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# ELIZA:

An Epick

# POEM.

In Ten BOOKS.

B Y

Sir *RICHARD BLACKMORE*, Kt. M.D.

A N D

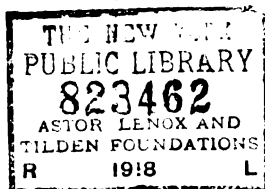
Fellow of the Colledge of Physicians in  
*LONDON.*

To which is annex'd,

An *I N D E X*, Explaining Persons, Coun-  
tries, Cities, Rivers, &c.

*L O N D O N:*

Printed for *Awnsham* and *John Churchill*, at the *Black Swan* in  
*Pater-Noster-Row.* 1705.



ROY W. E. M.  
CLUB  
YR. 1911

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# ELIZA:

A N

Epick POEM.

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## BOOK I.

---

LET, Heav'nly Muse, Enthusiastick Fire,  
With Heat Divine, my lab'ring Breast inspire ;  
That I may sing of Military Toil,  
And of the Queen, that rul'd the *British* Isle ;  
Who zealous pure Religion to defend,  
Did to the *Belgick* Shore her Cohorts send,  
To save reform'd *Batavia*, and restrain  
The persecuting Rage of superstitious *Spain*.

Stretching from *Slusa* to *Ostenda's* Strand,  
Whose Tow'rs the Soil and Seas around command,  
Ridges of high contiguous Hills arise,  
Divide the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies.  
Beneath, a Vale its Bosom does display,  
Oppress'd with Riches, and profusely gay ;  
Where Nature throws her Gifts with lavish Hand,  
And crowns, with flow'ry Luxury, the Land.

B

Fruits,



Fruits, Rivers, Meadows, Groves, and aeiry Plains  
Still ecchoing with the Lays of happy Swains,  
Lovely Confusion make, and charm the Eye  
With beautiful Irregularity.

The Land does far and wide her Coasts extend;  
And with a Kindness that becomes a Friend;  
With winding Shores, and sandy Arms restrain,  
Embrace and lull to Sleep the rough *Germanic* Main.

The Prince of Darkness, Monarch of the Air,  
Hither did oft from Hell's low Caves repair;  
Sometimes to give his raging Passion Vent,  
And ease the Troubles that his Soul torment:  
Or in the mild Retirement, to divert  
The Anguish and unfufferable Smart  
Of aking Sores, and Wounds incurable,  
Inflicted by Victorious *Michael's* Steel,  
Which he e'er since has felt, and must for ever feel.  
Sometimes beneath the Shade of spreading Trees,  
With a refreshing *Zephir's* gentle Breeze,  
Panting with Heat, he fans Infernal Flames,  
And with the Balmy Dews, and Crystal Streams,  
He cools his fester'd Limbs, and Ease acquires  
To Burns of dry, or Scalds of liquid Fires.  
Sometimes, to sooth his Torments, and assuage  
With some fresh Mischief, his insatiate Rage,  
He forms the Model of a new Design,  
Some Christian State or Realm to undermine:  
Faction in peaceful Kingdoms to create;  
Friendship destroy, and blow up mutual Hate.

To

To ruin Nations by destructive Vice,  
Now by Ambition, now by Avarice.  
Sometimes he thinks what new Reserves of Pain  
He'll next break up, what Stores of Torment drain.  
If Plague or Famine he shall next employ,  
Earth-quakes or Storms, ripe Nations to destroy.  
Blood, Desolation, Ruin, Ruptures, Wars,  
Hostile Invasions, or Intestine Jars,  
The Fall of Empires, persecuting Rage,  
And State-Convulsions his deep Thoughts engage.

Such were the Subjects which did entertain  
His anxious Mind; and press his lab'ring Brain ;  
When from the Hill, where then he did reside,  
He in the Vale *Britannia's* Youth descry'd.  
Soon as th' Apostate, with Seraphick Ken,  
Discover'd on their March, the Valiant Men,  
He with prodigious Malice, Envy, Hate,  
Vastly dilated, on the Mountain fate.  
Hell's rankest Vipers did their Rage exert,  
And fling th' Infernal Monarch to the Heart.  
The Flames of all the sulph'rous Caves beneath  
Did scorch his Breast, and interrupt his Breath.  
Flashes of Light'ning from his Eye-balls broke,  
And from his dreadful Nostrils Clouds of Smoke.  
Thus fir'd and swoln with Rage, did *Satan* glow,  
Like a hot Furnace on a Mountain's Brow.  
Such *Ætna* seems, so does *Vesuvius* look,  
When terribly adorn'd with Flames and Smoke.  
Then to himself thus the fall'n Angel spoke :

}  
From

From Heav'n this mild Terrestrial Orb I won  
With God-like Art, and Toil before unknown.  
The Monarchs of the Earth did me obey,  
In low Prostrations at my Altars lay.  
I was rever'd as Nature's Sovereign Lord,  
And as their God, by all Mankind ador'd.  
Only the Tribes that in *Judea* dwelt,  
Oppos'd my Throne, and my Resentment felt.  
Long I my Shrines, with Hymns and Incense cloy'd,  
In undisturb'd Tranquility enjoy'd ;  
'Till the Eternal's Co-eternal Son,  
From me, in part, my fair Dominions won :  
With Miracles of Pow'r he shook my Throne,  
And on my Empire's Ruins, rais'd his own.  
He did his new mysterious Creed enjoin,  
Reer'd his proud Temples, and demolish'd mine.  
Revolting Realms this stranger Lord obey'd,  
And by Contagion, Profelytes were made.  
His Evangelick Tribe, with formal Face,  
Affected Looks, and sanctify'd Grimace,  
Their up-start Superstition introduc'd,  
And from my Shrines my Votaries seduc'd.  
With swift Success they did their Churches plant,  
And the vile World began to Preach and Cant.  
Tho' the pure Ages of Antiquity  
Condemn the Christian, and decide for me ;  
Tho' all Mankind to me did then adhere,  
And cry'd, Can universal Judgment err ?  
Yet they, with promis'd Heav'nly Bliss, allur'd,  
My old Religion Catholick abjur'd.

They



They left my ancient Temples, to adore  
A God unheard of, and unknown before!

The Schism still more obtain'd; I took the Alarm;  
And to suppress the Sect, made haste to arm.  
Enrag'd, with Fire and Sword I did invade  
The Hereticks, who thus their Faith betray'd,  
And this curs'd Separation from my Altars made.

Now mighty Rome enjoy'd Imperial Sway,  
The World did her, and she did me, obey:  
Those, who her Throne possess'd, by me employ'd,  
The contumacious Schismatics, destroy'd.  
Breathing forth Rage and Death, at my Command,  
They drove the Canting Saints thro' ev'ry Land,  
Fir'd with a noble Zeal, they did proscribe  
Massacre, Ruin, Burn the Godly Tribe.

I lop'd the Gangreen'd Limbs, to save the Sound;  
Great was my Aim, but ineffectual found.  
Vast Numbers soon succeeded in the place  
Of ev'ry Head cut from this *Hydra* Race.  
The more by Force I did the Sect oppose,  
The more they flourish'd, and still higher rose.  
I did my Cause by these false Measures wrong,  
From one destroy'd, a thousand Christians sprung.

I finding now my doubtful Empire shake,  
Seeing my Honour, and my All at Stake,  
My Batt'ries chang'd, and dress'd a new Attack,  
Resolv'd to make them their own Fate procure,  
Sink them with Wealth, and ruin them with Pow'r.

What *Pagan* Princes did attempt in vain,  
I, by my Christian Pontiffs, did obtain.  
Thy Miter'd Sons, O *Rome*! I did inspire  
With my own Pride, my own Ambition's Fire.  
With Lust of Empire, Riches, and Renown,  
A double Sword, and more than double Crown.  
How soon did *Rome* receive my pow'rful Flame?  
How soon at Greatness and Dominion aim?  
She by a thousand Arts deriv'd from me,  
By her own Pains, and matchless Industry,  
And neighbour Monarchs ignominious Sloth,  
Did soon acquire a formidable Growth.  
My Creature, with a glorious Arrogance  
To the whole World, did her high Claim advance:  
She gain'd her Cause, the Nations Homage paid,  
Receiv'd her Yoke, and her Commands obey'd.  
The States around did to her Laws submit,  
And humble Monarchs bow'd, and kiss'd her Feet.  
From *East* to *West* she made her Thunder roll,  
And gather'd Tribute under either Pole.  
This Mistress of the World adorn'd with Gold,  
And *Tyrian* Purple glorious to behold;  
With *Orient* Pearl, and wanton *Persia's* Pride,  
The Keys of Heav'n suspended by her Side;  
In State ascended her Imperial Throne,  
And in her Splendor, as a Goddess shone.  
To be ador'd by all, the Empress' fate,  
And mock'd the Captive Kings, who on her Throne did wait:  
She, as she pleas'd, advanc'd, or pull'd them down,  
Rais'd with a Smile, or sunk them with a Frown.

I taught elated Pontiffs to forget  
 The Shepherd's Cottage, and the Fisher's Net:  
 Peter, poor Man! would stand amaz'd to see  
 His Successors adorn'd with Majesty,  
 Warriors of mighty Fame in Triumph lead,  
 And on the Necks of Captive Princes tread:  
 That Wealth and Plenty might support her Pow'r,  
 She, by a thousand Arts, did Gold procure:  
 By Holy Rapine, her Religious Lust  
 Did of their Blood the Nations round exhaust.  
 Towns pillag'd, Kingdoms ruin'd, States undone  
 By her brave Troops, enrich'd the Triple Crown.  
 The Purgatorian Indies were her own,  
 Richer than thine, O Spain! and still unknown,  
 Still undiscover'd, but to her alone.

Here Mines of unexhausted Treasures lie,  
 This Ophir's Golden Shores my Rome supply.  
 Hither each Year their num'rous Flotas come,  
 And loaden, bring prodigious Riches home:  
 They meet no Rocks or Tempests in their way,  
 No Corsairs e'er infest this peaceful Sea.  
 She cut, with indefatigable Toil,  
 Channels and Drains in ev'ry neighb'ring Soil,  
 Whose Streams their Treasure might from Home convey,  
 And roll their Golden Sands into the Roman Sea.  
 Her Fund of Merits yielded Sums immense,  
 Where Malefactors purchas'd Innocence:  
 She future Blifs for present Money sold,  
 Pardons retail'd, and barter'd Heav'n for Gold.

Proud



Proud *Rome* now Opulent and Potent grown,  
 I thought it time to make her all my own:  
 By me instructed, she from Errors freed,  
 Her ancient Model, and reform'd her Creed.  
 She cast Religion in a nobler Mould,  
 New Doctrines added, and expung'd the Old:  
 Doctrines invented, Empire to support,  
 Not to a Church adapted, but a Court.  
 By me, enlighten'd *Rome* did now complain,  
 That Christ's Religion was too coarse and plain:  
 That now 'twas time that homely Dress to quit,  
 Rather for Fishermen, than Monarchs fit,  
 So oft she chang'd her first Religion's Frame,  
 Till *Rome* again Old *Pagan Rome* became,  
 Nothing remain'd of Christian, but the Name,  
 To Carv'd and Molten Images they bow,  
 My *Pagan* Pomp, and Ceremonial Show;  
 My ancient Modes of Worship were restor'd,  
 Which the vile Sect in former Times abhor'd,  
 'To keep them stedfast to my Int'rest, I  
 First taught them to entrench themselves, and lay  
 In never to be forc'd Infallibility.  
*Rome's* Christian *Pagans* serv'd my Purpose more  
 Than all her Lay Imperial Heads before:  
 As fav'rite Friends, I did her Sons regard,  
 Nor fail'd their faithful Service to reward:  
 I flak'd with Wealth immense their mighty Thirst,  
 And with Dominion, their ambitious Lust.  
 Ecclesiastick Kings, a three-fold Crown,  
 And crozier'd Monarchs were before unknown.

Their

Their constant Service did from me procure  
These mighty Names, this high Imperial Pow'r.  
Have I advanc'd my Sons to such a height,  
Founded this Potent, Anti-Christian State,  
And shall I not uphold my Empire's Weight?  
Shall proud *Eliza's* impious Arts sustain  
Fanatick States, and break the Pow'r of *Spain*?  
And shall these Schismatics from *Rome* and *Hell*,  
Against me with Impunity rebel?  
Shall these *Calvinian* Hereticks succeed  
In this unjust, rebellious, impious Deed?  
No, Hell shall all its Pow'r and Skill exhaust,  
Before it sees *Iberia's* Empire lost.

Then from the Mountain's Brow, without delay,  
With his brown Wings out-stretch'd, he made his way  
To the low Realms unknown to Peace and Day.  
As when, a Town besieg'd, a flaming Bomb  
Discharg'd from some capacious Mortar's Womb,  
On its destructive Message swiftly flies,  
Inflames the Air, and terrifies the Skies:  
So swiftly *Satan* flew, and in his Flight,  
Left Clouds of Smoke behind, and Tracks of dismal Light.  
He plung'd himself amidst *Tartarean* Shade,  
And to his dusky Court in Wrath his Passage made.  
Demons and Furies at his Summons come,  
And fill the dire Infernal Council-Room.  
A Noise confus'd rose from the mingled Crowd,  
Like uniform'd Thunder, murm'ring in a Cloud:  
Their Prince ascends his Throne sublime, and late,  
Beneath a Sable Canopy of State.

Publick Concern dwelt on his anxious Brow,  
 And deadly Rage did in his Eye-balls glow;  
 Th' Assembly hush'd stood at their Monarch's Sight,  
 Still, as the peaceful Walks of ancient Night.  
 Thoughtful a while he sat, and unresolv'd,  
 And in his Mind the great Affair revolv'd  
 While deep Resentment, fierce Defiance, Care,  
 Gave to his Looks a vengeful, troubled Air.  
 Like a black Storm, th' Infernal Monarch frown'd,  
 And low'ring, cast his haughty Eyes around  
 Then from his Chair of State he Silence broke,  
 And thus th' assembled Senators bespoke:

You I convene, ye great Seraphick States,  
 To take my Measures from your Wise Debates,  
 For future Conduct in an high Affair,  
 That asks your deepest Thought, and utmost Care  
 When our great Foe by Art was overcome,  
 By turning *Christian* into *Pagan Rome*,  
 O'er *Europe's* Realms my Empire I regain'd,  
 And long in unmolested Triumph reign'd;  
 Till a proud Monk did in *Germania's* Land,  
 My Sovereign Will, and Sacred Pow'r withstand,  
 And *Nothern Europe* rent from my Command.  
 I, to extinguish this Phanatick Fire,  
 That blazing high, fresh Vigor did acquire;  
 Call'd all my zealous Servants to my Aid,  
 And on the raging Flame my *Roman* Engines play'd.  
*Batavia's* Provinces th' Infection took,  
 Espous'd the Rebels, and my Cause forsook.

From

From the Morasses of *Zelandia's* Illeg, and from the Fens of *Belgia's* Soil;  
 Of croaking Hereticks a monstrous Brood,  
 Like *Egypt's* Vermin, sprung from reeking Mud;  
 Arm'd on Pretence to set their Country free,  
 Rebell'd at once against their King and me.  
*Spain*, which did impious Heresie detest,  
 And Faith to me inviolate protest;  
 Highly enrag'd by her own Wrongs and mine,  
 With *Rome* and me, to crush them, did combine;  
 And now her Arms are ready to subdue  
 These up-start States, this high and mighty Crew:  
 But know, *Eliza's* Troops have cross'd the Main;  
 They march distress'd *Batavia* to sustain.  
 And must this Queen, whom from my Soul I hate,  
 From my Revenge, protect a Rebel State?  
 O Hell! O all ye Potentates below!  
 Shall we be vanquish'd by a Woman? For  
 To Female Force shall our brave *Spaniards* yield?  
 Driv'n by the Distaff, shall they quit the Field?

Say, O Angelick Warriors, did not we  
 Bear all the Fire of Heav'n's Artillery,  
 When we th' Almighty's Empire did invade;  
 When from their Lines Immortal Cannon play'd,  
 And thund'ring on our Host, prodigious Ruin made?  
 Did we once tremble? did we once decline  
 To Face their Batt'ries rais'd by Pow'r Divine?

And when by Arms Almighty beaten back,  
 Did we not rally, and renew our Attack?  
 Did we not rally, and renew our Attack?  
 Did we not rally, and renew our Attack?

Fatigu'd with Toil, and gall'd with hostile Fire,  
 We did in Order from th' Assault retire:  
 But left proud *Michael's* scarce Victorious Host,  
 For their dear Conquest no great Cause to boast.  
 And did our Youth with Courage so abound,  
 To charge such mighty Foes, tho' fenc'd around  
 With Crystal Works insuperably steep,  
 And with a dreadful Gulph, immensely deep,  
 And shall we tamely see *Eliza's* Arms  
 Disturb our Vot'ries? Shall her proud Alarms  
 Shake our high Domes, and Hereticks sustain  
 Against th' united Pow'rs of *Rome* and *Spain*?  
 Can Spirits, true to our Infernal State,  
 Who love Dominion, who Obedience hate;  
 Can Spirits of Divine and God-like Race,  
 Bear such a foul, indelible Disgrace?  
 How will insulting *Michael* scoff to see  
 Our Pow'r controul'd by such an Enemy?  
 All will hereafter our high Altars quit,  
 And to Triumphant Heresie submit:  
 All will our Ignominious Conduct blame,  
 All, with Contempt, will Hell's Commanders name.  
 You cannot such Reproach and Shame endure;  
 Speak then your Thoughts, how best we may secure  
 Our Priests and Vot'ries from *Eliza's* Pow'r.  
 Let us, if we from *Belgia* must retire,  
 First lay it all in Blood, or set it all on Fire.

*Chemosh* arose, a Prince of great Renown,  
 No bolder Chief assail'd th' Almighty's Throne;  
 Scarce greater Deeds by *Satan's* Arms were done.

Deform'd

Deform'd with Seams and Ignominious Scars,  
 From ghastly Wounds receiv'd in Heav'nly Wars;  
 Above the Demons that compos'd the Crowd,  
 The Potentate, Majestick Ruin, stood;  
 Elated in Destruction, proud in Hell,  
 He felt his Veins with Indignation swell;  
 He look'd around him with a haughty Air,  
 Th' Attention of th' Assembly to prepare,  
 And thus began. High *Seraphs*, this Debate  
 Concerns the Being of th' Infernal State:  
 'Tis of the last Importance to restrain  
*Eliza's* Pow'r, and guard our Friends of *Spain*.  
 We must exert the utmost Skill of Hell,  
 This to support, the other to repel.  
 I would, great *Satan*, to promote this End;  
 To *Caledonia* pow'rful *Mammon* send.  
 He, by his Arts, the *Scotians* may excite  
 To take just Arms to vindicate their Right.  
*Scotia* well-manag'd *Anglia* may embroil,  
 And with Intestine Wars distract the Isle.  
 Our Friends in either Kingdom potent are,  
 Disturb'd, uneasy, and dispos'd for War.  
 Our *Scotian* Lords may lead their Army forth,  
 And join our Loyal *English* in the North.  
*Eliza*, this joint Force to overcome,  
 Will be compell'd to call her Army home.  
 This will the *Belgian* of her Aid bereave;  
 And to th' *Iberian* easy Conquest leave.  
 'Tis hard on *Scotia's* Promise to rely,  
 But *Mammon* may her Sons with Treasure buy.

E

All



All things in *Scotia* are for Money fold,  
 There the most potent Deity is Gold.  
 He'll all our Papal Friends in *Scotia* find,  
 Of an unquiet, discontented Mind;  
 Ill pleas'd with *Anglia's* Queen, and much to Arms inclin'd;

He ceas'd : Then *Baal* did with Choler swell,  
 A fiercer Spirit was not found in Hell  
 Against his God in Arms he did engage,  
 And near to *Satan* charg'd scarce with inferior Rage:  
 With desp'rate Speech, his Maker he blasphem'd,  
 Revil'd his Conduct, and his Wrath condemn'd  
 To the great Ministers, to all the Bless'd  
 In Heav'n's high Court, his Malice he express'd :  
 He hated all the Chiefs, but *Michael* most,  
 The glorious Gen'ral of the Heavenly Host;  
 For his Victorious Arms their Force repell'd,  
 Broke their Designs, and the proud Faction quell'd :  
 Since that, he all the Foes of Heav'n caref'd,  
 And with his utmost Pow'r its Friends oppress'd ;  
 And thus th' Infernal Dyet he address'd :

'Tis well to you, Immortal *Seraphs*, known,  
 What Zeal to serve your Int'rest I have shown,  
 What Wounds I've felt, what Labours undergone :  
 Still the same Fire does all my Veins dilate,  
 Still the same Toil and Hazards I'll repeat ;  
 Tho' disappointed oft, I still declare  
 For bold Attempts in Arms, and glorious War.  
 In *Scotia's* mighty States can we confide ?  
 On her how oft have we in vain rely'd ?

If

If *Mammon* gains them by his *Golden Store*,  
 May not *Eliza* too, by proff'ring more?  
 Who can that State in Friendship long secure?  
 Why should your Minds to weak *Summises* yield?  
 How do you know *Spain* must to *Albion* yield?  
 Have they yet try'd their *Courage* in the *Field*?  
 Brave and Victorious is th' *Iberian* Host,  
 And have no Battel yet to *Britain* lost.  
 It will be time to think of *Scotia's* Aid,  
 When *Spain* by *Albion* vanquish'd, is dismay'd:  
 Mean time let our *Angelick* Cohorts Arm,  
 Let the loud Noise of War all *Hell* alarm;  
 Let us once more *Seraphick* Warriors wield  
 Immortal Arms, and bravely take the *Field*:  
 Let us for *Spain* against our Foes engage,  
 And on the *Britains* pour our deadly *Rage*.  
*Michael*, you'll say, his Squadrons will oppose;  
 Let him; we'll once more Face our Godly Foes:  
 Let us assail them once more with the *Sword*;  
 To Fight the Saints, some Solace will afford;  
 Revenge, Immortal Warriors, is the Word.  
 Of Mischief, you the greatest Sweetness know,  
 And from Revenge, what wond'rous Pleasures flow:  
 The only Pleasures which to *Hell* remain,  
 To sooth our Sores, and mitigate our Pain.  
 Draw out your valiant Legions in Array,  
 To Mischief and Revenge, I'll lead the way.

He ceas'd, and *Dagon* rose, a Prince serene,  
 Of Aspect mild, and of a winning Mein.

Tho'

Tho' scorch'd by Fire, and scarr'd by Hostile Arms,  
 Yet he retain'd in part his Heav'nly Charms :  
 He still preserv'd a wond'rous pleasing Air,  
 Graceful in Torment, in Perdition, fair.  
 Beneath, a Face, so gentle, so sedate,  
 No Breast conceal'd, a more malignant Hate.  
 None did his Heav'nly Sovereign more detest ;  
 None more his impious Enemies carest :  
 Fluent of Words, and eloquent of Tongue,  
 He always mov'd, and pleas'd th' applauding Throng.  
 Thus he began, *Seraphs*, I speak my Mind  
 With Deference due to Spirits more refin'd ;  
 Of clearer Judgment, and of greater Weight,  
 More able in the Business of the State,  
 And fitter to decide in this your high Debate.  
 If I can but suggest, or hint to these,  
 What they'll improve, I my Ambition please :  
 I ask his leave from *Baal* to dissent ;  
 In vain, in Combate, we our Passion vent.  
 Our Heav'nly Foes, that guard *Eliaza's* Host,  
 Unvanquish'd Arms, and Aid Almighty boast :  
 Did to our Spears their Armor ever yeild ?  
 Did we e'er give a Wound, or pierce a Shield ?  
 Why should we fruitless War and Strife repeat ?  
 Can all our Force Omnipotence defeat ?  
 I would no more seek such unequal Fight,  
 Provoke more Vengeance, and more Wrath invite :  
 Nor can my Sense, with *Chemosh* Choice comply,  
 His is the last Expedient I would try.

The

The Arguments which *Baal* urg'd, perswade,  
That 'tis in vain to trust to *Scotia's* Aid.

Send rather Faction to *Hibernia's* Isle,  
Let her that Kingdom, by her Art, embroil.

Our Friends are num'rous in that faithful State,  
And to *Eliza* bear the deepest Hate.

If they in Arms appear, the Crown of *Spain*

May with fresh Succours still the Fire maintain,

As *Albion's* Aids the *Belgian* War sustain.

Then his great Ends King *Phillip* may pursue,

And *Albion's* crafty Queen at her own Game out-do.

Then from a Sulphur Cave, a Fury crawl'd,  
And on the Floor in loathsome Volumes sprawl'd;  
So fierce, she did th' Infernal Lords affright,  
And so deform'd, she prejudic'd their Sight,  
Hell, at the dire Appearance, blacker grew,  
And vulgar Fiends, for Fear and Shame, with-drew.  
Horror it self the raging Fury fear'd,  
And Terror started, when she first appear'd.

*Scylla*, and all the Monsters of the Main,  
Were the Descriptions true which Poets feign,  
Would inoffensive, comely Figures be,  
Compar'd with this compleat Deformity:  
Her fiery Eyes, a red malignant Glare,  
Shot from their Bloody Orbits thro' the Air;  
Black Vipers crown'd her Head with horrid Graces,  
The rankest Brood of all th' Infernal Race;  
In odious Curls they on her Shoulders hung,  
Hissing, and thrusting out their three-fork'd Tongue.

F

The

The fiery Breath that from her Nostrils came,  
 With Plagues and Fevers, did the Air inflame:  
 Whene'er the Fury yawn'd, she set to show  
 A dreadful Armory of Death and Woe.  
 She seem'd all Teeth and Jaws, prepar'd for Spoil,  
 Like the arm'd Tyrant that infects the Nile:  
 Like the full Bosom of the widest Sail  
 In Ships of War, swoll'n with a vigorous Gale,  
 Far out her vast Hydropick Belly stood,  
 Turgid with purple Seas of Christian Blood;  
 Of which she drank such Draughts to slake her Thirst,  
 The Senate fear'd she would in sunder burst:  
 Her Caves with Crosses, Racks, and Fetters stor'd,  
 Did various Pain, and Choice of Death afford:  
 Her hateful Parents, Pontifical Pride,  
 And Lust of Gold, stood by the Fury's Side.  
 Fierce Inquisition, Rage, Ambition, Hate,  
 Revenge, and Envy, to compose her State,  
 A dire Retinue, on the Fiend did wait.

Then Bigottry, with Hellish Fury stung,  
 Did with a Voice that thro' the Palace rung,  
 Hell's Potentates in Council thus bespeak:  
 Spain to support, and Albion's Force to break,  
 Illustrious Princes, is your high Design;  
 I ask that glorious Province may be mine,  
 No Minister ~~discreet~~ with greater Zeal,  
 Or more Success, promote the Cause of Hell.  
 Since in your Service, I was first employ'd,  
 I have your Enemies without Remorse destroy'd.

and

I

My.

My Mistress, *Rome*, will own I serv'd her more  
 Than all her Skill, and all her Pow'r before :  
 My self alone found out th' effectual Art,  
 Apostates to extirpate, or convert.  
 The rankest Weeds of baneful Heresy,  
 Have from the Church been rooted out by me ;  
 My Racks have set Mens Understandings right ;  
 My Dungeons bless'd them with convincing Light.  
 Rebels have been reduc'd at my Expence,  
 Inform'd by Whips, and tortur'd into Sense :  
 My Reasons always due Impressions made,  
 Proofs that are felt, are fittest to persuade :  
 I to the Mind explor'd the ready way,  
 And by the Senses, Knowledge did convey.  
 My Arguments with ease are understood,  
 Adapted to the Man, and clear to Flesh and Blood ;  
 And Reason to our Senses clear and plain,  
 Will quickly to the Mind, Admission gain :  
 O what convincing Force have Prisons, Want, and Pain !  
 My Eloquence must still successful prove ;  
 Those most prevail, who most the Passions move.  
 No Orator did e'er his Skill display,  
 In such a moving and Pathetick way.

I use no subtil Reasoning of the Schools ;  
 I mock the vain Disputes of Learned Fools ;  
 Your Disputants ne'er made Apostates yield ;  
 With ignominious Rout you left the Field.  
 You by Scholastick Weapons were out-done ;  
 You took no Captives, and no Trophies won.

&c.

Victorious



Victorious Hereticks insulted *Rome*,  
 And crown'd with Laurels, march'd in Triumph Home:  
 But when your Doctors did their Error see,  
 Laid Reason by, and threw themselves on me;  
 My Arguments did soon the Foe confute,  
 And to an Issue brought the long Dispute.  
 'Twas I the Art discover'd to perswade,  
 And for their One, Ten Thousand Converts made.

Obdurate Wretches, who would ne'er repent,  
 Ne'er by my melting Discipline relent;  
 Who to Fanatick Errors did adhere  
 Inflexibly resolv'd to persevere;  
 I contumacious Rebels did declare  
 Such as the World might with Advantage spare;  
 Such whose contagious Breath might taint th' ambient Air.  
 I, Traytors and Apostates to detect,  
 My Holy Inquisition did erect:  
 I my Tribunal did in State ascend,  
 Those to destroy, whom Tortures could not mend.  
 The Rebels I proscrib'd, enrol'd their Names,  
 And doom'd the Wretches to devouring Flames.  
 These Holy Methods ruin'd or reduc'd  
 Those who the Church's Clemency abus'd:  
 Thus did I settle Peace, and made by Fire  
 The odious Monster Heresy expire.  
 The Zeal too indiscreet, th' imprudent Rage  
 That in *Crusados* did our Friends engage;  
 Assassinations, well meant Violence,  
 Pious Massacres gave the World Offence:

Did

Did universal *Odium* on us draw ;  
But I attack'd the Hereticks with Law ;  
In Courts of Justice did their Proceſs make,  
Accuſers hear, and Depoſitions take :  
Then by Advice of Grave and Holy Men,  
Did to the Flames, the Criminals condemn.  
This Zeal I'll ſtill expreſs ; with Fire and Sword  
I'll ſtill purſue the Sect by Hell abhor'd ;  
'Till I exterminate the Impious Race,  
Thy Plague, O *Rome*, and *Europe*, thy Diſgrace.

Now, to extinguiſh in your anxious Breaſt  
The deep Concern that interrupts your Reſt ;  
Grant your Commiſſion, I'll with ſpeedy Flight,  
Mount the dark Void, 'till I emerge in Light.  
To mighty *Phillip's* Court I'll wing my Way,  
Who does, *Iberia*, thy poud Scepter ſway :  
Who does in Pow'r and Piety excel  
All the crown'd Heads, and Royal Friends of Hell :  
I ſhall with eaſe that gen'rous Prince perſwade,  
With Hoſtile Force, *Britannia* to invade.  
This done, *Eliza* muſt her Arms recal ;  
What Pow'r can then prevent *Batavia's* Fall ?

Th' Infernal Senate hum'd a loud Applauſe,  
And from his Chair of State their Monarch roſe :  
He with a Smile the bloody Fiend careſs'd,  
And full of Joy, he thus himſelf expreſs'd :  
Go and ſucceed in this thy bleſs'd Deſign ;  
Be Hell's the Benefit, the Honour thine.

G

This

This great Applause the Fiend did so engage,  
She call'd up all her Terrors, all her Rage :  
Demons surpriz'd, did their Disturbance shew,  
All Hell was mov'd, so fierce the Monster grew :  
Then in a milder Form the Fury drefs'd,  
Her Snakes call'd in, and her loose Shape compress'd ;  
Did her unfeather'd Dragon-Wings display,  
And mount to reach the Silver Verge of Day.  
As when a Faulcon, pinch'd with Hunger, 'spies  
A long-neck'd Hern, that traverses the Skies ;  
Eager of Blood, and meditating Death,  
With vig'rous Wings, he rises from beneath :  
With wond'rous Swiftnefs cuts his aeiry Way,  
And soon in Distance lost, pursues his tim'rous Prey.  
So strong, so swift, so in a Line upright,  
The Fury mounted to the Coasts of Light :  
Then to *Iberia's* Realm she wing'd her Way,  
And at the Court arriv'd at Dawn of Day :  
When Light and Shade contend with doubtful War,  
Which shall possess the Empire of the Air :  
When like Success, and equal Forces lay  
In even Scales, the Fortune of the Day.  
Now Trav'lers from their Eyes soft Slumber shake,  
And for new Labour, Swains their Beds forsake.  
The roaming Lion, surfeited with Spoil,  
Comes to his Den fatigu'd with bloody Toil.  
Now wand'ring Ghosts and Spectres leaves the Air,  
And to their low, unlightsome Seats repair.  
Of thickest Shades, that bounding Beams repel  
And pitchy Smoke, cast from the Mouth of Hell,

A

A long black Robe the Fury did prepare,  
Such as th' *Ighatian*, cruel Order wear.  
She then the ambient Air with Art compress'd,  
And in a Moment Human Members dress'd :  
She did the Figure, Face, and Mien assume,  
Of *Loyola*, the Prop and Pride of *Rome*.

All Night th' *Iberian* Monarch wakeful lay,  
Meeting with eager Eyes, returning Day :  
To sooth reluctant Cares, and ease his Pain,  
He turn'd from Side to Side, but turn'd in vain.  
A thousand Terrors interrupt his Rest,  
A thousand Troubles vex his anxious Breast :  
The Thoughts of *Belgia's* long protracted War,  
Corrode his Bosom, and his Heart-strings tear ;  
Whence daily Courriers bring him fresh Alarms  
Of from *Batavian* or *Britannick* Arms.  
Now to his Thoughts *Eliza* does appear,  
*Mauritius* now, and now, the mighty Vere,  
Who much provok'd his Hate, but more his Fear :  
He thinks what wealthy Provinces were gone,  
And what fair Towns were from his Empire won :  
How white with *Spanish* Bones the Mountains grow,  
Red with their Blood, how *Belgick* Rivers flow.  
He hears their Shrieks, and lamentable Cry,  
Who by his Order, did in Torment lye ;  
Or over whom accurs'd *Assassins* stood,  
With Sword in Hand, prepar'd to shed their Blood :  
The Ghosts of murder'd Men past by his Bed,  
They show'd their Ghastly Wounds, and shook their Head.

Here

Here Noble *Horno's* Form did threatning stand,  
And there brave *Egmont* becken'd with his Hand :  
Here *Bergen* groan'd, and there *Don Carlos* flood,  
Shedding from every Vein Imperial Blood.  
These were the Objects that enrag'd his Breast ;  
These Perturbations chas'd away his Rest :  
If he compos'd himself with Hopes to find  
Sleep to his Eyes, and Quiet to his Mind ;  
If Slumber softly crept, that by Surprise,  
It might the Passes take, and shut his Eyes,  
To calm his Thoughts, and lull his lab'ring Brain,  
Some frightful Vision broke the downy Chain :  
As when a Storm of Wind the Ocean moves,  
And rolling Billows, this and that way shoves ;  
Uproar and Strife embroil the restless Deep,  
Nor will the swelling Waves lye down to Sleep :  
So on the King tempestuous Passions preft,  
Tumultuous Thoughts did so distract his Breast,  
So agitate his Soul, so drive away his Rest.

