

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **John Arthur Phillips**

**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2004

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Cyder: Book I

-- -- Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo? Virg.

What Soil the Apple loves, what Care is due  
To Orchats, timeliest when to press the Fruits,  
Thy Gift, Pomona, in Miltonian Verse  
Adventrous I presume to sing; of Verse  
Nor skill'd, nor studious: But my Native Soil  
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.

Ye Ariconian Knights, and fairest Dames,  
To whom propitious Heav'n these Blessings grants,  
Attend my Laves; 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 moulder'd into Dust, and I become  
As I had never been, late Times may know  
I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who-e'er expects his lab'ring Trees shou'd bend  
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 bland  
Administer their tepid genial Airs;  
Naught fear he from the West, whose gentle Warmth  
Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming Womb,  
Invigorating tender Seeds; whose Breath  
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron Groves,  
Hesperian Fruits, and wafts their Odours 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  
Distill, from the high Summits down the Rain  
Runs trickling; with the fertile Moisture chear'd,  
The Orchats 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,  
Rejoycing 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 Colic Pangs,  
With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd, he'll roar,  
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholsome 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 Garners, 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 fault'ring Tongue.  
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan Ground,  
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel such,  
Willisian 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 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 Marcle-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 Neighbours Bounds transfer  
The goodly Plants, affording Matter strange  
For Law-Debates? If, therefore, thou incline  
To deck this Rise with Fruits of various Tastes,  
Fail not by frequent Vows t' implore Success;  
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring Glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike  
Her Gifts) an happy Soil shou'd be with-held;  
If a penurious Clay shou'd be thy Lot,  
Or rough unweildy 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 useless made; nor is there Land,  
But what, or of it self, 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, from afar the Traveller kens  
Astonish'd, how the Goats their shrubby Brouze  
Gnaw pendent; 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 Sampire, to excite the squeamish Gust  
Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground  
Not lye unlabour'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 Ills, 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 nurseling Grove  
Seems fair awhile, cherish'd with foster Earth:  
But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,  
It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, despond 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 Drought,  
Forgets not at the Foot of ev'ry Plant  
To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour  
A just Supply of alimental Streams,  
Exhausted Sap recruiting; else, false Hopes  
He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect  
Th' autumnal Season, but, in Summer's Pride,  
When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his Course  
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves  
Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men  
Perceive his Influence dire: sweltring they run  
To Grots, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek  
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 smoaky Mists, and Vapours damp,  
Then wo 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 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!) ingulft  
By the wide yawning Earth, to Stygian Shades  
Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder Days, e'er yet the Roman Bands  
Victorious, this our Other World subdu'd,  
A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls  
Sure mounded, and with numerous Turrets crown'd,  
Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat  
Of Kings, and Heroes resolute in War,  
Fam'd Ariconium; uncontroul'd, and free,  
'Till all-subduing Latian Arms prevail'd.  
Then also, tho' to foreign Yoke submiss,  
She undemolish'd stood, and even '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  
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 Tartarean Dregs,  
Sulphur, and nitrous Spume, enkindling fierce,

Bellow'd within their darksome Caves, by far  
 More dismal than the loud disploded 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 drew her humid Train aslope,  
 Crankling her Banks: And now the low'ring Sky,  
 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'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick 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 easie 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. Mean while, 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 satiate 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 unweildy 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 her destin'd Labours to persue.

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 Coleworts 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 Cucumer, 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: The Herefordian Plant  
Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,  
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes  
T' approach the Quince, and th' Elder's pithy Stem;  
Uneasie, 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.

Wouldst thou, thy Vats with gen'rous Juice should froth?  
Respect thy Orchats; think not, that the Trees  
Spontaneous will produce an wholsom 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: Ee'r-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 Trunc,  
Down rain th' impurpl'd 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 wou'd combine  
In happy Union; Others fitter deem  
The Sloe-Stem bearing Sylvan Plums austere.  
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe'er, what loss  
To try the Pow'rs of Both, and search how far  
Two different Natures may concur to mix  
In close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear?  
Thoul't find that Plants will frequent Changes try,  
Undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms  
Conjoin with others. So Silurian Plants  
Admit the Peache's odoriferous Globe,  
And Pears of sundry Forms; at diff'rent times  
Adopted Plums will aliene Branches grace;  
And Men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's Branch  
Large Medlars, imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month  
With Files of particolour'd Fruits, that please  
The Tongue, and View, at once. So Maro'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 Riphæan Race  
Mimic 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 Seed-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 Vapours bland  
It gently mitigates, Companion fit  
Of Pleasantry, and Wine; nor to the Bards  
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell  
Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.  
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 Cheese-Inhabitants observe, and how  
Fabricken their Mansions in the harden'd Milk,  
Wonderful Artists! 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 Seeds describ'd; Thou'lt wond'ring say,  
An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boasts.  
Thus All things by Experience are display'd,  
And Most improv'd. Then sedulously 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 slumbring. Wilt thou then repine  
To labour for thy Self? and rather chuse  
To lye 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  
Dissever: for the genial Moisture, due  
To Apples, otherwise mispends it self  
In barren Twigs, and, for th' expected Crop,  
Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od'rous Foliage shed,  
And gently harden into Fruit, the Wise  
Spare not the little Off-springs, 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  
Alloo 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 lyes,  
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid  
The preying Reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou  
Decline this Labour, which it self rewards  
With pleasing Gain, whilst the warm Limbec draws  
Salubrious Waters from the nocent Brood.

