriades, patrii canerem dum ad flumina Serii.

P O E M A T A.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ;

POEMA ALEXANDRI POPE,

LATINE REDDITUM.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER PRIMUS.

TEMPUS erat cum blanda dies, pluviæque feraces
Irriguas revocant animas ſurgentibus herbis;
Cum jam vere novo lactentes germen honores
Elicit ad ſolem, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Formæ in mille modos ſe dædala terra reſolvit;
Tum, tenerè irrorans jucunda oblivia curis,
Obrepſit ſomnus; fugiunt luctuſque metuſque,
Nec maleſuada Venus vivo pertentat amore

Jam

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flow'rs,
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)

A train

Jam reſides ſenſus; ſed enim ſimul alma reluxit,
Somnia grata ferens, Tithoni Roſcida conjux,
Morpheus, aſſumens variæ ſimulamina formæ,
Occupat, et multâ fallens ſub imagine rerum
Sopitum luſit mentis dulciſſimus error.

Scilicet evectus ſubito ſuper aſtra videbar
Sublimem in ſedem, terras unde arduus omnes,
Cunctaque ſpectabam, quidquid de vertice Olympi,
Vaſtum emenſus iter, clarâ ſol lampade luſtrat.
Ætheris in medio, proprio libratus ab axe,
Orbis erat; varii hinc atque hinc capita ardua montes
Attollunt; raucis terram circumſonat undis
Oceanus; vada ſalſa fremunt; deſerta locorum
In longum tendunt ſpatium; ſylva alta coruſcis
Frondibus horreſcit, captans et Carbaſus Auſtros
Radit iter liquidum vaſti per Cærula Ponti.

Fervet

A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And, join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.

I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies,
The whole creation open to my eyes;
In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green;
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes,
There trees and intermingled temples riſe;

Now

Fervet opus; ſurgunt urbes, et templa deorum
Thure novo redolent plena, in cœlumque minantur.
Sole ſub ardenti varios nunc ſcena colores
Induitur, tenues mox vanida fugit in auras.

Miranti, paſſimque oculos per cuncta ferenti,
Attonitas ingens ſubito fragor impulit aures,
Ceu diſtante polus tonitru cum parte cietur,
Aut cum rauca ſonans ſcopulis immurmurat unda.
Continuo clarâ ſe objectat luce videndum
Magnæ molis opus, vaſtum cui nubila culmen
Turbida caligant circum, involvuntque tenebris.
Nix concreta gelu, radiiſque impervia ſolis,
Fundamenta dabat monti, cui ſemita greſſum
Clementi facilique jugo præbebat in altum,
Lubrica ſed fallax ſubdit veſtigia plantæ.
Marmoris in ſpeciem duratis frigore lymphis
Prodigioſa

Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders, that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd;
High on a rock of ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;
The

Prodigiosa silex stat ceu Marpesia cautes,
Perspicuo et solidum mentitur Corpore Saxum.
Hinc atque hinc gelidi circum latera ardua montis
Nomina gliscenti in saxo descripta videres
Magnamimûm heroum, in terris dum vita manebat,
Eximiæ peperêre sibi qui laudis honores,
Et per vatis opus, et sacræ dona camænæ
Speravere diu mansuram in sæcula famam.
Heu! vatum promissa fides! post fortia facta,
Nunc plorant meritis non respondere favorem,
Et multos trepidavit edax abolere vetustas.
Parte aliâ, aspiceres subito splendore poetas
Inscriptos rupi; nec longum tempus, in auras
Diffugiunt cuncti, et vestigia nulla supersunt.
Vidi et censores, vatum qui rebus iniqui
In cunctos gaudent crudeles sumere pænas.
Illis ira modum supra est, et laudis avari
Admiranda suis concedere nomina cogunt;

Inque

The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd:
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place;

Their

Inque vicem illorum, celeri devota lituræ,
Fama periit mendax, atque illachrymabilis altâ
Nocte jacet, Phœbo quondam dum digna locuti
In lucem redeunt, recidivaque carmina monſtrant.
Nec tantum venti, tempeſtateſque ſonoræ
Circum ſaxa fremunt; interdum ſaucia ſole
Liquitur, inque putrem miteſcit lubrica moles.
Namque extrema fugit, pennâ metuente reſolvi,
Fama, incerta nimis, medio et tutiſſima ſemper;
Nec magis invidiæ peritura ſequacibus iris,
Quam nimium effuſæ fatali munere laudis.
Pars tamen eſt, quam nulla unquam inclementia cœli,
Nulla procella poteſt, nulli penetrare calores,
Sed chryſtalla velut, ferro quæ ſculptor edaci
Format, et arte jubet verborum ſumere ſenſus,
Cuncta tenax ſervat ſaxo commiſſa fideli.
Namque hic cernere erat muros inſcripta per omnes
Nomina clara virûm, primâ quæ ab origine mundi
Obtinuere

Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy, then exceſs of praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of Heaven could feel,
Like chryſtal, faithful to the graving ſteel:
The rock's high ſummit, in the temples ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorms invade.
Their

Obtinuere locum, et feros visura nepotes
Immortali ævo summâ cum laude fruuntur.

Sic ubi Zembla jacet, liquidi miracula saxi,
Dædala quæ finxit vis frigoris, ardua surgunt,
Lugentesque super campos, et inertia regna
Perpetuo candore rigent: per nubila Phœbus
Cana gelu tenues, pallens, expersque caloris,
Obliquat radios; neque sentit fulguris ictum
Sæva, jugis habitans, servansque æterna rigorem
Indomitum deformis hyems; ferus ingruit horror
Grandinis, et molem crescit super altera moles,
Altius insurgens, donec ceu maximus Atlas
In cœlum erigitur rupes immensa pruinæ,
Miraturque ævi glaciem et nascentia saxa,
Congeriem dum mille hyemes glomerantur in unam.
Impositum

Their names inscrib'd, unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days,

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the light'nings play:
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky.
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On

Impoſitum rupi, ſummoque in veſtice ſtabat
Sacrum, Fama, tibi, viſu mirabile! Templum;
Ædes vaſta, ingens, in cœlum erecta, nec unquam
Mortali fabricata manu: portenta laboris,
Quæ præſens, vel lapſa retro quæ viderit ætas,
Egregium ſuperabat opus; licet inclyta rerum
Jactet Romæ ſibi capitoli immobile ſaxum;
Quamvis immenſas miretur Græcia moles,
Penſilibuſque hortis Babylon conſurgat ad aſtra.

Quà ſe diverſas ad cœli quatuor oras
Expandit tellus, foribus domus alta ſuperbis
Quatuor oſtentat portas: quà bruma nivali
Frigore conſtringit terram, mediuſve rubente
Fervet ſole dies; qua lucis ſpargit eoo
Primitias Aurora redux, vel pronus in undas
Heſperias Titan fluctu ſe tingit ibero;
Adverſo totidem panduntur cardine valvæ.

Non

On this foundation Fame's high Temple ſtands,
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome, or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace.
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,

Or

Non cunctis facies eadem, at par gratia formæ.
Effigies variæ decorant longo ordine muros
Magnanimûm heroûm, nati melioribus annis,
Qui genus humanum varias coluêre per artes;
Qui bello fulfêre duces, et laudis amore
Pro patria meruêre mori; qui monstra per orbem
Victrici domuêre manu; qui fædera legum,
Atque urbes posuere suis: de marmore ducti
Arma viri rursum tractant, et torva tuentur,
In Saxo et rigidi meditantur jura SOLONES.

Quà languente die sol vibrat mitior ignes,
Janua vasta patet: molis capita alta columnæ
Ingentes tollunt: variæ circumque supraque
Postibus illudunt facies, spirantia signa!
Atque homines ficto videas effulgere in auro.
Theseus, hirsutâ vestitus pelle Leonis,
Primus adest: clypeum furiis et Gorgone sævum
Perseus

Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.

In

Perſeus oſtentat, donum fatale Minervæ.
Atque hic Alcides, defeſſus membra labore,
Aſper, acerba tuens, clavæque innixus, et hortis
Victor ab Heſperidum, vigili direpta draconi
Poma manu geſtat. Cytharâ Rhodopeius Orpheus
Pulſat dulce melos; auritæ ad carmina quercus
Sedibus exiliunt, ſylvæque nemuſque ſequuntur,
Atque ingens ſubito vatem ſuper imminet umbra.
Parte aliâ, Amphion blandâ teſtudine muſam
Suſcitat; en mirum! Thebanæ conditur arcis
Moles, magna, ingens; reſpondent flumina, valles,
Et nemora, et montes; dulci clamore Cytheron
Adſonat, et rupes, paſſimque ſequacia ſaxa
Agglomerant ſeſe, et muros volvuntur in altos.
Aſſurgunt variæ celſis compagibus arces;
Inque arcus ſpeciem, vaſto curvamine, moles
Stat complexa forum; trabibus, Pariiſque columnis
Innixæ ſurgunt ædes, et templa Deorum,
Ceu ſubiti, quos terra parit tollitque vapores,
Nubibus immiſcent ſeſe, & tenuantur ad aſtra.

Quà

In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld;
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield.
There great Alcides, ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds the Heſperian ſpoil.
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound,
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Citheron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:

Quà montes primo gemmantes rore peragrans
Irriguis redimita rosis Aurora nitescit,
Vestibulum apparet pretioso insigne labore,
Artificumque manu: vibrantes fulgura gemmæ
Barbarico splendore micant, spatiumque per omne
A priscis deducta viris longissima rerum
Stat circum series, fulvoque ardescit in auro.
Illic Assyriæ primus fundamina gentis
Qui posuit, lateque plagas ditione tenebat,
Ninus sceptra gerit. Persarum gloria, belli
Fulmen agens, morumque viris legumque repertor,
Cyrus adest. Et vos niveo velamine cincti,
Thurea dona, Magi, fertis; nec non Zoroaster
Incedit, virgamque manu tenet, ipse piorum
Lætus adesse choris; populum telluris Eoæ
Qui docuit solisque vias, lunæque meatus.
Et vos, Chaldæi ritus et numina regni
Qui colitis, veneranda cohors! longo ordine adestis,
Erecto

There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations, rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamonds flaming, and barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame;
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi stand;
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand.

The

Erecto in cœlum vultu, dum veſtis ad imos
In longum diffuſa pedes, candore nivali,
Per terram trahitur. Læti ſocia agmina jungunt
Brachmanni, quorum divino carmine Luna
Langueſcit moriens, medioque ſub ætheris axe
Sydera fixa manent, mirâ dulcedine cantûs.
Hi magicas norunt artes, ſtygiiſque tenebris
Pallentes revocant umbras, atque agmine facto
Gramineis ineunt læti convivia menſis:
Utque epulis ſatiata fames, per amæna vireta
Exultant, ducuntque choros, et carmina dicunt,
Carmina quæ poſſunt, gemmiſque, et marmore et auro,
Auroræ gazas, Regum et ſuperantia Luxum
Extruere immenſis penetralia longa columnis,
Ante oculos varii ludunt ubi mille colores,
Et ſimulacra modis circum volitantia miris.
Parte aliâ, ſolus, generoſo pectore verum
Secum agitat, longèque viros ſupereminet omnes,
Confucius, cælo duxit qui γνῶθι σεαυτὸν,

Et

The ſage Chaldæans, rob'd in white, appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert groves rever'd.
Theſe ſtopp'd the moon, and call'd the unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made viſionary fabricks round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of Taliſmans and Sigils know the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.

Et docuit gentes, lucis melioris origo,
Quam purè virtus pectus tranquillet honeſtum.

Quà vero incendit radiis flagrantibus axem
Orbe dies medio, muros et limina circum
Fertilis a Nili ripis, & littore rubro,
Apparent vates, redimiti tempora vittis,
Ægypti qui ſacra colunt, rituſque Canopi,
Omnigenumque Deûm Monſtra. Hi terræque
mariſque
Menſores, ſoliſque vias, atque ætheris alti
Deſcribunt tractus, & quæ per inane verendo,
Lege ſub æternâ, volvuntur ſydera lapſu,
Ordine quæque ſuo; faſtoſque & tempora mundi
Perpetuo ducunt per ſæcula lapſa tenore,
Dum cunctos numerant ſpatiis lunaribus annos.
Atque hic ex bello reducem, poſt fulmina dextræ,
Everſaſque urbes inſano Marte, Seſoſtrim
Sublimi invectum curru, ſpoliiſque ſuperbum
Barbaricis vidi; parte ex utrâque, catenis

In

Superior and alone Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience to be good.

But on the ſouth, a long majeſtic race
Of Ægypt's prieſts the gilded niches grace;
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:

His

In ſeriem vincti, incedunt longo ordine reges,
Victoriſque trahunt, vultu haud celante dolorem,
Temonem auratum, & gemmis ſtellantia lora.
Arduus interea ſtat celſâ ſede tyrannus
Mole gyganteâ: necdum fera fulgura belli
Decedunt oculis: vibrat de more ſonantem
Arcum læva manus; præfixâ cuſpide dextra
Intentat jaculum; vaſtoſque amplexa lacertos
Textilibus veſtis ſquamis, auroque rigenti,
Implicuitque artus, texitque immania membra.
Hic inter varias imitantia marmora formas,
Pyramides vaſto ſurgunt ad ſydera ſumptu,
Veſtibulique oras animalia ſculpta per omnes
Naturam rerum monſtrant, & clara reperta,
Indiciis miris, & verba fugacia ſignant.

Aſt ope Barbaricâ, terram quà deſpicit Arctos,
Stat vaſtæ molis, magnoque operoſa labore,
Porta ingens, nimiumque ſuo ſub pondere nutant
Ornamenta: illic ingenti mole Coloſſi
Stant

His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic ſtructure was the northern ſide,
Oe'rwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride:
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.

Stant horrore rudi, ſacrataque vertice ſummo
Arma ducum fulgent, & rapta ex hoſte tropæa.
Nec non per muros Runicis inſcripta figuris
Carmina cœlantur, Muſæ licet antiquäi.
Atque hic Zamolxis ſublimem ad ſydera vultum
Tollit, et obtutu meditatur numen in uno.
Nec procul inde Odin, laſſos cui ſpiritus artus
Fugerat, exanimum linquens in morte propinquâ:
Iam vires redière, ſimul color ora notare
Incipit; ille canit ſubito ut ſuper aſtra furore
Tranarit nubes, ſuperaſque evaſerit arces
Ad Divûm alloquium, & ſancti commercia cæli.
De ferro ſolidæ, tinctæque cruore, columnæ
Attollunt capita alta: tenent de marmore culmen,
Qui Scythiæ populos duxêre in bella furentes,
Terribiles viſu formæ! Martemque repoſcunt.
Nec non hic Druidæ; nec non, pia carmina, Bardi,
Qui quondam cecinêre, locum ſtationibus aptis
Ornant, heu! triſtes tandem, nec ut ante canoros
Fundunt ore modos: paſſis incompta capillis
Muſa ſilet, dulcique jacent ſine pectine chordæ.
Nec procul hinc juvenes, vatum qui numine pleni
Per

There ſat Zamolxis with erected eyes;
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and bards, (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that died, to be by poets ſung.
Theſe,

Per medias rupêre acies, per tela, per ignes,
Ferro aufi tentare vias, & Marte perempti,
Prælia liquêrunt ſacris dicenda camœnis.
Limina mille alii circumſtant agmine denſo
Antiqui Heroes, dubio quos lumine veſtit
Fabula, jamque fidem fictis dat longa vetuſtas.
Sole ſub adverſo murorum lubrica moles,
Æmula cryſtalli, vario ſplendore coruſcat;
Hincque repercuſſi radii dant lumina rebus
Mille coloratis, & nunc majora videri
Cuncta patent, & nunc, varias induta figuras,
Multiplicant ſeſe, & clarâ omnia luce niteſcunt.
Haud aliter cum Fama volat, res mille vagantur,
Permutantque vices, & primo murmure parvæ
Paulatim aſſurgunt, menſuraque creſcit in horas.

Theſe, and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic fame increaſes all.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

IAMQUE exaudiri ſubito fragor, omnia motu
Viſa quati, templumque tremit, biforeſque recluſæ
Apparent valvæ ; penetralia longa pateſcunt,
Et convexa domus vaſto curvamine pendent.
Tecta auro laqueata nitent, et mænia circum
Mæandro viridi flectit ſe plurima laurus,
In ſummoque ſedet roſtro Jovis ales adunco.
Berilli paries puro ſplendore renidet,
Lucidiorque vitro : veluti fulgentibus aptum
Syderibus cœlum, ſummi faſtigia Templi
Scin-

THE Temple ſhakes ; the ſounding gates unfold ;
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd.
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The fringes gold, and gold the capitals.

Scintillant gemmis, radiisque micantibus ardent,
Ex alto dum pendentes longo ordine lychni
Accendunt ſacros æterni luminis ignes.

Porticibus mediis, templique in limine primo,
Adſtant, hiſtoricis ævi monimenta prioris
Qui ſervant chartis: cunctis circumdata palla,
Quæ candore nives anteiret. Nec procul inde
Temporis apparet vivo de marmore forma,
Sed non more fugam meditantis prœpete pennâ:
Vinctæ humeris hærent alæ, manibuſque bipennis
Nunc inverſa manet, veteres oblita ruinas.

Intus amor patriæ, laudumve arrecta Cupido
Quos olim immiſit mille in diſcimina Martis,
Magnanimi heroes: cinctum florente coronâ
Hic juvenem vidi, ſibi non ſuperabilis hoſtis,
Præter atrocem animum, qui mundi cuncta ſubegit:
Perſarum

As Heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

Full in the paſſage of each various gate
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait:
Grav'd oe'r the ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.

Within ſtood heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High

Perſarum ſceptrum, et, regale inſigne, tiara,
Sub pedibus deſpecta jacent, et cornua fronti
Addit ovans mentita Jovem, immortalis haberi
Dum cupit, et nutu jam jam tremefecit Olympum.

Hic belli et pacis medius, geminiſque Minervæ
Muneribus felix, fortunâ ſemper in omni
Temporibus dubiis major, majorque ſecundis,
Divus adeſt Cæſar, terrarum victor et iræ;
Et quamquam in patrûm, et populi, legumque ruinâ,
Grata viri virtus ſupereſt, et crimine in ipſo
Vix damnatus adhuc, fruitur popularibus auris.

Aſt inter bello claros loca prima tenebant,
Non ſibi, ſed mundo geniti, pro legibus, atque
Pro dulci in ferrum qui libertate ruebant,
Auſi omnes mediis ſeſe objectare periclis.

Stant

High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd:
His feet on ſceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Lybian God.

There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minervas, ſhone,
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his country's fate.

But chief were thoſe who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:

High

Stant circum illuſtres, magnâ comitante catervâ,
Heroes, mediiſque in millibus Epaminondas
Os ſacrum oſtendit. Fraternâ morte cruentum
Timoleon vibrat gladium, patriæque receptas
Gratatur leges, et libera jura ſenatûs.
Hic quoque, qui tumidas Pœnorum contudit iras,
Una ſalus patriæ, Mavortis, Scipio, fulmen,
Romulidumque decus, lætis ſeu curribus urbem
Intrat ovans, Tyrioque ſedet ſpectabilis oſtro,
Seu civis poſito privatus pondere rerum
Virtutis nunc quærit iter, moreſque togati.

Addit ſe ſocium, famâ ſuper Æthera notus,
Aurelius, mentis ſancto jus faſque receſſu
Qui coluit, rerumque tulit moderator habenas,
Ipſe ſui judex, patriæque hominumque voluptas.

Proxima deinde tenent meritæ præconia Famæ
Inſignes pietate viri, fata aſpera ſæclis
Qui ſubiêre ſuis, cruciatus, vulnera et enſes,
Imme-

High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind,
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd;
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much

Immeritamque necem; quamquam ambitione remotâ,
Sancta, ſilens, veneranda cohors virtutis, in umbrâ
Condebant ſine labe dies, ad culmina rerum
Haud ſibi gaudentes aditum feciſſe ruinâ.
Occupat hos inter primos pietatis honores
Graius homo, vitæ gentes præcepta beatæ
Qui docuit, tandemque, Anyti damnatus iniquo
Judicio, exhauſit contemptâ morte cicutam.

Hic et Ariſtides, rigidi ſervator honeſti,
Inter Cecropidas quo non fuit æquior alter,
Juſtitiâve prior, populo veſana jubente,
Si non fatalem ſignaſſet nomine concham.

His ſe jungit Agis, Spartam qui legibus, atque
Moribus ornavit, ſanctum per ſæcula nomen.
Nec non hic Phocion, patriæ quem tempore iniquo
Arripuit

Much-ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhone the godlike Socrates:
He, whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times juſt but when he ſign'd the ſhell.

Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But

Arripuit populi rabies, multiſque priorum
Addidit hunc tumulis crudeli funere civem.
Et tu, magne Cato, gladium, tu nobile vulnus
Oſtendis, duro admittens fera gaudia vultu;
Dum tibi fidus adeſt Brutus, te fixus in unum,
Te ſolum aſpiciens, genii haud jam territus umbrâ.

Aſt intus, vaſti medio ſub pondere templi,
Sex magnâ ante alias conſurgunt mole columnæ,
Atque deæ ſacros adytus munimine vaſto
Circumſtant, penituſque altâ dominantur in arce.
Hæc inter decora alta domûs, ſublimis Homerus
Summa tenet, ſolioque ſedens adamante perenni
Effulget, ſacrâ redimitus tempora lauro.
Salve, magne parens vatum, divine poeta!
Pieridumque decus! de mento candida pendet
Barba viri, et quamquam clauduntur lumina nocte,
Clara dies animi ſupereſt, viridiſque ſenectus.
Apparent acies Trojæ ſub mœnibus altis,

Magna-

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne.
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.

The

Magnanimique duces, et ſævi fulmina belli.
Hic niveam, Cytherea, manum tibi vulnerat enſe
Tydides: illic proſtrato victor ab hoſte,
Exuviis bellator ovans redit Hector Achillis,
Atque idem raptatur equis ter Pergama circum.
Ardet opus, magnoſque duces, velut æmula vitæ,
Vivida vis agitat; ſpirant, vivuntque, moventque,
Abſiſtitque oculis divini flamma furoris.
Namque opus egregio faber optimus omne calore
Excuderat, celerique manu feliciter audax
Hinc atque hinc ſprevit generoſa incuria culpam.

Haud procul hinc ſolido ex auro conſtructa columna
Vaſta, ingens ſurgit, ſummoque in culmine ſedes.
Artificis pretium manus addidit, atque per omnem
Cœlata apparent bella, horrida bella, columnam.
Eſt

The wars of Troy were round the pillar ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire;
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire.
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t'affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art.

Eſt labor in cunctis, atque anxia cura decori.
Hic ſolium inſedit, Latii ſceptroque potitur
Virgilius! verecunda viri quæ temperat ora
Majeſtas! quantumque oculis eſt numen in ipſis!
Ut ſibi diffiſus magnum veneratur Homerum,
Luminibus tacitis, pendetque canentis ab ore!
Arma repercuſſo vibrant radiantia Phæbo
Bellantes acies: inſtructo Marte videres
Auſoniam excitam, atque undantem ſanguine Tibrim,
Et Turnum exanimum, tamen ipsâ in morte ferocem.
Hic regina pyram ſuper altam accenſa furore,
Infelix Dido, pectus percuſſa decorum
Enſe cadit, miſeramque juvat ſic ire ſub umbras.
Nec procul inde auro flammas imitante videres
Ardentem Trojam; volvunt incendia lucem,
Et ſtragem oſtendunt miſeris; per tela, per ignes
Quærit iter, ſanctâ Æneas pietate parentem
Grandævum attollens humeris; et culmine ſummo,

Quæ

The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread,
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:

Troy

Quæ vincant monimentum æris, verba ipſa poëtæ,
ARMA VIRUMQUE nitent, claris inſcripta figuris.

Quatuor elato blandè ut temone jugales
Sublimem rapiunt currum ſuper æthera cygni,
Expanſiſque alis in longum colla canora
Dant ſpatium! nimbique ſimul, ſimul aſtra recedunt.
Atque ipſe interea, attoniti novus hoſpes Olympi,
Pindarus, accipiens flammato pectore numen,
Lora tenet, zephyrique domos et nubila tranat,
Arduus ad ſolem; rabido jamque inſonat ore,
Jamque manu per fila lyræ volat huc, volat illuc,
Explorans numeros, et totâ fulminat arte,
Nil mortale ſonans, muſas et ſuſcitat omnes.
Urbibus Argoiicis, campiſque excita juventus,
Neptuni ante oculos, magnique ante ora Tonantis
Curſibus, et crudo decernit præmia cæſtu.
In medio ad metam properantes axe citato
Cernuntur

Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers ſhone.

Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight.
Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring god.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.

Cernuntur currus, juvenesque in verbera proni
Speque metuque urgent, simili dum laudis amore
De saxo exiliens sonipes quatit æquora cursu.
Parte aliâ, pugiles, contento poplite, pugnam
Intentant, vitantque ictus, feriuntque vicissim;
Mens viget artificis partes diffusa per omnes;
Nulla mora in parvis, nulla usquam frigida cura;
Et variæ species, rerum sed discolor ordo.

Detinet hic doctas numerosus Horatius aures,
Ausoniâ dum culta lyrâ nova carmina pangens,
Pindaricum leviore melos nunc pectine pulsat,
Alcæique graves nunc temperat arte camœnas,
Æoliæ admiscens numerosque modosque puellæ.
Divinum hic vatem, columenque perennius ære,
Stant circum variæ sculptoris mollius arte
Spirantes formæ: risus, blandique lepores,
Alma Venus, Venerisque puer cum lampade fervens;
Gratia

The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
Pleas'd with Alcæus manly rage, t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.

