



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries
and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-
ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

**A paquet
from
Parnassus: or,
a collection of
papers,**

THE Ingenious, we hope, will Contribute to the Collection and Promotion of our Design, since our Age is so Fertile in Revolutions both *Amazing and Numerous*; as the Treachery of the French, the Success of the Germans; the routed Czar, the retiring Monarch of Poland, and the Triumphant Young Swede at the Gates of Warsaw; the dance of Villeroy from Cremona to Vienna; the two Cyphers of Spain and St. Germain; the Conjunction of the Brittain, and Belgic Lyons, against Le Grand, and his Maintenon, and our Domestick Loss of the Soul of Europe, our late King William, and the Reparation of it by our as Accomplish'd Queen. These are Subjects both Seasonable and Remarkable, and worthy the Talents of each University. Other Subjects there are, whose Variety and Number suites the Capacity of every Genius, and the Inclination of every Muse; Direct as the bottom of the Title-Page informs.

THE Glorious Life, and Heroick Actions of the most Potent Prince William III. of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King, &c. Containing an Impartial Account of the most remarkable Transactions in War and Peace, both Abroad and at Home. Being a Compleat History of all the Campaigns Battles, Sieges and Skirmishes, both in Ireland and Flanders: With the most memorable Sea-Fights and Victories obtained over the French. Also, a true Account of all the Horrid Plots and Conspiracies, that have been contrived and carried on against His Majesty's Royal Person, from the time of his auspicious Birth, till the deplorable time of his ever to be Lamented Death, on March the eighth, 1702. Sold by J. How in the Rams-Head-Inn-Yard, in Fanchurch-Street.

THE PREFACE.

S Ince the World, and my Readers consist of Variety, which relieves Fainting Pleasure that Sick'ns by continuance in an Object, and whets decaying Appetite into reviv'd Vigour, and Satisfaction: I thought my Gratification of the Ingenious with Diversify'd Scenes, wou'd both furnish and preserve Delight and Approbation. Accept then, Reader, a Nosegay (not a French one, with Danger in the Perfume) but compos'd and cull'd out of the Garden of Apollo; and if I have not a Flower for each of you, let the Infancy of the Spring, and my Attempt, be my Apology. However, I have taken care of a Lilly for the French King, presented to to him in an Address from England; and I hope the more Acceptable to him because of the Language of Rome, for the use of the Dauphine, and his Nomine Tantum of St. Germain's, or the Royal Chimera, who was Crown'd in Imagination, when the

The PREFACE.

Grand Roy was in his Vapours, which is likely to be his own, and his Titular's Exit; and if this Lilly is wither'd, 'tis more the Emblem of his Person and Fortune; but 'twould be Prudence to veil his dissatisfaction, lest by his Frowns he represents his Fate. I have sent him withal the Picture of Prince Eugene, tho' I must confess he had rather have the Original, in lieu of the Prime Flower of his Army, which the same Prince has Presented to the Imperial Court, to the Regret of the Female President of the Gallic Council, and the Delight of the Ladies of Vienna, who are Admirers of that which is his Predominant Excellency. Nor have I Omitted a Play-Thing for the Boy of Madrid, and his Brother Thing of St. Germain's: But to avoid a Contradiction of our Subject; the others that make up our Entertainment are of a different Nature and Taste, and Grateful I believe, to the Lovers of Thought. However I hope if there's a Deficiency in some, 'tis atton'd by the Ingenuity of Others; or at least the Honesty of their Intention may be their Advocate, if not their Promotion.

H. D.

A

A

Collection of Papers, &c.

An Essay on Variety.

THe *Indigesta Moles*, separated by the mighty *Fiat*, compos'd Variety; which is the Universe, in all its different Denominations; a Family more numerous than *Jacob's*; 'tis contradiction, Good and Evil; the soft Lute, and offensive Cat-call; the proper Name for all things; the Maid, Wife, and Widow, Old and Young, every where, and what you please; Beauty and Deformity, White and Black, Prince *Eugene* and Marshal *Villeroy*; an honest Woman and a Whore, Covetousness and Prodigality, good Wine, and bad; Tea, Coffee, and Chocolate; Light and Darkness, the Cuckold and the Cuckold Maker, the Lord-Mayor and his Horse, the Hang-Man, and the poor Offender Executed, the Pedlar and his Dog, the Watchman and his Lanthorn, &c. 'Tis the Infinite Creating Will of the Almighty, that in all its Works hath shown it self discernable by comparison. 'Tis in Brother and Brother, in two Pease, in every kind and species; 'tis of so diffusive a Nature, that it contains every thing, and is it self in no one thing, a prodigious Medley is its Composition; it understands the Mathematicks in all its parts, the professor of Tongues and Languages, and appears in every two Things you can speak.

Now then here's the Catholicon of a Friend to Variety of Persons, whom Providence Loves to behold struggling below, and defers the Reward 'till it grows greater by Delay.

Advice to the Unfortunate.

THere is a Tax which must be paid to Fate
By each Aspiring Soul that dares be Great;
Some Adverse Motto the Bold He declares,
Who Aims at Heaven, and designs the Stars:

B

No

No Minor Vertue, vulgar Piety
 Can have the Priviledge of Adversity.
 No, 'tis for Souls whom heighten'd Notions move,
 Refin'd their Nature, and advanc'd their Love:
 These against Threats, and Wracks, and Hell have stood,
 In spite of Flames, irrefragably good;
 Since Death's entail'd, and we are Heirs to Sin,
 'Twill cost us pains before we can refine:
 For we are dull, emphatically Clay,
 Which Sweat must moisten ere it will give way
 To calcine Nature, sublimate our Thought,
 And raise the Soul to Heav'n, from whence 'twas brought.
 Now pent in Veins and to a Body given,
 She Fights with Flesh, and fiercely Sighs for Heav'n,
 And must obey, while now the Limbs controul,
 Yet darts a Wish unto the distant Pole:
 So the Chain'd Eagle forc'd to grovel lyes;
 Remove the Clog, and suffer her to rise,
 Away she Mounts into her Native Skies.

H. D.

But here comes the Reverse of the former, ever-Fortunate *Eugene*,
 whose Portraicture I have presented to the *French* King for the use
 of the Dauphine, in *Roman* Colours too, which I know he's skill'd in;
 Joyn'd together with his own; the former in White, the other in
 Black: Joyn'd too, for I'd fain have the Hero come at him, that Taxes
 might lessen, and Peace might hasten.

*Angli Anonymi Opusculum, Jussu Maronidum Regis, Editum,
 Ad usum Delphini: Regi Gallico Humilime D, D Musa
 subsequens.*

In Eugenium Aquila Germanicæ Ducem Cæsareum.

