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L I C E N S E D.

Septemb. 3d.
1677.

Rog. L'estrang.



An Advertisement.

THis Latin Poem, writ by the famous Mr. Thomas Hobs of Malmibury, hath got such reputation, that many English Readers had a great desire to be acquainted with it, for whose sakes it is now translated into English, although without the knowledge of Mr. Hobs; who it is hop'd will not be displeas'd with this attempt which is left to others Judgments, whether done well or ill. Reader farewell, but do not forget to peruse that excellent Translation of Homer by Mr. Hobs. I think the most exact and best Translation that ere I saw.

(2)

TO THE
NOBLE LORD
WILLIAM

Earl of *Devonshire*

Concerning the Wonder of the Peak.

A POEM.

ON th' English *Alps*, where *Darbies* Peak doth rise,
High up in Hills, that Emulate the Skies,
And largely Waters all the Vales below,
With Rivers that still plentifully Flow,
Doth ¹ *Chatsworth* by swift *Derwins* Channel stand,
Fam'd for it's Pile, and Lord, for both are grand.
Slowly the ² River by its Gates doth pass,

(1) *Chatsworth. Wonder. 1.* (2) *Derwin.*

Here

(3)

AD
NOBILISSIMUM DOMINUM
GULIELMUM

Comitem *Devoniae*, &c.

*De Mirabilibus * Pecci.*

CARMEN.

Alpibus *Angliacis*, ubi *Pecci* nomine, surgit,
Darbensis *Regio*, montes ad sidera tollens,
Fœcundasque rigans, non uno flumine, valles,
Stat ¹ *Chatsworth præclara domus*, tum mole *superba*,
Tum *Domino*, *Magnis*, celerem ² *Deroentis ad undam*.
Miranti similis portam præterfluit Annis,

¹ *The Peak.* (1) *Chatsworth. Mirab. 1.* (2) *Derwin.*

A 3

Hic

(4)

Here silent, as in Wonder of the place,
But does from Rocky precipices move
In rapid streams below it, and above.
A lofty Mountain guards the house behind,
From the assaults of the rough Eastern wind;
Which does from far its rugged Cliffs display,
And Sleep prolongs, by shutting out the day.
Behind, a pleasant Garden does appear;
Where the rich earth, breaths odours every where.
Where in the midst of Woods, the fruitful Tree
Fears without prune-hook, seeming now as free.
Where by the thick leav'd roof the Walls are made,
Spite of the Sun were all his beams display'd
More cool than the fam'd *Virgil's* Beechen shade.
Where Art (it self dissembling) rough hewn stone
And craggy flints worn out by dropping on
Together joyning by the workmans tool)
Makes horrid rocks, and watry caverns cool.

(3) Groves of pluv. trees. (c) Rocks made by art in imitation of the natural.

The

(5)

Hic tacitus, saxis, infra supraque, sonorus.
At Mons terga domus rapidis defendit ab Euris,
Ostendens longè exertis juga consista saxis,
Præseclt oquè die, producens tempora somni.
Summovet à tergo rupes gratissimus hortus,
Pinguis odoratis ubi tellus floribus halat;
Arbor ubi in mediis silvis sibi libera visa,
Dat fructus injussa suos; ubi frondea tecta
Arboreis præbent invito frigora sole
** Porticibus, potior a tuæ (Maro) tegmine fagi,*
Ars ubi (dissimulans artem) simulavit (ineptos
Consocians ferro lapides guttaque perefos)
In formes scopulos, & frigida fontibus antra.

3 Fructus in ipso horto, sylvas imitantibus. 4 Ambulationibus. 5 Rupes arte compositas.

A 4

Libera

(6)

The Water that from native Cliffs had source
Once free and unconfined, throughout its course,
By its own Country Metal is led on
Captive to Rocks of Artificial Stone.

There buried deep, its streams it doubly throws
Into two circling Channels as it goes,
Through thousand crannies, which by art it does,
Then girds the Rock with many a hollow vain,

Fighting all under with surprising rain.
Thence turning it a Marble font does store,
Until its lofty brims can hold no more.