Gratia cum nymphis, atque oſcula nectare tincta;
Et tu, Bacche pater, redimitaque pocula ſertis,
Interea tremulis volitant ſuper aera pennis,
Quæ quondam infantis ludo ſomnoque ſoluti
Fronde novâ texêre caput, pia turba! palumbes.
Parte aliâ, inſueto percurrens lumine nimbos,
Ardeſcit radiis divini Cæſaris aſtrum,
Dum ſacrum aſcendens clivum, et poſt terga ſubactas
Marte trahens gentes, Auguſtus limina Jani
Claudit ovans, pronique ſolo ſua ſceptra repoſcunt
Barbarici reges, ad fas et jura redacti,
Miranturque novos animos, manſuetaque corda.

Cernitur hic veri et naturæ ſplendidus auctor,
Magnus Ariſtoteles: capiti circumdata mitra,
Intertexta auri claro ſubtemine, monſtrat
Per duodena poli quà Sol redit aureus aſtra;
Perque latus, circumque humeros animalia reptant.
Atque ipſe, ex adytis, ceu jam reſponſa daturus,
Plurima

Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear;
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here.
The doves, that round the infant poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite:
His ſacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his ſides ſurround;

Plurima ſecum agitans, ſolio ſpectatur in alto,
Vultu, quo penetrat leges et fædera mundi,
Rimaturque oculis arcana latentia rerum.

Nec minor apparet facundi Tullius oris,
Eloquii immortale decus, lux altera Romæ.
En vulgi rabida ora ſilent, ſellamque curulem
Conſulis eximii decorant fulgentia roſtra,
Romanumque forum. Magna et præclara minantis
Colligit una manus tunicam, multoque decore
Altera porrigitur, dare pondus idonea dictis.
Ac Romæ interea genius, ſub numine cujus
Imperii robur viguit, dum fata ſinebant,
Deſuper impendens, circum pia tempora lætus
Impliçat ob cives ſervatos dona coronæ,
Et patriæ patrem agnoſcit, totumque pererrat
Captus amore virum, atque obtutu fixus inhæret.

Amphi-

His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully ſhone,
The Roman roſtra deck'd the conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:

Scarce

Amphitheatrali in formâ ſpatia ampla columnæ
Ingentis circi claudunt: domus alta ſuperbo
Vertice fixa nitet: ſummum ſpectare cacumen
Haud oculi poſſunt, tantum ſe tollit ad auras
Æthereas moles, abeuntque in nubila turres.
Perque domum totam, vaſti per mœnia templi
Abſiſtunt gemmis flammæ; longo ordine muros
Illuſtrant teretes radio viridante ſmaragdi,
Mitius et croceum jactant electra nitorem.
Sub pedibus nitet omne ſolum; flagrantior igne
Sedes celſa Deæ; curvataque culmina lucis
Mille trahunt radios, ceu cum Thaumantias Iris
Obvia ſtat Phœbo, variiſque coloribus ardet.
At primo aſpectu magni Diva ipſa theatri

Vix

Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aching ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
The vivid em'rals there revive the eye;
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye;
Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne:
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;

Vix moduli bipedalis erat; ſed creſcere forma,
Augeri ſubito vultus, majorque videri,
Attollique caput, donec faſtigia ſumma
Mole gyganteâ attingat; tum tecta moveri,
Liminaque, Templumque Deæ, totumque videres
Surgere opus, vaſtas aſcendere ad aſtra columnas,
Atque novos aperiri aditus, longoſque receſſus.
Talis Divæ habitus, qualem cecinêre poëtæ:
Aptantur pedibus pennæ, et, quêis navigat auras,
Sunt humeris alæ; vigiles per membra miniſtrant
Mille oculi, totidemque avidæ volitantia captant
Verba aures; linguæ totidem dant ore loquelas.
At circa ſolium dulces fidæque miniſtræ,
Pierides Muſæ, natæ Jovis, atria cantu
Aſſiduo reſonant, Famam fixiſque tuentur
Luminibus, ſumuntque novas in carmina vires.
Nam,

But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
'Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler viſta's open'd to my view.
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
The arches widen, and long iſles extend.
Such was her form, as antient bards have told;
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold.
A thouſand buſy tongues the Goddeſs bears,
And thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears:
Beneath in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin hand-maids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:
With

Nam, Dea, tu vatum numen; tu pectora anhela
Laudis amore trahis; per te, Dea, tempore in omni
Exoritur quidquid magnum, vel amabile quidquid;
Per te æterna manet divini gloria verſus.

With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;
With Time's firſt birth began the heav'nly lays,
And laſt, eternal, thro' the length of days.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ;

LIBER TERTIUS.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER TERTIUS.

DUM ſpectant oculi cuncta hæc miracula rerum,
Attonituſque animus tantis fulgoribus hæret,
Ære cavo increpitans ſubito clangore per auras
Buccina dat late ſignum, quo protenus omnes
Intremuêre adyti; tremit alto a culmine Templum,
Excitæque ruunt diverſi a partibus orbis,
Aduläi in medio gentes; coaleſcit in unum
Diſſociata locis, ingens, confuſaque turba,
Quam varios induta habitus, tam diſſona linguis.
Non æſtate novâ per amænos floribus agros

Sic

AROUND theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the Temple ſhook;
And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall.
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toil, and ſip the fragrant dew,

When

Sic glomerantur apes, ſpolia exuviaſque roſarum
Cum rapiunt, finguntque favos et roſcida mella;
Vel cum linquentes patriam croceoſque penates
Educunt turmas, et rupto fœdere regni
Emigrant; ſedeſque alias, nova mænia quærens
Obſcurat cœlum fugitiva colonia pennis:
Fit murmur, tractimque ſonant ſtridoribus agri.

Quis populos numerare queat, qui limen inundant,
Suppliciterque manus tendunt? ſtant agmine denſo
Imbelles, validique, inopes, auroque potiti,
Indociles, et quos æquat ſapientia cœlo,
Et pueri, et longo gaudens ſermone ſenectus.
Nam neque laudis amor generoſo in pectore tantum
Accendit flammam; ad ſummos graſſatur honores
Fraude malâ vitium, et formam mentitur honeſti.

Jam

When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly;
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets that bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.

Millions of ſuppliant crowds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſts the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd:
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.

Thus

Jam Dea per varias diſpenſans munera gentes,
Exquiritque, auditque viros, et facta recenſet.
Hic damnatus abit, meritam capit ille coronam.
At non æquali virtus examine ſemper
Libratur; fallax interdum gratia vincit,
Famaque mendaci multos extollit honore.
Haud aliter, cum cæca ſoror, Fortuna, gubernat,
Nunc pretium ſceleris crucem dat, nunc diadema
Imponit, celerique rotat mortalia caſu.

Imprimis adſunt, quorum pia pectora Phæbus
Caſtaliis roravit aquis, atque ignea virtus
Parnaſſi ſuper alta, poli ſuper ardua vexit.
Incipiunt, dulcique Deam ſic ore precantur,
En vatum pia Turba! tuo ſit numine, Diva,
Fas podeſſe hominum generi, variaſque per artes
Delectare animos liceat. Labor omnibus hic eſt;
Huc ſpectant curæ, veroque impendimus annos.
At meritis quis dignus honos? Hoc degener ævo
Quis ſolvit grates? Ah! quis nunc talia curat?

Tu,

Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiſcerning ſcatters crowns and chains.

Firſt at the ſhrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we ſought t'inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;

But

Tu, Dea, tu nobis ſpes unica, ſola voluptas,
Lenimenque mali: da non indebita curis
Præmia, quando equidem in terris nihil amplius
usquam eſt,
Quod ſperare datur: ſanctæ da munera famæ.

Audivit regina loci, Muſiſque vocatis,
Ite, ait, egregias animas, quas publica cura
Exercet, tantoſque jubet tolerare labores,
Carminibus celebrate Deæ; nunc pectinis arte,
Nunc opus eſt veſtrâ; litui, ſimul atque tubarum,
Immortale melos famam diffundat in omnes
Terrarum cœlique plagas. Mandata capeſſunt
Pierides, ſonitumque extremis partibus orbis
Sentit uterque polus; gentes quocumque ſub axe
Exultant, plauſumque ferunt ad ſydera venti.
At non, ceu tonitru, numerorum exordia totis
Viribus erumpunt: primo modulamina motu
Leniter

But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For fame is all we muſt expect below.

The Goddeſs heard, and bid the Muſes raiſe
The golden trumpet of eternal praiſe.
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Nor all at once, as thunder breaks the clouds;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud;
By

Leniter aſpirant, cœlo mox vecta ſereno
Incipiunt agitata tumeſcere, donec ad auras
Grandior aſſurgens, & miſcens cuncta tumultu
It chorus; & lætis gaudens concentibus æther
Balſama dat ventis, in terras imbre roſarum
Depluit, & dulces paſſim diffundit odores,
Quales non Arabum zephyri prædantur in hortis,
Aut ubi thuris opes redolet Panchaia tellus.

Jam Divæ cinxêre thronum virtutis alumni,
Acclineſque ſolo, demiſſo talia vultu
Subjiciunt: "Quoniam meritis jam nullus in orbe
" Tutus ab inſidiis locus, hoſtilemque furorem
" Invidiæ, dum vita manet, fata aſpera cogunt
" Inſignes perferre viros, te ſupplice voce,
" Te, Dea, te miſeri oramus, res aſpice noſtras,
" Et pretium meritis (nihil ultra poſcimus) æquum
" Annue,

By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter, as they wider ſpread:
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next theſe, the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane:
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,

" Annue, Diva potens; virtutibus eripe nubem,
" Et profit nobis, profit non esse nocentes."
Tum " Dea, vultis," ait, " justos pietatis honores?
" Immo ultra placitum laudabo: Fama perennis
" Nunc dabitur, supraque modum. Nunc carmina
" nervis
" Jungite, Pierides; totoque enuntiet orbi
" Nomina clara virum sublimi buccina cantu,
" Æternamque ferat super aurea sydera famam."

Atque his dimissis, non inferiora secuti
Successêre viri, placido queîs vita tenore
Effluxit, sine labe, carens popularibus auris.
Pulchrum omnes meruêre decus; tamen acta furore
Invidia infelix, tempus jam nacta nocendi,
Successusque hominum metuens, exarsit in iras,
Exurgitque tubam attollens, atque ære recurvo
Tartareum emittit sonitum, quo sedibus imis
Intremuit

Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your acts be crown'd
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

But

Intremuit convulſa domus, ceu fulmine nubes
Cum diſrupta tonat: gentes fragor horridus omnes
Impulit, atque imis terræ ingemuêre cavernis.
Murmura tum paſſim cunctis vibrantur in aure,
Rumoreſque volant, et falſa vocabula rerum
Millia naſcuntur, linguiſque ſub omnibus hærent.
Nec tantum ferale ſonans cava buccina bellum
Virtuti indicit; ſcabrâ rubigine nigris
Faucibus eructat nocturno horrore tenebras,
Undantemque vomit flammato ſulphure fumum.
Afflatum horreſcunt pallentia lumina cœli;
Sylvarum perit omne decus; perit omnis amœni
Ruris honos; triſtes moriuntur graminis herbæ.

Jamque aderant, nova turba, duces in bella furentes,
Quique dabant olim per gentes jura tyranni.

Tela

But ſtrait the direful trump of Slander ſounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies;
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke;
The poiſn'ous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it, as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:

Tela manu vel ſceptra gerunt, capitique coruſcat
Impoſitum diadema; oculos notat igne micantes
Dira rubens furor, et famam ſibi vindicat armis.
" Magnanimi heroes" (dictis ſic ora reſolvunt)
" Adſumus, experti veſtro ſub numine, Diva,
" Rerum mille vices, et mille pericula Martis,
" Fluctibus adverſis et tempeſtatibus acti.
" Nos tua progenies! pro te, Dea, tempore in omni
" Et ferro et flammâ dedimus tot ſtragis acervos,
" Diruimuſque domos, et deſolavimus urbes,
" Per cædem, et matrum lachrymas, et ſanguine campos
" Undantes, rerum ſumma ad faſtigia vecti.
" A te principium; tu nobis fons et origo
" Virtutis; quodcumque mali, quodcumque ruinæ
" Fecimus, omne tuum eſt. Fortes et fortia facta
" Fama

For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee, whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own;
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen replied and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd.
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.

Then

" Fama tegit fulgore ſuo, ſonituque tubarum
" Obſtrepit, et ſceleri nomen prætexit honeſtum."
Conticuere viri: vultu tum Diva minaci:
" Uſque adeòne animos ſcelerata inſania vexat?
" Et fas atque nefas nullo diſcrimine veri
" Miſcere audetis? procul hinc, procul impia turba!
" Intereant forteſque duces, et nomina vana,
" Arma virûm, ſtatuæque, et rapta ex hoſte tropæa,
" Et quæcumque manent ſævi monumenta laboris."
Nulla mora eſt; denſâ circum ferrugine noctis
Fundit ſe nubes; fugiunt, ceu fumus in auras,
Magnanimi heroes, et longa oblivia ducunt.

Quis tamen ille procul paucis comitantibus ordo?
Ut tardè incedunt! Velamen ſimplice cultu
Membra tegit; verecunda viris quæ gratia in ore!
" Diva potens" (ſic incipiunt) " Dea læta ciere
" Audentes in bella duces, quæ numine ſancto,
" Illecebriſque tuis mortalia pectora ducis,
" Non nos laudis amor tua limina adire coegit;
" Non ea vis animo; nec quod bene fecimus ultro,
" Mercedem petimus. Sylvas habitare remotas.
" Semper erat cordi, ſtrepitumque et murmura vulgi
" Fallere

Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen,
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.
Great Idol of Mankind! We neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to Fame;
But, ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen.

" Fallere & effugere, & nomen ſubducere Famæ.
" Viximus ignoti; liceat ſic ire ſub umbras.
" Nil petit externi virtus, nihil indiga laudis,
" Munus at ipſa ſuum eſt. Tu, Diva, ignoſce,
" precamur,
" Euge tuum noſtros ſi nunquam repſit in actus:
" Virtutem (Dea parce piis) amplectimur unam".

Adſtupuit tantâ rerum novitate, viroſque
Admirata Dea eſt: " Quis tandem mentibus, inquit,
" Quis novus hic ardor? quæve hæc fiducia veſtri?
" En erit ut poſthac noſtrum contemnere numen
" Incipiant gentes, aras nec thure vaporent,
" Nec quiſquam pia vota ferat? Nunc diſcite leges,
" Queîs ſe Fama tenet: Nullis impune licebit
" Eſſe bonis. Quodcumque aut rectum, vel quod
" honeſtum

" Clam

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight,
Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.

And live there men, who ſlight immortal Fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues, which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath;
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.

" Clam faciunt homines, proprio veſtire colore
" Muneris eſt noſtri : ſancta hæc & ſumma voluptas.
" Quare agite, & tantis Phæbi chorus omnis alumnis
" Aſſurgat : jam fila lyræ, jam tendite chordas
" Caſtalides Muſæ, totumque Helicona virentem
" Pandite ; nulla piis obſtet penuria laudum".
Dixerat ; incipiunt Muſæ : modulamina cantus
Expatiata fluunt liquido ſuper æthera lapſu,
Subvecta & ventis nimbiſque curulibus aures
Mille modis mulcent variæ diſcrimina vocis ;
Et nunc alta ſonant, dulci jugique tenore
Nunc tenuata cadunt, ſummo dum vertice Olympi
Cœlicolæ aſpiciunt, vultu quo cuncta ſerenant,
Ambroſiæque omnes terrarum ſpiritus oras
Permeat, & grato ſuperis aſcendit odore.

Jam nova progenies, animis elata juventus :
Illuſæ cunctis auroque & murice veſtes,
Et capiti tremulæ pendent a vertice plumæ.

Eliciunt

She ſaid : in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes ;
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning Angels lean'd from Heav'n to hear ;
To fartheſt ſhores th' ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.

Next theſe, a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſs'd.

Eliciunt tenero blandas ex ore loquelas.
" En juvenum formosa cohors! nos respice, Diva;
" Belli homines! quos sola exercet cura decoris.
" Sunt Cytharæ cordi; ad numeros effingere gressum,
" Et curare cutem, & structis dare jura capillis,
" Hæ nobis artes; juvat inter pocula læta
" Lascivire jocis; vel cum furibunda theatris
" Melpomene stringit ferrum, salibusve Thalia
" Exagitat mores, juvat, admirante coronâ,
" Ardentesque genas, nitidosque ostendere dentes.
" Cantamus vacui, nulloque cupidinis igne
" Pectora nostra calent; at fingere ludus amorem.
" Amplexus passa est nostros si Lesbia nulla,
" Quid tamen inde perit? Veneris non gaudia nobis
" Sunt tanti; absentes rident sat dulce puellæ:
" Absentûm alloquio fruimur, thalamisque videntur
" Esse simul nostris, & inanem amplectimur umbram.
" Inde triumphali decoramus tempora lauro;
" Implet fama domos, commentaque nostra vagantur,
" Magna

Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid:
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.

The

" Magna tropæa ſatis, ſi non incredulus artes
" Fallaces populus naſo ſuſpendat adunco,
" Et pro more crepat ſtolidæ convicia linguæ.
" Quo tu, Diva magis, famæ ſuccurre labanti:
" Reverâ amplexus, atque oſcula dulcia nymphis
" Dent alii; mendax nobis pars fama triumphi."
Annuit, et veri ſubridens Diva colorem
Adjecit fictis; tuba protenus ære canoro
Pro factis infecta canit, perque oppida mille
Matronæ pereunt caſtæ, innuptæque puellæ,
Et (modo ſint pulchræ) nullis licet eſſe pudicis,
Sed decus et famam virgo illibata reſignat.

Jamque alii immeritis donari præmia palmæ
Mirantur, circaque thronum ſtant agmine denſo,
Et votis precibuſque eadem ſibi munera poſcunt.
Tum Dea, "cæcus," ait, "quis mentes impulit error?
" Et vos laudis amor, vos gloria ducit hiantes?
" Vanum

The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.

The Queen aſſents; the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſs'd
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:
What you (ſhe ſaid) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
Who

" Vanum a ſtirpe genus! gratis et ſemper anhelans!
" Queîs anima eſt oneri; quies tempus inutile donum,
" Et decor omnis abeſt, neque gratia contigit ulla.
" Et quiſquam nugas et inertis gaudia vitæ
" Audebit tenero prætexere nomine amoris?
" Ite hinc turba levis; poſthac ludibria Muſis
" Nunc eritis cuncti, riſuſque et fabula vulgi."
Nec mora; concentu ſignum illæ tabile rauco
Cornua dira canunt; clamor, confuſaque verba
Miſceri; ſimul atque virûm volitare per ora
Ambiguæ voces, opprobria mille vagari.
It jocus, it livor mordax, it murmure parvo
Conjectura levis, mox totis viribus audax
Ad cœlum aſſurgit, populi clamore ſecundo,
Effuſo paſſim reſonant dum compita riſu.

Poſtremi adveniunt, quos dira inſania belli
Humanâ cum ſtrage tulit; qui civibus arma
Auſi

Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lovers dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound;
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round;
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run thro' all the croud.

Laſt thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or

Auſi inferre ſuis, ſeclerumque furoribus acti
Sub juga miſerunt patriam; qui Marte nefando
In reges juſtis moderantes legibus orbem
Eduxêre aciem; queîs non reverentia legum,
Non pulchri, juſtive decor, pietaſque, fideſque
Deterrere animum poterant feralibus auſis.
Mens immota manet; ſedet alto pectore crimen,
Dum ſolium Divæ cingentes agmine vaſto
Ob fraudem æternæ ſperant præconia famæ.
Continuo horrendum ſtridens cava buccina cantu
Increpat, ore vomens flammas et turbine nigro
Undantem fumum: trepidant mortalia corda,
Attonitæque timent funeſta incendia gentes.

Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On ſov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix;
Of crooked counſels, and dark politics:
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars; long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks, that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dead ſound pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER QUARTUS.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER QUARTUS.

ATQUE hic dum vaſto miſcentur cuncta tumultu,
Ecce aliud, ſubitoque novum et mirabile monſtrum,
Non ſine mente deûm: tenuis ceu fumus in auras
Et Divæ ſolium, et Templum, ſanctique receſſus
Diffugiunt. Feror inde alias delapſus in oras,
Atque iterum ante oculos ſublimi vertice ad aſtra
Aſſurgit domus alta, ingens: fundamina molis
An tellus ſuſtentet iners, vel pondere nullo
Libratam attollat ſedem circumfluus aër,

Ut

THIS having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
Strait chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain if in earth or air;

With

Ut ſuperi voluêre latet. Statione quietâ
Haud unquam remanet, ſed enim verſatur in orbem
Perpetuum, et rapido torquetur in æthere gyro.
Tecta fremunt intus; ſtridentes murmure muri
Aſſiduo reſonant; nec tot æſtate ſerenâ
Luxuriant ſylvæ foliis, aut littore curvo
Tot ſpumante ſalo ad terram volvuntur arenæ,
Quot ſunt hic aditus, Templique in limine portæ.
Nocte dieque fores ventos panduntur ad omnes.
Ad cœlum aſcendens propriâ vi tendit ut ignis,
Et quæ pondus habent, gravitate feruntur ad imum;
Oceani ut properant ſe flumina condere in undis;
Ut ſtylus, a magnete novas vires animumque
Qui tulit, ad ſeptem excubias agit uſque triones,
Et trepidans inhiat glacialem ſemper in urſam;
Haud aliter loca nota petens huc, quidquid in orbe
Exoritur, ſeu lingua procax, tenueſque ſuſurri,
Rumorum

With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound.
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſand upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touc'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither as to their proper place ariſe
All various founds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or

Rumorum aut commenta, locum coguntur in unum:
Huc omnes tendunt voces, ſonus emicat omnis.
Nec mora, nec requies; æterna loquela, nec unquam
Atria longa ſilent; ſunt muri et limina linguæ.
Sic cum forte lacus, viridanti margine cinctus,
Illimem oſtendit nitido ſub gurgite fundum;
Injectu lapidis tremuit ſi mobilis unda,
Ilicet apparet primo vibramine parvus
Circulus; inde novus ſequitur, mox alter et alter,
Et magis atque magis creſcunt ex orbibus orbes,
Donec, per viridem motu gliſcente liquorem,
Amplior it vortex, et ripas lambit utraſque.
Haud aliter primo impulſu cum truditur aër,
Extemplo

Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes,
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface, by the motion ſtir'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide and more wide the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.
Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break
On neighbouring air, a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That in its turn impels the next above;

Extemplo incipiunt varii procedere motus,
Impelluntque novos, verbis dum fluctuat æther,
Multiplicatque ſonos, et voces vocibus inſtant.

Tota domus fremitu reſonat, parteſque per omnes
Crebreſcit murmur: rumores mille vagantur:
Jam bellum exoritur, pax rurſum; Marte peremptus
Ille jacet, vivitque iterum; nunc conjuge gaudet,
Qui cælebs moritur: metuunt, cupiuntque dolentque
Curarum expertes. Nummos qui ſervat in arcâ,
Perdidit infelix totum: miracula rerum,
Et mores hominum referunt, habituſque locorum,
Qui nunquam ſolvêre ratem. Nil tale merentes
Dat peſtis letho populos; his terra dehiſcens
Motibus

Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace, and war, health, ſickneſs, death and life;
Of loſs, and gain, of famine, and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore;
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fire, and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair;
Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,

Motibus inſolitis tremuit, perque aëra longum
Stella trahit ſulcum; mutantes regna cometæ
Triſte micant; trepidant reges, regumque miniſtri,
Sejanuſque novus ruit alto a culmine rerum.
Talia jactantur ſpatium portenta per omne,
Quodque eſt, aut non eſt, homines quodcumque loquuntur,
Hic repetunt muri, et cum veris falſa remiſcent.

Deſuper, atque intra templum, circumque, ſupraque,
Innumeræ apparent gentes: facto agmine turmas
Diducti evolvunt, variiſque ambagibus errant;
Adventant, referuntque gradum, totumque tenebris
Mox reddunt numerum, ſpectacula vana timoris.
Vidi hic aſtrologos, miſeris queîs pectora pulſans
Exanimat

Of old miſmanagements, taxations new;
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;

Exanimat terror, venturi conſcius ævi.
Nec non hic adſunt, ſemper quos ardua regni
Exercent, rebuſque novis, ſine numine divûm,
Impendunt curas; legum juriſque periti,
Exiguo fas atque nefas qui limite cernunt;
Atque ſacerdotum collegia, pharmacopolæ;
Et qui rumores intra ſua mœnia natos
In vulgus ſpargunt, vel quæ novus advena vexit
Cum pipere et prunis, avidi mendacia captant.
Hic palam in triviis ſeſe venientibus offert.
Aſt alii ſecreta petunt loca; ſcilicet illis
Dulcis amor patriæ, et vaſto ſub pondere rerum
Triſte ſupercilium. Rumores murmure parvo
Incipiunt, et mox vires, quocumque feruntur,
Accumulant: vacuas vox nulla allabitur aures,
Quin iterum repetita novas narrantis ab ore
Ducat opes, majorque ſonans, alimentaque rerum
Undique

And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands;
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands.
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told:
And all, who told it, added ſomething new,
And all, who heard it, made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.