MAntua quem genuit, nectenti Cæsare, Laurum
 Attulerat dignam, nostris modo Jupiter annis
 Indulisset eum; solum Sacra Pagina nosset
 Eugenium! Victrixq; tuas ostenderat ævo

Musa

*Musa Aquilas, spectis alio sub nomine palmis
 O Decus Europæ! Sæclisq; canende futuris!
 Vindex Austriadum! Cui jam famulantur Athenæ
 Cæsareæ & Batavæ, nostraq; Sub Æthere Sylva
 Victorem resonant, solo reticere Gallo.
 Debebit Cæsar tibi Regna, Hispania Gemma,
 Regemq;, & varijs Diadema insigne Coronis:
 Teq; etiam Auratum expectavit Jafona vellus
 Cervici Austriacæ dandum, justissima Cœli
 Gloria, Virtutis merces, & Nobile pondus
 Gallia contrahitur, circumscriptusq; remordet
 Fræna ferox populi Terror, certatq; catenis:
 Hic Sceptra inibat, Terrarum hunc vasta Cupido,
 Regnorumq; Fames plusquam Macedonicæ, torquet,
 Oceanorum avidum, Europæq; Orbisq; Nerone,
 Spirantemq; Polos, & dantem scommata Mando
 Ut Jovis opprobrio, nec Poti, Animæq; capaci:
 Dum Fasces, Mitra, Diademata, Sceptra, Tiaræ,
 Imma pedum attrepidant, humili & fulgore verentur.
 Quis tanta ausuro proponit fræna, quis illi
 Tot freto Sceptris, famulis & Regibus, aptat
 Vincula? & undanti parat obvia claustra furoris.
 Te Fata ostendunt, Te, Cœlo judice, dignum
 Plaudenti rerum Facie, Suffragia signant;
 Astrææ revocasse fugam, tardasque pennas
 Imma relicturæ notum suasseque retro:
 O stupor Heroum Germanice! curaque cœli!
 Solus Arausiaci fulgor notissimus Astri
 Te flamma majore præit, Vindexque suorum
 Suecicus, insignis nexas superasse Coronas:
 Nuper & exhaustis hodiernum ad prælia Xerxem
 Fluminibus numeros fundentem, & pondera Terræ
 Pubenti armatus Gladio, galcæque recenti,
 Sanguinea pepulisse fuga, fuisseque retro
 (Tot Tumulos campis ægre admittentibus) ausus.
 Te talem mirante Pado, spectante Cremona,
 Gallorumque Acies, Hispanorumque Phalanges
 Cæsareos avido ducentem ad Mœnia ferro
 Aufugere, Armis toties cedentibus, acti,
 Cui parent Aquilæ, quem Flamma & Fulgura cingunt.*

O Spes Terrarum, & seras habiture Camenas!
 Inducture alijs tenebras, blattaque minantur
 Borbonidum Fastis, sæclorum & cura peribit.
 Te gemitus, tanquam Venti; te flumina tanquam,
 Cæsorū involvet cruor, O tu Sanguinis Autor,
 Agrorumque dolor, Ludovice tenerrime rerum,
 Sue te Auro, & Plumis: O si ipse fortebere, Morpheu,
 Eugenii quoties Somno observatur Imago
 In sericis strato, frustra optantique quietem.
 Ante oculos squallet Sceptri, Armorumque ruina,
 Jam cessura Acies, versique ad mœnia vultus,
 Mantua Germanis ambita, Cremonaque Noctem:
 Armatum questura diu, tenebraque Fideles
 Hostibus, & terram nocturno milite satam:
 Rapti enses, captique Duces, fractique Penates,
 Exustique Lares, Urbesque, & mœnia lapsa,
 Vulnera, Bella, Cruor, Cædes, Incendia, Manes
 Amisos soles ob sceptra indebita questi.
 Deficiunt radij, Ludovice, (Academia Frustra
 Infumit chartis Lunas) nimiaeque tumescunt
 In nihilum Vires, numero decrescis, & ipse
 Caligat Splendor, metæ ignarusque vanescis.

H.D.

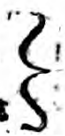
But not to be altogether Grave, here's a Word for a couple of
 Boys; but I mention only the *Spaniard*, not the *Welch* one; the other
 being but a shadow, like *French Fidelity*: And Authors do not agree
 about his Name, Birth, or Countrey: and I don't believe there will be
 an *Homers* Contest about it, so that he is best delineated by a Cypher,
 and my thoughts of him (like his Dignity) shall be nothing.

The Whim, Dedicated to two Kings, that of Madrid and
 that of St. Germain's.

Midst pretty Tricks, and quaint Device
 Of tiny Child, when void of Vice;
 (When Soul, that particle Divine,
 Does but like Farthing-Candle Shine:

While

While Maid does hold the silly Taper,
 Enwrap'd in Lanthorn made of Paper,
 Which too but just Discernment brings,
 Nor shews the Difference of things.
 So glimmers the young Dawning Soul
 Of Natures pretty little Fool:
 Therefore, as Cassocks say, 'tis thought
 What-e'er it does can be no fau't)
 I say midst Pleasantrys of Child,
 Little Machines, and Actions wild;
 Of Cards, I've seen the Bauble take
 A Superannuated Pack;
 The Diamonds fully'd, and the Spade
 By oft'n use now dirty made;
 And only fit to entertain,
 Pretty conceit of Infant Brain,
 Which yet is scarce come into Skull,
 Not half so much as Sawcer full.
 When Card by Card the Oaf does take,
Father look here what I can make!
 And then to work he strait does fall,
 To frame some small Escurial.
 Some Minor *Pauls*, or tiny Coloss,
 (But oh the dismal Fate that follows.)
 First then he for Foundation lays,
 A row of Kings, a Royal Race.
 By them the Sex that's fair and tender,
 Their Spouses of the Feminine Gender.
 (The Queen of Hearts the brightest Shone)
 And now the Edifice goes on:
 The Mob with Clubs and Spades are laid,
 Those Dy'd the others into Red:
 But highest of all a pack of Knaves,
 The Babe too naturally heaves.
 Just as in Fortunes Scale we see,
 Rogues mounted to Supremacy.
 There many Pams win all, each takes
 The Coin, and sweeps away the Stakes.
 Well now the Structure rises, and
 In gay sublimity does stand,
 Emblem of Artificial Hand.

 But 

But ah Fates ! When just at the Roof,
 Behind comes a malicious Puff,
 And down the Gugaw Pile does fall,
 As future *Pauls* e'er Dooms-Day shall,
 Ev'n so (with small Things great compare)
Lewis the Proud is nought but Air :
 With those that form'd his Grand Design,
 So close, so exquisitely fine,
Richelieu the Leader, *Mazarine*,
Louvois and *Croissy*, and *Fourbin*.
 None with the nicest Subtlety,
 Cou'd ought that was mislaid decry,
 Yet all their mighty Projects Dye.
 'Twas, tho' a fine, yet airy Web,
 The Torrent now begins to Ebb,
 And now the *Louvre*, and *Versaills*,
 Th' *Escorial* too, that *Spanish Pauls*,
 Shake at great *Eugene's* Name and Sword,
 Who's sending 'em another Lord :
 Who's like to puff that *Babel* down,
 The little Boy that wears the Crown,
 With his Grand Pa-Pa are pushing on.
 But see the *Spanish Phaeton*,
 That dwells i'th' Regions of the Sun :
 Has got his Leave of Gallic-Sire,
 To go and set the World on Fire.
 Well, Drive on Coachman, and take care,
 To set down, not bring back your Fare :
 The Don Monsieur, the *Spanish Beau*,
 When he comes near the fatal *Po*,
 May Curse Old Dady's *Allez vous*.