In these Inquietudes the Mornarch lay,  
And with impatient Eyes demanded Day :  
When the fierce Fiend did with a reverend Grace  
Enter the Room, and halted in her Pace ;  
Then low she bow'd, and thus the King addrest ;  
Hail *Phillip*, mighty Monarch of the *West* ;  
The Realms of unmolested Peace and Joy,  
Where pure Delights do never fade or cloy :  
Where the blest'd Saints in fresh Cœlestial Bow'rs,  
And endless Pleasures, pass their happy Hours :

I leave those anxious Cares to dispossess,  
Which with their Weight your gen'rous Soul opprefs ;  
To tell the Means, how *Belgia* to regain,  
Extend your Pow'r by Land, and o'er the Main,  
And Universal Empire give to *Spain* :  
With fruitless Toil, for *Belgia* you contend,  
While *Albion's* Queen does still fresh Succours send ;  
That raging Fire, you hope in vain to tame,  
While Forreign Fuel still renews the Flame.  
*Eliza's* Troops protect the Rebel State,  
And still new Labour for your Arms create.  
These Forreign Mounds, the *Belgick* State secure,  
And stop the advancing Tide of *Spanish* Pow'r.  
Would you your Glory with Success pursue,  
*Britannia's* Kingdom you must first subdue ;  
Advance your Arms, and with one noble Blow,  
Cut off the Spring, whence all your Suff'rings flow.  
Equip your potent Fleet, embark your Arms ;  
Shake impious *Britain*, with your loud Alarms :  
Transport your matchless Troops with speedy Care,  
And thunder on her Coasts with unexpected War :  
You will surprize the unprovided Isle ;  
An easy Conquest, and prodigious Spoil,  
Will recompence your Hazard, and your Toil.  
*Rome's* Holy Father will his Aid afford,  
Bless all your Troops, and Consecrate your Sword :  
He will your glorious Undertaking own,  
And from *Eliza's* Head transfer the Crown :  
Her Subjects Oaths he'll piously absolve,  
And all her Friends in mortal Guilt involve :  
H He'll

He'll send his Thunder from his Sacred Tow'r,  
And on her Head destructive Curses pour ;  
For Impious Hereticks, and such, 'tis known,  
*Eliza* is, have forfeited their Crown.

Kind Heav'n has rais'd you to Imperial Sway ;  
What num'rous Nations do your Laws obey ?  
By Land your Armies neighbour States controul ;  
By Sea your Navies run from Pole to Pole,  
As far as Winds can fly, or Billows roll.  
You some Returns of Gratitude should make,  
And for kind Heav'n's, and for Religion's sake,  
This pious Labour you should undertake.  
This glorious Stroke will Herefy confound,  
And give the odious Fiend a deadly Wound ;  
Will re-establish *Rome's* Imperial Pow'r,  
Re-build her Altars, and her Priests restore,  
Who with their Tears and Pray'rs your Aid implore.  
Thousands of Holy Catholics, that groan  
Beneath th' Oppression of *Eliza's* Throne,  
Will join their Arms to pull th' Oppressor down.

When you vouchsaf'd to ask her for your Bride,  
Can you forget how she, (prodigious Pride !)  
Long with collusive Arts, your Passion fed ;  
But still despis'd so great a Monarch's Bed ?  
*Britannia's* Queen, as to the World is known,  
To your Protection, owes her Life and Throne :  
Yet does she succour your Invet'rate Foes,  
Rebels protect, and your just Arms oppose.

If



If *Albion* you invade, you must succeed ;  
Just Heav'n will prosper, and applaud the Deed.  
*Batavia* then deserted, must submit,  
And lay her humble Neck beneath your Feet.  
Thus o'er *Europa* you'll in Triumph reign  
Lord of the Land, and Master of the Main :  
Will gain immortal Honour and Renown ;  
And when you lay your Earthly Scepter down,  
Will wear above, a bright Coelestial Crown.

Then from beneath her Gown, the Fury drew  
A Fire-brand partly Red, and partly Blew,  
Kindled in Caves, in whose Recesses dwell  
The most malignant Flames, and sharpest Fires of Hell ;  
Which secretly she with unerring Art,  
Did at the Bosom of King *Phillip* dart :  
That done, the Fury hast'ning to be gone,  
Dissolv'd in Air, th' Appearance not her own ;  
No more the Object of the Monarch's Sight,  
She to *Britannia's* Coast designs her Flight.

Th' insinuating Flame his Veins possest,  
And with Infernal Heats inspir'd the Monarch's Breast :  
His Blood boil'd high, and on th' impetuous Tide  
Wild Fury seated, did in Triumph ride ;  
His Pulse beat swift, his lab'ring Heart in Pain,  
Did the uneasy Task of Life sustain.  
He greater Rage, and more Disorder show'd,  
Than in *Iberian* Princes is allow'd ;  
From the fierce Fury's Flame, this strange Emotion flow'd.

In

In this Disturbance, from his Bed he rose,  
 To vent his Passion, and his Thoughts compose;  
 Sometimes he walk'd, and cast his Eyes around;  
 Sometimes he stood, and fixt them on the Ground.  
 Oft clinch'd his Hands, and with an angry Look,  
 He now the Wall, and now the Portal strook.  
 With sudden Starts, walk'd swiftly to the Door,  
 Then turn'd as quick, and stamp't upon the Floor.

Some painful Hours the furious Monarch pass'd  
 In this distracted manner, 'till at last  
 His Passion's high uncustomary Tide  
 Began to ebb, and by degrees subside.  
 The raging Tempest partly over-blown,  
 He to a Temper cool'd more like his own.  
 For tho' in Cruelty he did surpass  
 The fiercest Bigots of th' Iberian Race;  
 Yet was his Malice inward, cool, sedate,  
 And intellectual, more than passionate.  
 He with a Judgment more consistent, weigh'd  
 The Application by *Ignatius* made.

He saw, this high Design should he pursue,  
 What Acquisitions would from thence accrue,  
 And what the Dangers were, that might ensue.  
 What Profit to Religion, and to *Rome*;  
 What would to God, and what to *Cæsar* come.  
*Britannia* to subdue, were to ensure  
 The *Western* World's Submission to his Pow'r:  
 Then uncontroul'd *Iberia* would command  
 The Ocean by her Fleets, and by her Troops the Land.

Then

Then *Rome*'s Religion would exalt her Head,  
On *Nothern* Herefy Triumphant tread,  
And by the Sword supported, be by all obey'd.  
But Heav'n's bright Glory, and immortal Crown,  
That by his pious Arms might now be won :  
Much with the superstitious Monarch weigh'd,  
And more his Mind, than temporal Honour sway'd.  
While all the Hazards which he had in view,  
Against the Profit weigh'd, were light and few.  
Thus having all things in his Mind resolv'd,  
He *Albion* to invade, at last resolv'd.

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*The End of the first Book.*

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ELIZA.

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BOOK II.

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**M**EAN time the Fiend, with out-stretch'd Wings, did rise,  
And swiftly cut the interposing Skies :  
O'er Hills, and Dales, and Seas, and spacious Plains,  
She Wings her Way, and fair *Britannia* gains :  
Where Male-content had unsuccessful been  
In all their Methods to depose the Queen.  
Yet still with Zeal they push'd their black Design,  
With hopes at last her Throne to undermine.

Upon the *Strand* a Noble Palace stood,  
Where wealthy *Thames* rolls down his famous Flood.  
High in the Air it rear'd its stately Head,  
And both the City, and the Flood survey'd :  
With great Esteem, and vast Possessions crown'd,  
Illustrious *Arundel* the Palace own'd ;  
And tho' that Noble Line did still reveal,  
For *Rome's* Tyrannick Pow'r, immoderate Zeal ;  
None more express'd, than this impetuous Lord ;  
None more the Queen, or Faith reform'd abhor'd :  
None more for *Roman* Superstition strove,  
Or labour'd more *Eliza* to remove.

This

This Noble *Britain* in his Palace fate,  
With *Westmorlandia's* Earl in close Debate,  
About the weighty Business of the State.  
Hither the Fiend did in this Juncture come ;  
She did *Ignatius* Rev'rend Form assume,  
And with his Mein, advanc'd into the Room.  
She lowly bowing, thus the Peers addrest ;  
Great Lords, the unmolested Seats of Rest,  
By high Commission, from my blest'd Abode,  
Descending swiftly through the airy Road ;  
I left, and went to mighty *Phillip's* Court,  
To tell him, how his Empire to support ;  
In *Belgia*, how his Losses to retrieve,  
And *Rome's* pure Faith in *Albion* to revive.  
By me engag'd, the zealous King has laid  
A blest'd Design, *Britannia* to invade.  
A num'rous Navy from the Ports of *Spain*  
Will quickly cover all the *British* Main,  
Too strong for *Albion's* Forces to sustain.  
The Troops they bring, innur'd to Camps and Toil,  
Always Victorious, must subdue the Isle.  
You for your blest'd Deliverance, must prepare ;  
Make haste to Arm, and aid the friendly War.  
See how the happy Hour at last is come,  
When you, and all the faithful Sons of *Rome*,  
By joining *Spain*, may set your Country free  
From Usurpation, and from Heresy.

And can you, Noble Lords, supinely rest,  
And see your Country, and your Faith oppress'd ?

Can

Can you (inglorious Sloth ! ) your Fetters wear,  
And all your servile Burdens tamely bear ?  
Think what your great Progenitors have done,  
What Trophies they for *Rome* and *Albion* won ;  
And is their pious Zeal and Courage gone ?  
Does not their noble Blood your Veins dilate ?  
Can you descend from them, and not be great ?  
Bowels of Mercy to your Country flow,  
And save your Sons un-born from future Woe  
The Fogs, that Cloud *Britannia's* Skies, dispel,  
And drive the Darkneſs to its native Hell.  
Chace far away this black Fanatick Night,  
That *Rome* may bleſs the Iſle with Heav'nly Light.  
Haſte then, prepare your valiant Troops to meet  
The *Iberians* Landing from their conqu'ring Fleet.

She ſaid, and to their Boſoms ſhe convey'd  
A livid Flame, that did their Breasts invade,  
And in their ſwelling Veins Infernal Heat diſplay'd.  
The Fury then her hateful Limbs undreſs'd,  
And broke her borrow'd Shape of Air compreſs'd.  
Her Buſineſs done, ſhe left the Realms of Day,  
And to her low Apartment cut her way.  
Much on the Lords the Fiend's contagious Fire  
Had gain'd, and ſoon full Empire did acquire.  
In haughty Words their Treafon they expreſs'd,  
Their Rage and Joy the Fiend within confeſs'd.  
Reſolv'd in curſs'd Rebellion to proceed,  
Their Friends they ſummond to attend with ſpeed.

K

Soon



Soon as the Lord of Day withdrew his Light ;  
 For Treason seeks the friendly Shades of Night ;  
 They met, and Queen *Eliza*'s papal Foes  
 Chiefly the Trait'rous Consult did compose.  
 Experienc'd Priests innur'd to Plot and Blood,  
 Able Conspirators, that understood  
 To charm reluctant Consciences, and make  
 Subjects turn Rebels for Religions sake ;  
 With eager Zeal the Summons did obey,  
 And at the Consult swift Attendance pay.  
*Bonner* presided, with the Blood distain'd  
 Of Martyrs murder'd, while *Maria* reign'd.  
*Inpetuous Watson*, once a Mitred Priest,  
 And *Morgan* at the Junto did assist.  
*Lestly* attended, who from *Scotia* came,  
 A fiery Bigot of extended Fame,  
 With *Parsons*, *Campion*, of th' *Ignatian* Gown,  
 Among their Order, Priests of great Renown :  
 An Order founded to disturb Mankind,  
 Cruel, Perfidious, Turbulent of Mind,  
 Who still the Aims of pious Kings withstood,  
 In Treason Eminent, and vers'd in Blood.

Some Preachers too, who Faith reform'd profess,  
 No way inferior to the *Roman* Priest,  
 Met at the Consult, and were much carest.  
 These of a Treach'rous, double-dealing Kind,  
 Beyond *Italian* Casuists refin'd ;  
 All Sense of Oaths, and solemn Vows effac'd,  
 And mock'd the Queen, whose Cause they had embrac'd.

No

No *Romanist* exprefs'd fincerer Hate,  
Or to *Eliza*, or the Church, or State.  
Tho' they had fworn Allegiance to the Crown,  
They labour'd hard to pull *Eliza* down.  
Diftinguifh'd by the Titles which they bore,  
But by their Hatred to their Country more ;  
They ftill againft the Government inveigh'd,  
To *Rome* and *Spain* the Church and State betray'd,  
And facrific'd the Altars, where they pray'd.  
They would no Church of peaceful Temper own,  
Nor e'er affert a wife, indulgent Crown,  
That Sanguinary Laws would not reftore,  
Or *Albion* rule with Arbitrary Pow'r.  
Strange Zealots, could no Church or Monarch pleafe,  
Who Union fought, and aim'd at *Albion's* Peace ;  
Who did the Bigots fiery Zeal controul,  
And to a Faftious Part, prefer the Whole?

Then *Montal* came, of more than vulgar Birth,  
Sprung from a Houfe long Famous in the North,  
Of Wealth and Wit poffefs'd, but deftitute of Worth.  
Of the Lay-Traytors, the ambitious Head,  
Who much the Faction by his Counfel led.  
As Priest-hood, all Religion he condemn'd,  
Renounc'd his God, the pious Queen blaſphem'd,  
And all Mankind with haughty Pride contemn'd.  
He every Church, and every Altar curft,  
But favour'd *Rome's*, believing that the worft :  
With Hellifh Art he ftill embroil'd the State,  
Did his own Children, his own Country hate,  
And Plagues to both with wond'rous Joy create.

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And in their swelling Veins Infernal Heat display'd.  
The Fury then her hateful Limbs undress'd,  
And broke her borrow'd Shape of Air compress'd.  
Her Business done, she left the Realms of Day,  
And to her low Apartment cut her way.  
Much on the Lords the Fiend's contagious Fire  
Had gain'd, and soon full Empire did acquire.  
In haughty Words their Treason they express'd,  
Their Rage and Joy the Fiend within confess'd.  
Resolv'd in curs'd Rebellion to proceed,  
Their Friends they summon'd to attend with speed.

K

Soon

We falſely guided by an erring Court,  
Ruin *Britannia*, *Belgia* to ſupport.  
Profuſely we our Blood and Treafure ſpend,  
Our Pow'r in foreign Nations to extend,  
And a vile Crew of Rebels to defend.  
We undertake a wild expenſive War,  
To fetch Home idle Laurels from afar ;  
We could theſe Heros want, could they our Treafure ſpare.  
If *Spain's* great King, his Altars to ſupport,  
Has ſettled *Rome's* high Inquiſition Court ;  
If *Spaniſh* Troops the *Belgian* Lords reſtrain,  
And make them own th' unbounded Will of *Spain* ;  
Should not the States with paſſive Necks obey,  
And bear what Weight their King thinks fit to lay ?  
If they untractable reject the Yoke,  
Do they not juſtly *Phillip's* Wrath provoke ?  
Should *Britain* at her nobleſt Blood's Expence,  
With mighty Labour, and with Sums immenſe,  
Support the *Belgian*, and the Rebels aid,  
While they their lawful Sovereign's Throne invade ?  
Death ! that a Nation brave as this has been,  
Should tamely bear ſo long this haughty Queen !  
Men without Courage, Honour, Senſe, and Wit,  
Do at the Helm our State-Directors fit ;  
Have *Vere* or *Burleigh* Brains for Stateſ-men fit ?  
Dunces ! did they in Buſineſs ever ſhine ?  
Have thoſe State-Chits ſuperior Heads to mine ?  
Thoſe Miniſters accuſs'd, I'll ne'er forgive ;  
Old as I am, ſtill do I hope to live,

To

To see (O Glorious Day!) the *Britains* rear  
*Cecil* in pieces, and his *Camrade Vere*.

But to the Point, *Spain's* Int'rest I'll support,  
To be reveng'd on this ungrateful Court :  
I'll let *Eliza's* giddy State-men see,  
How much they err'd, when they affronted me.  
I'll all my Friends, and mighty Clan enrol,  
All fierce in Arms, and of a *British* Soul.  
Prodigious Numbers will at my Command  
Oppose *Eliza's* Force by Sea and Land.  
Some brave Commanders in the Fleet are mine,  
Who ne'er dispute the Task that I enjoin.  
Bold Captains too by Land will draw the Sword,  
And shew their Brav'ry, when I give the Word.  
Captains who Hatred to *Eliza* bear,  
Ne'er yet Allegiance swore, or did themselves forswear.  
These and their Troops well Arm'd at *Montal's* Cost,  
Shall meet the *Iberian* Landing on the Coast.  
*Burleigh* shall my *Resentment* feel, and know  
He has incens'd no despicable *Poe*.

He said, and *Bramhal* rose, one better bred,  
Of equal Zeal, but of a cooler Head.  
To serve *Britannia's* Church, he seem'd intent,  
But by the Church, his fiery Faction meant.  
He did her true and genuine Sons detest,  
But Bigots, and the half Reform'd carest.  
He thought no Moderation did become  
*Britannia's* Church, but in respect to *Rome* :  
And

And thus he spoke ; My *Roman* Friends, to you  
 I've ever paid th' Esteem and Honour due.  
 'Tis true, ye worthy Men, we disagree  
 In some Religious Points ; but to be free,  
 I think the Breach is not so vastly wide,  
 But Wise and Mod'rate Men on either side,  
 Might to a happy End our Diff'rence bring,  
 Which does from diff'rent Modes of Language spring,  
 Lies more in Phrase and Form, than in the Thing.  
 But if our Faiths require a diff'rent Name,  
 'Tis plain our Civil Int'rests are the same.  
 I freely speak my Thoughts ; I cannot own  
*Eliza's* Title to *Britannia's* Throne.  
 To *Scotia's* Queen, I firmly did adhere,  
 Did always zealous in her Cause appear ;  
 Nor can I e'er forgive th' enormous Deed,  
 Th' unjust Command, that made *Maria* bleed.  
 I to *Eliza* was averse before,  
 But now the great Oppressor I abhor.  
 With Zeal unfeign'd, I will the *Spaniard* aid,  
 To bring due Vengeance on *Eliza's* Head.

Next *Morgan* rose, a subtle Loyalite,  
 Accustom'd, Feuds and Treasons to excite :  
 By *Rome* employ'd to manage State-Intreagues,  
 Faction foment, and form seditious Leagues.  
 And thus the *Ignatian* Priest his Friends bespoke,  
 To free *Britannia* from *Eliza's* Yoke ;  
 If I could *Gallia's* gen'rous Monarch see,  
 From forreign Wars, and civil Discord free ;

To

To him I'd humble Application make,  
By Int'rest mov'd, and for Affection's fake.  
I love the *Gaul*, and would by *Gallick* Pow'r  
*Eliza* crush, and *Albion's* Rights restore.  
But since from *Gallia* we should now in vain  
Demand Assistance, I declare for *Spain*,  
I would the Aid of any Prince implore,  
Who to *Eliza* has superiour Pow'r.  
*Spain's* mighty Prince I must with Honour name,  
Who does at uncontroll'd Dominion aim,  
His Neighbours does chastise, does his proud Subjects tame. }  
And since this great *Iberian* King alone  
Has equal Force, th' Ufurper to dethrone ;  
Let us our Cohorts lift, our Forces join,  
To meet the War, and aid the great Design.  
Let not a Thought, Reformists, reach your Heart,  
That *Phillip* e'er your Altars will subvert.  
Will not the just and gentle King of *Spain*,  
Your Sacred and you Civil Rights maintain ?  
He'll in Religion such Concessions make,  
Form such a Scheme, and such mild Measures take,  
That all you mod'rate Protestants, and we,  
By mutual Condescensions may agree :  
If with united Forces we assail,  
*Eliza's* Friends we shall with ease prevail.  
Let us, brave Men, this happy Hour improve,  
And to our native Country shew our Love.  
Let us, when *Spain* *Britannia's* Coast alarms,  
Display our Ensigns, and advance our Arms.

M

He



He said. Th' Assembly murmur'd their Applause,  
And eager to promote their impious Cause,  
In mutual Vows they did engage, and swear  
By all things, which as Sacred they revere,  
They would assist th' *Iberian*, and to fight  
Against *Eliza*, all their Friends excite.  
Th' Assembly broke, and having War declar'd,  
To his respective Mischief each repair'd.

Mean time the King to *Rome Alano* sent,  
To let the Pontiff know his high Intent.  
And to demand, besides Religious Charms,  
And Sacred Blessings on his pious Arms,  
Sufficient Sumas of Treasure, to support  
In this expensive War, th' *Iberian* Court.  
*Alano* soon this Expedition made,  
The Pontiff to inform, and ask his Aid.  
The Priest, as order'd, did at large reveal  
His Monarch's great Design, and pious Zeal.  
Soon as the purpose of his Royal Son  
Was to the Holy *Roman* Father known,  
Transporting Pleasure did his Breast extend,  
And Tears of Joy did from his Eyes descend.

Then to the purple Prelate thus he spoke ;  
On *Albion* to impose *Iberia's* Yoke,  
Is such a gen'rous, great, and good Design,  
As merits Honour here, hereafter Bliss Divine.  
Let the great King his Enterprize pursue,  
*Britannia* won, all *Europe* he'll subdue ;  
And both the Worlds command, the Old and New.

}

From

From Herefy he'll **poison'd Nations free,**  
The Realms enlightened **will their Errors see,**  
And *Rome's* Religion shall *Europa's* be.  
I will employ blest'd *Peter's* Sacred Pow'r  
To aid the King, and Conquest to assure,  
My Benediction shall **his Arms attend,**  
And on his **Foes** I'll fatal Curfes spend.  
I'll Doom to Hell and everlasting Pain  
All who oppose the pious Host of *Spain*.  
I'll on your King bestow *Britannia's* Crown,  
Pronounce them Rebels, who *Eliza* own.  
Ample Indulgences shall be the Right  
Of all, who in this Glorious Cause shall fight.  
Those who in **Battel** fall, who will be few,  
Direct to Heav'n their Passage shall pursue.  
No Purgatorian Sufferings shall retard  
Their Scenes of Pleasure, and their bright Reward.  
I their redundant Merit will employ,  
To purchase for their Friends, Celestial Joy.

I'll all my Stores of potent Reliques drain,  
Celestial Armour, for the Host of *Spain*.  
I'll send your Chief a consecrated Sword,  
Believe a Pontiff's never-erring Word,  
So full of Vertue, whosoe'er shall weild  
The wond'rous Steel, will win the Glorious Field.  
The brave *Castilian* Warriors to reward,  
My Holy Magazines shall be unbar'd.  
Blest'd Magazines which Heav'nly Riches hold,  
The Works of Saints, more worth than Gems, or Gold.

My

My Treafury immense, my every Hoard,  
 With old Reserves of Sacred Merit stor'd,  
 I'll freely empty, Pardons to bestow  
 On all, who shall engage the *British* Foe.  
 Armies of Saints and Martyrs I'll employ  
*Spain* to support, and *Albion* to destroy.  
 Rather than *Spain's* great Monarch should decline  
 The Prosecution of his bless'd Design ;  
 Rather than his high Purpose should be crost,  
 I will my Gold and Silver Stores exhaust.  
*Rome* of her Wealth, *Iberia* to sustain,  
 And all my Shrines I'll of their Vertue drain.  
 He ceas'd. *Alano* who with Pleasure heard  
 The Pontiff's zealous Words, for *Spain* prepar'd.

The Priest return'd, charg'd with a gracious Load  
 Of Gifts and Pardons from the Vicar-God ;  
 Of pow'rful Reliques, consecrated Arms,  
 Blessings and Curses, superstitious Charms,  
 And Spells of famous Force against invading Harms.  
 Pleas'd with his faithful Minister's Success,  
 And with the Zeal the Pontiff did express,  
 Th' *Iberian* Monarch gave the high Command,  
 That all his Men should Arm by Sea and Land.

*Castilian* Tow'rs, and all the Plains around,  
 Now with the loud Alarm of War resound.  
 The Noise of Arms the distant Frontier fills,  
 Rings thro' the Vales, and ecchoes in the Hills.  
 The rat'ling Drum and Trumpet's Voice inspire,  
*Iberia's* noble Youth with Martial Fire.

Flags

They on the Downs the Royal Standards reer,  
And muftring Cohorts in the Plains appear.  
Flags from the Tow'rs, Ensigns display'd in Air,  
And Bloody Banners fteam denouncing War.  
Lords of high Birth, urg'd with Heroick Fire,  
Their Swords and War-like Equipage require:  
They order all, who on their Pow'r depend,  
Furnish'd with Arms, their Leaders to attend.  
The valiant Vaffals, at their Lord's Command,  
Forfake their Houfes, and neglect their Land;  
For martial Labour, quit their rural Care,  
Caft by their Hooks, and flaming Fauchions wear:  
They leave their Vine-yards, and their gen'rous Wine,  
And for the War-like Afh, defert the Vine.  
Great Gen'ral's, Captains, Chiefs of higheft Fame,  
To ferve their Prince in Arms, their Zeal proclaim.  
The Names of thefe Victorious Warriors brought  
From Frontier Towns, and Countries moft remote,  
Prodigious Numbers, vig'rous, young, and bold,  
Who Leaders fought, and ask'd to be enroll'd.  
Into the Field the fhouting Squadrons came,  
Or from Defire of Spoil, or Thirft of Fame:  
Thefe came their broken Fortunes to repair,  
And thofe to learn the bloody Art of War.  
Some tir'd at Home with conftant Strife and Jars,  
Exchang'd for Publick, their Domeftick Wars.  
Others from gen'rous Aims took Sword in Hand,  
By valiant Deeds to rife to high Command.

N

With

With equal Labour, Industry, and Care,  
The Sea-Commanders do the Fleet prepare.  
The Sailor's Clamours, and the Ship-wright's Toil,  
Shake all the Tow'rs along the Oazy Soil :  
Their uncouth Crys disturb the Shores around,  
And hollow Rocks reverberate the found.  
The troubled Ocean is amaz'd to find  
Tempestuous Uproar rais'd without a Wind.  
Some make the Forrest by the Ax incline ;  
These fell the Fir, and those the Mountain Pine.  
With wond'rous Labour to the busy Docks,  
Some from the Mountains draw dismember'd Oaks :  
These on the Hills, when growing in the Wood,  
Defy'd the Winds, and all their Storms withstood :  
But now must learn their Pleasure to obey,  
And for their Pastime Dance upon the Sea :  
These launch new Ships, and those refit the Old ;  
Some beautify the Sides, and some the Stern with Gold.  
Some shape a yawning Lion for the Head,  
And with Vermilion dawb the Terror Red.  
These a Sea-Monster carve, and those a Saint,  
Others adorn the Imag'ry with Paint.  
Most, that their Voyage may successful be,  
Bear in their Stern their Water-Saints to Sea :  
Saints, who do o'er the aeiry Meteors reign,  
Preside o'er Tempests, and controul the Main ;  
Such *Pagan* Superstition governs *Spain*.  
Provisions some, some Ammunition bring :  
These mend their Sails, and those the Cannon sling.

Uninter-

Uninterrupted Toil by Night and Day  
They underwent, their Monarch to obey,  
And fit a Navy to command the Sea.  
Whilst with this Zeal and Haste King *Phillip* arm'd,  
The States and Realms around were all alarm'd.  
Since to the World his Mind was undeclar'd,  
Against whose Head this Vengeance was prepar'd ;  
All were astonish'd, troubled, and amaz'd,  
And on th' *Iberian* Sky with Terror gaz'd ;  
Uncertain where this black, impending Cloud,  
This gath'ring Storm its Thunder would unload.

Than great *Eliza*, none more Umbrage took,  
Who did on *Spain's* vast Preparations look  
With great Disturbance, for she knew of late  
That Monarch's Love was turn'd to greater Hate,  
She knew the flighting of his proffer'd Bed,  
Had in his Breast a raging Tempest bred ;  
That his proud Heart was with Resentment stung,  
And fought Revenge for this pretended Wrong.  
She knew, she had provok'd that Monarch's Rage  
To a degree, no Art could e'er assuage.  
For that by her, *Britannia's* Sons had broke  
From their gall'd Necks, the Anti-christian Yoke :  
Reform'd their Worship, and their ancient Greed  
From impious *Rome's* corrupt Inventions freed.  
Did pure Religion, Truth Divine pursue,  
And from adult'rous *Rome's* unclean Embraces flew.  
They *Babylonian* Sorceries abhor'd,  
No longer Bread, instead of God, ador'd.

She

She knew no Ties, no Limits could restrain  
The vast Ambition of aspiring *Spain* ;  
Whose Thirst of Pow'r no Conquests could allay,  
Unless she reign'd with Universal Sway,  
Proud Empress of the Land, and Sovereign of the Sea.  
And *Spain* well knew, that *Albion*'s Naval Force  
Would still obstruct her Arms Tyrannick Course.  
These Thoughts *Eliza*'s just Suspicion fed,  
That the dark Cloud, that rear'd its threatening Head,  
Its dreadful Course would to *Britannia* bend,  
And breaking on her Realm, its Vengeance spend.

The pious Queen, who more Concern had shown  
For *Albion*'s Ease and Honour, than her own :  
Who watch'd her Subjects with the tend'rest Care,  
Fed them in Peace, and guarded them in War :  
Commanded all the Captains of the Main  
To fit their Ships, th' Invader to sustain ;  
Prevent the Landing of the Hostile Troops,  
And thus defeat the proud *Castilian*'s Hopes.  
Th' unpolish'd Heros at the Queen's Command,  
With Toil marine, fill every Port and Strand.  
The cheerful Sailors to their Ships repair,  
And with their Shouts demand th' *Iberian* War.  
The Chiefs by Land like Zeal and Ardor show,  
To guard their Country, and repel the Foe.  
Their Ensigns they display in all the Towns,  
Enrol the Troops, and Muster on the Downs.  
Drums beat, and Trumpets found in every Street,  
Or to supply the Army, or the Fleet.

When

When other Potentates their Subjects scare,  
With fain'd Invasions, and pretended War,  
To make their Kingdoms bleed at every Vein ;  
And to enrich themselves, their Subjects drain :  
Th' indulgent Queen, when Danger was sincere,  
The Mother felt, and did her *Britons* spare.  
When for their own Defence, she ask'd their Aid,  
She with Reluctance easy Burdens laid.  
She publick Wants and Pressures to supply,  
Her State, and private Pleasures did deny.  
From publick Thrift, to Sov'raign Pow'rs unknown;  
She streighten'd for her Subjects Ease, the Crown ;  
Their Families to spare, almost distress'd her own.  
She frugal of their Treasure and their Blood,  
Still quitting private Ends for publick Good ;  
Friends to her Empire all her Subjects made,  
And in their Hearts its deep Foundations laid.

Now did the *Britons*, fir'd with Zeal, contend,  
Who should be first their Country to defend.  
Merchants exchange their gainful Trade for Arms,  
And for the Camp Free-holders leave their Farms.  
Preferring Danger in their Country's Cause,  
War-like Atchievements, and the Camp's Applause,  
Before the Pomp and Pleasures of the Court,  
Indulgent Parents, and their Rural Sport,  
Our noble Youth inspir'd with Glory's Charms,  
Prepar'd their Tents, and burnish'd bright their Arms.  
Lawyers, their Gowns laid by, neglect the Laws,  
To plead with Sword in Hand *Britannia's* Cause.

O

In



In haste they quit the loud, litigious Bar,  
To undertake a far more noble War.  
They shut the Volumes of the Law, to fill  
With War-like Deeds the Annals of their Isle.  
The valiant Judges from the Bench descend,  
Against Invaders, *Albion* to defend :  
To shew they can with Arms, and bloody Fight,  
As well as Law, protect the *Britons* Right.  
Their awful Courts they to the Camp adjourn,  
And their red Robes to Martial Scarlet turn :  
They brandish flaming Fauchions in the Field,  
Who did before the Sword of Justice wield.  
And we their Courage may in Battel trust,  
Who on the Bench unshaken, dare be Just.

Of all Employments, and of all Degrees,  
They run in haste, and on their Weapons seize.  
The confluent Troops did wond'rous Courage show,  
Impatient to engage th' *Iberian* Foe ;  
Who to the Queen should most express their Love,  
And publick Zeal, the eager *Britons* strove.  
To guard her Sacred Throne, with speed they Arm,  
Spring to the Field, and round her Standard swarm.  
Never can Monarchs, to repel the Foe,  
E'er want their Hearts, who rule their Subjects so.

When *Satan* saw *Britannia's* Youth reveal  
To serve *Fliza*, such an ardent Zeal ;  
Disturb'd, and fearing for the great Event,  
To his low Realms he made a swift Descent.

Arriving

Arriving there, he fought the lonesome Cell,  
Where dwells a Fiend, a Favourite of Hell :  
Of courteous Language, and a winning Grace,  
Of lovely Shape, and beautiful of Face.  
She does to all Mankind obliging seem,  
And pays to all particular Esteem.  
But she betrays those she has most carest,  
And when she vows most Friendship, means the least.  
All, who her Oaths and Promises believe,  
The charming Sorceress does still deceive.  
She does her Foes with Tenderneſs embrace,  
And hides deep Hate beneath a ſmiling Face.  
Courtiers from her have learnt their fawning way,  
And Sycophants by her their Prince betray.  
Stateſ-men imploring Aid, to her repair,  
To cover deep Deſigns, and hide the Snare.  
Princes apply to her, to ſet them free,  
When ſolemn Vows and Int'reſt diſagree.  
Thoſe who their Nuptial Honour have betray'd,  
Addreſs themſelves to her, to give them Aid ;  
Whoſe ſubtil Arts do oft ſucceſſful prove,  
And make even Jealouſy as blind as Love.  
Double her Tongue, and hollow is her Heart,  
Her Looks and Mein, when moſt ſhe plays a part,  
Unfeign'd and eaſy ſeem, when all is Art.  
Ne'er to deceive the World did yet appear  
A Hypocrite ſo finiſh'd, ſo ſincere.  
Deeds gain'd by Fraud, forg'd Teſtaments and Wills,  
Lay heap'd within her Cell in mighty Piles.

Treaties

Treaties of Peace by perjur'd Princes fworn,  
Contracts and written Vows in pieces torn,  
And in Disorder on the Pavement spread,  
Were the sweet Food, on which the Glutton fed.

Whom *Satan* thus bespoke : Kind Treach'ry, rise,  
And quickly fly to gain *Iberia's* Skies.  
Then to *Madrita's* Tow'rs direct thy Flight,  
And at her Monarch's busy Court alight.  
With thy engaging Arts the King perfwade,  
Before his Troops *Britannia's* Coasts invade,  
To fend a friendly Embassy to treat  
A lasting Peace, and mutual Trust create :  
Let them with Oaths and solemn Vows protect,  
That *Spain* will ne'er *Britannia's* Realm molest.  
That she to *Albion* bears no Hostile Mind,  
And ne'er with Arms to vex her Coast design'd.  
This may *Eliza's* jealous Bosom clear  
From all Suspicion, and remove her Fear.  
Then lull'd asleep, and safe in Leagues of Peace,  
She'll stop her Levies, and neglect the Seas.  
King *Phillip* then may seize th' unguarded Coast,  
And on their naked Shore, debark his mighty Host.

He ceas'd. The Friend reply'd, Without delay  
Your high Command with Pleasure I obey.  
She said, and swiftly from his Presence flew,  
Th' important Expedition to pursue.  
She pass'd the dark, *Tartarean* Atmosphere,  
And saw the Regions blest'd with Day appear.

The

The aciry Road her out-ftretch'd Pinions beat,  
And quickly gain'd the King's Imperial Seat.  
She did *Caraffa's* Face and Form affume,  
One of the Purple Sanhedrim of *Rome*.  
Who then refided in th' *Iberian* Court,  
The Sacred *Roman* Int'reft to fupport.  
For Holy Forgeries, and Pious Fraud,  
The *Roman* Church did this great Son applaud.  
Th' infinuating Prieft's *Italian* Art  
Had gain'd the King's Esteem, and won his Heart.  
The Reverend Fiend, clad in a Scarlet Gown,  
That from her Shoulders to her Feet hung down,  
And in the borrow'd Perfon of the Prieft,  
Audience obtain'd, and thus the King addrest.

The glorious Enterprize you have in veiw,  
*Britannia* to invade, great King, purfue.  
For this will beft fecure *Iberia's* Throne,  
Extend the Church's Empire, and your own.  
Tho' as a Heav'nly Angel, you are Wife,  
And may as needlefs Statef-mens Thoughts defpife,  
Yet, Pious Prince, forgive a well-meant Zeal,  
Which urges me my Judgment to reveal.  
The mighty Preparations you have made  
To gain your End, your Purpofe have betray'd.  
*Britain's* fharp-fighted Queen did quickly guefs,  
You rais'd your Troops, her Kingdom to opprefs.  
To break your Force, forthwith ſhe gave Command  
For *Albion's* Youth to Arm by Sea and Land.