Undique mille trahens, populos, urbesque domosque
Territet, et passim volet auxiliaribus alis.
Quà sol astra fugat, vel quà se condit in umbras;
Unde venit Boreas, nimbos ubi colligit Auster,
Rumores volitant, totusque perhorruit orbis.
Ac veluti cum forte jacens scintilla recondit
Ædibus in magnis fatalia semina flammæ;
Si furtim adrepens mox arida pabula circum
Corripiat, totis grassantur viribus ignes
Per tabulata domûs; sævit Vulcania pestis,
Præcipitesque trahit turres et templa Deorum,
Et Phaetonteis iterum micat ignibus æther.

Hic sobolem generant mendacia cuncta foventque,
Atque hinc, cum vires teneras firmaverit ætas,
Expansisque audent alis se credere cœlo,
Exoptant lucem, terrasque invisere gaudent,
Atque

Thus flying East, and West, and North, and South,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ng flames advance,
'Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs, and temples, sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,

Atque hominum cœtus; tanta eſt fiducia falſis.
Sublimi in ſolio, medio ſub fornice templi,
Rumor adeſt, numeroſque ſuos, totamque recenſet
Progeniem, aſſignans cunctis, ſimul inde volarint,
Munus et officium, metaſque et tempora vitæ.
Hinc variæ volitant voces, quas vividus ardor
Intus alit, validas præbens ab origine vires.
Pars quærunt cœlo lucem, pereuntque repertâ.
Longior eſt aliis ætas, ſed robore primum
Incedunt dubio: mox totis viribus altas
Invadunt urbes, et vaſtâ mole feruntur,
Et creſcunt magis atque magis, pereuntque, caduntque,
Ceu nunc vaneſcens cum Cynthia contrahit orbem,
Cornua mox reparans recidivis ignibus ardet.
Inſonuêre tubæ, et rapido per inane volatu
Deſuper incumbunt rumores agmine facto,
Et falſis veriſque implent terroribus urbes.

Veſtibulum

Thro' thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force.
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon,
Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon.
Around a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro' the ſky.

Veſtibulum ante ipſum, circumque foramina mille,
Dum celerare fugam tentant, et lucis amore
Expandunt alas certatim, ſæpe videres
Rumores falſos et verba tenacia veri.
Explorant aditus, fugiunt, redeuntque viciſſim;
Nulla via eſt; fixis inter ſe amplexibus hærent,
Impediuntque fugam, donec jam fœdere pacem
Longam ineunt: exhinc fugiunt ſocialiter ambo,
Et quacumque volat verum, contraria promens
It falſum, et greſſus ſemper comitatur euntis.

Dum miror, paſſimque oculis dum ſingula luſtro,
Tum mihi neſcio quis placido ſpectabilis ore,
Occurrit, prenſâque manu, "Quis te quoque, dixit,
"Impulit

There at one paſſage oft you might ſurvey
A ly and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue thro' the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and ly;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this, or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.

While thus I ſtood intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear;
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe;
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?

" Impulit huc ardor? vel quæ tibi causa morandi?
" Et tibi laudis amor stimulos sub pectora versat?
" Te quoque Fama trahit, juvenemque his appulit oris?"

Sic ait; hæc refero: " Succensum laudis amore,
" Atque animo erectum non me venisse negabo.
" Nam famam sequimur vatum chorus omnis, et idem
" Est ardor cunctis, tenerisque insuescit ab annis.
" Sed tamen Aonidum præcingere tempora lauro,
" Quam paucis licitum? Quam multi laude vigentes
" Præmatura suæ viderunt funera Famæ?
" Nempe quid hæc fama est? Heu! Vatum vita secunda,
" Post mortem incipiens, alieni spiritus oris,
" Non audituro cineri Præconia reddens.
" Hoc est quod pallent; hoc est incerta sequuti,
" Quod vitam, quod opes, atque omnia tuta relinquunt,

" Ut

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others breath?
Th' estate, which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)

The

" Ut (modo laudentur) triſtes inopeſque camœnæ
" Mendicent; vel ceu reges, rerumque potentes,
" Fatalem invidiam et ſortem patiantur iniquam,
" Stultorumque iras, et, ſi quos audit Apollo,
" Fœdus amicitiæ ruptum, mentemque malignam.
" Non Famam aſpernor; fugiat ſi averſa, reſigno:
" Quamquam O!—ſed Divam votis non deprecor ullis.
" Si quando adveniet, veniet ſine ſupplice voce.
" Ah! veniat ſine fraude; meo ſine crimine laudum
" Creſcat honeſta ſeges, ſi quid mihi creſcere fas eſt.
" At ſi quando olim manus hæc, virtute relictâ,
" Indignis dare thura paret, nectatque coronam
" Criminibus, pulſans venali pectine chordas;
" Si mea purpureis famuletur muſa tyrannis,
" Aut capiti alterius meritos decerpat honores,
" Ah!

The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretch'd; and be flatter'd, poor.
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſs'd;
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſt ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where Fortune leads the way;

Or

" Ah! mihi ſi mentem ſubeat tam dira cupido;
" Intereant verſus; renuant in carmina vires
" Pierides, Pater ipſe chelyn nec tendat Apollo.
" Deſidioſus, iners, culpæ tamen inſcius, ævum
" Ah! potius ducam, rapiantque oblivia nomen.
" Sit mihi verus honos; ſi non, procul omnis abeſto."

Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's Fame,
Then teach me, Heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe;
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh! grant an honeſt Fame, or grant me none.

O D E.

O TER, O pluſquam quater ille felix,
Urbium quiſquis procul a tumultu
Degit, exercens ſua rura, parvo
Sub lare dives.

Plena cui lactis faciles capellæ
Mulctra ſubmittunt, Cereriſque tellus
Fluctuat culmis, et inempta præbent
Vellera veſtem.

Cui per æſtatem ſociare gaudent
Arbores umbram, nivibuſque prata
Cum rigent canis, gelidæ repellunt
Frigora brumæ.

Inſolens

POPE's ODE on SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breath his native air
In his own ground.
Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

Bleſt,

Insolens culpæ, vacuusque curis
Respicit cursum properantis ævi;
Fortis et sanam gerit usque sano
Corpore mentem.

Cernit hunc Phœbus vigilem renascens,
Cernit occumbens gravidum sopore:
Cernit alternis catus ut remiscet
Otia curis.

Pectore hic semper bene præparato
Excipit casus animosus omnes;
Mentis et sancto fruitur recessu,
Non sine musis.

Semitâ

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus

Semitâ in vitæ mihi ſic latentis
Condere obtingat ſine labe ſoles;
Sic mori detur, careatque ſculpto
Marmore nomen.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

O D E.

O MUSCA ſolers, impigra, ſedula,
Aſſueta rapto vivere, quo fames
Te cunque defert, huc vocata
Flecte fugam trepidante pennâ.

Conviva dulcis! Nunc tibi, nunc mihi
Potare fas eſt; prolue te mero,
Nunc ſolve curas, nunc fugacis
Te memorem decet eſſe vitæ.

Lapſu

BUSY, curious, thirſty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Cou'dſt thou ſip, and ſip it up.
Make the moſt of life you may;
Life is ſhort, and flies away.

Both

Lapſu citato tempora defluunt
Utrique noſtrûm: Te nimium brevis
Heu! cernit æſtas, atque brumæ
Frigus iners tibi claudit ævum,

Natura quid ſi ſex decies mihi
Revolvit annos? res homini diu
Ah! nulla: ſex deni peracti
In nihilum tenuantur anni.

Both alike your days and mine
Quickly haſten to decline:
Thine's a ſummer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to threeſcore:
Threeſcore ſummers when they're gone,
Will appear at laſt but one.

E L E G I A

THOMÆ GRAY,

IN CARMEN LATINUM CONVERSA.

O D E.

IN CŒMETERIO RUSTICO SCRIPTA.

EHEU! fugaces præcipiti rotâ
Volvuntur horæ, pronus et aureum
Jubar ſub undis ſol recondit,
Arva mihi tenebriſque cedens.

Opaca lentis jugera paſſibus
Armenta linquunt: ſaxa remugiunt
Sylvæque & amnes, atque feſſis
Signat humum pedibus colonus.

Nuper

GRAY's ELEGY.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Nuper renidens mille coloribus
Jam ſcena tranſit: Triſte ſilentium
Incumbit agris; ſola raucum
Muſca ciens queribunda murmur.

Obtundit aures; vel per ovilia
Saudente ſomnos murmure perſtrepit
Tinnitus æris, dum quieſcunt
Graminis immemores capellæ.

Audin? tenaces ſaxa hederæ tegunt
Quà celſa turris, flebilis integrat
Bubo querelas, atque lunam
Torva tuens gemitu fatigat.

Nigris ut iſtic frondibus imminens
Contriſtat herbas ulmus! ut ordine
Longo trementes cuncta taxi
Funereis tenebris obumbrant!
Congeſta

Now fades the glimm'ring landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The mopeing owl does to the Moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Congesta subter vimine textili
Humus resurgit, ruris & accolæ,
Cellis reposti quisque parvis,
Perpetuo recubant sopore.

Non sorte functos eliciet toro
Aurora blandis vecta favoniis;
Nec jam ciebit, qui canoro
Ore diem reducem salutat.

Cristatus ales: Cornua non, feris
Audita, somnos excutient leves;
Arguta nec subter cacumen
Stramineum volitans hirundo.

Haud rursus illis sub lare paupere
Focus nitescet; sedula non dapes
Apponet Uxor, dum tenello
Ore patrem, pia turba! nati
Adesse

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap;
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cocks shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Adeſſe clamant, & genua & manus
Et colla denſis nexibus æmuli
Prenſant, inexpletumque parvis
Oſcula præripiunt labellis.

At quantus olim luce fruentibus
Vigor juventæ! per ſegetes darent
Seu falce ſtragem, ſive ſulcum
Vomer edax ageret per arva.

Quam corde læti! ſeu Cereris boves
Onuſta donis plauſtra reducerent,
Nutans ſub ictu ſive quercus
Præcipitem traheret ruinam.

Ah!

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her ev'ning care;
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.
Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teem a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!
Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The

Ah! ne potentûm vana ſuperbia
Hæc pura vitæ munera pauperis
Contemnat, aut parvo beatos
Agricolas, humileſque faſtos.

Quid longa proſunt ſtemmata? quid Tagus
Quod volvit aurum? Forma quid, aut ducum
Virtus in armis? Marte claros
Urna manet; cinis æquat omnes.

Si non ſepulcro marmorea aſſidens
Fletu decentes muſa rigat genas!
Tropæa ſi non vana ludunt,
Signa novi peritura luctûs!

Si non tumeſcunt organa næniis
Templi ſuperbis ſub laquearibus,
Nec longa mærentes amici
Fana docent reſonare cantu!

Heu

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long drawn iſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Heu vana rerum! Phidiacâ manu
Sit urna ſculpta, aut marmore vivido
Stet forma ſpirans; rupta vitæ
Stamina num reparant ſorores?

Quid ſi ſacerdos eloquio potens
Ad aſtra vanis laudibus efferat
Quondam ſuperbos? Fama manes
Poſtuma num veniet ſub imos?

Forſan ſub iſto pulveris aggere
Præclara torpent pectora, vel manus
Langueſcit illic, per ſubactas
Quæ poterat dare jura gentes.

Hoc forte vates ſub tumulo latet,
Sacrum canoris qui poterat melos
Ciere chordis; qui camœnas
Pierio elicuiſſet antro.

Doctrina

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?
Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But

Doctrina ſed non ſacra volumina
Evolvit illis ; res tenuis domi
Tardavit omnes, nec refulſit
Ingenii generoſus ardor.

Sæpe inquieto ſub maris æquore
Ignota fulvis gemma micat vadis ;
Furtim & rubeſcens flos in agris
Dulcem animam zephyris remittit.

Quis ſcit ſub iſto an ceſpite dormiat
Pagi tyrannos indocilis pati
Agreſtis Hamdenus ? vel alter,
Mæonidem ſuperare cantu

Miltonus

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unrol ;
Chill penury repreſſed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.
Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.
Some Village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood,

Some

Miltonus ardens? nunc ſine nomine,
Mutuſque! forſan pectore fervido
Cromvellus, expers ſed cruoris
Immeriti, ſcelerumque purus.

Heu ſortem iniquam! nam neque contigit
Depræliantûm pectora civium
Mulcêre, pleno dum ſenatu
Conſiliis moderantur orbem.

Inſanientis non licuit truces
Vultus tyranni temnere; non datum
Per damna, per cædes mereri
Perpetuæ monumenta laudis.

Quod ſi negatâ non potuit viâ
Prodire virtus, nec potuit ſcelus;
Nec dira regnandi cupido
Strage virum viduavit urbes.

His

Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.
Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbid: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;

Forbad

His vita ſemper fallere neſcia :
In ore cunctis ingenuus pudor ;
Nec vana mendaci ſuperbos
Muſa dedit decorare verſu.

Curis remotis, & procul urbium
Vano tumultu, lene fluentibus
Vixêre fatis, & peregit
Quiſque dies tacitus ſub umbrâ.

Nunc luce caſſos terra tegit ; locum
Atque oſſa triſti carmine conſecrat
Sculptura ſimplex, & viator,
Siſte gradum pia Muſa clamat.

Hic

Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſes flame.
Far from the madding croud's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learnt to ſtray ;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.
Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes, and ſhapeleſs ſculpture dek'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their

Hic ſiſte, clamat; nam lacrymam brevem
Humana poſcunt, ſanctaque dogmata
Illiteratis dant colonis
Indomitæ meminiſſe mortis.

Quis namque prædam ſe dedit invidæ
Oblivioni? Lucida quis poli
Convexa linquens non retrorſum
Vota, preces, gemituſque fudit?

Morte in propinquâ deficiens manus
Prenſat foventes; ſæpe oculi diem
Quærunt; amicos & repoſcunt;
Igne calent cineres eodem.

Et

Their name, their years ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.
For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?
On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For

Et te, ſepulcra hæc qui lacrymis rigas,
Qui nunc inani munere pauperum
Spargis favillam, certa lethi
Te quoque vis rapiet ſub umbras.

Forſan colonus tum ſenio gravis
Memorque noſtri " Vidimus" inquiet,
" Ut ſol reluxit, montis herbas
" Rore novo madidas prementem.

" Crebro ſub iſtâ vidimus ilice
" Nunc membra ſtratum, nunc ad aquæ caput
" Fixis ocullis, dum per agros
" Lympha fugit ſaliente rivo.

" Muſis

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate.
Haply ſome hoary headed ſwain may ſay,
" Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
" Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
" To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.
" There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
" That wreaths its old fantaſtick roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard

" Muſis amicus per nemorum avios
" Tractus ruebat, compoſito tegens
" Amara riſu, vel medullis
" Vulnus alens, tacitumque amorem.

" At mane nuper montibus in ſuis
" Ah! nullus errat: Lux redit altera;
" Nullus recumbit, qua loquaces
" Per ſalebras trahit amnis undas.

" Aurora ſurgit tertia, proh dolor!
" Pullatus ordo flebilibus modis
" It triſtis, & portant amici
" Enanimum juvenem feretro.

Adſtant

" Hard by yon' wood, now ſmilling as in ſcorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.
" One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
" Another came, nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
" The next with dirges due in ſad array,
" Slow through the church-yard path we ſaw him borne,
" Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon' aged thorn.

THE

" Adſtant ſepulcro ; fletur, & aggere
" Tectum reponunt : carmina ruſtico,
" Qua vepris horret, ſculpta ſaxo
" Perlege (namque potes) viator.

EPITAPHIUM.

HIC jacet exiguo juvenis ſub pondere terræ,
Quem non evexit Fama per ora virûm ;
Qui non ſplendorem fulvo quæſivit ab auro,
Nec meruit populo prava jubente decus.
Muſa tamen placido naſcentem lumine vidit,
Perculit at cœco vulnere corda dolor.
Quod potuit, dedit uſque inopem miſeratus ; habebat
Nil præter lacrymas ; flumina larga dedit.

Talibus

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large

Talibus & meritis cœli Pater annuit æquus,
(Quod ſolum in votis) pignus amicitiæ.
Virtutes culpaſque viri quid quærimus ultra?
In gremio maneant cuncta repoſta Dei.
Spemque metumque inter trepidat novus advena cœli;
Dum Domini & Patris reſpicit ora ſui.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.
No further ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father, and his God.

THE

RIVAL SISTERS.

A

TRAGEDY.

——— Scelerate, revertere, Theſeu;
Flecte ratem; numerum non habet illa ſuum.

OVID.

R

PREFACE.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more unintereſting than the generality of thoſe preliminary diſcourſes, in which Authors too frequently lay out much of their time in talking of themſelves and their works. The importance of a Man to himſelf is fully diſplayed, while the Reader yawns over the tedious page, or laughs at the rhetoric, that would fain perſuade him that he ought to be pleaſed. The preſent Writer has been unwilling, upon almoſt all occaſions, to conform to a practice which he ſaw attended with ſo little ſucceſs: But the following Tragedy is ſent into the world in a manner that may require ſome explanation. It has not gone through the fiery trial of the Theatre; nor is it recommended by the favourable deciſion of an Audience. The pomp of ſplendid ſcenery, and the illuſions of the ſkilful performer, have not awakened the public attention:—The

Play ventures abroad, without having previouſly gained, by the advantages of repreſentation, a character, which in the leiſure of the cloſet is not always ſupported. But this circumſtance, while it raiſes no expectation, may, on the other hand, excite a prejudice not eaſy to be ſurmounted. If it be of any value, why was it not produced in the uſual form of a Public Exhibition? The reaſons that influenced the Author, would lead to a long and frivolous detail. Whatever thoſe reaſons were, whether caprice, whim, or peeviſhneſs, or delicacy, they were of weight to determine his conduct. His work, however, does not go forth with accuſations of any kind againſt the Proprietors of either Theatre: it makes no appeal from their judgment. The fact is, it never was in their hands, and where there was no refuſal, there can be no room for complaint.

It need not be diſſembled, that the Play was written with a view to the Stage. It was begun and finiſhed in the Summer 1783, at a time when the Author was diſabled, by a nervous diſorder in his eyes, from purſuing a more important work, which has engaged ſeveral years of his life. It was painful to read, and he found amuſement neceſſary. He walked in green fields, made verſes, and threw them upon paper in characters almoſt illegible.

illegible. For a ſubject, he was not long at a loſs. He remembered that Madame *de Sévigné** mentions her having attended the repreſentation of ARIANE, a Tragedy by the younger *Corneille*. The play, ſays that amiable Writer, though in its general ſtyle and conduct flat and inſipid, was, notwithſtanding, followed by all Paris, not for the ſake of the poetry, but the Actreſs, *La Champmêlé*, whom ſhe calls the greateſt prodigy the Stage ever beheld. The other characters were diſguſting; but when the *Champmêlé* entered the ſcene, a murmur of applauſe ran through the Theatre; every heart was intereſted, and every eye diſſolved in tears.

When this country could, with pride, boaſt of an Actreſs equally followed, and perhaps with better reaſon, it occurred that a Tragedy, with the beauties of the original, but freed from its defects, might, at ſuch a ſeaſon, be acceptable to the Public. The defects, which drew down the judgment of ſo enlightened a Critic as Madame *de Sévigné*, are pointed out with minute exactneſs, by the judicious *Voltaire* †. From that pleaſing Writer we learn, that the Tragedy in queſtion ſtill keeps its rank upon the Stage, whenever an Actreſs of emi-

* Vide her Letter 1ſt April, 1672.

† See his Edition of Corneille's Works.

nence wiſhes for an opportunity to diſplay her talents in a principal character. The ſituation, he obſerves, is intereſting and pathetic: "A princeſs, who has done every thing for her hero; who has delivered him from a cruel death, and ſacrificed all conſiderations for his ſake; who loves him generouſly; who thinks herſelf loved in return, and deſerves to be ſo; who finds herſelf, at laſt, abandoned by the Man whom ſhe adores, and betrayed by a Siſter whom ſhe alſo loved: A Woman thus ſituated, ſays *Voltaire*, forms the happieſt ſubject that has come down to us from antiquity." Nothwithſtanding this general account, *Voltaire*'s obſervations, which trace the Author ſcene by ſcene, ſhew that Madame *de Sévigné* was not miſtaken in her judgment.

Shall the preſent Writer flatter himſelf that he has removed the vices of the firſt concoction, and ſubſtituted what is better in their room? He certainly has endeavoured to do it. For this purpoſe a New Fable was neceſſary. The progreſs of the buſineſs required to be conducted in a different manner, with more rapidity, and without thoſe languid ſcenes which weaken the intereſt, and too often border upon the dialogue of Comedy. The characters were to be caſt in a new mould, and

inſtead of definitions of the paſſions, their conflict, their vehemence, and their various tranſitions, were to be painted forth in higher colouring, than are to be found in the French compoſition. The Reader, therefore, is not to expect a mere tranſlation. The Author does not ſcruple to ſay that he entered into a competition with the original; that he has aimed at a better Tragedy; and to uſe the words of a late elegant Writer, *he hopes he has ſhewn ſome invention, though he has built upon another man's ground.*

But here again the queſtion recurs, if the new ſuperſtructure raiſed upon the old foundation has any merit, why not produce it with all the advantage of that celebrated Actreſs, who, it ſeems inſpired the firſt deſign? The plain truth ſhall be the anſwer. When the piece was finiſhed, the Author had his moments of ſelf-approbation, and in his firſt ardour, hinted to a friend, that he intended to give it to the Stage. But ſelf-approbation did not laſt long:—That glow of imagination, which (to ſpeak the truth) is ſometimes heated into a pleaſing delirium with its own work, ſubſided by degrees, and doubt and diffidence ſucceeded. A Play, that might linger nine nights upon the

Stage, was not the object of the Author's ambition: Whether he has been able to execute anything better, he has not considered for a long time, nor has he now courage to determine. He has often said to himself in the words of TULLY, *Nihil huc, nisi perfectum ingenio, Elaboratum Industriâ, afferri oportere*; and after adopting, in his own case, so rigid a rule, how shall he presume to say, that the production of a summer can boast either of genius, or the elaborate touches of industry?

In this irresolute state of mind, the Author's respect for the Public, who have done him, upon former occasions, very particular honour, increased his timidity: he was unwilling to appear a candidate for their favour, when he was not sure of adding to their pleasure. At present, being to give an Edition of such Pieces, as he has been able to produce, he could not think of keeping back the only dramatic work left upon his hands. He, therefore, sends it into the world an humble adventurer: with one of his predecessors, he says, "*Va mon Enfant; prens ta Fortune.*" The Play amused him while he was engaged in the writing of it, and should the candid Reader find an hour

of leiſure not intirely thrown away in the perusal, the Author will not think his time altogether miſ-employed. He now diſmiſſes the Piece, if not with indifference, at leaſt with reſignation, content to leave the honours of the Theatre to Writers of more ambition than he poſſeſſes at preſent.

Non jam prima peto Mneſtheus, neque vincere certo:
Quamquam O! ſed ſuperent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dediſti.

VIRG.

———Veianius armis
Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro,
Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.

HOR.

LINCOLN'S-INN,
March 4, 1786.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

PERIANDER, *King of Naxos.*
THESEUS,
PERITHOUS,
ARCHON, *an officer of* Periander,
ALETES, *Ambaſſador from Minos, King of Crete.*

W O M E N.

ARIADNE,
PHÆDRA,

VIRGINS, *attending on* Ariadne, *&c.*

SCENE, *the Iſle of* Naxos.

THE

RIVAL SISTERS.

A TRAGEDY.

ACT the FIRST.

SCENE, *a magnificent Apartment in* PERIANDER'S *Palace.*

A violent ſtorm of Thunder and Lightning.

PHÆDRA *and* ARCHON.

PHÆDRA.

AWAY! no more:—why thus purſue my ſteps?
Begone and leave me; leave me to my woes.

ARCHON.

Yet, Phædra, be advis'd.

PHÆDRA.

Preſume no further.
Advis'd by thee! no, let your pliant king,
Your king of Naxos, to thy treach'rous counſels
Reſign

Resign himself, his people, and his laws.
Thou hast undone us all; by thee we die;
Yes, Ariadne, Phædra, Theseus, all,
All die by thee!

ARCHON.

Princess, your fears are groundless.
Your timorous fancy forms unjust suspicions.
If you but knew me ——

PHÆDRA.

O! too well I know thee.
This very morn tis fix'd; yes, here your king
Gives audience to th' Ambassador of Crete;
Here in this palace; here, by your persuasion,
He means to yield us to the rage of Minos,
To my vindictive father's stern demand.
Ere that I'll see your king; here wait his coming,
And counteract thy base ungen'rous counsel.

ARCHON.

This storm of passion bears your reason down.
Let prudence guide thee. In a night like this,
Why quit your couch, and to the whirlwind's rage,
The vollied light'ning, and the war of nature,
Why wilt thou thus commit thy tender frame?

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Again that dreadful peal!—All-gracious pow'rs!
What crime provokes your wrath? must this fair island,
That long hath flourish'd in th' Ægean deep,
Must Naxos with her sons, a blameless race,

Burn

Burn to the centre, and the brawling waves
Close o'er the wreck for ever?

[*Another clap of thunder.*

PHÆDRA.

Oh! that burst
Shoots horror to my soul.

ARCHON.