H. D.

What follows both ingeniously and Ingenuously discovers that
Astræa has not altogether left *Guild-Hall* and *Westminster*, and that
 some Lawyers are the Sons of the Gospel ; that *St. Paul* as well as
Machiavel, has his Share of their Pillows, that some of 'em wou'd en-
 ter their Names into a future Martyrology, on occasion of a Com-
 petition between *Smithfield* and Religion.

The

The Modern Lawyer, in Imitation of *Erasmus*.

A Dialogue between Writ a Prothonotary, Dash, an Attorney, and Plead-well an Honest Barrister.

Dash. **W**ELL met, Mr. *Writ*; I have something to communicate to you that much Concerns the Interest of all Dependents on the Practical part of the Law; which, if not taken care of in time, will more than fulfil the old Proverb, of *two upon one Horse*.

Writ. *What's that Mr. Dash?*

Da. Mr. *Nump*, a City Attorney, drew a Declaration against a Client of mine; and either thro' Ignorance (or like an Honest Fellow willing to make Business) has turn'd some of the Abbreviations the wrong way: Upon which I demurr'd, and alledg'd that for ground, not at all doubting but it would hold good,

Wr. *And shall Mr. Dash: Who has Face enough to deny it?*

Da. They have been with *Plead-well*, and he has inform'd them that this (as well as a great many other things we are daily guilty of) is a violation of the practical part of the Law, and an abuse to our Clients.

Writ. *Plead-well's a Block-head.*

Da. I would he were, then there wou'd be no danger of him. He has too much Knowledge, except he had less of that Damn'd Vertue, Honesty. I never knew a Man thrive in our Profession, if he once came to be overcome with that plaguy Weed.

Wr. You know, Mr. *Dash*, when any Difficulty in Practice comes before the Court, I am always call'd for to inform the Bench what has been usual, and customary, and the Bench determines accordingly: And you may assure your self, Mr. *Dash*, I'll do all I can to keep up Ancient Presidents, especially when they are for our own Advantage.

Da. But Mr. *Plead-well* being thoroughly satisfied in his Mind of the unreasonableness of such Process (which indeed we are none of us able to deny) and depending upon the extraordinary supply of our Benches with good Judges (beyond what, for the generality of it, is within our Memory) and being troubled with a squeamish Conscience, and his Head running round with the good of the Publick, is resolved to improve this, which he thinks a fit opportunity to Redress this and such other Grievances; and explode those Quirks with which we cheat our Clients by Law; and thus like the Tyrant that lop'd all to the length of his own Bed, reduce us to his Standard of Honesty, and Plain-Dealing.

Wr. *Prisbee*

W^r. Prithee Dash, didst bear any of the Arguments he intends to insist upon? That knowing his Artillery, we may be the better able either to overcome, or evade 'em.

Da. Look yonder he comes, plodding along the Court, with a phiz cut out for the Pulpit, rather than the Bar. Let's accost him.

W^r. Your Servant, Mr. Plead-well.

Plead-well. Your Servant, Your Servant. How do you do, Mr. Dash?

W^r. Truly Mr. Plead-well not much in Charity with you.

Pl. Nor with any Body else that would lop off any of your unjust Perquisites, or discover your extortionary Tricks of prolonging suits for your private Gains. I know what makes you kick, and I am resolved to do what in me lies for the good of my Native Country, and the Benefit of the Publick.

Da. I told you, Mr. Writ, his Cry would be the good of the Publick.

W^r. But, Mr. Plead well, I would fain know what you have to say against the Practice of our Courts.

Pl. I know you too well, Mr. Writ, to Trust you with a Secret: But I am so well satisfied in the Justice of my undertaking, and the Merit of the cause, that I dare venture to tell you, and Pray get all the force you can to maintain your tottering Castle. I'll confine my self at present to the Case in Hand, which I doubt not but Mr. Dash has inform'd you of: Reason is the grand Basis and Foundation of our LAW, as all knows that have read of it; and from hence this Corollary naturally flows, That nothing is Reason, because 'tis Law, but every thing that is Law, is so, because 'tis Reason: And 'tis as Natural a consequence that whatsoever was Law heretofore, because 'twas then Reason, ought to be Law now, unless the same Reason continues; so that as the Reason of things change, so ought the Law too. I can't imagine, for my part, why we should send our Judges and Pleaders to School to old Musty Obsolete Records; I am sure 'tis a Reflection both upon their Wisdom and Honesty. 'Tis said every Age grows Wiser and Wiser, and you can't but know the Proverb of the Child upon the Gyant's Shoulders. And why our Judges should be forc'd to give others Reports for Law-Absolute (unless out of meer Complaisance to the Dead, that they may be so serv'd hereafter) I know not. This is like the Oxonians Blindly Swearing to follow Aristotle. But to come to the matter of Practice, is it not, think you, a very Reasonable thing that a Client should suffer either for the Knavery, Neglect, or Ignorance of an Attorney! They are all suppos'd to understand their Business! if they don't, they ought not to undertake it: And I cannot but think where the Error is in the Attorney, he ought to bear the Loss, let it arise from what

what Cause it will, especially if from Knavery or Neglect: And till there be such Rule, the Client has but a Precarious hope of his Causes being well manag'd: But to let that pass, and consider the present Case, what Reason there is that the turning up or down, this way or that way, of a Letter, should be a ground of Demurrer, when the Sense is plainly understood, and no other Construction can be put upon the Words than what are designed.

Wr. But many times there may be two constructions put upon different turnings.

Pl. I doubt not but that was the Original pretence. However, why from a particular, should so general a Custom flow (tho' I deny any possibility of Damage to a Defendant, in any case you can name of that Nature) and why should it hold good where there can be no such Ambiguous Interpretation? Ubi eadem Ratio, ibi idem Jus, is a good Maxim. But shew the same Reason before you demand the same Law.

Wr. Truly Mr. Plead well I am somewhat of your Mind, but I am Sworn. For my part I can see no way to Redress it; I am confident the Court won't give Ear to any such Innovation.

Pl. That's more than you know, Mr. Writ, however I'm resolv'd to try. Besides we have frequent Parliaments, and at present a very good one, and I'm resolv'd to do what I can to free my Countrey from the greatest Tax, of any one, that has been within my Memory, or Reading.

Da. We fear you not there, Mr. Plead-well; for there are generally many worthy Lawyers in the House.—— I'll say no more.

Pl. There's one Expedient I resolve to propose in order to the demurring, by preventing any possibility of the Occasion; that is a Rule of Court, that all Records shall be drawn at length with the proper terminations.

Wr. That will never do, Mr. Plead-well. Then we shall not have one Declaration, or Plea in five hundred, but what will be false Latine, unless we go to Council to draw 'em up; which is I believe what you drive at, and so all your specious Pretences are dwindled into self-Interest at last.

