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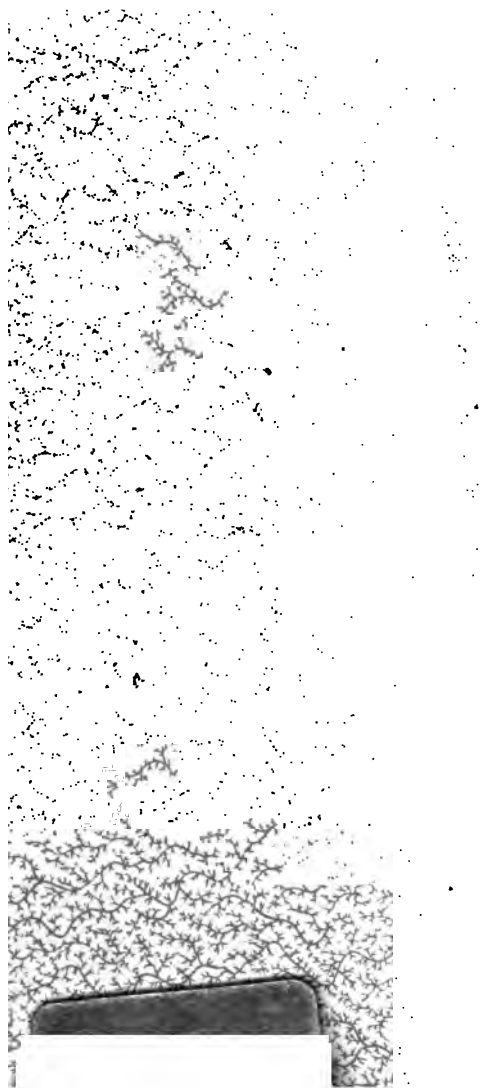
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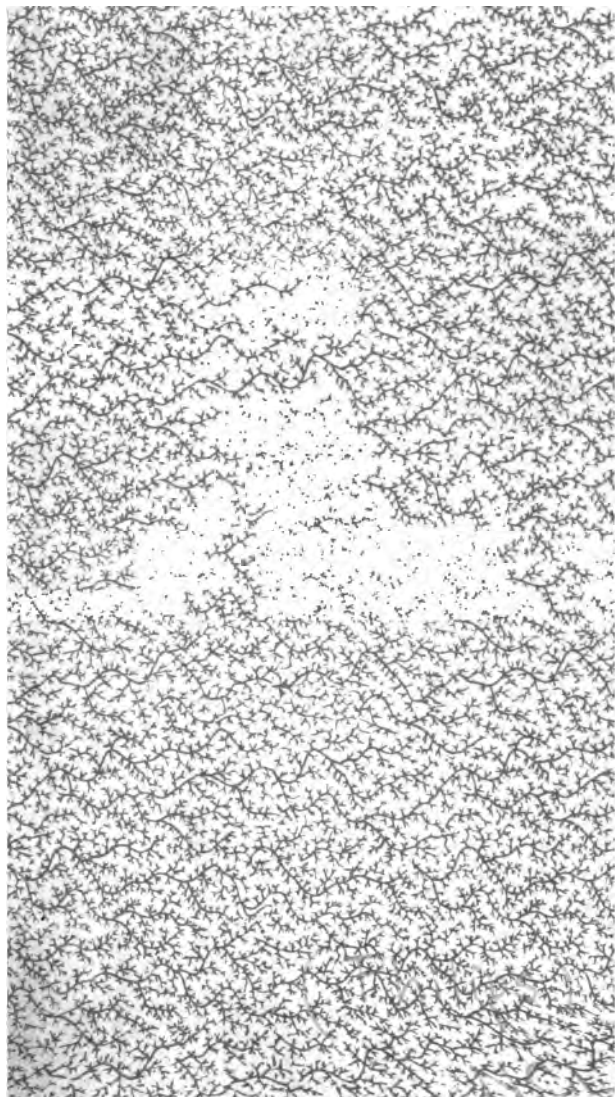
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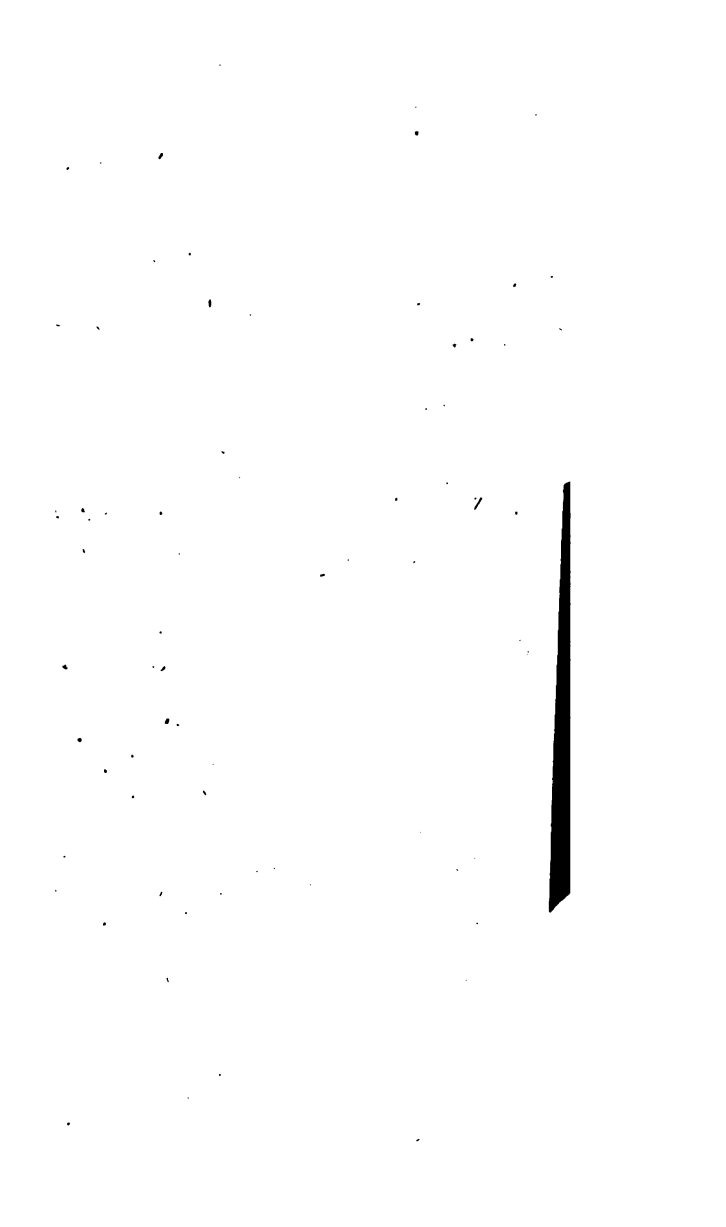












449

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Milton. With a new Account of  
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*Honos erit huic quoque pomo ?*

P O E M S

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*M I L T O N.*

B Y

Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS.*

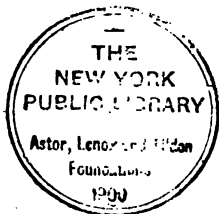
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NEW YORK  
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JUN  
1900



THE  
L I F E  
O F  
Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS.*

**A**FTER we have read the works of a poet with pleasure, and reflected upon them with improvement, we are naturally apt to inquire into his life, the manner of his education, and other little circumstances which give a new beauty to his writings, and let us into the genius and character of their author. To satisfy this general inclination, and do some justice to the memory of Mr. *Philips*,

we shall give the world a short account of him, and his few, but excellent compositions.

*John Philips*, one of those few persons whose muse and manners were equally amiable, was born the 30th of *December* 1676 at *Bampton* in *Oxfordshire*. His father, *Dr. Stephen Philips*, Arch-deacon of *Salop*, was minister there, and his being a boy of a most promising nature but of a tender constitution, was instructed at home in the first rudiments of grammar, and then sent to *Winter-school*. Here he presently discovered the delicacy of his genius, his exertions being distinguished above those of school-fellows by a happy imitation of the classics; He had a quick relish of the force and elegance of their sentiments as well as expressions, and did not want either skill or industry to make them his own. In the mean time he became the darling of the whole party

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 5

by the sweetness of his temper; and while the master, a rigid disciplinarian, dispensed, on account of his tenderness, with that strict observance of those rugged rules which was severely exacted from the rest; the boys themselves were so far from murmuring at it, that they were even pleased with the distinction: though whilst they were at play he seldom joined with them, but generally retired then to his chamber. It was in these intervals chiefly that he read *Milton*; however, this was not before he was well acquainted with both *Virgil* and *Homer*, and the frequent imitations he found of these authors in *Paradise Lost*, falling in exactly with his own turn, hence he conceived an ardent passion for the *English* poet, and some small pieces which he composed at this time, shewed that he had imbibed a good share of *Milton's* style and manner before he left *Winchester*. Thus qualified he was re-



moved to *Oxford*, in the beginning of the year 1694, and placed in *Christchurch*, at a time when that college was in the height of its reputation, by the excellent sense and spirit that flourished there, under the conduct of Dr. *Aldrich*. Here he was received with open arms into the company and acquaintance of the most distinguished wits, and as often as the statutes of the university, or the rules of his gaiety, called him to any public exercises, his performances were constantly the talk and admiration of all that heard them; and they were only heard, for he was not willing they should go any farther: since how much soever they might please others, yet he was not thoroughly satisfied with them himself. Nor did those who knew and loved him best choose to distress his modesty, by pushing him in that point. It was this modesty, and the uncommon simplicity of his manners, that more particularly endeared

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 7

endeared him to them; and they were completely happy in the enjoyment of his conversation, in which his undisguised sincerity was continually enlivened with a kind of cheerfulness which innocence alone can give, heightened with a mirth that was wholly raised by a genteel and delicate raillery, without ever degenerating into ridicule. After he came to *Oxford*, *Milton's* muse became his chief delight; and the greatest part of his study for some years was laid out in tracing the steps by which that author grew to perfection. We are told, that there is not a single allusion in *Paradise Lost*, drawn from the thoughts and expressions of the *Greek* or *Latin* poet, which he could not immediately refer to; and that this was the way whereby he came to perceive what a peculiar life and grace their sentiments added to *English* poetry; how much their images raised its spirit, and what

8                   The LIFE of

weight and beauty their works, when translated, gave to its language. He was likewise led, by the example of his darling *Milton*, to consult the works of our old *English* poets *Chaucer* and *Spenser*. By these assistances he made himself absolute master of the true extent and compass of his mother-tongue, and we see afterwards, in his writings, he did not scruple to revive any words or phrases which he thought deserved it. Yet this was done with that modest liberty which *Horace* allows of, either in the coining of new, or restoring of ancient expressions; and to that modesty it was owing that he succeeded so happily in this dangerous attempt. Not was this attempt made at all, till long after the time we are now speaking of; for as the delight which Mr. *Philip* took in reading the poets, was that alone which first drew his attention to their works, so he continued reading  
purely

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purely for his pleasure; in this he gratified his delicacy and improved his taste, and he aimed at nothing further. That delicacy which led him to study the best poets proved a sufficient check to his modesty, and restrained him from forming any plan of appearing in public himself. Besides, he had no uneasy thirst after fame; indeed, the disposition of his mind was happily adapted to the slender frame of his body. How much sorer he was struck with the majesty, grandeur, and force of *Milton's* muse, yet he had no share in the heat and passion of that author's temper. In this he seemed entirely to be formed in *Virgil's* mould, whom he much loved and admired: and as it is said of *Milton*, that he could repeat the best part of *Homer*; so Mr. *Philips*, we are informed, could do the same of *Virgil*; like the *Roman*, he had no ambition to gratify, being best fitted by nature for that which he was most fond

fond of, the quiet enjoyment of his  
muse, in the company of a few select  
friends of his own taste and temper, and  
his acquaintance was among the best  
and politest of the university. But he  
seems to have had the highest delight  
in the friendship of Mr. *Edmund Smith*,  
the author of *Pbædra* and *Hippolytus*.  
This gentleman (who was fellow-colle-  
gian with Mr. *Philips*) it is well known  
sat as unanxiously easy as he did, even  
in a much humbler fortune; and the  
bent of their studies lying the same way,  
they frequently communicated their  
thoughts to each other. This, no doubt,  
was as pleasant as any part of Mr.  
*Philips's* life, who had a soul capable of  
relishing all the finest enjoyments of  
sublime, virtuous, and elegant spirits.  
How much it affected Mr. *Smith*, he  
alone was able to express; nor perhaps  
could he have done it so fully, had not  
the occasion of writing a poem to his  
friend's

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friend's memory, impressed on him a rapturous sensibility of his own loss. In studying poetry, Mr. *Philips* was wholly attentive to whatever helped to preserve or raise its dignity, and by continually conversing with *Milton* and the Ancients, his ear became habituated to the harmony of their numbers. Besides, as he saw the art was removed from its proper standard, so he thought it had lost much of its true worth in *English* by the jingle of rhyme; which consequently was better avoided. He was fond of history and antiquities, and the accurate knowledge he had acquired, especially in those of his own country, shews which way he spent a good part of his time; he made use of some part of this acquisition afterwards to enrich his poetry, where the extent of his reading this way, as well as his exact skill in applying it, is set to the best advantage. It was the first design of his friends

friends to breed him to the profession of physic, and though the very infirm state of his health would not suffer him to pursue that plan they had laid out for him, yet his inclinations were very strong and bent that way. He was passionately fond both of the history and philosophy of nature. Indeed, next to his medicine, botany was his greatest delight as well as accomplishment; and his own ill health disabling him from applying his skill to the care of another's, he determined to recommend its usefulness to the world. This was the first motive which put it upon the thoughts of writing on this subject, and this thought he executed in the poem which he intitled *Cyder*. The general design was formed long before he left *Oxford*, though the particular plan was not settled then, which he told us himself, he was directed in the choice of, from the passion he had to do some honour to his native country. How-