Thus through the night
Hath the wild uproar shook the groaning isle.
Fierce rain and liquid fire in mingled torrents
Came rushing o'er the land. The wrath of Heav'n
Rides in the tempest. Tow'rs and sacred domes
Fell in promiscuous ruin. Ships were dash'd
On pointed rocks, or swallow'd in the deep.
Destruction rages round: amidst the roar,
When all things else, when ev'n the fiercest natures
Shrink from the hideous ruin, you alone
Walk through the storm, with fierce, with haggard mien,
A form that suits the dreadful wild commotion.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, with a heart, in which the storm that rages,
Surpasses all the horrors of the night.
Yes, here I come supreme in misery.
I only wake to cares unknown to him
Who treads secure the paths of humble life,
And thanks the Gods for his obscure retreat,
For the blest shade in which their bounty plac'd him.

ARCHON.

'Twere best allay this tempest of the soul.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

'Tis you have rais'd this tempeſt of the ſoul.
You, Sir, are miniſter; you govern here,
And bend at will an unſuſpecting monarch.
To thee he yields, his oracle of ſtate;
And when with wrongs you have oppreſs'd mankind,
'Tis the king's pleaſure; 'tis the royal will.

ARCHON.

Unjuſt, ungen'rous charge! have you forgot,
When firſt your veſſel reach'd the coaſt of Naxos?
You ſued for leave to land upon the iſle:
You and your ſiſter Ariadne ſent
To pray for ſhelter here. Ere that we heard
Theſeus was with you; Theſeus, whom the ſtate
Of Athens ſent a ſacrifice to Minos,
A victim to abſolve the annual tribute,
Impos'd by conqueſt: Ariadne's love,
Her generous efforts to redeem the hero,
Ev'n then were known at Periander's court.
The wond'rous ſtory on the wings of Fame
Had reach'd our Iſle; ſhe pity'd, and ſhe lov'd him.

PHÆDRA.

She lov'd him!—Yes, ſhe ſaw, and ſhe ador'd.
Gods! who could ſee the graces of his youth,
His cauſe, his innocence, the hero's mien,
Manly and firm, yet ſoften'd by diſtreſs,
Gods! who could ſee him, and not gaze entranc'd
In ecſtacy and love?—What have I ſaid?
My warmth too far tranſports me—ah! beware *(aſide)*
'Twas as you ſay; ſhe pity'd, and ſhe lov'd.

ARCHON.

ARCHON.

She favour'd his eſcape: you fled together.
To ev'ry neighb'ring iſle you wing'd your flight.
You viſited each realm; with pray'rs and tears
Wearied each court. All fear'd your father's pow'r.
You came to Naxos; Periander's will
By public edict had forbid your landing.
You anchor'd in the bay; with olive branch
Your orator came forth. Did not I then—

PHÆDRA.

You ſuccour'd our diſtreſs: the tear of ſympathy
Stood in your eye; and you may boaſt your merit,
You play'd it well, Sir,

ARCHON.

This ambiguous ſtrain
But ill requites the offices of friendſhip.
For you I watch'd the temper of the king,
His ebbs and flows of paſſion: in apt ſeaſon
You landed here. Thrice hath the waning moon
Conceal'd her light, and thrice renew'd her orb,
While you, meantime, have liv'd protected here.
Each hour has ſeen your ſiſter Ariadne
Riſe in her charms, and now with boundleſs ſway
She reigns ſupreme in Periander's heart.

PHÆDRA.

True, we have found protection from your king.
Three months have paſs'd; but in that time a ſtateſman

May

May change his mind. New views of intereſt,
New plans of policy, fair ſeeming motives,
May give new principles.

ARCHON.

It is my firſt;
My beſt ambition to relieve the wretched.
You wrong me, princeſs; you had beſt retire.

PHÆDRA.

No; Periander firſt ſhall hear my ſuit.
Here will I wait his coming; on the earth
Fall proſtrate at his feet, implore his mercy,
Cling round his knees, and never looſe my hold,
Till his heart melt, and ſave us from deſtruction.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

What plaintive ſorrow thro' the lonely palace
Alarms my liſt'ning ear?

PHÆDRA.

That well-known voice
Diſpels my fears. O! Theſeus, how my heart
Bounds at thy lov'd approach! and yet this day
Decides your doom. Archon can tell you all.
This day reſigns you to my father's pow'r.
Here Periander has reſolv'd to anſwer
Th' ambaſſador of Crete.

THESEUS.

Controul thy fears.
Archon has ſerv'd me, and I thank him for it.

All

All will be well; the king protects us ſtill.
Archon, the ſtorm that threaten'd hideous ruin
At length ſubſides. The angry blaſt recalls
Its train of horrors. Through the ſev'ring clouds
Faint gleams of day diſcloſe the face of things.
The raging deep, that roſe in mountain billows,
Sinks to repoſe: The winds, the waves are huſh'd.
From yon high tow'r, that overhangs the bay,
I view'd the ocean round. No ſail appears,
No veſſel cleaves the deep, ſave one eſcap'd
From the wild uproar of the warring winds,
That with it's ſhatter'd maſts, and lab'ring oars,
Stems the rough tide, and enters now the harbour.

PHÆDRA.

Another ſail! and enters now the harbour!
From whence? Who and what are they? From what coaſt?
Alas, from Crete! 'tis Minos ſends; my father's wrath
Purſues us ſtill; another embaſſy
Comes to demand us all.

THESEUS.

Controul this wild alarm,
And baniſh ev'ry fear.

ARCHON.

Perhaps ſome veſſel
Rich with the ſtores, which buſy commerce ſends
From the adjacent iſles, on Naxos' coaſt
Now ſeeks a ſhelter from the roaring deep.

I'll to the harbour. Theſeus, be it thine
To pour o'er Phædra's woes the balm of comfort,
And huſh her cares to peace. From Crete, I truſt,
The meſſengers of woe no more will come,
To urge their ſtern demand.

[*Exit.*

PHÆDRA, THESEUS.

PHÆDRA.

Go, traitor, go;
Pernicious vile diſſembler!

THESEUS.

Ah! forbear.

PHÆDRA.

He ſeems a friend, the ſurer to betray.
Full well he knows that Ariadne's charms
Have wak'd a flame in Periander's heart.
To that alliance with a ſtateſman's craft
He ſtands a foe conceal'd: He dreads to ſee
On Naxos' throne a queen from Minos ſprung,
And therefore plans our ruin.

THESEUS.

Yet thy fancy,
Still arm'd againſt itſelf, turns pale and trembles
At ſhadowy forms. Were thy ſuſpicions juſt,
Wherefore reveal them? Why unguard thyſelf,
And lay each ſecret open to your foe?
With him, whoſe rankling malice works unſeen,
While ſmiles becalm his looks, 'twere beſt pretend
Not

Not to perceive the lurking treachery.
Reproof but goads him, and new whets his paſſions,
Till what was policy becomes revenge.
Detected villany can ne'er forgive.

PHÆDRA.

And muſt I fall in ſilence? muſt we periſh,
Abandon'd by ourſelves, tame, willing victims,
Nor let the murd'rer hear one dying groan?
Muſt I behold him with his treach'rous arts,
A lurking foe, nor pour my curſes on him,
But poorly crouch, and thank him for the blow?
Oh! love like mine, the love which you inſpir'd,
That each day riſes ſtill to higher ardour;
Think'ſt thou that love like mine will calmly ſee thee
Giv'n up a victim to my father's rage?

THESEUS.

And think'ſt thou then that Archon is my foe?

PHÆDRA.

He is; I know him well; he means deſtruction.
Th' ambaſſador of Crete will ſoon have audience.
Archon concerted all. Oh! if my care
Could counteract his dark, his fell deſigns,
Then were I bleſs'd indeed. When firſt you landed
A helpleſs victim on the Cretan ſhore,
Full well you know, ſoft pity touch'd my heart,
And ſoon, that tender pity chang'd to love.
I wiſh'd to ſave you: Ariadne's fortune
Gave her the clue that led you thro' the maze.
Her zeal out-ran my ſpeed, but not my love.

And would my fate allow me now to ſave thee,
Then by that tie ('tis all my ſiſter's claim)
I then ſhould prove me worthy of thy love.

THESEUS.

Deem me not, gen'rous Phædra, deem me not
Form'd of ſuch common clay, ſo dead to beauty,
As not to feel with tranſport at my heart
Thy pow'rful charms. To Ariadne
I owe my life. That boon demands reſpect,
Demands my gratitude. But love muſt ſpring
Spontaneous in the heart, its only ſource,
Unmix'd with other motives than it's own,
Unbrib'd, unbought, above all vulgar ties.

PHÆDRA.

And yet while ruin——

THESEUS.

Check this ſtorm of paſſion,
Nor think, with abject fear that Periander
Will e'er reſign us. Ariadne's charms
Have touch'd his heart. His words, his looks proclaim it.
In the ſoft tumult all his ſoul is loſt.
He dwells for ever on the lov'd idea,
And with her beauty means to grace his throne.

PHÆDRA.

Archon abhors the union: To prevent it,
His deep deſigns—

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Hear what I ſhall diſcloſe,
And treaſure it in ſacred ſilence ſeal'd.
Laſt night admitted to a private audience,
Wrapt in the friendly mantle of the dark——

Enter an OFFICER.

THESEUS.

What wouldſt thou? ſpeak thy purpoſe.

OFFICER.

At the harbour
That fronts the northern wave, a ſhip from Athens
This moment is arriv'd.

PHÆDRA.

Relief from Athens!

OFFICER.

Your preſence there by all is loudly call'd for.

THESEUS.

Say to my friends, I will attend them ſtraight.
[*Exit Officer.*

PHÆDRA.

A ray of hope to gild the cloud of woe.

THESEUS.

Now Phædra, mark me. Let thy fears ſubſide.
Laſt night when ev'ry care was lull'd to reſt,
No eye to trace my ſteps, no conſcious ear
To catch the ſound, then Periander granted
A private conference: I unboſom'd to him,
In confidence, the ſecrets of my heart.
To Ariadne I reſign'd all claim;
Renounc'd each tender paſſion. Periander
No longer view'd me with a rival's eye.
He promis'd his protection. Ariadne
Has pow'rful charms, and the King bears a heart
To beauty not impaſſive. Joy and rapture
Spoke in his eye, and purpled o'er his face.
With vanity ſhe'll hear a Monarch's ſighs,
Proud of her ſway. A diadem will quench
Her former flame, with glitt'ring ſplendor tempt her,
And make the infidelity her own.

PHÆDRA.

But if ſhe hears a ſiſter dares diſpute
A heart like thine——

THESEUS.

Truſt to my prudent caution.
That dang'rous ſecret I have ſkreen'd with care.
Here it lies buried. Periander thinks
A former flame, kindled long ſince in Greece,
Preys on my heart with ſlow conſuming fires.
But hark;—beware;—this way ſome haſty ſtep—

Enter

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

The Greeks now iſſue on the ſhore. They bring
Tidings from Athens, and from every tongue
Your name reſounds, and rings along the ſhore.

THESEUS.

Thy friendſhip knows no pauſe; each hour you bring
New ſuccour to the wretched. Princeſs, farewell.
Archon, I thank thee, and now ſeek my friends.
[*Exit.*

PHÆDRA, ARCHON.

Princeſs, if once again I may preſume
To offer friendly counſel, from this place
'Twere beſt you now retire. Yon Eaſtern clouds
Bluſh with the orient day. My royal maſter,
Attentive ever to the cares of ſtate,
Will ſoon be here.

PHÆDRA.

Let him firſt hear my pray'r;
Permit me here to ſee him. To the voice
Of miſery his ear will not be clos'd.

[*A flouriſh of trumpets: the back ſcene opens, and diſcovers a throne.*

Enter PERIANDER, *and attendant Officers.*

PHÆDRA.

Oh! Periander, 'midſt the nations fam'd

For wiſdom and for juſtice, let thy heart
Incline to mercy. Spare, oh! ſpare the wretched.

PERIANDER.

Riſe, Princeſs, riſe. That humble ſuppliant ſtate
Suits not the dignity of Minos' daughter.
Whence this alarm, and why thoſe guſhing tears?

PHÆDRA.

We fled for refuge to you. Oh! protect,
Protect the innocent. You gave us ſhelter;
It was a godlike act; recall it not;
Yield us not victims to a father's wrath,
Nor by one barbarous action ſully all
The glories of your reign. Save Ariadne,
Save Theſeus too: our miſery claims reſpect.

PERIANDER.

Save Ariadne? can that beauteous mourner
Suſpect my promis'd faith? perhaps ev'n now,
Like ſome frail flow'r by beating rains oppreſs'd,
She pining droops, and ſickens in deſpair:
Oh! quickly ſeek her: with the words of comfort
Heal all her woes; raiſe that afflicted fair,
And bid the graces of her matchleſs form
Flouriſh ſecure beneath my ſoft'ring ſmile.
When Ariadne ſues, a monarch's heart
Yields to her tears with tranſport.

PHÆDRA.

Men will praiſe
The gen'rous deed: the gods will bleſs thee for it.
[*Exit.*

ARCHON.

ARCHON.

The Ambaſſador from Crete with Minos' orders
Attends your royal will.

PERIANDER.

He ſhall be heard.

[*He aſcends his Throne.*

Enter ALETES.

PERIANDER.

To Naxos' court, Aletes, you are welcome.
You come commiſſion'd from the Cretan King:
Now ſpeak your embaſſy.

ALETES.

In faireſt terms
Of friendly greeting Minos, Sir, by me
Imparts his rightful claim. He knows the juſtice,
The moderation that directs your counſels:
He knows, though oft' in the embattled field
Your ſword has reek'd with blood, your wiſdom ſtill
Reſpects the rights of kings; reſpects the laws,
That hold the nations in the bonds of peace.
To you, Sir, he appeals; he claims his daughters,
His rebel daughters, leagu'd againſt his crown:
He claims the victim from his vengeance reſcued;
Reſcued by fraud, by Ariadne's fraud;
And here at Naxos ſhelter'd from his juſtice.
A ſov'reign and a parent claims his rights.
You will reſpect the father and the king.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

Of Minos' virtues, his renown in arms,
His plan of laws, that ſpread around the bleſſings
Of ſacred order, and of ſocial life;
Laws, which ev'n Kings obey, the world has heard
With praiſe, with gratitude. All muſt revere
The Legiſlator, and the friend of man.
But in the ſorrows that diſtract his houſe,
Is it for me with raſh miſtaken zeal
To interpoſe my care? is it for me
To judge his daughters' conduct? What decree,
What law of mine, what policy of Naxos
Have they offended? All who roam the deep
Find in my ports a ſafe, a ſure retreat.
Should I comply with your proud, bold requeſt,
The hardy genius of this ſea-girt iſle
Will call it tyranny, and pow'r uſurp'd.
'Tis law, and not the ſov'reign's will, that here
Controuls, directs, and animates the ſtate.

ALETES.

The law that favours wrongs, and ſhelters guilt,
Subverts all order. Through her hundred cities
All Crete will mourn your anſwer. With regret
Minos will hear it. By pacific means
He would prevail; by juſtice, not the ſword.
But, Sir, if juſtice, if a righteous cauſe
At your tribunal lift their voice in vain,
I ſee the gath'ring ſtorm; I ſee the dangers
That hover round your iſle, and o'er the ſcene
Humanity lets fall the natural tear.
The ſons of Crete, a brave, a gen'rous race,

Active and ardent in their monarch's cauſe
Already graſp the ſword. I ſee the ocean
White with unnumber'd ſails; your coaſt, your harbours
Beleaguer'd cloſe. I ſee the martial bands
Planting their banners on the well-fought ſhore;
Your hills, your plains glitt'ring with hoſtile arms,
Your cities ſack'd, your villages on fire,
While from its ſource each river ſwoln with carnage
Runs crimſon to the main. I ſee the conqueror
Urge to your capital with rapid march,
And deſolation cov'ring all the land.
Still, Sir, you may prevent this waſte of blood;
Your timely wiſdom———

PERIANDER.

The ſcope now appears
Of your fair ſeeming meſſage. And does Minos,
Fam'd as he is in arms, ſay, does he hope
With proud imperious ſway to lord it o'er
The princes of the world? And does he mean
To write his laws in blood? And muſt the nations
Crouch at his nod? Muſt I upon my throne
Look pale and tremble, when your fancied Jove
Graſps the uplifted thunder? Tell your king
He knows my warlike name; knows we have met
In fields of death, oppos'd in adverſe ranks,
Braving each other's lance; he knows the ſinew,
With which this arm can wield the deathful blade,
Or ſend the miſſive javelin on the foe,
Thirſting for blood.—Go, bear my anſwer back,
And ſay beſides, that Naxos boaſts a race
Rough as their clime, by liberty inſpir'd,
Of ſtubborn nerve, and unſubmitting ſpirit,

Who

Who laugh to ſcorn a foreign maſter's claim.
You've ſpoke your embaſſy, and have our anſwer.

ALETES.

Unwilling I bear hence th' ungrateful tidings.
[*Exit.*

PERIANDER, ARCHON.

PERIANDER.

To-morrow's ſun ſhall ſee him ſpread his ſails:
He muſt not linger here.

ARCHON.

Your pardon, Sir,
This anſwer may provoke the powers of Crete,
And war, inevitable war enſues.

PERIANDER.

Let the invader come: here we have war
To meet his braveſt troops.

ARCHON.

But where the numbers
To man each port, and line the ſea-beat ſhore?
Within the realm ſhould the foe fluſh'd with conqueſt
Rear his proud banner ———

PERIANDER.

With auxiliar aid
Greece will eſpouſe my cauſe. The fleets of Athens
Full

Full ſoon ſhall cover the Ægéan deep,
And with confederated bands repel
A tyrant's claim.

ARCHON.

Each ſtate will urge its claim.
Minos demands his daughter: Greece expects
Her gallant warrior, and ev'n now aſſerts
To crown his love, the princeſs as her own.
Let Theſeus ſpread his ſails, and ſteer for Greece,
With Ariadne, partner of his flight.
You gain that gen'rous ſtate: by ev'ry tie
Of honour bound, Athens unſheaths her ſword,
And haughty Minos threatens here in vain.

PERIANDER.

Yield Ariadne! yield that matchleſs beauty,
Where all the loves, where all the graces dwell!
No, I will ſave her; will protect her here
From rude, unhallow'd violence. Do thou
Haſte to the palace, where the princeſs dwells;
Say to th' attendant train, ourſelf will come,
To tell the counſels which my heart has form'd.

ARCHON.

Ay, there it lies, there lurks the ſecret wound.
Love ſtrikes the ſweet infection to his ſoul.
'Tis as I fear'd (*aſide*)—Perhaps by mild remonſtrance
We may gain time, and by the ſpecious arts
Of treaty and debate prevent the war.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

You know my orders; ſee them ſtraight obeyed.
[*Exit Archon.*

PERIANDER *alone.*

Yes, Ariadne, from the inclement ſtorms
Of thy rude fortune, it is fix'd to ſhield thee,
And ſoften all thy woes. Her father then,
When with her milder ray returning reaſon
Becalms his breaſt, ſhall thank the friend that held
His rage ſuſpended, and with joy ſhall hear
That Ariadne reigns the queen of Naxos;
Here rules with gentle ſway a willing people,
And with her virtues dignifies my throne.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

Scene, a magnificent Apartment in a Palace.

Enter PERIANDER, *with Attendants.*

LET all with duty, with obſervance meet
Wait on the princeſs: let the virgin train
With ſongs of rapture, and melodious airs
Try their beſt art; wake all the magic pow'r
Of harmony, to ſoothe that tender breaſt,
And with ſoft numbers lull each ſenſe of pain.
I have beheld her, gaz'd on ev'ry charm,
And Ariadne triumphs in my heart.

Enter ARCHON.

A meſſenger from Athens waits your pleaſure.

PERIANDER.

From Athens ſay'ſt thou?

ARCHON.

In the northern bay
His ſhip is moor'd. Theſeus attends the ſtranger,
And both now crave an audience.

PERIANDER.

In apt time
Their meſſenger arrives: when war impends,
Tidings

Tidings from Athens are right welcome to me:
They breathe new vigour. Let the Greek approach.

Enter THESEUS, *and* PERITHOUS.

THESEUS.

Forgive the transports of a heart that swells
Above all bounds, when I behold my friend,
My gallant, gen'rous friend, the brave Perithous!
It glads my soul, thus to present before you
A chief renown'd in arms, the best of men,
My other self, the partner of my toils,
And my best guide to glory.

PERIANDER.

To the virtues
Of the brave chief my ear is not a stranger.
You come from Athens?

PERITHOUS.

Scarce two days have pass'd
Since thence I parted. Thro' the realms of Greece
Fame spread at large th' adventures of my friend,
With Ariadne's glory, and the deed,
The gen'rous deed that snatch'd him from destruction.
How she convey'd him to this happy shore,
How he has been receiv'd, and shelter'd here,
The men of Athens, sensibly alive
To each fine motive, each exalted purpose,
Have heard with gratitude. My feeble voice
Would but degrade the sentiments that burn
In ev'ry breast, with joy and rapture fir'd.
Warm with the best sensations of the heart,

They

They pour their thanks, the tribute of their praiſe.

PERIANDER.

The praiſe that's offer'd by the ſons of Greece,
By that heroic, that enlighten'd race,
Is the beſt meed fair virtue can receive.

PERITHOUS.

That fair reward is yours: your worth demands it.
To my brave friend Athens next points her care.
What crime is his? Did he imbrue his hands
In young Androgeus' blood? Why ſhould he fall
To expiate the death of Minos' ſon?
Againſt the innocent who makes repriſals,
And on the blameleſs head lets fall the ſword,
Offers up victims to his fell revenge.
'Tis murder, and not juſtice.

PERIANDER.

Righteous heav'n
In th' hour of danger has watch'd o'er your friend,
And he has triumph'd o'er their barb'rous rites,
Their ſavage law, the ſtain of Minos' reign.

PERITHOUS.

Athens, exulting, pants for his return.
In crowds her eager citizens go forth,
And on the beach, and on the wave-worn cliff,
O'er all the main rowl their deſiring eyes,
And aſk of ev'ry ſhip that ploughs the deep,
News of their hero. A whole people's voice
Choſe me their delegate, their faithful officer,

To ſeek my friend, and bear him hence with ſpeed
Back to his native land.

PERIANDER.

The laws of Naxos
To all are equal. None are here conſtrain'd,
None forc'd by violence, or lawleſs pow'r,
To quit this ſafe, this hoſpitable ſhore.
Theſeus will uſe the rights of free-born men.
'Tis his to give the anſwer.

THESEUS.

For this goodneſs
My heart o'erflows with more than words can ſpeak.

PERITHOUS.

All Greece will thank you.—Ariadne too—

PERIANDER.

How? Ariadne ſay'ſt thou?—

PERITHOUS.

With delight,
With admiration, with unbounded tranſport,
Athens has heard her gen'rous exploits;
Has heard, when Theſeus on the Cretan ſhore
Arriv'd to glut their vengeance, how the tear
Bedew'd her cheek. She pitied his misfortunes,
And whom ſhe ſnatch'd from death, ſhe means to bleſs
With that rare beauty, and connubial love.

PERIANDER.

Ha! do'ſt thou come to ſink me to a ſlave?
'Tis pride, 'tis arrogance makes this demand.
Muſt I obey the proud, imperious mandate?
Bear Ariadne with you!—By yon heav'n,
No pow'r on earth ſhall force her from the iſle.
If thou preſum'ſt again——

PERITHOUS.

I never have,
I never can preſume——

PERIANDER.

'Tis inſolence!
Is this the praiſe? Are theſe the thanks you bring?
Urge that requeſt no more.——

PERITHOUS.

If to my words
You'll deign to lend a favourable ear——

PERIANDER.

Say on what law does Athens found a right
To claim an alien princeſs?

PERITHOUS.

When her choice,
Her gen'rous choice, the impulſe of the heart
Inclines her will, you will not fetter freedom?

PERIANDER.

Her father claims her: doſt thou vainly hope,

That Greece can ſilence his paternal rights?
Is that your errand? Who commiſſion'd thee?
Is Theſeus your adviſer? and does he
Second this proud attempt?

THESEUS.

No, Theſeus never
Will plan, or counſel what may ſtain your honour.

PERITHOUS.

Nor will he e'er forget,—I know him well—
I know his gratitude, his gen'rous warmth,
His conſtancy and truth—He'll ne'er forget
His vows of faithful love. The debt he owes
To Ariadne never can be paid.
Athens approves their union: tuneful bards
Prepare the tribute of immortal verſe,
And white-rob'd virgins ev'n now are ready,
Where e'er ſhe treads, to ſcatter at her feet
The blooming ſpring, and at the ſacred altar
To hymn the bridal ſong.

THESEUS.

Unthinking man!
This blind miſtaken zeal will ruin all. *(aſide.)*

PERIANDER.

No more; I'll hear no more; here break we off.
Proud Greek forbear, nor wound again my ear
With terms of vile diſgrace. Another word
Of yielding Ariadne, and by Heav'n
The claims of Minos——His ambaſſador
Is here at hand; once more I'll give him audience.
And if again this outrage to my crown,——

If

If Theſeus is found tamp'ring in your plot,——
If you *(to Theſeus)* preſume by ſubtlety and fraud
To mock my hopes, and after laſt night's conference,
Renounce your honour, my reſentment rous'd
May do a deed to whelm you all in ruin.
Then, let your friend, when next he dares approach us,
Learn to reſpect a monarch, who diſdains
A proud demand from the vain ſtates of Greece.
[*Exit.*

THESEUS, PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

The ſtates of Greece, proud monarch! be aſſur'd,
Will vindicate their rights. Ha!—why that look
Of wild diſmay? that countenance of ſorrow?
Explain; what means my friend?

THESEUS.

Alas! you know not,
You little know the horror and deſpair
In which the hand of fate has plung'd my ſoul.

PERITHOUS.