And entering the house, obsequious is
To Cook and Butler, in their services.
And gushing up within the midst does spout
His Crystal waters ev'ry where about,
Fit for the hands, from the tall Cisterns out,
And though to this but four vents we assign;

(5) Lead which in that County is digged out of the earth. (6) With leaden pipes.

Cal=

(7)

Libera nativis veniens a rupibus unda

Accedit positis, patrio captiva metallo,

Et tellure latens, duplicem jaculatur in orbem,

Jussa, suum laticem per mille foramina caeca,

Et scopulum complexa tenacibus undique venis,

Jussa fugat misso subeuntes desuper imbre.

Hinc avecta creat sublimen marmore fontem,

Atque ingressa domum Promos conserva Cocosque

Adjuvat; in mediis surgitque penaltibus, alto

In sudens nitidam manibus de marmore lympham,

Et quamvis tubulis tantum effluat illa quaternis

(5) Plumbo quod in ea regione, terra effoditur. (6) Tubulis plumbeis.

Non

Calliroe's not so fair that spouts from nine,
 The river turning off a little space,
 Part of a garden's seen that fronts the place:
 Two rows of Crystal⁸ ponds here shine and dance
 Which trembling wave the Sun beams as they glance,
 In which vast shoales of fishes wanton float,
 Not conscious of the prison where they're shut.
 How does it please when as the Nymphs fling in
 The prey intic'd, to the bright founts again,
 To observe the method that the wantons use,
 First to inveigle men, and then refuse!
 What can more gratefull or Surprising be,
 Than gardens pend'ulous on high mounts to see?
 Within the midst of all the waters stand,
Cæsarian Piles built by a woman's hand.
 Piles fit for Kings to build, and Monarchs rear,
 In *Cavendishian* Lordships doe appear:
 The petty products of a Female care.

(7) A Fountain sacred amongst the Athenians flowing from nine pipes, (8) Fish Ponds

Non tam ? Calliroe pulchrè fluit Enneacrune.
 Rejeto paulum fuvio, sese ingerit horti
 Angulus Alterius, tecta alta à fronte videntis.
 Disposita hic gemino colucent ordine⁸ stagna,
 Immersum tremulis undis quatientia solem,
 Quis magno numero salit & lascivus inerrat
 Non intellecto conclusus carcere piscis.
 Quàm juvat, hic, quoties piscatrix candida prædam
 Abjicit illectam, morem observare puellis
 Innatum, captare viros, & spernere captos!
 Quàm libet in mediis mirari fluctibus, alto
 Aggere suspensos hortos! quæ Cæsare moles
 Digna Cavendishia certè est in gente, pusillum
 Fæmineumque opus. At quota pars ea laudis Elizæ

(7) Fons Athevis sacer, novem effluens fistulis. (8) Piscinæ.

But of fam'd Shrewsbury's great Countess this
 The least of thousand commendations is,
 To whom vast Structures their foundations own;
 Who got great wealth with great and good renown;
 Who by her candor made all friends in power,
 And with her bounty shin'd upon the lower;
 Who left an ³ Offspring numerous and great
 With which the joyful Nation's still repleat;
 How Sweet it is upon the Sandy shore
 Of Crystall Pooles, great Nature to explore!
 Or to my Lord Small ⁴ gifts of verse prefer,
 Wherein those happy fields I may declare
 Prest by the Muses, which still urgent are.
 A more commodious soile they never knew,
 Nor a more friendly Lord had title to.
 From hence, on rising ground, appears a neat,
 And fair ascent, up to the Pallace gate.

(3) The Earls of Devonshire, New-Castle and Kingston, Nephews to the Countess of Shrewsbury: (4) This Poem.