Pl. If the Attorneys can't Write good Latine, let 'em go to School again: There's a Presbyterian Parson in the City will undertake to Teach 'em by the Lump, in a short time, if they'll submit to his Discipline, which most of 'em deserve. However, if they should go to Council to draw 'em up, the Clients wou'd save by it, for they must have a Councils Hand, when the Attorney is paid for the Draught, and a Fee for Attendance. This I must confess would nip their gains, and force them to give those Fees to Council as are their due, which now they put in their Pockets, and put some pury Councils Name to the Re-

cord, who has not an opportunity to find it out for want of Business; but I can stay no longer, Farewel.

Da. And the Curse of all Honest Lawyers go with you. Well Mr. Writ, what are you musing on?

Wr. I'm thinking what a fine time we are like to have of it when Truth and Justice must go Barefac'd, and we must be forc'd to run mumming in Vizors; and live upon the Alms of whining Hypocrisie, or Starve.

Da. Not I, I assure you, Mr. Writ; do you get what assistance you can, and I promise you I won't be Idle. If after all, this will not do, rather than come within the Verge of your Hen-Hearted Meditation, as I have hitherto liv'd by the Law; I'll e'en decently take a Purse and dye by the Law: And so Adieu.

N. T.

In Germanos ab alto ad Veronam, & ex imio in
Cremonam Prodeuntes.

Fulmine Cæsareo fretus Jovis Ales ab alto
Intonuit, sparsis nubibus ima petens;
Suctus humo Gallus miratur ab Æthere lapsum,
Cum, frustra invitis Alpibus, Hostis adest.
Enquoque Cadmeam stupe facta Cremona Cateruam!
Armatus tellus dum parit ipsa viros.
Crede mihi Italicis languescent Lilia Campis
Gallica, quando Hostes Terra Polusque ferunt.

*On the Descent of the Germans from the Alps to Verona
And their Ascent from the Aquaduct into Cremona.*

From parting Clouds, the German Eagle brings
Vindictive Thunder on Imperial Wings.
The Gallic Warrior from beneath descries
With wonder, while o'er Alps and Rocks he flies,
And levels at him from the Neighb'ring Skies.
But see Arm'd numbers, rising from below!
Cremona trembles while the Germans flow,
From opening Cavern on th' astonished Foe.

Believe

Believe me, *France*, your Lilly faintly grows;
 Nature ne'r fram'd it for th' *Italian* Snows
 'Twill never thrive, since Heaven and Earth oppose.

H. D.

A Prologue designed for Tamerlane, but never spoke, &c.
Written by Dr. G——.

TO Day, a mighty Heroe comes to Warm
 Your Curdling Blood, and bid you *Britains* Arm.
 To Valour much he owes, to Vertue more;
 He Fights to Save, and Conquers to Restore.
 He strains no Texts, nor makes Dragoons perswade;
 He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.
 Born for Mankind, they by his Labours Live;
 Their Property is his Prerogative.
 His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,
 And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.

Such, *Britains*, is the Prince that you possess,
 In Council greatest, and in Camps no less:
 Brave, but not Cruel; Wise, without Deceit;
 Born for an Age Curs'd with a *Bajazet*.
 But you disdaining to be too secure,
 Ask his Protection, and yet grutch his Power.
 With you a Monarchs Right is in dispute;
 Who give Supplies, are only Absolute.
Britain for shame, your Factious Feuds decline,
 Too long you've labour'd for the *Bourbon* Line:
 Assert lost Rights, an *Austrian* Prince alone
 Is Born to Nod upon a *Spanish* Throne.
 A Cause no less con'd on Great *Eugene* call,
 Steep Alpine Rocks require an *Hannibal*:
 He shows you your lost Honour to retrieve,
 Our Troops will Fight, when once the Senate give.
 Quit your Caballs and Factions, and in spight
 Of Whig and Tory, in this Cause unite.
 One Vote will then send *Anjou* back to *France*,
 There let the Meteor end his Airy Dance:

Else to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,
 (Ev'n Abdicated Gods were *Latin*'s Care:
 At worst, he'll find some Cornish Borough here.

An Ode, in Imitation of Horaces 14th of the 2d Book, beginning Eheu! Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, Labuntur Anni, &c. By J. H.

A LAs! How swift the Crowding Minutes pass!
 Alas! My Friend! How fast they fly,
Religion cannot stop the Glass,
 The running Sands keep still their undiverted pace,
 And Life ebbs out with mighty haste;
 Ev'n while I Write, I feel it waste;
 In vain we Arm with Piety!
 Prest with Religious Wrinkles we, decay;
 And spight of being Good, we grow devoutly Grey.

In vain, my Friend, you wou'd appease,
 The *Rigid Monarch* of th' *Eternal Jayl*:
 In vain you offer *Hecatombs* of Praise,
 Nor Prayer, nor Flame, nor Sacrifice avail;
Inexorable He will never yield:
 He who the Triple Monster slew,
 And *Tytius* too.
 At once the Load and Measure of the Field!
 In the same *Lethe* he will plunge what-e'er,
 The Fruitful Earth did ever bear,
 So that 'tis almost false to say they were.
 In the same Stream which must be past by all,
 In which the *Scythe* and *Scepter* undistinguish'd fall.
 In vain we sham the *Wars* tumultuous Noise
 Or the hoarse *Tempests* yet more dreadful Voice!
 In vain the *Mildews* of the Southern Sky,
 In vain the scatter'd *Blasts* which do in *Autumn* fly!
 For shou'd these fail, a surer way we go:
 Yes, we must Visit all Below.
 Gods! What is there prepar'd for all,
 Who in that Burning Lake *Eternally* shall fall!

There

There they will see the Fifty *Sister-Brides*,
 Their Murd'rous Beauties, and their *Leaky-Fate*;
 There *Syphis* whose Haggard Soul
 Is restless as the Stone he must for ever rowl:
 And all the *Damn'd* besides,
 And all the Punishments that on them wait.

Our Mother Country *England*: This Rich City too;
 And the *Dear She*, whom you so Love:
 And all the Trees, and all the Pleasures of the Grove
 All, all! *Ah, Cruel Law!* All must be left behind!
 Which tho' they can't their flitting Master save,
 They might attend him to the Grave:
 But none, Alas! Will be so kind,
 None will your dismal Fate pursue,
 But the more dismal *Cypress* and the *Yew*!
 Your *Heir* shall then profusely Spend
 The Guarded Treasure of the Vine,
 Which with a Hundred Locks you did so long Defend.
 And the Proud *Pavement* Die with Juice Divine;
 More Rich than that which does the Revels Bless,
 Of Glutton Priests when they their Solemn Feasts profess.

This following Letter, was Written in Behalf of the Parishoners,
 to a Minister, who used several hard Words in his Sermon, by a
 Gentleman, who Accidentally came into his Church and heard them.

To the most Deuteronomatical, Polidoxologist, Pantaphilological,
 Linguist Mr. A. B. Archi-Rabbi-Sophi, Phenodand, Diotre-
 phes de Huntsby.