And can deſpair oppreſs thee? can thy heart
Know that pale inmate? By our dangers paſt,
By all our wars, ſpite of this braggart king,
The beauteous Ariadne ſhall be thine.

THESEUS.

No more; no more of that:—I cannot ſpeak—

PERITHOUS.

Thoſe falt'ring accents, and thoſe lab'ring ſighs
Import ſome ſtrange alarm.

THESEUS.

Oh! lead me hence,
To meet the fierceſt monſters of the deſert,
Rather than bear this conflict of the mind.

PERITHOUS.

Unfold this myſtery:—Thoſe downcaſt eyes——

THESEUS.

You have awaken'd Periander's fury.
Thy words have led me to a precipice,
And I ſtand trembling on the giddy brink.

PERITHOUS.

From thence I'll lead thee to the peaceful vale,
To life and happineſs.——And can you thus,
When all your country's wiſhes bleſs your name,
When Athens to promote your happineſs——

THESEUS.

They may miſ-judge my happineſs:—Alas!
I thank them: little do they know of Theſeus.

PERITHOUS.

They know your virtues, your heroic ardour,
Your patriot toil in the great cauſe of Greece:
They know that honour in your breaſt has fix'd
His ſacred ſhrine: They know the gen'rous flame
That

That love has wak'd in Ariadne's breaſt,
And how, in gratitude, the bright idea
Muſt fire a ſoul like thine.

THESEUS.

Too deep, too deep
Each accent pierces here. *(aſide)*

PERITHOUS.

Thoſe faithful arms
Shall ſoon receive her.

THESEUS.

You ſhould not have claim'd her.

PERITHOUS.

Not claim that excellence! that rareſt beauty—

THESEUS.

By that miſtaken claim you've rais'd a ſtorm
That ſoon may burſt in ruin on my head.
You've fir'd to madneſs Periander's ſoul,
And wounded me, here, in the tend'reſt nerve,
That twines about the heart. For Ariadne
Thy ſuit is vain, 'tis fruitleſs: urge no more.
Let me embark for Greece; gain my diſmiſſion;
But for the princeſs, name her not: her liberty
The heart of Periander ne'er will grant:
No words, that art e'er form'd, will wring it from him.

PERITHOUS.

Not grant her freedom! not releaſe her hence!

Should he refuſe, all Greece will riſe in arms:
One common cauſe will form the gen'rous league.
Soon Periander ſhall behold the ocean
White with the foam of twenty-thouſand ſhips;
The Grecian phalanx poſted on his hills,
And his defenceleſs iſland wrapt in flames.

THESEUS.

Let Greece forget me, nor in ſuch a cauſe
Unchain the fury of wide-waſting war.
Oh! not for me ſuch ſlaughter.

PERITHOUS.

Think'ſt thou Greece
Will ſee thee torn from Ariadne's arms?
From her, who ſacrific'd her all for thee?
From her, whoſe courage has brav'd ev'ry danger;
Fled from her country, from her father's court,
To ſave her hero's life? From her, whoſe beauty
Already is the praiſe of wond'ring Greece,
Surpaſſing all that laviſh fancy forms.
I know the princeſs; the revolving year
Has not yet clos'd its round, ſince I beheld her
The pride, the glory of the Cretan dames.
That harmony of ſhape, that winning grace;
And when ſhe moves, that dignity of mien!
Thoſe eyes, whoſe quick and inexpreſſive glance
Brightens each feature, while it ſpeaks the ſoul.

THESEUS.

Thou need'ſt not, oh! my friend, thou need'ſt not point
Her beauties to my heart.—Each charm is her's,
Softneſs and dignity in union ſweet,

And

And each exalted virtue. Nature form'd her
The hero's wonder, and the poet's theme.

PERITHOUS.

You ſhall not loſe her, by yon Heav'n you ſhall not.
I'll ſeek the king; appriſe him of his danger;
Unmoor my ſhip, remeaſure back the deep,
And bring the fleets of Athens to his harbour.

THESEUS.

It muſt not be; no, Periander's ſoul
Is firm, heroic, unſubdu'd by danger.
His ſudden rage, his irritated pride
Will ſeal my doom: The deputies from Crete
Are here to claim their victim: Periander ſees
Each charm, each grace of Ariadne's form,
And ſends his rival hence to inſtant death.

PERITHOUS.

I can prevent him; can elude his malice.
This very night, when all is wrapt in darkneſs,
Embark with me. The partner of your heart
Shall be our lovely freight. I'll bear her hence
Far from the tyrant's pow'r. I'll lead you both
To Athens' happy realm, the growing ſchool
Of laurell'd ſcience, and each lib'ral art,
Of laws, and poliſh'd life, where both may ſhine
The pride, the luſtre of a wond'ring world,
Dear to each other, and to after-times
The pattern of all truth and faithful love.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Wretch that I am!—his ev'ry word preſents
My inward ſelf, the horrors of my guilt. *(aſide.)*

PERITHOUS.

Theſeus,—that alter'd look,—thoſe ſighs renew'd!
Some hoarded grief,——

THESEUS.

Enquire no more, but leave me.

PERITHOUS.

I cannot, will not leave thee: tell me all.
Some load of ſecret grief weighs on thy ſpirit.

THESEUS.

There let it lodge, there ſwell, and burſt my heart.

PERITHOUS.

You terrify your friend: Why heaves that groan?
Why thoſe round drops, juſt ſtarting from thy eye,
Which manhood combating forbids to fall?

THESEUS.

I ſee my guilt.

PERITHOUS.

Your guilt?

THESEUS.

I feel it all.

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

If there is ought that labours in thy breaſt——

THESEUS.

Here, here it lies.

PERITHOUS.

To me unboſom all.

THESEUS.

Perithous, wouldſt thou think it ?—Oh ! my friend,
I owe to Ariadne more,—alas ! much more
Than a whole life of gratitude can pay.
And yet——

PERITHOUS

Go on : unload thy inmoſt thoughts ;
A friend may heal the wound.

THESEUS.

Oh ! no ; thou'lt ſcorn me,
Abjure, deteſt, abhor me.—Wilt thou pardon
The frailties of a heart, that drives me on,
Endears the crime, and yet upbraids me ſtill ?
In me thou ſee'ſt—who can controul his love ?
In me thou ſeeſt——

PERITHOUS.

Speak ; what ?

THESEUS.

A perjur'd villain !
The verieſt traitor, that e'er yet deceiv'd

A kind,

A kind, a generous, a deluded maid,
And for his life preſerv'd, for boundleſs love,
Can only anſwer with diſſembling looks,
With counterfeited ſmiles, with fruitleſs thanks;
While with reſiſtleſs charms another beauty—

PERITHOUS.

Another!—gracious pow'rs!

THESEUS.

She kindles all
The paſſions of my ſoul; charms ev'ry ſenſe,
And Phædra reigns the ſov'reign of my heart.

PERITHOUS.

Her ſiſter Phædra!—and does ſhe aſpire
To guilty joys? Does ſhe admit your love?
Does ſhe too join you in the impious league?
Will ſhe thus wound a ſiſter, and receive
A traitor, a deſerter to her arms?

THESEUS.

On me, on me let fall thy bitt'reſt cenſure,
But blame her not.

PERITHOUS.

Not blame her!—Who can hear
A tale like this, and not condemn you both?
Th' ungen'rous act will tarniſh all your fame.

THESEUS.

Forbear, my friend; the god of love inſpir'd——

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Some fiend, a foe to ev'ry gen'rous inſtinct,
A foe to all that's fair, or great in man,
Infus'd the baleful poiſon through your ſoul.

THESEUS.

The guilt is mine: But ſpare, oh! ſpare my Phædra.
A ſingle glance from thoſe love-beaming eyes
Inflames each thought, and hurries me to madneſs.
Hark! *(ſoft muſick is heard)* Ariadne comes!—
this way, my friend;
Thou ſtill canſt ſerve me. With a lover's ardour
The king beholds her, and with earneſt ſuit
He woes her to his throne. Let us retire;
Thou ſtill canſt guide me through the maze of fate.
[*Exeunt.*

The back SCENE *opens, and ſoft Muſick is heard.*

Enter ARIADNE, *with a train of Virgins.*

Firſt VIRGIN.

Now, Ariadne, now, my royal miſtreſs,
Propitious fortune ſmiles, and from this day
The gods prepare a ſmiling train of years.

ARIADNE.

I thank you, Virgins; this kind ſympathy
Shews you have hearts that feel another's bliſs.
Oh! much I thank you, virgins; yes this day
Diſpels

Diſpels the clouds, that hover'd o'er my head.
Thou ſource of life, thou bright, thou radiant god,
Who through creation pour'ſt thy flood of glory,
All hail thy golden orb! Thou com'ſt to quell
The howling blaſt, to bid the tempeſt ceaſe,
And after all the horrors of the night,
To cheer the face of nature!—Oh! to me
Thou com'ſt propitious, in thy bright career
Leading thy feſtive train. The circling hours
That ſmile with happier omens, as they paſs
Shedding down bleſſings from their balmy wings,
Prepare thy way rejoicing: with thee come
Bright Hope, and roſe-lip'd Health, and pure delight,
And love and joy, the ſunſhine of the ſoul.

Firſt VIRGIN.

Be all your hours like this: may no misfortune
O'ercloud the ſcene; and may you ne'er have cauſe
To dim the luſtre of thoſe eyes in tears.

ARIADNE.

No, from this day, from this auſpicious day,
Theſeus is mine; the godlike hero's mine,
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry laurel crown'd,
The lover's ſoftneſs, and the warrior's fire.
A monarch now protects him; he has pledg'd
His royal word.—But wherefore tarries Theſeus?
Swift as ſome god, that mounts the viewleſs winds,
And cleaves the liquid air, he ſhould have flown
To tell me all, to bleſs me with his preſence,
And bid the news more joyful touch my ear,
Rais'd and endear'd by that enchanting tongue.
Why does he loiter thus?

Firſt

First VIRGIN.

His friends from Greece
Perhaps detain him.

ARIADNE.

Oh! it muſt be ſo,
And without cauſe I chide his ling'ring ſtay.
A ſhip from Greece to claim us! mighty gods!
When your diſpleaſure ſmote me, when your wrath,
Severely juſt, gave to my trembling lip
The cup of bitterneſs, to your high will
I bow'd in reverence down; I bore it all,
For Theſeus' ſake, I bore it all with patience;
And 'midſt our ſorrows, with a dawn of gladneſs
I ſooth'd his wounded ſpirit; teach me now,
Oh! teach me how to bear this tide of joy,
Nor with exceſs of bounty try too much
A heart that melts, that languiſhes with love.

Enter PHÆDRA.

ARIADNE.

Oh! Phædra, why this long, unkind delay?
The gods reſtore my Theſeus to my arms.

PHÆDRA.

If the protecting gods from Theſeus' head
Ward off th' impending blow, none more than Phædra
Will feel the gen'ral joy. But ſtill my fears——

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Suppreſs them all. Theſeus has nought to fear.
But where, where is he? whither has he wander'd?
Say, tell me all, and ſpeak to me of Theſeus?
In vain I aſk it. Though his name delight
My liſt'ning ear, yet you will never charm me
With the lov'd praiſes of the godlike man.
On Periander's name you often dwell,
In ſtrains, that in a heart not touch'd like mine,
Might ſtir affection.—Not a word of Theſeus.
Why ſilent thus?—it is unkind reſerve.
Alas, my ſiſter, thy unruffled temper
Knows not the tender luxury of love,
That joys to hear the object it adores
Approv'd, admir'd of all: when ev'ry tongue
Grows laviſh in his praiſe, then, then, with ecſtacy
The heart runs over, and with pride we liſten.

PHÆDRA.

I have been juſt to Theſeus; never wrong'd him.
His fame in arms has fill'd the nations round;
And purple victory in fields of death
For him has often turn'd the doubtful ſcale.

ARIADNE.

Unkind, ungen'rous praiſe! Has no one told you
His brave exploits? the number of his battles?
But who can count them? Fame exalts her trump,
Delighted with his name to ſwell the note;
And Victory exulting claps her wings,
Still proud to follow, where he leads the way.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

So fame reports.—With what unbounded rage
Her paſſions kindle.—She alarms my fears. *(aſide.)*

ARIADNE.

Why that averted look? Of late, my ſiſter,
Of late I've mark'd thee with dejected mien,
Penſive and ſad.—If aught of diſcontent
Weighs on thy heart, diſcloſe it all to me.
In ev'ry ſtate of life, in all conditions,
With thee I have unloaded ev'ry ſecret,
Fled to your arms, and ſigh'd forth all my care.

PHÆDRA.

Does Ariadne think my love abated?

ARIADNE.

No, Phædra, no; I harbour no miſtruſt.
I know thy virtues:—We grew up together,
Knit in the bands of love. No op'ning grace
That ſparkled in thy eye, or dawn'd in mine,
Could prompt the little paſſions of our ſex.
We heard each other's praiſe, and envy ſlept.
And ſure had Theſeus, though with boundleſs ardour
I now muſt love him, to diſtrictaon love him,
Yet if my Theſeus had firſt fix'd on thee,
I could (I think I could) have ſeen you happy
In his loved arms, and hero as he is
I had reſign'd him to you.—Why that ſigh,
Phædra?—why fall thoſe tears?

PHÆDRA.

Forgive your ſiſter,

If ſtill ſhe fears for thee—Her ev'ry look,
Each word ſhe utters pierces to my heart. *(aſide.)*

ARIADNE.

Speak, tell me why is this? why thus alarm me?
I never had a thought conceal'd from thee.

Enter THESEUS, *and* PERITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

Oh! Theſeus, in thy abſence ev'ry moment
Was counted with a ſigh. Support me, help me;
For I am faint with bliſs.

THESEUS.

Revive, revive;
Recall thy fleeting ſtrength. Your counſels, Phædra,
Will beſt aſſiſt her; your perſuaſive voice
Will charm her ſenſe, and baniſh all her cares.

PHÆDRA.

At his lov'd ſight, what new emotions riſe! *(aſide.)*

THESEUS.

My friend Perithous from the realms of Greece——

ARIADNE.

Perithous here! the meſſenger from Athens!
When laſt you ſojourn'd at my father's court;
(The ſun has circled ſince his annual round)
I well remember you admir'd of all.
Men heard and praiſed the wonder of your friendſhip

For

For Theſeus, then a ſtranger to theſe eyes,
But ſince beheld, and ah! beheld to charm
The heart of Ariadne!—you come now
To ſuccour our diſtreſs.

PERITHOUS.

In evil hour
I ſail'd from Greece. Would I had ne'er embark'd.

ARIADNE.

My heart dies in me.—Say what new event——
Theſeus explain, and tell me, tell me all.

THESEUS.

Oh! I was born to be th' unceaſing curſe
Of Ariadne's life; ſtill, ſtill indebted,
Unable to repay.

ARIADNE.

Thou generous man!
To hear thoſe ſounds, and view thee thus before me,
Oe'r pays me now for all my ſufferings paſt.

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

Theſeus, on matters of ſome new concern,
To me unknown, your preſence is required.
'Tis Periander's order.

THESEUS.

I obey.

ARIADNE.

What may this mean? yet, Theſeus, ere you go—

THESEUS.

My friend will tell each circumſtance; from him
You'll calmly hear it all. And may his voice,
Soft as the breeze that pants in eaſtern groves,
Approach your ear, and ſooth your thoughts to peace. [*Exit with* Archon.

ARIADNE.

The gods will watch thy ways, and Periander
Has promis'd ſtill to ſhield thy ſuffering virtue.

PHÆDRA.

I dread ſome miſchief: Ariadne, here
Wait my return: I'll follow to the palace,
And bring the earlieſt tidings of his fate. [*Exit.*

ARIADNE, PERITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

My heart is chill'd with fear. What dark event—
Can Periander—no; diſhonour never
Will ſtain his name.—And yet that awful pauſe!
Thoſe looks with grief o'erwhelm'd!—

PERITHOUS.

Yes, grief indeed
Sits heavy at my heart.—

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Reveal the cauſe;
Give me to know the worſt. This dread ſuſpence—

PERITHOUS.

Oh! that in ſilence I could ever hide
From you, from all, and in oblivion bury
What here is lodg'd, and ſhakes my ſoul with horror!

ARIADNE.

With horror! wherefore? is not Theſeus ſafe?
Does not his country claim him? Does not Greece
With open arms expect him? Does not Athens
Send you with orders to demand us both?

PERITHOUS.

From thence your dangers riſe: the ſons of Athens,
A quick, inconſtant, fluctuating race——

ARIADNE.

Yet ever wiſe, heroic, gen'rous, brave,
All ſoul, all energy. Do they oppoſe
Our nuptial union? Do they ſtill maintain
Their old hoſtility? Do they exclude
An alien princeſs from the throne of Athens?
If ſuch their will, take, take the ſov'reign ſway,
Th' imperial diadem, the pomp of ſtate:
Let Theſeus to his father's rights ſucceed,
And reign alone; make me his wedded wife;
'Tis all I aſk; the gods can grant no more.
Thrones, ſceptres, grandeur! love can ſcorn you all.

PERITHOUS.

Unhappy Theſeus! by diſaſtrous fate
Doom'd to betray ſuch excellence; to ſee
The faireſt gift of Heav'n, and ſpurn it from him.
(aſide.)

ARIADNE.

You anſwer not: ſpeak and reſolve my doubts.
Pity a heart, too tenderly alive,
And wild with fear, that throbs, that aches like mine.
Thy pure, exalted mind will tow'r above
The arts of mean equivocating phraſe.
You'll not deceive a fond, a faithful woman.

PERITHOUS.

None ſhould deceive you; none. You will forgive
My heſitating fears. I would not wound
That tender frame with aught that may alarm you.
For thee my mind miſgives: the fear that awes me
Pays homage to your virtue.

ARIADNE.

And does Greece
Reject the love I proffer?

PERITHOUS.

No, all Greece
Reveres your honour'd name: Th' Athenian ſtate
By me demands your liberty. In terms
Of earneſt import I have urg'd their claim;
But Periander,—to his ardent ſpirit

You

You are no ſtranger.—He no ſooner heard
The name of Ariadne, than with fierceſt rage—
Perhaps you know the cauſe—with high diſdain
He ſpurn'd at the demand. Some hidden motive—
'Tis love perhaps—you will forgive my boldneſs—
'Tis love, perhaps, that prompts the ſtern reply.
Should I preſume once more to urge the claim,
Theſeus that moment muſt embark for Crete.
So ſays the king: he will not brook a rival.
You'll ſee your lover torn by ruffians from you;
You'll ſee the ſhip bound ſwiftly o'er the waves;
In vain you'll ſhriek; in vain extend your arms,
And call on Theſeus loſt!

ARIADNE.

That ſavage purpoſe
The ſoul of Periander will diſdain.

PERITHOUS.

What will not love perſuade? love made you fly
Your father's court; and love may teach a monarch
To break all bonds, and tow'r above the laws.

ARIADNE.

If this be what alarms you——

PERITHOUS.

Theſeus' life
Once more depends on thee.——

ARIADNE.

To ſave that life
Is there an enterprize, a ſcene of danger,
That Ariadne will not dare to meet?

PERITHOUS.

Your wond'rous daring on the wings of fame
Has reach'd the nations round. But now, alas!
One only way is left.

ARIADNE.

Direct me to it.

PERITHOUS.

To Periander lend a gracious ear.
For thee he ſighs; for thee his vows aſcend.
His throne awaits thee; the imperial crown——

ARIADNE.

Sir, do you know me?

PERITHOUS.

Princeſs, here to reign
In this fair iſland——

ARIADNE.

Do you know the ſpirit
That rules this breaſt, and o'er informs my ſoul?

PERITHOUS.

Forgive the zeal that prompts me to this office.
The king intenſely loves; and in a baſe,
Degen'rate world, from which all truth is fled,
He ſtill may faithful prove to worth like thine.
Conſult with Theſeus: he can beſt adviſe you.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Conſult with Theſeus! aſk his kind conſent
That I may prove a traitreſs to my vows!
Sir, for this counſel, for this gen'rous care,
Accept my thanks.—You are too much alarm'd.
Reſign my Theſeus! Oh! the gods have form'd him
With ev'ry virtue that adorn's the hero;
With valour, to incite the ſoldiers' wonder;
With ev'ry grace to charm the heart of woman.
Oh! none will rival him. 'Twill be the pride
Of Periander, 'tis his higheſt glory,
That Theſeus fled for ſhelter to his throne,
And met protection here.

PERITHOUS.

I've been to blame.
Perhaps I urge too far: Princeſs, farewell!
May the benignant gods watch all your ways. [*Exit.*

ARIADNE.

Your fears are vain; each gloomy cloud ſhall vaniſh,
Or, ting'd with orient beams of ſmiling fortune,
With added luſtre gild our various day;
While o'er our heads Hymen ſhall wave his torch,
Sooth all our cares, and brighten ev'ry joy.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT the THIRD.

ARIADNE, THESEUS.

ARIADNE.

OH! look not thus; thoſe eyes that glare ſo paſe,
Thoſe ſighs that heave, as they would burſt your heart,
Affright my ſoul, and kill me with deſpair.
Oh! baniſh all thy doubts, and let thoſe eyes
Smile, as when firſt they beam'd their ſoftneſs on me.

THESEUS.

Alas! I'm doom'd to mourn; my thread of life
Was ſteep'd in tears, and muſt for ever run
Black and diſcolour'd with the worſt of woes.

ARIADNE.

Can thy great heart thus ſhrink, appall'd with fear?
Theſeus, I never ſaw thee thus before.

THESEUS.

Our days of rapture and of promis'd joy
Far hence are fled.

ARIADNE.

No, on their roſy wings
The hours of joy and ever new delight
Come ſmiling on. Is this a time for fear,
When all is gay ſerenity around us,

And

And Fortune opens all her brighteſt ſcenes?

THESEUS.

Too ſoon that ſcene, with low'ring clouds deform'd,
Will ſhew the ſad reverſe. You little know
How Periander with reſiſtleſs fury
Breaks thro' all bounds. His paſſions ſcorn reſtraint,
And what he wills, his vehemence of ſoul
Purſues with fierce, with unremitting ardour.
To his wild fury all muſt yield obedience.

ARIADNE.

His reign has ever been both mild and juſt.
Fair virtue, like ſome god that rules the ſtorm,
Still calms the warring elements within him;
And moderation with her golden curb
Guides all his actions.

THESEUS.

Yet there is an impulſe,
Which with the whirlwind's unreſiſted rage,
Roots up each virtue, and lays waſte the ſoul.
Love reigns a lawleſs tyrant in his heart.
For thee he ſighs; and ſure that matchleſs beauty
May well inflame the paſſions of a prince,
Who with a diadem can deck thy brow.

ARIADNE.

Too well he knows the ties that bind us both.
Knows you're all truth, all conſtancy and love.
He knows the flame my virgin ſighs have own'd;
Knows that for thee I left my native land,
Fled from my friends, and from my father's palace,
And

And gave up all for thee. And thinks he now
His throne, his diadem, his purple pomp,
Have charms of pow'r to lure me from thy arms?
He knows his vows are loſt in air: Thy heart
Is Ariadne's throne.

THESEUS.

His fierceſt paſſions
Break forth at once, like the deep cavern'd fire,
All ties, all tender motives muſt give way.
His reſolution's fix'd. This very day,
Unleſs for ever I renounce thy love,
His jealous rage ſends me hence bound in chains,
To die a victim on the Cretan ſhore.

ARIADNE.

He will not dare it; no, ſo black an outrage
His heart will ne'er conceive. Should he perſiſt,
Should malice goad him on, I too can fly
This barb'rous ſhore; with unextinguiſh'd love
Thro' ev'ry region, ev'ry clime attend thee;
Follow your fortunes, if the fates ordain it,
Ev'n to my father's court; there proſtrate fall,
And claſp his hand, and bathe it with my tears,
Nor ceaſe with vehemence of grief to melt him,
Till he releaſe thee to theſe circling arms,
Approve my choice, and ſhew thee to the people,
The adopted heir, the riſing ſun of Crete.

THESEUS.

By yielding me, his rival is deſtroy'd;
And by that act his proud ambition hopes
To ſooth your father's irritated pride,
And mould him to his wiſh.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Can Periander
Harbour that black intent? and does he mean
To prove at firſt a villain and a murderer,
And then aſpire to Ariadne's love?
No, Theſeus, no: he will not ſtoop ſo vilely:
I've heard you oft commend him; oft my ſiſter
Employs whole hours with rapture in his praiſe.
He is her conſtant theme. Her partial voice
Ev'n above thine exalts his fav'rite name.
She dwells on each particular; in peace
His milder virtues, his great fame in arms:
How, when he talks, fond admiration liſtens:
And each bright princeſs hears him, and adores.

THESEUS.

Not envy's ſelf, howe'er his pride inflam'd
May deal with me, can overſhade his glory.
Renown in war is his; the ſofter virtues
Of mild humanity adorn his name.
The poliſh'd arts of peace, and ev'ry muſe
Attune to finer ſentiments his ſoul.
His throne is fix'd upon the firmeſt baſis
Of wiſdom, and of juſtice. There to ſhine
The partner of his heart, his ſoft aſſociate
In that bright ſcene of glory, well may prompt
In ev'ry neighb'ring ſtate the virgin's ſigh,
And wake th' ambition of each monarch's daughter.

ARIADNE.