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 13

the foundation of it was laid in the university, and the first book composed there; but he was called to town before he had made any considerable progress: in the second, which was perfected there, he exerted all the power of genius and art to make it complete, and it is one, if not the only, finished poem of that length extant in our language. We must not omit to take notice, that the custom of smoking tobacco was highly in vogue when Mr. *Philips* came first to college, from the example of the celebrated Dean *Aldrich*, whose incessant use of it was an entertaining topic of discourse many years afterwards; concerning which the following story is related: A young student laid a wager with his chum that the Dean was at that instant smoking his pipe, *viz.* about ten o'clock in the morning. Away therefore he goes to the Deanry, where being admitted to the Dean in his study,  
he



he presently relates the occasion of his visit. To which the Dean replied in perfect good humour, You see, Sir, you have lost your wager, for I am not smoking, but filling my pipe. It is no wonder therefore that he fell in with the general taste, which recommended itself the rather to him as he felt some relief from it; he has descended to sing its praises in more than one place, and his *Splendid Shilling* owes some part of its lustre to the happy introduction of a tobacco-pipe. This piece, the first of his that appeared in public, stole its way into the world without his privity, and being printed from no very correct copy, that induced him, though not till some time after, to give a genuine edition of it. He was little anxious what fate it met with among the generality, the manuscript had diverted the choice circle of his friends, and his aim in it reached no farther. This happened not

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 15

long before the much famed action at *Blenheim*, in 1704, where the Duke of *Marlborough* gained that victory, which deservedly filled the world with his praises. The Earls of *Godolphin* and *Hallifax* had eagerly set Mr. *Addison's* pen to work upon this occasion, and fired his poetic faculty with the assured hopes of a very extraordinary reward. On the other side, their two competitors, *Harley* and *St. John*, afterwards Earl of *Oxford* and Viscount *Bolingbroke*, pitched upon our author as perfectly capable of doing justice to his country on this subject. While Mr. *Philips* was in town he resided in Mr. *St. John's* house, and has celebrated the kindness and generosity of his host in a *Latin* ode in *Horace's* manner, which is undoubtedly a masterpiece. It is all of his that we have left in this kind, but from it we may form a judgment, that his writings in that language were not inferior to those he has left

left

left us in our own; and as *Horace* of his darling authors, we need not mention his ability to excel in his way, as that of his admired *Virgil*. Our poem, intitled *Bleinheim*, was published in 1705; and the next year he published that upon *Cyder*; which, after his death, was translated into *Italian*, by a man of *Florence*. His next design was that of writing a poem upon the resurrection, and the day of judgment; this he did not live to execute, or he would very probably have succeeded upon a subject, for which he was adapted. That subject, indeed, is only proper to be treated of in a solemn style, which he makes his own; and by one whose just notions of religion, and a true spirit of poetry, could carry his reader, without a wish for any other assistance.

—*extra flammantia mœnia mundi,*

This is not obtruded upon the reader as a bare conjecture of our own, but we have the authority of Mr. *Smith* for it, who was undeniably a competent judge of the scheme which our author had laid down, and probably had seen the first rudiments of his design: but Mr. *Philips's* distemper encreasing obliged him to drop the pursuit of this, and all other views, besides that of his health. He had been long troubled with a lingering consumption, attended with an asthma, a painful disorder, and had suffered many severe conflicts under it, without betraying any discontent or uneasiness; the integrity of his heart still preserving the chearfulness of his spirits, and the singular goodness of his nature engaging his friends in the tenderest and most endearing offices to him on these occasions. By the advice of his Physicians he went to *Bath*, the summer before his death: here the ablest of the Faculty (by

B

whom

whom he was generally beloved) readily gave him their best assistance, and soon present ease they did procure him, upon which he left the place, though with small hopes of recovery. Upon his removal from *Bath* he went to *Hereford* where his mother was still living, and where the asthma returning in the winter put a period to his life, *February 15 1708*, in the entrance almost upon the thirty-third year of his age. He was interred in the cathedral-church of *Hereford* by his mother, who caused the following inscription to be put upon his grave-stone.

JOHAN

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 19

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.  
Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

Offa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,  
Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule ;  
Si Tumulum desideras, Templum adi *Westmonaste-*  
Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit, [*riense* :  
Dicat elegans illa & præclara,  
Quæ cenotaphium ibi décorat

Inscriptio.

Quàm interim erga Cognatos pius & officiosus,  
Testetur hoc saxum  
A *MARIA PHILIPS* Matre ipsius pientissimâ,  
Dilecti Filii Memoriam non sine Lacrymis dicatum.

But besides this, a monument was erected to his memory, in the place called the Poets Corner in *Westminster Abbey*, by Sir *Simon* afterwards Lord *Harcourt*, and Lord-Chancellor of *England*. It is a neat Busto in profile, with this motto,

*Honos erit huic quoque pomo.* VIRGIL

And the following epitaph was written by Dr. *Friend*, which has this very singular merit, that we there see a very great and at the same time a very judicious character expressed upon a monument without flattery.

He

\* Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 21

Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,  
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,  
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama  
*JOHANNIS PHILIPS:*  
Qui Viris bonis doctisque juxta charus,  
Immortale suum Ingenium,  
Eruditione multiplici excultum,  
Miro animi candore,  
Eximiâ morum simplicitate,  
Honestavit.

Litterarum Amœniorum sitim,  
Quam *Wintoniæ* Puer sentire cœperat,  
Inter *Ædis Christi* Alumnos jugiter explevit,  
In illo Musarum Domicilio  
Præclaris Æmulorum studiis excitatus,  
Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,  
Carmina sermone Patrio composuit  
A Græcis Latinisque fontibus feliciter deducta,  
Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digna,  
Versuum quippe Harmoniam



Rythmo didicerat.

Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi

Ad res ipsas apto profusus, et attemperato,  
Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus

Non Clausularum similiter cadentium son-

Metiri :

Uni in hoc laudis genere *Miltono* fecundus

Primoque pœne Par.

Res seu Tenues, seu Grandes, seu Mediocre

Ornandas sumferat,

Nusquam, non quod decuit,

Et videt, et affecutus est,

Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,

Fandi author, et Modorum artifex.

Fas sit Huic,

Auso licèt à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere

O Pœsis Anglicanæ Pater, atque Conditor *Cb.*

Alterum tibi latus claudere,

Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique stipant

Non dedecabit Chorum.

S I M

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 23

*SIMON HARCOURT* Miles,  
Viri benè de se, de quo Litteris meriti  
    Quoad viveret, Fautor,  
    Post Obitum piè memor,  
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

*J. PHILIPS, STEPHANI, S. T. P. Archidiaconi*  
Salop, *Filius, natus est* Bamptoniæ  
    *in agro Oxon. Dec. 30, 1676.*  
*Obiit* Herefordiæ, *Feb. 15, 1708.*



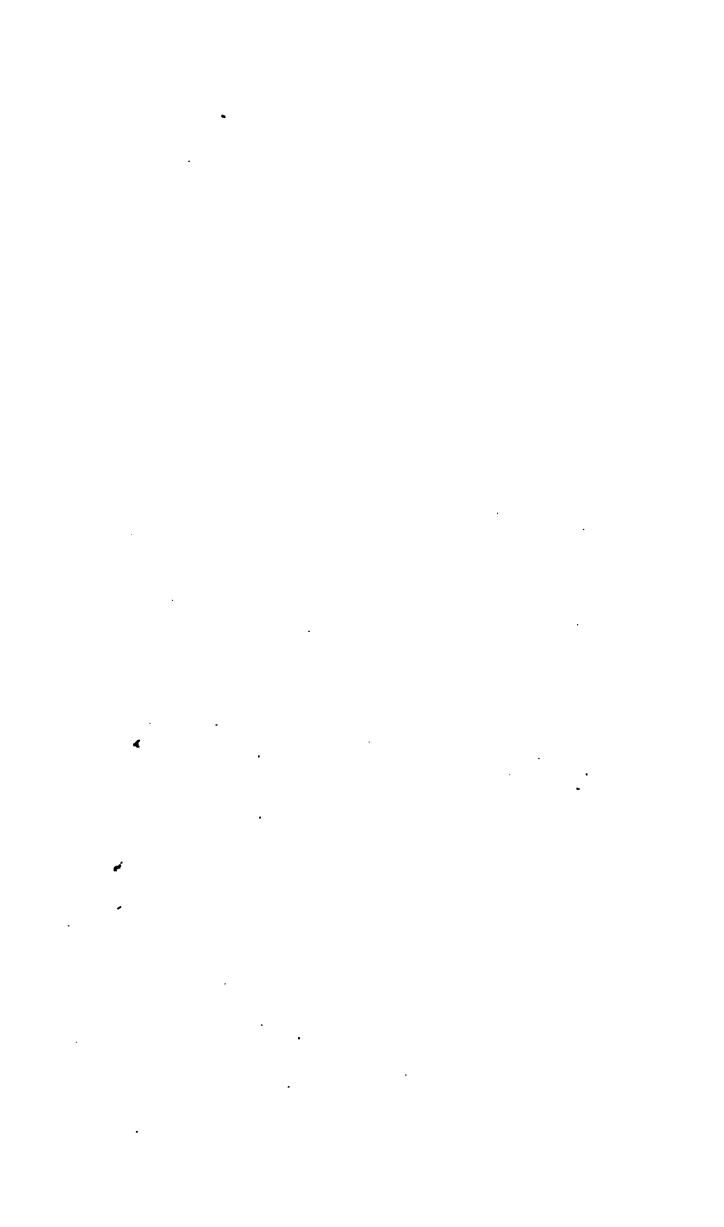


A  
P O E M

To the Memory of

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.





A  
P O E M

To the Memory of  
Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

Inscribed to the Hon. Mr. TREVOR.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

S I R,

SINCE our *Iffs* filently deplores  
The Bard who spread her fame to distant shores;  
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend;  
My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend; }  
Forgive the Poet, and approve the Friend. }

Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd;  
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;  
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore }  
While rat'ling coughs his heaving vessels tore; }  
Much was his pain, but your affliction more. }

Oh!

28 A Poem to the Memory of

Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown  
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauseous town,  
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd,  
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled physick fail'd;  
But since the will of Heaven his fate decreed,  
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;  
Fruitless our hopes, tho' pious our essays,  
Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.  
Oh might I paint him in *Miltonian* verse,  
With strains like those he sung on *Glo'ster's* herse;  
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,  
And wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious *Bleinheim* shines,  
And all the battle thunders in his lines;  
His nervous verse great *Boileau's* strength transcends,  
And *France* to *Philips*, as to *Churchil* bends.

Oh! various bard, you all our pow'rs controul,  
You now disturb, and now divert the soul:  
*Milton* and *Butler* in thy muse combine,  
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;

For

For as I've seen when rival wits contend,  
 One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend ;  
 This on quick turns and points in vain relies,  
 This with a look demure, and steady eyes,  
 With dry rebukes, or sneering praise replies. }

So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,  
 Reach *Butler's* fancy, but surpass his style ;  
 He speaks *Scarron's* low phrase in humble strains,  
 In thee the solemn air of great *Cervantes* reigns.

What founding lines his abject themes express,  
 What shining words the pompous *Shilling* dress ?  
 There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies  
 The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.

In her best light the comic muse appears,  
 When she with borrow'd pride the buskin wears.

So when nurse *Nokes* to act young *Ammon* tries,  
 With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes ;  
 With dangling hands he strokes th'imperial robe,  
 And with a cuckold's air commands the Globe ;



30      A Poem to the Memory of

The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd;  
And *Ammon's* son more mirth than *Gomez* made.

Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws,  
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause :  
When *Orpheus* sings the ghosts no more complain,  
But in his lulling music lose their pain :  
So charm the fallies of thy *Georgic* muse,  
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse ;  
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,  
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,  
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,  
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Blest clime, which *Vaga's* fruitful streams improve,  
*Etruria's* envy, and her *Cosmo's* love ;  
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the *Cbianti* vine,  
Gives *Tuscan* yearly for thy *Scud'more's* wine,  
And ev'n his *Tasso* would exchange for thine. }

Rise, rise, *Roscommon*, see the *Bleinheim* muse,  
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse ;

See

See o'er the *Alps* his tow'ring pinions soar,  
 Where never *English* poet reach'd before :  
 See mighty *Cosmo's* counsellor and friend,  
 By turns on *Cosmo* and the bard attend ;  
 Rich in the coins and busts of ancient *Rome*,  
 In him hebrings a nobler treasure home ;  
 In them he views her gods, and domes design'd,  
 In him the soul of *Rome*, and *Virgil's* mighty mind :  
 To him for ease retires from toils of state,  
 Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our *Spenser*, first by *Pisan* poets taught,  
 To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought.  
 To follow ours now *Tuscan* bards descend,  
 From *Philips* borrow, tho' to *Spenser* lend,  
 Like *Philips* too the yoke of rhyme disdain ;  
 They first on *English* bards impos'd the chain,  
 First by an *English* bard from rhyme their free-  
 dom gain.

Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime,  
 The gay, the soft, the florid and sublime ;

Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,  
 Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides ;  
 I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,  
*Procrustes* like, the ax or wheel applies,  
 To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size :  
 At best a crutch that lifts the weak along,  
 Supports the feeble, but retards the strong ;  
 And the chance thoughts when govern'd by the close,  
 Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose.

Your judgment, *Philips*, rul'd with steady sway,  
 You us'd no curbing rhyme the muse to stay,  
 To stop her fury or direct her way.

Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,  
 To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackled dancer tries,  
 As prone to fall, as impotent to rise ;  
 When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,  
 He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends ;  
 Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,  
 Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to *Will's* repair  
 For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air ;  
 Rail on at *Milton's* son, who wisely bold  
 Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old :  
 Thus *Chaucer* lives in younger *Spenser's* strains ;  
 In *Maro's* page reviving *Ennius* reigns ;  
 The ancient words the majesty compleat,  
 And make the poem venerably great :  
 So when the Queen in royal habit's dress,  
 Old mystic emblems grace th' imperial vest,  
 And in *Eliza's* robes all *Anna* stands confest. }

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,  
 At *Dick's* and *Batson's*, and thro' *Smithfield* prais'd,  
 Cries out aloud — Bold *Oxford* bard, forbear  
 With rugged numbers to torment my ear ;  
 Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,  
 But paints in fustian, or in turn deplors ;  
 With *Bunyan's* style profanes heroic songs,  
 To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs ;

34      A Poem to the Memory of

For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels  
And in low prose dull *Lucifer* complain ;  
His envious muse, by native dulness curst,  
Damns the best poems, and contrives the  
    Beyond his praise or blame thy works per-  
Compleat where *Dryden* and thy *Milton* fail  
Great *Milton's* wing on lower themes sub-  
And *Dryden* oft in rhyme his weakness hid  
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the  
And yet, on humble subjects, great appe-  
Thrice happy youth, whom noble *Iffs* cro-  
Whom *Blackmore* censures, and *Godolphin* e-  
So on the tuneful *Margarita's* tongue  
The list'ning nymphs, and ravish'd heroes  
But cits and fops the heav'n-born music bl-  
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into f-  
Like her sweet voice is thy harmonious so-  
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong  
    Oh ! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd h-  
The tow'ring bard had sung in nobler lay

How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,  
 How fairs aloft the cross triumphant spread ;  
 How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions show,  
 And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance  
     glow,  
 And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl be-  
     low :

Well might he sing the day he could not fear,  
 And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn  
 To our just vows the hapless youth return ?  
 Must he no more divert the tedious day ?  
 Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey ?  
 No more to harmless irony descend,  
 To noisy fools a grave attention lend,  
 Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend ?  
 No more in false pathetic phrase complain  
 Of *Delia's* wit, her charms, and her disdain ?  
 Who now shall God-like *Anna's* fame diffuse ?  
 Must she, when most she merits, want a muse ?