Salopicæ? *que multa, & magna palatia struxit;*
Magnas divitias; magnamque bonamque paravit
Famam; quæ magnos sibi conciliavit amicos,
Ornavitque humiles; Multam, magnamque reliquit
Prolem, qua regio late nunc usque beatur.
Quam dulce est, inter, circumque nitentia stagna
Insternete vias, æstivâ semper, arca,
Discipulum memet naturæ tradere rerum;
Aut Domino exiguum meditari carmine ¹ Munus,
Et multum Musis, describere rura, rogatis.
Commodiore loco non usquam habitare, nec usquam
Candidiore frui Musæ censentur amico.
Hinc, ad tectâ, solo surgente, ascenditur, Extra,

(9) Comites Devonix, Novi-castri, Kingston, nepotes Comitissæ Salopicæ.
 (1) Hoc ipsum.

(12)

Royall, August, sublime without tis seen;
Large, neat, commodious, splendid, rich within.
What thou may'st find in Marble figur'd out
Of Poets fables, or old Hero's stout,
Dwell not upon't; nor cement hard as stone,
Nor count the faithful Servants, one by one,
But the great Master celebrate my Muse,
To whome descended from an antient House,
Devon gives princely Titles, Derby² Cares:
Who in a constant breast, discretion bears.
Magnificent, not lavish, still he spends
His riches freely, and amongst his Friends;
He of your Quire is the only grace,
He for the Muses finds a resting place,
And pleasant shades, and grateful leisure gives,
And he from them large Eloquence receives
With a discerning mind, 'twixt good, and ill.
Next view his³ Consort wiftly, view her Still,

(1) The Lieutenantship of the County of Darby (2) Christiana Countess of Devonshire

descended

(13)

*Augusta aspectu, sublimia, Regia; & intra
Commoda, culta, capacia, splendida, ditia tecta.
At tu marmoreis quæ sint descripta figuris
Ficta Poetarum, priscorum aut facta virorum,
Ne cures, duro nec certans marmore Gypsum.
Ingenuos nec tu cupias numerare ministros,
Sed Dominum, mea Musa, colas, cui gente vetustâ
Orto, dat titulos Devoniam, Derby² Curas.
Acrem judicio; constantem pectore; lautum;
Utentemque opibus, luxu sine, & inter amicos.
Ille Chori vestri summum decus; ille benigna
Otia dat Musis; sed & illi Musa disertis
Ort loqui, a¹ que animo secernere turpia honestis.
Tum³ Dominam spectes, alta de gente Bruforum*

(1) Praefectura militum in agro Derbenfi, (2) Christianam Comitissam Devoniam,

Magnani.

Descended from the *Bruses* antient line,
 Whose Kingly Stock does in her visage shine,
 Then view their Noble Off-spring; but above
 The rest a² Nymph, whom *Jove* himself may love.
 With two Sweet Youths, who Angells might be said,
 The common pledges of the Marriage bed.
 These with their Parents may be wonder'd at;
 What else of Miracles thou may'st repeat,
 Fall short of these, and are not nigh so great.
 Of the high Peak, are Seven wonders writ.
 Two Founts, two Caves, one Pallace, Mount, and Pit.
 To wit that Stately Pallace we have nam'd
 But now, is first among the seven fam'd.
 O'th' rest discoursing, Some who long'd to know
 The cause of things, to see them joyn to goe;
 And I ('twas worth the while) amongst them too,
 'Twas at the time the earth did tribute pay,

(2) *The Lady Ann Cavendish* (3) *William now Earl of Devonshire with his brother Charles.*

And

Magnanimo proavos spirantem pectore Reges.
Amborumque vide Sobolem, imprimisq; Puellam
Dignam, qua caleant Superi, binosq; Puellos
Angelicos, casti communia pignora lecti.
Hos tu mireris, sobolemq; & utrumq; parentem;
Cetera quæ referes miracula, sunt minoris.
Alti censenter septem miracula Pecci.
Ædes, Mons, Barathrum, binus Fons, Antraq; bina:
Scilicet illæ ipsæ, quas jam memoravimus, Ædes
Ornatæ, tot sunt inter miracula, primæ.
Intra has, ne Reliquis orto sermone quibusdam
Est visum, promptis rerum perdiscere causas,
Et mihi (namq; operæ pretium est) ea visere miræ:
Anni tempus erat quo tellus fenora solvit;