S I R,

THE Unanimous, and Humillimous Desiderations, as well of your
 Parochin as Hiccubiquetarian, Illiterate, Semipaganian Audi-
 tors submissively Demonstrate; That, Whereas your spacious Pro-
 emiums, and specious Introductions of premis'd Perspicuity in Præ-
 dication, doth inveigle our Affections for the Meliorating of our
 Minds;

Minds; and Indoctrinating our Agricolated *Intellects*, and to Arro-
gate our Arrommattick *Organs*, and Infix our *Ophthalmes*, for the bet-
ter Inhibition of the Stellicides of your Beatifying Instructions;
whilst through the Colliginous Sublimity of internexed *Conundrums*
Tonitruating with *Obstreperous Cadences*. We rather Inanimate, and
Obfuscate, than Illuminate and Seientificate our *A-b-c-darian Concep-*
tions; that commonly we return as plentifully Unedify'd, as when
we came. We therefore out of the Sence of our Souls Good, and
Benefitting by your Ministry, *en bon Esperance*, that your Urbanity
will not be exasperated at the Presentation of these our Cordial
Desires, do from the Nadyr of our Rusticity, Almecanthorize to
the very Zenith of your Unparrallel'd Sphere of Activity in Chino-
technologizing, that your Ingenious Genins would be placentiated to
Nutriate our Animal Appetites with Intelligible Theology, suitable
to our most Paidonatical Apprehensions; and to recondite your
Sacroconduite Locutions for more Scholastick Austultators and Scho-
lists; while our selves, second-selves, Junior Ones and Servants, all of
Ignoramus's Off-spring; hear you evaporate in Lycophronian *Can-*
tharus and *Gygantize* in *Pharigenous Raptures*, Words, we never met
with in Holy Writ, as Coralleris, Ephemeris, and such other Syffe-
gifts of Heterogeneal Language; that without Dilucidation of their
Genuine Signification, We lose the Gravy, and System of your
Doctrine; and our common Sence is wond'ring at the Words we
Understand not; being therefore Augustiated with a Pannick Timi-
dity of another *Babell's* Restoration, or least some Sesquipedalian
Saltembanco should be Circumferenate, or the Spagirick Bombast of
Helienbiem, have experimented a Metempsychosis to repuzzle the
Quintessentials of our Ingeniosities, with more Amalgama's, Coho-
bations and Fixations; we were told it was St. *Austins* saying, *Malle-*
ut Reprehendant Grammatici, quam non Intelligent populi; and we wish
it may be your Practice: And now Eximious, Sir, we Supplicate
your Clemency not to look upon these Lines, as Derogatory to your
most exquisite Parts; for we rather Magnifie such Egregious Acqui-
sitions, as being very Suitable and much in request; and of such *So-*
lomons Exclamations doe well; otherwise, St. *Paul's* Exprobation of
Barbarism, may be injected, or the help of an Interpreter required.
Qui Cognitur Lingua Ignota Seipsum edificat, nam sibi Benefaciat, sed
alii non edificantur; sed Verbum Sat sapiento: And thus having Co-
pulated our Plebeian Endeavours, we exosculate the Subumbration of
your Subligacies, and sooner shall the Surges of the Sandiferous Sea
ignifie

ignite and evaporate, than the Cone of our Duty be in the least in-
concatenate or dissolv'd, always wishing your Health and Happiness,
&c.

A Paradox in Praise of War.

PEace, thou Corrupter of Mortality,
Mother of Shame and base Security :
Whose Beggar'd Womb so many Bastards brings,
Three parts must Starve; the rest, like Demy-Kings,
Reign o'er their Brothers, all maligne their Birth
To have one Father, yet are Slaves on Earth.
Aid me, ye Powers, whose influence got you Fame,
To rip the Womb of *Peace*, and shew her Shame :
Peace makes fair Show, but yet 'tis foul within,
Peace like to Rivers feeds a Sea of Sin.
Let War in Foreign Lands hunt drowzie *Peace*,
And in a just Cause Mans Renown Increase.
'Tis wholesome, War dissolves the cause of Sin,
Men best Repent when Dangers near begin
To show their Faces; but while *Peace* does hold,
Our Strength is Weak, and our Devotion cold.
Safety from Worldly Danger makes Men think,
They that stand fast on Earth, shall never sink.
The Countrey Miser who his Bags preserves,
And feeds him Fat while many Thousands Starves,
Is thus occasioned by this Sloathful *Peace*,
Which lessens Vertue, to make Vice increase.
'Tis fearless *Peace*, makes pleasure Mans chief God,
We want both Sight and Feeling of Wars Rod.
That Land more happy is that War doth nourish,
Causing the World in better State to flourish.
For danger makes us fear a sudden end,
War sads the Soul because it did offend.
The fear of Danger makes each Man prepar'd,
And of his ill-past life to have regard.
Danger calls Conscience to a strict Account,
Repentance makes a heavy Soul to mount.
'Tis soft Security lulls Men in Sin,
Where only Heav'n is Earths delight to win.

'Tis

'Tis Idle Peace that breeds in us such Faction,
 As kills at Home for want of Foreign Action.
 The Valiant Man does hence his Fame increase;
 Maintains himself by War, grows poor by Peace.
 Hence flow the Fountaines of deſted Vice,
 Sloath, Luſt, Deceit, and filthy Avarice.
 Extortion, Uſury, and Gains exceſs,
 Gripping the Substance of the Fatherleſs :
 So they by uſe or fraud their Bags may fill,
 In Shew of Goodneſs they'll Commit all Ill;
 Cheat their own Brother to get Worldly Droſs,
 And make them Poor by Law, who ſuch dares croſs.
 For this Almighty Gold is of that force,
 As Muffles Juſtice, and Exiles Remorſe.
 Gold in theſe Times can turn the Wheel of Fate,
 And make them beſt Belov'd who merits Hate.
 Gold can make Peace joyn Hands of deadly Foes,
 Gold can make War again, Wound Peace with Blows.
 'Tis Peace that makes this *Indian* God Ador'd,
 This Golden Calf their Sovereign and Lord.
 Gold in the Soul breeds ſuch an Alteration,
 As Men deſire it more than their Salvation.
 Some cut Mens Throats for Gold, Commit all Evils,
 Gold makes them Gods on Earth, and in Hell Devils.
 Peace makes Religion Faint, and not regarded,
 Vertue a Beggar, Learning unrewarded.

The Occaſion of what enſues is a Youth, whom Nature has choſen her Familiar and Favourite, in whom her ſelf ſupplies the Inſtructions of a *Kneller*, and Communicate her Reſemblance to the Modesty of 12 Years old, with more Freedom, than to the daring Eyes of an advanc'd Judgment, and leſs Innocent Obſervations. Who preſented with an Inſtance of this maxing Minority, while I have returned my Thanks in Miniature, and compriz'd my Inclination to gratify Him in a Draught of his Art, or a Poetical Abridgement of its Value by the Extimation of Ages.

On the Art of Painting.