36      A Poem to the Memory of

Who now our *Twyden's* glorious fate see  
 How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd  
 How while the troubled elements around  
 Earth, water, air, the stunning dinn re  
 Through streams of smoke, and adverse fire  
 While every shot is levell'd at his side  
 How, while the fainting *Dutch* retreat  
 And the fam'd *Eugene's* iron troops retire  
 In the first front amidst a slaughter'd pile  
 High on the mound he dy'd near *Great*

Whom shall I find unbyas'd in dispute  
 Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?  
 To whom the labours of my soul disclose  
 Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woe  
 Oh! in that heav'nly youth for ever en  
 The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends  
 He sacred friendship's strictest laws obey  
 Yet more by conscience than by friendship  
 Against himself his gratitude maintain'  
 By favours past, not future prospects g

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 37.

Not nicely choosing, tho' by all desir'd ;  
Tho' learn'd, not vain ; and humble, tho' admir'd :  
Candid to all, but to himself severe,  
In humour pliant, as in life austere.  
A wife content his even soul secur'd,  
By want not shaken, or by wealth allur'd.  
To all sincere, tho' earnest to commend,  
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.  
To him old *Greece* and *Rome* were fully known,  
Their tongues, their spirit, and their styles his own :  
Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,  
Our author's works, and lives, and souls he knew ;  
Paid to the Learn'd and Great the same esteem,  
The one his pattern, and the one his theme :  
With equal judgment his capacious mind  
Warm *Pindar's* rage, and *Euclid's* reason join'd.  
Judicious physic's noble art to gain  
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas in vain !  
The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,  
Nor goodness now, nor learning ought avail'd :



38 A Poem to the Memory of

Yet to the bard his *Churchill's* soul they gave  
And made him scorn the life they could not

Else could he bear unmov'd the fatal gait  
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress  
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast  
Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain  
Its slow advances, and its racking pain?

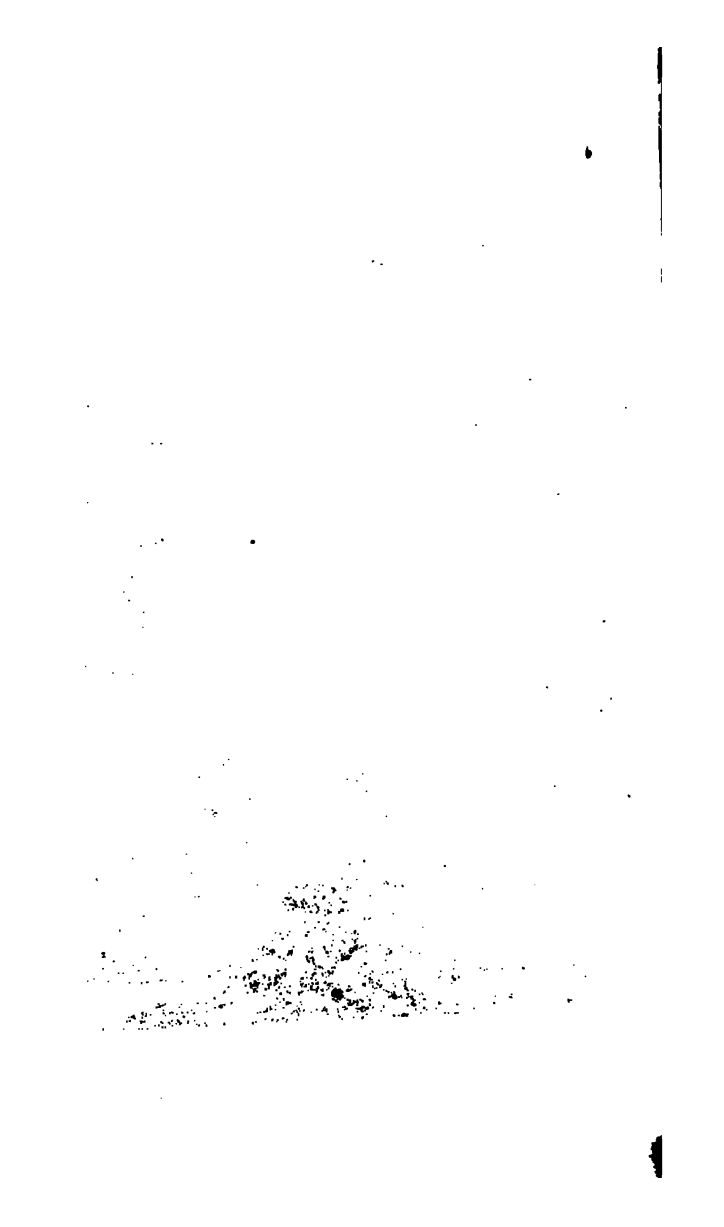
Could he serene his weeping friends survive  
In his last hours his easy wit display,  
Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay

Once on thy friends look down, lamented  
And view the honours to thy ashes paid;  
Some thy lov'd dust in *Parian* stones enshrine  
Others immortal epitaphs design;  
With wit, and strength, that only yield to thee  
Ev'n I, tho' slow to touch the painful string  
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing  
Thee, *Philips*, thee despairing *Vaga* mourn  
And gentle *Isis* soft complaints returns;

*Dormer* laments amidst the war's alarms ;  
And *Cecil* weeps in beauteous *Tuiston's* arms :  
Thee on the *Po* kind *Somerſet* deplores,  
And ev'n that charming ſcene his grief reſtores :  
He to thy loſs each mournful air applies,  
Mindful of thee on huge *Taburnus* lies, }  
But moſt at *Virgil's* tomb his ſwelling ſorrows riſe. }

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,  
Diſplay his fame, and not his fate deplore ;  
And let no tears from erring pity flow,  
For one that's bleſt above, immortaliz'd below.







*A. Walker del., et sculp.*



T H E

SPLENDID SHILLING.





---

T H E

SPLENDID SHILLING.

——— Sing, heavenly Muse,  
*Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,*  
*A Shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.*

**H**APPY the man, who void of cares and strife,  
In silken, or in leathern purse retains  
A Splendid Shilling: He nor hears with pain  
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;  
But with his Friends when nightly mists arise,  
To *Juniper's Magpye*, or *Town-Hall*\* repairs:  
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye  
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,  
*CLOE*, or *PHILLIS*; he each circling glass  
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.

\* Two noted Alchouses in *Oxford*, 1700.

Mean



#### 44 The SPLENDID SHILLING.

Mean while, he smokes, and laughs at merry talk  
Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.  
But I, whom griping penury furrounds,  
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,  
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff  
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corps sustain:  
Then solitary walk, or doze at home  
In garret vile, and with a warming puff  
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black  
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,  
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:  
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size  
Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in pedigree,  
Sprung from *Cadwalador* and *Arthur*, Kings  
Full famous in romantic tale) when he  
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,  
Upon a cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* cheese,  
High over-shadowing rides, with a design  
To vend his wares, or at th' *Arvomian* mart,  
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient town

Yclip'

The S P L E N D I D S H I L L I N G. 45

Uclip'd *Brebiniæ*, or where *Vaga's* stream

Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful soil !

Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie

With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,

With looks demure, and silent pace a *Dun*,

Horrible monster ! hated by Gods and men,

To my ærial citadel ascends,

With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,

With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know

The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.

What shou'd I do ? or whither turn ? amaz'd,

Confounded, to the dark recess I fly

Of woodhole ; strait my bristling hairs erect

Thro' sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews

My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)

My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;

So horrible he seems ! his faded brow

Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,

And spreading band, admir'd by modern faints,

Disastrous

## 46 The SPLENDID SHILLING.

Difastrous acts forebode ; in his right hand  
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,  
With characters, and figures dire inscrib'd,  
Grievous to mortal eyes ; (ye Gods avert  
Such plagues from righteous men ;) behind him sta  
Another monster not unlike himself,  
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd  
A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods  
With force incredible, and magic charms  
First have endu'd, if he his ample palm  
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay  
Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch  
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)  
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,  
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains  
In durance strict detain him, till in form  
Of money, PALLAS sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware,  
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken  
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft

The SPLENDID SHILLING. 47

es perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,  
ompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch  
ith his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)  
*rimalkin* to domestic vermin sworn  
n everlasting foe, with watchful eye,  
ies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,  
rotending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice  
ure ruin. So her difembowell'd web  
*frachne* in a hall, or kitchen, spreads  
bvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands  
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,  
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils  
Inextricable, nor will aught avail  
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;  
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,  
And butterfly proud of expanded wings  
Distinct with gold, intangled in her snares,  
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,  
The tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;  
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood

Drinks

48 The SPLENDID SHILLING.

Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave  
Their bulky carcaffes triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades  
This world envelop, and th' inclement air  
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts  
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood  
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light  
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk  
Of loving friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,  
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,  
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts  
My anxious mind, or sometimes mournful verse  
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,  
Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,  
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.  
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,  
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat  
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:  
But if a slumber haply does invade  
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,

Thoughtful

The SPLENDID SHILLING. 49

thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,  
pples imaginary pots of ale,  
vain ; awake I find the settled thirst  
ll gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.  
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,  
r taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays  
ture, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,  
: *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd coat secure,  
: *Medlar* fruit delicious in decay :  
ictions great ! yet greater still remain :  
*Galligaskins* that have long withstood  
: winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,  
time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue !)  
horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice  
de, discontinuous ; at which the winds  
*us* and *Auster*, and the dreadful force  
*Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* waves,  
multuous enter with dire chilling blasts,  
tending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,  
ig fail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* deep,

D

Or

50 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

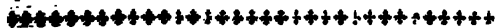
Or the *Ionian*, till cruising near  
The *Lilybean* shore, with hideous crush  
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous rocks!)  
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd  
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,  
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side  
The crowding waves gush with impetuous ra  
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize  
The mariners; death in their eyes appears,  
They stare, they lave, they pump, they fw  
they pray:  
(Vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush  
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,  
The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.











BLEINHEIM.





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# BLEINHEIM.

FROM low and abject themes the grov'ling Muse  
Now mounts aërial, to sing of arms  
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts  
Of *Britain's* hero ; may the verse not sink  
Beneath his merits, but detain a while  
Thy ear, O *Harley* \*, (tho' thy country's weal  
Depends on thee, tho' mighty *Anne* requires  
Thy hourly counsels) since with ev'ry art  
Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth  
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, where-ever found,  
The willing genius to the Muses feat :  
Therefore thee first, and last, the Muse shall sing.

Long had the *Gallic* monarch, uncontroul'd,  
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force

\* This Poem was inscrib'd to the Right Honourable *Robert Harley*, Esq; 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons, and Secretary of State.

Opponent flightly thought, in heart elate,  
 As erst *Sesoftris*, (proud *Egyptian* king,  
 That monarchs harnes'd to his chariot yokt,  
 (Base servitude !) and his dethron'd compeers  
 Lafht furious ; they in fullen majesty  
 Drew the uneasy load ;) Nor lefs he aim'd  
 At univerfal fway : for *William's* arm  
 Could naught avail, however fam'd in war ;  
 Nor armies leagu'd, that diversly affay'd  
 To curb his pow'r enormous ; like an oak,  
 That ftands fecure, tho' all the winds employ  
 Their ceafelefs roar, and only fheds its leaves,  
 Or maff, which the revolving fpring reftores :  
 So flood he, and alone ; alone defy'd  
 The *European* thrones combin'd, and ftill  
 Had fet at naught their machinations vain,  
 But that great *Anne*, weighing th'events of war  
 Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chofe,  
 Thee, *Churchill*, to direct in nice extremes  
 Her banner'd legions. Now their priftine wor

*Britons* recollect, and gladly change  
 native home for unaccustom'd air,  
 other climes, where diff'rent food and soil  
 and distempers; over dank, and dry,  
 journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with length  
 march, unstruck with horror at the sight  
 of ridges bleak, high stretching hills,  
 white with summers snows. They go beyond  
 the reach of *English* steps, where scarce the found-  
 ery's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart  
 conduct, and example gives; nor small  
 courage, *Godolphin*, wise, and just,  
 in merit, honour and success;  
*Orleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve  
 the best of Queens:) he, of the royal store  
 most lidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid  
 of sweet repose, industrious to procure  
 the soldier's ease; to regions far remote  
 his care extends: and to the *British* host  
 ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O *Churchill!* at thy wisht approach  
 The *Germans*, hopeless of success, forlorn,  
 With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheeks  
 New animated rouse; not more rejoice  
 The miserable race of men, that live  
 Benighted half the year, benumm'd with frosts  
 Perpetual, and rough *Boreas'* keenest breath,  
 Under the polar Bear, inclement sky,  
 When first the sun with new-born light remov'd  
 The long incumbent gloom; gladly to thee  
 Heroic laurel'd *Eugene* yields the prime,  
 Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt  
 In military honour next, altho'  
 His deadly hand shook the *Turchestan* throne  
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided lands  
 Victorious; on thy pow'rful sword alone  
*Germania*, and the *Belgic* coast relies,  
 Won from th' encroaching sea: that sword great  
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side,  
 When thee sh' enroll'd her garter'd knights amo

Illustrating the noble list ; her hand  
Affures good omens, and Saint *George's* worth  
Enkindles like desire of high exploits.  
Immediate sieges, and the tire of war  
Roll in thy eager mind ; thy plummy crest  
Nods horrible ; with more terrific port  
Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests then did *Albion* hope  
From thy atchievements ! yet thou hast surpass  
Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes  
Could fear, or fancy ; they, in multitude  
Superior fed their thoughts with prospect vain  
Of victory, and rapine, reck'ning what  
From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one  
Jovial his mate bespoke ; O friend, observe,  
How gay with all th'accoutrements of war  
The *Britons* come, with gold well fraught they come  
Thus far our prey, and tempt us to subdue  
Their recreant force ; how will their bodies stript  
Enrich the victors, while the vultures' fate

Their



Their maws with full repast! another warm'd  
 With high ambition, and conceit of prowess  
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd;  
 What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood  
 Of base antagonists, with griding edge  
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable head  
 Of *Churchill*, met in arms! or if this hand,  
 Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,  
 Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe,  
 Confounded and appal'd! no trivial price  
 Should set him free, nor small should be my praise  
 To lead him shackled, and expos'd to scorn  
 Of gath'ring crowds the *Britons'* boasted chief.

Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts  
 And menaces express; nor could their prince  
 In arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious speech  
 Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? Why  
 Decline the war? Shall a morass forbid  
 Your easy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way  
 Safe of access. Imprudent, thus t'invite

A furious

A furious lion to his folds! that boast  
 He ill abides, captiv'd in other plight  
 He soon revisits *Britanny*, that once  
 Resplendent came, with stretcht retinue girt,  
 And pompous pageantry; O hapless fate,  
 If any arm, but *Churchill's*, had prevail'd!

No need such boasts, or exprobrations false  
 Of cowardice; the military mound  
 The *British* files transcend, in evil hour  
 For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.  
 And now on either side the trumpets blew,  
 Signal of onset, resolution firm  
 Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.  
 The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,  
 Collecting all their might; for on th' event  
 Decisive of this bloody day depends  
 The fate of kingdoms: with less vehemence  
 The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,  
*Cæsar*, and *Pompey*, on *Pharſalian* plains,  
 Where stern *Bellona*, with one final stroke,  
 Adjudg'd

Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.  
 Here the *Bavarian* Duke his brigades leads,  
 Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,  
 Bold champion! brandishing his *Noric* blade,  
 Best temper'd steel, successful prov'd in field!  
 Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* infantry  
 Presumptuous comes; here *Churchill*, not so prompt  
 To vaunt, as fight, his hardy cohorts joins  
 With *Eugene's* *German* force. Now from each van  
 The brazen instruments of death discharge  
 Horrid flames, and turbid streaming clouds  
 Of smoke sulphureous, intermixt with these  
 Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,  
 Singeing the air, and from long distance bring  
 Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly  
 By chains connext, and with destructive sweep  
 Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps  
 Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew  
 Th' ensanguin'd field; with latent mischief stor'd  
 Show'rs of granadoes rain, by sudden burst  
Disploding

Disploding murd'rous bowels, fragments of steel,  
And stones, and glafs, and nitrous grain aduft ;  
A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs  
Fly diverse, working torment, and foul rout  
With deadly bruise, and gashes furrow'd deep.  
Of pain impatient, the high prancing steeds  
Disdain the curb, and flinging to and fro,  
Spurn their dismounted riders ; they expire  
Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each army death in various shapes  
Prevail'd ; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore  
Lie clotted ; lifeless some : with anguish these  
Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid,  
Unpity'd, and unheard ; the louder din  
Of guns, and trumpets clang, and solemn sound  
Of drums o'ercame their groans. In equal scale  
Long hung the fight, few marks of fear were seen,  
None of retreat : As when two adverse winds,  
Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid sky  
Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine

Roars

Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,  
 Levying their equal force with utmost rage ;  
 Long undecided lasts the airy strife.  
 So they incens'd : 'till *Churbill*, viewing where  
 The violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,  
 Came to oppose his slaught'ring arm ; with speed  
 Precipitant he rode, urging his way  
 O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds  
 Rolling in death : Destruction, grim with blood  
 Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd  
 Descrying from afar some engineer,  
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, design'd  
 By one nice shot to terminate the war.  
 With aim direct the level'd bullet flew,  
 But miss'd her scope (for Destiny withstood  
 Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd  
 Beneath his courser ; round his sacred head  
 The glowing balls play innocent, while he  
 With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows  
 Amongst the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O ! bewail

Great warrior, nor too prodigal of life,  
Expose the *British* safety : hath not *Jove*  
Already warn'd thee to withdraw ? Reserve  
Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid  
*Eugene*, with regiments unequal prest,  
Awaits ; this day of all his honours gain'd,  
Despoils him, if thy succour opportune  
Defends not the sad hour : permit not thou  
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd  
To bite the ground unnoted. — Swift, and fierce  
As wintry storm, he flies, to reinforce  
The yielding wing ; in *Gallie* blood again  
He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground  
With headless ranks ; (so *Ajax* interpos'd  
His sevenfold shield, and screen'd *Laertes'* son,  
For valour much, and warlike wiles renown'd,  
When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd him sore  
With tifted spears :) unmanly dread invades  
The *French* astoni'd ; strait their useless arms  
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,

Unseemly

Unseemly yelling; distant hills return  
The hideous noise. What can they do? or, how  
Withstand his wide-destroying sword? or, where  
Find shelter thus repuls'd? behind with wrath  
Resistless, th' eager *English* champions press  
Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls  
His current swift the *Danube* vast, and deep,  
Supream of rivers; to the frightful brink,  
Urg'd by compulsive arms soon as they reach,  
New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw  
Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,  
Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate  
To fall like men in arms, some dare renew  
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate  
On the firm land; the rest discomfited,  
And pusht by *Marlborough's* avengeful hand,  
Leap plunging in the wide extended flood.  
Bands numerous as the *Memphian* soldiery  
That swell'd th' *Erythraean* wave, when wall'd  
The unfroze waters marvellously stood,

Observant

bservant of the great command. Upborne  
 frothy billows thousands float the stream  
 cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore ;  
 nsiding in their hands, that sed'lous strive  
 o cut th' outrageous fluent : in this distress,  
 'n in the fight of death, some tokens shew  
 fearless friendship, and their sinking mates  
 stain : vain love, tho' laudable ! absorb'd  
 a fierce eddy, they together found  
 ie vast profundity ; their horses paw  
 ie swelling surge with fruitless toil : furcharg'd,  
 rd in his course obstructed by large spoil,  
 ie river flows redundant, and attacks  
 he ling'ring remnant with unusual tide ;  
 hen rolling back, in his capacious lap  
 gulfs their whole militia, quick immerst.  
 o when some swelt'ring travellers retire  
 o leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge  
 f *Paraba*, *Brazilian* stream ; her tail  
 f vast extension from her watry den,



A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,  
 Infidious, and with curl'd, envenom'd train  
 Embracing horridly, at once the crew  
 Into the river whirls; th' unweeting prey  
 Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.

Nor did the *British* squadrons now surcease  
 To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many fell  
 In the moist element a scorching death,  
 Pierc'd sinking; shrouded in a dusky cloud  
 The current flows, with livid missive flames  
 Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,  
 Inflam'd by *Kulcan*, when the swift-footed son  
 Of *Peleus* to his baleful banks pursu'd  
 The straggling *Trojans*: nor less eager drove  
 Victorious *Churchill* his desponding foes  
 Into the deep immense, that many a league  
 Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distain'd.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,  
 Mighty in conflict, rescu'd harrass'd pow'rs  
 From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne

Imperial

nperial, that once lorded o'er the world,  
 sustain'd. With prudent stay, he long defer'd  
 the rough contention, nor would deign to rout  
 a host disparted; when, in union firm  
 embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all  
 their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd;  
 see the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,  
 down to the realms of night. The *British* souls,  
 A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,  
 On *Landen*-plains, this heav'nly gladsome air,  
 exult to see the crouding ghosts descend  
 Innumbr'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares  
 Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.  
 Not so the new inhabitants: they roam  
 Erroneous, and disconsolate; themselves  
 Accusing, and their chiefs, improvident  
 Of military chance; when lo! they see,  
 thro' the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,  
 Two lovely youths, that amicably walkt  
 O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd

*Anna's* late conquests ; \* one, to empire born,  
 Egregious Prince, whose manly childhood shew'd  
 His mingled parents, and portended joy  
 Unspeakable ; † thou, his associate dear  
 Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,  
 Had thy presiding star propitious shone,  
 Should'st *Churchill* be ! but Heav'n severe cut short  
 Their springing years, nor would this isle should boast  
 Gifts so important ! them the *Gallic* shades  
 Surveying, read in either radiant look  
 Marks of excessive dignity and grace,  
 Delighted ; 'till, in one, their curious eye  
 Discerns their great subduer's awful mien,  
 And corresponding features fair ; to them  
 Confusion ! strait the airy phantoms fleet,  
 With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit ;  
 The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.  
 Enough, O muse ; the sadly-pleasing theme

\* Duke of *Gloucester*.

† Marquis of *Blandford*.

Leave, with these dark abodes, and re-ascend  
 To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait  
 The conqu'ror, and sav'd nations joint acclaim.  
 Hark, how the cannon, inoffensive now,  
 Gives signs of gratulation; struggling crouds  
 From ev'ry city flow; with ardent gaze  
 Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of fight  
 Infatiate; whilst his great redeeming hand  
 Each prince affects to touch respectful. See  
 How *Prussia's* King transported entertains  
 His mighty guest; to him the royal pledge,  
 Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate,  
 Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave  
 Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew  
 The skill and rudiments austere of war.  
 See, with what joy, him *Leopold* declares  
 His great Deliverer; and courts t'accept  
 Of titles, with superior modesty  
 Better refus'd. Mean while the haughty King  
 Far humbler thoughts now learns; despair, and fear

Now first he feels; his laurels all at once  
 Torn from his aged head, in life's extrem,  
 Distract his soul; nor can great *Boileau's* harp  
 Of various sounding wire, best taught to calm  
 Whatever passion, and exalt the soul  
 With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:  
 Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast,

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse  
 Torment the *Boian* prince? from native soil  
 Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace  
 Of weeping comfort, and depriv'd the sight  
 Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks  
 Inglorious shelter, in an alien land;  
 Deplorable! but that his mind averse  
 To right, and insincere, would violate  
 His plighted faith: why did he not accept  
 Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh,  
 With whom he must contend? encount'ring fierce  
 The *Solyman* Sultan, he o'erthrew  
 His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd

Wit

With *Painim* blood effus'd ; nor did the *Gaul*  
 Not find him once a baleful foe : but when,  
 Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,  
 Unhappy prince ! (no more a prince) he sees  
 Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief  
 Of him, he once defy'd. O destitute  
 Of hope, unpity'd ! thou should'st first have thought  
 Of persevering stedfast ; now upbraid  
 Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.  
 Lo ! how the *Noric* plains, thro' thy default  
 Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights,  
 Best men, that warr'd itill firmly for their prince  
 Tho' faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd ;  
 Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,  
 Well fenc'd, and numerous desolation reigns,  
 And emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd  
 The widow, and the orphan strolè around  
 The desert wide ; with oft retorted eye  
 They view the gaping walls, and poor remains  
 Of mansions, once their own (now leathsome haunts :

Of birds obscene), bewailing loud the loss  
 Of spouse, or fire, or son, ere manly prime  
 Slain in sad conflict, and complain of fate  
 As partial, and too rigorous; nor find  
 Where to retire themselves, or where appease  
 Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd  
 To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.

Thrice happy *Albion!* from the world disjoin'd  
 By Heav'n propitious, blissful seat of peace!  
 Learn from thy neighbours miseries to prize  
 Thy welfare; crown'd with nature's choicest gift.  
 Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,  
 Depopulation, void alone of fear,  
 And peril, whilst the dismal symphony  
 Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.  
 Th' *Iberian* scepter undecided, here  
 Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife;  
 From diff'rent climes the flow'r of youth descends  
 Down to the *Lusitanian* vales, resolv'd  
 With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,

*Gallic*, or *Austrian* ; havoc dire ensues,  
 And wild uproar : the natives dubious whom  
 They must obey, in consternation wait,  
 Till rigid conquest will pronounce their liege.  
 For is the brazen voice of war unheard  
 On the mild *Latian* shore ; what sighs and tears  
 Hath *Eugene* caus'd ! how many widows curse  
 His cleaving faulcheon ! fertile soil in vain !  
 What do thy pastures, or thy vines avail,  
 Best boon of Heav'n ! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd  
 With olives, when the cruel battle mows  
 The planters, with their harvest immature ?  
 See, with what outrage from the frosty north,  
 The early valiant *Swede* draws forth his wings  
 In battailous array, while *Volga's* stream  
 Flows opposite, in shaggy armour clad,  
 Her borderers ; on mutual slaughter bent,  
 They rend their countries. How is *Poland* vext  
 With civil broils, while two elected Kings

Contend



Contend for sway? unhappy nation, left  
 Thus free of choice! the *English* undisturb'd  
 With such sad privilege, submit obey  
 Whom Heav'n ordains supreme, with rev'rence  
 Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure;  
 From scepter'd Kings, in long descent deriv'd  
 Thou *Anna* rulest; prudent to promote  
 Thy people's ease at home, nor studious lest  
 Of *Europe's* good; to thee, of Kingly rights  
 Sole arbitress, declining thrones, and pow'r  
 Sue for relief; thou bid'st thy *Churchill* go,  
 Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hope  
 Of haughty *Louis*, unconfin'd; he goes  
 Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils  
 In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge  
 To *Rook*, that he should let that monarch know  
 The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd  
 Is thine; behold! with winged speed he rises  
 Undaunted o'er the lab'ring main t'assert

Thy liquid kingdoms ; at his near approach  
 The *Gallic* navies impotent to bear  
 His volly'd thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,  
 And blefs the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty *Queen*, reserv'd by Fate to grace  
 The new-born age ; what hopes may we conceive  
 Of future years, when to thy early reign  
*Neptune* submits his trident, and thy arms  
 Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound  
*Hesperian*, *Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,  
 Mountain sublime, that casts a shade of length  
 Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves !  
 Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,  
 Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties  
 Of leagues and oaths ; this thy peculiar praise  
 Be still, to study right, and quell the force  
 Of Kings perfidious ; let them learn from thee  
 That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,  
 Shall with success be crown'd, where justice fails.

Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself,  
 Subduest regions, generous to raise  
 The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.  
 The *German* boasts thy conquests, and enjoys  
 The great advantage ; naught to thee redounds  
 But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious *Queen*, since in thy realms secure  
 Of peace, thou reign'st, and victory attends  
 Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view  
*Europe* embroil'd ; still thou (for thou alone  
 Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire,  
 Reciprocally ruinous ; say who  
 Shall wield th' *Hesperian*, who the *Polish* sword,  
 By thy decree ; the trembling lands shall hear  
 Thy voice, obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise  
 Their stubborn necks, and *Churchill* in his wrath  
 Make them remember *Bleinheim* with regret.

Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol  
 Thy pow'r, and justice ; Jealousies and Fears,

And

And Hate infernal banish'd, shall retire  
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bastrian* coasts,  
Or *Tartary*, engend'ring discords fell  
Amongst the enemies of truth ; while arts  
Pacific, and inviolable love  
Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* days  
Returning ! in perpetual tenor run  
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet  
On virtuous *Anna's* head : ye happy days,  
By her restor'd, her just designs complete,  
And, mildly on her shining, bless the world.

Thus from the noisy croud exempt, with ease,  
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,  
(Sweet solitude !) where warbling birds provoke  
The silent Muse, delicious rural feat  
Of *St. John*, *Englisch Memmius*, I presum'd  
To sing *Britannic* trophies, inexpert  
Of war, with mean attempt ; while he intent  
(So *Anna's* will ordains) to expedite

His

His military charge\*, no leisure finds  
To string his charming shell; but when return'd  
Consummate Peace shall rear her cheerful head,  
Then shall his *Churchill* in sublimer verse  
For ever triumph; latest times shall learn  
From such a Chief to fight, and Bard, to sing.

\* He was then Secretary of War.



O D E

A D

*Henricum St. John, Armig'*

1706.





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O D E

A D

*Henricum St. John, Armig'*

1706.

I.

**O** Qui recifæ finibus Indicis  
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem.  
Haurire fuccum, et fuaveolentes  
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos ;

II.

Qui solus acri respicis asperum  
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,  
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem.  
Hesperii pretiumque, foles :

F

III.



## III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium  
 Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,  
 Pimplæa, carmen, desidésque  
 Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

## IV.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,  
 Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,  
 Te, diva, vim præbente, vates  
 Explicuit venufinus alas:

## V.

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,  
 Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas  
 Et vina, cyrrhæis Hetruscum  
 Rite beans equitem sub antris.

## VI.

At non Lyæi vis generosior  
 Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum

Jaçtet Falernum, sæpe Chia  
Munera, lætitiãque testæ.

## VII.

Patronus illi non fuit artium  
Celebriorum; sed nec amantior  
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas  
Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

## VIII.

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera  
Gratus recordor, mercurialium  
Princeps virorum! et ipse Musæ  
Cultor, et usque colende Musis!

## IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit  
Receptus ægrè spiritus, ilia  
Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum  
Tuffis agens sine more pectus.

## X.

Altè petito quassat anhelitu ;  
Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum  
    Distillet in venas, tuæque  
    Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

## XI.

Hanc fumo, parcis et tibi poculis  
Libo salutem ; quin precor, optima  
    Ut usque conjux sospitetur,  
    Perpetuo recreans amore.

## XII.

Te consulentem militiæ super  
Rebus togatum. Maeste ! tori decus,  
    Formosa cui Francisca cessit,  
    Crine placens, niveoque collo !

## XIII.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium  
O ! O ! labellis cui Venus infidet !

forte felix: me Maria  
erat (ah miserum!) videndo:

## XIV.

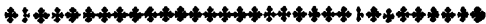
quæ me fidereo tuens  
a vultu per medium jecur  
ecit, atque excussit omnes  
inus ex animo puellas.

## XV.

illa mentis spe mihi mutæ  
que desit, nocte, die vigil  
iuro; nec jam vina somnos  
revocant, tua dona, fumi.







A N

O D E

T O

*Henry St. John*, Esquire.

1706.



F 4



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A N  
O D E  
T O

*Henry St. John, Esquire* \*.

1706.

I.

O Thou from *India's* fruitful soil,  
That dost that sovereign herb † prepare;  
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil  
Of life, and every anxious care :  
While from the fragrant lighted bowl  
I suck new life into my soul ;

\* This piece was translated by the Reverend *Thomas Newcome*, M. A. of *Corpus Christi* College, *Oxon.*

† Tobacco.

II. Thou,



## II.

Thou, only thou ! art kind to view  
 The parching flames that I sustain ;  
 Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,  
 And wash away the thirsty pain,  
 With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,  
 From *Latian* suns and nearer skies.

## III.

O ! say, to bless thy pious love,  
 What vows, what offerings shall I bring ?  
 Since I can spare, and thou approve,  
 No other gift, O hear me sing !  
 In numbers *Pæbus* does inspire,  
 Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

## IV.

Aloft, above the liquid sky,  
 I stretch my wing, and fain would go  
 Where *Rome's* sweet swain did whilom fly ;  
 And soaring, left the clouds below ;

The Muse invoking to endue  
With strength, his pinions, as he flew.

## V.

Whether he sings great Beauty's praise,  
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes ;  
Or choose, the subject of his lays,  
The blushing grape, or blooming rose :  
Or near cool *Cyrrba's* rocky springs  
*Mæcenas* listens while he sings.

## VI.

Yet he no nobler draught could boast,  
His Muse or music to inspire,  
Tho' all *Falernum's* purple coast  
Flow'd in each glass, to lend him fire :  
And on his tables us'd to smile  
The vintage of rich *Chio's* isle.

VII. *Mæ-*

## VII.

*Mæcenæ* deign'd to hear his songs,

His Muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd ;  
To thee a fairer fame belongs,

At once more pleasing, more belov'd.  
Oh ! teach my heart to bound its flame,  
As I record thy love and fame.

## VIII.

Teach me the passion to restrain,

As I my grateful homage bring ;  
And last in *Phœbus*' humble train

The first and brightest genius sing.  
The Muse's favourite pleas'd to live,  
Paying them back the fame they give.

## IX.

But oh ! as greatly I aspire

To tell my love, to speak thy praise,  
Boasting no more its sprightly fire,

My bosom heaves, my voice decays ;

With pain I touch the mournful string,  
And pant and languish as I sing.

## X.

Saint nature now demands that breath,  
That feebly strives thy worth to sing!  
And would be hush'd and lost in death,  
Did not thy care kind succours bring!  
Thy pitying caresses my soul sustain,  
And call new life in every vein.

## XI.

The sober glass I now behold,  
Thy health, with fair *Francisca's* join,  
Wishing her cheeks may long unfold  
Such beauties, and be ever thine;  
So chance the tender joy remove,  
While she can please, and thou canst love.

XII. Thus

## XII.

Thus while by you the *British* arms  
 Triumphs and distant fame pursue ;  
 The yielding Fair resigns her charms,  
 And gives you leave to conquer too ;  
 Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,  
 And all the nymph becomes your prize.

## XIII.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles,  
 Upon her lips what sweetness dwells ?  
 Not Love himself so oft beguiles,  
 Nor *Venus* self so much excels ;  
 What different fates our passions share,  
 While you enjoy, and I despair ?

## XIV.

\* *Maria's* form as I survey,  
 Her smiles a thousand wounds impart ;  
 Each feature steals my soul away,  
 Each glance deprives me of my heart.

\* Miss Mary Meers, Daughter of the late Principal of  
 Nofs College, Oxon.

chasing thence each other Fair  
s her own image only there.

## XV.

' my anxious breast despair,  
d sighing, hopes no kind return ;  
or the lov'd relentless Fair  
night I wake, by day I burn.  
an thy gifts soft sleep supply,  
oth my pains, or close my eye.











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Y D E R.

A  
O E M,

I N

W O B O O K S.

*Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?* VIRG.

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G



*A. Walker del. et sculp.*



Y D E R.

P O E M,

I N

W O B O O K S.

—*Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?* VIRG.



G



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# C Y D E R.

## B O O K I.

**W**HAT foil the apple loves, what care is due  
To orchards, timeliest when to press the fruits,  
Thy gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* verse  
Advent'rous I presume to sing; of verse  
Nor skill'd, nor studious: but my native foil  
Invites me, and the theme as yet un Sung.

Ye *Ariconian* knights, and fairest dames,  
To whom propitious Heav'n these blessings grants,  
Attend my lays, nor hence disdain to learn,  
How nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.  
And thou, O *Mostyn*, whose benevolence,  
And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd  
To knit in friendship, growing still with years,

Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.  
May it a lasting monument remain  
Of dear respect ; that, when this body frail  
Is molder'd into dust, and I become  
As I had never been, late times may know  
I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend.

Whoe'er expects his lab'ring trees shou'd b  
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,  
Be this his first concern, to find a tract  
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills-  
That intercept the *Hyperborean* blasts  
Tempestuous, and cold *Eurus'* nipping force,  
Noxious to feeble buds : but to the west  
Let him free entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bla  
Administer their tepid genial airs ;  
Naught fear he from the west, whose gentle wa  
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb.  
Invigorating tender feeds ; whose breath  
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron grove  
*Hesperian* fruits, and wafts their odors sweet

Wide thro' the air, and distant shores perfumes.  
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds :  
But when the blackning clouds in sprinkling show'rs  
Distil, from the high summits down the rain  
Runs trickling ; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,  
The orchards smile ; joyous the farmers see  
Their thriving plants, and bless the heav'nly dew.

Next let the planter, with discretion meet,  
The force and genius of each soil explore ;  
To what adapted, what it shuns averse :  
Without this necessary care, in vain  
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes  
*Pomona's* aid in vain. The miry fields,  
Rejoicing in rich mold, most ample fruit  
Of beauteous form produce ; pleasing to sight,  
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.  
So nature has decreed ; so oft we see  
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments  
Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.  
Nor from the sable ground expect success



Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune :  
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil  
Devoid of spirit ; wretched he, that quaffs  
Such wheyish liquors ; oft with cholic pangs,  
With pungent cholic pangs distress'd he'll roar,  
And tofs, and turn, and curse th' unwholsom draught.  
But, farmer, look, where full-ear'd sheaves of rye  
Grow wavy on the tilth, that soil select  
For apples ; thence thy industry shall gain  
Ten-fold reward ; thy garner, thence with store  
Surcharg'd, shall burst ; thy press with purest juice  
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try  
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy falt'ring tongue.  
Such is the *Kentchurch*, such *Dantzeyan* ground,  
Such thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,  
*Willifan Burlton*, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsh*,  
And *Sutton-acres*, drench'd with regal blood  
Of *Ethelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd feast  
Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,  
To treat of spousals : long connubial joys

He

He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair  
*Elfrida's* beauty; but deluded dy'd  
 In height of hopes — oh! hardest fate, to fall  
 By shew of friendship, and pretended love!  
 I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice  
 Of *Marcley-hill*; the apple no where finds  
 A kinder mold: yet 'tis unsafe to trust  
 Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,  
 This mount may journey, and, his present site  
 Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer  
 The goodly plants, affording matter strange  
 For law-debates \* ? if therefore thou incline  
 To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,

\* *February* the seventh, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew *Kinnaſton Chapple*, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See *Speed's Account of Herefordshire*, page 49, and *Camden's Britannia*.

Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;  
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wandring glebe

But if (for nature doth not share alike  
Her gifts) an happy soil should be with-held;  
If a penurious clay shou'd be thy lot,  
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,  
Nor to the cattle-kind, with sandy stones  
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not  
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here  
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root  
Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.  
Thus naught is useles made; nor is there land,  
But what, of itself; or else compell'd,  
Affords advantage. On the barren heath  
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop  
Their verdant dinner from the mossie turf,  
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,  
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.  
What shou'd I more? Ev'n on the clifty height  
Of *Penmenmaur*, and that cloud-piercing hill,

*Plinlimmon*

*Plinimæus*, from afar the traveller hears  
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse  
Grazed pendant; nor untrembling canst thou see,  
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence  
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,  
Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,  
Cut sapphire, to excite the squeamish gust  
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground  
Not lye unlabor'd; if the richest stem  
Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant  
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,  
And penury, the worst of illa, remove?

There are, who, fondly studious of increase,  
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land  
Induce laborious, and with fatning muck  
Besmear the roots; in vain! the nursing grove  
Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth:  
But when the alien compost is exhaust,  
It's native poverty again prevails.

Tho' this art fails, depend not; little pains,

In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.  
Th' industrious, when the Sun in *Leo* rides,  
And darts his sultriest beams, portending drou  
Forgets not at the foot of ev'ry plant  
To sink a circling trench, and daily pour  
A just supply of alimetal streams,  
Exhausted sap recruiting; else false hopes  
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect  
Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pri  
When other orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heav'n, that in his co  
Surveys and quickens all things, often prove  
Noxious to planted fields, and often men  
Perceive his influence dire; sweltring they r  
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage  
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills  
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay  
Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring  
Preceding shou'd be destitute of rain,  
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings

Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapours damp,  
Then woe to mortals ! *Titan* then exerts  
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys ;  
Then maladies of various kinds, and names  
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe  
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face  
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,  
Reign far and near ; grim Death in different shapes  
Depopulates the nations ; thousands fall  
His victims ; youths, and virgins, in their flower,  
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves  
Unfinish'd, by infectious heav'n destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, last  
Of *Winchcomb's* name (next thee in blood and worth,  
O fairest *St. John* ! ) left this toilsome world  
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year :  
Nor cou'd her virtues, nor repeated vows  
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand  
Of death arrest ; she with the vulgar fell,  
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But

But if it please the sun's intemp'rate force  
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame  
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,  
How our fore-fathers, (luckless men!) ingul  
By the wide yawning earth, to *Stygian shades*  
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre inclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the *Roman* bands  
Victorious, this our other world subdu'd,  
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls  
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crow  
Aerial spires, and citadels, the seat  
Of Kings, and heroes resolute in war,  
Fam'd *Ariconium*; uncontrol'd, and free,  
'Till all-subduing *Latian* arms prevail'd.  
Then also, tho' to foreign yoke submit,  
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now  
Perhaps had stood, of ancient *British* art  
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd  
Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruscan* hands  
Arose; had not the heav'nly Pow'rs averse

Dec.