(1) *Dominam Annam Cavendish,* (2) *Guelmum nunc Comitem Devonie cum Patre Carolo.*

B

E3

(16)

And the hot Sun the dew had wip'd away
From off the stubble, when we first begun
Our journey, and to Guide us hired one:
Thus we set forwards from the gates, and make
Pillsy and *Hassop* in a rugged track.
From thence our horse with weary feet and slow
Towards a steep Hill's high top, doe climbing go;
And after many a tug and weary Strain,
Half breathless, they the Summity do gain,
Turning about with wonder we espy
The birds now lazily to creep, not fly.
And that the Pico of the Mountains brow
Had pierc'd the body of the Clouds quite through
Derwin appears but as a crooked line,
And *Chatsworth* as a point it doth entwine.
W'had gone but little further, when we found
The Hills soft back, cut deep with many a wound.

And

(17)

Et vitreum scētis absterferat altus aristis
Jam Phœbus rorem, cum tectō excedimus, Ipsē,
Duxq; viæ servusq; (sed ille vicarius) unus,
Egressi auferimur portis, petimusq;e propinquam
Pillsley, dein Hassop salebroso tramite. Montem
Hinc celsum, acclivemque, gradu lento, & pede lasso
Scandit equus, summumq; jugum mox calcat anhelus.
Conversi miramur aves jam repere segnes,
Atque humiles claro transfigi vertice nubes.
Chatsworth jam punctum, Deroen jam linea curva est.
Vix iter inceptum sequimur, cum levia montis
Aspicimus crebro lacerari vulnere terga

B 2

Lateque

And did the earth in whitish ¹ ranks espie
 Cast up in heaps, upon the surface lye.
 'Tis a high soil, but cover'd with a crust
 Of brittle earth, soon crumbling into dust;
 Which least by it's own weight it should fall down.
 Nature hath propt it with a roof of Stone.
 But the dark Prince of wealth divides throughout,
 In thousand channels, which himself had cut,
 In order'd ranks the Stone; and each ^{sc} drawn
 From th' Eastern point, unto the Western one
 You'd think they felt not the effects alone
 Of heat and warmth, but that they view'd the Sun.
 The griping hand of *Dis* within these beds
 Had stor'd of better mettals the crude seeds:
 To be hereafter to perfection brought
 By the Sun beams, as they upon them wrought,
 Till then for to be guarded by the Stone,

(1) They dig to. Mines orderly in a parallel line, they call them the Rakes;

Lateq; egesta¹ liratum, albescere terrâ.
Est sublime solum, tenuiq; friabile g¹eba,
Quod ne quando sua possit subsidere mole,
Natura ingenito suffulcit provida saxo.
At saxum innumeris divisit in ordine rimis,
Ater opum Dominus. Cunctâsq; ita solis ab ortu,
Duxit in occasum, non ut sensisse calentem
Lampada Phœbeam, sed & aspexisse putares.
Condidit his sulcis melioris cruda metalli
Semina, solari post perscienda calore,
Tutanda interera dure munimine rupis

(1) Ordinatim, nam series fodinarum unde hauritur plumbum, parallelæ sunt, Anglicè vocantur the Rakes,

From all assaults sufficient Garrison,
 But all in vain, for neither can the Sun
 With oblique ray, bring to concoction
 The rougher leaden lump; nor is the ground
 Sufficient guardian, for it's treasure found.
 For man (wealth's great invader wherefoe're
 It hidden lies) with fire and Steel does tear
 The bowels of the earth; and rends in twain
 The stony cover of the leaden vein.
 And boldly dares, if poverty compels,
 To rob th' Exchequer, of the Prince of Hell.
 Not always without danger, two were caught
 As in their Mothers womb they deeply wrought
 By death; who suddenly o'whelm'd them there,
 Where they themselves had digg'd a Sepulcher.
 The* inlets (which with narrow vents admit

(1) For the stone wherein the veins of lead are contain'd is sometimes of that hardness that it cannot be pierced but by fire. (2) It hapned as we pass by, that of two that were overwhelmed in the mines one was drawn up, the other searching for. (3) Alias air-shafts.

