Classic Poetry Series

John Arthur Phillips

- 4 poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

John Arthur Phillips (1842-1907)

Carole Gerson (Canadian Poetry From the Beginnings Through the First World War [Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1994]: 112) notes that Phillips emigrated from Liverpool to Canada in 1865 and worked as a journalist, rising to the position of President, Ottawa.

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 Layes; 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 Marcley-Hill; the Apple no where finds
A kinder Mold: Yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful Ground: Who knows but that, once more,
This Mount may journey, and, his present Site
Forsaking, to thy 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 cliffy 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 darksom 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, dismaid
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
Fabrick 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, entrencht
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 occurr, 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 Glance,
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 chast, 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' wholsome 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 tastless 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 pulpous Mass, regale their Swine
With the dry Refuse; thou, more wise shalt steep
Thy Husks in Water, and again employ
The pondrous Engine. Water will imbibe
The small Remains of Spirit, and acquire
A vinous Flavour; this the Peasants 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 alway 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 strengthning 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 Avengeance, 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 Corinths, 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 Iërne, whose most wholsome 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 slopeing 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' exhilerating Fount. As, when
Against a secret Cliff, with soddain 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 strengthning 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 puzles 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 Champaigne; 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-prest 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
Inflext; 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. Stirom, firmest Fruit,
Embottled (long as Priameian Troy
Withstood the Greeks) endures, e'er justly mild.
Soften'd by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
Fallacious Drink! Ye honest Men beware,
Nor trust its Smoothness; The third circling Glass
Suffices Virtue: But may Hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by inchanting 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 unsupplanted 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 Gnossian 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

Exhilerate 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 Compotation, 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 Rebells! 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 Bloud. 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 witheld,
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 invelop, and th' inclement Air
Persuades Men to repel benumming 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 thrô 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