Decreed her final doom : for now the fields  
Labour'd with thirst ; *Aquarius* had not shed  
His wonted show'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with heat.  
Solstitial the green herb : hence 'gan relax  
The ground's contexture, hence *Tartarian* dregs,  
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,  
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far  
More dismal than the loud dislodged roar  
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm  
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd,  
Impregnable : th' infernal winds, 'till now  
Closely imprison'd, by *Titanian* warmth  
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,  
Disdain'd their narrow cells ; and, their full strength  
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass  
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep  
Shook from their lowest seat ; old *Vaga's* stream,  
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track  
Forsook, and threw her humid train aslope,  
Cranking her banks : and now the low'ring sky,  
And



And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice  
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd  
The sinking hearts of men. Where shou'd they turn  
Distress'd ? whence seek for aid ? when from below  
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs  
Of wrath and desolation ? vain were vows,  
And plaints, and suppliant hands to heav'n erect !  
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites  
Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled gods,  
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin shar'd,  
Crush'd, and o'rwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood,  
Run howling thro' the streets, their hideous yells  
Rend the dark welkin ; Horror stalks around,  
Wild-staring, and, his sad concomitant,  
Despair, of abject look : at ev'ry gate  
The thronging populace with hasty strides  
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,  
Obstruct the easy way ; the rocking town  
Supplants their footsteps ; to, and fro, they reel  
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine ; when lo !

The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,  
Horrible chasm ; profound ! with swift descent  
Old *Ariconium* sinks, and all her tribes,  
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms  
Of endless night. Meanwhile, the loosen'd winds  
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes  
Hurl'd high above the clouds ; 'till all their force  
Consum'd, her rav'nous jaws th'earth fatiate clos'd.  
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name  
Survives alone ; nor is there found a mark,  
Whereby the curious passenger may learn  
Her ample site, save coins, and mould'ring urns,  
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains  
Of that gigantic race ; which, as he breaks  
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,  
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,  
She whilome stood ; now *Ceres*, in her prime,  
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeckt,  
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood  
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,  
Urging

Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe, what passions reign  
 In various plants (for not to man alone,  
 But all the wide creation, nature gave  
 Love, and aversion) : everlasting hate  
 The Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors  
 The Colewort's rankness ; but with amorous twine  
 Clasps the tall Elm : the Pæstan Rose unfolds  
 Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,  
 (Crest of stout *Britons*,) and inhances thence  
 The price of her celestial scent : the Gourd,  
 And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive  
 Th'approaching Olive, with resentment fly  
 Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep  
 Diverse, detesting contact ; whilst the Fig  
 Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,  
 Close neighbouring : th' *Herefordian* plant  
 Careless freely the contiguous Peach,  
 Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes  
 T'approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy stem ;

Uneasy, seated by funereal Yeugh,  
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs  
All generous fruits,) or near the bitter dews  
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well  
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let  
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.

Would'st thou thy vats with gen'rous juice  
    should froth?

Respect thy orchats; think not, that the trees  
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.  
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough  
A Cyon meetly sever: after, force  
A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain  
By wedges, and within the living wound  
Enclose the foster twig; nor over-nice  
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread  
The binding clay: ere-long their differing veins  
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey  
To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms  
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,

H

Down

Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.  
 Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd  
 To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist  
 It's feculence, which in more porous stocks  
 Of Cyder-plants finds passage free, or else  
 The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd  
 Thro' th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms  
 Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,  
 This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes  
 Expected best acceptance finds, and pays  
 Largest revenues to the orchat-lord.

Some think, the Quince and Apple would combin  
 In happy union; others fitter deem  
 The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plumbs austere.  
 Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what los  
 To try the pow'rs of both, and search how far  
 Two different natures may concur to mix  
 In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?  
 Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try  
 Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms

Conjoin with others. So *Silurian* plants  
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,  
And Pears of sundry forms; at diff'rent times  
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;  
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch  
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month  
With files of particalor'd fruits, that please  
The tongue, and view, at once. So *Mars's* Muse,  
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives  
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent  
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts  
From solid counsels, shews the force of love  
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine  
Attracts the hapless youth thro' storms and waves,  
Alone, in deep of night: Then she describes  
The *Scythian* winter, nor disdains to sing  
How under ground the rude *Riphaean* race  
Mimick brisk Cyder with the brakes product wild;  
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servis'* harshest juice.

Let sage experience teach thee all the arts  
Of grafting and in-eyeing ; when to lop  
The flowing branches ; what trees answer best  
From root, or kernel : she will best the hours  
Of harvest, and feed-time declare ; by her  
The diff'rent qualities of things were found,  
And secret motions ; how with heavy bulk  
Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and unmoist,  
Mounts on the wings of air ; to her we owe  
The *Indian weed* \*, unknown to ancient times,  
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume  
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines  
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts ;  
Friend to the spirits, which with vapors bland  
It gently mitigates, companion fit  
Of pleafantry, and wine ; nor to the bards  
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell  
Warble melodious their well labor'd songs.

\* Tobacco.

She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex  
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees  
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand  
Least animal; and shews, what laws of life  
The cheefe-inhabitants observe, and how  
Fabrick their mansions in the harden'd milk,  
Wonderful artits! but the hidden ways  
Of Nature wouldst thou know? how first she frames  
All things in miniature? thy specular orb  
Apply to well dissected kernels; lo!  
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant  
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads  
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,  
In narrow feeds describ'd; thou'lt wond'ring say,  
An inmate orchard ev'ry apple boasts.  
Thus all things by experience are display'd,  
And most improv'd. Then seduloufly think  
To meliorate thy stock; no way, or rule  
Be unassay'd; prevent the morning star  
Assiduous, nor with the western sun



Surcease to work ; lo ! thoughtful of thy gain,  
 Not of my own, I all the live-long day  
 Consume in meditation deep, recluse  
 From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,  
 Enjoy repose ; but oft at midnight lamp  
 Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance  
 Thee I may counsel right ; and oft this care  
 Disturbs me slumb'ring. Wilt thou then repent  
 To labour for thyself ? and rather choose  
 To lie supinely, hoping Heav'n will bless  
 Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd ?

'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of snakes  
 Returns, to shew compassion to thy plants,  
 Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife  
 Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades  
 Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs  
 Dissolve : for the genial moisture, due  
 To apples, otherwise mispends itself  
 In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,  
 Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound

Whe

When swelling buds their od'rous foliage shed,  
And gently harden into fruit, the wise  
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow  
Redundant ; but the thronging clusters thin  
By kind avulsion : else the starv'ling brood,  
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield  
A slender autumn ; which the niggard soul  
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,  
That would not timely ease the pond'rous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know  
Of gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal thieves,  
And how the little race of birds that hop  
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit  
Insatiate, undisturb'd. *Priapus'* form  
Avails but little ; rather guard each row  
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.  
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing  
Scud thro' the air ; their fancy represents  
His mortal talons, and his rav'nous beak.  
Destructive ; glad to shun his hostile gripe,

They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade  
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout  
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith  
Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex  
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears,  
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring  
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that creep  
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracts  
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cyder drink.  
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies,  
With morning and with evening hand to rid  
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou  
Decline this labour, which itself rewards  
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbec draws  
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clust'ring hang,  
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,  
Their winter food; tho' oft repuls'd, again  
They

They rally, undismay'd : but fraud with ease  
Ensnares the noisome swarms ; let ev'ry bough  
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs  
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice ;  
They by th' alluring odor drawn, in haste  
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crouding sip  
Their palatable bane ; joyful thou'lt see  
The clammy surface all o'er-strown with tribes  
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil  
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate  
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, 'till death  
Bereave them of their worthless souls : such doom  
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain !

Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,  
Intestine evils will prevail ; damp airs,  
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce  
Of firmest fruits, and by unseen decay  
The proper relish vitiate : then the grub  
Oft unobserv'd invades the vital core,  
Pernicious tenant, and her secret cave

Enlarges

Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp  
 Ceaseless; mean-while the apple's outward form.  
 Delectable the witlefs swain beguiles,  
 'Till, with a writhen mouth, and spatt'ring noise,  
 He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects  
 Disrelish't; not with less surprize, than when  
 Embattel'd troops with flowing banners pass.  
 Thro' flow'ry meads delighted, nor distrust  
 The smiling surface; whilst the cavern'd ground,  
 With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze  
 Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,  
 In fi'ry whirles; full of victorious thoughts,  
 Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye, to view *Alcinous'* groves,  
 The pride of the *Pheacian* isle, from whence,  
 Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,  
 To *Ariconium* precious fruits arriv'd:  
 The Pippin burnisht o'er with gold, the Moyle  
 Of sweetest honey'd taste, the fair Permain,  
 Temper'd, like comliest nymph, with red and white..

*Salopian*

*Salopian* acres flourish with a growth  
 Peculiar, styl'd the *Ottley* : be thou first  
 This Apple to transplant, if to the name  
 Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find  
 A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taste.  
 Nor does the *Eliot* least deserve thy care,  
 Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, intrencht  
 With many a furrow, aptly represents  
 Decrepid age, nor that from *Harvey* nam'd,  
 Quick-relishing : why should we sing the Thrift,  
 Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat  
 The Ruffet, or the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,  
 Enormous in it's growth, for various use  
 Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast  
 Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich dessert ?

What, tho' the Pear-tree rival not the worth  
 Of *Ariconian* products ? yet her freight  
 Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms  
 Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog  
 Adverse to life ; the wintry hurricanes

In

In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd  
Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage.  
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase,  
Annual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause.  
Thrice acceptable bev'rage! could but art  
Subdue the floating lee, *Pomona's* self  
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife  
Be it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,  
'To fit beneath her leafy canopy,  
Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how sweet t'enjoy,  
At once her fruits, and hospitable shade!

But how with equal numbers shall we match  
The Musk's surpassing worth! that earliest gives  
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,  
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs  
With large and juicy offspring, that defies  
The vernal nippings, and cold syderal blasts!  
Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once  
Was of the *Sylvan* kind, unciviliz'd,  
Of no regard, 'till *Scudamore's* skilful hand  
Improv'd

Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline  
Taught her the savage nature to forget:  
Hence styl'd the *Scudamorean* plant; whose wine  
Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful heart  
Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish  
The nobler peer, that now transcends our hopes  
In early worth, his country's justest pride,  
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own  
The Red-streak as supreme, whose pulpous fruit  
With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines  
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that  
Primæval interdicted plant that won  
Fond *Eve* in hapless hour to taste, and die.  
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires  
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse  
Kindles to loftier strains; ev'n I perceive  
Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow  
Easy, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous juice,  
Hers, and my country's praises I exalt.

Hail



Hail *Herefordian* plant, that dost disdain  
 All other fields! Heav'n's sweetest blessing, hail!  
 Be thou the copious matter of my song,  
 And thy choice *Nectar*; on which always waits  
 Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,  
 And friendship, chief delight of human life.  
 What shou'd we wish for more? or why, in quest  
 Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,  
 Traverse th'extremest world? why tempt the rage  
 Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe  
 Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits  
 Of wine delectable, that far surmounts  
*Gallic*, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see  
 The setting sun near *Calpe's* tow'ring height,  
 Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* vines  
 Vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokay* contend  
 For sov'ranty; *Phanæus* self must bow  
 To th' *Ariconian* vales: And shall we doubt  
 T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let  
 The soil lie idle, which, with fit manure,

Will largest usury repay, alone  
Impower'd to supply what nature asks  
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires ?  
The meadows here, with bat'ning ooze enrich'd,  
Give spirit to the grass ; three cubits high  
The jointed herbage shoots ; th' unfallow'd glebe  
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store  
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.  
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops  
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array !  
Lo, how the arable with Barley-grain  
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind  
Transporting project ! these, as modern use  
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,  
Wholsome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,  
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,  
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe  
Fitting congenial juice ; so rich the soil,  
So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound !  
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops

To heav'n aspire, affording prospect sweet  
To human ken ; nor at their feet the vales  
Descending gently, where the lowing herd  
Chew verd'rous pasture ; nor the yellow fields  
Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich variety  
Pleasing, as when an Emerald green, enchas'd  
In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires  
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.  
Next add the *Sylvan* shades, and silent groves,  
(Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the earth is fed  
With copious fuel ; whence the sturdy oak,  
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard  
Of *England's* throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,  
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war  
To distant nations, or with sov'ran sway  
Aves the divided world to peace and love.  
Why shou'd the *Cbalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast  
Their harden'd iron ; when our mines produce  
As perfect martial ore ? can *Tmolus'* head  
Vie with our saffron odors ? or the fleece

*Batic,*

*Bætic*, or finest *Tarentine*, compare  
 With *Lemster's* filken wool ? where shall we find  
 Men more undaunted, for their country's weal  
 More prodigal of life ? in ancient days,  
 The *Roman* legions, and great *Cæsar* found  
 Our fathers no mean foes : and *Cressy* plains,  
 And *Agincourt*, deep-ting'd with blood, confess  
 What the *Silures* vigour unwithstood  
 Cou'd do in rigid fight ; and chiefly what  
*Brydges'* wide-wasting hand, first garter'd Knight,  
 Puissant author of great *Chandois'* stem,  
 High *Chandois*, that transmits paternal worth,  
 Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,  
 T' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer !  
 That, blest with hoary vigor, view'st thyself  
 Fresh blooming in thy generous son ; whose lips,  
 Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,  
 Charm the wise Senate, and attention win  
 In deepest councils : *Ariconium* pleas'd,  
 Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.

Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallic* shore,  
 Him hardy *Britons* blefs ; his faithful hand  
 Conveys new courage from afar, nor more  
 The General's conduct, than his care avails.

Thee also, glorious branch of *Cecil's* line,  
 This country claims ; with pride and joy to thee  
 Thy *Alterennis* calls : yet she indures  
 Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice  
 Has fix'd thee in the Muses faireft feat \*,  
 Where † *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless store  
 Of univerfal knowledge still supplies  
 His noble care ; he generous thoughts infils  
 Of true nobility, their country's love,  
 (Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds  
 To human virtues : by his genius led,  
 Thou soon in every art pre-eminent  
 Shalt grace this ifle, and rife to *Burleigh's* fame.

\* *Oxford.*

† *Dr. Aldrich* Dean of *Chrift-church.*

Hail high-born peer! and thou, great nurse of arts,  
 And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,  
*Hanmer*, and *Bromley*; thou, to whom with due  
 Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns  
 Thy mitred offspring; be for ever blest  
 With like examples, and to future times  
 Proficuous, such a race of men produce,  
 As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix  
 Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this vow  
 From one, the meanest in her numerous train;  
 Tho' meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse, raise thy voice to *Beaufort's* spotless fame,  
 To *Beaufort*, in a long descent deriv'd  
 From royal ancestry, of kingly rights.  
 Faithful asserters: in him centring meet  
 Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride  
 Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt  
 Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!  
 O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,  
 In her fair list this happy land inrolls.