The ſtrain, the rapture that to me in ſecret
My ſiſter Phædra pours the live-long day,
Enamour'd of his name! Perchance you've heard
her,

And

And mark'd the heaving ſigh, and ſeen the bluſh
That glow'd with conſcious crimſon on her cheek.
Oh! if ſhe cheriſhes the tender flame,
With maiden coyneſs veil'd, and pines in love,
Beauty like her's may fire a monarch's heart,
And Periander, without ſhame or guilt,
Without a crime, may woe her to his arms.
To ſee her happy, to behold my Phædra
Crown'd with a monarch's and a people's love,
Would be the pride of Ariadne's heart.

THESEUS.

Oh! it were miſery, the worſt of woes. *(aſide.)*

ARIADNE.

Why do you ſtart? why that averted look?
If you approve their nuptials, freely tell me:
With Periander I can plead her cauſe,
Paint forth each charm of that accompliſh'd mind,
'Till the king glow with rapture at the ſound.

THESEUS.

Oh! this would plunge me in the worſt deſpair. *(aſide)*
It muſt not be.—Has not Perithous told you——

ARIADNE.

Perithous is your friend.—Perhaps to draw
The tie ſtill cloſer, you would ſee him bleſs'd
In Phædra's arms.—Tell me your inmoſt thoughts.
If ſuch your will, what will I not attempt
To ſooth to dear delight a mind like thine?
Phædra will liſten to me; mutual love
Has ſo endear'd us, from our tend'reſt years
Has ſo encreas'd, and with our growth kept pace,
That

That we have had one wiſh, one heart, one mind.
My voice with Phædra will have all the pow'r
Of ſoft perſuaſion: her exalted merit
Will bleſs your friend and brighten all his days.

THESEUS.

Oh! the bare image fires my brain to madneſs.
(aſide.)
Alas! this dream of happineſs——

ARIADNE.

What means
That ſudden cloud? and why that lab'ring ſigh?
Oh! let my ſiſter to Perithous' vows
Yield her conſent, and bleſs him with her beauty:
Together we will ſeek the realms of Greece;
There in ſweet union ſee our growing loves
Spring with new rapture, ſhare each other'sbliſs,
And by imparting multiply our joys.

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

With thee, fair princeſs, Periander craves
Another interview: He enters now
The palace garden.

ARIADNE.

Does he there require
My preſence?

ARCHON.

Where you deign to give him audience,
He will attend you.

THESEUS.

It were beſt go forth.
His virtues claim reſpect; and oh! remember
My fate, my happineſs on thee depend.

ARIADNE.

Truſt Ariadne, truſt your fate with me. [*Exit.*

THESEUS, ARCHON.

ARCHON.

The Cretan princeſs with reſiſtleſs paſſion
Inflames his fierce deſires. My boding fears
Foreſee ſome dire event.

THESEUS.

A glance from her
Will ſooth his rage, and all may ſtill be well.
When love reſiſtleſs fires the noble mind,
Th' effects, though ſudden, from that gen'rous ſource,
Are oft excus'd; the errors of our nature,
The tender weakneſs of the human heart.

ARCHON.

Errors that influence the public weal,
His rank prohibits.—Let his vices be,
(If vices he muſt have) obſcure and private,
Unfelt by men, leaving no trace behind.
It were unjuſt, that his unbounded fury
Should tear thee from the arms of her you love.

THESEUS.

But when a monarch—Ha! Perithous comes.

Enter PERITHOUS.

Enter PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Theſeus, I ſought thee.—Archon, does your king
Relent? or muſt confed'rate Greece ſend forth
Her fleets and armies to ſupport her rights?

ARCHON.

The miſeries of war my feeble voice
Shall labour to prevent. Theſeus, farewell.
Archon is ſtill your friend. With Ariadne,
Ere long, I truſt, you may reviſit Greece.
[*Exit.*

THESEUS, PERITHOUS.

THESEUS.

With her reviſit Greece! Why all this zeal
For Ariadne? Who has tamper'd with him?
Why not convey her to her father's court?
Why not invite her to the throne of Naxos?
Why all this buſy, this officious care
To torture me? to foil his ſov'reign's love?
To ſend far hence the idol of his heart,
And blend her fate with mine?

PERITHOUS.

Her fate with thine
So cloſe is blended, nothing can divide them.
Truth, honour, juſtice, gratitude combine
Each tender ſentiment; they form a chain,
An adamantine chain, indiſſoluble, firm,
And ſtrong as that which from the throne of Jove

Hangs down to draw to harmony and union
This univerſal frame.

THESEUS.

Is this my friend?

PERITHOUS.

Your friend, who ſcorns to flatter;
Who dares avow th' emotions of his heart.
Oh! Theſeus, we have long together walk'd
The paths of virtue, upright, firm in honour;
And ſhall we now decline? and ſhall we now
With fraud, with perfidy, with blackeſt perfidy,
For ever damn our names?

THESEUS.

This ſtern reproof
Is not the language the time now demands.
'Tis thine, my friend, to ſoften my diſtreſs;
To pour the balm of comfort o'er my ſorrows,
And ſoothe the anguiſh of a wounded mind.
Oh! ſtep between me and the keen reproaches
Of injur'd beauty; ſave me from myſelf;
From Ariadne ſave me.

PERITHOUS.

Is it thus,
Oh! raſh deluded man! and is it thus
With high diſdain you ſpurn that rareſt beauty,
That fond, believing, unſuſpecting fair?

THESEUS.

Have you not painted to her dazzled fancy
The ſplendor of a throne, that here awaits her?

PERITHOUS.

So gen'rous, ſo unbounded is her love,
She ſeeks but thee, thee only. Pomp and ſplendor
Are toys that ſink, and fade away before her.

THESEUS.

Then tell her all the truth: tell her at once,
Another flame is kindled in my heart,
And fate ordains ſhe never can be mine.

PERITHOUS.

Will that become Perithous? that the taſk
Thy friendſhip would impoſe? Muſt I proclaim
To th' aſtoniſh'd world, my friend's diſhonour?
Muſt I with cruelty, with felon purpoſe,
Approach that excellence, that beauteous form,
And for her gen'rous love, for all her virtue,
Fix in her tender breaſt the ſharpeſt pang,
With which ingratitude can ſtab the heart?

THESEUS.

Why wilt thou goad me thus? 'tis cruelty;
'Tis malice in diſguiſe.—Forbear, forbear;
Aſſiſt your friend in the ſoft cauſe of love,
Involuntary love, that hold's enſlav'd
The fetter'd will.

PERITHOUS.

Involuntary love!
Beware, beware of the deceitful garb
That vice too oft aſſumes.—There's not a purpoſe
Prompting to evil deeds, that dares appear
In it's own native form. The firſt approach

With bland allurements, with insidious mien,
Wears the delusive semblance of some virtue.
The Siren spreads her charms, and Fancy lends
Her thousand hues to deck the lurking crime.
Opinion changes; 'tis no longer guilt;
'Tis amiable weakness, gen'rous frailty,
Involuntary error. On we rush
By fatal error led, and thus the language,
The sophistry of vice deludes us all.

THESEUS.

Perithous, 'tis in vain: in vain you strive,
By subtle maxims, and by pedant reas'ning
To talk down love, and mould it to your will.
It rages here like a close pent-up fire.
And think'st thou tame advice can check its course,
And soothe to rest the fever of the soul?

PERITHOUS.

And wilt thou thus, by one ungen'rous deed,
Blast all your laurels, and give up at once
To shame and infamy thy honour'd name?

THESEUS.

Wouldst thou destroy my peace of mind for ever?

PERITHOUS.

I would preserve it. Wouldst thou still enjoy
Th' attesting suffrage of the conscious heart?
The road is plain and level: live with honour.
Be all your deeds, such as become a man.
'Tis that alone can give th' unclouded spirit,
The pure serenity of inward peace.
All else is noisy fame; the giddy shout

Of

Of gazing multitudes, that ſoon expires,
And leaves our laurels, and our martial glory
To wither and decay. By after times
The roar of fond applauſe no more is heard.
The triumph ceaſes, and the hero then
Fades to the eye: the faithleſs man remains.

THESEUS.

Was it for this you ſpread your ſails from Greece?
To aggravate my ſorrows?—If a monarch
Woos Ariadne to his throne and bed;
If I reſign her to imperial ſplendor,
Where is my guilt? Why will ſhe not accept
The bright reward, that waits to crown her virtues?

PERITHOUS.

Becauſe, like thee, ſhe is not prone to change.

THESEUS.

Why, cruel, why thus pierce my very ſoul?

PERITHOUS.

Becauſe, like thee, ſhe knows not to betray.

THESEUS.

Diſaſtrous fate. And wouldſt thou have me fly
From Phædra's arms? By every ſolemn vow,
By every ſacred tie, by love itſelf,
My heart is her's. She is my only ſource
Of preſent bliſs, my beſt, my only earneſt
Of future joy; the idol of my ſoul.
Should I deſert her, can invention find,
'Midſt all her ſtores, a tint of ſpecious colouring
To varniſh the deceit?

PERITHOUS.

It wants no varniſh,
No ſpecious colouring. Plain honeſt truth
Will juſtify the deed. With open firmneſs
Go, talk with Phædra: tell her with remorſe
Conſcience has ſhewn the horrors of your guilt.
Tell her the vows, you breathed to Ariadne,
Were heard above, recorded by the gods.
Tell her, if ſtill ſhe ſpreads her fatal lure,
She takes a perjur'd traitor to her arms,
Practis'd in fraud, who may again deceive.
Tell her, with equal guilt, nor leſs abhor'd,
She joins to rob a ſiſter of her rights.
Tell her that Greece——

THESEUS.

No more; I'll hear no more.
Aſſiſt my love; 'tis there I aſk your aid.
Forget my fame; it is not worth my care.

PERITHOUS.

Then, go, ruſh on, devoted to deſtruction.
Let Hymen kindle his unhallow'd torch,
Claſp'd in each others arms enjoy your guilt.
Renounce all ſacred honour; add your name
To the bright liſt of thoſe illuſtrious worthies,
Who have ſeduc'd, by vile inſidious arts,
The fond affections of the gen'rous fair;
And in return for all her wond'rous goodneſs,
Left the fair mourner to deplore her fate;
To pine in ſolitude, and die at length
Of the ſlow pangs that rend the broken heart.

THESEUS

THESEUS.

Oh! fortune, fortune!—wherefore was I born
With a great heart, that loves, that honours virtue,
And yet thus fated to be paſſion's ſlave?

PERITHOUS.

'Tis but one effort, and you tow'r above
The little frailties that debaſe your nature.
That were true victory, worth all your conqueſts.
You triumph o'er yourſelf. And lo! behold
Th' occaſion offers.——Ariadne comes!

THESEUS.

I muſt not ſee her now.

PERITHOUS.

By heav'n, you ſhall.

THESEUS.

Off, looſe your hold. Confuſion, ſhame, and horror,
Rage and deſpair, diſtract and rend my ſoul.
'Tis you have fix'd theſe ſcorpions in my breaſt.

PERITHOUS.

And yet—*(holding him.)*

THESEUS.

No more; let midnight darkneſs hide me
In ſome deep cave, where I may dwell with madneſs,
Far from the world, far from a friend like thee.
[*Exit.*

PERITHOUS.

Miſguided man! my friendſhip ſtill ſhall ſave him.

ARIADNE, PERITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

Stay, Theſeus, ſtay: does he avoid my preſence?
Why with that haſte, that wild diſorder'd look—

PERITHOUS.

'Tis now the moment of ſuſpended fate:
The gods aſſembled hold th' uplifted balance,
And my friend's peace, all that is dear, or ſacred,
His fame, and honour tremble in the ſcale.

ARIADNE.

The gods protect him ſtill: you need not fear.
All danger flies before him.

PERITHOUS.

While the king
Detains him here, he knows to what exceſs
A monarch's love ——

ARIADNE.

Does that alarm his fear?
And does he therefore fly?—Ungen'rous Theſeus!
And is it thus you judge of Ariadne?
And yet, Perithous, I will not upbraid him.
His tender ſenſibility of heart
Too quickly takes th' alarm: yet that alarm
Shews with what ſtrong ſolicitude he loves;

My

My tears prevail, and he may ſail for Greece.
This very moment Periander granted ——
See, where he comes: he will confirm it all.

PERITHOUS.

It were not fit he ſhould behold me here.
When apt occaſion ſerves, we'll meet again.
A heart like yours, with every virtue fraught,
Should be no more deceiv'd. I now withdraw.
[*Exit.*

ARIADNE.

Go, tell my Theſeus all his fears are vain.
In love, as well as war, he ſtill muſt triumph.

PERIANDER, ARIADNE.

PERIANDER.

If once again I trouble your retreat,
Deem me not, princeſs, too importunate,
Nor with indignant ſcorn reject a heart,
That throbs in every vein for thee alone.

ARIADNE.

Scorn in your preſence, Sir, no mind can feel.
Far other ſentiments your martial glory,
And the mild feelings of your gen'rous nature,
Excite in every breaſt. The crown you wear,
From virtue's pureſt ray derives it's luſtre.
Your ſubjects own a father in their king.
Beneath your ſway the wretched ever find
A ſure retreat. At Periander's court
All hearts rejoice: here mis'ry dries her tear.
To me your kind humanity has giv'n

It's

It's beſt protection. For the gen'rous act
My heart o'erflows: theſe tears atteſt my thanks.
To you each day beholds me bow with praiſe,
Reſpect, and gratitude.

PERIANDER.

And muſt reſpect,
Fruitleſs reſpect, and diſtant cold regard,
Be all my lot? Has heav'n no other bliſs
In ſtore for me? unhappy royalty!
Condemn'd to ſhine in ſolitary ſtate,
With no fond tenderneſs of mutual hope,
To ſoothe the heart, and ſweeten all its cares;
Without the ſoft ſociety of love.

ARIADNE.

For thee the gods reſerve ſublimer joys,
The happineſs ſupreme of ſerving millions.
'Tis your's, in war to guard a people's rights;
In peace, to ſpread one common bliſs to all,
And feel the raptures of that beſt ambition.
Mankind demand you: glory is your call.

PERIANDER.

Ambition is the phrenzy of the ſoul;
The fierce inſatiate avarice of glory,
That wades through blood, and marks it's way with ruin:
And when it's toils are o'er, what then remains,
But to look back through wide diſpeopled realms?
Where nature mourns o'er all the dreary waſte,
And hears the widows', and the orphans' ſhrieks,
And ſees each laurel wither at the groans,
And the deep curſes of a ruin'd people.

Vain

Vain efforts all! vain the purſuit of glory,
Unleſs bright beauty arm us for the field,
Hail our return, enhance the victor's prize,
And love reward what love itſelf inſpir'd.

ARIADNE.

The vaſt renown, that ſpreads ſuch luſtre round you,
Like the bright ſun, that dims all meaner rays,
And makes a deſert in the blue expanſe,
Will never want uplifted wond'ring eyes
To gaze upon it. From the neighb'ring ſtates
Some blooming virgin, ſome illuſtrious princeſs
Will yield with rapture to a monarch's love,
Proud of a throne, which virtue has adorn'd.

PERIANDER.

That pow'r is your's: one kind indulgent glance,
One ſmile, the harbinger of ſoft conſent,
Has bliſs in ſtore beyond the reach of fortune,
Beyond ambition's wiſh.

ARIADNE.

Your pardon, Sir.
I muſt not hear you ſigh, and ſigh in vain.
Look round your iſle, where in it's ſaireſt forms,
In all it's winning graces, beauty decks
Your ſplendid court. Amidſt the radiant train,
If none has touch'd your heart, may I preſume—
Perhaps you'll think mine a too partial voice—
If none attract you, ſee where Phædra ſhines
In every grace, in each attractive charm
Of outward form, and dignity of mind.
Her rare perfections, her unequall'd virtue,
The mild affections of her gen'rous heart,

Her

Her friendſhip firm, in ev'ry inſtance tried,
Tranſcend all praiſe. In her pure virgin breaſt
Love never kindled yet his ſecret flame.
Your voice may wake deſires unfelt before:
With pride ſhe'll liſten, and may crown your vows
With all th' endearments of a love ſincere,
And with her ſofter luſtre grace your throne.

PERIANDER.

Why, cruel, torture me with cold diſdain?
With thee to reign were Periander's glory.

ARIADNE.

Oh! not for me that glory: well you know
This heart already is another's right.

PERIANDER.

There lies the precipice on which you tread.
By your own hand 'tis cover'd o'er with flowr's;
Your fall will firſt diſcover it.

ARIADNE.

Thoſe words
Dark and myſterious——

PERIANDER.

It were not fit
That fond credulity ſhould lead you on
In gay deluſion, and in errors maze.
The baſe deceiver——

ARIADNE.

Who?—what doſt thou mean?

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

I mean to ſave you from his treach'rous arts;
To place you on a throne, beyond his reach,
Where foul ingratitude will ſee her ſhafts
Fall pow'rleſs at your feet.

ARIADNE.

Cold tremors ſhoot,—
I know not why,—through all my trembling frame—

PERIANDER.

Tender, ſincere, and generous yourſelf,
You little know the arts of faithleſs man.

ARIADNE.

Explain; unfold; you freeze my ſoul with horror.

PERIANDER.

Beware of Theſeus!

ARIADNE.

How! of Theſeus ſaidſt thou?

PERIANDER.

Were I this day to ſend him hence a victim,
(And you alone, your tears ſuſpend my purpoſe)
'Twere vengeance due to perfidy like his.

ARIADNE.

The viper-tongue of ſlander wrongs him much.
Too well I know his worth: my heart's at peace.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

With fond enchantment the gay Siren hope
Has lur'd you, on a calm unruffled ſea,
To truſt a ſmiling ſky, and flatt'ring gales.
Too ſoon you'll ſee that ſky deform'd with clouds;
Too ſoon you'll wonder at the gath'ring ſtorm,
And look aghaſt at the deep lurking ruin,
Where all your hopes muſt periſh.

ARIADNE.

Still each word
Is wrapt in darkneſs: end this dread ſuſpenſe,
Or elſe my flutt'ring ſoul will ſoon forſake me,
And leave me at your feet a breathleſs corſe.

PERIANDER.

A former flame—reſtrain that wild ſurprize;
Summon your ſtrength:—I ſpeak his very words:
A former flame, kindled long ſince in Greece,
Preys on his heart with ſlow conſuming fires.

ARIADNE.

Does this become a monarch? Can your pride
Thus lowly ſtoop, thus with a tale ſuborn'd
To tempt the honour of this faithful breaſt?

PERIANDER.

By ev'ry pow'r that views the heart of man,
And watches mortal thoughts, tis truth I utter.
Laſt night admitted to a private audience,
He own'd it all; renounc'd your love for ever;
Gave up his fair pretenſions.—Ariadne,

Your

Your colour changes, and the guſhing tear
Starts from your trembling eye.——

ARIADNE.

The very thought——
Though ſure it cannot be,—the very thought
Strikes to my heart like the cold hand of death.

PERIANDER.

If ſtill you doubt, go charge him with his guilt:
He will avow it all.

ARIADNE.

And if he does,
Oh! what a change in one diſaſtrous day!

PERIANDER.

Your fate now calls for firm, deciſive meaſures.
I will no longer urge th' ungrateful ſubject.
I leave you to collect your flutt'ring ſpirits.
I would not ſee your gen'rous heart deceiv'd.
His guilt ſhould rouze your nobleſt indignation.
Now you may prove the greatneſs of your ſoul.
[*Exit.*

ARIADNE *alone.*

If this be ſo, if Theſeus can be falſe,
Is there on earth a wretch ſo curs'd as I am!
A former flame—ha! think no more—that thought,
With ruin big, ſhoots horror to my brain.
A former flame ſtill rages in his ſoul!
So ſaid the king: Who is the fatal fair?
Where, in what region does ſhe hide her charms?
Was

Was it for her I ſav'd him from deſtruction?
For her rebell'd againſt my father's pow'r?
To give to her all that my heart adores?
Can Theſeus thus—no, yonder ſun will ſooner
Start from his orbit.—Yet, why ſhun my preſence?
Why all this day that ſtern, averted look?
I'm torn, diſtracted, tortur'd with theſe doubts;
And where, oh! where to fix! I think him ſtill
All truth, all honour, tenderneſs and love.
And yet Perithous—it is all too plain;
All things conſpire; all things inform againſt him.
He will avow it!—Let me ſeek him ſtraight,
Unload my breaſt, and charge him with my wrongs;
With indignation harrow up his ſoul;
Tell all I've heard, all that diſtracts my brain;
Pour forth my rage, pour forth my fondneſs too,
And perhaps prove him innocent at laſt.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT the FOURTH.

ARIADNE.

WHERE, Ariadne, where are now the hours
That wing'd with rapture chas'd each other's flight,
In one gay round of joy? Where now the hopes,
That promis'd years of unextinguiſh'd love?
'Tis paſt; the dream is fled; the ſun grows dim;
Fair day-light turns to darkneſs; all within me
Is deſolation, horror, and deſpair.
And are his vows, breath'd in the face of heav'n,
Are all his oaths at once diſpers'd in air?
Thoſe eyes, whoſe glance ſent forth the melting ſoul,
Were they too falſe? The tears, with which he oft
Bedew'd his boſom, were they taught to feign?
He ſhuns me ſtill: where does he lurk conceal'd?
In all our haunts, in each frequented grove,
(Ah! groves too conſcious of the traitor's vows!)
In vain I've ſought him. Does this hated rival,
Has ſhe ſeduc'd him to her am'rous parley?
Gods! does ſhe ſee him ſmile, and hear that voice?
And does he ſigh, and languiſh at her feet,
Enamour'd gaze, and twine thoſe arms around her?
Hold, traitor, hold; the gods forbid your love;
Thoſe looks, thoſe ſmiles are mine: deluded maid!
Mine are thoſe vows, that fond embrace is mine.
Horror! diſtraction; ſtill 'tis but ſurmiſe
That with theſe ſhadowings makes me tremble thus.
I ſtill may wrong him:—Periander's fraud——

'Tis he abuſes my too credulous ear.
The tale may be ſuborn'd :—I'll not believe it.
Loſt Ariadne! you believe too much.
Where, where is Phædra? her unwearied friendſhip
May ſtill avert my ruin: ſhe may find
The barb'rous man, and melt his heart to pity.
And yet ſhe comes not: ha!—Pirithous here!
He knows the worſt: he can pronounce my doom.

PIRITHOUS, ARIADNE.

PIRITHOUS.

Forgive me, princeſs, with officious zeal
If I once more intrude. The time no longer
Admits of wav'ring, heſitating doubt.
The king, enfetter'd in the chains of love,
Rejects the claims of Greece. If hence you part,
You muſt, with Theſeus, ſteer your courſe for Crete.
His reſolution's fix'd

ARIADNE.

Does Theſeus know
Th' impending danger? have you ſeen your friend?

PIRITHOUS.

His great heart labours with a war of paſſions
Too big for utt'rance. In the ſoldier's eye
The ſilent tear ſtood trembling. Strong emotions
Convuls'd his frame. He knows your ev'ry virtue,
And rails in grief, in bitterneſs of ſoul,
At his hard fate, and each malignant planet,
That leave him empty praiſe, and fruitleſs thanks,
The only ſad return he now can make.

ARIADNE.

Thanks! unavailing thanks! you need not come
To add to miſery this ſharpeſt pang.
Love in this breaſt is not a vulgar flame,
The mere compliance of a will reſign'd;
'Tis gen'rous ecſtacy, 'tis boundleſs ardour.
A heart, that feels like mine, will not be paid
With cold acknowledgments, and fruitleſs thanks.
Mere gratitude is perfidy in love.

PIRITHOUS.

Your bright perfections were his fav'rite theme.
He ſees your days, that ſhone ſerenely bright,
Diſcolour'd now with ſorrows not your own.
He ſees you following, with unwearied ſteps,
One on whom fortune has not yet exhauſted
Her ſtores of malice: whom the gods abandon—

ARIADNE.

Whom juſtice, truth, and honour all abandon!

PIRITHOUS.

It grieves him, Ariadne, much it grieves him
To ſee thee overwhelm'd with his misfortunes:
Condemn'd with him to drain the bitter cup
Of endleſs woe; and ſince propitious fortune
With better omens courts you here at Naxos,
'Tis now his wiſh, that you renounce for ever
A man accurſt, ſad outcaſt from his country,
The fatal cauſe of all your ſorrows paſt.

ARIADNE.

The fatal cauſe of all my woes to come!

PIRITHOUS.

I do not mean to juſtify his guilt.
Might I adviſe you, you may ſtill be happy.
A monarch lays his ſceptre at your feet.
Your father Minos will approve your choice;
All Naxos will conſent; a willing people
With fond acclaim will hail you as their queen,
And Theſeus never can betray you more.

ARIADNE.

And doſt thou think, ſay does the traitor think
Thus to enſnare me with inſidious counſels?
Laſt night admitted to a private audience,
To Periander he confeſs'd his guilt.
Another paſſion rages in his heart.
You know it all: unfold your lurking thoughts,
Reveal the truth; give me the tale of horror,
Own the black treaſon, and conſummate all.

PIRITHOUS.

Would I could hide the failings of my friend. *(aſide)*

ARIADNE.

Thoſe broken accents but diſtract me more.
Let ruin come: I am prepar'd to meet it.
Oh! ſpeak, pronounce my doom: in me you ſee
A wretched princeſs, a deluded maid,
Loſt to her friends, her country, and her father.
In pity tell me all: with gen'rous frankneſs
Deal with the wretched: let me know the worſt.

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

Far be deceit from me: of juſt reſentment
I would light up the flame: my friend is plung'd,
Beyond all depth, in treachery and guilt.
Another love ſhoots poiſon to his ſoul.
At length he owns it. He avows his paſſion.

ARIADNE.

Avows his paſſion!

PIRITHOUS.

'Tis his fatal crime.