Myriads of Wasps now also clustering hang,  
And drain a spurious Honey from thy Groves,  
Their Winter Food; tho' oft repulst, again  
They rally, undismay'd: but Fraud with ease  
Ensnares the noisom 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 maist 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 hourly, preying on the Pulp  
Ceaseless; mean while the Apple's outward Form  
Delectable the witless Swain beguiles,  
'Till, with a writhen Mouth, and spattering Noise,  
He tastes the bitter Morsel, and rejects  
Disrelisht; not with less Surprize, then when  
Embattled 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 suddain Blaze  
Bursts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War  
In firy Whirles; full of victorious Thoughts,  
Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view Alcinous' Groves,  
The Pride of the Phæacian Isle, from whence,  
Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep,  
To Ariconium pretious Fruits arriv'd:  
The Pippin burnisht o'er with Gold, the Moile  
Of sweetest hony'd Taste, the fair Permain,  
Temper'd, like comliest Nymph, with red and white.  
Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth  
Peculiar, styl'd the Ottley: Be thou first  
This Apple to transplant; if to the Name  
It's 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, entrenched  
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 Russet, or the Cats-Head's weighty Orb,  
Enormous in its Growth; for various Use  
Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast  
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich Desert?

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 vain imploy their Roar, her Trunc 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 sit 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 Off-spring, that defies  
The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts!  
Yet let her to the Read-streak yield, that once  
Was of the Sylvan Kind, unciviliz'd,  
Of no Regard, 'till Scudamore's skilful Hand  
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 noble 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 supream; whose pulpous Fruit  
With Gold irradiate, and Vermilian 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; even I perceive  
Her sacred Virtue. See! the Numbers flow  
Easie, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous Juice,  
Hers, and my Country's Praises I exalt.  
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' extreamest 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 lye 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'er-shadow'd, to the thirsty Hind  
 Transporting Prospect! These, as modern Use  
 Ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compose,  
 Wholesome, 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  
 Chews 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 Hearth is fed  
 With copious Fuel; whence the sturdy Oak,  
 A Prince's Refuge once, th' æternal 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  
 Aws the divided World to Peace and Love.  
 Why shou'd the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast  
 Their harden'd Iron; when our Mines produce  
 As perfect Martial Ore? Can Tmolus' Head  
 Vie with our Safron Odours? Or the Fleece  
 Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare  
 With Lemster's silken 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' Stemm,  
High Chandois, that transmits Paternal Worth,  
Prudence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown,  
T' his Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peer!  
That, blest with hoary Vigour, view'st Thy self  
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 bless; 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 endures  
Patient Thy Absence, since Thy prudent Choice  
Has fix'd Thee in the Muse's fairest Seat,  
Where Aldrich reigns, and from his endless Store  
Of universal Knowledge still supplies  
His noble Care; He generous Thoughts instills  
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 preeminent  
Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to Burleigh's Fame.

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 Off-spring; 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 dignifie 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 what-e'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 Suit? 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 ev'ry 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 Glimpse,  
Catch suddain 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 pow'rful Beauty dares condemn,  
Exactest Work of Heav'n? He ill deserves  
Or Love, or Pity; friendless let him see  
Uneasie, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,  
As Stain of Human Race: But may the Man,  
That chearfully 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  
 Breaths Equity, and curbs too rigid Law  
 With mild, impartial Reason; what Returns  
 Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence  
 Freely vouchsaft, 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 extoll  
 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 Bands  
 Of ancient Friendship, cancell Nature's Laws  
 For Pageantry, and tawdy Gugaws. Some  
 Renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right  
 For Rule, and Power; and other's 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 stedfast Soul; rather debar'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; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,  
 Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.  
 If no Retinue with observant Eyes  
 Attend him, if he can't with Purple stain  
 Of cumbrous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,