But

*Ditis avara manus frustra. Nam nec satis igne
 Concoquit oblique Sol Plumbi terrea frustra,
 Nec custodit humus sibi credita. Viscera terræ
 (Certus opum quacunque latent regione repositæ,
 Insidiator) homo, ferro pervadit & igne,
 Saxea plumbiferæ rescindit tegmina venæ
 Exhaustique audax jam, paupertate jubente,
 Tartarei prædo fiscum spoliare Tyranni.
 Haud impune aliquando. 2 Duos telluris in imo
 Deprensos gremio, Mors occupat, atq; profundo
 Oppressos tegit, ipsi quod fodere, sepulcro.
 3 Spiramenta (tubis agrè admittentia 4 iniquis.*

(1) Nam saxum quo plumbi venæ continentur, eâ est aliquando duritie quæ non nisi igne vincitur. (2) Contigit pretereuntibus nobis, è duobus, qui rainâ foveæ oppressi fuerant, unum extrahi, alterum quæri. (3) Fovearum spiracula. (4) Actis,

But hardly down those who are forc'd to it
 By want, whose bellies are by hunger fit)
 With beams of wood the Natives still distend,
 And prop their way, as to the veins they bend.
 A people expert in experienc'd wo,
² Damn'd to the Mines, for many years ago;
 That all may see they fell not unawares,
 But were long sought for, by infernal snares,
 Which now the main supporters take away
 That did the earths weak brittle surface stay,
 And gather to the neighbouring shades below
 The souls, prest forth from their crust bodies now,
 Bodies by bodies in these deeps we found,
 Thus arrows lost, are still by arrows found.
 Before our feet, a Corps digg'd up we see,
 Which minds us what we are, or ought to be.

(1) To keep the sides of the vents from falling in. (2) Whom want hath
 forced or condemned to undergo that labour.

Quos castigato detrudit inedia ventre)
Ligniculis intus ¹ vincit, venamq; sequitur
Materie fossas sustentat, gnara pericli,
Atq; experta, diu jam gens ² damnata metallis;
Ut non incautos scires periisse, sed Orco
Quæsitos. Terræ hic subducit fulcra caduce,
Expressasq; animas, vicinis congregat umbris.
Corpora corporibus quærunt. Sic credita sæpe est
Emissa amissam monstrasse sagitta sagittam,
Ante pedes unum terra jacet ecce cadaver
Effossam; nostriq; monet meminisse. Cadaver,

(1) Constringit, ut distineantur foveæ latera; (2) Quam ad opera dam-
 naverat paupertas.

(24)

Much like the body we about us bring,
T'other lies buried in the earth, but still
Hopes an ' extraction when 'tis Heavens will,
Upon the earth that from the mine was thrown,
A lazy people drawn from e'ry Town,
To see the mournful spectacle came down,
Two women weeping in the croud we spi'd;
One for the loss of joyes that she had tri'd,
T'other for want of hopes are now denied.
Ones flame continual use had near expir'd,
T'other with itch of novelty was fir'd.
Both mourn, because that both their joyes have lost,
But she who last had tasted them, the most.
Let them still mourn. We in our way go on,
And now four thousand paces we had gone,
By our horse feet we count, as oft the Stone
In equal space each foot precedeing still

(1) To be found and drawn out,

Before

(25)

*Marcida, iners, putris, nostriq; simillima res est,
Alterum adhuc tectum tellure, resurgere corpus
Exspectat. Sedet egestæ super aggere terræ
Turba supina, locis spectatum egressa propinquis;
Plorantesq; duæ mulieres. Altera sucta
Gaudia perdidit, spem amiserat altera dulcem.
Alterius flammam, longus restrinxerat usus,
Alterius, spes effrenisq; libido sciendi
Foverat ardentem. Plorant utraq; Maritum.
Illa quidem luget, luget magis altera sponsum.
Deploranto. Viâ qua ceptum est pergimus ire
Jam pede mille quater passus numeramus equino.*