ARIADNE.

You hear it, gods! I aſk no patience of you;
Lend me no fortitude, no ſtrength to bear
This horrible deception.—If your juſtice
From your bright manſions views this ſcene of guilt,
Why ſleeps the thunder?—Send me inſtant madneſs,
To raze at once all traces from my brain,
All recollection of a world like this,
All buſy memory of ungrateful man.

PIRITHOUS.

Aſſert yourſelf; revenge your injur'd rights,
And tow'r above the falſe, the baſe deſerter,
Who breaks all vows, and triumphs in his guilt.

ARIADNE.

Can fraud like this engender in the heart?
It cannot be; no, the earth does not groan
With ſuch a monſter! you traduce him, Sir.

Who form'd the black design? Who forg'd the tale?
'Tis Periander's art: 'twas he suborn'd you.

PIRITHOUS.

If you will hear me——

ARIADNE.

Trouble me no more:
Theseus shall hear how his friend blasts his fame,
And comes from Athens, with his high commission,
To tempt my faith, and work a woman's ruin.
[*Exit.*

PIRITHOUS *alone.*

Too gen'rous princess! my heart inward bleeds
To see the cruel destiny that waits thee.
Ruin, inevitable ruin falls
On her, on Theseus, and his blasted fame.
And yet if Phædra—would some gracious pow'r
Inspire my voice, and give the energy
To wake, to melt, to penetrate the heart——
What if I seek her?—ha!——

PHÆDRA, PIRITHOUS.

PHÆDRA.

Methought the sound
Of Ariadne's voice——

PIRITHOUS.

'Tis as I wish'd:
Her timely presence—(*aside.*)

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Went my ſiſter hence?

PIRITHOUS.

Yes, hence ſhe went, wild as the tempeſt's rage,
As if a conflagration of the ſoul
To madneſs fir'd her brain. But oh! I fear,
She went to brood in ſecret o'er her wrongs;
To think, and to be deeper plung'd in woe.

PHÆDRA.

You chill my heart with fear: you have not told her
For whom in ſecret Theſeus breathes his vows;
For whom he cheriſhes the hidden flame.

PIRITHOUS.

There wants but that, that circumſtance of horror,
To deſolate her ſoul with inſtant madneſs.

PHÆDRA.

Yet why ſtill obſtinate, why thus diſdain
A monarch's vows? a mind like hers, elate
With native dignity, and fierce with pride,
May view with ſcorn the lover who betrays her,
And on th' imperial throne revenge her wrongs.

PIRITHOUS.

Revenge is the delight of vulgar ſouls,
Unfit to rule the breaſt of Ariadne.

PHÆDRA.

Your words, your looks alarm me: from your eye
Why ſhoots that fiery glance? what muſt we do?

PIRITHOUS.

What muſt we do? the honeſt heart will tell thee.
'Tis in your pow'r: renounce your guilty loves;
Do juſtice to a ſiſter; ſcorn by fraud,
By treach'rous arts to undermine her peace;
Reſtore the lover whom you raviſh'd from her,
A lover all her own, by ev'ry tie,
By ſolemn vows her own, nor join in guilt
To wreſt him from her, for the ſelfiſh pride,
The little triumph o'er a ſiſter's charms.

PHÆDRA.

To Ariadne turn: give her your counſel.
She ſtill, if timely wiſe, may ſave herſelf,
For joy and rapture: ſhe may live and reign.
If I loſe Theſeus, I can only die.

PIRITHOUS.

Better to die, than live in vile diſhonour.
You ruſh on ſure deſtruction: Awful conſcience,
That ſits in judgment in each human heart,
And from that dread tribunal ſpeaks within us:
Conſcience will tell you, you have broke all faith,
Betray'd all confidence, deſtroy'd the bonds
Of ſacred friendſhip, and with ſhame and infamy
Ruin'd a ſiſter, who would die to ſerve you.

PHÆDRA.

Inhuman that thou art! why wound me thus
With ſtern reproach? why arm againſt my peace,
With ſcorpion whips, theſe furies of the ſoul?

PERITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

For this wilt thou invade a ſiſter's rights?
For this betray her? to endure for ever
The ſelf-accuſing witneſs in the heart!
Remorſe will be your portion: ſhame and anguiſh
Will haunt your nights, and render all your days
Unbleſt and comfortleſs.

PHÆDRA.

It is too much,
Too much to bear this agony of mind.

PIRITHOUS.

'Tis virtue ſpeaks; it warns you: hear it's voice,
And ere too deeply you are plung'd in guilt,
Return with honour, and regain the ſhore.

PHÆDRA.

No more; it is too much: I cannot bear it.

PIRITHOUS.

Greece honours Ariadne: think when Theſeus
Returns with glory ſtain'd, with foul diſhonour,
Think of the black reverſe. Will men receive
With ſongs of triumph, and with ſhouts of joy,
Him, and his fugitive?—I ſee you're mov'd:
Thoſe tears are ſymptoms of returning virtue.

PHÆDRA.

You've turn'd my eyes with horror on myſelf.
Oh! thou haſt conquer'd: Ariadne, take,
Take back your lover; I reſign him to you.

No,

No, Phædra will not live the ſlave of vice;
I will not bear this torture of the mind,
Goaded by guilt, pale, trembling at itſelf.

PIRITHOUS.

There ſpoke the gen'rous ſoul: to thoſe emotions
May the gods give the energy of virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Go, ſay to Theſeus, for his love I thank him;
Bid him renounce, forget me—Can he do it?
Bid him preſerve his honour, and his life.
You need not counſel him—he will not fall
A willing victim for a wretch like me.
Yet, if his heart conſents, let him forget
His vows, his plighted faith; and as he once
With unfelt ardour could delude my ſiſter,
Bid him once more diſſemble, and betray.

PIRITHOUS.

Oh! bleſt event! all danger will retreat.
I leave you now, while nature ſtirs within you,
I leave you to th' emotions of your heart. [*Exit.*

PHÆDRA *alone.*

Oh! what a depth of ſorrow and remorſe,
Of ſhame and infamy have I eſcap'd!
Juſt gods! to you I bend: your warning voice
Has taught me to renounce all guilty joys,
And dwell, fair virtue! dwell with peace and thee.

THESEUS,

THESEUS, *and* PHÆDRA.

THESEUS.

Phædra, what mean thoſe tears? upon the wing
Of ſtrong impatience I have ſought your preſence.
What new alarm——

PHÆDRA.

My ſoul is full of horror.
Renounce my love; forget me; think no more
Of raſhly plighted vows.

THESEUS.

Renounce thee, Phædra?

PHÆDRA.

Fly my diſaſtrous love: diſgrace and ruin
Are all the portion Phædra has to give.

THESEUS.

Is that my Phædra's voice? Can ſhe talk thus?
The tyrant fair, who firſt inſpir'd my heart
With love unfelt before? I ſtruggled long
To ſtifle in my breaſt the hidden flame;
I fled your preſence; wereſoe'er I fled
Your image follow'd, and I ſtill lov'd on.
In vain I ſtruggled: your diſcerning eye
What could eſcape? you fann'd the riſing flame,
And ſoon my flutt'ring heart was wholly thine.

PHÆDRA.

Call not to memory the fond delight.
My guilt ſtands forth to view; I own it all.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

And were the graces of each winning ſmile
Meant only to deceive me? Were thoſe eyes
Inſtructed how to roll the bidden glance,
To fool me with a mockery of hope,
Then ſpurn me from your arms a wretch deſpis'd?

PHÆDRA.

I muſt not, will not hear; the gods forbid it.
I ſee my ſiſter pale, deform'd with murder,
And hear the curſes of mankind condemn me.
Your friend has told me all.

THESEUS.

Perithous?

PHÆDRA.

He.

THESEUS.

Is he too join'd? is he too leagu'd againſt me?

PHÆDRA.

It was his friendſhip ſpoke.

THESEUS.

Then ſend me hence
A victim to appeaſe your father's rage,
To be a ſpectacle for public view,
And meet at length an ignominious death.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Heart-breaking ſounds! *(aſide.)*

THESEUS.

Or if, ungen'rous fair,
If you will have it ſo, command me hence
Once more to ſigh at Ariadne's feet,
And to that beauty—Phædra have a care:
That lovely form the wond'ring eyes of men
Adore, and even envy muſt admire.
Beauty like her's may twine about my heart,
And gain, though much I've ſtruggled to reſiſt her,
And gain at length my fond conſent to wed her.

PHÆDRA.

Conſent to wed her! death is in the thought!
Perfidious traitor! practis'd in deceit!
And can another, after all your oaths,
Oh! light inconſtant man! ah! can a rival
Blot out all fond remembrance of your love,
And twine her fatal charms about your heart?
Conſent to wed her! go,—abandon Phædra;
Seek Ariadne; to her matchleſs beauty
Breathe all your vows—thoſe you can well diſſemble;
Go, melt in tears—thoſe too you well can feign;
Revel in joys your heart will never taſte,
And ſee me laid a victim at your feet?

THESEUS.

Reſtrain this frantic rage, does this become
The tender moment, when the faithful Theſeus
With all a lover's ardour comes to greet thee?

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

The thought of loſing thee turns wild my brain.
Oh! love reſumes his empire o'er my ſoul,
And all inferior motives yield at once.
Theſe tears can witneſs——

THESEUS.

'Tis no time for tears.
Go ſeek your ſiſter: your ſoft pray'rs and tears
May ſtill prevail. If not, to-morrow's dawn,
Tell her, ſhall end her doubts: ere that I've plann'd
Meaſures, that may make ſure our mutual bliſs.
To Periander I muſt now repair.
His meſſengers have ſought me. Oh! remember
My life, my hope of bliſs, muſt ſpring from thee.
[*Exit.*

PHÆDRA *alone.*

And on his fate my happineſs is grafted.
Ha! Ariadne comes!—Oh! love, what virtues
You force me to betray!—That haggard mien,
Thoſe looks proclaim the tumult of her ſoul.

ARIADNE, PHÆDRA.

ARIADNE.

In vain I ſtruggle to deceive myſelf.
I am betray'd, abandon'd, loſt for ever.
[*not perceiving Phædra.*

PHÆDRA.

How her fierce rage ſhoots lightning from her eyes.
(*aſide.*)

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Oh! while his accents charm'd my lift'ning ear,
While each fond look enſnar'd my captive heart,
Ev'n then another lur'd the wand'rer from me;
Another's beauty taught thoſe eyes to languiſh;
Another's beauty tun'd his voice to love.

PHÆDRA.

Appeaſe her anger, gods, and grant her patience.
(aſide.)

ARIADNE.

And muſt I live to ſee her haughty triumph?
To bear her ſcorn? to bear th' inſulting pity
Of Cretan dames! all pleas'd with my undoing?
To die at length in miſery of heart,
And leave to after-times a theme of woe,
A tragic ſtory for the bards of Greece?

PHÆDRA.

How my heart ſhrinks! I dread the interview.
(aſide.)

ARIADNE.

Let lightning blaſt me firſt; let whirlwinds ſeize me,
To atoms daſh me on the craggy cliff,
Or blow me hence upon the warring winds
To climes unknown, beyond the verge of nature,
To the remoteſt planet in the void;
That never, never can approach this world;
But rolling onward, farther, farther ſtill

Holds

Holds in the wilds of ſpace it's fated round;
Where I may rave; and to the liſt'ning waſte
Pour forth my ſorrows; think till reaſon leaves me;
And tell to other ſtars, and other ſuns
A tale to hold them in their courſe ſuſpended,
And turn them pale with horror at the ſound.
There let me dwell; grow ſavage with my wrongs,
And never hear from this vile globe again.

PHÆDRA.

Yet be of comfort.

ARIADNE.

There's no comfort for me.
Whence is that voice? Oh! Phædra, Oh! my ſiſter,
Aſſiſt me, help me; I am ſick at heart.

PHÆDRA.

Recall your reaſon, ſummon all your ſtrength,
Nor thus afflict yourſelf.

ARIADNE.

Have I not cauſe?
The barbarous man! he flies me; he abjures me;
Breaks all the fervent vows, which each day's ſun,
Which ev'ry conſcious planet of the night,
Which ev'ry god bent down from heav'n to hear.

PHÆDRA.

And yet if calmly you will hear a ſiſter——

ARIADNE.

Could you ſuſpect that perfidy like this
Can lie cloſe ambuſh'd in the heart of man?

PHÆDRA.

But ſtill, if Theſeus haraſs'd out with woes,
Purſued by fate, and bending to misfortune——

ARIADNE.

I gave up all for him.

PHÆDRA.

Were you but calm——

ARIADNE.

Can the wretch tortur'd on the rack be calm?
Ingratitude! thou ſource of evil deeds!
Foe to the world's repoſe! thou canſt with fair,
With ſpecious words, with treacherous diſguiſe,
Deceive the friend, and thrive upon his ſmiles;
By ſervile arts enrich thee with his ſpoils,
Till pamper'd to the full, with favours bloated,
Thy hour is come to ſhew thy native hue,
And carry pain, and anguiſh to the breaſt,
That warm'd and cheriſh'd thee. Deteſted fiend!
By thee truth fades ev'n from the nobleſt mind;
Of fair, and good, and juſt no trace remains;
Honour expires, the gen'rous purpoſe dies,
And ev'ry virtue withers in the ſoul.

PHÆDRA.

Yet be advis'd, and you may ſtill be happy.
A youthful monarch woos you to his throne.
The gods have ſent relief——

ARIADNE.

Oh! Phædra, oh! my ſiſter,
As yet a ſtranger to man's wily arts,
You keep the even tenour of your mind:
You know not what it is to love like me.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! conſcious, conſcious guilt. *(aſide.)*

ARIADNE.

I ſee you pity me.
It grieves me to afflict your tender nature.
In all his hours of tenderneſs and love,
Oh! charming hours, that muſt return no more!
I never deem'd it was illuſion all,
Never ſuſpected a more happy rival,
Saw not her image lurking in his heart.
Tell me her name: Who is ſhe? Let me ſee
The fatal fair, that poiſons all my joys.
Your own heart, Phædra, muſt condemn the deed.

PHÆDRA.

Her words too deeply pierce; they rend my ſoul.
(aſide.)

ARIADNE.

You can detect the traitreſs; guide me to her.
If on this iſle—ha!—why that ſudden pauſe?
That downcaſt eye? why does your colour change?
Oh! now I ſee you know her: in your looks
I read it all.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Confuſion, ſhame, diſtraction! (*aſide.*)
If this wild fury, that deforms your reaſon——

ARIADNE.

Phædra, beware: if you deceive your ſiſter,
If you conceal this rival, 'twere a deed
To ſhock all nature; to make heav'n and earth,
And men and gods abhor thee.

PHÆDRA.

Since unjuſtly
You thus ſuſpect me—have I giv'n you cauſe?

ARIADNE.

Diſcloſe it all, and league not with my foes.

PHÆDRA.

I ſee my fault: with too officious care
I came to heal your ſorrows.—I forbear:
I've been to blame; but now, farewell, farewell.

ARIADNE.

Stay, Phædra, ſtay; you ſhall not leave me thus.
In all afflictions you are ſtill my comfort.

PHÆDRA.

Then check this fury; it is phrenzy all.
Where is the pride becoming Minos' daughter?
Diſdain the traitor; drive him from your thoughts.
Turn where the gods invite you: Periander
Wiſhes to lay his ſceptre at your feet.

Your ſway ſhall bleſs the land, and humbled Theſeus
Will be reduc'd to ſue to you for mercy.
The pow'r will then be yours, the envied pow'r
Of Godlike clemency: 'twill then be yours
To ſhew thee worthy of imperial ſway,
To ſhelter ſtill the man you once could love;
Know him inſenſible to worth like thine,
To honour loſt, and yet forgive him all.

ARIADNE.

Muſt I transfer th' affections of my ſoul,
To juſtify his perfidy? muſt I
Bargain away my heart, to ſave a traitor?
For the fair Greek to ſave him? Mighty gods!
He ſhall not wed her: give her to my rage.
I'll follow to the altar; there my vengeance—
How my heart ſhrinks—no, ſtrike—my blood recoils—
Aſſiſt me, Phædra, give the means of death.
She ſhall not live to revel in his arms.
Then Theſeus ſhall behold her faded form,
And ev'ry drop the traitor then lets fall
Shall pay me for the tears, the galling tears,
His perfidy has coſt me: then he'll know
The agony of ſoul, the mortal pang,
When we are robb'd of all the heart adores.

PHÆDRA.

Ha! will you ſiſter ſtain your hand with blood?

ARIADNE.

Then Theſeus too—He clings about my heart;—
No, let him ſail for Crete; my father's juſtice
Will

Will claim atonement for a daughter's wrongs,
Doom him a ſacrifice for broken vows,
A dreadful warning to ungrateful man.

Enter PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

Your woes encreaſe each hour. A guard ev'n now
Leads Theſeus forth, by Periander's order,
To yonder tow'r, that overhangs the bay.
From thence, ere morn, he muſt depart for Crete.

PHÆDRA.

Ah! there to periſh—Ariadne, haſte,
Seek Periander, fly, prevent the ſtroke.

ARIADNE.

He can no more deceive me.

PHÆDRA.

Will you, then,
Ah! will you, cruel, ſee him doom'd to die?
I'll ſeek the king, and bathe his feet with tears,
And rave, and ſhriek, till he releaſe him to me.
[*Exit.*

PIRITHOUS.

If he muſt fall, 'tis you have fix'd his doom.
You ſtill can ſave him. At one glance from you
The king will feel his reſolution melt.

ARIADNE.

I ſav'd him once, and he requites me for it.

No more of tenderneſs. The gen'rous deed
But gives to fell ingratitude the pow'r
With ſcorpion ſtings to pierce you to the heart.

PIRITHOUS.

Yet, Ariadne, think——

ARIADNE.

No more, but leave me.

[*Exit* Pirithous.

ARIADNE *alone.*

Yes, yet let the traitor die:—if he muſt die,
In ſome dark cave I can deplore his fate,
Hid from the world, forgetting all but him,
Till the kind hand of death ſhall lay me ſtretch'd,
In cold oblivion on the flinty ground,
Pale, wan, and ſenſeleſs as the marble form
That lies in ſorrow on ſome virgin's tomb.
He will not ſee my tears: the barb'rous man
Will be no more ungrateful.—Mighty gods!
I lov'd, I am betray'd, yet love him ſtill.
Quick let me hence:—one gen'rous effort more
May ſtill—fond wiſhes how you ruſh upon me!
Should he relent,—Oh! ſhould returning love
Once more—vain hope! yet the deluſion charms me:
One gen'rous effort more may make him mine.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT the FIFTH.

SCENE, *a wild Heath, with a Tower in View.*

Enter ALETES, *followed by an* OFFICER.

ALETES.

JUSTICE prevails, and Theſeus is my priſoner;
Yon tow'r immures him cloſe. Seek thou the harbour,
Unmoor the ſhip; let all things be prepar'd
To give the ſpreading canvaſs to the wind.
The day declines, and the moon's ſilver beam
Plays on the trembling wave. This night 'tis fix'd
Theſeus with me ſhall ſeek the Cretan ſhore.
[*Exit* Officer.

Enter ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Where is your priſoner?

ALETES.

In yon tow'r ſecur'd.

ARIADNE.

Your policy has fail'd; releaſe him ſtraight:
'Tis the king's order; you may read it, ſir.
(*gives him a paper.*)

ALETES.

Your intereſt has prevail'd, and I obey.
(goes into the tower.)

ARIADNE *alone.*

Ye fond ideas, ye fierce warring paſſions,
With what a mingled ſway you drive me on!
Grief, rage, and indignation riſe by turns;
But love flows in, and reſolution dies.
Ha! ſee he comes—Oh! how this flutt'ring tumult,
With hopes and fears alternate, ſhakes my frame.

Enter THESEUS *from the Tower.*

ARIADNE *(viewing him as he advances.)*

Diſſimulation fails him, and his looks
No longer hide the characters of guilt.

THESEUS.

How ſhall I pour my thanks? a thouſand ſentiments
All preſs at once, and yet deny me utterance.
Words are too poor: expreſſion ſtrives in vain.

ARIADNE.

You need no more diſſemble. Periander
Has heard the purpoſe of your ſoul. Laſt night,
When ſleep ſeal'd ev'ry eye, in darkneſs wrapt,
Thro' ſecret ways, clandeſtine as your thoughts,
You ſtole into his preſence; there diſclos'd
Your hidden flame, your alienated heart.
(turns from him.)

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Spare your reproaches, princeſs ; Oh ! forbear,
Forbear in pity to afflict a mind
Too deeply wounded ! that feels all its errors,
Feels all your virtues, and with keeneſt ſenſe
Aches at its own reflections.

ARIADNE.

Of the pardon
Which Periander to my pray'rs has granted,
You know not the extent. To-morrow's ſun
Shall light you to your nuptials; you may then
Shew to the world this unapparent beauty,
And give to her the vows that once were mine.

THESEUS.

Oh ! Ariadne, ſpare this keen reproof.
Could you but know the pangs that ſtruggle here—

ARIADNE.

Theſeus, you weep ! you weep o'er my afflictions ;
You feel my wrongs, yet barb'rous ev'n in pity,
You fix the ſhaft of anguiſh in my heart.

THESEUS.

On me, on me the weight of ruin falls ;
'Tis I am plung'd in woe ; a man condemn'd,
To wander o'er the world. Alas, 'tis fate,
Fate drives me on. If you forget a wretch,
The prey of grief, the ſport of fortune's malice ;
And if a monarch, to reward your virtues,
Prepares th' imperial wreathe to deck your brow—

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Is that the recompence I wiſh'd to gain?
Too well you know this heart. Had Periander
A wider empire than e'er monarch rul'd,
And you were helpleſs, deſtitute of fortune,
I had been, heav'n can witneſs! happy with you.
In loving you, I ſought yourſelf alone.

THESEUS.

For all this waſte of generous affection,
Calamity is all that Theſeus brings.

ARIADNE.

Come lead me hence to ſome far diſtant wild,
Where human footſtep never prints a trace;
There bleſs'd with thee I could for ever dwell,
Thron'd in thy heart, the miſtreſs of thy love.

THESEUS.

Here happineſs awaits you; here you're deſtin'd
The mild vicegerent of the gods on earth.
In that bright ſphere while you ſerenely ſhine,
The pattern of all virtue, temp'ring juſtice
With mercy, and diffuſing bleſſings round you,
With tears of joy mankind will own your ſway.

ARIADNE.

Thou vile ingrate!

THESEUS.

If you will deign to hear me:
Though great my crimes——

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Thou traitor!—was it thus
You look'd and talk'd, when firſt I ſaw and lov'd?
Your doom was fix'd; the officers of vengeance
Remorſeleſs led you forth; my trembling eye
Purſued your ſteps; tears guſh'd; I could not ſpeak.
I fled to your relief, and my undoing:
Then ev'ry god was witneſs to your vows.
The fond deluſion charm'd me. I rebell'd
Againſt my father; I betray'd his honour;
And all for thee. I fled my native land.
Nor winds, nor waves, nor exile could debar me.
This the return!—have I deſerv'd it of you?
Tell me my crime; and, oh! if poſſible,
Teach me to think 'tis juſtice that I ſuffer:
For ev'n in ruin I would not abhor thee.

THESEUS.

You wrong me much: By yon bright ſtars I ſwear,
I never meant by baſe ingratitude
To fix affliction in that boſom-ſoftneſs.
Thy name, thy merit, and thy wond'rous goodneſs,
While life informs this frame, ſhall ever live
Eſteem'd and honour'd, treaſur'd in my heart.

ARIADNE.

Eſteem'd and honour'd! 'twas your love you promis'd.
A monarch, ſaidſt thou, woos me to his arms!
What truth, what fair return have I to give him?
Give me, barbarian! give me back my heart,
The heart you robb'd me off: Give back my vows,
My artleſs vows, my pure unpledg'd affections,
With

With equal warmth that I may meet his love;
And not like thee, with treach'rous bland allurements,
Court his embrace, and charm him to betray.

THESEUS.

Then if you will, wreak your worſt vengeance on me.
Aſcend the throne; back to the Cretan ſhore
Convey me hence to glut your father's rage:
I there can die content. Or if your mercy
Permit me once again to viſit Greece,
Oft I ſhall hear of Ariadne's name;
Well pleas'd at diſtance, in the humble vale
Of private life, or in the tented field,
To view the radiant glory that ſurrounds you,
And thank the gods for ſhedding bleſſings down
On thee and all thy race.

ARIADNE.

Go, viſit Greece;
Diſplay to Athens all your brave exploits,
Your battles won, the nations you have conquer'd.
And let your banners, waving high in air,
Hold forth the bright inſcription to men's eyes,
"Lo! this is he, who triumph'd o'er a woman."
My death will blazon forth the fame of him,
Who freed the world from monſters of the deſert,
Who ſlew the Minotaur, but could not quell
Ingratitude, that monſter of the ſoul.

THESEUS.

You need not, Ariadne, oh! you need not
Thus tear me piece-meal. My diſtracted heart
Feels in each nerve, and bleeds at ev'ry vein.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Unbidden tears, why will you fool me thus?
Theſe tears that fall, that thus guſh out perforce,
Are not the tears of ſupplicating love.
They are the tears of burning indignation,
Of ſhame, and rage, and pride, and conſcious virtue;
Virtue that feels, feels at the very heart
Each ſtab inhuman treachery has giv'n,
Yet ſees that calm tranquillity in guilt.

Enter PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Once more reſtor'd to liberty, and life. [*to* Theſeus.

THESEUS.

Oh! death were happineſs to what I feel.

ARIADNE.