P

If

If you advance, and with your Royal Fleet  
*Britain* assail, you'll stout Assistance meet.  
They on the Ocean will expect their Foes,  
And Arms to Arms, and Ships to Ships oppose ;  
And Heav'n alone th' important Issue knows.

You therefore chosen Orators should send,  
Who may with speed *Britannia's* Court attend :  
With solemn Imprecations may abjure  
Your true Intentions, and the Queen secure  
From all her Fears of *Spain's* collected Pow'r.  
They may the strictest League of Friendship make,  
And what Conditions she proposes, take.  
This Treaty finish'd, will the Queen amuse,  
And in your Friendship Confidence produce.  
She'll slacken then her Care, by Sea and Land,  
And with her Doubts, she will her Troops disband.  
Then unmolested you may cross the Main,  
Surprize th' unguarded Coasts, and easy Conquest gain.

Should you Remorse or Scruple feel, you know  
*Rome's* Holy Father will absolve your Vow.  
Good Catholicks will ne'er your Conduct blame,  
Or once reflect Dishonour on your Name.  
The Means, which none can else as just defend,  
Once consecrated by a pious End,  
By which we shew our Heav'nly Zeal and Love,  
Are purg'd from Guilt, and meritorious prove.

Apostate.

Apostate Princes by a righteous Doom  
Of the Supream, Imperial Court of Rome  
Condemn'd, proscrib'd, depos'd, and out-law'd, loose  
All Right to Treaties, Promises, and Vows.  
To such Allegiance is no longer due  
From their own Subjects, much less Faith from you.  
To such we are not bound to be sincere,  
Vows are but Sounds, to charm and sooth their Ear,  
And Oaths but Wind to dissipate their Fear.  
The Extirpation of this impious Sect,  
Whose spreading Poison does the *North* infect,  
Will high as Heav'n, *Iberia's* Glory raise,  
And crown King *Phillip* with immortal Praise.

She said, then bow'd, and as she left the place,  
Breath'd her perfidious Venom in his Face.  
Th' insinuating Plague seiz'd every Vein,  
His Vitals poison'd, mounted to his Brain,  
And o'er the King did full Dominion gain.  
Her Errand done, the faithless Fiend withdrew,  
Put off her red Disguise, and downward flew.  
So well the Wife, Infernal Casuist  
Had play'd the crafty, sly, *Italian* Priest,  
That with her Counsel pleas'd, the Monarch rose,  
And three great Lords, as proper Envoys, chose.

*Carrero* 'midst *Italian* States-men bred  
*Parmensis*, late the *Belgian* Army's Head,  
And *Arenberg*, by whom the Horse were led :

To



## ELIZA.

## BOOK III.

THE Lords obedient to the King's Command,  
With Pow'rs and full Credentials in their Hand,  
Soon as *Aurora*, with her radiant Key,  
Unlock'd the Gates of Light to let out Day,  
Embark'd, fet sail, and stood for *Albion's* Coast,  
And with a prosp'rous Gale the Ocean crost.  
Thrice had the Sun, by his victorious Light,  
Been Sovereign of the Air, and twice the Night,  
When *Albion's* Clifts were in the Envoies Sight.  
And soon they enter'd, born with Wind and Tide,  
The Mouth of *Thames*, sublime *Augusta's* Pride.  
As they advanc'd, they view'd on either Hand  
The various Blessings of the fruitful Land :  
The Meadows, burden'd with their flow'ry Load,  
Twice in a Summer by the Farmer mow'd :  
Conspiracies of Pleasures and Delight  
Were every where discover'd to their Sight.  
Each Reach and Point unfolded to their View  
Some fresh surprizing Scene, some Wonder new,

Q

Here



Here they observe, what fertile Fields of Corn  
The *Kentish* Hills luxuriously adorn :  
Which this and that way mov'd by *Zephirs* Breath,  
Vie in green Waves, with the salt Flood beneath.  
There num'rous bleating Flocks o'er-spread the Plains,  
Which still resound with loud, melodious Strains,  
And Songs alternate of contending Swains.  
Here lowing Herds the spacious Pastures graze,  
Their Beauty much, their Numbers more amaze.  
Some with their Milky Burdens over-flow'd,  
In frothy Pails their bursting Dugs unload.  
Some for *Augusta's* Feasts prepare their Chines,  
Fill out their Points, and load with Fat their Loin .

The forreign Lords the noble Stream admire,  
Pleas'd both to see it flow, and to retire :  
Which with alternate Kindness favour'd more  
The *Kentish* now, and now the *Essex* Shore.  
While in *Meanders* to the neighb'ring Main  
The liquid Serpent drew its Silver Train,  
Transported with the Wonders of the Tide,  
And the delightful Banks, the Strangers cry'd,  
Had but the *Mantuan*, whose unrivall'd Lays  
Do high as Heav'n's expanded Concave raise  
The rapid *Tiber*, and the ling'ring *Po*,  
Once seen this sweet, this noble River flow,  
His charming Lyre once more he would have strung,  
And not have left, O *Thames* ! thy Flood unfung.

They

They yet did greater Admiration shew,  
Greater Surprize, when first they had in view  
The num'rous Ships, that lay on either side,  
And saw the *Boyant* Groves at Anchor ride:  
Where *British* Oaks, and high *Norwegian* Pines  
Reer'd their contiguous Heads in thicker Lines,  
Than when before they on the Mountains stood,  
And throng'd each other in the shady Wood:  
Smooth wat'ry Lawns, and Glades of open Air  
Amidst the floating Forrest did appear,  
Thro' which the Sailors did their Vessels steer.  
Here high *Augusta's* Fleets did safely ride,  
Contemn'd the Billows, and the Winds defy'd.

Here lay a Fleet with stormy Weather worn,  
Foul with the Voyage, and her Rigging torn,  
With *Asha's* Pride and Luxury oppress'd,  
With *Ægypt's* Drugs, and Spices from the East;  
With *Persian* Carpets, Silks from *Smirna* brought,  
Dy'd in *Sydonia*, in *Damascus* wrought.  
Pond'rous with Riches, glorious to behold,  
Rare Silver Flowers, and interwoven Gold.  
With Gems and Pearl, which *India* does bestow,  
Where the fam'd *Ganges*, and *Hydaspes* flow.  
There one had brought from fair *Aufonia's* Soil  
Rich *Tuscan* Wines, and pure *Calabrian* Oil:  
The noblest Velvets of *Liguria's* Store,  
And beauteous Courfers from the adverse Moor.

Here

Here rode a Fleet, that had th' *Æquator* crost,  
And with advent'rous Sails gain'd *Guinea's* Coast ;  
Fill'd on the Sun-burnt *Mauritanian's* Shore  
With Iv'ry Wealth, and heaps of Golden Oar.  
Some, who had fail'd to cold *Greenlandia's* Coast,  
By stormy Winds and foaming Billows tost,  
'Midst floating Icy Mountains to assail  
The Lord of all the frozen Seas, the *Whale*,  
'Midst various Deaths and Fears, with wond'rous 'Toil,  
Came laden back with the slain Tyrant's Spoil.  
Some fraught with Cordage, Masts, and Naval Stores,  
Came from *Norwegia's*, or from *Swecia's* Shores.  
Some were with *Lufitanian* Riches fraught ;  
Some did unload their various Treasures brought  
From the rich Islands on the *Western* Main ;  
Some *Russian* Furs, some Golden Fruit from *Spain*.  
While thus King *Phillip's* Lords their Way pursu'd,  
'They both with Wonder and with Envy view'd  
The Wealth and Pleasures brought to *Albion's* Isle,  
The Labour and the Growth of every distant Soil.

And now the Lords to high *Augusta* came,  
And own her Glory did exceed her Fame.  
With great Magnificence and solemn State,  
On noble Steeds they enter'd at her Gate.  
Adorn'd with Gold, in Scarlet Cloth array'd,  
Their num'rous Train a glorious Progress made.  
Thro' Streets thick crowded with the gazing Throng,  
And Shouts of publick Joy, they pass'd along.

They

They were conducted to *Eliza's* Court,  
And entertain'd in such a Princely fort,  
As well th' important Embassy became  
Sent by a Monarch of so great a Name.

Soon as the Morn had with her soft grey Eyes  
Look'd thro' the Windows of the *Eastern* Skies;  
Th' *Iberian* Envoies from their Beds arose,  
And for their Audience, did their Thoughts compose.  
High on her Throne *Britannia's* Empress sat,  
Whose bright, Majestick Looks eclips'd her State.  
A Crimfon Canopy stood o'er her Head,  
The Floor beneath a *Perfian* Carpet spread.  
Behind her shone in high Embroid'ry rais'd  
*Britannia's* Arms by all Spectators prais'd.  
The Figures wond'rous, prominent, and bold,  
Were *Basse Relieus* in Silver and in Gold.  
High on her Forehead rose her platted Hair,  
Whence Diamonds, beauteous as the Morning Star,  
Diffus'd their twinckling Radiance thro' the Air.  
To form a Heavenly Beauty on her Head,  
A lovely Blew, conspicuous Saphers spread.  
And Orient Pearl mild Lustre did display,  
In Imitation of the Milky Way.

Illustrious Beauties, fair *Britannia's* Pride,  
Dispers'd their confluent Rays from either side.  
These various Orbs in shining Order plac'd  
The *Vortex* govern'd by *Eliza* grac'd.

R

Mov'd

Mov'd by superiour Glory, did obey  
 Her central Majesty's Magnetick Sway.  
 Here mighty *Vere's* distinguish'd Confort shone,  
 Bright by *Eliza's* Beams, and by her own.  
 She did her Monarch's high Commands attend,  
 A faithful Subject, and a constant Friend.

The four bright Daughters of the valiant *Vere*  
 Did in their place not far remote appear.  
 This shining Constellation did support  
 The Throne of Love, and Pride of Beauty's Court.  
 Their Looks Seraphick Sweetness must acquire,  
 Where Female Grace and Martial Heat conspire,  
 The Mother's Softness, and the Father's Fire.  
 One with a Thousand artless Charms endu'd  
 A beauteous Star, tho' least in Magnitude,  
 More by Contraction bright, a Heav'n in little shew'd.  
 The four were worthy of so great a Lord,  
 Bright and Victorious, as their Father's Sword.  
 So many yielding Hearts their Eyes obey'd,  
 That they more Captives, than their Father made.

Here *Pembroke* did her envy'd Fame maintain,  
 And grac'd the Court, more than *Arcadia's* Plain.  
 There lovely *Russel* was by all admir'd,  
 Here the fair *Comptons* Eyes the Nobles fir'd.  
 The *Sackvilles* there did with their Charms invade,  
 Here the *Grevilles* silent Wounds convey'd.  
 There bright *Oarda* of a noble Line  
 By Birth and Beauty, did distinguish'd shine.

Great

Great Numbers more of *Attila*'s noblest Blood,  
Richly adorn'd, around their Monarch stood.  
The forreign Lords this Splendor did surprize  
From radiant Gems, and far more radiant Eyes.  
Confederate Glories, and promiscuous Light,  
Did with immoderate Day, please and oppress their Sight.

Thus on her Throne the bright *Eliza* sat,  
And crowding Lords on this and that side wait.  
The Envoies did advance, but when they saw  
*Britannia*'s Queen, they felt unusual Aw.  
They on th' august Appearance trembling gaz'd,  
Were at the Glory of her Court amaz'd.  
*Dauntless Parmensis*, who to Arms innur'd,  
Had long the Sight of Camps and Courts endur'd,  
Turn'd of his dazled Eyes, not wont to see  
So great a Prefence, so much Majesty.  
Approaching near the Throne, the purple Priest  
With this Harangue *Britannia*'s Queen addrest.

Great Queen, our Monarch, zealous to maintain  
Strict Peace between this Court, and that of *Spain* ;  
And proud to be esteem'd *Eliza*'s Friend,  
Gave his Command, we should your Court attend ;  
To make new Treaties, and confirm the past,  
And settle Friendship, that may ever last.  
He will his Faith inviolable plight,  
That with his Arms he will defend your Right.  
That he will War against your Foes proclaim,  
And that your Friends and his, shall be the same.

His

His Ships are yours, and yours his Horse-men are ;  
His Chariots yours, when you engage in War.  
He will before our Sacred Altars swear,  
By all the Holy Myst'ries we revere,  
By all that pious Christians love or fear ;  
His Navy shall not see the *British* Seas  
Insult your Coasts, and interrupt your Peace.  
He has a nobler Enterprize in view,  
Another Course of Glory to pursue.  
He to his Royal Promise will be just,  
And to remove all Umbrage and Distrust,  
He will renounce, and solemnly abjure  
*Rome's* Absolution, and dispensing Pow'r.

I on the Sacred Oracles protest,  
And on the Faith unblemish'd of a Priest,  
That *Spain's* most potent Monarch seems to me  
In this Affair from all Collusion free :  
That he no stronger Passion can reveal,  
No more sincere Concern, or warmer Zeal,  
Than by a strict inviolable Tie,  
To bind you as a Friend, and as a firm Ally.  
Just Heav'n ! (to Heav'n I solemnly appeal,)  
If I dissemble, or the Truth conceal,  
Let Vengeance my devoted Head pursue,  
Load me with Wrath, I ask it as my due.  
He ceas'd. *Eliza* rising from her Seat,  
Did with her Guards, and noble Train retreat.

Th'

Th' Ambassadors, with customary State,  
Were reconducted to their Palace Gate.  
They were regal'd with great Magnificence,  
And vast Profusion at the Queen's Expence.  
Panting beneath the Weight, strong Servants bear  
Prodigious Dishes of *Britannick* Fare :  
Which by th' Intendant in long Order plac'd,  
The groaning Tables both oppress'd and grac'd.  
The tasteful Meats were with great Cost procur'd,  
Which all the diff'rent Elements afford :  
All which the Hunts-man takes in Hills or Woods,  
The Fowler in the Fields, the Fisher in the Floods.  
Here stood a Boar in brawny Collars ; here  
Haunches of Red, or Sides of Fallow Deer.  
Here Sheep almost entire, and tender Fawns,  
That spread the Hills, or sported on the Lawns,  
Dispos'd with Art, did grace the Table more  
Than they the Parks adorn'd, or Downs before.  
The *British* Ox, a more delicious Cheer  
Than *Gallia's* Partridge, or *Ausonia's* Deer,  
In various Forms, by various Artists drest,  
Pleas'd all the diff'rent Palates of the Guest.  
In wond'rous Plenty, by the Queen's Command,  
Whate'er was curious found by Sea or Land,  
Where Winds can blow, or *British* Merchants fail,  
Did *Spain's* astonish'd Embassy regale.

They had for Drink with their luxurious Cheer,  
Strong, mantling Ale, and old Autumnal Beer.



From *Vaga's* Banks rich *Scudamoran* Wine,  
Scarcely exceeded by the forreign Vine.  
They had the noble Liquors from abroad,  
Which in her Ports *Britannia's* Fleets unload.  
High Silver Flagons, Chalices of Gold  
Fill'd to the brim, did *Gallia's* Pleasures hold.  
Vaft Goblets wrought with wond'rous Art, and crown'd  
With rare *Burgundian* Nectar, went around.  
They drank the flowing Riches of the Vine,  
On *Danaw's* Banks, or on the rapid *Rhine*.  
The Growth of *Xeres*, and the racy Spoils  
Of the rich Grape prefs'd in the happy Isles.  
First round the Board, then in their Veins, the Bowl  
With purple Honours crown'd, did circulating rowl.  
Here one with bright *Champaign* the Table plys,  
Which sparkles in the Cup, but more within their Eyes.  
One od'rous Hermitage profusely brings  
Wine for thy Sons, O *Rome*, at least for Kings.  
For tho' defrauded of the Son, the Vine  
Does not *Britannia* Honour with its Wine.  
Yet all her Ports with gen'rous Juice abound  
From all the Kingdoms, and the Isles around :  
She revels in the Growth of every Soil,  
Enjoys their Vine, and drinks her Neighbours Toil.

Nor was there wanting Musick for the Ear,  
Which gave the Wine more Life, most Taste the Cheer:  
Fam'd Sons of Art; who did *Augusta* grace,  
(Such *Eccles* is, and famous *Purcell* was.)

*French*

*French* cheerful Hautboys, sweet *Italian* Lutes,  
*Britannia's* Viols, and soft founding Flutes,  
 Rare Violins, and Voices most admir'd,  
 To form a noble Harmony, conspir'd:  
 Discordant Notes and Nations did agree  
 To charm the Guests with Heavenly Melody.

Now had the Air three Revolutions seen,  
 And thrice to Shade, to Light thrice subject been.  
 When great *Eliza* did her Orders give,  
 Th' *Iberian* Lords her Answer should receive,  
 Then o'er her Treasure *Cecil* did preside,  
 And with Applause that envy'd Province guide:  
 A Peer of Temper, Wise, Sedate, Discreet,  
 Matur'd in Business, and of peircing Wit,  
 Envy in all his Conduct, fought in vain  
 To find a Blot, or in his Hands a Stain.  
 He still against all furious Bigots strove,  
 Who with such wild Precipitation drove,  
 That they had set the Kingdom on a Flame,  
 (For of all Parties, Bigots are the same.)  
 Had not his mod'rate Councils stem'd the Tide,  
 It's Fury checkt, and made its Flood subside.  
 He from the Rules of Justice ne'er would swerve,  
 With Freedom close, and open with Reserve.  
 With equal Skill, instructed to reveal  
 Dark Statesmens Counsels, and his own conceal.

This Lord the Queen's Chief Councillor of State,  
 With *Philip's* Envoies, manag'd the Debate:

And

And quickly finish'd this important Task,  
The *Spaniard* yielding all the Queen did ask.  
On either side the Solemn League was sign'd,  
Nor could the Wit of Man Expression find,  
That might Confed'rate Crowns more strictly bind.  
Th' Ambassadors, their Treach'rous Business done,  
Haften'd their Preparations to be gone.  
They did rich Presents from the Queen receive,  
A gracious Audience had, and took their Leave.  
Mean time *Eliza* did not wholly give  
Credit to *Spain*, nor wholly disbelieve.  
But tho' the Treaty had not quite suppress'd  
The jealous Thoughts, that had her Mind possess'd,  
Yet much their Oaths and Imprecations eas'd  
Her doubtful Mind, and much her Pain appeas'd.  
Such was her Goodness, she could ne'er believe,  
That a Crown'd Head, with Purpose to deceive,  
Would solemn Vows, and sacred Contracts make,  
Which, whilst he made them, he design'd to break.  
She never thought, that she should ever find  
In Noble Blood, and in a Royal Mind,  
Falsehood so black, and Malice so refin'd.  
That as consummate Wickedness could dwell  
In Monarchs Breasts, as that of Fiends in Hell.  
While on this dreadful Guilt she did reflect,  
She did King *Philip's* Honour less suspect :  
Believing Kings would Perjury abhor,  
Not dare affront the God, they did adore,  
Deride his Justice, and defy his Pow'r.

Entangled

Entangled thus in false *Iberia's* Snare,  
With less Concern she did her Fleet prepare;  
Cooler her Zeal, and slacker was her Care.  
So far th' Atrocious, Irreligious Deed  
Of *Spain's* Perfidious Monarch did succeed.

Above the Limits and Ætherial Mound  
Which Nature's far extended Empire bound,  
From empty Space unconscious of the Day,  
Where ne'er Creation did its Pow'r display;  
Th' Almighty's awful Throne on Pillars rais'd  
Of independent, solid Glory, blaz'd.  
On his Right Hand his uncreated Son  
A Co-eternal Emanation shone:  
Blissful Appearance of embody'd Light,  
Where Human Nature and Divine unite.  
Mysterious Ties the vital Union hold,  
Which Seraphims adore, but never can unfold.  
On Glory high enthron'd, in God-like State  
The Christian World's Victorious Founder fate.  
Him, as his Heir, th' Almighty Father own'd,  
And with Dominion universal crown'd.  
The spacious Seas, the Isles, and farthest Land,  
Subject became to his supream Command.  
He equal Laws dispences from his Throne,  
His Subjects spares, and pulls Oppressors down.  
With ling'ring Steps his halting Justice goes,  
But from his Breast spontaneous Mercy flows.  
His Vot'ries he protects with tender Care,  
Supplies their Wants, and hears their humble Pray'r.

T

In

In their Defence he does in Arms appear,  
And stops proud Tyrants in their mad Carreer.  
He backward drives wild Persecution's Flood,  
To save his Church, the Purchase of his Blood.

But how Transfigur'd from himself before,  
When here on Earth he liv'd despis'd and poor?  
A Crown of Glory now his Head adorns,  
That here was mock'd and pain'd with one of Thorns.  
The Face on which vile Miscreants Spit before,  
Seraphs admire, and ravish'd Saints adore.  
Twelve helpless Fisher-men did Honour shew  
To Heav'n's Commissioner, when here below,  
Attendants on Distress, and Ministers of Woe.  
Arch-Angels now compose his Royal State,  
And round their King ten thousand Seraphs wait.  
Fair Sons of Light, bright Off-spring of the Morn,  
Attend his Person, and his Court adorn.  
These shining Ministers surround his Throne,  
Radiant as Stars, and dazling as the Sun.  
The Body, which the painful Cross before,  
Between two dying Malefactors bore,  
Is now of stiffen'd, pond'rous Glory made,  
Which Pain no more, no more shall Spears invade.  
Now from his wounded Members, whence a Flood  
Ran down the Cross of Meritorious Blood,  
Uninterrupted Streams of Splendor flow,  
Inlightning all th' Ætherial Space below.

• He

He does with Care his Government attend,  
And to and fro his swift-wing'd Envoys fend.  
To Potentates, Dominions, Heav'nly Thrones,  
And Pow'rs distinguish'd by superiour Crowns,  
Cœlestial Chiefs, and Officers of State,  
Who to observe his Nod, obsequious wait ;  
He does the Empire of the World divide,  
Makes them o'er diff'rent Kingdoms to preside.  
These, his bright Viceroys and Prorectors, go  
To their respective Provinces below.  
All whom the Great Redeemer does direct  
His Church's Sacred Int'rest to protect.  
To guard his Vot'rys, and his Vine-yard fence,  
From secret Snares, and open Violence.  
These to the Earth, or to their blest'd Abode,  
Are always passing thro' th' Ætherial Road,  
To execute their Charge, or to report  
Their Expeditions at their Sovereign's Court.

Now mighty *Gabriel*, from *Britannia's* Coast  
Arriv'd, and passing thro' the Heav'nly Host,  
Became the foremost of the shining Crowd,  
Which thronging round the Mediator stood ;  
And low before the Throne, the Great Arch-Angel bow'd. }  
Soon as he saw the Potentate appear,  
The Great Redeemer on his Minister,  
His watchful Prefect of *Britannia's* Isle,  
Did with an Aspect Beatifick smile :  
An Aspect that dispels all Woe and Care,  
Sooths sad Distress, and solaces Despair :

The

The fame with which he Martyrs does receive,  
When thro' the Flames they first at Heav'n arrive.  
'Then thus he spake : Our Minister, relate  
What has befall'n reform'd *Britannia's* State.

The Seraph answer'd : *Albion's* Pious Queen,  
To whom *Iberia* has suspected been,  
As purposing her Kingdom to invade,  
Has with that Prince a firm Alliance made.  
Ambassadors from *Philip* pass'd the Seas,  
To fix with *Albion*, Terms of lasting Peace.  
They did with Sacred Vows and Oaths, protest,  
*Castilian* Arms should not her Coasts molest.  
Their Imprecations, and th' Appeal they made  
To this Tribunal, did the Queen perswade  
With stricter Ties their Friendship to renew,  
Thinking their solemn Protestations true.  
Which has not wholly, yet has much dispell'd  
The Thoughts, which in suspense *Eliza* held :  
She finds her anxious Care is much allay'd,  
And for *Britannia's* Realm, seems less afraid.

He ceas'd. The bless'd Redeemer did reply,  
Let not the Queen on *Roman* Faith rely.  
She must no Weight on this Alliance lay,  
Those who have me betray'd, will her betray.  
Whilst *Albion's* Queen the *Roman* Yoke rejects,  
And the Religion, which I taught, protects ;  
Let her not fruitless Expectations feed ;  
Will *Spain* from her invet'rate Hate recede?

Will

Will ever *Rome* and Hell give *Philip* Rest,  
'Till he reform'd *Britannia* does molest?  
Will these pretended Christians, who disclaim  
My pure Religion, yet profess my Name,  
From bloody Persecutions ever cease,  
Or let my faithful Vot'ries be at Peace?  
When *Ethiopians*, to be White, begin,  
And spotted Leopards shew a spotless Skin,  
Then proud *Iberia*, and apostate *Rome*,  
To me and mine will faithful Friends become.

Go, *Britain's* Viceroy, let *Eliza* know,  
She trusts a broken Reed in *Philip's* Vow.  
The faithless King her Goodness does abuse,  
And with mock Treaties does her Court amuse,  
While he his Hostile Purposes pursues.  
Let her her Army and her Fleet prepare  
To meet th' *Iberian*, and repel the War.  
Left by Surprise he should oppress the Queen,  
And by perfidious Arms *Britannia* win.  
Fly, *Gabriel*, fly, and with Angelick Speed  
On this important Embassy proceed.

Th' obedient Seraph, this high Order giv'n,  
From the Immortal Battlements of Heav'n,  
Did with expanded Pinions wing his way,  
Bright as the Morn, and swifter than its Ray.  
Thro' th' Ætherial, trackless Firmament  
He on his Province made a quick Descent.

U

'Twas



'Twas then, when *Albion's* Just, Religious Queen,  
Unheard by any, secret, and unseen,  
To Heav'n her Morning Supplications made,  
For her own House, for her dear People pray'd,  
And thankful for the past, ask'd future Aid.  
Uncommon Ardor did her Heart extend,  
While she devoutly did with Heav'n contend.  
A great Effusion of Cœlestial Fire,  
Did with a rapt'rous Zeal her Breast inspire.  
In Anhelations of Seraphick Love,  
In Pious Pangs of Extasy she strove  
Blessings Divine, and Favours to procure,  
And make propitious Heav'n's Protection sure.

Soon as the Queen from her Devotion rose,  
And did her Thoughts for State-Affairs compose :  
A sudden Glory, like the Virgin Day,  
Dawn'd in the Place, and did mild Light display.  
Odours Divine, ineffable Perfume,  
Was suddenly diffus'd around the Room ;  
Such, as are breath'd from fresh Cœlestial Bow'rs,  
From blest'd Jonkyles, and Heav'nly Jes'mine Flow'rs.  
Then dress'd in airy Garments to be seen,  
Her Guardian Angel did approach the Queen.  
With such a charming Mein he did appear,  
With such mild Looks, as Love and Mercy wear.  
Such had the blest'd Redeemer, when below,  
He did Salvation on Mankind bestow,  
And scatt'ring Light and Life did thro' *Judea* go.

His

His Neck and Hands were both Divinely fair,  
And his long Robe, that hung neglecting Care,  
Was white as Snow new-moulded in the Air.  
Unfading Youth, a fresh Empyrean Red,  
And blooming Honours on the Seraph spread.

Who thus began : Hail, Pious Princess, Hail,  
Your Arms on Earth, your Pray'rs in Heav'n prevail.  
By high Command I come, to let you know,  
You must not trust th' *Iberian* Monarch's Vow.  
No Protestations, which he makes, believe,  
Nor to his Oaths and Treaties, Credit give.  
These are perfidious Charms design'd to keep  
Your Senses shut, and lull your Court asleep.  
The treach'rous King will from his Navy pour  
His utmost Fury on *Britannia's* Shore.  
Destruction he prepares, and from abroad  
In *Albion's* Ports will heavy War unload.  
Make haste, *Eliza*, to sustain the Blow,  
Left, you surpriz'd, too late your Error know.

He said. And with a Heav'nly Mien withdrew,  
The Pious Queen his Counsel did pursue.  
She, to collect her Troops by Sea and Land,  
To all her Chiefs and Gen'als gave Command.  
She wisely let her Loyal Subjects know  
The black Intentions of the faithless Foe :  
Who Peace pretended *Albion's* Court to blind,  
That he the Realm might unprovided find.

This

This all her faithful *Britons* did enrage,  
 And made them for Revenge in Arms engage.  
 They flew with brave Impatience to the Coast,  
 Eager to Combate *Spain's* perfidious Host.  
 Thus both the Crowns for Conflict did prepare,  
 One to invade, one to repel the War.

Mean time, while these Transactions past between  
 Th' *Iberian* Monarch, and *Britannia's* Queen.  
 In *Belgia*, *Vere*, *Eliza's* General, led  
*Britannia's* Cohorts to the *Belgian's* Aid.  
*Mauritius* from the Camp, in which he lay,  
 Advanc'd, and met the *Briton* on the way.  
 With Marks of high Esteem, with Joy sincere,  
 The *Belgian* Prince embrac'd the Noble *Vere*.  
 Th' expected *British* Hero he receiv'd,  
 As one, by whose great Valour he believ'd,  
 Desponding *Belgia's* Fate would be retriev'd.  
*Vere* in his turn the brave *Nassau* address'd,  
 The same Respect, and the same Joy express'd.  
 This done, *Mauritius* to his lofty Tent  
 With the Illustrious Welcome *Briton* went.  
 Where when arriv'd, the two great Heros send,  
 To their inferior Gen'als to attend.

Mean time, his wond'ring Eyes the *Briton* turn'd  
 To the rich Arras, which the Room adorn'd.  
 He with surprizing Pleasure did behold  
 The lively Figures form'd in Silk and Gold :

With

With *Flandria's* Skill inimitable wrought  
By fam'd *Cartones* from *German* Masters brought.  
Rare Workmanship ! where *Belgia's* noble Loom  
Was by the Pencil scarcely overcome.  
The unexampled Pieces did contain  
The bloody Story of relentless *Spain*.

Here *Alva* fate in a high Chair of State,  
A fiery Minister of *Philip's* Hate.  
With cruel Deaths the *Belgian* he pursu'd,  
In Plagues expert, and conversant in Blood,  
Malice, Revenge, Ambition, Falshood, Pride,  
Infernal Malice, in his Look reside.  
Assassins, Lictors, Headsmen, long in Pain  
And Torment vers'd, an execrable Train,  
Around him stood, expecting from his Hands  
His cruel Orders, and his Dire Commands.  
Of these, who did his Lust of Blood assist,  
Each did receive a long Proscription List :  
Which did the certain Fate of those contain,  
Who then withstood the lawless Pow'r of *Spain*.  
Who did outrageous Violence oppose,  
And to defend their injur'd Country, rose,  
And rather present Death, than ling'ring Ruin chose.  
Some of thy Martyrs, Heav'nly Liberty !  
Thy Glorious Confessors, were doom'd to die  
In ling'ring Pains, with Engines to be rackt  
Which Husband Life, and manag'd Death protract.  
Some, to whom *Alva* did Compassion shew,  
And leave to Die by one kind fatal Blow.

Some were condemn'd the Dagger's Point to feel,  
Some the sharp Ax, and some the painful Wheel.  
On which alive some broken lay, the most  
Obtain'd the Favour to the strangled first.  
Some of the Orders of this cruel Lord  
Condemn'd whole Towns, and Cities to the Sword,  
Whom to protect in Safety he before,  
Perfidious Man ! in solemn Manner swore.

There Holy Fathers on Destruction bent,  
And anxious, unknown Torments to invent,  
Met at a pious Consult to support,  
Their new erected Inquisition Court.  
On their stern Brows dire Persecution fate,  
Infernal Malice, and immortal Hate.  
Intent on Blood, in Cruelty refin'd,  
They Plagues decreed, and bloody Orders sign'd.  
Their Dungeons there appear'd, Religious Schools,  
Where Men are taught by expeditious Rules :  
Where bloody Liſtors Heav'nly Doctrines Preach,  
Instruct with Engines, and with Torment teach.

Here cruel Instruments of Steel or Wood,  
Of new invented Deaths, a vast Collection stood.  
There lay in heaps, Hooks, Pincers, pond'rous Chains,  
Plenty of curious Plagues, and choice converting Pains.  
Here Martyrs dauntless from Almighty Aid,  
Are thro' th' insulting Throng to Death convey'd.  
Their Air compos'd, their Looks Divinely mild ;  
None seem'd afraid, and some with Pleasure smil'd.

They

They look'd with Pity on the mocking Crowd,  
And seem'd to pray for those, who fought their Blood.  
In other Figures did the *Briton* see  
Triumphant Martyrs on the fatal Tree :  
As did their Flames, so the bless'd Martyrs strove  
To reach their Central Seat of Rest above.  
They with Heroick Fortitude expire,  
And mount to Heav'n in ruddy Cars of Fire.  
Relentless Ruffians vent Infernal Rage,  
They no Distinction make of Sex or Age.  
Accurs'd Assassins *Belgia's* Race destroy,  
Riot in Blood, and horrid Death enjoy.  
Their Priests with Holy Murder never cloy'd,  
Urge and intreat that more may be destroy'd.  
They, that their Doctrines may Belief obtain,  
Destructive Wonders shew, and Miracles of Pain.  
While *Vere* with deep Compassion mov'd, survey'd  
This woven Tragedy, the Hero said,  
To Arms how justly did the *Belgians* fly,  
To check this monstrous Rage, this barb'rous Cruelty ?  
How am I pleas'd the *Brittish* Youth to lead,  
And bring th' afflicted States *Eliza's* Aid ?  
Their Enterprize is Glorious, who oppose  
Their Arms to Heav'n's and Human Nature's Foes.

The *Briton* next with Admiration saw,  
Wrought in another piece the Great *Nassau* ;  
The Glorious Founder of the *Belgick* State,  
To whom *Iberia* bore Infernal Hate.

Whose

Whose Blood, Immortal Shame ! the Villain's Hand  
Shed, by the *Spanish* Tyrant's curs'd Command.  
To be distinguish'd, on a rising Ground,  
His valiant Chiefs and Cohorts pour'd around,  
Reform'd *Batavia's* Great Supporter stood ;  
His Gesture shew'd him speaking to the Crowd.  
He to th' attentive Troops himself addrest,  
One Hand extended, one upon his Breast.  
With Vehemence, but with becoming Grace,  
With all the Eloquence of Mein and Face,  
He labour'd to excite their Martial Rage,  
And make his Troops impatient to engage.  
He propagates his Passion, and inspires  
The Soldier's Bosom, and improves his Fires.  
There wanted Words indeed, the only part  
Which did exceed the Master's wond'rous Art :  
And yet he seem'd so much to speak, that *Vere*  
Admir'd that he no Voice, or Sound could hear.  
The attentive Throng, that on the Gen'ral gaz'd,  
Felt in their glowing Breasts their Courage rais'd.  
Their bright'ning Eyes express their inward Fire,  
The Foe they threaten, and the War require.  
Viewing their Gen'ral they dismiss their Fears,  
And let in Courage at their list'ning Ears.

Here the provincial Deputies conven'd  
In Council, did the Wife *Nassau* attend.  
They by their Looks and Gestures seem'd to plight  
Their mutual Faith, to guard their mutual Right ;

Their

Their Freedom and Religion to maintain  
 Against th' enormous Violence of *Spain*.  
 The Great *Nassau* conspicuous did appear,  
 Did seem to speak, as they did seem to hear.  
 He look'd, as he their Courage did excite,  
 Conjur'd them for their Safety to unite,  
 Their Altars to defend, and save their civil Right.  
 They look'd determin'd, and resolv'd no more  
 To bear th' *Iberian* Yoke, or *Roman* Shrines adore.  
 By shaking Hands, and by a kind Embrace,  
 By all that can be known by Mein and Face,  
 They did in Vows and solemn Leagues engage,  
 By Arms to curb th' *Iberian* Tyrant's Rage.  
 That they their Blood would for their Country spend,  
 Assert their Altars, and their Rights defend.