AS when the Charms of Harmony we hear,
 The list'ning Soul straight hast'ns to the Ear:
 Each Passion quavers, hangs on every String,
 Glows with Delight, and Soars with eager Wing;
 Or as the *Muse* in grateful numbers Chains
 The willing Fancy with prevailing Strains:
 The Judgement's Raptur'd, and the tow'ring Mind
 Is Lull'd, in soft Captivity resign'd,
 Like *Linnetts* mounted by the *Southern-Wind*.
 Nor less the Pencil charms the wond'ring Sight,
 With various Scenes of different Delight,
 And makes ev'n Shades give Beauty to the Light.
 O *Zeuxis* 'twas a difficult Deceit,
 Mistaken Birds Ingeniously to Cheat,
 And baulk their Hunger with a Painted Treat.
 To mimick Nature to a Prodigy;
 Elude the Nicest Searches of the Eye:
 So *Rome* does boast a Wonder in a Fly;
 Equal to that of the *Escorial*,
 Where Art in Miniature surpasses all:
 Which while we view, we touch, and wondering stand,
 Affront the little Creature with the Hand;
 W'are sure 'tis meer Creation; then 'tis blown;
 The Eye's surpriz'd, and wonders 'tis not gone.
 Oh the amazing Schemes of Humane Thought!
 The Reach to which aspiring Fancy's wrought!
 Myriads of pleasing Scenes detain the Sight,
 And strike the Senses with a strong Delight.
 Colours can figure what Omnipotence
 Has fram'd, and shewn within the verge of Sense:
 The greenest Beauties of the smiling Earth,
 And Od'rous Flowers which thence derive their Birth,
 All the whole Class of Wings that grace the Groves,
 And tune the Songs that *Amaryllis* loves:
 The busie Ant, and the industrious Bee,
 Where Heav'n is seen in as Sublime Degree

As in the Terror, of the *Affric* Sands;
 Or the vast Tyrant that the Main commands.
 The numerous Features that our Beauties frame,
 (Angels we know, are figur'd by the same)
 Those that have charm'd the Pencil, and the Muse,
 Ev'n *Cæsar* with an humble Scepter sues.
Clarinda, Cbloë, Cælia, whose Renown
 Has cull'd 'em out to grace a Female Throne,
 And add the greatest Lustre to the Crown.
 And ev'n the awfull Majesty of Man,
 When He surveys the Extent of his Reign,
 He Levels the Creation with a Word,
 While prostrate Nature trembles at her Lord.
 All these our Art produces to the Eye,
 And gives to each his native Livery.
Titian shall Reign, in lasting Colours live,
 Beyond the *Loure*, and *Versailles* survive.
 The Cabinets of Kings do boast his Art
 And struggling *Cæsars* strive to get a Part,
 The least Performance of his mighty Skill:
 Ages are gone, and he's unequal'd still:
 Imperial Eyes view his Judicious Hand,
 And gazing Monarchs fix'd with wonder stand.
 The Vilest Emmet that by him is shown,
 Exceeds the Richest Jewel of a Crown:
Exchequers Labour to procure the Sum,
 And drain'd, can scarce to equal Value come:
 An Insect cou'd create an Embassy,
 The Legate hastes to please a Royal Eye,
 And Millions must be given for a Fly.

The Play-House: A Satyr. By T. G. Gent.

Near to the *Rose* where Punks in numbers flock,
 To pick up Cullies, to increase their Stock;
 A Lofty Fabrick does the Sight invade,
 And stretches round the Place a pompous Shade;
 Where sudden Shouts the Neighbourhood surprise,
 And Thund'ring Claps, and dreadful Hissings rise.

Here

Here Thrifty R—— hires Monarchs by the Day,
 And keeps his Mercenary Kings in Pay;
 With deep-Mouth'd Actors fills the Vacant Scenes,
 And drains the Town for Goddesses and Queens:
 Here the Lewd Punk, with Crowns and Scepters Grac'd,
 Teaches her Eyes a more Majestick Cast;
 And Hungry Monarchs with a numerous Train,
 Of Suppliant Slaves, like *Sancho*, Starve and Reign.

But enter in, my Muse, the Stage survey,
 And all its Pomp and Pageantry display;
 Trap-Doors and Pit-falls, from th' unfaithful Ground,
 And Magic Walls, encompass it around:
 On either side maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
 And Intermixt with Brothell-Houses rise;
 Disjointed Palaces in order stand,
 And Groves Obedient to the movers Hand,
 O'er shade the Stage, and flourish at Command.
 A Stamp makes broken Towns and Trees entire:
 So when *Amphion* struck the Vocal Lyre,
 He saw the Spacious Circuit all around,
 With crowding Woods, and Neigh'ring Cities Crown'd.

But next the Tying-Room survey and see,
 False Titles, and promiscuous Quality,
 Confus'dly swarm from Heroes, and from Queens
 To those that Swing in Clouds and fill Machines,
 Their various Characters, they chose with Art,
 The Frowning Bully fits the Tyrants part:
 Swoln Cheeks, and Swaggering Belly makes a Host,
 Pale meager Looks, and hollow Voice, a Ghost;
 From careful Brows, and heavy down-cast Eyes,
 Dull Cits, and thick-scul'd Aldermen arise:
 The Comick Tone, inspir'd by F——r draws
 At every Word, loud Laughter and Applause:
 The Mincing Dame continues as before,
 Her Character's unchang'd, and Acts a Whore.

Above the rest, the Prince with mighty stalks
 Magnificent in Purple Buskins walks:
 The Royal Robe his Haughty Shoulders grace,
 Profuse of Spangles and of Copper-Lace:

Officious Rascalls to his mighty Thigh,
 Guiltless of Blood th' unpointed Weapon tye:
 Then the Gay Glittering Diadem put on,
 Pondrous with Brass, and Starr'd with Bristoll stones;
 His Royal Consort next consults her Glass,
 And out of twenty Boxes culls a Face;
 The Whit'ning first her Ghastly Looks befmears,
 All Pale and Wan th' unfinish'd Form appears;
 'Till on her Cheeks the Blushing Purple Glows,
 And a false Virgin Modesty bestows.
 Her ruddy Lips the Deep Vermillion dyes;
 Length to her Brows the Pencils touch supplies,
 And with black bending Arches Shades our Eyes.
 Well pleas'd at length the Picture she beholds,
 And Spots it o'er with Artificial Molds;
 Her Countenance compleat, the Beaux she warms.
 With looks, not hers; and spight of Nature, Charms.

Thus Artfully their Persons they disguise,
 'Till the last flourish bids the Curtain rise.
 The Prince then enters on the Stage in State;
 Behind, a Guard of Candle-Snuffers wait:
 There swoln with Empire Terrible and fierce,
 He shakes the Dome, and tears his Lungs with Verse:
 His Subjects Tremble, the Submissive Pit,
 Wrapt up in Silence and Attention sit;
 Till freed at length, he lays aside the weight,
 of Publick Business, and Affairs of State:
 Forgets his Pomp, Dead to Ambitious Fires,
 And to some peaceful Brandy-Shop retires;
 Where in full Gills his Anctious thoughts he drowns,
 And quaffs away the care that waits on Crowns.