(1) Extrahi,

Et

In equal space each foot proceeding still
 Before its fellow, now hath felt their heel.
 Our shadows go before, and shortest shew
 What course the Sun bear's, and what course we go,
 Many small Villages on either side
 We leave behind us, as we onward ride.
 The last is Hope; the rest I'll not rehearse,
 Their names are too too cumbersome for verse.
 On hollow ground, repleat with mines below,
 And fill'd with mortals, ² high aloft we go.
 The horse with halty feet beats on the soil,
 Redoubled eccho's from their hoofs recoil.
 And in an hours space, or thereabout,
 To a steep Mountains precipice we're brought,
 It was great odds we did not headlong go
 Into the neighbouring village stood below.

(1) The shadows at the shortest and cast before us, shew the Sun to be come to the Meridian (a south Sun) and that our faces are turn'd towards the north. (2) Over the heads of those that work'd underneath in the Mines.

But

*Et toties sociam spatii pes quilibet equis
 Prateriens, terram alterno percusserat ictu:
 Anteit umbra pedes, monstratq; brevissima, ¹ qua stas
 Titan parte poli, & quam nos spectamus euntes:
 Linqvius opidula hinc atq; illinc plurima. Quorum
 Postremum tantum Romane dicere ² Spes est.
 Cetera non referam impediencia nomina versum:
 Per loca transversis longe lateq; sodinis
 Plena, soloq; cavo, & pleno mortalibus intus,
 Ingredivimur ³ superi; medio tonat ungula Campo
 Festinantis equi; atq; una, aut paulo amplius, hora,
 Precipitis ferimur subita ad declivia Montis.
 Pronum erat hinc vicum subjectum intrare cadendo.*

(1) Umbra brevissima, anse pedes projecta, arguit, & solem meridianum, & nos ad Aquilonem conversos. (2) Hope. (3) Supra capita agentium subus in cuniculis.

sed

But we with winding steps, and wary foot
 Strive as we may with safety, come unto't.
 First we the Sun upon our right hand place,
 Then turning to the left, with a soft pace
 We downwards going to our feet confide.
 Then again mounting on the Hills left side
 Into the Village we securely ride,
 Which built on a high Rock commands the sight
 Of all the Passengers that travel by't;
 Call'd from the Castle near it, *Castleton*.
 Not famous for the warlike Deeds there done,
 Not great, nor built with Art, not ever could
 Against the Canon-shot it self uphold,
 Nor yet impregnable to those of old;
 But ancient and built up of Stone it bears
 The injuries of time, and weather dares,
 Under the Lords, that kept the mines of yore
 It might of Thieves repulse the sudden power.

Behind

*Sed nobis ambage viam & cauto pede tritam
 Ire placet, primumq; ad dextras Sole recepto,
 Et mox conversis laevo descendere eodem,
 Paulatim, & pedibus nosmet concredere nostris.
 Conscensis hic rursus equis, sub Monte sinistro,
 Intramus pagum qui summa in rupe locatum
 Aspectare jubet, deducto nomine, Castrum.
 Castrum non aliquo bellorum insigni labore;
 Non magnum, non arcis opus spectabile; nostris
 Impar tormentis, nec inexpugnabile priscis.
 Antiquum tamen, & saxo super edificatum,
 Sustinet annorum, ventorum incommoda temnit.
 Forsitan & Dominis sub plumbi-potentibus olim
 Latronum potuit subitos arcere tumultus.*

Castleton.

A

Behind a ruin'd mountain does appear
 Swelling into two parts, which turgent are
 As when we bend our bodies to the ground,
 The buttocks amply sticking out are found.
 Pth' midst there is a Cave: and on each hand
 A lofty Rock does as supporter stand
 Of a vast weight of earth, which else would fall,
 So to the midst with safety guards us all,
 And now we're come (I blushing must rehearse)
 As most does stile it to the *Devils Arse*;
Peaks Arse the Natives.
 A noble Cave between two Rocks appears,
 Unto the ¹ Sun unknown, but to the Stars
 Fearing to be immerg'd, and both the * Bears
 Turn'd, it its mouth with horreur does present:
 Just like a furnace, or as Hell they paint,
 Swallowing with open Jawes the Damned croud

The Devils Arse *Mirac. 2.* (1) *Where the Sun beams never come, * Toward*
Ursa Major and Minor Northern constellations.