Wrought in the Margin, to attentive *Vere*,  
 Emblems of Peace, and Union did appear.  
 Here a great Giant strove with Sweat and Pain,  
 To break a Sheaf of Arrows, but in vain.  
 Concord appear'd, wrought in another place,  
 Of wond'rous Strength, and beautiful of Face:  
 Which does in Wisdom, and in Force excel,  
 What *Pagan* Poets of their *Pallas* tell.  
 On one side Vict'ry, with a charming Grace,  
 Did on her Head a Crown of Laurel place.  
 Prolifick Plenty on the other side  
 Pour'd Golden Fruit around, and scatter'd flow'ry Pride.

... *Y* ... *Mean*



Mean time, to this sublime Pavilion came  
The Chiefs of highest Post, and greatest Fame :  
To whom *Mauritius*, and the mighty *Vere*,  
Their well-consider'd Purpose did declare,  
Soon as the Morn should o'er the Night prevail,  
Their Ensigns to advance, the *Spaniard* to assail,  
While this Resolve the valiant Gen'als hear,  
All Marks of Pleasure in their Looks appear,  
To the respective Posts they all repair ;  
Require the Day, and wait the promis'd War.  
All Jealousy and Envy to remove,  
And to maintain uninterrupted Love,  
Noble *Mauritius*, and the valiant *Vere*,  
The Pow'r and Honour did agree to share.  
The Troops did each alternately obey,  
And each, as Chief Commander, had his Day.

Unwilling yet to stand the *Briton's* Fire,  
As he advanc'd, the *Spaniard* did retire.  
At length he stood on famous *Bruga's* Plain,  
Resolv'd th' invading *Briton* to sustain.  
There he encamp'd on advantageous Ground,  
And high Entrenchments did the Camp surround.  
The *British* Army, full of Martial Rage,  
Follow'd th' *Iberian*, eager to engage.  
As swelling Billows on the Main appear,  
A furious Tempest pressing hard their Reer,  
When their embattled Legions march from far,  
To storm some lofty Mould with liquid War ;

Such

Such an Appearance *Vere's* Brigades did make,  
As they advanc'd th' *Iberian* to attack.  
At the last Effort of expiring Day,  
They reach'd the Camp, where *Spain's* Battallions lay.

Now, Muse, the mighty Hero's Names record,  
Who to suppress the *Belgian*, drew the Sword.  
Who to the War from distant Regions came,  
Some with Church-Bigots to enrol their Name,  
And some in hopes of Spoil, and some in quest of Fame.

*Parmensis* absent in *Britannia's* Land,  
*Mansfelt* th' *Iberian* Army did command.

The valiant Warriour was of *German* Birth,  
Skilful in Arms, and of applauded Worth.

*Hara*, whose Veins contain'd a Noble Flood  
Of *Spanish* mixt with *Lusitanian* Blood ;

Esteem'd for Conduct, Courage, Toil, and Force,  
Was Chief Commander of the *Spanish* Horse.

*Valdes*, a Native of *Asturia's* Land,

Did next th' *Iberian* Cavalry command :

In Blood to *Alva*, more in haughty Pride,

In Falshood, Rage, and Cruelty, ally'd.

*Varex*, a Chief who *Philip's* Favour won,  
Not by his brave, but cruel Wonders done.

Who less in Arms, than in Massacres skill'd,

Had *Belgia's* Land with Death and Carnage fill'd :

Who did the Guileless and Unarm'd invade,

And violating Faith, rich Towns in Ashes laid ;

Enroll'd

Enroll'd and led in Arms the vig'rous Swains  
 From fair *Granada's* Hills, and *Alcantara's* Plains;  
 Where perjur'd *Spain* flew unbelieving *Moors*,  
 Or drove them from th' unhospitable Shores:  
 Expos'd them to the Seas, a dire Command,  
 Yet Seas less Cruel, than *Iberia's* Land.  
 They were to Waves, and Shelves, and Sands, resign'd,  
 To the Discretion left of every Wind;  
 Which sometimes growing calm, do *Spain* upbraid,  
 Whose undecaying Rage is ne'er allay'd.  
 Lavish and wastful of Infernal Hate,  
*Iberia* never found her Stock abate.

From *Mexico* *Alphonso* lately came,  
 Where he had left the Tyrant's hateful Name.  
 And now the Chief did at the Altar vow,  
 That he no Mercy would to *Belgia* show.  
*India*, *Granada*, *Belgia*, in their turn,  
 The dire Effects of *Spanish* Fury mourn.  
 These suffering Realms have been the bloody Stage  
 Of cruel *Spain's* inexorable Rage.  
 Noble *Hernandes*, of undaunted Heart,  
 A Man of Honour, and in Arms expert,  
 Who in the Siege of *Metz* did by a Ball,  
 A Musket sent it from the City Wall,  
 Loose his left Eye, but gain'd a mighty Name,  
 Among the Warriours of superiour Fame,  
 Brought his Battallions from the fruitful Land,  
 Which fair *Sevilla's* lofty Tow'rs command.

*Perez,*

*Perez*, a Chief, in Martial Action bred,  
To *Belgia's* Fields his valiant Cohorts led.  
Arm'd with the Fauchion, and the glitt'ring Spear,  
From the rich Banks of fam'd *Guadalquivir*.  
*Chimay*, himself a Noble *Belgian* Lord,  
Yet *Belgia's* Rights and Liberties abhor'd,  
To serve the *Spaniard's* arbitrary Pow'r,  
Did in the Host a high Command procure:  
The fiery Bigot did in Arms appear,  
Pleas'd to assist his Country's Ravisher:  
A Malice which would all Belief exceed,  
Did not *Britannia* now such Monsters breed.  
*Garcio*, a Gen'ral brave, expert and bold,  
Whose Name 'midst *Spanish* Heros is enroll'd;  
Brought his stout Cohorts from the fertile Plain,  
Where Noble *Tagus* draws her Crystal Train.

From high *Toledo*, once of wond'rous Fame  
For temper'd Arms, her Lord *Carrero* came :  
Whose impious Life *Iberian* Story fills  
With Breach of Vows, and Forgery of Wills.  
*Velez*, who still with Martial Honour fought,  
His fierce Brigades from *Salamanca* brought :  
Where Youth their Hours in idle Labour spend,  
*Rome's* Pow'r and false Religion to defend.  
Where Loyalites with grave and formal Look,  
Teach Craft by Rule, and Politicks by Book.  
Youthful *Daranda*, urg'd with sanguine Hopes  
Of winning Laurels, led his valiant Troops

Z

From

From fam'd *Gibralta*, whose high Tow'rs survey,  
And guard the Entrance of th' *Herculian* Sea ;  
Which runs amidst the Land, and with its Tide,  
Does the *Iberian* from the *Moor* divide.

They did besides, as Chief Commanders, own  
*Ibarra*, *Herman*, *Sanches*, *Barlamon*,  
*Megen* and *Lara*, Men of great Renown.  
These mighty Chiefs the Battel did prepare,  
And wait behind their Lines-approaching *Vere*.  
Mean time his *Flandrian* Army to augment,  
King *Philip*, anxious for the great Event,  
Commanded *Albert*, *Austria's* Duke, to drain  
The Towns and Forts of *Italy* and *Spain*,  
And lead the assembled Troops to *Belgia's* Plain.

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*The End of the Third Book.*

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ELIZA

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ELIZA.

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BOOK IV.

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NEW Inspiration, Heav'nly Muse, afford,  
That I in grateful Numbers may record ;  
May from Oblivion's Shade the Chiefs retrieve,  
And make their Names to coming Ages live ;  
Who left the Pleasures of *Britannia's* Isle,  
The soft Endearments of their native Soil,  
For War's Alarms, and honourable Toil. }  
Who in reform'd Religion's Glorious Cause,  
Fought on the *Belgian* Plains, with Earth's and Heav'n's Applause.

Valiant *Horatio*, to the *Britons* dear,  
The mighty Brother of the mighty *Vere*,  
Held in *Eliza's* Army high Command ;  
He rais'd in *Essex* Fields his War-like Band.  
A Hero to his Brother next admir'd,  
Whose Noble Veins true *British* Courage fir'd :  
The other Captains were exceeded far  
By the Great *Veres*, two Thunder-bolts of War.

*Alban*, th' Illustrious Gen'ral's only Son,  
Whose Vertues universal Love had won,

A

A beauteous Youth, worthy a milder Doom,  
 A Hero promis'd, and a *Vere* to come,  
 Left his fair Sisters to their Mother's Care,  
 And for the Field did his bright Arms prepare,  
 From his great Sire, to learn the Art of War.

}

Brave 'Troops advanc'd from fair *Wiltonia's* Plains,  
 And aeiry Downs, on which unnumber'd Swains,  
 With cheerful Toil, their fertile Acres Till,  
 And with harmonious Lays the Vally fill.  
 Where, for their woolly Riches, every Year  
 Ten Thoufand Sheep the wealthy Farmers shear.  
 Whose Spoils are truly *Albion's* Golden Fleece,  
 Outvyng that of Legendary *Greece*.  
 These sent abroad from *Britain's* noble Loom,  
 Bring forreign Wealth, and distant Pleasures home.  
 Silks, Pearl, and Spices, from the wanton *East*,  
 Rich Drugs, with Gold and Silver, from the *West*.  
*Cecil* in Arms, and War-like Conduct great,  
 Son to the famous Counfellow of State,  
 Enroll'd these valiant Troops, and pass'd them o'er  
 From the *Britannick*, to the *Belgick* Shore.  
 They did a strange Alacrity exprefs,  
 'To aid reform'd *Batavia* in Distrefs.

*Augusta's* Youth, Divine Religion's Cause,  
 From the bright Court and bufy City draws.  
 The Merchants to their gainful Burfe prefer  
 The Tented Field, to learn from mighty *Vere*

To

To settle War-like Factories abroad,  
Who may their Fleets with glorious Laurels load :  
May fix a Commerce of a nobler sort,  
Send Trophies home, and martial Fame import.  
These ardent Squadrons were by *Sidney* led,  
(Who has not *Sidney's* Praises heard or read ? )  
Whose Pen and Sword both Laurels did acquire,  
Whom Camps and Courts did equally admire.  
None more did famous Men of Letters court,  
None their Polite Republick more support.  
He, their Protector, cherish'd every Bard,  
And all their Flights profusely did reward.  
The tuneful Tribe his Triumphs did adorn,  
And at his Altars all their Incense burn.  
None in the Poets Songs more brightly shone,  
Immortal by their Pens, Immortal by his own.  
All to his Standard Veneration paid,  
Brought to his Mint their Works to be essay'd.  
No Poet's then were reckon'd Sterling Lays,  
Which bore no Stamp or Mark of *Sidney's* Praise.  
Ye Bards, this noble Patron would you know ?  
*Sidney* was then, what *Montague* is now.

The valiant *Greville*, an Illustrious Name,  
From whom a noble Race of Patriots came,  
Whose Merit *Sidney* with true Friendship crown'd ;  
As well for Letters, as for Arms renown'd,  
Inspir'd with Zeal, his Weapons did demand,  
To follow *Sidney* to the *Belgick* Land.

A a

In



In Arms th' *Iberian's* Progress to arrest,  
 Repel the Tyrant, and relieve th' Opprest.  
 He, *Warwick's* Hero, from his Castle went,  
 And pitch'd on *Dunmore* Plain his War-like Tent :  
 Muster'd upon the Legendary Ground  
 His Tenants, and his Country-men around :  
 Then march'd to pierce the threefold *Roman* Beast,  
 The Monster, and unsufferable Pest,  
 That worse, than ancient Plagues, *Europa* did infect.

Valiant *Mordano*, of a high Descent,  
 To free his Neighbours from Oppression, went.  
 The Brave Young Man by all Men was admir'd,  
 With the true Courage of his Nation fir'd.  
 He for the dusty Field forsook his Farms,  
 Ignoble Pleasures, for Heroick Arms :  
 To all thy Beauties, *Albion*, did prefer  
 More glorious Danger, and more charming War.  
 Part of the Guards did great *Elixa* fend,  
 Who on her Royal Person did attend  
 These Young *Mordano*, their intrepid Head,  
 In *Belgian* Fields to Martial Hazard led.

*Norris*, a Chief, not of *Plebeian* Birth,  
 Of envy'd Honour, and uncommon Worth,  
 To the Great Man of the same Name ally'd,  
*Belgia's* Defender, and *Britannia's* Pride ;  
 Whose glorious Deeds fatigu'd the Wings of Fame,  
 And high as Heav'n advanc'd the Hero's Name ;

Brought

Brought the bold Youth from all the Towns that stood  
On the rich Banks of *Ifs*' famous Flood :  
From fair *Oxonia*, whose high Turrets rise,  
Yet to her Fame unequal, 'midst the Skies :  
The Source of Science, which does every way  
Polifick Streams thro' *Albion's* Isle convey :  
And greater Riches on the Mind bestows,  
Than *Ifs* gives the Land, thro' which it flows.

*Lomel*, a Gen'ral of a noble Line,  
Whose Deeds in Story will for ever shine.  
Sedate and Valiant, Courteous and Polite  
In *Britain's* Court, but bravely rough in Fight ;  
Rais'd his bold 'Troops, one part in *Sussex* Soil,  
One in the *Nothern* Region of the Isle :  
Who could unhurt hard Martial Labour bear,  
And suffer all Inclemencies of Air.  
These could with Parents, Friends, and Country part,  
Freedom and pure Religion to assert.

*Gouramno*, long to Camps and Arms inur'd,  
Whose mighty Deeds had deathless Fame procur'd ;  
His valiant Troops on *Cam's* fam'd Current bred,  
From *Albion's* Shore, to forreign 'Triumphs led.  
*Hamel*, a Noble *Caledonian* Knight,  
Proud to defend Religion, Law, and Right,  
Led his Battallions from th' *Orccadian* Isles,  
To merit Fame, and share *Iberian* Spoils.  
*Ingol* and *Palma*, Chiefs of mighty Name,  
In *Belgick* Plains encreas'd their Martial Fame ;

With

With *Fairfax*, *Ruta*, *Conway*, *Lovelace*, *Ball*,  
*Gale*, *Silvius*, *Parker*, *Ogle*, *Herbert*, all  
Ready at Honour's, and at Danger's Call.

}

*Mauritius*, of a Noble House, that shines  
With mighty Worthies, Heros, Heroines,  
Great Patriots, Conqu'rors of a God-like Race,  
Who in long Order *Belgia's* Annals grace ;  
*Batavia's* Founder of Immortal Fame,  
And, *Albion*, hence thy Great Deliverer came :  
A Prince, of whom the *Belgians* justly boast,  
As Chief, commanded *Belgia's* Valiant Host.  
Brave *Fredrick*, in the early Bloom of Youth,  
Reform'd Religion and Cœlestial Truth,  
Freedom and Right, in Battel to defend,  
Did his Great Brother to the Field attend.

The famous *Hollock*, in *Germania* bred,  
Next to *Mauritius*, did the *Belgians* Head.  
*Ernest* and *Loick* took with great Applause  
The Field, in *Belgia's* and Religion's Cause.  
In both their Veins, to their great Honour, flow'd  
Illustrious Streams of high *Nassovian* Blood.  
One Gen'ral was of Foot, and one of Horse,  
Each prais'd for Courage, Vigilance, and Force.  
*Horno* and *Goren*, both of *Geldria's* Land,  
*Bever* and *Solms* had Posts of high Command.

Brave *Maximilian* pass'd the rapid *Rhine*,  
And with his Squadron did *Mauritius* join.

A

A Pious Zeal did this Great Prince perfwade,  
To bring th' opprefs'd reform'd *Batavians* Aid.  
This Leader Valiant, Beautiful, and Young,  
Adorn'd with every Princely Vertue, sprung  
From the Illuftrious *Hannoverian* Houfe,  
Which did with Zeal reform'd Belief espoufe :  
Did ftill againft encroaching Pow'rs contend,  
Curb proud Oppreffors, and the Opprefs'd defend :  
The Houfe on which *Britannia* cafts her Eye,  
Hoping for vacant Thrones a long Supply.  
She happy in a new *Eliza's* Reign,  
Wifhes, but Oh ! her Wifhes are in vain,  
That her Victorious Monarch's Human Frame,  
Was as Immortal, as her Deathlefs Fame.  
But fince fhe muft (ah, fatal muft ! ) encrease  
The Glorious Dead, Oh ! may it be in Peace.  
May the afflictive Blow be long deferr'd,  
Let it be late e'er the fad Cry be heard ;  
Oh ! may *Britannia* long, may *Europe* long be fpar'd !  
And when we feel th' inevitable Stroke,  
Oh ! let not *Britain* bear the *Gallick* Yoke.  
Let not the Sons of *Belial's* curfs'd Design  
Succeed to break the Royal, Legal Line :  
Men of a cruel perfecuting Kind,  
Averfe to Goodnefs, and to Reafon blind :  
Who our late Chains and Bondage would reftore,  
*Rome's* Superftition, and proud *Gallia's* Pow'r :  
Who Slav'ry court, pull their own Altars down,  
To raife a *Roman* Bigot to the Throne.

Monsters beyond what ever *Ægypt* saw,  
 Beyond what ever err'd from Nature's Law ;  
 They would no Pains, no Crimes, no Danger shun,  
 To see their Country ruin'd, and undone.  
 But let the Heros of the Legal Line  
 On *Britain's* Throne with envy'd Honour shine.  
 And from the Noble undecaying Root,  
 For ever may Illustrious Branches shoot,  
*Britannia* to adorn with Royal Fruit.  
 May they, with tender Care Religion guard,  
 Suppress the Wicked, and the Good reward.  
 May they like *William*, and like *Anna* Reign,  
 Curb *Roman* Pride, and Tyranny restrain.  
 This valiant Youth a Band of *Germans* brought,  
 Who for reform'd Religion bravely fought,  
 And from the noblest Cause, the noblest Laurels fought.

Soon as the Morn, to let in dawning Light,  
 Drew up the Sable Curtain of the Night :  
 Great *Vere* rose, and negligent of Rest,  
 His vig'rous Limbs in burnish'd Armour drest :  
 A Crimson Scarf, with Golden Fringes grac'd,  
*Eliza's* Gift, adorn'd his comely Waist.  
 His flaming Sword to Death a faithful Friend,  
 On whom familiar Viç'ry did attend,  
 Whose fatal Force unnumber'd Warriors felt,  
 Hung by his Side in a rich Silver Belt.  
 Hard polish'd Steel his Back and Breast encas'd,  
 And his bright Helmet round his Head was brac'd ;

Whose

Whose Repercussions of the glancing Light,  
Improv'd the Sun, which thus grown doubly bright,  
By keen Reflection dazled more the Sight.  
This graspt his glitt'ring Lance, the other Hand,  
With Martial Grace, his Staff of high Command,  
Such Flame, such Ardor sparkled in his Eyes,  
As from a perfect inbred Courage rise.  
And which are never seen, but where we find  
True Vertue mixt with Nobleness of Mind.

As *Cesar* look'd when on *Pharfalian* Plains,  
Heroick Heat distending all his Veins ;  
He march'd to Battel, where the Lot was hurl'd,  
Which must decide the Empire of the World :  
Such as Illustrious *Michael* did appear,  
When griping fast his long Immortal Spear,  
The Glorious Warrior at his Army's Head,  
The bright Brigades of Heav'n to Combate, led :  
Such Looks in Arms did the Great *Briton* wear,  
So Seraph-like his Port, so *Cesar*-like his Air.

A *Mauritanian* led his famous Steed,  
Prais'd for his wond'rous Beauty, Strength, and Speed.  
The true-bred Mare was of *Britannia's* Isle,  
The Noble Sire was brought from *Thracia's* Soil.  
All Men the gen'rous Creature did admire,  
Wanton with Life, and bold with native Fire.  
With thund'ring Feet he paws the trembling Ground,  
He strikes out Fire, and spruns the Sand around.

Does

Does with loud Neighings make the Vally ring,  
And with becoming Pride his Foam around him fling.  
So light he treads, he leaves no Mark behind,  
As if indeed descended from the Wind :  
And yet so strong, he does his Rider bear,  
As if he felt no Burden, but the Air.  
A Cloud of Smoke from his wide Nostrils flies,  
And his hot Spirits brighten in his Eyes.  
At the shrill Trumpet's Sound he pricks his Ears,  
With brave Delight surveys the glitt'ring Spears,  
And covetous of War, upbraids the Coward's Fears.

Now did the Hero at his Army's Front,  
With Martial Mein his noble Courser mount ;  
Which bounding and curvetting o'er the Sand,  
Did neither wholly go, nor wholly stand.  
So easy on his Back the Hero fate,  
As if he gave more Life, nor added Weight.  
The Pride of Arms advanc'd, and was to view  
At once a Pleasure, and a Terror too.  
Now the Battallions move at his Command,  
And fill the Heav'ns with Clouds of Dust and Sand.  
Spears, Helmets, Muskets, with the Sun-beams play,  
Their flashing Glances thro' the Field convey,  
And bandy to and fro reverberated Day.  
When on their March embattled Clouds appear,  
What formidable Gloom their Faces wear ?  
How wide their Front ? how deep and black their Reer ?  
How do their threat'ning Heads each other throng ?  
How flow the crowding Legions move along ?

The

The Winds with all their Wings can scarcely bear,  
Th' oppressive Burden of th' impending War.  
So on their March did *Vere's* Battallions flow,  
As great their Terror, and their Pomp as flow.

And now the Cannon in the Army's Van,  
With their loud Peals the bloody Fight began.  
Their roaring Voice rent all the ambient Air,  
The Promulgation of advancing War.  
Dreadful Salutes pass'd from the *Briton's* side,  
To which th' *Iberian* terribly reply'd.  
The thund'ring Noise, the wide-mouth'd Cannon made,  
Did all the Towns and Tow'rs around invade.  
Prodigious Fire was made on either part,  
The Shepherds Heard, and on the Downs did start.  
The Sound augmenting, all the Region fills,  
By Repetition from the ecchoing Hills.  
The wond'ring Skies with forreign Light'ning shone,  
And rung with Peals of Thunder, not their own.  
As high *Vesuvius*, when the Ocean laves  
His fiery Roots with Subterranean Waves,  
Disturb'd within, does in Convulsions roar,  
And casts on high his undigested Oar :  
Discharges Massy surfeit on the Plains,  
And empties all his rich Metallick Veins.  
His ruddy Entrails, Cinders, Pitchy Smoke,  
And intermingled Flames the Sun-beams choak.  
The dreadful Roaring, and the awful Sight,  
Shakes all *Campania*, and her Swains affright.



Such on the Batt'ries did their Guns appear,  
As frightful to behold, as horrible to hear.

And now their mutual Cannonading past,  
Which did a while with wond'rous Fury last :  
Th' impatient *Britons*, at their Chief's Gommand,  
Began the bold Attack with Sword in Hand.  
*Mordano*, who did Death and Danger face  
With Courage worthy of his Noble Race,  
Himself the foremost of his bold Brigade,  
Dauntless went on, and the first On-set made.  
Mindless of Death, brave to Intemperance,  
The noble Chief did to the Lines advance.  
The Great Young Man was by old Captains prais'd,  
Who at his fearless Progress stood amaz'd.  
He press'd the high Entrenchments, to assail  
Thro' Storms of Fire, and Show'rs of Leaden Hail.  
By his resiftless Valour, mounted up,  
And cut his Passage to the Rampart's Top.  
Then with his Fauchion strong *Anselmo* flew,  
And cleft the Valiant *Barlamon* in two.

Then Noble *Garcio*, Valiant, Young, and Proud  
Of his rich Lands, and pure *Castilian* Blood,  
Who from the Banks of Golden *Tagus* came,  
By brave Atchievements, to advance his Name,  
To stop the *Briton's* Progress, swiftly flew,  
And at his Breast a lighted Fire-ball threw.  
His Head inclin'd, the *British* Youth did hear  
The erring Ball pass hissing by his Ear.

Th'

Th' enrag'd *Castilian* curf'd his luckless Chance,  
And to a clofer Combate did advance.  
He rais'd his flaming Fauchion in the Air,  
And for a fatal Blow did all his Strength prepare.  
But firft he crofs'd himself, and then he cry'd,  
Propitious Saints, who o'er the War prefide,  
On whose Protection I confide in Fight,  
Affift my Arm, and guide this Stroke aright:  
Then did his Sword defcend with fearful Sway,  
And thro' the *Briton's* Armor made its way,  
It cut his Side, and thro' the wounded Veins,  
The ebbing Blood his plated Thigh diftains.  
This did *Mordano's* Rage fo much provoke,  
That gath'ring all his Force for one brave Stroke,  
He rais'd his reeking Sword with Slaughter Red,  
And aim'd his Blow between the Breaft and Head:  
Which did the Pipe, that Breath conveys, divide,  
And cut the Jugulars from fide to fide;  
And had it met the Juncture of the Bone,  
The *Spaniard's* Head had from his Shoulders flown:  
He fell, and lay expiring in his Blood,  
That gulfing from his Veins around him flow'd.

Nor did a milder Fate *Ibarra* meet,  
Who lay extended at the Conq'ror's Feet.  
*Gonzala* next from fair *Ibero's* Flood,  
And *Ascoli* the *Briton's* Arms withftood.  
Unhappy Youths both by his Fauchion dy'd,  
In Blood before, and now in Fate ally'd.

Brave

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Brave *Bourgon* took the Field in quest of Fame,  
But slain, he fell, to raise *Mordano's* Name.

Then strong *Daranda*, to sustain his 'Troops,  
And disappoint the brave Young *Briton's* Hopes,  
Attack'd his Squadrons with a fierce Brigade,  
And great Destruction with his Weapons made.  
*Mordano* now fatigu'd, and out of Breath,  
By feasting with his Sword Voracious Death,  
And feeble with the great Effusion grown,  
Both of *Iberian* Blood, and of his own,  
Fainted and sunk ; *Cecil*, who near him fought,  
Advanc'd, and in his Arms the Warrior caught.  
With tender Care he to the Camp convey'd,  
And on his Bed the Noble *Briton* laid.  
*Cecil* did swiftly to the Fight return,  
By Valiant Deeds *Britannia* to adorn.  
Eager of War, he mingled with the Crowd,  
And deep Revenge for brave *Mordano* vow'd.  
With gallant Rage th' *Iberian* he invades,  
And fought *Daranda* 'midst the thick Brigades.  
The *Spaniard* saw, and did his Arms oppose,  
Whence on the Lines a noble Combate rose.  
Of equal Stature, equal Fame, and Age,  
The *British* and th' *Iberian* Chiefs engage.  
Hard on the *Briton* brave *Daranda* preft,  
And push'd his glitt'ring Pike against his Breast.  
The Armour to the Weapon did not yield,  
But with the Thrust the flagg'ring *Briton* reel'd.

But

But soon recover'ing, with a back-hand Blow  
He hop'd to cut the *Spaniard's* Head in two:  
His Head indeed the erring Weapon mist,  
But did divide the Sinews of the Wrift.  
He dropt his Arms, and by a second Wound  
Deep in his Breast he fell, and bit the Ground.  
He fetch'd his Breath in Sobs, and double Sighs,  
And often strove, but strove in vain to rise:  
His Eyes defrauded of their vital Ray,  
Labour for Life, and catch the flying Day.  
From the wide Wound a purple River flows,  
And Life departs in strong convulsive Throws.

*Herrera* next, and noble *Manoel*,  
One did in Arms, and one in Arts excel,  
By valiant *Cecil's* fatal Weapon fell. -  
One's Breast he pierc'd with his destructive Spear,  
Whose bloody Point did thro' the Back appear.  
He, with his Sword the other did invade,  
And in the middle cleft the Shoulder-Blade :  
Whence his disabled Arm depending swung,  
And from the Joint in fearful manner hung.  
When *Valdes* saw what Ruin *Cecil* made,  
In what high Heaps the slain *Iberians* laid,  
He brought his Cohort to the *Spaniard's* Aid.  
The *British* Chief with Numbers over-born,  
Did to his Line with wond'rous Rage return.  
Supply'd with Troops, the Combate he renew'd,  
On famous *Valdes* dire Revenge pursu'd,  
Whence on the Works a dreadful Fight ensu'd.

Shot from a Cannon's Mouth an envious Stone  
 His Ankle struck, to pieces crush'd the Bone.  
 To stop the Gangreen, that began to climb  
*Londello's* Hand took off the putrid Limb.  
 To save his Life, the Artift's Skill prevail'd,  
 But ah ! the Fair their mighty Loss bewail'd.

Harmonious *Westan* bravely charg'd the Foe,  
 And did intrepid Resolution show.  
 The fatal Ball in at his Navel went,  
 And in the adverse Reins its Fury spent.  
 He Breathless on the Ground extended lay,  
 His Lifeless Eyes forsaken by the Day.  
 Thy Deeds, brave Man ! how should my Praises Crown,  
 Had I a Voice to sing them, like thy own ?

Here too did *Clifford's* Course of Glory end,  
 A Man of Honour, and a faithful Friend.  
 None the *Theorbo* with a softer Hand,  
 Few with a stronger did the Sword command.  
 Whene'er he took the Lute, or grasp'd the Spear,  
 He touch'd the Heart with Pleasure, or with Fear.  
 By the same Hand, the Lute, the Lance, the Foe,  
 Did tremble in their turn, and like Emotion show.  
 The envious Ball pass'd thro' from Ear to Ear,  
 And did the tuneful Drums to pieces tear,  
 Which aeiey Accents beat, to make us hear.  
 It did the curious Instruments confound,  
 And all the winding Labarynths of Sound,

The

The charming Musick-Rooms, that entertain  
The Soul high feated in her Throne the Brain.

The greater part of these Assailants slain,  
*Sidney* advanc'd the Living to sustain.  
He led his Troops to drive th' *Iberian* back,  
And made with great Applause his fierce Attack.  
And now the Fight with Fury was renew'd,  
And either side unshaken Courage shew'd.  
To charge the Foe the eager *Britons* flew,  
And missive Fires, and Hand Granadoes threw.  
They, to oblige th' *Iberian* to retire,  
Sent whistling Show'rs of Lead, and Storms of artful Fire.  
Redoubled Vollies rent the ambient Air,  
And flying Clouds now faster flew for Fear.  
Mean time th' unbroken *Spaniard* kept his Ground,  
Volly for Volly gave, and Wound for Wound.  
The *Britons* thus resisted grew enrag'd,  
Flew to the Files, and in close Fight engag'd.  
Between the Foes arose a sharp Contest,  
While Beard to Beard they stood, and Breast to Breast.  
Swords clash'd with Swords uplifted in the Air,  
And mingling Flashes form'd a frightful Glare.  
Arms rub'd on Arms, Fauchions on Helmets rung,  
While hov'ring Vict'ry undetermin'd hung.

*Sidney* enrag'd that Conquest was delay'd,  
Broke thro' their Ranks, and horrid Slaughter made.  
Cleaving the thick Battallions did advance,  
His Sword in one Hand, and in one his Lance.

E e

Splendid

Splendid in Arms, to bring his Friends Relief  
*Hernandes* hasten'd, but the *British* Chief,  
 Full on the Neck of his Illustrious Foe  
 Discharg'd a furious Horizontal Blow ;  
 The gasping Head leap'd off amidst the Crowd,  
 Sprinkling their Faces with the scatt'ring Blood.  
 The Lips still speaking, as they flew, appear'd ;  
 Some thought they low imperfect Accents heard.  
 The ghastly Trunk lay quiv'ring on the Plain,  
 Emptying its Vital Tide from every Vein.

*Cressier*, who came from *Arragonian* Hills,  
 Who with his Deeds *Iberian* Story fills,  
 With dauntless Courage did oppose his Breast,  
 To *Sidney's* Arms, his Progress to arrest.  
 Th' advancing *Eriton* with a Blow oblique,  
 Th' *Iberian's* Face did with great Fury strike.  
 The *Spaniard's* Nose receiv'd the *Fauchion's* Edge,  
 Which did in funder cut the rising Bridge.  
 The Blood that follow'd part detain'd his Breast,  
 And trickling down his Throat ran inwardly the rest.  
*Luxon* ran in, and took the second Blow,  
 By which the *Briton* else had slain the Foe ;  
 And thro' the Squadrons bore him from the Field  
 For Cure, to Men in Art Chyrurgick skill'd.

Next young *Salazar* *Sidney's* *Fauchion* felt,  
 Who on the high *Galician* Mountains dwelt :  
 The Sword descended with a transverse Blow,  
 And split his fore and hinder Head in two :

Line 12

It

It cut the wide Cannal along the Brain,  
 Which here performs the Duty of a Vein :  
 A spacious Road contriv'd with wond'rous Art,  
 By Which the refluent Blood regains the Heart.  
 The Warrior fell, and pour'd out on the Plain  
 A bloody Torrent intermixt with Brain.  
 But *Sidney* burning with too fierce a Flame,  
 Too avaricious of Heroick Fame,  
 With so much Vigor carry'd on the War,  
 And midst the thick Brigades advanc'd so far,  
 That the Battallions of th' insulting Foes,  
 On every side the Warrior did enclose.  
 Long did he stand fatigu'd, and out of Breath,  
 By giving or repelling Wounds and Death.  
 Bravely the disproportion'd War withstood,  
 Polluted with his own, and Hostile Blood.  
 'Till every way with num'rous Squadrons press'd,  
 The valiant *Briton* was at length distress'd.  
 Brave *Greville* saw, and for his Friend afraid,  
 Attack'd the crowded Ranks to bring him Aid.  
 He did a while the doubtful Field retrieve,  
 Timely Assistance to the *Briton* give,  
 And with fresh Warmth the drooping War revive.  
 Now *Vere's* Battallions half their Number flam,  
 And those with Labour spent, who did remain ;  
 Retreated fighting to their former Ground,  
 With just Applause, tho' not with Conquest crown'd.

*Vere*, when he saw his valiant Troops return,  
 Did with a Noble Indignation burn.  
 In



In Person he advanc'd with Sword in Hand,  
 And that his Men should follow, gave Command.  
 Waving his Fauchion with a Martial Air,  
 He march'd along, denouncing dreadful War.  
 When a She Lion, at the Dawn of Day,  
 Comes to her Den distended with her Prey,  
 And finds the Huntsman's Hand has stol'n her Whelps away.  
 The Noble Beast with Rage distracted roars,  
 Ranges the Woods and o'er the Mountains scowrs ;  
 Angry she casts around her threat'ning Eyes,  
 And if by Chance the Robber she espies,  
 To tear the Wretch in pieces, she with Fury flies.  
 So did Great *Vere* advance against his Foes,  
 And to their dreadful Fire his Breast oppose.  
 Thro' Storms of loud Destruction, Flames and Smoke,  
 And whistling Deaths th' intrepid Hero broke.  
 Thro' all the Shapes of Terror on he flew,  
 Mounted the Rampart, and the first he flew  
 Was strong *Avallos*, of a Noble Race,  
 Whose valiant Deeds *Cordubian* Annals grace.  
 When mighty *Vere* th' *Iberian* Chief assail'd,  
 Nothing his famous *Bilbo* Blade avail'd.  
 Nothing his Beads, or consecrated Arms,  
 Vain were his little Idols, vain the Charms  
 Of his Religious Reliques, and the Store  
 Of Holy Trinkets, which the Warrior wore.  
 The *Briton's* Sword pass'd his bright Armor thro',  
 And cut the Sinews of his Neck in two :  
 Broke up th' Arterial Channels that maintain  
 A Vital Commerce 'twixt the Heart and Brain.  
 He

He fainting fell, and as he struck the Ground  
His Arms and Armour gave a ringing Sound.

Next *Cerdan Vere's* Victorious Fauchion felt,  
Who on the Plains of *Saragossa* dwelt.  
His Father, who the Soil around did own,  
Amass'd vast Wealth for this his only Son.  
To keep him safe at home, their Joy and Hope,  
And of their Noble House the single Prop,  
Close on his Neck his tender Parents hung,  
His weeping Sisters round their Brother clung.  
With Pray'rs and Tears, and every moving Art,  
They strove the Youth from Danger to divert.  
But so determin'd *Cerdan* was for Arms,  
So deaf to mournful Love's dissuading Charms,  
He from his Parents dear Embraces sprung,  
His importuning Sisters from him flung,  
And took the Field in shining Armor clad;  
And this his first and last Campaign he made.