Dazle the Croud, and set them all agape;  
 Yet clad in homely Weeds, from Envy's Darts  
 Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs  
 Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,  
 Dæmons, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day  
 Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.  
 But (as a Child, whose inexperienc'd Age  
 Nor evil Purpose fears, nor knows,) enjoys  
 Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere.  
 When Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls  
 The tardy Day, he to his Labours hies  
 Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease  
 Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search  
 Examines all the Properties of Herbs,  
 Fossils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth  
 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 aught that may improve  
 The moral Life; not sedulous 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 Baits 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 Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,  
 Poor eyeless Pilgrim! and if after these,  
 If after these another I may name,  
 Thus tender Spencer 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 Raptures, 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.

John Arthur Phillips

## Cyder: Book 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 Flow'rs;  
Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook  
This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,  
Of Wit, and Judgement ripe in blooming Years,  
And Britain's Isle with Latian Knowledge grace.  
Return, and let Thy Father's Worth excite  
Thirst of Preeminence; 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 Heav'n? 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 checque; 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 Plums, and what in Coat  
 Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;  
 Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant Nut,  
 And the Pine's tastful Apple: Autumn paints  
 Ausonian Hills with Grapes, whilst English Plains  
 Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.  
 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 Store  
 Diffuse Ambrosial Steams, than Myrrh, or Nard  
 More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry Beane!  
 Soft whisp'ring Airs, and the Larks 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 rejoyceth, 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, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.  
 Now, now's the time; e'er hasty Suns forbid  
 To work, disburthen 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 Sallow' entrench'd,  
 Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.  
 Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press  
 Long e'er the Vintage; but with timely Care  
 Shave the Goat's shaggy Beard, least 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' unweildy 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 pulpos 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 blith  
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team  
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant Eyes,  
Pleas'd with the medly Draught. Not shalt thou now  
Reject the Apple-Cheese, tho' quite exhaust;  
Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the Roots  
Of sickly Plants; new Vigor hence convey'd  
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 lye,  
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 replenisht yearly: He no more  
Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn  
The various Seasons, and by Skill repell  
Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,  
'Till the damp Lybian Wind, with Tempests arm'd  
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst  
His Cyder-Grove: O'er-turn'd by furious Blasts,  
The sightly 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 Turneps have debas'd their Wines,  
Too frugal; nor let the crude Humors dance  
In heated Brass, 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 cheerful 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 Avengence, such as over-took  
A Miser, that unjustly once with-held  
The Clergy's Due; relying on himself,  
His Fields he tended with successless 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; e'er Icy Crusts surmount  
The current Stream, the heav'nly Orbs serene  
Twinkle with trembling Rays, and Cynthia glows  
With Light unsully'd: Now the Fowler, warn'd  
By these good Omens, with swift early Steps  
Treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and Glades  
Offensive to the Birds, sulphureous Death  
Checques their mid Flight, and heedless while they strain  
Their tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead  
O'er-takes their Speed; they leave their little Lives  
Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The Woodcocks early Visit, and Abode  
Of long Continuance on our temperate Clime,  
Foretell a liberal Harvest: He of Times  
Intelligent, th' harsh Hyperborean Ice  
Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns  
Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backward wings his Way  
To Scandinavian frozen Summers, meet  
For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more  
Than frequent Snows: O, may'st Thou often see  
Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain,  
Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within  
The porous Wet, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore  
A moderate Wind; the Orchat loves to wave  
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'rful 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 Corinthians, now the Rasps supply  
Delicious Draughts; the Quinces now, or Plums,  
Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian Fruit  
Are prest to Wines; the Britons squeeze the Works  
Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs  
Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs  
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient Sires.

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent  
To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou'dst brew;  
Besides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and Bush  
Affords Assistance; ev'n afflictive Birch,  
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills  
A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,  
Profuse of nursing Sap. When Solar Beams  
Parch thirsty human Veins, the damask't 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  
Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart  
Present Redress, and lively Health convey.