The Princess next her pointed Charms displays,
 Where every look the Pencils Art betrays
 The Callow 'Squire at distance Feeds his Eyes,
 And silently for Paint and Patches Dies:
 But if the Youth behind the Scenes Retreat,
 He sees the blended Colours melt with heat,
 And all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat.
 The borrow'd Visage he admires no more,
 And Nauseates every Charm he lov'd before.

So the same Spear, for double force Renown'd
Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.

In tedious Lifts 'twere endless to Engage,
And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage,
Where one for twenty Years, has giv'n Allarms,
And call'd Contending Monarchs to their Arms;
Another fills a more Important Post,
And rises every other night a Ghost.
Thro' the cleft Stage, his meager Face he rears
Then Stalks along, Groansithrice, and Disappears;
Others with Swords, and Shields, the Soldiers Pride,
More than a thousand times have chang'd their Side,
And in a thousand fatal Battles Dy'd.

Thus several Persons, several Parts perform;
Pale Lovers whine, and Blustering Heroes Storm.
The Stern exasperated Tyrants, rage,
Till the kind Bowl of Poyson clears the Stage.
Then Honours vanish, and Distinctions cease;
Then with Reluctance, haughty Queens undress.
Heroes no more their fading Lawrells boast,
And mighty Kings, in private Men are lost.
He, whom such Titles Swell'd, such Power made proud,
To whom whole Realms, and Vanquish'd Nations bow'd,
Throws off the Gaudy Plume, the purple Train,
And is in *Statu quo*, himself again.

*To my Ingenious Friend Mr. B. H. on the Advancement of
Poetry: Occasion'd by an Edition of his.*

WHen yet the World was Young, and Nature New;
Ere many Days had sprang from Early Dew;
When Beauty dawn'd, and did first Mankind warm,
And Love it self was but an Infant-Charm,
We boast our Art: Cœval with the Stars;
The Birds first taught it to the wond'ring Spheres:
This the first Essay: Man at last was Taught,
He adds a Soul, and dresses in with Thought:

From

From thence 'twas handed down by rolling years,
 Th' Allay of Grief, and Enemy to Cares.
Homer the Antient'st, freshest Lawrel wore,
 (The first Refiner of the Noble Ore)
 Thence many Bards commenc'd, have had their Reign;
 From *Latin Virgil*, to our *English Ben*.
 But when great *Cowley* did the Age allure,
 We fear'd a Zenith, and the Muse mature.
 But Sir, we see 'tis your design'd improve,
 The Pitch of Fancy, and th' Extent of Love.
 Smooth, as the strokes of softest *Titian*, flows
 Each Verse, when how *Adonis* looks, he shows;
 Each Period Triumphs, while you strike the Lyre,
 Promotes a Noble, not a Sordid, Fire,
 And regulates, as well as moves Desire:
 And chaste as Infants Dreams, creates an Heat,
 With Honour, fervent; without Blemish, great.

H. D.

On the Preference of Oronoko Tobacco by the Dutch.

View those that frequent the *Virginia* walk,
 Where each Nation concurs to the Politick talk;
 Where Gallic, and Belgic, and Brittish, all those,
 Whose Traffic's discern'd by the Skill of the Nose;
 When the Cargo's arriv'd, and the Waves have been kind,
 In transporting the Smoak by a favourable Wind;
 Each hastes to the Key, and with exquisite Smell,
 The Plant and its Growth by its Odour can tell;
 They snuff'd up the Scent as the *Spaniards* their Snuff,
 This is Damag'd, that's Heavy, this not worth a Rush.
 Amidst all the rest *Van Ul*—draws nigh,
 And finds the neat Leaf that pleases the Eye;
 He seizes; lest other *Dutch* Customers court it;
 And for *Holland* large Trowzers prepare to Transport it.
 Away flies the Smoke out of sight of the Bridge,
 To warm the *Dutch* Troopers for the *Keyserwaert* Siege;

The

The *Amsterdam* Beaus what's pretty admire,
 And the *Indian* Pipe above others desire;
 When the Weed and its Instrument both please the Eyes,
 It must needs be diverting, and mount up the Price.

Well, Let Stadtholders Smoke it, we *Britains* deny,
 That's always the best, that engages the Eye;
 If this be a Rule, then Fops must be wise,
 And the Man by his Shape, at this rate we must prize;
 We shall Forfeit our Charter to the Sex that is fine,
 And our Lawrels of Wit to the Pretty'st resign.
 But let the Dutch move in their Spheres as they please,
 We'll confute 'em no more at th' Expence of our ease:
 If we gain by their Trade, we'll not question their Sense,
 Let them have their Humours, if we have their Pence,

H D.

The D A W N:

Done out of Latin. Statius lib. 1.

NOW from the Eastern Quarter of the Sky
Aurora Dawns, and Lazy Shadows fly
 From off the Globe; and as aloft she ~~g~~ew,
 Wakes Sleepy Nature with refreshing Dew;
 Streak'd with the Amorous Sun who closely does pursue.
 And now far off she sees the Loitering Flames,
 Of *Phosphor* glimmering with his Farewel Beams,
 And loth to go, wou'd still Usurp the Sphere,
 And stays, and Lazily does dis-ap-pear,
 Till the Sun dazzles with Imperious Ray,
 And makes the Moon obediently Decay,
 Then fills the Heavens, and distributes Day.

H. D.

In

In Animi Tranquillitatem.

HEV! Misera Humana quanta hæc ludibria Vitæ!
Cuncta sub incertis nescia stare Polis.
 Tuta via ad requiem est, & dux ad gaudia Cœli,
 Immota varios mente subire status.
 Fert animus me velle nihil, nullumq; colorem,
 Abnuere, aut summi jussa verenda Dei:
 Sic ego Seraphicos egisse per omnia Soles
 Fata, sacro fultus numine, certus ero.

On CONTENT:

Done out of Latin.

Oh! the surprising Storms, and numerous Train,
 Of Woes that Crowd upon unsettl'd Man!
 The solid Rest that rivals that above,
 Is firm, in all the shapes of Change, to prove.
 I'm fixt, with constant Smiles to undergo,
 Th' Eternal Will with a submissive Brow:
 So shall Seraphick Ease, and Joys Divine,
 Possess my Soul, and be forever mine,
 This Sun shall ne'er be Clouded, nor decline.

H. D.

E T E R N I T Y;

SHou'd the whole Art of growing Numbers stand,
 Stars, Thoughts, Leaves, Emmets, Minutes, Drops, and Sand;
 All Matter, Water, Earth, Fire, Air, and all
 Past, Present, Future, into Atoms fall:

Anc

And all Mankind that was, is, is to come,
 Angels, all Creatures, joyn to count the Sum;
 And count from the Creation to the Doom.
 Ages, Worlds, Thousands, Myriads, Millionize,
 Fatigue Conception, 'twill not all comprize
 Thee, O *Eternity*: Then Friend, be Wise.

Au Roy Franc,ois.