Then did the Hero's fatal Fauchion flay  
*Swarez* and *Lucar*, who oppos'd his way,  
*Caronda*, *Orgas*, *Illan*, *Davilla*;  
Among th' *Iberians*, Men of great Renown,  
For their high Birth, and for their Valour known.  
Now did the *Spanish* Troops begin to fly,  
Not able to repel so great an Enemy.  
When *Britain's* Valiant Youth did onward rush,  
And *Spain's* Brigades with so much Vigor puff,

F f

That

That from the Entrenchments they were beaten back,  
Unable to sustain the fierce Attack.

To break their Ranks, *Vere* cut his bloody Way;  
And did in heaps th' opposing Squadrons lay.  
His Conq'ring Arms, where e'er he pass'd, prevail'd,  
And Death with so much Luxury regal'd,  
With such Profusion, that no Sword before  
Appeas'd her Thirst, or eas'd her Hunger more.  
Rivers of Blood, Limbs from their Bodies chopt,  
Dismember'd Trunks, Heads from their Shoulders lopt,  
With Weapons intermixt, and scatter'd Brains,  
Where e'er he went, oppress'd the *Belgick* Plains.  
As when a pointed Flame of Light'ning flies  
With mighty Noise exploded from the Skies ;  
The ruddy Terror with resistless Strokes  
Invades the Mountain-Pines, and Forrest-Oaks :  
Wide Lanes across the Woods, and ghastly Tracks  
Where e'er it goes, the swift Destruction makes.  
So mighty *Vere's* Victorious Fauchion past,  
Such Lanes it made, so laid the Squadrons wast.  
Where e'er the Conquering Warrior bent his Course,  
He left dire Marks of his destructive Force.  
The *British* Squadrons had their Leader lost  
Cover'd with Smoke, and hid with rising Dust,  
Had not his Fauchion flashing thro' the Cloud,  
The Conq'ror's Progress to his Army show'd.  
While thus the *Briton*, by his rapid Course,  
Did from their Ground the pale *Iberian's* Force ;

The

The Pioneers the Trenches level laid,  
And for th' advancing Horſe a Paſſage made.,

Brave *Lomel* mounted on a Cole-black Steed,  
Whoſe Fire and Strength confeſs'd his noble Breed ;  
His bold Brigades, to paſs th' Entrenchment, led,  
And ſhown in burniſh'd Armor at their Head.  
The *Spaniſh* Squadrons drawn in cloſe Array,  
Stood in Battallia to oppoſe his way.  
Waving on high his bright deſtructive Blade,  
Intrepid *Lomel* did the Foe invade ;  
He wounded with his Spurs his gen'rous Steed,  
And plung'd amidſt the War with furious Speed.  
With his reſiſtleſs Sword the Squadron cleft,  
And all behind amazing Ruin left.

*Moro* and *Caſtro*, both of Noble Blood,  
Who Neighbours liv'd on *Guadiana's* Flood,  
*Lomel* in vain with their joint Force withſtood.  
One with his Sword th' advancing Gen'ral flew,  
One with his Hand he from the Saddle drew,  
And headlong on the Ground the Warrior threw.

His Courſer's Feet, as *Lomel* forward preſt,  
Struck his laſt Breath from the brave *Spaniard's* Breſt.  
Polluted gloriously with Duſt and Blood,  
He broke the Ranks, and thro' the Battel rode.  
Where e'er the mighty Hero forc'd his way,  
In mingled Ruin Horſe and Horſe-men lay.

Illuſtrious *Hara*, long for Arms renown'd,  
With Rage beheld the Foe with Conqueſt crown'd :

He

He spur'd his Courser's Sides, and void of Fear,  
Advanc'd to stop the *British* Chief's Career.

The Gen'als met, th' Event the Armies wait ;  
On either's Brow, Rage and Defiance fate.

Th' *Iberian* wav'd his bright *Toledo* Blade,  
Which flashing Glory thro' the Air convey'd.

The Sword descended on the *Briton's* Crest,  
Whose faithful Steel its Fury did resist.

Then did the *Briton* for his valiant Foe,  
With his whole Strength prepare a mortal Blow.

He wav'd his dreadful Fauchion, but the Sight  
The *Spaniard's* fiery Steed did so affright,

That rais'd upright, he did the Wound receive,  
Destin'd of Life the Rider to bereave :

His Neck half sever'd, down the gen'rous Beast  
Fell, and his Rider with his Weight oppress'd.

A Crowd ran in to save him, and with pain  
Bore the bruis'd Hero from the bloody Plain.

*Hollock* mean time did in another part

Wife Conduct show, and noble Fire exert.

He like a 'Tempest on th' *Iberian* flew,

Broke their close Ranks, and pass'd like Thunder thro'.

*Loick* and *Horno* thro' the Battel press'd,

And at the *Spaniard's* Cost, their Fame encreas'd.

*Mauritius* to the Fight his Squadrons brought,

And with a true *Nassovian* Courage fought.

Many brave *Spaniards* striving to repel

The mighty *Belgian*, by his Fauchion fell :

Who

Who did a while a noble War maintain,  
And loaded with the Dead the dusty Plain.  
The *Belgian* Troops *Mauritius* at their Head,  
Undaunted follow'd, where the Gen'ral led.  
Greedy of Danger, and on Fame intent,  
They on the yielding Foe their Fury spent.

Now from the Field th' *Iberian* Army flew,  
And on the Ground their scatter'd Weapons threw.  
Horses and Riders, Arms and Harness lay,  
An ignominious Medly, on the way.  
The *Britons* follow'd, and Victorious *Vere*  
With his light Horse hung close upon the Reer.  
Prodigious Numbers fell, while thus pursu'd,  
And their entire Destruction had ensu'd,  
Had not beneath her Sable Wings, the Night  
Conceal'd the vanquish'd from the Victor's Sight.  
The *Britons* came in Triumph back, to rest  
Their Martial Limbs with glorious Toil oppress'd.

Soon as the Virgin Morn had from the *East*,  
In Orient Light, and Heav'nly Roses drest,  
The lab'ring Swains, and early Trav'ler blest :  
Great *Vere* arose, and gave due Thanks to Heav'n,  
That to his Troops had this great Triumph giv'n.  
With a just Sense of Providence, he own'd  
Th' Almighty had his Arms with Conquest crown'd.  
For past Protection he his God ador'd,  
And future Blessings piously implor'd.

G g

This

This done, his Pious Orders he declar'd,  
That his slain Troops should be with Care interr'd.  
Who treach'rous *Spain's* Tyrannick Arms withstood,  
For pure Religion dy'd, and publick Good.  
He gave Command, that to the lasting Praise  
Of the brave Dead, their living Friends should raise  
Upon their Graves high heaps of Turf or Stone,  
And make their glorious Fate to future Ages known.  
He charg'd the Masters of the healing Art,  
Whose Drugs to Men in Torment, Ease impart;  
To use their utmost Care and Skill to Cure  
The wounded Warriors, and the Sick restore.

Now the Illustrious Prince *Mauritius* sent,  
And *Vere* invited to his noble Tent,  
Whither the Gen'ral well attended went;  
With decent Joy each other they embrac'd,  
And on each other did the Honour cast  
Of Arms, or Conduct, in the Battel past.  
Much they discours'd of the successful Day,  
How they attack'd, and how the Foe gave way.  
What Captains signaliz'd their Valour most;  
What Troops regain'd the Ground that others lost.  
The Chiefs the Valour of their Squadrons rais'd,  
The Prince the *Briton*, *Vere* the *Belgian* prais'd.  
The Prince brave *Sidney* highly did commend,  
And *Vere* as much *Hollock*, the Prince's Friend.

Then did *Mauritius* with due Honour name  
*Britannia's* Queen, and rais'd to Heav'n her Fame.

He

He own'd *Eliza* pure Religion's Prop,  
The *Spaniard's* Terror, and the *Belgian's* Hope.  
Then much demanded of the famous Queen,  
Much of her Person, and Majestick Mein;  
Much of great *Cecil* ask'd, the chief Support  
And Ornament of Great *Eliza's* Court.  
At last the Prince requested noble *Vere*,  
While busy Servants did the Feast prepare,  
To tell what Cares the Queen had under-gone,  
From Papal Foes to guard her envy'd Throne.  
With how much Patience, and with how much Toil  
She planted pure Belief in *Albion's* Isle:  
What Snares she 'scap'd, and thro' what Dangers run;  
The *British* Chief comply'd, and thus begun.

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*The End of the Fourth Book.*

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ELIZA.





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ELIZA.

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BOOK V.

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WHEN Great *Eliza*, to *Britannia's* Throne  
From a base Prison rais'd, Illustrious shone :  
Reform'd *Religion*, like returning Morn,  
With dawning Beams did *Albion's* Isle adorn ;  
And chafing *Rome's* Infernal Shades away,  
Diffus'd a radiant Promise of the Day.  
With pure *Religion* from her Youth embu'd,  
The Pious *Queen* Cœlestial Truth pursu'd.  
With a sincere Devotion she ador'd  
The Christian Founder, and obey'd his Word ;  
But impious *Rome's* Idolatry abhor'd.  
Since watchful Heav'n so oft did interpose,  
To guard her from the Rage of Papal Foes ;  
Had oft inclin'd, with providential Care,  
A cruel Court, her precious Life to spare ;  
And had at last, the Tempest over-blown,  
In Peace advanc'd her to th' Imperial Throne ;  
Mov'd by Cœlestial Piety, she thought  
She should Divine Religion's Cause promote.  
Should that reform'd and purer Church restore,  
Which her bless'd Brother did assert before ;

H h

And

And which to persecute with Sword and Fire,  
 Fierce *Roman* Zeal *Maria* did inspire.  
 To pure Belief *Britannia* to convert,  
 Was the Concern, which nearly touch'd her Heart.  
 This was the Heav'nly End she had in view,  
 Which she with Care and Conduct did pursue,  
 To the blest'd Task unwearied did attend ;  
 For Princes only can their People mend.

Some Lords, who felt the Anguish and the Pain  
 Of Wounds inflicted in the former Reign ;  
 Did now with hot, revengeful Passion burn,  
 To make the Oppressors suffer in their turn :  
 These injur'd Men, thus Human Nature's made,  
 To use her Pow'r, the Pious Queen perswade :  
 Without Distinction, Pity, or Respect,  
 To treat the cruel, persecuting Sect :  
 They urge, the Tyrants, who had never shown  
 Bowels of Mercy, could have Right to none.  
 That those should now their just Reward receive,  
 Who did *Britannia* of her Sons bereave,  
 And of Infernal Hate, the horrid Tokens leave.  
 Who in their Neighbours Ruin did engage,  
 With Salvage Fierceness, and relentless Rage.  
 Fam'd *Roman* Saints, who with Religious Spoil,  
 And Meritorious Murders, fill'd the Isle :  
 Who tortur'd, burnt, massacr'd, ruin'd all  
 That would not *Rome*, the World's great Empress call,  
 And to her Wafer-God in low Prostration fall.

They

They did the Danger to the Queen display,  
That would attend a mild and gentle Way:  
If those around her Person she employ'd,  
Who hate her Worship, and her Friends destroy'd,  
She would her Friends dismay, revive her Foes,  
And tempt them to disturb her Realm's Repose.  
That faithless Zealots of the *Roman* Breed,  
To Crowns reform'd, were Traytors by their Creed:  
That their Religion plunges them in Blood,  
And makes them call the blackest Actions good:  
That while she gave them Posts of Pow'r and Trust,  
She deadly Vipers in her Bosom must.  
That thus her Sacred Life she did expose  
To the known Mercy of her cruel Foes.  
That all should lose their Heads, who had embur'd  
Their impious Hands in Sacred Martyrs Blood.  
That *Albion's* Queen should act an open Part,  
Should *Rome's* renounce, and her own Faith assert.  
That all the *Roman* Shrines should be destroy'd,  
And fierce *Maria's* Laws be render'd void.

But the Great *Cecil*, a discerning Head,  
In Glorious *Edward's* Court, and Councils bred,  
More mod'rate Maxims to *Eliza* gave,  
Which might Religion and her Empire save.  
He thought rough Methods would the State embroil,  
And with seditious Uproar fill the Isle.  
That if the Pious Monarch should at once  
Pure Christian Faith Profess, and *Rome's* renounce;  
Should

Should she at once Church-grievances redress,  
And Anti-christian *Romanists* suppress,  
Their Temples raze, their Altars overturn,  
And with Contempt their Sacred Reliques spurn:  
This soon the *Roman* Bigots would alarm,  
Exasperate their Priests, and make their Vot'ries Arm;  
Who lately cheer'd, and favour'd by the Crown,  
Were num'rous, strong, and formidable grown,  
And might in Arms prove dang'rous to the Throne.  
That three great Pow'rs, *Aufonia*, *France*, and *Spain*,  
Would *Rome's* Religion, and Decrees maintain.  
That *Britain's* green, unsettled Government,  
Her Factions growing, and her Treasure spent,  
Could not collect sufficient Force to bear,  
At once a Forreign, and Domestick War.  
Therefore the Queen should with mild Means assuage  
The great Disease, which sharper would enrage.  
By soft and gentle Steps, should to the Cure  
Slowly advance, and sooth the angry Sore,  
'Till milder grown, and for the Lance mature.  
Harsh Methods with the Zealots should forbear,  
Manage their Doubts and Jealousies with Care,  
And not incense, and drive them to Despair.  
Should treat the greatest Leaders of the Sect,  
Not with Caresses, nor with Disrespect,  
The Mean between Endearment and Neglect.  
Should in the Ship allow them some Command,  
But never let them in the Steerage stand.  
That on her Favour they may still depend,  
Serve her as Queen, and love her as a Friend.

Safely

Safely, mean time, she might slow Changes make,  
And by degrees their Church in pieces take.  
’Till she had pull’d the *Roman* Fabrick down,  
Their Altars ruin’d, and restor’d her own.  
Thus *Cecil*, *Bacon* of Immortal Name,  
*Bedford*, *Northampton*, all advis’d the same.

*Britannia*’s Queen, as Heav’nly Seraphs, Wife,  
Gracious, and Good, was pleas’d with this Advice.  
She by degrees did her great Ends promote,  
For Moderation she a Vertue thought.  
She knew, that rash Attempts, and Zeal too warm,  
Would sooner ruin *Albion*, than reform.  
She ne’er imagin’d, that to be Discreet,  
From want of Courage came, or want of Wit.  
None yet to her the Secret did reveal,  
That those who keep a Temper, lose their Zeal,  
That none but those who Wound, are fit to Heal.  
The Queen believ’d the Steady, Wife, Sedate,  
Were fittest Men for Counsellors of State.  
That States-men of an over-heated Brain,  
And Bigots of a persecuting Strain,  
Do in Religion desp’rate Measures take,  
And ruin Kingdoms for a Party’s sake.  
She therefore cooler Counsels did approve,  
Did step by step in Reformation move.  
As when Physicians by discreet Degrees,  
Attack an old and obstinate Disease,  
Good Med’cines so apply’d, the Sick restore,  
Which rough Attempts may kill, can never cure.

So the Wise Queen by wary Methods strove  
*Britannia's* great Distempers to remove,  
When deeply rooted, and invet'rate grown,  
They undermin'd the Church, or shook the Throne.

Th' illustrious Confessors in Prisons thrown,  
Who lay impatient of the Martyr's Crown,  
Did the Pollutions of the Dungeon chuse,  
Rather than thine, O *Rome* ! and Life refuse,  
Rather than yield to thy bewitching Charms,  
Or be defil'd in thy adult'rous Arms ;  
Were by the Queen, freed from their pond'rous Chains,  
Their foul Apartments, and tormenting Pains.  
They did with Praise the Queen's Indulgence own,  
Who Freedom gave, which robb'd them of a Crown.

The Gospel, which a Pris'ner was, no less  
Than those, who did its Sacred Truth profess,  
Was next enlarged, and suffer'd to display  
Immortal Light, and Beatifick Day :  
More than *Ægyptian* Darkness to dispel,  
The complicated Shades of *Rome* and *Hell*.  
*Rome* stop'd with Art, this Heav'nly Source of Light,  
With Art conceal'd it from the People's Sight,  
Which all her foul Impostures would detect,  
And make Mankind with Scorn her Yoke reject.  
She therefore did, her Empire to secure,  
Confin'd the Foe, that would subvert her Pow'r.

But

But now the Sacred Volumes open laid,  
 O'er all the Isle convincing Light convey'd,  
 And soon to Truth unnumber'd Converts made.  
 The Usurpations of apostate *Rome*,  
 Her impious Frauds did naked now become.  
 Enlighten'd *Albion* from her Fetters broke,  
 And from her Neck cast off the *Roman* Yoke.  
 From *Pagan* Rights, and Superstition freed,  
 She purg'd her Tempels, and reform'd her Creed.  
 As when some vile, invidious Persons stop  
 A Crystal Brook, and dam the Current up,  
 The Fields around, defrauded of Supply,  
 Are chopt with Drought, and lose their verdant Dye;  
 If some just Neighbours, Friends to publick Good,  
 Remove th' obstructing Dam, and free the Flood,  
 The flowing Water o'er the Vally spreads,  
 And with a welcome Tide regales the thirsty Meads.  
 Each joyful Field caress'd by fruitful Streams,  
 With verdant Births, and gay Conception teams.  
 So when *Eliza's* Hand in *Rome's* ~~Delight~~, — *Despight*  
 Drew up the Sluces of imprison'd Light,  
 Outgush'd a Torrent of Coelestial Day,  
 Which under Floods of Light, did all *Britannia* lay.  
 Christ's Vine-yard smil'd, and every Heav'nly Vine,  
 Bore noble Clusters, bless'd with gen'rous Wine.

The Kingdom thus dispos'd, the Pious Queen  
 Did *Britain's* noble Lords and States convene.  
 With their Concurrence did by Law restore,  
 The pure Belief that *Albion* own'd before ;

When



When her fam'd Brother *Britain's* Throne possess'd,  
And with paternal Care his Kingdom blest'd.  
The Garden Christ enclos'd when here below,  
Thro' which he bad his living Waters flow,  
Which Flowers from Heav'n transplanted did adorn,  
And Golden Fruit on Trees Immortal born ;  
Was soon o'er-run, O ignominious Sloth !  
By thy curst'd Henbane of luxuriant Growth.  
O *Rome* ! who did'st pollute the Fountain's Head,  
Which endless Life in Crystal Streams convey'd.  
The Pious Queen did with successful Care  
Th' infected Waters purge, and made their Current clear.  
Of every baneful Tree, and noxious Weed  
Of *Rome's* Plantation, she the Garden freed,  
And sow'd the Sacred Ground with new Cœlestial Seed.  
A Seed which cheer'd with Heav'n's prolifick Streams,  
And with the Sun of Righteousness his Beams,  
A glorious Harvest brought in Hell's Despight,  
Of Bliss eternal, and immortal Light.  
Not *Rome* with all her Vigilance could stop  
The swift Production of the Heav'nly Crop ;  
*Britannia's* present Joy, and future Hope.  
Thus the Good Queen, like her blest'd Lord before,  
To their first Use his Temples did restore.  
O'er-turn'd their Seats, who there prophanely fold  
Unhallow'd Ware, and barter'd Toys for Gold.  
She scourg'd the greedy Money-changers home,  
And broke the Market, and base Trade of *Rome*.

*Rome's*

*Rome's* haughty Head, the eldest Son of Pride,  
Who with our Princes did their Pow'r divide ;  
Who *Albion* rul'd with Arbitrary Sway,  
And made our proudest Kings their Laws obey.  
*Britannia's* States with just Contempt depose,  
Impatient of their Wrongs, and various Woes :  
They pull the Purple Tyrant from his Throne,  
And now no Pow'r, but their *Eliza's* own.

The black Brigades, that did on *Rome* depend,  
Assert her Power, and impious Cause defend :  
The standing Legions of the *Roman* Court,  
Who did her Empire in our Isle support :  
These bloody Troops *Eliza* did Disband,  
And made them subject to her sole Command.  
And wond'rous 'tis, that jealous Kings endure,  
And in their Bosom nurse a forreign Pow'r.  
The Holy Drones devour'd *Britannia's* Isle,  
Plunder'd their Hives, and suck'd their Neighbours Toil.  
Poor *Albion* felt a complicated Pest,  
Bore all the Plagues of *Ægypt* in the Priest :  
These *Roman* Locusts long to Spoil innur'd,  
Each fruitful Tree, and verdant Plant devour'd.  
Like a black, lazy Fog, *Rome's* Priest-hood lay  
On all the Land, and choak'd Cœlestial Day.  
Infernal Darknes covers all the Isle,  
Whence bounding Beams, their Labour lost, recoil.  
Triumphant Night here made her black Abode,  
And pond'rous Shades did mournful *Albion* load.

The *Roman* Vermin turgid with the Blood  
Suck'd from *Britannia's* Veins, their native Food,  
With pamper'd Bellies crawl'd, and loathsome Feet,  
Thro' every Palace, and thro' every Street.  
The grievous Plague did every Place molest,  
As well the Court, as Cottages infest.  
They poison'd every Stream, and every Flood,  
And turn'd *Britannia's* Rivers into Blood.  
This complicated Woe, the *Roman* Priests,  
Whose hostile Troops a forreign Leader lifts,  
To guard his strong Ecclesiastick Forts,  
The great Monastick Pow'r, that *Rome* supports :  
The Citadels she wisely does erect,  
To curb the conquer'd Natives, and protect  
The Settlements, which she abroad has made,  
Where she, and her Religion are obey'd :  
These standing Troops, that bridled *Albion's* Land,  
And made us own a forreign Lord's Command,  
The Pious Queen with glorious Courage broke,  
And freed her Kingdom by the noble Stroke.  
For now she wore an Independent Crown,  
Rul'd Church and State, and call'd her Realm her own.  
A great Example this to Princes set,  
To free their Thrones, and break the *Roman* Net.

Now in the Church, a Den of Thieves before,  
The *Britons* Heav'n, as Heav'n commands, adore:  
Eas'd of her *Pagan* Ceremonial Load,  
Divine Religion all her Graces shew'd.

END

Shining

Shining with Gems, in gaudy Garments dress'd,  
With superstitious Luxury oppress'd,  
Glitt'ring with Tinsel, and with Paint besmear'd,  
She, as a gay Adulteress, appear'd.  
But now the adventitious Lustre gone,  
Her Pomp and State suppress'd, Religion shone,  
Stripp'd of false Beauties, brighter by her own.  
She shews her Form Divine, her Heav'nly Charms,  
And Pious Breasts with pure Devotion warms.

We now no more permit the *Roman* Priest,  
To turn Divine Religion into Jest.  
No more the Mimicks at the Altars stand  
Shewing their Holy Tricks, and Pious Slight of Hand.  
No more they cringe, and from their artful Throats,  
Like *Pagans*, mutt'ring strange, mysterious Notes,  
Conjure their Wafer to become a God,  
And charm their Saviour from his bless'd Abode.  
Such an Affront, since Nature first began,  
Was never offer'd, or to God, or Man.  
No Creed did ever so licentious grow,  
Or brought insulted Reason down so low.  
Nothing did greater Prejudice create,  
Or more the Honour of the Church abate,  
Nothing more made the *Pagan* World condemn,  
And with Derision treat the Christian Scheme.  
*Britannia's* Sons convinc'd, and undeceiv'd  
No more their wild Absurdities believ'd.  
They would no more adore their Wine and Meat,  
Or (monstrous Worship!) their Redeemer eat.

They

They would no more, by *Rome's* Command, at once  
Suppress their Reason, and their Sense renounce.  
No more a tame and blind Submission pay,  
And her Commands without Reserve obey.  
'The Peoples pious Zeal each Temple frees  
From pictur'd Gods, and tawdry Deities.  
From their high Places with officious Care  
Their gaudy Images Reformists bear.  
And in the Flames with loud Applause consume  
Th' Abominations of polluted *Rome*.

Officious Fame did early Tidings bring  
To haughty *Rome's* Ecclesiastick King,  
Of what new Scenes in *Albion* did appear,  
And how his Empire was demolish'd there.  
Hearing the Loss of fair *Britannia's* Isle,  
The purple Pontiff did with Choler boil.  
He found his Veins with Indignation swell,  
And felt within the Fire and Rage of Hell.  
Legions of spleenful Spirits fill'd his Breast,  
And dire Revenge his troubled Soul possess'd.  
As the vast Rage of vanquish'd Lucifer,  
When dreadful Thunder charg'd his flying Reer,  
When by th' Almighty's conq'ring Squadrons driv'n  
O'er the blue Plains, and from the Brow of Heav'n  
Push'd into Hell, he saw his ruin'd Host  
Plung'd in hot Vengeance, and for ever lost.  
Such was the Rage the *Roman* Monarch felt,  
Such Pain and Anguish in <sup>his</sup> ~~her~~ Bosom dwelt ;

When

When firſt he knew *Britannia's* Sons had ſhook  
From their uneaſy Necks, the *Roman* Yoke.

With an elated, pontifical Air,  
He roll'd his Eyes, and riſing from his Chair,  
Vaſtly diſturb'd the Pontiff walk'd around,  
And with his Croſier often ſtruck the Ground ;  
And thus, ſo *Fame* reports, he ſpoke aloud :  
And is *Eliza* then my Foe avow'd ?  
Has Hereſy ſo great a Conqueſt won ?  
Is fair *Britannia* from my Empire gone ?  
And does a wild Phanatick Spinſtrefs dare  
Againſt the Sacred Rights of *Rome* declare ?  
A giddy Girl affront Saint *Peter's* Chair ?  
Did ſhe not only mount *Britannia's* Throne,  
While yet our Will and Pleaſure was unknown,  
Before ſhe fought our Favour to obtain,  
Or firſt addreſs'd to *Rome* for Leave to reign ?  
But does th' audacious Woman now preſume  
To change the pure Religion too of *Rome* ?  
Does ſhe ( enormous Wickedneſs ! ) rebel,  
Bold to declare for Hereſy and Hell ?  
Shall I my Title to *Britannia* quit,  
And on her Throne let this Ufurper fit ?  
This young Enthuſiaſt : Death ? ſhall ſhe defile  
The Sacred Shrines of *Rome*, pollute the Iſle,  
And fill her Sacrilegious Hands with Spoil ?  
Shall Hereſy, that lately lay as Dead,  
Warm'd in *Eliza's* Boſom rear her Head,  
Diſplay her Vipers, and her Venom ſpread ?

L 1

Shall

Shall this new Monster, swoln with *Roman* Blood,  
By Hell engender'd out of Slime and Mud,  
Midst pois'nous Weeds and Plants, Religion's Bane,  
On the curs'd Banks of the foul Lake *Lemaine*,  
Which does thy Fame, *Avernus*, far excel,  
Is a more plain and broader Road to Hell ;  
Shall this fell Monster's Breath *Britannia* blast ?  
Her rav'ning Jaws lay our Dominions waste ?  
Must she our Temples enter uncontroll'd,  
And on the Sacred Ground her loathsome Limbs unfold ?  
Must she be worshipp'd, where our Statues stood,  
And round her Altars twist her vip'rous Brood ?  
Shall she erect her odious, hissing Head,  
And thro' our Domes her foul Contagion spread ?  
And will no *British* Champion now engage,  
Able to quell th' Infernal Monster's Rage ?  
Is no brave Hero in *Britannia* found,  
To give this Dragon's Head a deadly Wound ?  
If this be *Albion's* Fate, my self will prove  
A second *George*, this Monster to remove.

Should this contagious Heresy obtain,  
And unmolested in *Britannia* reign ;  
Should this proud Woman, *Rome's* Imperial Right  
By Force usurp'd, maintain in *Rome's* Despight ;  
We should not only lose that fruitful Isle,  
From whence we drew such Wealth and noble Spoil,  
But neighb'ring Countries will th' Infection take,  
And Revolutions in our Empire make.

It

It will more Kingdoms to Defection draw,  
 And make them lose to *Rome* their Pious Awe.  
 The haughty Maid, I therefore must depose,  
 And from her Oaths and Vows her Subjects loose:  
 The rash Ufurper shall my Terror dread,  
 And hear my Thunder roll around her Head.  
 Could the Great Men, that once this Crozier sway'd,  
 Ador'd by all Men, and by all obey'd;  
 Make mighty Nations tremble with their Frowns,  
 And to precarious Kings distribute Crowns?  
 Could they oft make repenting Monarchs come,  
 To beg Forgiveness at thy Court, O *Rome*?  
 And humbly prostrate at thy Feet, implore  
 Thy gracious Lords, their Scepters to restore;  
 To reinstate them in their vacant Throne,  
 And make their Subjects their Obedience own?  
 And shall my high Commands be disobey'd?  
 My Throne insulted by a Frantick Maid?  
 No, she shall find *Rome* does not idle grow,  
 I now decree th' irrevocable Blow;  
 Like Heav'n's, my Stroke is certain, tho' 'tis slow.  
 She'll know, when I chastise her black Offence,  
 How dreadful 'tis Christ's Vicar to incense.  
 The hardy Rebel shall her Error own,  
 Who with consummate Malice rarely known,  
 Provokes the Thunder of the triple Crown.  
 And when she feels my Hand's destructive Weight,  
 She plung'd in deep Distress, will cry too late  
 For my Compassion on her woeful State.



I to her Pray'r inexorably deaf,  
And with her Ruin pleas'd, will mock her idle Grief.

Such Language, so 'tis said, and so believ'd,  
Vented his Passion, and his Rage reliev'd.

Then the Arch-Priest on deep Revenge intent,  
To his chief Servants to attend him sent.

On his high Throne th' elated Pontiff fate,  
His Crozier'd Lords, high Officers of State,  
And Potentates in Red around him wait.

Then was *Eliza's* black Indictment read,  
As one that had renounc'd the Christian Head :

In Heresy so contumacious grown,  
That she had pull'd the *Roman* Altars down,  
And dar'd assert an Independent Crown.

Her Condemnation was pronounc'd aloud,  
With great Applauses of the Mitred Crowd.

Then thro' the *Roman* World they made it known,  
That *Albion's* Queen had forfeited her Crown.

That she of impious Heresy had been  
By *Rome* condemn'd, and was no more a Queen.

That all her Subjects from their Bonds were loos'd,  
And ow'd no Homage to a Prince depos'd.

That whoso'er to serve her should presume,  
Were all black Traytors judg'd to Heav'n and *Rome*,  
And Hell's eternal Vengeance was their Doom.

Thus did the furious *Roman* Pontiff rage,  
And with Church-Weapons War with *Albion* wage.

From *Rome's* high Hills, thus on the Royal Maid  
His Light'nings flew, and wrathful Thunder plaid.

When

When first the Queen did this loud Tempest hear,  
Serene her Breaſt, and placid was her Air.  
Brought up with Danger, and in Suff'ring bred,  
She no uneaſy or weak Paſſion fed,  
But drew her Life out in an even Thread.  
Fortune in every Shape ſhe overcame,  
That often chang'd, the Queen was ſtill the ſame.  
She unelated met its flowing Tide,  
She undiſturb'd beheld the Flood ſubſide.  
Nor glorious Conqueſt, nor an adverſe Stroke,  
The equal Balance of her Temper broke.  
As Alpine Hills which o'er the Clouds ariſe,  
And reer their Heads amidſt contiguous Skies,  
Enjoy ſerene, uninterrupted Day,  
And floating Tempeſts all beneath ſurvey ;  
Their lofty Peaks no threat'ning Meteors wear,  
Nor pond'rous Fogs, which cloud inferiour Air :  
The ſtedfaſt Heaps the raging Winds defy,  
So deep they fix their Roots, and raiſe their Heads ſo high.  
*Eliza* ſo her Heav'nly Mind poſſeſt,  
Sedate in Danger, and in Storms at reſt.

From *Rome*'s Diſpleaſure great Diſorders roſe,  
Which interrupted oft her Realm's Repoſe.  
*Rome* fought with indefatigable Toil  
To wound Religion, and the State embroil.  
New Troubles in *Britannia* to create,  
Which with Convulſions grip'd th' uneaſy State.  
A thouſand Ways the reſtleſs Faction ſtrove  
From *Albion*'s Throne *Eliza* to remove.

M m

In

In curfs'd Cabals the bloody Priests prepare  
 Against her open, or clandestine War.  
*Scotia's* young Queen, the *Gallick* Dauphin's Bride,  
 Did in the loose *Parisian* Court reside,  
*Albion's* next Heirefs by the Female Side.  
 Her strict Adherance to the *Roman* Cause,  
 Among the Bigots gain'd her great Applause.  
 She was the Idol, which they did adore,  
 They long'd to see their Darling wafted o'er  
 To *Albion's* Empire, from the *Gallick* Shore.  
 That they their Worship might again impose,  
 And into Martyrs kindly turn their Foes.  
 Lukewarm Reformists of a medly Kind,  
 Half of the *Roman* Leven, half refin'd,  
 With these, their Int'rests and their Labour join'd.  
 Weary of Rest, they court the *Roman* Yoke,  
 The Slaves demand the Chains, from which they broke.  
 For want of Servitude uneasy grown,  
 They wish again a Tyrant on the Throne.

That *Romanists* should *Roman* Masters love,  
 Does not surprize, or Admiration move.  
 But that Reformists (such would these be thought)  
 Should with such Zeal the Cause of *Rome* promote,  
 Should help a *Roman* Tyrant to Enthroned,  
 Should pull their Queen, their own Religion down,  
 And wish their Country ruin'd and undone:  
 This presses Reason with such Violence,  
 So contradicts our Nature, and our Sense,

That

That Ages past no such Examples give,  
And those to come, with Pain will this believe.  
This monstrous Brood Religion's great Disgrace,  
The Stain and Scandal of the *British* Race ;  
Amazing Deed ! with Rage Infernal fir'd,  
Against their Country, Queen, and God conspir'd.  
Some by mistaken Notions were misled,  
Others were poor, and Traytors turn'd for Bread.  
They made to Lands or Merit no Pretence,  
Of Zeal intemp'rate, but of mod'rate Sense.  
Desp'rate of Fortune, profligate of Life,  
The needy Crew stir'd up seditious Strife.  
As Ruffians set their Neighbour's House on Fire,  
That they some wealthy Plunder may acquire,  
And in the Uproar unobserv'd retire.  
So these vile Wretches *Albion* would embroil,  
To load their Shoulders with the publick Spoil.

These, who the Queen's Religion did profess,  
Did *Roman* Ruffians in their Arms caress.  
And tho' they swore Allegiance to her Crown,  
They labour'd hard to undermine her Throne.  
They did the Church divide, disturb the State,  
And bore the Queen, e'en more than *Roman* Hate.  
From their black Mouths envenom'd Arrows flew,  
And curs'd Invectives did the Queen pursue.  
They monstrous Maxims taught, unknown to Fame,  
That Moderation would the World inflame.  
That Temper was in Politicks a Vice,  
And to be Prudent, was to be Unwise.

A thousand Ways they wound *Eliza's* Name,  
Her Conduct now, and now her Justice blame ;  
And with seditious Fire *Britannia's* Realm inflame.  
Black Libels labour'd in the Forge of Hell,  
Off-springs of Malice inexpressible,  
Slanders invented by consummate Spite,  
Our *Bonnets* such, such *Scotia's Leslys* write :  
Did every Day affront the Pious Queen,  
*Britannia's* Prop, and pure Religion's Screen.  
With strange Fecundity their teeming Brain  
New Fallhoods hatch'd, her Honour to disdain.  
The Lords Anointed their black Tongues revile,  
And spread their odious Poison thro' the Isle.  
With fly Suggestions now, now bolder grown,  
With open Slanders they affront the Throne.  
All our Misfortunes this invidious Tribe,  
To want of Counsel, or of Care ascribe.  
Whate'er Disgrace *Britannia's* Arms receive,  
They greater make, and greedily believe.  
With Marks of Joy and Triumph in their Face,  
They all bad Tidings eagerly embrace.  
And with unnatural Strains of Pleasure hear  
Reports, that make their Country's Ruin near.  
But when *Eliza's* Arms Victorious prove,  
Good Heav'ns ! what Indignation does it move ?  
What troubled Looks, what an uneasy Air,  
What Disappointment do their Faces wear ?  
How great is now their Grief ? their Anguish how sincere ?  
What Pains they take, what Arts and Shifts they use,  
The Honour of *Britannia* to reduce ?