Who can refuse a tributary verse  
To *Weymouth*, firmest friend of slighted worth  
In evil days ? whose hospitable gate,  
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train  
Of daily guests ; whose board, with plenty crown'd,  
Revives the feast-rites old : mean-while his care  
Forgets not the afflicted, but content  
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,  
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,  
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine,  
And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he, that on the winding stream  
Of *Vaga* first drew vital breath, and now  
Approv'd in *Anna's* secret councils sits,  
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast  
Sollicitous of public good ? how large  
His mind that comprehends whate'er was known  
To old, or present time ; yet not elate,  
Not conscious of its skill ? what praise deserves  
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,

Preventing fruit? O not unthankful Muse,  
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear  
Thy pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious  
tongues.

Acknowledge thy own *Harley*, and his name  
Inscribe on every bark; the wounded plants  
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,  
Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mold  
The female sex, with sweet attractive airs  
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,  
That view their matchless forms with transient  
glance,

Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,  
Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath  
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd  
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence  
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free  
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford  
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane



Of life, rebate the miseries of age.  
And is there found a wretch, so base of mind,  
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,  
Exactest work of Heav'n ? He ill deserves  
Or love, or pity ; friendless let him see  
Uneasy, tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,  
As stain of human race : but may the man,  
That cheerfully recounts the females praise,  
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets  
Enjoy with honour. O, ye Gods ! might I  
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be  
A fair and modest virgin, that invites  
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,  
Tenderly smiling ; in whose heav'nly eye  
Sits purest love enthron'd : but if the stars  
Malignant these my better hopes oppose,  
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know  
Of strictest amity ; nor ever want  
A friend, with whom I mutually may share  
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse

Of speech, and offices. May in my mind,  
Indelible a grateful sense remain  
Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom  
Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise  
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice  
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law  
With mild, impartial reason; what returns  
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence  
Freely vouchsaf, when to the gates of death  
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care  
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades  
I now had wander'd; and these empty thoughts  
Of apples perish'd: but, uprais'd by thee,  
I tune my pipe afresh, each night, and day,  
Thy unexampled goodness to extol  
Desirous; but nor night, nor day suffice  
For that great task; the highly honour'd name  
Of *Trevor* must employ my willing thoughts  
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.  
Let me be grateful; but let far from me

Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,  
And servile flattery, that harbours oft  
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the band  
Of ancient friendship, cancel nature's laws  
For pageantry, and tawdry gogaws. Some  
Renounce their fires, oppose paternal right  
For rule, and pow'r; and others realms invade,  
With specious shews of love. This traiterous wretch  
Betrays his sov'ran. Others, destitute  
Of real zeal, to ev'ry altar bend,  
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things  
To be styl'd honourable: th' honest man,  
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want  
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door  
A jocund pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,  
Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope  
Will shock his steadfast soul; rather debarr'd  
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes  
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,  
He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,  
Unpity'd

pity'd ; yet his mind, of evil pure,  
supports him, and intention free from fraud.  
no retinue with observant eyes  
attend him, if he can't with purple stain  
cumbrous vestments, labor'd o'er with gold,  
 dazzle the croud, and set them all agape ;  
: clad in homely weeds, from envy's darts  
mote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs  
conscience, nor with spectres' grisly forms,  
mons, and injur'd souls, at close of day  
noy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds.  
: (as a child, whose inexperienc'd age  
r evil purpose fears, nor knows,) enjoys  
ght's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.  
ien Chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recalls  
e tardy day, he to his labors hies  
adsome, intent on somewhat that may ease  
healthy mortals, and with curious search  
amines all the properties of herbs,  
sils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth  
Displays,

Displays, if by his industry he can  
 Benefit human race: or else his thoughts  
 Are exercis'd with speculations deep  
 Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome =  
     rules  
 Of temperance, and ought that may improve.  
 The moral life; not fedulous to rail,  
 Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame  
 Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread  
 'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate.  
 Studious of virtue, he no life observes  
 Except his own; his own employs his cares,  
 Large subject! that he labours to refine  
 Daily, nor of his little stock denies  
 Fit alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd from courtly vice,  
 And bates of pompous *Rome* secure; at court  
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,  
 And how t' improve his grounds, and how himself:  
 Best poet! fit exemplar for the tribe

Of

Of *Phæbus*, nor less fit *Mæonides*,  
Poor eyeless pilgrim ! and if after these,  
If after these another I may name,  
Thus tender *Spenser* liv'd, with mean repast  
Content, depress'd by penury, and pine  
In foreign realm ; yet not debas'd his verse  
By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard\*,  
Oh, had but he that first ennobled song  
With holy rapture, like his *Abdiel* been ;  
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found ;  
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,  
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray  
And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd !  
But he——however, let the Muse abstain,  
Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing  
In much inferior strains, grov'ling beneath  
Th' *Olympian* hill, on plains, and vales intent,  
Mean follower. There let her rest a-while,  
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

\* *Milton.*

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C Y D E R.

A

P O E M.

B O O K II.





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# C Y D E R.

## B O O K II.

**O** *Harcourt*, whom th' ingenuous love of arts  
Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond  
Th' eternal *Alpine* snows, and now detains  
In *Italy's* waste realms, how long must we  
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn  
Thou view'st the reliques of old *Rome*; or, what  
Unrival'd authors by their presence made  
For ever venerable, rural seats,  
*Tibur*, and *Tusculum*, or *Virgil's* urn  
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,  
Respecting his great name, dost now approach  
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;  
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook  
This

This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,  
 Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,  
 And *Britain's* isle with *Latian* knowledge grace.  
 Return, and let thy father's worth excite  
 Thirst of pre-eminence; see! how the cause  
 Of widows, and of orphans he asserts  
 With winning rhetoric, and well argu'd law!  
 Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve  
 Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Mean-while (altho' the *Massic* grape delights  
 Pregnant of racy juice, and *Formian* hills  
 Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject  
 Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill  
 Now grinds choice apples, and the *British* vats  
 O'erflow with generous cyder; far remote  
 Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse,  
 That, passing lands, and seas, on thee attends

Thus far of trees: the pleasing task remains,  
 To sing of wines, and autumn's blest increase.  
 Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails

'Gainst

'Gainst Heaven? oft, notwithstanding all thy care  
To help thy plants, when the small fruit'ry seems  
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast  
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigu'd  
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd  
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines  
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys  
The wide inclosure: think not vainly now  
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,  
Thus disappointed. If the former years  
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must  
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes  
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,  
'Till lusty autumn's luke-warm days allay'd  
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm  
His ripening labours: autumn to the fruits  
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives  
Equal, intenerating milky grain,  
Berries, and sky-dy'd Plumbs, and what in coat  
K Rough,

Rough, or soft rind, or bearded husk, or shell  
 Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,  
 And the Pine's tasteful Apple: autumn paint  
*Ausonian* hills with Grapes, whilst *English* plain  
 Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweet  
 O let me now, when the kind early dew  
 Unlocks th' embosom'd odors, walk among  
 The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full ag'd stem  
 Diffuse *Ambrosial* steams, than Myrrh, or Nard  
 More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry Bean!  
 Soft whisp'ring airs, and the lark's mattin song  
 Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind  
 Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy  
 time,

Best portion of the various year, in which  
 Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works  
 Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah,  
 Short are our joys, and neighb'ring griefs disturb  
 Our pleasant hours. Inclement winter dwells  
 Contiguous; forthwith frosty blasts deface

The blithsome year : trees of their shrivel'd fruits  
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail.  
Now, now's the time ; ere hasty suns forbid  
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood  
Of its rich progeny ; the turgid fruit  
Abounds with mellow liquor ; now exhort  
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel  
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form  
To the expected grinder : now prepare  
Materials for thy mill, a sturdy post  
*Cylindric*, to support the grinder's weight  
Excessive, and a flexile fallow, entrench'd,  
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.  
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press  
Long ere the vintage ; but with timely care  
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late  
In vain should'st seek a strainer to dispart  
The husky, terrene dregs from purer Must.  
Be cautious next a proper steed to find  
Whose prime is past ; the vigorous horse disdains

Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets  
 His past atchievements, and victorious palms.  
 Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with work, and years,  
 Shall roll th' unwieldy stone; with sober pace  
 He'll tread the circling path 'till dewy eve,  
 From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age .  
 Declining not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,  
 Has drain'd the pulpous mass, regale their swine  
 With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep  
 Thy husks in water, and again employ  
 The pondrous engine. Water will imbibe  
 The small remains of spirit, and acquire  
 A vinous flavour; this the peasants blithe  
 Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team  
 They drive, and sing of *Fusca's* radiant eyes,  
 Pleas'd with the medly draught. Nor shalt thou now  
 Reject the Apple-Cheese, tho' quite exhaust;  
 Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots  
 Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd .  
 Will

Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.  
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!

The tender apples, from their parents rent  
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie,  
The prey of worms: A frugal man I knew,  
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdu'd  
By endless culture, with sufficient Must  
His casks replenish yearly: He no more  
Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn  
The various seasons, and by skill repel  
Invading pests, successful in his cares,  
Till the damp *Libyan* wind, with tempests arm'd  
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst  
His Cyder-grove: O'er-turn'd by furious blasts,  
The fightly ranks fall prostrate, and around  
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs  
Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,  
Nor curse his stars; but prudent, his fall'n heaps  
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths  
Of tedded grass, and the sun's mellowing beams



Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd  
A costly liquor, by improving time  
Equal'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,  
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some  
With watry Turnips have debas'd their wines,  
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance  
In heated bras, steaming with fire intense;  
Altho' *Devonia* much commends the use  
Of strengthening *Vulcan*; with their native strength  
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse;  
And, when th' allotted orb of time's compleat,  
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw  
The priest's appointed share; with chearful heart  
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own  
Heav'n's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay  
Thy grateful duty: This neglected, fear  
Signal vengeance, such as over-took  
A miser, that unjustly once with-held

The clergy's due, relying on himself,  
His fields he tended, with successful care,  
Early, and late, when or unwish't for rain  
Descended, or unseasonable frosts  
Curb'd his increasing hopes, or, when around  
The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky  
The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist  
His execrable glebe: Recording this,  
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year  
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,  
Thou wisely may'st provide: The various moon  
Prophetic, and attendant stars explain  
Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount  
The current stream, the heav'nly orbs serene  
Twinkle with trembling rays, and *Cynthia* glows  
With light unfully'd: Now the fowler, warn'd  
By these good omens, with swift early steps  
Treads the crimp earth, ranging thro' fields and  
glades



With winter winds, before the gems exert  
Their feeble heads; the loosen'd roots then drink  
Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe  
The monthly stars, their pow'ful influence  
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign  
Under each sign. On our account has *Jove*  
Indulgent to all moons some succulent plant  
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slack  
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.  
Now will the *Cerintus*, now the *Rasps* supply  
Delicious draughts; the *Quinces* now, or *Plumbs*,  
Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thisbeian* fruit  
Are prest to wines; the *Britons* squeeze the winks  
Of sedulous bees, and mixing od'rous herbs  
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs  
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient fires.

But, if thou'rt indefatigably bent  
To toil, and omnifarious drinks wou'dst brew;  
Besides the orchard, ev'ry hedge and bush

Affords

Affords assistance ; ev'n afflictive Birch,  
 Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distils  
 A limpid current from her wounded bark,  
 Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams  
 Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,  
 Unforc'd display ten thousand painted flow'rs  
 Useful in potables. Thy little sons  
 Permit to range the pastures ; gladly they  
 Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,  
 From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain  
 Of icy taste, that, in mid fervors, best  
 Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy *Ierne* \*, whose most wholesome air  
 Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids  
 The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore !  
 More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd  
 With miscellaneous spices, and the root  
 For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd,) which wide

\* *Ireland.*

Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart  
Present redrefs, and lively health convey.

See, how the *Belgæ*, fedulous, and stout,  
With bowls of fat'ning Mum, or blifsful cups  
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star  
Of early *Phosphorus* salute, at noon  
Jocund with frequent-rising fumes! by use  
Instructed, thus to quell their native flegm  
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd  
Far from the sloping journey of the year,  
Beyond *Petſora*, and Islandic coaſts?  
Where ever-during ſnows, perpetual ſhades  
Of darkneſs, would congeal their livid blood,  
Did not the *Arctic* tract, ſpontaneous yield  
A chearing purple berry, big with wine,  
Intenſely fervent, which each hour they crave,  
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft  
They interlard their native drinks with choice  
Of ſtrongeſt Brandy, yet ſcarce with theſe aids  
Enabled

Enabled to prevent the sudden rot  
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.

Nor less the sable borderers of *Nile*,  
Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor they,  
Whom sunny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with streams  
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.  
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,  
In vain they covet shades, and *Thracias'* gales,  
Pining with *Æquinoctial* heat, unless  
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,  
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their eyes,  
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,  
With which, in often interrupted sleep,  
Their frying blood compels to irrigate  
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death  
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought!

More happy they, born in *Columbus'* world,  
*Carybbs*, and they, whom the Cotton plant  
With downy-sprouting vests arrays! their woods  
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once  
Celestial

Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand  
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,  
To vinous spirits added (heav'nly drink!)  
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,  
Intent on laughter; a continual tide  
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when  
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock  
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,  
Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,  
Nor stay, nor rest, 'till the wide breach is clos'd:  
So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move  
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd  
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes  
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow  
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,  
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's  
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain  
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,



Rough Eliot, sweet Permain, the blended strea  
 (Each mutually correcting each) create  
 A pleasurable medly, of what taste  
 Hardly distinguish'd ; as the show'ry arch,  
 With lifted colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,  
 Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,  
 That views the watry brede, with thousand sh  
 Of painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell  
 Or where one colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd  
 Their genuine relish, and of fundry vines  
 Assum'd the flavour ; one fort counterfeits  
 The *Spanish* product ; this, to *Gauls* has seem'd  
 The sparkling Nectar of Champagne ; with t  
 A *German* oft has swill'd his throat, and swor  
 Deluded, that imperial *Rbine* bestow'd  
 The generous rummer, whilst the owner, ple  
 Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd  
 With foreign vintage from his cyder cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells

Of close prest husks is freed, thou must refrain  
Thy thirsty soul ; let none persuade to broach  
Thy thick, unwholsome, undigested cades :  
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts take care  
Thy muddy bev'rage to serene, and drive  
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all  
It's earthy gross, yet let it feed a while  
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd  
From sprightly, it, to sharp, or vapid change.  
When to convenient vigor it attains,  
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube  
Inflex ; self-taught, and voluntary flies  
The defecated liquor, thro' the vent  
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,  
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.  
As when a noon-tide sun, with summer beams,  
Darts thro' a cloud, her watry skirts are edg'd  
With lucid amber, or undrossy gold :  
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now

Now also, when the colds abate, nor yet  
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close  
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,  
From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.