After

*A Castro statim mons scissus, detinet ambas
 In partes; velut inclinato Corpore nostro
 In crura extantes deturgent utraq; clunes.
 In medio sinus est: atq; erectissima utrinq;
 Rupes quæ ingenti redituram ponderi terram
 Destinet, & tutis succedere ad intima præstat.
 Jam ventum est (pudet effari) ¹ Plutonis ad anum,
 (Ut vocitant pleriq;) loci vocat incolæ, Peak's ars.
 Nobile suspensis aperitur rupibus Antrum,
² Ignoto tibi Phæbe loco, sed segnibus Urfis
 Obverso, & reliquis mergi metuentibus astris.
 In speciemq; patet furni, vel qualiter Orci
 Ora perhorrisco pinguntur hiantia riçtu
 Post ite auditum, turbans sorbentis abactam.*

(1) Orci cu'um, Ang. *The Devils Arse.* *Mirab. 2.* (2) Quòna quam
 percipiunt radii solares.

C

sub-

After the sentence is pronounc'd aloud.
 On horseback we our entrance make, and spy
 Horses within, and haycocks mounted high.
 But we with wonder and amaze admire
 The tall prodigious Rocky ⁽¹⁾ Hemisphere,
 How without prop'tis capable to bear
 So vast a weight, how it the mountain staves,
 And the eternal Geometrician praise,
 Through the thick Arch, we see the water stain'd
 To fall in drops, which on the earth retain'd,
 Even then to their own Country the Sea,
 Seek out returns with much perplexity;
 In little Channels even then they search
 For fellow streams, to fortifie their march.
 From whence they teaching, we these notions get,
 Rivers proceed not from the earth's receipt
 Of the salt billowes by the sandy shoars,

(1) *The vast roof.*

Which

*Sublimes intramus equis. Tecta intus, & altos
 Suspiciamus cumulos detonsi manera prati.
 Sed cælum attoniti miramur saxentis, ut ingens
 Sustineat montis nullo fulcimine pondus;
 Laudamusq; tuas æternæ Geometæ artes.
 Cernimus & densa colatam fornice lympham
 Guttatim elabi, & solidâ tellure receptam,
 Æquream in patriam reditum jam nunc meditari;
 Jam nunc exiguis properare canalibus, undas
 Quærentem socias, & fortius ire parantem.
 Jamq; Amnes ipsi vident didicisse magistris,
 Non fieri, salsum terra potante, liquorem*

(1) *Lacunæ Ingens.*

Which still imbibe them at their hollow pores,
 As if the straitned waters were forc'd up,
 The Main being taller than the mountain's top;
 But by the Suns hot rayes the Sea on high
 Mounts up in vapours, which do wandring fly
 Drove by the winds, which cooling still as soon
 As the heat fails them, or the Sun goes down,
 In num'rous tears descend unto the earth,
 From which collected, Rivers have their birth.
 To view the dark recesses of the Cave
 We thought it not amiss good lights to have.
 Dismounting, a she-Native of the place
 Leads us on forwards, with a gentle pace,
 Handsome enough, and Girl enough she was;
 Who with her steady foot, and accent clear,
 As guide emboldens us with many a cheer.
 Making our entrance with a² confus'd light,

(1) The hum or joyn't voice of the Marriners when they encourage one another, or salute a vessel. (2) Compounded of the day-light and candle-light.