To

To make th' Advantage mean and little shew ;  
Against their Country partial for the Foe.

Once thro' *Augusta* pass'd an erring Fame,  
'The Cause unknown, from whence at first it came.  
That *Scotia's* Queen, whose Right to *Albion's* Throne  
The *Gallick* King protected, as his own :  
Who in *Lutetia* lately had proclaim'd,  
And *Scotia's* Daughter Queen of *Britain* nam'd :  
Had *Gallia* left, and with a potent Fleet  
Did on the Seas *Eliza's* Navy meet.  
The last was vanquish'd, and *Maria's* Host  
They said was Landing on *Britannia's* Coast.  
The spreading Fame was groundless, 'tis allow'd,  
But this the Temper of the Faction shew'd,  
Immoderate Pleasure all their Looks confest,  
Unbridled Transports strove within their Breast,  
Brake thro' their Eyes, and scorn'd to be suppress'd.  
With what an arrogant, revengeful Air,  
With what licentious Language did they dare  
Insult the Queen, the Government affront,  
And all the Bounds of Modesty surmount ?  
With Menaces and Insolence unknown,  
They treat the firm Adherents to the Crown.  
Intoxicated with too full a Draught  
Of new fermenting Joy, their usual Craft,  
And Mask laid by, they openly proclaim'd  
The trait'rous End, at which the Faction aim'd.  
Th' expected Revolution turn'd their Head,  
And too strong Pleasure downright Phrenzy bred.

N n

Oh !

Oh ! how they glory'd that the Time was come,  
 When by Resumption all the Plagues of *Rome*,  
 Which were by impious Alienations gone,  
 Should be again anext to *Albion's* Throne.  
 A Time would bring our banish'd Suff'rings back,  
 And of our Woes full Restitution make.  
 Lost Servitude recover, and restore  
 The glorious Chains, *Britannia* wore before.  
 Sink pure Religion, and the Nation free  
 From all ignoble Marks of Liberty.  
 When *Britain's* Sons might in Oppression rest,  
 With *Rome's* kind Lords, and *Gallia's* Friendship blest,  
 Enrich'd by Robbers, and with Whips carest.  
 How were they pleas'd to bring a Queen from *France*,  
 One finely bred, one that could Sing and Dance ?  
 For rough unpolish'd *Britain* cannot breed  
 A Princess fit, in Empire to succeed.  
 Besides, they boasted *France* would be our Friend,  
 Would guard our Navy, and our Coasts defend.  
 Would still espouse the Quarrels of our Court,  
 And with her Arms *Britannia's* Rights support.  
 Notions so strange, their over-heated Brain,  
 Passions so wild, their Breasts did entertain.  
 But then convinc'd of this untrue Report,  
 No Art their sinking Spirits could support.  
 Thus disappointed of their Friends Relief,  
 Words are not able to express their Grief.  
 Their Hopes eluded of their Darling Queen,  
 Their Triumphs sunk, and chang'd the cheerful Scene.  
 They

They rave, that ling'ring *Gallia* makes delay,  
Does not their Idol to their Arms convey.  
Does all their Hopes, and all their Joy retard,  
And does not more their earnest Crys regard.  
They hop'd to see Brigades from *Gallia*'s Soil,  
Lodg'd in the Bowels of their native Isle.  
That these kind Neighbours would their Aid afford;  
To lay *Britannia* waste with Fire and Sword.  
Now disappointed of their black Design,  
Refusing Consolation, they repine.  
This one would judge does all Belief exceed,  
And yet *Britannia* did such Monsters breed.  
These late Reformists of a Mungrel Race;  
Who unsincerely did our Faith embrace,  
Whom only Worldly Int'rest did convert,  
Of *Rome*'s Religion, or of none at Heart.  
These to reform'd Religion did pretend,  
And *Britain*'s Church with wond'rous Heat defend.  
But tho' they seem'd the Champions of her Cause;  
They shun'd her Worship, and despis'd her Laws.  
They in her Sacred Temples never pray'd,  
Nor at her Altars, once Attendance pay'd.  
For to the *British* Church their Court they make,  
Not for Religion's, but for Faction's sake.

Against the Pious Queen these Men inveigh'd,  
Th' important Secrets of the State betray'd.  
A private trayt'rous Commerce did suppose,  
With the young Queen, and *Gallia*'s watchful Court.

Solicitations



Sollicitations they did still renew,  
And *Gallia's* King with endless Pray'rs pursue,  
To send his Arms, *Eliza* to subdue.  
To seize the Isle ripe for Defection grown,  
And fix *Maria* on *Britannia's* Throne.  
The subtle *Gaul* the Faction did befriend ;  
They on his Pow'r, as their chief Prop, depend.  
They oft Assistance did receive from *France*,  
Which knew their Int'rest did her own advance.  
And now to aid them strongly she inclin'd,  
Often to Land on *Albion's* Shores design'd.  
But still entangled with Domestick Cares,  
Intestine Broils, or Fears of forreign Wars :  
She could no Season favourable find  
To put in Practice, what she long design'd.

'The Faction grown impatient of delay,  
For *Gallia's* Forces would no longer stay ,  
Resolv'd by Force to pull *Eliza* down,  
And on *Maria's* Head to place the Crown :  
'The Priests their Trayt'rous Juntos did convene  
To raise Rebellion, and dethrone the Queen.  
Much in their num'rous Friends they did confide,  
Much on the Zeal of their great Lords rely'd.  
*Peircy* descended from a Noble Root,  
Whose Branches laden with illustrious Fruit,  
In Ages past adorn'd *Britannia's* Isle,  
And next, the Lord of *Westmorlandia's* Soil,  
Were Peers of Valour, and with Passion warm'd  
Against *Eliza*, and the Faith reform'd.

Fierce

Fierce *Dacres* of the *North*, a Papal Lord,  
No less *Eliza*, and her Church abhor'd,

To these the Faction Application made,  
And their pretended Jujuries display'd.  
With their envenom'd Breath the Priests enrage,  
And in Rebellion these great Lords engage.  
They told them *Rome*, to sanctify their Cause,  
Depos'd *Eliza* by her Sacred Laws.  
That she a stubborn Heretick condemn'd,  
No longer might their Sovereign be esteem'd.  
Her Subjects from Allegiance were absolv'd,  
And on *Maria's* Head the Crown desolv'd.  
That they a proud Usurper should dethrone,  
Who sways a Royal Scepter, not her own.  
That thus their Loyalty they would reveal  
To Queen *Maria*, and to Heav'n their Zeal.  
That 'twas their bounden Duty to expel  
From *Albion's* Isle the Colonies of Hell.  
To raise Divine Religion's drooping Head,  
Dispel *Calvinian* Fogs, and *Rome's* bright Lustre spread.  
That this would vanquish Herefy, and send  
Back to her gloomly Cell the foul Infernal Fiend.  
That *Britain*, by this great Heroick Deed,  
From the pernicious *Hydra* would be freed.  
That this was therefore, what the *Briton's* ow'd,  
Both to their native Country, and their God.  
That if for want of Courage they declin'd  
The meritorious Task, which Heav'n enjoin'd ;

O o

Should

Should they the Golden Hour supinely miss,  
Which offer'd Laurels now, and future Bliss,  
They would deserve their ignominious Chain,  
And all th' Oppressions of *Eliza's* Reign,  
That dreadful Vengeance would their Heads pursue,  
And all the heavy Plagues and Curses due  
To those, who own a proud Usurper's Sway,  
And both their Country, and their Faith betray.

Language, like this, these Noble *Britons* fir'd,  
And with seditious Heats their Breasts inspir'd.  
So much their Priesthood did their Conscience sway,  
They boldly follow'd, where they led the way ;  
And thought it Treason now, their Sovereign to obey.  
That highly 'twould advance their Country's Good,  
To waste it with the Sword, and lay it all in Blood.  
That blest'd by *Rome* their Arms must needs succeed,  
And Heav'n would crown the meritorious Deed.  
They took the Field, and brandishing their Arms,  
They spread the Terror of their loud Alarms.  
Of *Scotia's* Queen ~~they~~ Proclamation made,  
And their bold Engines in the *North* display'd.  
Hoping Great Nobles would from *Scotia* come,  
To aid their Queen, and serve the Cause of *Rome*.  
The Faction thus Rebellious War proclaim'd,  
And with licentious Tongues their Friends inflam'd..  
The *Roman* Bigots run exclaiming loud,  
*Maria* reigns, and round the Leaders crowd.

Thus

Thus reer'd Rebellion her Infernal Head,  
With founding Trumpets her Battalions led,  
And bloody Banners on the Hills display'd.

The Queen, on *Albion's* Safety still intent,  
Her Arms to quell the Infurrection sent.  
*Suffex* the Loyal Squadrons did command,  
And march'd with speed to Northern *Humber's* Land.  
As by Consent the Time and Place were set,  
On the *Brigantian* Plains the Armies met.  
The Gen'als drew the Battel in Array,  
And War its Iron Terrors did display.  
The Loyal Troops began their fierce Attack,  
And by the Rebels twice were driven back :  
But at the third they forc'd them to retreat,  
With a great Slaughter did their Troops defeat,  
And soon a signal Vict'ry did compleat.  
By this Disgrace, the rest outrageous grew,  
Left open Arms, and to clandestine flew.

I enter here, great Prince, a spacious Field,  
That does ten thousand Shapes of Horror yield.  
Which way foe'er I cast my Eyes around,  
Some dismal Prospect does my Sight confound.  
Amazing Forms, Variety of Fear,  
And Tragick Scenes on ev'ry Hand appear.  
Here holy Villains in Cabals are seen  
Consulting, how to Murder *Britain's* Queen.  
Here Traytors hold sure Poison in their Hand,  
Here bloody Ruffians with their Daggers stand.

Ey

By various Ways they did the Queen invade,  
And for her Life a thousand Snares were laid.  
Dangers where e'er she went, and Deaths unseen,  
Thick as her Guards, surround the pious Queen.  
The rising Sun ne'er past th' Horizon's Line  
But saw against her Life some black Design.  
If one curs'd Plot eluded mis'd Success,  
Th' unwearied Faction did a new one dress:  
Fresh Dangers, link'd in one continu'd Chain,  
Threat'ned her Life, and gave us endless Pain.  
The Series is too long to be express'd ;  
This Instance take, a Measure of the rest.

*Parreau*, one scarce known of what Descent,  
Who had in lewd luxurious Courses spent  
His small Estate, turn'd Robber to supply  
His wasteful Lusts, and was condemn'd to die.  
The Queen, who Mercy to a Fault has shown,  
Gave him that Life, which hazarded her own.  
Th' ungrateful Monster, by the Faction prest,  
( The horrid Guilt his own black Mouth confess'd )  
And won by Gold, and promis'd Heav'nly Joy,  
Engag'd in Oaths *Eliza* to destroy.  
His Conscience started on a cool Review,  
And like a Harpy at his Bosom flew.  
It grip'd him with Remorse, and set to show  
The frightful Prospect of his Hellish Vow.  
Th' enormous Guilt of faithless Hands embro'd  
Both in his Queen's and Benefactor's Blood,

Appear'd

Appear'd so black, the Traytor backward flew,  
 And to th' atrocious Deed did great Reluctance shew.  
 But then conversing with the Mitred Priest  
 To be confirm'd, the Pious *Casuis*  
 With soothing Words his Conscience did assuage,  
 Strok'd down its Pierceness, and appeas'd its Rage.

He told him, since *Eliza* was become  
 A Heretick, and so adjudg'd by *Rome*;  
 She could no Title to *Britannia* own,  
 But as a Tyrant fill'd another's Throne.  
 Th' Assassination of th' usurping Queen,  
 At such a distance was remov'd from Sin,  
 That 'twas a Pious and Heroick Deed  
 Worthy of Heav'n, to make the Tyrant Bleed.  
 That Saints and Heros were by Heav'n design'd  
 To free from Plagues and Monsters, Human Kind.  
 With Monsters, worse than Tyrants, none were curst,  
 That of all Tyrants *Britain's* was the worst.  
 But to remove all Jealousy of Guilt,  
 In case her Blood by his bleis'd Hand was spilt,  
 And fully to confirm his wav'ring Mind,  
 The Pious Priest did this expedient find.  
 He for his Son a Pardon did procure  
 From *Rome's* proud Head, who claims transcendent Pow'r  
 With Heav'n's most Sacred Precepts to dispense,  
 And purge the blackest Actions from Offence.  
 To give the worst of Crimes Divine Desert,  
 And bloody Villains into Saints convert.

He with his Holy, Apostolick Seal,  
 Approv'd and authoriz'd the Traytor's Zeal.  
 And on the Wretch the Honour did confer,  
 Of *Rome's* immediate Executioner.  
 When to his Son these Pow'rs the Prelate brought,  
 Be free, he cry'd, from every anxious Thought.  
 Here ample Pow'rs are to *Pareus* giv'n,  
 Take this Commission, take this Seal of Heav'n:  
 Take too this Dagger, by the Pontiff blest,  
 With the strong Vertue of our Shrines possess'd,  
 It has a thousand Reliques touch'd at least,  
 Take it, and let the curs'd *Eliza* feel  
 Deep in her Heart the consecrated Steel.  
 Then in his Arms he his dear Son embrac'd,  
 Kiss'd him with Tenderness, and bad him haste  
 To *Albion's* Isle, and with a steady Mind  
 Perform the glorious Task by Heav'n enjoin'd.  
 Go, then he cry'd, discharge the solemn Vow,  
 And purchase Heav'n by one Religious Blow,  
 And when thy Hand attempts the noble Deed,  
 May Heav'n thy Holy Enterprize succeed.

On his Infernal Purpose fully bent,  
 The desp'rate Ruffian to *Britannia* went.  
 And oft about *Eliza's* Court was seen,  
 Watching a Season to assault the Queen.  
 Oft he design'd to strike the fatal Blow,  
 But he as often let the Season go,  
 For when her Royal Majesty he saw,  
 Her God-like Looks imprinted such an Awe,

And

And so enervated the Traytor's Hand,  
It wanted Force the Weapon to command.  
At last detected, he his Crime confess'd,  
And *Rome's* Illustrious Martyr-roll encreas'd.  
'This threat'ning Stroke, the Queen in Danger vers'd  
Escap'd, and more too long to be rehears'd.  
So long, so great the Labour was to chafe  
*Rome's* Priests away, their Worship to efface,  
And fix reform'd Religion in it's Place,

He said. And grateful Thanks *Mauritius* paid  
For the Narration, which the *Briton* made.  
And now the Dishes on the Table set,  
The Prince invites the *British* Chief to Eat.  
They sat. The Gen'als on each side were plac'd,  
The *Belgians* one, and one the *British* grac'd.  
They Eat with Pleasure, and their Goblets crown'd  
With gen'rous Nectar went in Healths around :  
While Martial Drums did beat, and chearful Trumpets found.  
At close of Day each Warrior to his Tent,  
Pleas'd with the Noble Entertainment, went.

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*The End of the Fifth Book.*

ELIZA



And gentle, dark, attractive  
 In the morning, when the sun was  
 And a soft, sweet, and  
 The Prince, having the Swiss Chief to  
 They found the standards on each side were  
 The Swiss on one, and the Swiss on  
 They were all in arms, and their Goblets crown'd  
 With garlands Nothin' went in their  
 With the noblest of men, and cheerful Trumpets found.

And gentle, dark, attractive  
 In the morning, when the sun was  
 And a soft, sweet, and  
 The Prince, having the Swiss Chief to  
 They found the standards on each side were  
 The Swiss on one, and the Swiss on  
 They were all in arms, and their Goblets crown'd  
 With garlands Nothin' went in their  
 With the noblest of men, and cheerful Trumpets found.

The End of the Fifth Book.

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ELIZA.

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BOOK VI.

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**T**Heir Arms and Stores, and Equipage aboard,  
Their Topfails loosen'd, and their Ships unmoor'd,  
Th' *Iberians* from the Shores their Navy hawl,  
And down the River to the Ocean fall.  
Now wealthy *Tagus* to the briny Flood  
Rolls with his golden Sands, a martial Wood.  
Their Ships so tall, so vast, so num'rous were,  
Their Fleet a floating City did appear.  
Another *Venice*, whose high Turrets rise  
Amidst the Waves to beautify the Skies.  
The second Night presents a Southern Gale,  
Which Ships demand that to *Britannia* fail.

The Morn her Saffron Banner did display  
From Heav'n's high Tow'rs to signify the Day :  
Th' *Iberian* Fleet charg'd with a mighty Host,  
Hoist all their Sails, and stand for *Albion's* Coast.  
The Ship's wide Caves collected Vengeance bear,  
Turgid with Death, and prominent with War.

The wanton *Zephirs* with the Pendants play,  
Which loose in Air their waving Pride display.  
The Streamers gay Defiance spread on high,  
At once adorn, and terrify the Sky.  
Th' unweildy Ships were on the Billows tost,  
And all the Blafts, the Winds could blow, engroft.  
The longest breath'd, and the most vig'rous Gales,  
Are all employ'd to swell the spacious Sails.  
The lofty Firs which pregnant Canvas wear,  
Bear thro' the floating Clouds the floating War.  
Oaks which by Land did fiercest Winds disdain,  
Become obedient to them on the Main.  
The lab'ring Gales with Pain the Navy shove,  
And o'er the Billows heave the bounding Grove.  
Strip'd of their Boughs, the naked Pines advance,  
And to the Musick of the Trumpet dance.  
The suff'ring Land had long endur'd before,  
The heavy Burden of *Iberian* Pow'r;  
And now the Waves their Fleet's Oppression bear,  
Th' Incumbrance of the Sea, and Grievance of the Air.  
They pass in long Succession o'er the Deep,  
And with their Flags contiguous *Æther* sweep:  
Their gilded Sides and Sterns improve the Day,  
And with augmented Glory Heav'n repay.  
His Rays recoil'd so bright, th' astonish'd Sun  
Started, unmindful that they were his own.  
With so much Splendor, such a pompous Train,  
They put to Sea, as if the Fleet of *Spain*  
Advanc'd to Wed, not to Subdue the Main.

Of

Of Conquest sure the *Spaniards* fail'd, mean while  
The Guardian Angel of the *British* Isle,  
Who to protect her Coasts with anxious Care  
Flew to and fro patrouling in the Air,  
At distance false *Iberia's* Fleet espy'd,  
Which on the passive Waves did proudly ride.

With even Pinions hov'ring in the Sky  
Thus spoke the watchful Angel. I descry  
The vast *Armada* of presumptuous *Spain*,  
Which lab'ring Billows seem to bear with Pain.  
With how much Pride, and how much Arrogance,  
With what contempt of Heav'n their Ships advance?  
Shall this perfidious Navy meet Success?  
Shall impious Arms the Pious Queen oppress?  
Will Heav'n e'er unconcern'd, or Neuter stand  
While faithless Pride due Vengeance does demand?  
No, my Commission is to ward the Blow,  
To stop the Progress of the haughty Foe.  
'Till *Albion's* Queen her Navy has prepar'd,  
And Forces rais'd her threatned Coasts to guard.

He said, and with Immortal Wings display'd,  
Thro' yielding Air his Passage swiftly made,  
To the bleak Mountains of the Snowy *North*,  
Where Winds are form'd, and Tempests have their Birth,  
Whether to try their Strength, young Storms resort,  
Root Forrests up, and break the Rocks in sport.  
Where hoary Winter in his frozen Cell,  
Midst Hills of Ice, does unmolested dwell:

From

From his white Peaks and Cryſtal Tow'rs, defies  
 The diſtant Sun, that *Southern* Kingdoms fries.  
 He from their hollow Caves the Winds releaſt,  
 Well breath'd for Toil, and vig'rous grown by Reſt.  
 Bad them expand their Wings, and make their way  
 With utmoſt Swiftneſs to th' *Atlantick* Sea.  
 To ſtop the Progreſs of *Iberia's* Hoſt,  
 And drive the Navy from the *Britiſh* Coaſt.

Out *Boreas* ruſh'd, and meditating War  
 Muſter'd his loud Battalions in the Air.  
 Swift he advanc'd with his collected Force,  
 Directing to the *South* his furious Courſe,  
 O'er ſpacious Seas and Lands the Tempeſt blows,  
 Defarts of Ice, and ſolitary Snows.  
 High Domes and ſtately Palaces defac'd  
 Demoliſh'd 'Towns, and laid the Forreſt waſte.  
 The lofty Pines did from the Clouds deſcend,  
 And ghawly Ruin on the Hills extend.  
 The nobleſt Oaks, which on the Mountains ſtood  
 The great Defence and Glory of the Wood,  
 Did on the Ground (ſad Deſolation) lye,  
 And with their Roots turn'd up amaze the Sky.

The furious Winds the *Southern* Ocean gain,  
 And beat with all their Wings the troubled Main.  
 They drive before them all the Atmosphere,  
 Whoſe preſſing Weight does on the Billows bear,  
 And to the Clouds the wat'ry Columns reer.

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Then

Then the unstable Mountains fall as low,  
 And down as far as Night's Apartment flow;  
 The secret Horrors of the Gulf display,  
 And far enlarge the Frontier of the Day:  
 Disturb the ancient Waters of the Deep,  
 Which did in Peace their low Dominions keep,  
 And on their Central Beds extended lay asleep.  
 Th' unconstant Ocean with alternate Waves  
 Th' Ætherial Region now, and now th' Infernal lavas,  
 Against the Skies their Foam the Billows throw,  
 And to the Clouds send back their Rain, in Snow.  
 The Earth's Foundation strong Convulsions shake,  
 Disjoint its Frame, and Hell's Partition break:  
 Whence pitchy Shades rise thro' the gaping Ground,  
 Pollute the Skies, and Heav'n with Hell confound.  
 Such Noise, such Uproar, such Distraction reign,  
 And so embroil the Land, the Air, the Main,  
 That Nature with th' unequal Force oppress'd,  
 In agonizing Throws her Fears confess'd,  
 That Conqu'ring *Chaos* would subvert her Throne,  
 Ruin her Empire, and restore his own.  
 In vain the Pilots in the Steerage stand,  
 The Ships obey alone the Winds Command.  
 Some their Masts broken, and their Rigging torn,  
 Are at the Pleasure of the Tempest born.  
 Some run a-ground, and some with dreadful Shocks  
 Are dash'd to pieces on opposing Rocks.  
 The roaring Waves and clam'rous Scamens Toil,  
 The watry Deep, and airy Gulf embroil.

The Ships, the Ocean, and the furious Storm  
 Unite their Noise, and perfect Discord form.  
 In vain the Sailors with the Tempest strive,  
 They cut their Masts, and let their Vessels drive.  
 Thus, by the adverse Winds, the Fleet of *Spain*  
 Was beaten back, and scatter'd o'er the Main.

This done, great *Gabriel*, *Albion's* Friend, empow'r'd  
 By high Commission from the Christians Lord,  
 Who all the raging Meteors does command,  
 And holds the spacious Ocean in his Hand;  
 Who all the willing Elements does sway,  
 Whose awful Voice the Storms and Seas obey;  
 Bad the outrageous Winds the Deep forsake,  
 And to the Frozen *North* their Passage make.  
 The Winds obedient, leave in Peace the Waves,  
 And fly submissive to their *Northern* Caves.  
 With their cold Wings they sweep th' *Ethereal* Road,  
 Impatient to regain their bleak Abode.  
 Panting for Breath, and with their Toil oppress'd,  
 They to their hollow Hills repair for Rest.  
 The Tempest fled, the tow'ring Waves subside,  
 And gentle Breezes play along the Tide.  
 With Grief the shatter'd *Spaniards* quit the Main,  
 And to refit their Ships, their Ports regain.

Urg'd by Revenge and by intense Hate,  
 Th' *Iberians* vow'd again to try their Fate.  
 The adverse Winds that did oppose their Course,  
 Blew up their Rage, and gave it double Force.

As

As when a Lion roaring out for Food,  
 Resolv'd for Slaughter, and intent on Blood;  
 Forfakes the Forrest, and his cover'd Hold,  
 'To drive the Shepherd, and destroy the Fold;  
 If he by chance should meet a clam'rous Band  
 Of well-arm'd Huntsmen, who his Course withstand;  
 Weary and wounded, sow'rly he retreats,  
 Looks back, and roaring Menaces repeats.  
 So to his Coasts the griev'd *Iberian* flew  
 To heal his Navy, and the War renew.  
 The busy Crew with wond'rous Toil and Care  
 Mend their torn Rigging, and their Ships repair:  
 They draw from all their Stores and Magazines  
 The Hemp for Cables, and for Masts the Pines.  
 For supplemental Ribs with vigorous Strokes  
 Athletick Shipwrights fell the neighbouring Oaks.  
 Hills blest'd with shady Honours they uncover,  
 And from the Mountains pull their Glory down.

In ancient Times, when *Egypt's* haughty Lord  
 Oppress'd the Tribes, who *Jacob's* God ador'd;  
 Tho' various Plagues the cruel Tyrant felt,  
 No tender Passion did his Bowels melt.  
 The more he suffer'd Heav'n's afflicting Hand,  
 To vex the Tribes, the more he gave Command.  
 In unrelenting Malice persever'd,  
 Harden'd with *Ruin*, and with Vengeance fear'd.  
 So tho' th' Almighty did on Tempets ride  
 To guard *Britannia* from *Iberian* Pride;



Did on the Seas in Wrath the *Spaniard* meet,  
 And with his Breath disperse their shatter'd Fleet;  
 'Th' *Iberian Pharoah* more outrageous grew,  
 His black Design more eager to pursue.  
 Their Ships refitted, they their Anchors weigh,  
 Once more their Pendants, and their Flags display:  
 With turgid Sails enclose a prosp'rous Wind,  
 And leave the lefs'ning Hills, and flying Shores behind.

Mean time the Queen, *Britannia's* Coast to guard,  
 Had both her Army, and her Fleet prepar'd.  
 She her high Order sent by Dawn of Morn,  
 To the great *Vere* to hasten his Return;  
 That he might *Albion* with his Arms defend,  
 If on her Coast th' *Iberian* should descend.  
 The mighty Hero did without delay  
 Prepare *Eliza's* Orders to obey,  
 He making haste to reach the *Belgian* Strand,  
*Horatio* left his Army to command.

He did direct they should their Camp secure;  
 And well entrench'd, expect th' *Iberian* Power.  
 To *Belgia's* Shores he came with speedy Toil,  
 Eager to sail, and make *Britannia's* Isle his perfect robes  
 But there the Chief long with Regret remain'd,  
 By adverse Winds on *Belgia's* Coast detain'd.

The Queen did more on Aid Divine depend,  
 Than on her Arms, her Kingdom to defend.  
 She to th' Almighty's Pleasure did refer  
 The Turns of Empire, and th' Events of War.

She

She knew, he lov'd the just, tho' weaker Side,  
Rais'd Vertue press'd, and sunk Tyrannick Pride.  
That from their Thrones he does at Pleasure thrust  
Proud Kings, and rolls their Purple in the Dust :  
That to the Ground he haughty Princes treads,  
And of their Lawrels strips victorious Heads :  
That mighty Kings their Impotence may know,  
And Conqu'rouns learn, whence all their Vict'ries flow.  
Unless kind Heav'n's Assistance they obtain,  
The Warrior fights, the Statesman wakes in vain.

*Britain's* Good Queen, for true Devotion fam'd,  
Thro' all the Realm a solemn Fast proclaim'd  
Heav'n's Wrath to deprecate, and to invoke  
Cœlestial Aid to ward th' impending Stroke.  
The Queen's Command the *Britons* did obey,  
Strictly Devout did solemnize the Day,  
And all their Sins lament, and for Remission pray.  
They humbly prostrate did their God adore,  
With pious Ardour heav'nly Aid implore.  
With sacred Violence and holy Rage,  
Did seize his Mercy, and his Pow'r engage.  
Devoutly thus they did with Heav'n contend,  
And strive with fervent Zeal, to make their God their Friend.

Now did the *Britons*, riding on the Main,  
Eager to fight, demand the Fleet of *Spain*.  
The valiant *Howard*, an illustrious Name,  
Whose noble House has rais'd *Britannia's* Fame,

Had Chief Command of *Albion's* Royal Fleet ;  
Few braver Men did ever Danger meet.

\* Next in Command great *Drake* his Flag display'd,  
To whose true Merit high Respect was paid.  
He to the Terrors of the Ocean known,  
In labour vers'd, in Danger fearless grown,  
Met Death in all her Shapes, but dreaded her in none.  
He undiscover'd Regions to explore,  
With hardy Sails pass'd Tides unknown before :  
Thro' rapid Currents, liquid Defiles,  
Eddies, stupendious Gulphs, and horrid Seas,  
Did to the World's remotest Frontier go,  
To *Albion's* Youth did Nature's Wonders show,  
And made each *Indian* World, the Great *Elixa* know.

Brave *Hawkins* and the valiant *Frobisher*,  
*Sheffield* and *Preston*, famous Sons of War ;  
Illustrious *Seimour* of a Noble Race,  
Fruitful of Heros, who *Britannia* grace.  
*Ramleigh* for Letters, as for Arms renown'd,  
All Chiefs by Sea, with frequent Triumphs crown'd ;  
Were high Commanders by *Elixa* made,  
And next to *Drake*, were by the Fleet obey'd.

The Scouts the Signal gave, that they descry'd  
Th' *Iberian* Fleet advancing on the Tide.  
The *Britons* see the faithless Foe from far,  
And with a brave Impatience wait the War.

By

By slow Degrees th' *Iberian* coming near,  
Did on the Seas with such a Face appear,  
As all, but *Albion's* Youth, might be allow'd to fear.  
The Billows ne'er so vast a Burden bore,  
The straining Winds ne'er toil'd so hard before.  
Ships of prodigious Bigness load the Flood,  
Each seem'd a Castle, and her Masts a Wood.  
The Foes could scarce their num'rous Navy count,  
So endless was their Reer, and so immense their Front.  
The glorious Squadrons awful Order keep,  
And move in slow Procession on the Deep.  
Their Ensigns proudly streaming in the Air,  
The Fleet half Gilt, half Painted, seem'd to wear  
Rather the Face of Triumph, than of War.  
As if already *Britain's* Isle subdu'd  
Had to the Conq'rour for Protection su'd :  
That *Philip's* Fleet Possession came to take,  
And on the *British* Seas a publick Entrance make.  
Stretching from *Gallia's* to *Britannia's* Coast,  
The mighty Navy all the Main engross.  
On either Shore their Ships extended ride,  
The Channel cover, and detain the Tide.

Wife *Howard* saw them pass, but lay behind  
To give his Fleet th' Advantage of the Wind.  
But then advancing from the *British* Shore,  
Stood off to Sea, and on the *Spaniard* bore.  
In Strength out-done, in Ships out-number'd far,  
The Valiant Hero fought th' unequal War.

Immortal

Immortal *Drake*, who led the *British* Van,  
Boldly bore down, and the fierce Fight began.  
He to a close and bloody Combate came,  
Venting his Wrath in Thunder, Smoke and Flame.  
*Rechaldo* did the *Spaniard's* Van Command,  
And *Drake's* first On-set dauntless did withstand.  
As a tall Pine his shady Head displays,  
And proudly all the subject Grove surveys ;  
So did the *Spaniard* with disdainful Pride,  
O'er-looking all the *British* Squadron ride.  
High on his tow'ring Deck, he *Drake* withstood,  
And to the *Briton's* Ship oppos'd a lofty Wood.  
With Scorn the *Spaniard* look'd on *Drake* below,  
He heard and felt, but scarcely saw the Foe.  
*Drake* did his Fury on th' *Iberian* pour,  
As from a Batt'ry rais'd against a Tow'r.  
The mighty Foe with Indignation burns,  
And Peal for Peal, and Fire for Fire returns.  
Broadside and Broadside they together ly,  
And with alternate Deaths each other ply.  
With dreadful Noise the bellowing Cannon play,  
And mutual Wounds in mutual Fire convey.  
The valiant *Drake* pursu'd the bloody Strife,  
Thoughtless of Wounds, and negligent of Life.  
Till Great *Rechaldo* rack'd from Head to Stern,  
And with the *Briton's* furious Tempest torn,  
Shatter'd, disabled, and a useless Load,  
Was by his Gallies from the Battel tow'd.

*Leiva*

*Leiva*, a Chief accustom'd to the Main,  
*Lopez* and *Silva*, famous Names in *Spain*,  
Brought their high Ships *Rechaldo* to sustain.  
*Dora*, *Moncado*, for their Courage known,  
And *Bovadil*, a Chief of great Renown,  
Sprung all their Sails, and by their Gallies Aid  
They got the Wind the *Briton* to invade.  
Encompass'd thus, and charg'd on every side,  
Great *Drake* enrag'd, his thund'ring Cannon ply'd.  
Roaring Destruction from his Vessel broke,  
And pond'rous Deaths flew thick in Clouds of Smoke.  
His *British* Heart with Martial Rage inspir'd,  
So fast, so fierce, so close the Gen'ral fir'd,  
That he the *Spaniard* at a distance held,  
And all who dar'd approach his Ship, repell'd.  
As when a Lion on *Numidian* Plains  
Is compass'd round by Dogs and clam'rous Swains,  
He from his Eyes Defiance casts around,  
Roars out, and proudly traverses the Ground.  
Demanding gen'rous Combate, does invite  
The distant Huntsmen to a closer Fight.  
They stand aloof, and missive Weapons throw,  
But none dare grapple with the noble Foe.  
So did the *Iberian* Combatants from far  
On the brave *Briton* pour ungen'rous War.  
But their whole Fleet did not a Chief afford,  
Who durst advance, and lay the Foe on Board.

Thus *Drake* was press'd. *Hawkins* and *Frobisher*,  
Both Men of Valour, and expert in War,

T t

Both

Both Flag-Commanders, brought the Gen'ral Aid ;  
And with great Fury did the Foe invade.  
On either side the Foe outrageous grew,  
And Deaths unseen in dreadful Tempests flew.  
Destruction they exchange, by Turns they give  
Exploded Ruin, and by Turns receive.  
The Cannons Roar did distant Regions scare,  
Shake all the Shores, and torture all the Air ;  
With a strange Tempest did becalm the Deep,  
Compose the Waves, and lay the Winds asleep.  
Long did the Fight with wond'rous Ardor last,  
From Fleet to Fleet prodigious firing past :  
As still it did, where *Drake* had Chief Command,  
If Hostile Squadrons would his Onset stand :  
Till the *Iberian* by the *Briton's* Fire  
Severely gall'd, did from his Rage retire.  
Their Fleet retreated with declining Day,  
Stood off, and up the Channel made their way.  
Impetuous *Drake* did on their Squadrons bear,  
And play'd pursuing Vengeance on their Rear.  
Mean time a vast *Cantabrian* Galeon,  
Who did great *Valdez* as Commander own,  
Maim'd and unmailed in the furious Chase,  
Kept with th' *Iberian* Fleet unequal Pace.  
The lazy Load unfit to make her way,  
It self a Forrest, on the Billows lay :  
'The Ocean groan'd beneath the mighty Hull,  
Both of the Army, and its Treasure full.  
Great *Drake* advancing, took the floating Fort,  
And sent the Captives to the neighb'ring Port.

*Drake*

Drake and his Crew their Wilhes did obtain,  
He had the Honour, and his Men the Gain.  
The joyful Youth th' *Iberian* Riches shar'd,  
Their Labour's Golden Fruit, and first Reward.  
On their own Shores they now the *Indies* got,  
The Wealth they us'd to fetch, the *Spaniard* kindly brought.  
The friendly Night her Sable Mantle caft  
Around th' *Iberian*, by the *Briton* chas'd.  
The interposing Shade extended lay,  
To interrupt the Conqu'ror's Course, and stay  
The bloody Labour of the glorious Day.