See me no more; to-morrow ſpread your ſails;
Take in your train the partner of your heart.
She ſhall not go: once more I'll ſee the king,
And dare not on thy life convey her hence.

PHÆDRA.

What meddling fiend inflames you thus to madneſs?
Hear, Ariadne, hear.

ARIADNE.

Go, ſail for Athens, (*to* Theſeus.)
Alone, heart-broken, comfortleſs; like me
Plung'd

Plung'd in deſpair; like me depriv'd of all
Your heart held dear.

PHÆDRA.

Let me appeaſe your wrath.

ARIADNE.

I will deſcend to pray'rs and tears no more.
Farewell for ever; oh! ungrateful man! [*Exit.*

THESEUS, PHÆDRA.

THESEUS.

Diſtraction! madneſs! oh! ſhe has deſtroy'd
My peace of mind for ever.

PHÆDRA.

Theſeus, no;
My lenient care ſhall mitigate your grief.

THESEUS.

For thee, my Phædra, I bear all for thee.
Since liberty is mine, let me employ it
To ſerve our mutual bliſs. The time admits
No dull delay. This moment I muſt leave thee.

PHÆDRA.

Ah! whither do you go?

THESEUS.

Obſerve me well.
That path, that winds along the barren heath,
Leads to the mountain's ridge: There down the ſteep
A ſoft

A ſoft declivity will guide your ſteps
To Neptune's temple, ſhelter'd in the grove.
There I expect you.

PHÆDRA.

Wherefore? what intent?
Unfold the dark deſign; my fears alarm me.

THESEUS.

No more; the ſun deſcends, and ſable night
Draws o'er the face of things her duſky veil.
With cautious ſtep proceed; but ere you go,
Watch Ariadne: here beguile her ſtay.
If ſhe purſues me, all is loſt for ever.
Farewell, farewell, I truſt my fate with thee. [*Exit.*

PHÆDRA *alone.*

Oh! how my boſom pants with doubt and fear!
What may this mean? ſome dread event impends.
He will not, no, preſerve him gracious pow'rs!
Let him not, prompted by deſpair, attempt
Beyond his ſtrength, and ruſh on ſure deſtruction.

ARIADNE, PHÆDRA.

ARIADNE.

Where, Phædra, whither is the traitor fled?

PHÆDRA.

Oh! you have been to blame: with haggard eyes
Upturn'd to heav'n, he paus'd, and heav'd a ſigh,
As if his lab'ring heart would burſt his frame,
And leave him here, a pale, a breathleſs corſe.
At length with haſte, with fury in his look,

But

But bleſſing ſtill your name, he ruſh'd along,
And vaniſh'd from my ſight.

ARIADNE.

The barb'rous man!
Did he deny his falſehood? Did one tear
Speak his compunction? Did he once relent?
In guilt obdurate! did you mark his mien,
The pride, the ſcorn that darted from his eye?

PHÆDRA.

What choice was left him, when with fierce diſdain
You ſpurn'd him from you?

ARIADNE.

Therefore did he ſhun me?
Ungen'rous man! he ſaw I lov'd him moſt,
Then when enrag'd I pour'd my curſes on him:
My heartſtrings ev'n then were twin'd about him.
Once more I'll ſee him: ſhould he ſail for Athens,
'Tis fix'd to follow him. He will not then
Dare to avow a treachery like this.
His glory is at ſtake: with one accord
All hearts declare for me. The ſons of Greece,
For all my ſorrows, all my ſufferings paſt,
Wiſh to reward me in their hero's arms.

PHÆDRA.

And does Pirithous join you? does he mean
To waft you o'er the deep?

ARIADNE.

His ſhip already

From

From laſt night's ſtorm refitted, courts the breeze,
And even now prepares to plough the deep.

PHÆDRA.

Theſeus, the while, in pining diſcontent,
Forlorn and wretched on the blaſted heath,
Sighs to the winds, and drinks his falling tears.

ARIADNE.

Oh! fly, purſue him, calm his troubled ſpirit.
Still, traitor as he is, he may relent.
For oh! too well I know his godlike nature;
Know the mild virtues, that adorn his mind,
And more than ſpeak in each enchanting look.
Go, ſeek him Phædra: tell him all my woes,
And reconcile his heart to love and me.
But hark! ſome ſtep this way——

PHÆDRA.

Pirithous comes!

ARIADNE.

Haſte, fly, purſue him, find the barb'rous man.

PHÆDRA.

I leave you now.

ARIADNE.

Farewell.

PHÆDRA.

Where ſhall we meet?

ARIADNE.

In yonder palace.

PHÆDRA.

There you may expect me. [*Exit.*

ARIADNE.

Oh! grant her pow'r to touch, to melt his heart.

PIRITHOUS, ARIADNE.

PIRITHOUS.

I bring you tidings may revive your hopes.
Theſeus may ſtill be thine.

ARIADNE.

May ſtill be mine?

PIRITHOUS.

Yes; Periander, ſhould he ſtill perſiſt
To hold you here a captive, ſees his danger.
Crete arms againſt him: Athens too will claim you,
And let deſtruction looſe. To cope with both,
Not ev'n the ſoul of Periander dares.
He muſt releaſe you: then you ſail for Greece.
Theſeus will there be yours: his ſolemn vows,
And the vaſt debt of gratitude he owes,
Join'd by the public voice, will bind him to you.

ARIADNE.

But if conſtraint alone—Ah! can you think
That his relenting heart will feel remorſe?

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

The indignation of mankind will warn him.
Returning virtue then——

ARIADNE.

If aught can waken
A ſpark of love in that obdurate breaſt;
A look, a ſigh impaſſion'd from the heart,
Will heal my ſorrows, and with tears of joy
Make me forgive him all. I burn once more
To wander with him o'er the roaring deep.
And has the king conſented?

PIRITHOUS

Ev'n now I left him
In cloſe debate, and onward to this ſpot
Bending his eager ſtep. With friendly counſels
Archon attends, and ſeconds all I wiſh.
Lo! where he comes this way. Retire awhile:
Yon grove will give you ſhelter: there remain.
A ſingle glance from thoſe perſuaſive eyes
May once again inflame his fierce deſires,
And reaſon then will plead your cauſe in vain.

ARIADNE.

May all your words ſink melting to his ſoul. [*Exit.*

PIRITHOUS.

Now, gods, aſſiſt me: if I now ſucceed,
My fears ſubſide, and danger is no more.

PERIANDER, *and* PIRITHOUS.

PERIANDER.

Pirithous, hear: this hour ends all debate.
My reſolution's fix'd: then urge no more
Your haughty claim: 'tis torture to my heart.

PIRITHOUS.

A heart like thine will generouſly love.
You will not force the princeſs to your arms,
Nor light with Hymen's torch the flames of war.

PERIANDER.

Ha! doſt thou deem me of ſo fierce a ſpirit,
To tyrannize the fears of Ariadne?
No, her own lip, the muſick of that voice,
To my delighted ear ſhall breathe the promiſe,
The ſoft avowal of her mutual flame.

PIRITHOUS.

She doats on Theſeus: the wide world has heard
The ſtory of her love. And can you hope
To turn awry the current of affection
From him, who firſt awak'd her young deſires,
Still fans the flame, and lords it o'er her ſoul?

PERIANDER.

Let him depart: I have releas'd him to you.
Then Ariadne will reſent her wrongs,
Incline her heart, and liſten to my vows.
Bear your friend hence: my orders ſhall be iſſued.
For Ariadne trouble me no more. [*Exit.*

PIRITHOUS,

PIRITHOUS, *alone.*

Proud monarch go! This night ſhall mar your hopes:
This very night, while ſleep lulls all your guards,
She ſhall embark. When lawleſs pow'r prevails,
The noble end muſt juſtify the means.

ARIADNE, PIRITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

Thou gen'rous man! have you regain'd my freedom?

PIRITHOUS.

This very night we quit the hated ſhore.
Enquire no more: you muſt embark with me.
For Theſeus, he will gladly join our flight.

ARIADNE.

All things invite us: from the ſky burſts forth
A ſtream of radiance, and the level main
Preſents a wide expanſe of quiv'ring light.
Where is my ſiſter?

PIRITHOUS.

She muſt here remain.

ARIADNE.

No, it were perfidy, a breach of friendſhip.
She fled with me: our hearts were ever join'd
By the ſweet ties of friendſhip and of love.

PIRITHOUS.

Here ſhe muſt ſtay; your happineſs requires it.

ARIADNE.

What is her crime? Ah! why ſhould we deſert her?

PIRITHOUS.

Seek not to know too much.

ARIADNE.

No, Phædra, no;
I cannot leave thee here.

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

This very moment
A ſoldier from the harbour brings this letter:
To you it is addreſs'd. (*gives it to* Pirithous.)

PIRITHOUS.

And comes from Theſeus.

ARIADNE.

From Theſeus!—wherefore?—whence?—what new event?—

PIRITHOUS *reads.*

" My heart's too full to vent itſelf in words.
" I know my conduct will be blam'd by all.
" I will not varniſh it by vain excuſe.
" I ſeiz'd

" I ſeiz'd your ſhip: we have already paſs'd
" The head-land of the harbour.

Oh! this conſummates all.

ARIADNE.

Why doſt thou pauſe?
Proceed; go on; let me be full of horror.
(taking the letter.)

She reads.

" We have already paſs'd
" The head-land of the harbour: ſunk in grief,
" Diſtracted with her fears, in wild amaze,
" Phædra has join'd my flight.——

Is Phædra with him?

ARCHON.

They embark'd together.

ARIADNE *reads.*

" To Ariadne
" Be ev'ry duty paid, each tender care.
" Aſſuage her ſorrows: Periander's love
" Will charm each ſenſe, and teach her to forget;
" Perhaps in time, when ev'ry bliſs attends her,
" To pardon Phædra, and the wretched Theſeus."

All juſt and righteous—— *(ſhe falls on the ground.)*

PIRITHOUS.

Ah! ſhe faints! ſhe faints:
Bring inſtant help; aſſiſt her, lend your aid.
(Enter attendant Virgins.)
Oh! wretched princeſs! would the gods allow you

To breathe your laſt, and never wake again
To this bad world, 'twere happineſs indeed.
She ſtirs, ſhe moves; the blood returns again,
But oh! to make her feel the weight of woe,
And ſee the deſolation that ſurrounds her.

ARIADNE.

Where have my ſenſes wander'd? Why around me
Are you all fix'd, the ſtatues of deſpair?
Oh! I remember—Open earth, and hide me:
In your cold caves you never yet receiv'd
A wretch betray'd, undone, and loſt as I am.

PIRITHOUS.

Afflicted mourner, raiſe thee from the earth.
Thy woes indeed are great.

ARIADNE.

Could you expect it? *(as ſhe riſes.)*
Phædra has join'd his flight; ſhe too betrays me.
She was my other ſelf; for ever dear;
Dear as the drops that circled in my veins,
But now, ah! now, to warm this heart no more.
Perhaps ev'n now ſhe gazes on his charms,
Hangs on each accent, catches from thoſe eyes
The ſweet enchantment; knows I ſhed theſe tears;
Knows that I beat this breaſt, and rend this hair,
And tell my ſorrows to theſe craggy cliffs,
And rave and ſhriek, in madneſs and deſpair.
Haſte, fly, purſue them, launch into the main,
Arm all your ſhips, bring ſwords, bring liquid fire,
Fly, overtake them, whelm them in the deep.
[*Exit.*

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

Attend her, virgins, with your tend'reſt duty.
[*Exeunt attendants.*

ARCHON.

If this be thy contrivance——

PIRITHOUS.

Charge me not
With a black deed that has undone my friend,
And to the lateſt time muſt brand his name.
I feel for him; I feel for Ariadne.
She now demands our ſympathy and care. [*Exeunt.*

The Back SCENE *opens; the Harbour and the Sea in view.*

ARIADNE, *with attendants.*

ARIADNE.

Behold, look there, ſee where the veſſel bounds.
Oh! horror, horror! how the rapid prow
Glides through the waves! will none purſue the traitor?

Firſt VIRGIN.

Alas, my royal miſtreſs, 'tis in vain.

ARIADNE.

Turn, Theſeus, turn; 'tis Ariadne calls.
Return barbarian! whither do you fly?
This way direct your courſe; ſtay, Phædra, ſtay.

See

See how they bound along the level main,
And cleave their way; and catch each gale that blows.
Inhuman treachery! *(leans on her attendants.)*

First VIRGIN.

Her grief exhausts her strength, but soon again
Despair will rouze her with redoubled force.

ARIADNE.

Heart-piercing sight! and see the traitor still
Pursues his course. Yon glitt'ring host of stars
Lend all their rays; the elements combine!
Ye winds, ye waves, you too are leagu'd against me;
You join with guilt, accomplices in fraud!
All false as Theseus; all as Phædra false;
Officious all to end this wretch'd being.
Your victory will soon be gained: That pang,
Oh! this cold tremor—'tis the hand of death,
I hope it is; my grave is all I ask.
(sits down on the point of a rock.)

Enter PERIANDER, PIRITHOUS, ARCHON.

PERIANDER.

Oh! dire event!

PIRITHOUS.

See where the beauteous mourner
Grows to the rock, and thinks herself to stone.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

Rife, princefs, rife, and let us bear you hence
To your own palace, where the ftorm of grief
Will foon fubfide, and peace, and love, and joy
Revifit your fad heart. (*they lead her forward.*)

ARIADNE.

No, never, never;
My eafy heart will be deceiv'd no more.

PERIANDER.

For thee love ftill has new delights in ftore,
Whole years of blifs.——

ARIADNE.

Why do you fmile upon me?
I never ferv'd you; never fav'd your life;
Made you no promife: why fhould you deceive me?

PERIANDER.

May fweet oblivion of her paft afflictions
Steal gently o'er her foul. Reftore her, heav'n!

ARIADNE.

Have you a fifter? She will break your heart.

PERIANDER.

I come to calm your griefs, and crown your days
With love fincere, and everlafting truth.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

All truth is fled; long ſince ſhe fled the earth,
Tir'd of her pilgrimage. Why, holy pow'rs!
Why leave poor mortals crawling here below,
Where there's no confidence, no truſt, no faith!
All nature moves by your eternal law;
Truth is the law of man, and yet ſhe's fled.
I ſee her there, there near the throne of Jove,
Her garment white as her own candid mind;
She looks with pity on this vale of error,
And drops a tear: while falſehood in diſguiſe,
With ſpecious ſeeming, walks her deadly round,
And maſk'd in friendſhip, where ſhe ſmiles, deſtroys.

PERIANDER.

Let me conduct you: truſt your friends.

ARIADNE.

You look
As if I might believe you: ſo did Theſeus.
But where, where is he now?—"To Ariadne
"Be ev'ry duty paid, each tender care!"
Oh! artful man!—Look there! I ſee him ſtill;
I ſee the ſhip; it leſſens to my view,
It leſſens ſtill! and now, juſt now it fades!
It fades away, it melts into the clouds!
Scarce, ſcarce perceiv'd! tis gone, tis loſt,
For ever, ever loſt! is that the laſt,
The laſt ſad glimpſe? and muſt I linger here?
Die, Ariadne, die, and end your woes.
(ſtabs herſelf.)

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

Oh! fatal raſhneſs! quick, bring ev'ry help.

PIRITHOUS.

Deep in her veins the poniard drinks her blood.

ARIADNE.

'Twas Theſeus' gift: his beſt, his kindeſt preſent;
As ſuch I ſheath'd it in my very heart.

PERIANDER.

Her flutt'ring ſoul is on the wing to leave her.

ARIADNE.

Elyſium is before me; let not Theſeus
Purſue me thither; in thoſe realms of bliſs
Let my departed ſpirit know ſome reſt.
Oh! let me feel ingratitude no more.
Keep Theſeus here in this abode of guilt;
This world is his; let him remain with Phædra;
Let him be happy; no, the fates forbid it:
They will deceive each other.

PERIANDER.

Ah! that wound
Pours faſt the ſtream of life.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

It gives no pain.
It is the ſtab fell perfidy has given,
That rankles here. Oh! raiſe me, raiſe me up.
No, let me ſee the light of heav'n no more.
Pirithous, you behold your friend's exploit!
I thank you Periander; you have been
Kind, good, and tender. May ſome worthier bride,
Adorn'd with all that virtue adds to beauty,
Endear the joys of life.—Alas, I die.
No mother here with pious hand to cloſe
My faded eyes; no father o'er my urn
To drop a tear, and ſoothe my penſive ſhade.
No; I deſerve it; I betray'd them both.
The barb'rous man!—He ſtabb'd me to the heart.
And yet ev'n then I knew but half my wrongs.
And you too Phædra! Oh! *(dies.)*

PERIANDER.

She's gone, and with her what a noble mind,
What gen'rous virtues are there laid in ruin!

PIRITHOUS.*

Thou injur'd innocence! oppreſs'd with wrongs,
And ſore-beſet, there reſts her languiſh'd head.
Oh! when the gods beſtow on mortal man
That bloom of beauty, thoſe exalted charms,
By virtue dignified, they give the beſt,
The nobleſt gift their bounty has in ſtore:

A gift to be eſteem'd, ador'd by all;
To be protected by the ſoldier's valour,
Not thus betray'd, abandon'd to deſpair,
And the keen pangs of ill requited love.

F I N I S.

* *The Reader will perceive that the name of* PIRITHOUS *has been printed, through ſeveral pages, with an* E *in the firſt ſyllable,* PERITHOUS *for* PIRITHOUS. *The miſtake was not ſeen, till too late to rectify it. But where it is feared that Blemiſhes of more importance may be found, to apologize for a mere Error of the preſs will perhaps be deemed ſuperfluous.*

PROLOGUE,

Occaſioned by the death of Mr. HENDERSON,

For Mrs. HENDERSON's Night,

At the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, on Saturday, February 25, 1786.

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.*

ERE fiction try this night her magick ſtrain,
And blend myſteriouſly delight with pain;
Ere yet ſhe wake her train of hopes and fears
For Jaffier's wrongs, and Belvidera's tears;
Will you permit a true, a recent grief
To vent it's charge, and ſeek that ſad relief?

How ſhall *we* feel the tale of feign'd diſtreſs,
While on the heart our own afflictions preſs?
When our own friend, when *Henderſon* expires,
And from the tomb one parting pang requires!

In yonder Abbey ſhall he reſt his head,
And on this ſpot no virtuous drop be ſhed?

* Mrs. Siddons, to do honour to the memory of her deceaſed friend, obtained the conſent of the Managers of *Drury-Lane*, and performed the part of Belvidera. But that character requiring great exertion, and the Prologue being unuſually long, ſeveral lines, here printed, were omitted on the above night.

You will indulge our grief:—Thoſe crowded rows
Shew you have hearts that feel domeſtic woes;
Hearts, that with gen'rous emulation burn
To raiſe the widow drooping o'er his urn;
And to his child, when reaſon's op'ning ray
Shall tell her, *whom* ſhe loſt, this truth convey;
Her father's worth made each good man his friend,
Honour'd through life, regretted in his end!
And for his relatives to help his ſtore
An audience gave, when he could give no more.

Him we all mourn: his friends ſtill heave the ſigh,
And ſtill the tear ſtands trembling in the eye.
His was each mild, each amiable art,
The gentleſt manners, and the feeling heart.
Fair ſimple truth, benevolence to all;
A gen'rous warmth, that glow'd at friendſhip's call.
A judg'ment ſure, while learning toil'd behind;
His mirth was wit; his humour, ſenſe refin'd.
A ſoul above all guile, all meaner views;
The friend of ſcience; friend of ev'ry muſe!
Oft have I known him in my vernal year——
This no feign'd grief:—no artificial tear!

Oft

Oft in this breaſt he wak'd the muſes flame,
Fond to adviſe, and point my way to fame.
Who moſt ſhall praiſe him, all are ſtill at ſtrife:
Expiring virtue leaves a void in life.

A void our ſcene has felt:—with Shakeſpeare's page
Who now like him ſhall animate the ſtage?
Hamlet, Macbeth, and Benedick, and Lear,
Richard, and Woolſey, pleas'd each *learned* ear.
If feigning well be our conſummate art,
How great *his* praiſe, who in Iago's part
Could utter thoughts ſo foreign to his heart?
Falſtaff, who ſhook this houſe with mirthful roar,
Is now no counterfeit:—He'll riſe no more!
'Twas Henderſon's the drama to pervade,
Each paſſion touch, and give each nicer ſhade.
When o'er theſe boards the Roman Father paſs'd—
But I forbear——That effort was his laſt.—
The muſe there ſaw his zeal, though rack'd with pain,
While the ſlow fever ambuſh'd in each vein.
She ſought the bed, where pale and wan he lay,
And vainly try'd to chaſe diſeaſe away;
Watch'd ev'ry look, and number'd ev'ry ſigh;
And gently,—as he liv'd,—ſhe ſaw him die.

Wild with her griefs, ſhe join'd the mournful
throng,
With ſullen ſound as the hearſe mov'd along:
Through the dim vaulted iſles ſhe led the way,
And gave to genius paſt his kindred clay;
Heard the laſt requiem o'er his relicks cold,
And with her tears bedew'd the hallow'd mould.

In faithful verſe, there near the lonely cell,
The fair recording epitaph may tell,
That he, who now lies mould'ring into duſt,
Was good, was upright, generous, and juſt;
By *talents* form'd, to grace the poet's lays;
By *virtue* form'd, to dignify his days.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.
VIRG.

THE task of revising and correcting the several pieces, that compose these volumes, is now drawn to a conclusion. Amidst a variety of avocations, I have attended to this undertaking with all the care, that becomes the man, who offers his works to the public. But the closest diligence may be baffled: inaccuracies, it is to be feared, may still be found, not of the press only, but, what is worse, in the general style and composition. Pleasing as it is to find myself at the end of my labours, I am far from suffering my imagination to be deluded with ideas of fancied success. One point there is, upon which I can, with truth, receive the congratulations of my own heart: I look back through the whole of my work, and, from the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, and the Farce of *The Apprentice*, to the conclusion of the present volume, there is not, I believe, a single passage that can justly bring reproach upon the author. Even in the lightest and most sportful sallies of fancy, I persuade myself, that I need not blush for one indecent or immoral expression. For the wit, that offends against good manners, I have had no relish. I can, with pleasure, add, that my pen was never employed in the

the baſe and malevolent office of detracting from the merit of contemporary writers. Should any one be inclined to except the pieces, which are placed at the head of this volume, I can with truth aver, that they were written with reluctance, and not without extreme provocation. Men, to whom I had given no kind of offence, declared open war againſt my perſon, my morals, and my talents, whatever they were. One of them, I think was a real genius. I wiſh, for his ſake, as well as my own, that he had been more worthily employed. I mean the late CHARLES CHURCHILL. He wrote, as it ſhould ſeem, with too much haſte, and, I believe, at the inſtigation of others. In the circle of his connections there were certain ſpirits, who could not be content with the praiſes, which were liberally beſtowed upon themſelves, if others, at the ſame time, were not ſacrificed at their ſhrine. He obliged them with a libel upon me. Attacked as I was, not to feel reſentment, had been ſtupidity; and not to anſwer, downright cowardice. *Se ipſum deſerere turpiſſimum eſt.* In the preſent moment, and ſo long after the diſpute, I am far from feeling the ſmalleſt degree of pleaſure in the revival of literary quarrels. I was even tempted to conſign to oblivion ſuch of my writings, as carry with them the marks of an

exaſperated mind; but when it is conſidered, that the invectives, which were repeatedly thrown out againſt me, are carefully collected in the volumes of their reſpective authors; it may be thought not improper, to let it be ſeen, how and with what kind of ſpirit, unprovoked, and, I may ſay, intemperate calumny was repelled. I did not, however, deſcend into the ARENA, with intent to continue there a GLADIATOR for public ſport. I anſwered once for all, and never returned to the charge. I was willing to flatter myſelf, that what I ſaid in my own vindication, was then a ſufficient anſwer; and to the various paragraph writers, who have pointed their pens againſt me from that hour to this, I have now the ſatisfaction to think, that I need give no other reply. Defamation in the public prints has been, I believe, more frequently my lot, than that of any other living writer: but no man, I can venture to ſay, beheld the impotence of malice with ſo much unfeigned contempt. I was taught by CASIMIR, the elegant poet of *Poland*, that when you are unjuſtly attacked, there is a dignity in ſilence:

Eſt et loquacis pulchra proterviæ
Vindicta riſiſſe, et ſereno
Magnanimum tacuiſſe vultu.

I am

I am now upon the point of bidding adieu to theſe volumes. The moment is not free from anxiety. Mr. *Pope*, I remember, tells us, that, in the office of collecting his pieces, he was altogether uncertain, whether he was building a monument, or burying the dead. If a genius of his claſs could entertain a ſerious doubt, what muſt be the agitations of a writer like myſelf? Be the event as it may, it is at leaſt a conſolation, that much of my time has paſſed in a manner not altogether unuſeful. Some addition, I hope, has been made to the amuſements of the public. For myſelf, to theſe ſtudies I owe the moſt valuable pleaſures of my life. In the midſt of cares, and hurry, and vexation, they have miniſtered the beſt relief; they ſoothed adverſity; when friends were falſe, they took the ſting from ingratitude; they ſoftened diſappointment, and in the delightful regions of PARNASSUS gave a ſure retreat from pain. If, therefore, I am NOW PERFORMING A FUNERAL SERVICE, I deſire, in gratitude to the MUSES, that I may be permitted to write upon the tomb, "ET IN ARCA-"DIA EGO."

ARTHUR MURPHY.

LINCOLN'S-INN,
20th May, 1786.