*Littora ad ipsa maris, quasi celsis montibus ipse
 Celsior Oceanus conclusam expelleret undam;
 Sed mare Phœbæâ tenuatum surgere flammâ
 In Cælum; actumq; Eoliis errare ministris;
 Mox Phœbo fallente alens, totaq; recepta
 Natura, in terras fletu descendere; & esse
 Flumina collectas lachrymas. Placet ima caverna
 Umbrosa, illatâ penetralia visere luce.
 Descensos ab equis, antri virguncula civis
 Præcedit, formosa satis, nimiumque puella;
 Datq; animos, gressusque regit jucunda¹ Cœlestis;
 Primumque ingressis² confuso lumine sensim*

(1) Vox nautica hortatrix. (2) Misto ex cœlesti & lychnea.

Two Rocks with crooked backs drive from our sight
 The beams of day, and bending down below,
 On all four force us through their Arch to go.
 Sometimes erect, then growling tow'rd's the ground,
 In figures both of beasts, and men, we're found.
 Until at length the slow and humble source
 Of a dark River crossing, stops our course.
 A stream whose Channel ran till now beneath
 The earth, here under the low Arch does breath,
 And winding in its Channel to and fro,
 Not always does irrevocably go.
 Sometimes it bosomes you within its bay,
 Then jetting out, it drives you far away.
 Thus far we go; beyond it none can have
 The least admittance, who e're credit gave
 To the old Womans Fable of the Father,
 Who did forsooth well fraught with lights ^{(ver} swim o-

(1) not being able to stand upright. The ridiculous story of the old woman.
 (2) He swam over it with the more ease because it was very shallow.

*Accedunt cantes utrinque, diemque recurvis
 Extingunt sinibus, Tum demittentia sese
 Arcto' quadrupedes admittunt fornice saxa.
 Erecto rursus rursus mox corpore prono
 Pergimus, alterna pecudes hominesque signa.
 Donec transverso tandem prohibemur ab anne.
 Annem quem clausum fert sub tellure canalis
 Hactenus, hic humili patitur spirare sub arcu;
 Exitque interdum non irrevocabilis unda.
 Nunc speculatores propius, nunc longius arcens.
 Huc nobis, ultra nulli licet ire, Nec est fas
 Credere narranti vetulae de patre, quod olim
 Lychnorum ingressus librali fasce, fluentum
 Tunc modicum tranavit, & ulteriora sequutus;*

(1) Nos, penè prostratos. Vetulae ridicula narratio. (2) Facilius tranavit quia minime altum, Ridiculum,

A lit'e ford, but durst not further roame;
 Left sunk in night, he ne're should backward come;
 But we return, and with wet feet tread o're
 The Sand again, that we had trod before.
 The night and shades we now behind us leave,
 And the blest day-light once again receive.
 Got out, as is the pole a Mountain tall
 Lifts up his head, like an old ruin'd Wall
 Ready made weak by breaches now to fall.
 Tis said eternally the Sand falls down,
 Without the hills least diminution;
 Strange this if true, and yet the Pyrami'd
 Of falling sand, still gathering to a head,
 Gives tacite Items that the Flux begun
 By some great ruine, and will ever run
 Until the mountains top and that be one.
 And though the most call't *Mam Tor*, nev'rtheless

¹ *Ubi se ar'dt o meet night in a dark den. Ridiculous. Mam-Tor Mirac.*

Maim'd-Tor

Tantum ivit, quantum licuit remeare timent
 Incidere in noctem. *Remeamus, & altius ante
 Signatis, uda imprimimus vestigia arenis.
 Exuimus noctem, diasq; recepimus aras
 Cum emerfis, ante ora, poli mons amulus alq;
 Tollitur, avulso præceps cœn fragmine murus.
 Desfluere aternum perhibent a vertice terram,
 Nec tamen imminui montem. Mirabile dictu.
 Constaret si certa fides. Sed acutus arena
 Labente, agnoscens tumulus, tacito indicat anctum,
 Continuum hunc fluxum primum cepisse ruina
 Ingenii, æquatoq; habiturum culmine suum.
 Quemq; vocant alii correpto nomine Mam-Tor
 Rectius hunc Clivum videor mihi dicere Mam'd.
 (Tor)*

(1) Noctem timuit in speluncâ tenebrosissimâ, Ridiculum, Mam-Tor. Mirab. 3.

Quod