Twice did the Sun these airy Regions clear  
From Shade, and twice the adverse Hemisphere.  
When the *Britannick* Fleet again descry'd  
The *Spanish* Navy cov'ring all the Tide.  
The *British* Captains crowded all their Sail,  
And with Assistance of a *Western* Gale,  
Up with th' *Iberian* Navy quickly came,  
And loud Broadfides their Presence did proclaim.  
Th' *Iberian* Fleet, drawn out in long Array,  
Did o'er the Deep its dreadful Wings display.  
Th' extended Squadrons all the Channel crost,  
From *Vesta's* Isle to *Gallia's* wond'ring Coast.  
*Perez*, *Medina's* Duke, who did command  
The mighty Fleet, did in the Center stand.  
*Howard*, th' illustrious General did assail,  
Discharging massy Show'rs of fatal Flail.  
His murth'ring Ord'nance on the *Spaniard* hung,  
And in prodigious Peals his Terrors rung.

His



His Thunder's Voice the Foes with Horror strook,  
And all the vast *Iberian* Forrest shook.  
Tho' on the Hills their lofty Firs and Oaks  
Had scap'd Ætherial Wrath, and Meteors furious Strokes,  
Yet on the Seas a harder Fate they meet,  
By *British* Light'nings torn, and riving Thunder spilt.  
With Martial Rage the Noble *Spaniard* burn'd,  
And pond'rous Fate in Storms of Fire return'd.  
Prodigious Clamour and promiscuous Sound,  
Did from the frighted Main, and ecchoing Rocks rebound.  
Terrestrial Light'nings thro' the Air did fly,  
And by returns of loud Artillery,  
The Sea repaid the Clouds, and reimburs'd the Sky.  
The proud *Iberians* to th' invading Foes,  
Castles embattled, and tall Forts oppose.  
Their gilded Tow'rs above the Clouds arise,  
And add new Glories to the wond'ring Skies.

The Balls that from their Decks the *Spaniards* threw,  
Above the *Briton's* low-built Navy flew.  
Their roaring Guns discharg'd their Shot in vain,  
They only rak'd the Air, and vex'd the Main.  
Their Ships were so sublime, and every Hull,  
Was with their Troops, and Mariners so full,  
That an unerring Fate did still attend.  
The thick Broadfides, the *British* Ships did send.  
Death ne'er of Disappointment did complain,  
Or on the *Briton's* Fire rely'd in vain.  
Dismember'd Trunks, torn Limbs, and scatter'd Brain;  
A ghastly Medley, did their Decks detain.

Down

Thus reforc'd, they still resolv'd to Land  
Their num'rous Army on the *British* Strand.

Mean time, on fam'd *Tilburia's* verdant Plains,  
Which well reward the Toil of neighb'ring Swains,  
A fertile Region, which with brackish Waves,  
Fair *Thames* infected by the Ocean, laves.  
The *British* Army in Battalia lay,  
And did Great *Leicester*, as their Head, obey.  
If *Albion's* Navy with long Labour spent,  
Should not defeat the haughty Foes Descent :  
The *Britons* took this advantageous Post,  
To offer Battel to th' advancing Host.

Heither *Britannia's* War-like Empress came,  
To Head her Troops, and animate their Flame.  
She came resolv'd to Face the faithless Foes,  
Her precious Life for *Britain* to expose.  
That she her Kingdom might from Ruin shield,  
The Warrior Queen in Person took the Field.  
A noble Courser bore th' Imperial Maid,  
And with a conscious Pride the Hand obey'd,  
Which held the Reins of Empire, and a Scepter sway'd.  
Th' embroider'd Trappings, which on either side  
Hung glorious down, increas'd his native Pride.  
Pleas'd with the dazling Ornaments he wore,  
But with the bright, Majestick Rider more.  
He paw'd the Vally, foam'd, curvetted, neigh'd,  
He champt his Golden Bit, and with his Bridle play'd.

With

With Martial Mein the Scepter'd Virgin rode,  
 The Steed scarce prefs'd the Grafs, on which he trod.  
 This held the Courfer's Reins, the other Hand  
 Graspt her Gilt Staff, which shew'd Supream Command.  
 She pass'd the Squadrons and Battalions thro',  
 Drawn out in long Array for her Review.  
 She thro' the Muskets rode, and thro' a Wood  
 Of bristling Pikes, that in Battalia stood.  
 She did a Leader *Amazon* appear,  
 Forgetful of her Sex, and ignorant of Fear.  
 Th' intrepid Queen view'd with a cheerful Air  
 The Iron Wings, and the fowr Brows of War.  
 Her God-like Prefence did the Troops inspire,  
 Heighten their Courage, and dilate their Fire.

Heroick Bards in tuneful Fables sing,  
 That War-like *Pallas* to her Friends did bring  
 New Fire and Force, when she appear'd in fight  
 To aid their Arms, and Courage to excite.  
 This truly may be sung of *Albion's* Queen,  
 Who by her Prefence and Seraphick Mein,  
 By moving Language, and a gracious Air,  
 Did with fresh Life invigorate the War :  
 She did the Soldiers and their Leaders praise,  
 Encourage all, and by Pathetick Ways,  
 Their Hopes enliven, and their Ardor raise.  
 She by the Wonders, which their Arms had done,  
 By all their Trophies gain'd, and Laurels won,  
 Conjur'd her Chiefs, their Honour to maintain,  
 And guard their Country from the Pow'r of *Spain*.

Her

Her Chiefs were most renown'd, for *Albion* then  
A wond'rous Harvest bore of Wife and Valiant Men.  
The mighty *Bertu*, whose illustrious Name  
Rivall'd the Captains of the highest Fame,  
Whose honourable Deeds, and martial Skill  
Adorn his noble House, and *Britain's* Annals fill ;  
In whom *Eliza* plac'd a mighty Trust,  
Was second in Command, in Merit first.  
Great *Norris* oft with *Belgick* Laurels crown'd,  
Thro' all *Europa's* Realms for Arms renown'd ;  
Brave *Knowls*, and Noble *Grey*, who in the Line  
Of *British* Heros do conspicuous shine.  
*Cary* and *Bingham*, famous Chiefs by Land,  
Were Captains in the Host of high Command.  
On these great Warriors oft in Battel try'd,  
And for their Conduct fam'd, the Queen reply'd.

As the great Queen excites the Soldier's Fire,  
If *Britain's* Safety should his Arms require,  
So on the Business of the Sea intent,  
She did a War-like Stratagem invent,  
To disappoint the treach'rous Foe's Descent.  
*Drake* by the Queen's Direction, ready made  
Destructive Fires, the *Spaniard* to invade.  
He chose eight Frigats, with long Labour worn,  
With Tempests shatter'd, or with Cannon torn.  
He did their Sides thick with *Bitumen* smear,  
Their Decks and Sterns with Pitch and unctious 'Tar.  
Their Holds he fill'd with all the burning Stores  
From *European*, or from *Indian* Shores.

X x

Which

Which distant *Smecia* or *Norwegia* yield,  
 From wounded Pines, and weeping Firs distill'd ;  
 The fiery Product of the frozen *North*,  
 Which owe to Ice and Snows their wond'rous Birth ;  
*Puzzola's* Entrails, and the sulph'rous Spoil  
 Rais'd from the Caverns of *Calabria's* Soil,  
 And smoky Furnace of *Sicila's* Isle.  
 All Things combustible which Nature gives,  
 Or which for surer Ruin Art contrives,  
 They with amazing Labour bring aboard,  
 And in their Holds *Vesuvian* Treasures hoard.  
 The *Spanish* Fleet, which favour'd by the Night  
 And rising Fogs, escap'd the Conq'ror's Sight,  
 Made to the *Doroberian* Streights their way,  
 And at an Anchor near *Caleta* lay.

'Twas Night, when Nature was in Sables drest,  
 Tempestuous Winds in hollow Caves did rest.  
 Impending Rocks with Slumber seem'd to bow,  
 And drousy Mountains hung their heavy Brow.  
 The weary Waves roll'd nodding on the Deep,  
 Or stretch'd on Oasy Beds they murmur'd in their Sleep.  
 But *Drake* not so. He with Impatience lay  
 Waiting *Eliza's* Orders to obey.  
 A *Western* Breeze sprang up. *Drake* gave Command.  
 His valiant Men with Firebrands in their Hand,  
 The Frigats stow'd with hidden Ruin steer,  
 To make th' *Iberians*, and advancing near,  
 The bold Commanders set their Ships on Fire,  
 And in their Long-boats to their Fleet retire.

The

The kindled Vengeance reers its dreadful Head,  
And all around *Ætnean* Terrors spread.  
With dismal Wings the crackling Flames arise,  
Shoot out their ruddy Tongues, and lick the Skies.  
The Airy Regions shines with hideous Light,  
And horrid Day dispels less horrid Night.  
The Flames so wide their Terror did extend,  
So high the bright Destruction did ascend,  
As if the Deep did to the Clouds aspire  
In burning Waves, and Pyramids of Fire.  
The Conflagration did around display  
Suppositious and unnatural Day.  
Industrious Swains believing Night was fled,  
Break of their Slumber, and forsake their Bed :  
Then wond'rous stand, to see the Air so bright,  
Not with the Sun's, but with the Ocean's Light :  
To see a strange, untimely Day arise,  
A spurious Birth, not conscious of Skies.

The *Western* Winds, the burning Frigats bear,  
And on the *Spaniards* drive the blazing War.  
Soon as the failing Flames (amazing Sight ! )  
Approach'd their Navy, in the Dead of Night,  
Strange Consternation struck the trembling Host ;  
They all believ'd their Troops and Navy lost.  
No Faces in Distress did ever wear  
Terror so strong, or such bold Strokes of Fear.  
Horror was ne'er to such Advantage seen,  
Ne'er shew'd so dire a Look, so wild a Mein.

The

The great Deſtraſtion, that poſſeſs'd their Eyes  
The Sailor's Clamors, and the Soldier's Crys,  
Their uncouth Howling, and their hideous Yell,  
No Fancy can conceive, no Language tell.  
Some cut their Cables by their Chief's Command,  
Some to the breathing Winds their Sails expand.  
Shov'd by the Gale, and wing'd with ſpeedy Fear,  
They from contagious Flames, and bright Perdition ſteer.  
The *Spaniard's* Haſte was render'd by his Fright  
So raſh, and ſo precipitate his Flight,  
That none by Night his Neighbour could avoid,  
They were by Friends, as well as Foes deſtroy'd.

A dreadful Out-cry on the Deep began,  
Ships fell on Ships, Gallies on Gallies ran.  
Rigging with Rigging met, and Maſt with Maſt,  
And Sails, with fatal Friendſhip, Sails embrac'd.  
*Diego, Oquendo*, thus entangled lay,  
And to a Ship on Fire became a Prey.  
The raging Flame did firſt their Sails invade,  
Which to the Decks the catching Plague convey'd.  
Soon did the burning *Spaniards* blaze on high,  
At once enlighten, and affright the Sky.  
With fruitleſs Toil the Crew oppoſe the Flame,  
No Art can now the ſpreading Miſchief tame.  
Some choak'd and ſmother'd, did expiring ly,  
Burn with their Ships, and on the Water fry.  
Some, when the Flames could be no more withſtood,  
So wild Deſpair directed, midſt the Flood

Themſelves

Themselves in haste from their tall Vessels threw,  
And from a dry, to liquid Ruin flew.  
Sad Choice of Death, when those, who shun the Fire,  
Must to as fierce an Element retire.  
Uncommon Suff'rings did these Wretches wait,  
Both burnt and drown'd they met a double Fate.  
The *Britons* gave the *Spanish* Navy Chase,  
Which lay dispers'd o'er all the Ocean's Face.  
They to the Seas or Shores their Passage made,  
Whither the Winds and Waves their Ships convey'd.  
*Perez* no more his Squadrons could collect,  
They all Commands, but those of Fear, neglect.

The Morn did now her Purple Standard reer,  
To which the must'ring Sun Beams did repair.  
Th' advancing *Britons* did their Order keep,  
And view'd the Ruin which deform'd the Deep.  
Here glowing Planks, and ghastly Ribs of Oak,  
Here smoaking Beams and Masts in sunder broke,  
Nor Coal entirely, nor entirely Wood,  
Roll on the Billows, and pollute the Flood.  
Here gilded Sterns, there ample Lanterns float,  
And curious Shapes by Master-Carvers wrought.  
There half burnt Lions on the Waters grin,  
And footy Leopards loose their spotted Skin.  
The gazing Fishes are amaz'd to see  
The Monsters of the Forrest swim the Sea.  
Here a Religious Wreck the Ocean loads,  
With broken Limbs of Saints, and ruin'd Gods.



Reliques of famous Vertue, Holy Beads,  
 Bles'd Trinkets, glowing Trunks, and smoking Heads  
 Of consecrated Guardian Images,  
 A superstitious Lumber, spread the Seas.

*Britannia's* Chiefs with eager speed pursue  
 Th' *Iberians*, who in sep'rate Squadrons flew.  
 They run with all their Sails, and all their Oars,  
 Some seek the *Gallick*, some the *Belgick* Shores.  
 Driv'n by their Passion's, and the Ocean's Tide,  
 Midst unknown Shallows some for Safety ride.  
 Some to the Quick-sands for Protection row,  
 Sands less perfidious than King *Philip's* Vow.  
 Midst Rocks and Shelves some trembling Chiefs remain;  
 Rocks less obdurate, Shelves less false than *Spain*.  
 Some run aground in their too rash Retreat,  
 Whom the insulting Waves in pieces beat.  
 Some by the Billows on the Rocks were tost,  
 Some in the Deep, some on the Strand were lost.  
 A Gale sprung up, which to the Ocean bore  
 The Ships, which scap'd the *Flandrian* faithless Shore.  
*Perez* resolv'd round by the *Notthern* Main,  
 And the *Hibernian* Seas to sail for *Spain*.  
 At his Command away the Captains bear  
 To the *North* Ocean wild, as their Despair.  
 Hard on their Reer the Conqu'ring *Britons* hung,  
 And with their Thunder on the *Spaniard* rung.

During the Chase two Ships became their Prey,  
 One *Lucon*, one *Mandrana* did obey.

The

The first three hundred Priests and Prelates bore,  
A Sacred Cargo, and Religious Store.  
The Ship a floating Convent did appear,  
With Superstition stow'd, and holy Geer.  
The bless'd Adventures of the Burse of *Rome*,  
Carry Religion out, but Treasure home.  
New Lights, old Reliques, consecrated Toys,  
*Rome's* Growth or Labour, and abundant Choice  
Of manufactor'd Saints they send abroad,  
But homeward bound, they Gold and Silver load.  
Corrupted Creeds and damag'd Faith export,  
And fill with impious Commerce every Port.  
They o'er the World, to find a Market, range,  
And their cheap Heav'n, for Earthly Treasures change.  
Now *Rome* believing her Religious Trade  
Again in *Albion* would be open laid;  
And that the unprovided Isle would bear,  
A vast Consumption of their Godly Ware;  
To *Britain* sent this Holy Colony,  
A gracious Promise of a large Supply.  
By adverse War the *Roman* Factors cross,  
And made a Prize, their pious Labour lost.

The other Ship *Alarcon* bore, a Guide  
Empow'r'd by *Rome's* Commission to preside  
O'er the intended Inquisition Court,  
Which *Philip's* Arms in *Albion* would support;  
Who with paternal Pity might Torment,  
And make *Britannia's* stubborn Sons relent.

The

The pious Father for Conversions brought  
 Crosses and Racks with Skill and Labour wrought.  
 Instructive Whips, perswasive Rods of Wire,  
 And Demonstrations harden'd in the Fire.  
 Here stood high Fats with Confutations stor'd,  
 And pow'rful Reasons form'd of Steel or Cord.  
 Here heap'd in Piles awak'ning Scourges lay,  
 Which Heav'nly Light upon the Back display,  
 And Hereticks convince the shortest Way.  
 There Pincers, Pullies, Wheels, a Sacred Load  
 Of choice Mechanick Arguments were stow'd.  
 Strong Reas'ning Engines of Religious Use,  
 Which Error scare, and Faith by Force produce.  
 Which have to *Rome* ten thousand Converts giv'n;  
 They draw Men up, or screw them into Heav'n.  
 Here stood vast Tuns of Fetters, Hooks and Chains  
 A Bless'd Collection of convincing Pains.

*Lugo* and *Floris* shatter'd by the Fight,  
 Were by the Victors taken in their Flight.  
 To *Edenburgh's Frith* they chac'd the Foe;  
 Where to the Main *Boderia's* Waters flow.  
 The *Britons* many funk, and many fir'd,  
 Till cloy'd with Conquest, they at length retir'd.  
 Their melancholy Course the *Spaniards* stood,  
 And with a lighter Burden press'd the Flood.  
*Eliza's* Fleet was gone Triumphant home;  
 But Rocks and Seas untry'd, were yet to come.  
 The *British* Storm its Fury spent, was fled;  
 But Heav'n's black Vengeance gather'd o'er their Head.

Their

Their bulky Ships were midst the Billows tost  
 On *Scotia's* wild, impracticable Coast.  
 Now with their Sails, now with their lab'ring Oars  
 They pass the dreadful Gulphs, and faithless Shores.  
 They left behind the *Caledonian* Hills,  
 And craggy Cluster of *Orcadian* Isles.  
 They past the boisterous *Hyperborean* Seas,  
 Turn'd *Scotia's* Cape, and made the *Hebrides*  
 On whose abrupt, inhospitable Shore  
 Sea-Monsters yell, and raging Billows roar.  
 They sail'd not long on this impetuous Tide,  
 Before their Men *Hibernia's* Ills descri'd,  
 In all the Pangs of Terror and Distress,  
 They view the Desert Sands, and watry Wilderness.

A sudden Storm did from the South arise,  
 And horrid Black began to hang the Skies.  
 By slow Advances loaded Clouds ascend,  
 And cross the Air their low'ring Front extend.  
 Heav'n's loud Artillery began to play,  
 And Wrath Divine in dreadful Peals convey.  
 Th' Ætherial Engines Cannonade the Main,  
 And pour new Thunder on the Fleet of *Spain*.  
 Darkness and raging Winds their Terror join,  
 And Storms of Rain with Storms of Fire combine.  
 The trembling *Spaniards* now invoke in vain,  
 Their Saints Marine to ease them of their Pain.  
 Mangled with superstitious Cruelty,  
 Their Priests in vain to their dull Saviours Cry.

Their Reliques good for Storms or Thunder fail,  
Nothing their Beads, or Wheaten Gods prevail.  
With fruitful Pray'rs they ply their Sacred Wood,  
Fair Weather Idols, to compose the Flood.  
Some run a-Shore upon the shoaly Land,  
Some Perish by the Rocks, some by the Sand.  
The floating Wrecks of ruin'd Ships encrease  
The native Horror of *Hibernian* Seas :  
The Storm its Fury spent, the Waves subside,  
The Sky became serene, fedate the Tide.  
With the few shatter'd Ships which did remain,  
*Perez* half Dead with Anguish, made with Pain,  
By ignominious Stealth, the Ports of *Spain*.  
As when a mighty Band of *Lybian* Swains,  
Who trusting to their Numbers, o'er the Plains  
Advance, a gen'rous Lion to destroy,  
Of Conquest sure anticipate the Joy.  
The Wood they compass round, they set the Toil,  
And not yet Victors share the yellow Spoil.  
But by the noble Foe beat back, and maim'd,  
The Swains retreat, confounded and asham'd.  
So the presumptuous *Spaniard* did return,  
Did Triumph so before, and so did after mourn.

Soon as the Malecontents in *Albion* heard  
That *Spain's Armada* on the Coasts appear'd :  
Immod'rate Joy dilated every Breast,  
Marks of unbridled Transport all exprest,  
But *Montal* seem'd o'er-joy'd above the rest.

Among

Among their Friends with Zeal they spread th' Alarm,  
 Each other cheer, each other urge to Arm.  
 To *Kentish* Shores their Ensigns they advance ;  
 Whence trayt'rous Commerce now is held with *France*.  
 They Rendezvous upon the Marby Ground,  
 Encamp their Troops, and raise Intrenchments round.  
 Hither from every Town their Men repair,  
 Resolv'd to meet and aid the Landing War.  
 Their *Arundel Rome's* Bigots did command,  
 The next great Chief was Lord of *Westmorland*.  
 Of half Reformists *Montal* was the Head,  
 And *Brambal* next was by their Troops obey'd.  
 Their Treason all in desp'rate Speech express,  
 Sure of *Iberia's*, and their own Success.  
 They tell, how they *Eliza* will depose,  
 How they will treat those they esteem'd their Foes.  
 What Suff'rings they for *Burleigh* did prepare,  
 What ignominious Chains for Valiant *Vere*.

Thrice had the Sun display'd victorious Light,  
 Retreating thrice submitted to the Night ;  
 Whilst in their Camp the Rebels did remain,  
 Eager to join th' expected Troops of *Spain* :  
 When to their Grief, 'twas to the Rebels known,  
 That the *Iberian* vanquish'd Fleet was gone.  
 That a brave Army did with Loyal Rage  
 March o'er the Hills, their Cohorts to engage.  
 Great Consternation, and amazing dread  
 The Leaders seiz'd, and thro' the Army spread.

Not

Not bold enough to undertake the Fight,  
The Troops dispers'd, and Safety fought by Flight.

*Montal* mean time stay'd raving in his Tent,  
And ignominious Suff'rings to prevent,  
To his old Crimes, and his new Treason due,  
In his own Blood he did his Hands embue:  
Wildly he star'd, and with all Hell possest,  
He plung'd his Sword deep in his impious Breast.  
The irreligious Wretch in Torment lay,  
While greedy Death did on his Vitals prey.  
Harden'd in Guilt, relentless he appear'd,  
Believ'd no future State, no Vengeance fear'd :  
Did Heav'n and Hell as idle Tales deride,  
Mock'd the great Doom, and Wrath Divine defy'd.  
In Blasphemies he his last Breath resign'd,  
And dy'd renouncing God, and cursing all Mankind.

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*The End of the Sixth Book.*

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ELIZA:

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E L I Z A.

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B · O O K VII.

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**T**HE Pious Queen, who Aid Divine implor'd,  
Bless'd with Success, propitious Heav'n ador'd.  
She did th' Almighty her Protector own,  
The Guardian of her Life, and Bulwark of her Throne.  
She prais'd her Saviour God, at whose right Hand  
Obedient Vict'ry does for Orders stand,  
And never flies without the high Command.  
By his Direction she displays her Wings,  
Imperial Crowns and envy'd Laurel brings.  
To mighty Heros, and to Fav'rite Kings.  
When Hosts embattel'd in the Field engage,  
And Warriors rous'd, discharge their Martial Rage,  
Heav'n's Delegate with watchful Care attends  
The happy Chief, whom Gracious Heav'n befriends.  
Now kindly hov'ring o'er the General's Head  
She does her Wings for his Protection spread.  
Now she in Circles flying round the Air,  
Marks out the Crown the Hero is to wear.  
Sometime descending on his Head, does rest,  
And with her own fair Plumes adorns his Crest.  
A a a At



At length she claps her bright Seraphick Wings,  
Declares the Victor, and his Triumph Sings.

None than the Pious Queen did better know,  
That Heav'n the Crowns and Laurels does bestow,  
Which grace the Monarch's, or the Conqu'ror's Brow.  
As she in secret her Deliverer own'd,  
Who had *Britannia's* Arms with Conquest crown'd;  
She did a Day of Sacred Thanks proclaim,  
When all her Subjects might exalt his Name.  
Might the Defender of the Realm adore,  
Applaud his Goodness, and extol his Pow'r.  
Might grateful Songs to Heav'n return, and raise  
The Lord of Army's Name, with loud confed'rate Praise.

Pious *Eliza* on the Solemn Day  
To *Paul's* Illustrious Temple took her way:  
Glad in Imperial Robes, and dazling bright  
With Gold and Gems, she pleas'd and griev'd the Sight.  
High in her Chariot from her Palace Gate,  
She pass'd with great Magnificence and State.  
A noble Set of gen'rous Milk-white Steeds,  
Such as *Batavia's* Northern Region breeds,  
With so much Pride the glorious Monarch drew,  
As if they shar'd the Joy, and their high Station knew.

The Kings at Arms, who *Honour's* Court controul,  
Emblazon Coats, and Pedegrees enrol:  
Heralds and painted Purfevants, that wear  
Distinguish'd Vests, and gilded Maces bear:

Trumpets

Trumpets and Drums, which Martial Breasts inflame,  
Hautboys and Fifes th' advancing Pomp proclaim.  
Trophies and Spoils, Marks of successful War,  
Flags, Ensigns, Streamers trembling in the Air,  
Were thro' the shouting Crowd in Triumph born,  
Destin'd the Sacred Temple to adorn.

*Angusta's* Pretor, with a wealthy Train,  
Adorn'd with Scarlet, and a Golden Chain;  
Mounted on Steeds with splended Trappings grac'd,  
And low depending Foot-cloaths richly lac'd;  
Advanc'd to meet her at the City Gate,  
Then turn'd, and march'd the foremost of her State.

Where most the Street dilates, the Pomp did march  
Thro' a Triumphal, high erected Arch,  
On which were portray'd by a Master Hand,  
*Eliza's* Conquests won by Sea and Land.  
Here noble *Mottos*, worthy of the Queen,  
And rare Inscriptions were with Wonder seen;  
Which did display her Princely Vertues, writ  
By Men of Letters, and distinguish'd Wit:  
(The *Priors*, and the *Congreves* of the Times,)      Some in sententious Prose, and some in Rimes.  
There *Britain's* Queen, in a high Chair of State,  
Awful, Serene, mildly Majestick fate.  
On one side Justice with her Sword did stand,  
Soft Mercy kneeling by, held the Stern Figure's Hand:  
Wife Moderation one side did adorn,  
And plump abundance, with her flow'ry Horn.

Vict'ry,

Vict'ry, descending thro' the yielding Skies,  
(How charming was her Form; how bright her Heav'nly Eyes!)  
Did in her Hand a Crown of Laurel bear,  
And o'er *Eliza's* Head, hung hov'ring in the Air.  
A snaky *Hydra*, late *Europa's* Dread,  
Which at a thousand Necks divided bled,  
In Gore and Blood extended lay beneath,  
The monst'rous Form look'd terrible in Death.  
Here thro' the Waves the vanquish'd *Spaniard* flew,  
There Conqu'ring *Drake* in Thunder did pursue.  
There Seas of Water mix with Seas of Blood,  
And Crimson Billows reek amidst the Flood:  
There half-burnt Ships which on the Ocean ride,  
With ignominious Wreck deform the Tide.  
Here great *Oquendo* sunk, still half in Air  
The half-drown'd Masts and Rigging did appear.  
From burning *Diego* there, th' aspiring Flame  
To Heav'n advanc'd victorious *Preston's* Name.  
A Squadron here ran on the *Belgick* Strand,  
Some split on Rocks, some perish'd in the Sand.  
There dreadful Wreck, Planks, Rigging, Masts, and Oars,  
O'er-spread the *Scotian*, or th' *Hiberian* Shores.  
On *Bruga's* Plain, there did great *Mansfelt* stand,  
Here mighty *Vere* the *Britons* did command.  
There did the Chief the vanquish'd Foe pursue,  
And from his Terrors, there the *Spaniard* flew.

Princes and noble Lords, who in their Hand  
Carry'd white Staves, Ensigns of high Command.

Victorious

Victorious Chiefs, as well by Land as Sea, refused to yield;  
 Shar'd and increas'd the Triumph of the Day;  
 Peers richly clad, high Officers of State,  
 And famous Generals, but the Queen did wait;  
 Those who in Courts of Judgment did preside,  
 And British Rights by ancient Rule decide,  
 The Moderator, whose superior sway  
 Did make inferior Courts his Will obey,  
 Did to the true Intent the Letter draw,  
 And with soft Mercy temper'd rigorous Law,  
 Clad in black Robes, did in long Order pass,  
 And with an awful line the sacred Procession grace,  
 Prelates and Metropolitans to pay  
 A just Regard to this auspicious Day,  
 To laud the Pow'r that did their Church sustain,  
 Heighten'd the Triumph with their reverend Train.

As the Victorious Monarch pass'd along,  
 On her Triumphant Wheels the Britons hung.  
 The eager Throng, which did her Chariot press,  
 Did by retarding it, the Pomp increase.  
 Loud Acclamations to the Clouds did rise,  
 And propagate the Triumph thro' the Skies.  
 Thames heard the Joy, and with a speedy Scream  
 Convey'd it to the Ocean, whence it came.  
 From every Quarter of the cheerful Town,  
 To see their Queen, the joyful Britons run.  
 The confluent Fides to a high Deluge grow,  
 And Waves of thronging Heads roll to and fro.

The gazing Clusters to the Windows clung,  
And on the Roofs sublime, and Ridges hung :  
Whence with luxurious Pomp they fed their Sight,  
And with their greedy Looks devour'd Delight.  
Their starting Eyes the Multitude did strain,  
And from their eager Pleasure suffer Pain.  
Medals of Gold and Silver, where she past,  
Were midst the shouting Crowd profusely cast,  
In which the Conquest by the Britons won,  
Were in bold Work, and rare Devices shown.  
With costly Ornaments the People grac'd  
The stately Buildings, where the Triumph pass'd.  
The noblest Velvets from *Liguria* brought,  
Hangings in *Arras*, Silks in *Perse* wrought,  
Scarlet and Tissues glorious to behold,  
And Cloath of Silver richly flower'd with Gold,  
Which to adorn the Fronts they did employ,  
At once confess'd *Augusta's* Wealth, and Joy.

At length the Queen in this Triumphant State,  
Midst Shouts of Joy, came to the Temple Gate :  
Where soon as enter'd, on the Marble Floor,  
Bending her Knees, she did her God adore.  
With a loud Voice did praise propitious Heav'n,  
Which to her Arms had glorious Conquest giv'n :  
Had fought by Land and Sea on *Albion's* side,  
And terribly rebuk'd *Iberia's* Pride.  
The Queen ascended her high Throne, and sat  
Above the Throng, beneath a Crimson State.

The spacious Dome with Sacred Anthems rung,  
Set by rare Masters, by rare Voices sung.  
The deep-mouth'd Organ with the Viol join'd,  
Sweet Violins, soft Flutes, and every Kind  
Of Vocal Wood and String, their Harmony combin'd.  
The joyful Seraphs to the Frontier fly,  
And on the Crystal Out-lines of the Sky,  
The lift'ning Choir of Heav'n stood stooping down,  
To hear Terrestrial Praises, like their own.

Then *Albion's* famous Metropolitan,  
A Prudent, Steady, Pious, Heav'nly Man,  
Zealous for Truth, inflexibly upright,  
From his high Seat display'd Celestial Light.  
Thus the great Primate with his usual Force  
Of Eloquence, began his Wise Discourse.

The awful Depths of Providence Divine,  
Unfathomable by weak Reason's Line,  
We with profound Submission should adore;  
Should own the Justice of transcendent Pow'r,  
Which the most piercing Wit can ne'er explore.  
Short-sighted Man has lame, imperfect Views  
Of Things which Wisdom infinite pursues.  
Knows not to what the dark Proceedings tend,  
Nor sees the Means connected with the End.  
Benighted in this Sacred Wilderness,  
And lost by Heights unconscious of Access,  
Astonish'd Reason chooses to decline  
The awful Windings of the Maze Divine.

Th'

Th' inexplicable Springs of Empire rest  
 Deeply conceal'd within th' Almighty's Breast  
 That deep Abyſſs its Secrets will contain,  
 And all our bold Researches will disdain,  
 Till the great Doom and Gen'ral Judgment Day  
 Shall the full Scheme of Providence diſplay.  
 Then we ſhall ſee how every Branch and Line  
 Wiſely contriv'd, advance the great Deſign,  
 And ſerve the glorious Ends of Government Divine.  
 Then Providence her Heav'nly Head will reer,  
 Diſpel the Clouds which hang around her here,  
 And brighter than the Sun, in his full Height, appear  
 We ſhall the Reaſons of his Conduct know,  
 Which does confound, perplex, and pain us now.

Why happy Vice in Peace and Plenty reigns,  
 Whiſt persecuted Goodneſs lies in Chains :

Why great Oppreſſors are ſo long allow'd  
 To waſte Mankind, and glut themſelves with Blood;  
 Why proſp'rous Pride and cruel Violence  
 With Empire crown'd, and bleſſ'd with Wealth immense,  
 Should triumph midſt Victorious Troops ſecure,  
 While Innocence is plagu'd, deſpis'd, and poor.  
 Why God neglects his ſuff'ring Servants Cries,  
 And ſluggiſh Juſtice unawaken'd lies.  
 Why God-like Men with fruitleſs Moans complain,  
 And Heav'nly Vertue, Heav'n invokes in vain.  
 This Conduct which does ſo perplex appear,  
 So dark, and ſo inextricable here,

Will

Will

Will at the final Day be understood;  
Will be extol'd as Wise, and Just, and Good:  
Then in th' Almighty's Conduct we shall see  
Beauty Divine, and perfect Harmony.

Things chiefly here in the same Order go,  
As Rivers in their known frequented Channels flow.  
Common Effects from common Causes spring,  
And Nature runs her customary Ring.  
The Strong subdue the Weak by usual Fate,  
The Wise and Subtile Triumph in Debate.  
Experienc'd Troops, th' Undisciplin'd defeat,  
And in the Race, the Prize the Swiftest get.  
But least Mankind to wrong Conceptions prone,  
Should Heav'n's superior Will and Pow'r disown;  
Should impious Thoughts unworthy God imbibe,  
Should Providence dishonour, and ascribe  
Private Events, and publick Turns of State  
To a fixt Chain of Things, and necessary Fate:  
He sometimes bids his Servant Nature take  
A Path unknown, and her old Course forsake:  
Bring forth Events by unexpected Ways,  
Awe to produce, Astonishment to raise;  
That God's controuling Will Mankind may fear,  
Adore his Wisdom, and his Pow'r revere.  
Nor does th' Almighty interpose his Pow'r,  
Or interrupt the common Order more;  
Nor in a more conspicuous manner bar  
Nature's known Course, than in Events of War,  
By which contending Realms their Cause to Heav'n refer.



The Lord of Hosts, who Persons ne'er respects,  
 His high Tribunal in the Field erects :  
 To which the Nations injur'd and oppress'd,  
 Make their Appeal, to have their Wrongs redress'd.  
 The Judge Supream does o'er their Arms preside,  
 Direct the War, and frequently decide,  
 Not for the strongest, but the justest Side.  
 He oft defeats vain-glorious Tyrants Hopes,  
 And great Oppressors in their Progress stops,  
 Who trust in famous Chiefs, and old Victorious Troops.  
 He disappoints the Counsels of the Wise,  
 Gives Vict'ry to the Weak, and to the Slow the Prize.

He lets ambitious Kings the World oppress,  
 Prolong their Reign, and gives their Arms Success.  
 Lets Scepter'd Spoilers Rapine long enjoy  
 Their Lust of Blood, and Thirst of Empire cloy :  
 While Heav'n its Vengeance close imprison'd keeps,  
 While Light'nings idle lie, and drowsy Thunder sleeps.  
 Till pious Minds are anxious how to clear  
 The Providence Divine, which they revere.  
 At length his Wrath digested by delay,  
 Strengthen'd, sublim'd, and ripen'd by its Stay,  
 Th' Almighty from his oldest Phiol pours,  
 And on the Tyrant's Head amazing Vengeance show'rs.  
 Progressive Years will show the dreadful Day,  
 When Heav'n its Indignation will display :  
 Time, which will faithful and obedient be  
 To Heav'n's Commission, and Divine Decree,

Which

Which is intrusted with the fatal Hour,  
 Will, tho' it halts, and lingers, bring it sure,  
 When the Almighty will in Arms appear,  
 And with his wrathful Sword, and fatal Spear,  
 Arrest th' Oppressor in his fierce Career.  
 He with a Frown abases haughty Pride,  
 And holds within its Banks Ambition's Tide.  
 But if its Inundation over-spreads  
 The Farms around, and drowns the neighb'ring Meads,  
 At his Rebuke back the proud Deluge goes,  
 And with its ancient Bounds contented flows.  
 Kings by a Series of Success secure,  
 And by their past, of future Triumph sure;  
 Who proudly to the Field in Arms advance,  
 As rais'd above the Reach of fickle Chance;  
 As Vict'ry dar'd attempt no other Flight,  
 And by Prescription Conquest was their Right;  
 These he assails, while they his Threats deride,  
 Pamper'd with long Success, and surfeited with Pride;  
 Giddy with Height, presumptuously secure,  
 Distracted with intoxicating Pow'r,  
 And for Destruction grown by num'rous Crimes mature.  
 He to the Dust the haughty Warrior dooms,  
 Pollutes his Laurels, and defiles his Plumes.  
 In Wrath th' Almighty thro' their Army goes,  
 Intimidates their Troops, and animates their Foes.  
 He of their Courage mighty Chiefs disarms,  
 And tim'rous Breasts with Martial Vigour warms.  
 Captains in Death experienc'd, easy grown  
 In Danger, and to every Terror known,

He

He can with Troops imaginary scare,  
With arm'd Illusions, and offenceless War  
Of fighting Meteors form'd, and Military Air.