See, how the Belgæ, Sedulous, and Stout,  
With Bowls of fat'ning Mum, or blissful Cups  
Of Kernell-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 cheering 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  
Enabl'd to prevent the suddain 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 Thrascias' 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 compells 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,  
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton Plant  
With downy-sprouting Vests arrays! Their Woods  
Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once  
Celestial Food, and Nectar; then, at hand  
The Lemmon, 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 suddain Shock  
A Ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,  
Th' astonish'd Mariners ay ply the Pump,  
No 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 hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes  
Are frustrate, shou'dst Thou think thy Pipes will flow  
With early-limpid Wine. The horded Store,  
And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun's  
Kind strenghtning 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 Streams  
(Each mutually correcting each) create  
A pleasurable Medly, of what Taste  
Hardly distinguish'd; as the show'ry Arch,  
With listed Colours gay, Or, Azure, Gules,

Delights, and puzzles the Beholder's Eye,  
That views the watry Brede, with thousand Shews  
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 sundry Vines  
Assum'd the Flavour; one sort counterfeits  
The Spanish Product, this, to Gauls has seem'd  
The sparkling Nectar of Champagne; with that,  
A German oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn,  
Deluded, that Imperial Rhine bestow'd  
The Generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd,  
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-press'd Husks is freed, thou must refrain  
Thy thirsty Soul; let none persuade to broach  
Thy thick, unwholsom, undigested Cades:  
The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care  
Thy muddy Bev'rage to serene, and drive  
Præcipitant the baser, ropy Lees.

And now thy Wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all  
It's earthy Gross, yet let it feed awhile  
On the fat Refuse, least too soon disjoin'd  
From spritely, it, to sharp, or vappid change.  
When to convenient Vigour it attains,  
Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube  
Inflex't; 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 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 fusil 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 surprising Cube, or Sphære,

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 tastful Pippin, in a Moon's short Year,  
Acquire compleat 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. Stiom, firmest Fruit,  
Embottled (long as Priameian Troy  
Withstood the Greeks) endures, e'er justly mild.  
Softened 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' Intemperance grow a while 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  
Imparts his smoaking 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  
Encrease their Joy. As, from retentive Cage  
When sullen 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.  
E'er Heav'n's emblazon'd by the Rosie 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 Redress, 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 Goal 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 Phœbus, with unmoisten'd Lips.  
 Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,  
 By parching Thirst allur'd: With vehement Suns  
 When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,  
 How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted Arch  
 Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign  
 To ply the sweet Carouse, remote from Noise,  
 Secur'd of fev'rish Heats! When th' aged Year  
 Inclines, and Boreas' Spirit blusters frore,  
 Beware th' inclement Heav'ns; now let thy Hearth  
 Crackle with juiceless Boughs; thy lingring Blood  
 Now instigate with th' Apples powerful Streams.  
 Perpetual Showers, and stormy Gusts confine  
 The willing Ploughman, 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 Mein,  
 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 spritely 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 sappy Boughs  
 Attire themselves with Blooms, sweet Rudiments  
 Of future Harvest: When the Gnoasian Crown  
 Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees  
 Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank  
 Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies  
 Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts

Exhilarate 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 persue 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 Clamour, and mad Rant:  
 Distrust, and Jealousie 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 opprest,  
 Descending careless from his Couch; the Fall  
 Luxt his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruis'd.  
 Nor 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,  
 Wrought by Intemperance, joint-racking Gout,  
 Intestine Stone, and pining Atrophy,  
 Chill, even when the Sun with July-Heats  
 Frys the scorch'd Soil, and Dropsy all a-float,  
 Yet craving Liquids: Nor the Centaurs Tale  
 Be here repeated; how with Lust, and Wine  
 Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls  
 At feasting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard  
 The British Isles, such dire Events remove  
 Far from fair Albion, nor let Civil Broils  
 Ferment from Social Cups: May we, remote  
 From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy  
 Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts  
 Enkindle 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 other's 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 Hero's, 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! O Charles! O Best of Kings!  
 What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed  
 On Thy Nativity, that Thou shou'dst fall  
 Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,  
 Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death  
 By those, Thy Mercy only wou'd have sav'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 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

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 Phœbus 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 every 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 Lyon-Hearted Richard, with his Force  
Drawn from the North, to Jury'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 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  
Mangl'd 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 English! 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; persu'd, in the sad Chace  
Ten Thousands ignominious fall; with Bloud  
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 Dissention 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 lead  
 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 Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points  
 Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you see  
 Barons, and Peasants on th' embattled Field  
 Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap  
 Promiscuously amast: with dismal Groans,  
 And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death  
 Some call for Aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd  
 In the fierce Shock, lye 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 Bloud;  
 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'ns chosen Fav'rite, first Britannic King.  
 To him alone, Hereditary Right  
 Gave Power supreme; yet still some Seeds remain'd  
 Of Discontent; two Nations under One,  
 In Laws and Int'rest diverse, still persu'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; strait 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 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 odorous Spoils  
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' Wealth,  
Pearl, and Barbaric Gold; mean while the Swains  
Shall unmolested reap, what Plenty strows  
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 Tasts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

John Arthur Phillips

## The Factory Girl

She wasn't the least bit pretty,  
And only the least bit gay;  
And she walked with a firm elastic tread,  
In a business-like kind of way.  
Her dress was of coarse, brown woollen,  
Plainly but neatly made,  
Trimmed with some common ribbon  
Or cheaper kind of braid;  
And a hat with a broken feather,  
And shawl of a modest plaid.