Contemple tu, Monarque, la poudre de ton frere,
 Les malhereuses reliques de ton ami d' *Angleterre*;
 Conte les tombeaux que l' Epee du grand *Eugene*
 A fait faire pres le *Po* pour les Guerriers de la Seine.
 Tu seras, dans peu de tems, dans le Royaume tenebreux
 D'un plus Grand Roy que toy, quoy que non plus facheux.
 Les vers pour ton Cerveau, se preparent & s'avancent
 Se moquant d'un plus Haut des Politiques de *France*.
 Il me semble que je vois leur mellee, & leur guerre,
 Pour la tete du Grand *Louis* dans les entrailles de la Terre.
 (Pour la Tete qui trouble l' *Europe*, & tout le Monde)
 Centre mæandreux de la Tyrannie profonde.
 Ils tombent l'un sur lautre dans vne hydeuse Confusion,
 Comme les Franc,ois dans la nuit tres Illustre de *Cremone*.
 Mais cet Horreur est digne de pensee religieuse,
 Et de rendre notre Muse prudente, & serieuse,
 Quand le Roy des tenebres son frere frapera,
 La Paix, et le Relache au monde il donnera.
 Quelle Joye pour *Madrid*, *Naples*, & *Barcellona*,
 La *Haye*, *Londres*, *Vienne*, *Mantoue* et *Verone*,
 De voir sous les pieds le Tyrannique Cerveau,
 Et la Cour de *France* suivant de *Versaille* au Tombeau;
 Un spectacle, apresent, a mon avis, le plus Beau.

H. D.

E

The

The Translation of the foregoing French, by the same.

To the French King.

SEE, thou Disturber of the Worlds Repose,
 Your rotting Brother warns you of your close.
 Your Brittish Friend too moulders in his Tomb,
 And wasted Armies call you to your Doom.
 What Shoals of Gallic Ghosts from Eugene's Sword,
 (Eugene, by whom our Dying Hope's restor'd)
 Fled thro' th' Italian Air, and Curs'd their Lord?
 But you must go, the Leveller of Kings
 Draws nigh Versailles, and the late Summons brings:
 While Worms, unkindier than your Maintenon,
 Wait for that Head swell'd with a double Crown;
 Impatiently expect the Destin'd Skull
 Of Schemes, and Thrones, and injur'd Treaties full.
 Methinks I see 'em revel in his Brain,
 Where Midnight Projects of dire Conclaves Reign;
 Mazes of Mischiefs to involve the Earth
 In Blood and Woe, which thence derive their Birth.
 Methinks I see 'em Skirmish for Le Grand;
 Each Royal Vein's by eager Reptiles drain'd,
 Confus'dly roving, like his Souldiers Flight
 Thro' their Cremona in the German Night.
 But oh! This Scene creates a Sacred Awe,
 Makes the Muse tremble while she strives to draw
 Our Nature Levell'd to that dreaded Law.
 But if that Grand Destroyer wou'd make haste,
 And spight of Fagon, make him Breathe his Last,
 The World from thence would find a time to Breathe,
 That's only hop'd for from that stroke of Death.
 Nations wou'd thank him for that grateful Blow,
 And Rescu'd Armies with their Standards bow:
 The Brittish, Belgic Neapolitan,
 The German, Spaniard, and the Mantuan.
 Cou'd we but see him safe within his Tomb,
 And France in Mourning for their Monarchs Doom,
 The Sight wou'd please beyond the Pomp of Rome:

While

*While Groves of Cyprus, and the Baneful Tree
Europe wou'd send, it's Sentiments to shew,
And heap 'em on him for a Grand Adieu.*

Left our Collection should have nothing of Royalty, or Loyalty in it, I have reviv'd what was Printed 10 years ago, upon his late Majesty that Soul of *Europe*: Designing a more Solemn Mausoleum to his Memory, as an Emblem of the Depth of our Woe, and the Height of our Gratitude: hoping a second Edition of our Zeal may create its Admission.

On the King.

HO W long must the Restorer of our State,
That Royal Engine of designing Fate
Toyl, the Concerns of Heaven to compleat?
In whose close Breast their Councils Brood secure,
And *Europe's* Welfare waits the mighty Hour;
Where *Lewis* Ruine yet in *Embryo* lies,
And whence kind Peace intends her sacred Rise.
Th' alluring Dictates of soft Ease he flights,
With *Jove* in Flame and Thunder he delights.
The Dooms of Nations He and Fate dispose,
The One decrees but what the Other does.
His Arms the Briny Empire late maintain'd,
And *Brittish* Waves with *French* Dishonour stain'd.
'Tis true, yet Conquest holds the question'd Ball,
As loth to let the mighty Lawrel fall;
Yet certain to adorn the *English* Brow,
Proceeds in Blood before she does bestow,
Like Heav'n and Fate in great Donations flow.
This won, then *NASSAU*, re-adorn your Crown,
Can you forgo *MARIA* for Renown?
So keen for Fame? Awhile the World delay,
After a Pause in *Albion's* Arms, convey
Your Sword as far as the Retreat of Day.
With *Brittish* Shields affright the Eastern Moon,
And Rob the *Indians* of their God the Sun.
Methinks I see already on the Loom
Revolving Years of the Third *Edward* come.
I see the Martial'd *Brittains* in a Line,
In *English* Helmets quaff the Conquer'd *Sene*,
While *WILLIAM's* Health goes round in tributary Wine.

I see his Pow'r thro' the won Realm diffuse,
 Now *Gallia* yields, and *Boileau* damns his Muse.
 He now on *Lewis* pleads an Irony,
 To you *NASSAU*, the transfer'd Praises fly.
 No trivial Statue shall thy Fame suffice,
 We'll raise *Colossi* to th' endanger'd Skies,
 And shew the Gods how *NASSAU*'s Vertues rise.
 Beyond where're the *Roman* Eagles flew,
 A Pitch the lingring *Cæsars* never knew.
 Blest be the Day when the long forming Years
 Disclos'd the Hero to the wond'ring Spheres.
 When first the Ocean knew its Infant Lord,
 The *Albion* Genius shook; the *Belgic* Lyons roar'd;
 Europe took Notice of the mighty Throw,
 And rev'rend Nature did with Homage bow.
 So fares the World when a *NASSAU* appears,
NASSAU! the Noblest Favour of the Stars.
 Nor a less Triumph signaliz'd the Time
 When first *MARIA* grac'd the *English* Clime.
 Fair, at her Birth, the Royal Beauty shone,
 As when, the President of Light, the Sun
 With Infant Lustre, and with new-born Ray
 Had shook off Chaos, and began the Day.
 The Conscious Planets joyn'd the Mighty Pair,
 Decreed by Fate the parted Globe to share.
 Wisely the Gods, for Virtues like their own,
 Preventing Censure, did provide a Throne;
 The Justice equal, and the Plea's the same,
 As they their Altars, these their Scepters claim.
 Yet what a loss of Pow'r had each sustain'd,
 Had distant *MARY* from her *WILLIAM* Reign'd?
 Less had their Grandeur, less their Empire grown,
 He'd wanted th' *English*, the the *Gallic* Crown.
 So two fair Planets that adorn the Sphere,
 With a less splendor, if a-part, appear:
 But when their dazzling Glories kindly joyn,
 With fiercer Vigour, greater State they shine.
 Nor can their Native Bounds their Rays contain,
 But o'er the subject World with mingl'd Beams they Reign.