For this intent, the subtle chymist feeds  
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force  
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint  
Prevailing, turns into a fubil sea,  
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red :  
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel  
He takes, and by one efficacious breath  
Dilates to a surprizing cube, or sphere,  
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms  
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,  
To human life subservient ; by his means  
Cyders in metal frail improve the Moyle,  
And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,  
Acquire complete perfection : Now they smoke  
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight  
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.

But harsher fluids different lengths of time  
Expect : Thy flask will slowly mitigate  
The Eliot's roughness. *Stirom*, firmest fruit,  
Embottled (long as *Priameian Troy*  
Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, ere justly mild.  
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigor gains,  
Fallacious drink ! ye honest men beware,  
Nor trust its smoothness ; the third circling glass  
Suffices virtue : But may hypocrites,  
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,  
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,  
Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting cups  
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,  
And thro' intemp'rance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done ; his cades mature  
Now call for vent, his lands exhaust permit  
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays  
To *Bacchus*, author of heart-cheering mirth.  
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,  
Come uninvited ; he with bounteous hand

L

Imparts

Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward  
Of his own industry ; the well-fraught bowl  
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell  
With quavering laugh, and rural jests resounds.  
Ease, and content, and undissembled love  
Shine in each face ; the thoughts of labour past  
Increase their joy. As, from retentive cage  
When fullen *Philomel* escapes, her notes  
She varies, and of past imprisonment  
Sweetly complains ; her liberty retriev'd  
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.  
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds  
Of healthy temp'rance, nor incroach on night,  
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair  
Each to his home, with un-supplanted feet.  
Ere heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn  
Domestic cares awake them ; brisk they rise,  
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow  
From amicable talk, and moderate cups  
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds  
Present

Present redrefs, and long oblivion drinks  
Of coy *Lucinda*. Give the debtor wine;  
His joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks  
His dread retires, the flowing glasses add  
Courage, and mirth: magnificent in thought,  
Imaginary riches he enjoys,  
And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.  
Nor can the poet *Bacchus*' praise indite.  
Debarr'd his grape: 'The Muses still require  
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail  
Imploring *Phæbus*, with unmoisten'd lips.  
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,  
By parching thirst allur'd: With vehement furs  
When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,  
How pleafant is't, beneath the twisted arch  
Of a retreating bow'r, in mid-day's reign  
To ply the sweet caroufe, remote from noife,  
Secur'd of fev'rish heats! When th' aged year  
Inclines, and *Boreas*' spirit blusters froze,  
Beware th' inclement heav'ns; now let thy hearth

Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood  
 Now infligate with th' apple's pow'rful streams.  
 Perpetual show'rs, and stormy gusts confine  
 The willing plowman, and *December* warns  
 To annual jollities; now sportive youth  
 Carol incondite rhythms, with suiting notes,  
 And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains  
 In clean array for rustic dance prepare,  
 Mixt with the buxom damsels; hand in hand  
 They frisk, and bound, and various mazes weave  
 Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien  
 Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer  
 Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss  
 Steal from unwary lasses; they with scorn,  
 And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.  
 Mean-while blind *British* bards with volant touch  
 Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes  
 Provoke to harmless revels; these among,  
 A subtle artist stands, in wondrous bag  
 That bears imprison'd winds, (of gentler sort

Than those, which erst *Laertes'* son enclos'd.)  
Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze  
Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly  
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.  
'Midst these disports, forget they not to drench  
Themselves with bellying goblets, nor when spring  
Returns, can they refuse to usher in  
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store  
Of jovial draughts, now, when the fappy boughs  
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments  
Of future harvest: When the *Gnossian* crown  
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees  
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank  
Boon nature, that thus annually supplies  
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts  
Exhilarates their languid minds, within  
The golden Mean confin'd: Beyond there's naught  
Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart  
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul  
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure



'Tis time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong  
Dire computation, forthwith reason quits  
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,  
And vain debates ; then twenty tongues at once  
Conspire in senseless jargon, naught is heard  
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant :  
Distrust, and jealousy to these succeed,  
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane  
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays  
Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd  
With dire intent ; bottles with bottles clash  
In rude encounter, round their temples fly  
'The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd  
cheeks

Mixt gore, and cyder flow. What shall we say  
Of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil hour  
Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought  
T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,  
Imprudent ? him death's iron-sleep oppress,  
Descending careless from his couch ; the fall

at his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.  
need we tell what anxious cares attend  
the turbulent mirth of wine ; nor all the kinds  
of maladies, that lead to death's grim cave,  
ought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,  
effluvia stone, and pining atrophy,  
still, even when the sun with *July* heats  
the scorch'd soil, and dropsy all-a-float,  
craving liquids : Nor the *Centaur's* tale  
here repeated ; how with lust, and wine  
enam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken souls  
in feasting hour. Ye heav'nly Pow'rs that guard  
the *British* isles, such dire events remove  
from fair *Albion*, nor let civil broils  
interment from social cups : May we, remote  
from the hoarse, brazen found of war, enjoy  
the humid products, and with seemly draughts  
kindle mirth, and hospitable love.  
Too oft, alas ! has mutual hatred drench'd  
our swords in native blood ; too oft has pride,

And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst  
Of others rights, our quiet discompos'd.  
Have we forgot, how fell destruction rag'd  
Wide-spreading, when by *Eris*' torch incens'd  
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes, signaliz'd  
For loyalty, and prowess, met their fate  
Untimely, undeserv'd! how *Bertie* fell,  
*Compton*, and *Granvill*, dauntless sons of *Mars*,  
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view  
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!  
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout  
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account  
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn?  
Apostate, atheist rebels! bent to ill,  
With seeming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,  
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose  
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event  
Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height  
Of barbarous malice, and insulting pride,  
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact  
Unparallel'd!

Unparallel'd ! O *Charles*, O best of Kings !  
What stars their black disastrous influence shed  
On thy nativity, that thou should'st fall  
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,  
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death  
By those thy mercy only wou'd have fav'd !  
Yet was the Cyder-land unstain'd with guilt ;  
The Cyder-land obsequious still to thrones,  
Abhorr'd such base disloyal deeds, and all  
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,  
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights  
Of monarchy ; but, ah ! successless she,  
However faithful ! then was no regard  
Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy, land,  
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath  
Tyrannic sway, 'till fair-revolving years  
Our exil'd Kings, and liberty restor'd.  
Now we exult, by mighty ANNA's care  
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms  
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains  
The

The rage of Kings : Here, nobly she supports  
Justice oppress'd ; here, her victorious arms  
Quell the ambitious : From her hand alone  
All *Europe* fears revenge, or hopes redress.  
Rejoice, O *Albion* ! sever'd from the world  
By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent  
Of nothing from without ; in one supreme  
Intirely blest ; and from beginning time  
Design'd thus happy ; but the fond desire  
Of rule, and grandeur multiply'd a race  
Of Kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,  
Destructive of the public weal : For now  
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,  
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds  
Invades, and ampler territory seeks  
With ruinous assault ; on every plain  
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,  
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd  
By havoc, and dismay, till jealousy  
Rais'd new combustion : Thus was peace in vain  
Sough

Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern :  
'Till *Edgar* grateful, (as to those who pine  
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam  
Of *Phæbus*' lamp) arose, and into one  
Cemented all the long-contending pow'rs,  
Pacific monarch ; then her lovely head  
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd  
The spirit of love ; at ease, the bards new strung  
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,  
In uncouth rhythms, to echo *Edgar*'s name.  
Then gladness smil'd in ev'ry eye ; the years  
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line  
Of wise, heroic Kings, that by just laws  
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd  
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.

See lion-hearted *Richard*, with his force  
Drawn from the north, to *Jewry*'s hallow'd plains!  
Piously valiant, (like a torrent swell'd  
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,  
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves  
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd  
Amidst

Amidst the thickest battel, and o'er-threw  
What-e'er withstood his zealous rage; no pause,  
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,  
But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight  
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds  
Mangled behind: The *Soldan*, as he fled,  
Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with despite,  
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold third *Edward's* streamers blazing high  
On *Gallia's* hostile ground! his right withheld,  
Awakens vengeance; O imprudent *Gauls*,  
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense  
The warlike *Englisch!* one important day  
Shall teach you meaner thoughts: Eager of fight,  
Fierce *Brutus'* off-spring to the adverse front  
Advance resistless, and their deep array  
With furious inroad pierce; the mighty force  
Of *Edward* twice o'erturn'd their desperate King;  
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:  
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,  
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,  
Discomfited;

Discomfited ; pursu'd, in the sad chace  
Ten thousands ignominious fall ; with blood  
The vallies float : Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,  
With golden *Iris* his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious prince ! whom fame with all  
her tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins  
New authors of dissension spring ; from him  
Two branches, that in hosting long contend  
For sov'ran sway ; and can such anger dwell  
In noblest minds ? but little now avail'd  
The ties of friendship ; every man, as led  
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd  
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,  
And dire revenge : Now horrid slaughter reigns ;  
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,  
Careless of duty, and their native grounds  
Distain with kindred blood ; the twanging bows  
Send show'rs of shafts, that on their barbed points  
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see  
Barons, and peasants on th' embattled field  
Slain,



Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly heap  
Promiscuously amass: With dismal groans,  
And ejaculation, in the pangs of death  
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd  
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,  
Trampled by fiery coursers; horror thus,  
And wild uproar, and desolation reign'd  
Unrespited: Ah! who at length will end  
This long, pernicious fray? what man has Fate  
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince  
Of *Tudor's* race, whom in the womb of time  
*Cadwallador* foresaw! thou, thou art he,  
Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial rites  
Must close the gates of *Janus*, and remove  
Destructive discord: Now no more the drum  
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill  
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;  
But joy, and pleasure open to the view  
Uninterrupted! with presaging skill  
Thou to thy own unitest *Fergus'* line  
By wise alliance: from thee *James* descends,  
Heav'n's

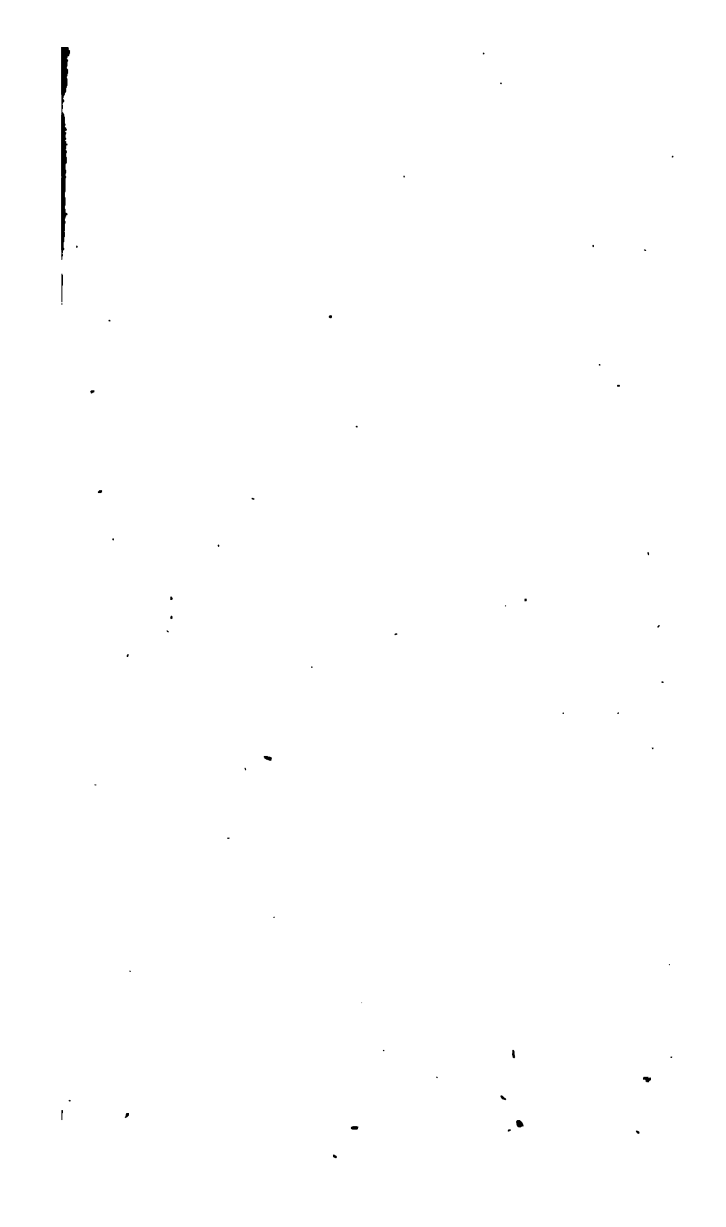
Heav'n's chosen fav'rite, first *Britannic* King.  
To him alone hereditary right  
Gave pow'r supreme ; yet still some seeds remain'd  
Of discontent ; two nations under one,  
In laws and int'rest diverse, still pursu'd  
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute  
To fly conjunction ; neither fear, nor hope,  
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,  
Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *Anna* said  
Let there be Union ; frait with reverence due  
To her command, they willingly unite,  
One in affection, laws and government,  
Indissolubly firm ; from *Dubris* south,  
To northern *Orcades*, her long domain.

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal bond,  
What shall retard the *Britons* bold designs,  
Or who sustain their force ; in union knit,  
Sufficient to withstand the pow'rs combin'd  
Of all this globe ? at this important act  
The *Mauritanian* and *Cathaian* Kings  
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*

Dreads

Dreads war from utmost *Thule* ; uncontrol'd  
 The *British* navy thro' the ocean vast  
 Shall wave her double cross, t' extreamest climes.  
 Terrific, and return with od'rous spoils  
 Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus*' wealth,  
 Pearl, and barbaric gold ; mean-while the swains  
 Shall unmolested reap what plenty sows  
 From well stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.  
 The elder year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, shall deck  
 With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store  
 Abundant, flowing in well blended streams,  
 The natives shall applaud ; while glad they talk  
 Of baleful ills, caus'd by *Bellona*'s wrath  
 In other realms ; where-e'er the *British* spread  
 Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd  
 Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this  
 Wide universe, *Silurian* cyder borne  
 Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

F I N I S.



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