Her face seemed worn and weary,  
And traced with lines of care,  
As her nut-brown tresses blew aside  
In the keen December air;  
Yet she was not old, scarce twenty,  
And her form was full and sleek,  
But her heavy eye, and tired step,  
Seemed of wearisome toil to speak;  
She worked as a common factory girl  
For two dollars and a half a week.

Ten hours a day of labor  
In a close, ill-lighted room;  
Machinery's buzz for music,  
Waste gas for sweet perfume;  
Hot stifling vapors in summer,  
Chill draughts on a winter's day,  
No pause for rest or pleasure  
On pain of being sent away;  
So ran her civilized serfdom --  
Four cents an hour the pay.

"A fair day's work," say the masters,  
And "a fair day's pay," say the men;  
There's a strike -- a rise in wages,  
What effect to the poor girl then?  
A harder struggle than ever  
The honest path to keep;  
And so sink a little lower,  
Some humbler home to seek;  
For living is dearer -- her wages,  
Two dollars and a half a week.

A man gets thrice the money,  
But then "a man's a man,  
"And a woman surely can't expect  
"To earn as much as he can."  
Of his hire the laborer's worthy,  
Be that laborer who it may;  
If a woman can do a man's work  
She should have a man's full pay,

Not to be left to starve -- or sin --  
On forty cents a day.

Two dollars and a half to live on,  
Or starve on, if you will;  
Two dollars and a half to dress on,  
And a hungry mouth to fill;  
Two dollars and a half to lodge on  
In some wretched hole or den,  
Where crowds are huddled together,  
Girls, and women, and men;  
If she sins to escape her bondage  
Is there room for wonder then.

John Arthur Phillips

## The Splendid Shilling

-- -- Sing, Heavenly Muse,  
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime,  
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's Dire.

Happy 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,  
Chloe, or Phillis; he each Circling Glass  
Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.  
Mean while he smoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,  
Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.  
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,  
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  
Smoaks Cambro-Britain (vers'd in Pedigree,  
Sprung from Cadwalader 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' Arvonian Mart,  
Or Maridunum, or the ancient Town  
Eclip'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's Stream  
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful Soil,  
Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye  
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless Minutes tedious flow  
With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a Dunn,  
Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,  
To my aerial Citadel ascends;  
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,  
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  
Thrô sudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews  
My shud'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 Saints,  
Disastrous 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 stalks  
Another Monster, not unlike himself,  
Sullen of Aspect, by the Vulgar call'd  
A Catchpole, whose polluted Hands the Gods  
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms  
Erst have indu'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 Mony, Pallas sets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk beware,  
Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken  
This Caitif eyes your Steps aloof, and oft  
Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,  
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch  
With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)  
Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn  
An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye,  
Lyes nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,  
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice  
Sure Ruin. So her disembowell'd Web  
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchin spreads,  
Obvious 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, nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue;  
The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,  
And Butterfly proud of expanded wings  
Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,  
Useless Resistance make: With eager strides,  
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;  
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood  
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave  
Their bulky Carcasses 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 desperate 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 of Drink, and Eager in a Dream,  
Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale;  
In Vain; awake, I find the settled Thirst  
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,  
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays  
Mature, John-Apple, nor the downy Peach,  
Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,  
Nor Medlar, Fruit delicious in decay;  
Afflictions Great! yet Greater still remain:  
My Galligaskins that have long withstood  
The Winter's Fury, and Encroaching Frosts,  
By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!)  
An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice  
Wide, Discontinuous; at which the Winds  
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful Force  
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian Waves,  
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,  
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship  
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean Deep,  
Or the Ionian, 'till Cruising near  
The Lilybean Shoar, with hideous Crush  
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dang'rous Rocks)  
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,  
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,  
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side  
The crouding Waves Gush with impetuous Rage,  
Resistless, Overwhelming; Horrors seize  
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,  
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray:  
(Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves rush in  
Implacable, 'till delug'd by the Foam,  
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.

John Arthur Phillips