Against our Foes th' Almighty War declar'd,  
And his Cœlestial Equipage prepar'd.  
He from his lofty Adamantine Tow'rs,  
From his high Ars'nals, and eternal Stores,  
Drew Arms Immortal, which the Sun out-shine,  
Temper'd in deadly Flames of Wrath Divine,  
Old Stocks of Vengeance, which digesting lay,  
And Rage reserv'd for this Tremendous Day.  
Girt with Almighty Strength, with Light array'd,  
He from the Height of Heav'n his bloody Flag display'd.  
His Conqu'ring Bow, and dreadful Quiver took,  
And terribly his Spear th' Eternal Warrior shook.  
He bow'd the Heav'ns, and from his blest'd Abode  
Down the Ætherial Precipice he rode.  
The starting Planets from his Presence flew,  
Heav'n's Pillars trembled, and the Sun withdrew.  
His dazzling Chariot of Cœlestial Gold,  
Drawn on by bridled Winds, and manag'd Tempests roll'd.  
Thick Clouds and awful Darknefs round him hung,  
Loud Claps of Thunder thro' the Æther rung,  
And dreadful Storms of Fire before him flew along.  
As he descended in the lower Air,  
Her Lord's dread Presence did all Nature scare.  
To shun the Terrors of the fatal Day,  
She at her Centre in Convulsions lay.

The Hills, their Conſternation was ſo great,  
 Flew o'er the Vallies, and forgot their Weight.  
 The panting Mountains follow, ſtruck with fear,  
 And with them in their Flight, the Beaſts and Forreſt bear.  
 The Rocks, ſome left their Shores, their old Abode,  
 And travell'd o'er the Land with all their Marble Load.  
 Some with the Terror melted where they flood,  
 Others ſhrunk down, and div'd beneath the Flood.  
 Rivers ran backward at th' Almighty's Sight,  
 And careleſs of their Duty, by their Flight  
 Did with protentous Tides the wond'ring Nations fright.  
 No leſs amaz'd, the Waters of the Deep  
 Did ſink their Waves, and into Caverns creep,  
 Or trembling on the Shores did lie pretending Sleep.

Let us our great Deliverer's Love rehearſe,  
 Whoſe Breath did o'er th' extended Deep diſperſe  
 Th' inſulting Fleet, and formidable Hoſt,  
 Who Conqueſt ſung, before they ſaw our Coaſt.  
 His Terrors drove their Ships on fatal Strands,  
 Puſh'd them on Rocks, or fixt them in the Sands.  
 Many he gave into our Hands a Prey,  
 The reſt on Shores unknown were caſt away,  
 Or in Deſpair did on the Ocean ſtray.  
 Witneſs, O *Belgia*, thy deſtructive Coaſt,  
 What mighty Ships were midſt thy Shallows loſt?  
 Witneſs, ye *Caledonian* Rocks and Hills;  
 Ye congregated, wild *Orcadian* Iſles!  
 What floating Shipwrecks did you then ſurvey?  
 On all your Shores what ſcatter'd Ruin lay?

D d d

Ye

Ye *Hyperborean* and *Hibernian* Seas;  
Ye *Nothern* Gulphs, and desart *Hebudes*,  
The vast Destruction of our Foes declare,  
For you are conscious of the fatal War.  
Tell, how you saw th' amaz'd *Iberians* fly ;  
You view'd their Anguish, and you heard their Cry.  
Tell, what Distress the vanquish'd Navy felt,  
What deep Despair on their sad Faces dwelt,  
When they *Britannia's* Conqu'ring Arms to shun,  
Did to your Terrors, for Protection run.

As the Almighty on *Britannia's* Side  
Engag'd by Sea, to humble *Philip's* Pride ;  
So has he bless'd victorious *Vere* by Land ;  
How well has he perform'd *Eliza's* high Command ?  
*Bruga* can tell how he distain'd her Plains  
With a red Torrent from *Iberian* Veins :  
How on the Field that dreadful glorious Day  
Unnumber'd Heaps of slaughter'd *Spaniards* lay.  
With what Confusion, and distracted Haste  
O'er *Belgia's* Soil the routed Army pass'd.  
Tidings from *Bruga* to the Sea were brought,  
How the brave *Vere* commanded, how he fought.  
How firmly in their Ranks the *Britons* stood,  
How the *Iberians* flew, and how our Troops pursu'd.  
The Ocean did the News from Land requite,  
Telling the Wonders of the Naval Fight.

How

How is the great Oppressor's Pride abas'd ?  
How were his Troops, how were his Navy chas'd ?  
How is his Glory funk ? how are his Arms disgrac'd ?  
Ye Princes, who attend the Spoiler's Throne,  
When first the News was to your Monarch known ;  
Say, what Distraction did his Soul surprize,  
What Floods of Tears gush'd from his mournful Eyes ?  
Not long before he spoke these haughty Words ;  
I'll Prince of Princes be, and Lord of Lords.  
The World shall own my universal Sway,  
It serves one God, and shall one King obey.  
Above the Heav'ns I'll sit with Glory crown'd,  
And humble Seraphs shall my Throne surround.  
I Kings by Turns will sink, by Turns create,  
As they my Favour court, or move my Hate.  
The scepter'd Slaves shall bow before my Throne,  
And fly to serve me, when my Will is known ;  
Cheer'd if I smile, and troubled if I frown.  
I my Divinity assert, and all  
Shall prostitute Vot'ries at my Altars fall,  
And me their Sovereign Lord, and Saviour call.  
Thus with Infernal Pride and Arrogance,  
Th' elated Monarch did his Pow'r advance.

Yet thou, O Tyrant, from thy lofty Throne,  
Shalt to the lowest Hell be trampled down ;  
Shalt to the silent Courts of Death descend ;  
And in the Tomb thy mould'ring Limbs extend.  
That Space shall bound thy vast Ambition's Lust,  
And mix thy Royal, with Ignoble Dust.

The

The Grave shall bid, for the great Tyrant's sake,  
Her droufy, fubterranean Guefts awake,  
And from their active Feet, their Leaden Fetters shake.  
Princes and Monarchs, who have long poffeff  
Their filent Beds in unmolefted Reft,  
Shall rife, and all their dark Apartments rend ;  
The Grave fhall thefe illuftrious Envoies fend  
To meet the great Oppreffor in his way,  
They, as commanded, to the King fhall fay,  
Where are the Guards that waited at thy Gate ?  
Where are the Enfigns of Imperial State ?  
Where are the Laurels, which thy Temples crown'd ?  
Where the deep Crowd, which did thy Throne furround ?  
Are all thy Slaves and boafled Creatures loft ?  
Where are thy Navies and victorious Hoft ?  
Have all the mighty Chiefs their Monarch left ?  
Art thou of all thy Pomp and State bereft ?  
Where are thy envy'd Wifdom, Wealth, and Pow'r ?  
Did they forfake thee in the fatal Hour ?  
Where are thy Friends, who did fuch Zeal exprefs ?  
Have they all left thee in thy laft Diffrefs ?  
Art thou obedient to Mortality ?  
Art thou as helpiefs and forlorn as we ?  
Good Heav'ns ! how ftrange, how fad a Change is this !  
A cold dark Grave ends all Terreftrial Blifs.  
How wilt thou, mighty Prince, endure thy Fate ?  
The Grave affords no Robes, or Rooms of State.  
We Dead do all Magnificence neglect,  
Scepters and Crowns, as idle Toys, reject.

How

How will a proud Luxurious Monarch bear  
Our dusty Lodgings, and our noisom Air?  
O King ! th' Apartment down to which you go,  
Is lonely, strait, unlightfom, damp, and low.  
How will you bear so hard, so sad a Doom  
Which now consigns you to a narrow Tomb,  
Who in the spacious World demanded Room?

Unthoughtful Princes, can your Host secure  
Your guilty Heads from God's resistless Pow'r?  
Should the Immortal Warrior from the Sky  
Descend, and wave his Conqu'ring Sword on high;  
Should he uplift his Adamantine Shield,  
And arm'd with pointed Light'nings, take the Field;  
Should his strong Hand shake his destructive Spear?  
What Hero's Heart would not dissolve with Fear?  
If Combate he demands, what Chief will dare  
Step out, and undertake the dreadful War?  
Who can his wrathful Terrors undergo?  
Who can resist, or who elude the Blow?  
Can mortal Man, whose animated Clay,  
By its own Fire, does moulder and decay,  
Who thro' his Nostrils breathes precarious Life away;  
Can a vain Man sustain th' Almighty's Stroke?  
Withstand his Rage, or face his angry Look?  
Must not the Wretch at his dread Presence shake,  
At which the shudd'ring Rocks and troubled Mountains quake?  
He cannot stand against his God in Fight,  
Nor scape pursuing Vengeance by his Flight.



For should the Wretch, wing'd with the Morning Ray,  
 Reach the great Frontier of expiring Day ;  
 Where from Incursions of encroaching Light,  
 High Mounds of ancient Shade protect the Realms of Night :  
 There his extended Arm would overtake,  
 And there the Fugitive his Captive make.  
 Should he descend, and for Protection, dwell  
 In the low Caves, and dark Abyfs of Hell ;  
 Nor Hell could shew a solitary Room,  
 Nor all the Shades of Night afford a Gloom,  
 In which the guilty Fugitive might lie  
 Safely conceal'd from Heav'n's All-searching Eye.  
 Unfufferable Wrath, and fierce Despair,  
 Sadly confess th' Almighty's Prefence there.  
 Give him the low Apartments of the Deep,  
 Where far from Day Primæval Waters sleep,  
 And unembroil'd with Storms, their peaceful Empire keep.  
 He could not fly that God, who does command  
 The Depths, who holds the Ocean in his Hand.  
 Should he on Seraphs Wings, convey his Fears  
 Thro' the blue Defarts and the trackless Spheres :  
 Should he to unfrequented Æther fly,  
 Behind some dusky, sinking Planet lie,  
 Or lurk in secret Corners of the Sky ;  
 Th' Almighty, who enthron'd on high, surveys  
 Created Nature, which at once displays  
 Her various Worlds and Wonders to his Sight,  
 The Realms of Darknefs, and the Fields of Light,  
 Will find the Sinner, and will make him know  
 He cannot from his Guilt, nor Guilt's Avenger go.

God

God oft a great Oppressor does permit  
 On his proud Throne in Majesty to sit.  
 Lets him abroad Victorious Armies send  
 O'er distant Realms, his Empire to extend.  
 Till he elated with his War's Success,  
 Does Lust of universal Sway express.  
 But tho' he long does this Oppressor spare,  
 Suppress his Anger, and his Stroke defer,  
 Almighty Patience will not always bear.  
 Tho' he afflicted Vertue long neglects,  
 The Pris'ner's Cries, and Martyr's Pray'r rejects;  
 Tho' his destructive Vengeance sleeping lies,  
 The God-like Suff'rer's Trust and Patience tries,  
 Yet 'twill awake at length, and terribly arise.  
 When *Judah's* slumbering Lion from his Rest  
 Is rous'd, to save th' Afflicted and Opprest,  
 How dreadful will his kindled Wrath appear?  
 Will he the proud and cruel Tyrant spare?  
 The wasted World shall see the happy Day,  
 When God will his Appears of Justice pay.  
 Will make his Debt of threaten'd Rum good,  
 And on the Oppressor's Head avenge the People's Blood.

Thus the Almighty in his Wrath arose,  
 Thus he rebuk'd our proud *Iberian* Foes,  
 Who had *Europa's* Kingdoms long oppress'd,  
 Whose Pow'r and Wealth so vastly was increas'd,  
 That no fixt Bounds curb'd their encroaching Pride,  
 Till wrathful Heav'n chas'd th' Ambitious Tide.

When

When their Presumption had our Land possess'd,  
 Heav'n from their rav'ning Jaws the Prey releas'd.  
 How did our God his mighty Arm extend ?  
*Spain* to controul, and *Albion* to defend ?  
 How the Oppressor of the Nations sinks ?  
 How deep, O Vengeance, of thy Cup he drinks ?  
 How does his Courage and his Strength decline  
 By this destructive Draught of Wrath Divine ?  
 Bitter as Gall it down his Throat descends,  
 Corrodes his Heart, with struggling Life contends,  
 And with Convulsive Throws his tortur'd Bowels rends. }  
 How has th' Almighty, who our Battel led,  
 Discharg'd his Thunder on the *Iberian's* Head ?  
 How terribly chastis'd the Son of Pride,  
 Who on the Strength of his own Arm rely'd ?  
 How has he broke the roaring Lion's Jaws,  
 Dash'd out his Teeth, enervated his Paws ?  
 How has he scatter'd o'er the Land or Main,  
 The Fleets and Armies of perfidious *Spain* ?  
 Thus did the Lord of Hosts in Arms appear  
 To chase our Foes, and dissipate our Fear.  
 Let us exalt his Name in Songs of Praise,  
 To Heav'n our great Deliverer's Honour raise.  
 His Arms asserted *Britain's* Righteous Cause ;  
 Let our Obedience to his Sacred Laws,  
 Our thankful Sense of Favours past attest,  
 Better by pious Deeds, than Words express'd.  
 Let Light Divine o'er all the Nation spread,  
 Let pure Religion raise her glorions Head,  
 In Vertue's Heav'nly Paths let grateful *Britons* tread. }  
 To

To *Albion* thus new Blessings you'll procure,  
And Heav'n's propitious Aid in future War secure.

Let your uncessant Pray'rs to Heav'n ascend,  
That God would still our Pious Queen defend.  
That he in Pity to *Britannia's* Isle,  
To all the Nations of *Europa's* Soil,  
At Liberty's and pure Religion's Pray'r,  
Would make *Eliza* his peculiar Care.

A Queen, who thoughtless of her private Ease,  
Has watch'd o'er *Britain's* Sons in War and Peace.  
Who has no Interest, but her People's known,  
Hast still esteem'd their Happiness her own.

Has God-like Pleasure truly understood,  
Known what a Heav'n there is in doing Good.  
She the Immenſe *Leviathan* has strook,  
And in his cruel Noſtrils fixt her Hook,  
Who in the ſpacious Deep Tyrannick Paſtime took.  
Her Arms have curb'd the great Deſtroyer's Pow'r,  
And left *Britannia* from her Rage ſecure.

As we are hers, may ſhe be Seraphs Care,  
Good God ! a Life of ſuch Importance ſpare,  
And late upon her Head a Heav'nly Crown confer.

The pious Primate ceas'd. The tuneful Choir  
With a new Anthem ſed Devotion's Fire.  
The Queen aroſe, and paſſ'd in Princely State  
Thro' loud Applauſes to her Palace Gate.

F f f

*Anguſta's*

*Augusta's* Youth remaining Day employ,  
In various Demonstrations of their Joy.  
Some did in Crowds to the fam'd Fields repair,  
Where *Bethel'm's* Turrets rise amidst the Air.  
Where learned *Tyson's* pow'rful Drugs remove  
The Wild Effects of lawless Pride and Love.  
Do the strong Influence of the Moon unbind,  
Recall lost Reason, and restore the Mind.  
Hither the Youth on this great Day resort  
By various Passions led to various Sport.  
Some in a num'rous Circle pour'd around,  
Enclose, for wrestling Combatants, the Ground.  
Who for their diff'rent Country's Fame contest,  
Where now the *North* prevails, and now the *West*.  
Loud Shouts of Joy alternately arise,  
And raise th' unbloody Victor to the Skies.  
Others step forth, and with a martial Air  
Flourish their Staves, solliciting the War.  
The nimble Youth now strike, and now defend,  
And with redoubled Blows their Vigor spend.  
Till Blood from either's wounded Head descends,  
Which Crowns the Victor, and the Combate Ends.  
Some active Youths their Name by Whorlbat raise,  
They some for Leaping, some for Vaulting praise.  
Others in Throngs fly to the Fields around,  
And for their several Games chuse proper Ground.  
Some fond of Conquest throw an Iron Wedge,  
Some hurl huge Balls, some toss a Massy Sledge.  
Some pond'rous Stones back o'er their Shoulders fling,  
These Darts project, and those employ the Sling.

A

A Band of Archers here at Rovers shoot,  
Another there wounds the high turfy Butt.  
Some swift of Foot run Races o'er the Plain,  
And eager of the Prize their Sinews strain.  
Some pleas'd with Goff the Ball with Vigor strike,  
These exercise the Colours, those the Pike.

When Evening came, they pass'd the cheerful Night  
In various Scenes of Triumph and Delight.  
The Limbs of Trees, the Hills and Forrest's Spoils  
For Fires of Joy stand thick in lofty Piles.  
The Woods, which lent their Oaks to quell the Foe,  
Furnish Materials for the Triumph now.  
Surrounding Youth set the high Piles on Fire,  
To Heav'n their Shouts, to Heav'n the Flames aspire.  
Long live the Queen, the joyful *Britons* cry,  
Long live the Queen, the echoing Spheres reply.  
Bright Lights in order plac'd each House adorn,  
The Day recover, and prevent the Morn.  
Harmonious Bells which high in Turrets hung,  
Thro' all the Town in tuneful Changes rung.  
The Conduits with Immense Profusion play'd,  
And high in Air Red Jets of Wine convey'd.  
The Crowd their ample Bowls with Nectar crown'd,  
And Loyal Healths with loud Applause went round.

Before th' Imperial Palace tow'ring stood,  
Rare Works of Fire encas'd in painted Wood.  
Whence rival Glories did to Heav'n arise,  
And Earth-born Thunder rung along the Skies.

The

The Heav'ns amaz'd with borrow'd Lustre shone,  
 With Lights and Meteors of a Race unknown,  
 With Forreign Stars, as thick and splendid as their own.  
 Such Noise, such Flames fill'd all the ambient Air,  
 The very Triumph seem'd another War,  
 And with the dreadful Joy did all the People scare.  
 Triumphant Laurels form'd of verdant Flame,  
 Advanc'd the Conqueror's and the Artist's Fame.  
 Nor did th' amaz'd Spectators less admire,  
 Th' Inscriptions writ in Characters of Fire.

*Britannia's* Monarch at th' approach of Night  
 Did to a Treat magnificent invite  
 All the great Lords that on her Court did wait,  
 Her own, and Forreign Ministers of State.  
 Strong Servants panting with the pond'rous Feast,  
 And with unweildy Luxury opprest,  
 Brought mighty Dishes of delicious Fare,  
 And on the groaning Tables plac'd the Cheer.  
 All Beasts, that *Britain's* fertile Pastures breed,  
 That range the Parks, or on the Mountains feed.  
 All kinds of curious Fish, that Pleasure take  
 In the swift Stream, or in the standing Lake ;  
 Which in our own, or distant Nations dwell,  
 With Scales adorn'd, or fortify'd with Shell.  
 All sorts of wild, or tame Domestick Fowl,  
 Which finer Tafts as choice Delights enrol,  
 With all the feather'd Pleasures of the Sky,  
 Which by the Net, and by the Faulcon die ;

All

All kinds of rare and more luxurious Meat  
 Which *Albion* yields, and Foreign Nations eat,  
 The Guests with unexampled Plenty treat,  
 All sorts of gen'rous and delicious Juice,  
 Which cheer the drooping Heart, and Mirth produce,  
 The happy Growth of fair *Britannia's* Isle,  
 Of *Europe's* neighb'ring Realms, or distant *Africa's* Soil,  
 Regal'd the cheerful Guests, who all express  
 Great Admiration of the splendid Feast.

And as their Taste was pleas'd with Wine and Cheer,  
 Conforts of Heav'nly Musick charm'd their Ear.  
 Yet all with more transporting Pleasure heard  
*Spencer* the fam'd, unrival'd *English* Bard,  
 Who with a tuneful, and Seraphick Tongue,  
 Thus in a lofty Style, began his noble Song.

Angels and Arms he sung, Coelestial Fight,  
 And dire Commotion in the Realms of Light.  
 He sung, how *Satan* with Ambition seiz'd,  
 In Heav'n uneasy, and in Bliss displeas'd,  
 With Lust of Independent Empire fir'd,  
 Against his Sovereign and his God conspir'd.  
 How he the Plan of his Rebellion laid,  
 Pretended Wrongs and Grievances display'd.  
 How he on Ruin fet, in Mischief Wife,  
 Upbraided with inglorious Cowardise,  
 Seraphick Chiefs, who tamely did obey  
 Th' Almighty's hard Commands, and arbitrary Sway.



With his engaging Tongue, and subtle Art,  
He of the Host seduc'd a mighty part,  
Who flew to Arms, their Treason to assert.  
He sung, how *Satan* on the fatal Day  
Did his Battalions draw in bright Array,  
Did on th' Ætherial Field unheard-of War display,  
The Army, part the Azure Vally fills,  
Part over-spread Heav'n's everlasting Hills.  
The Rebel Host in Steel Immortal clad,  
Advance th' Almighty's Empire to invade.

He sung, how God by this Affront inflam'd,  
Hung out his wrathful Flag, and War thro' Heav'n proclaim'd.  
How faithful *Michael* rows'd with these Alarms,  
Renown'd for Conduct, and Superior Arms,  
The Chief to whom supream Command was giv'n  
O'er all the glorious Regiments of Heav'n,  
Drew from the Crystal Ars'nals of the Sky  
Immortal Cannon, dread Artillery.  
How he his Spear prefaging Ruin shook,  
What wrathful Majesty possess'd his Look.  
With what a Port and formidable Air  
The Seraph Chief did to the Field repair.  
How he his bright embattel'd Myriads led,  
To charge proud *Satan* at his Army's Head.  
How Nature trembled, what Concern it shew'd,  
While raging Seraphs rang'd in Battel flood.  
Here valiant *Michael* did his Host dispose,  
And Orders gave how to assail the Foes.

There

There haughty *Satan* ready to engage,  
In threat'ning Frowns exprest Immortal Rage.

He sung, how first great *Michael's* Batt'ries plaid  
From Heav'n's blue Hills, and vast Destruction made,  
Chiefs heap'd on Chiefs, Cherub on Cherub laid.  
How *Satan* shaking his distinguish'd Lance,  
To be reveng'd, did to the Foe advance ;  
At *Michael's* Breast with his collected Strength,  
Push'd his bright Spear of formidable Length.  
Temper'd with Skill Divine th' Immortal Shield  
Which *Michael* bore, could to no Weapon yield.  
*Satan* enrag'd, repeats his Thrust in vain;  
His Foes hard Arms all Hostile Force disdain,  
Offenceless Seraphs feel no Wounds or Pain.  
Then *Michael* couch'd his Adamantine Spear,  
On *Satan* rush'd with such a fierce Career,  
He threw him Headlong on the Heav'nly Ground,  
And left within his Side a ghastly Wound.  
A mighty Shout ran thro' the Loyal Host,  
The flying Rebels yield the Battel lost.

He sung, how thro' the Defarts of the Sky  
The vanquish'd Host did in Confusion fly.  
How the victorious Seraphs did pursue,  
What Storms of Fire, what Thunderbolts they threw,  
What Darts, what Light'nings at the Rebels flew.  
What Rout, what Ruin, what Angelick Spoil,  
Did where they pass'd, th' Ætherial Plains defile.

With

With what a Rage the Conqu'ring Warriors chafed  
The Rebel Seraphs thro' the Azure waste,  
Until they stop'd on Heav'n's impending Brow ;  
Seas all beneath of flaming Sulphur flow.  
How the lost Traytors in Disorder stood,  
On the high Banks of this amazing Flood :  
Till *Michael* in his high Celestial Car  
Discharg'd new Vengeance, and reviv'd the War.  
Who with his Terrors, and superior Might,  
Push'd all their Squadrons from th' Ætherial Height  
Into th' Infernal Lake, where all their Host  
Plung'd deep in Flame remain for ever lost.

Then sung the Bard, how still with Rage possest,  
*Satan* expell'd from Heav'n did Earth infest.  
How meditating Ruin, Spoil, and Blood,  
He fir'd with Wrath, pursu'd the Just and Good.  
Did with malicious Vigilance employ  
A thousand Arts, the Righteous to destroy.  
Did War foment, and impious Kings engage,  
To lay them waste with unrelenting Rage.  
How *Satan* prompted *Ægypt's* King to chase  
With deadly Fury *Jacob's* Sacred Race.  
How haughty *Pharo* with a mighty Force,  
Chariots of Iron and unnumber'd Horse,  
The trembling *Hebrews* in their Flight o'er-took,  
And thro' their Tribes amazing Terror strook.  
When God the yielding Ocean did divide,  
And roll'd in heaps the Waves on either side.

When

When stiff'ning Waters heard the high Command,  
 Did Craggy Rocks, and Cryſtal Mountains ſtand,  
 And left an open Space of dry and naked Lands  
 When *Pharo's* Hoſt advanc'd into the Sea,  
 And dar'd attempt the horrid Deſile.  
 At the Almighty's Nod the Waters felt  
 Their Chain was broken, and began to melt.  
 What fear did *Pharo* feize, when firſt he ſaw  
 The Cryſtal Rocks diſſolve, the Mountains thaw !  
 The muſ'ring Waves did on th' *Ægyptian* bear,  
 And charg'd their troubled Hoſt with liquid War.  
 In vain th' *Ægyptians* from the Terror fly,  
 In vain to ſenſeleſs Gods for Safety cry.  
 The roaring Sea their flying Army ſtops,  
 And whelms its Billows o'er their ſinking Troops :  
 Does o'er their Horſe and Horſemen roll its Flood,  
 And makes its Waters quench their Thirſt of Blood.  
 Chariots and Armor ſunk beneath the Tide,  
 Which bury'd in its Caves perfidious *Pharo's* Pride

The wond'rous Bard proceeding choſe to ſing  
 The Wars of *Deborah*, and proud *Caanan's* King ;  
 His Song advanc'd the wond'rous Woman's Name,  
 And next to hers, the mighty *Barak's* Fame :  
 Did in Sublime, Enthufiaſtick Verſe,  
 Hers, and her valiant Gen'ral's Deeds rehearſe :  
 The Wonders by their Arms near *Kiſhon* done,  
 What Valour there was ſhown, what Glory won.  
 How they, O *Kiſhon*, ſwell'd thy wond'ring Flood,  
 And drown'd the Fields around with Hoſtile Blood.

H h h

How

How *Jabin's* Troops flew from th' unequal Fight,  
As Fear and Terror did direct their Flight.  
How they to shun great *Barak's* Conqu'ring Sword,  
Rashly, O *Kishon*, try'd thy Waves to Ford.  
What Numbers on the Field of Battel dy'd,  
What Numbers perish'd in the fatal Tide.

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*The End of the Seventh Book.*

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ELIZA

## ELIZA.

## BOOK VIII.

**T**HE Morn with Purple of Celestial Dye,  
Hung the high Chambers of the *Eastern* Sky.  
Pious *Eliza*, with her usual Care,  
Retir'd for sacred *Prance*, and secret *Pray'r*.  
Rapture Divine did on the Queen descend,  
And Heavenly Influx did her Breast extend.  
Extatick Heat her lab'ring Heart oppress'd,  
And struggling Joy the Pow'r within confess'd.  
While with her God the Royal Virgin strove,  
In pious Pangs of ardent Zeal and Love ;  
Too full of Heav'n, and with excessive Day  
O'er-whelm'd, the Queen in blisful Transports lay.  
While thus entranc'd, she lifting up her Eyes,  
Saw *Gabriel's* Form descending thro' the Skies.  
A shining Cloud of bright compacted Air  
The Chariot form'd, which did the Seraph bear.  
Charms inexpressible, Celestial Grace,  
And perfect Joy smil'd in his youthful Face.

Advancing,

Advancing, he *Eliza* thus address'd :  
 Hail Queen, with Heav'n's peculiar Favour blest'd.  
 Th' Eternal Mind regards your pious Care,  
 Approves your Service, and accepts your Pray'r.  
 To show how much your Zeal and Heav'nly Love,  
 And pure Devotion are esteem'd above,  
 I by supream Commission thence descend,  
 You to those happy Regions to attend.  
 That you may see the Triumphs of the Blest,  
 Of future Joys, a present Earnest Taste.  
 Fear not, in Safety this Cœlestial Car  
 Shall thro' th' Ætherial Void *Eliza* bear.  
 Take in your Hand this 'Tuft of fragrant Flowers  
 From the blest'd Gardens, and Immortal Bow'rs.  
 These powerful Odors will your Strength support,  
 While you on high ascend to reach th' Eternal's Court.  
 I'll thro' the vast Expansion with you ride,  
 Vers'd in the Road, I'll be your faithful Guide.

He said, and with a mild Seraphick Mein,  
 In the bright Chariot plac'd *Britannia's* Queen.  
 On high they mounted swifter than the Wind,  
 And left withdrawing Earth, and subject Clouds behind.  
 They pass'd th' inferior District of the Moon,  
 And the wide Vortex govern'd by the Sun.  
 They thro' the vast extended Empires soar  
 Rul'd by Erratick Stars, Magnetick Pow'r :  
 Thro' liquid Realms, and solitary Wilds,  
 Blue Plains of Æther, and transparent Fields.

From

From Sphere to Sphere, from World to World they pass'd,  
 And view'd the glorious Lights in wond'rous Order plac'd.  
 They reach'd the starry Sky, and milky Way,  
 Regions of Peace, and unmolested Day.  
 Where casting round her Eyes th' admiring Queen  
 A thousand Worlds beheld before unseen.  
 Each little Star, that twinckles in the Skies,  
 Scarcely discern'd by Astronomick Eyes,  
 Is now a glorious World, whose central Sway  
 Planets of various Magnitudes obey.  
 Their Orbs are all attended, like the Sun's,  
 With great Variety of changing Moons.  
 The Stars, which one confed'rate Light display,  
 With glim'ring Glory mark the Heav'nly Way,  
 Are sep'rate Empires to th' admiring Queen,  
 With Fields immense of Æther spread between:  
 She sees how all the Orbs direct their Course,  
 And how the Less obeys the Greater's Force.

The Queen sustain'd by the great Seraph, pass  
 These various Worlds and Wonders, till at last  
 On the high Convex of the outmost Sphere,  
 She saw the new *Jerusalem* appear.  
 Th' Imperial City, where the Christian's God  
 Has his high Throne, his Saints their blest'd Abode.  
 Ten thousand Beauties charm'd her ravish'd Sight,  
 Glory Divine, and Beatifick Light.  
 She did with Joy ineffable behold  
 The Adamantine Gates, and Tow'rs of Heav'nly Gold ;



The Cryſtal Walls, th' Immortal Palaces,  
Dwellings of Pleaſure, Seats of Love and Peace.  
Eternal Green, and Flow'rs unfading crown'd  
The fair Ætherial Fields, which lay around.  
Empyrean Roſes, Amaranth Divine,  
And ſacred Lillies did their Beauties join.  
Here happy Groves of fragrant Myrtle ſtood,  
Sweet Bow'rs of Jeſ'mine there, there a bleſſ'd Cedar Wood.  
Whence Odors inexpressible proceed,  
Which cheer the Heart, and Life eternal feed.  
Rivers of Living Waters bleſſ'd the Sight,  
And Streams of unconceivable Delight ;  
On whoſe ſweet Banks dwells everlaſting Spring,  
And beauteous Trees, which Fruit Immortal bring.

Paſſing, ſhe ſaw in what extatick Joy,  
Cœleſtial Gueſts their happy Hours employ.  
In Tranſports ſome with undecaying Flow'rs,  
And Heav'nly Garlands crown'd in bliſſful Bow'rs,  
Or ſpread beneath the Tree of Life, that ſtood  
Upon the Living Water's peaceful Flood,  
Did with Angelick Food their Palates feaſt,  
And taſted Pleaſures not to be expreſt.  
They drank rich Nectar, and reviving Wine,  
Preſ'd from the gen'rous Fruits of Growth Divine.  
Some on the Fields ſpread in Triumphant Bands,  
With Eyes uplifted, and extended Hands,  
Sing *Hallelujahs*, and Cœleſtial Lays,  
And fill the liſt'ning Heav'ns with great *Jehovah's* Praise.

Immerſ'd

Immers'd in Blifs ineffable they lie,  
O'er-pow'r'd with Joy, and lost in Extacy.  
Some with their bended Knees the Æther press;  
And to th' Almighty's Throne their Pray'r address,  
Which awful stood amidst Empyrean Sky  
On Pillars rais'd insuperably high.  
How long they cry'd, God, Holy, Just, and True;  
Wilt thou defer thy threat'ned Vengeance due  
To proud Oppressors, who thy Martyrs kill,  
The World with Blood, and cruel Ruin fill,  
Yet boast they serve thee, and obey thy Will.

Some in the happy Walks their Hours employ,  
With Heav'nly Converse feeding mutual Joy.  
They Suff'rings past with present Blifs compar'd,  
And their small Service with its vast Reward.  
The Shortness of the Race, which here they run.  
With the blest Prize of endless Glory won.  
They cry, we now our past Impatience blame,  
We should, if Heav'n would bear it, blush for Shame,  
Our former light Affliction to compare,  
With the vast Weight of Glory which we bear.  
To the bright Crowns, which now our Heads adorn,  
What are the trifling Suff'rings we have born?  
All-gracious God! how are we over-paid  
For the Advances we in Vertue made?  
How far does thy Reward superior prove,  
To the short Labour of our pious Love?  
Love, which was Labour, now becomes our Crown,  
For Love Divine is Blifs, when fully grown.

Our

Our Work and Wages differ not in Kind,  
Vertue is Heav'n, when 'tis from Guilt refin'd.  
Mixtures of Crime did once our Peace destroy,  
But perfect Purity, is perfect Joy.  
How from our Hearts we Pity, oft they said,  
Mankind below by flatt'ring Vice betray'd.  
Ah foolish Men ! who for Terrestrial Toys,  
Enchange this Heav'n, these everlasting Joys.  
'Who for a Moment's guilty Pleasure, lose  
Eternal Peace, and Pain Eternal chuse.

Not far remote, upon a spacious Field,  
By his superior Port, and brighter Shield,  
Distinguish'd *Michael* drew in long Array,  
Heav'n's bright Brigades, that his Command obey.  
'Th' Illustrious Cohorts with Seraphick Grace,  
In long Review before their Gen'ral pass.  
Immortal Youth in their blest'd Faces smil'd,  
How terrible their Strength ? their Looks how mild ?  
What fatal Arms each Glorious Warrior wears ?  
How keen their Swords ? how long and bright their Spears ?  
How awful did th' extended Front appear ?  
How dreadful was their Deep unmeasurable Reer ?  
The Blest'd were thus employ'd, these Scenes were seen  
Before the City, by the wond'ring Queen.

The everlasting Gates lift up their Heads,  
Thro' which the Seraph Guide *Eliza* leads.  
He shews her all the Wonders of the Place,  
Bright with the Glory of th' Almighty's Face.

He

He leads the Stranger to th' August Abode,  
And the high 'Throne of the Redeemer God.  
She heard, and with extatick Joy beheld  
Myſt'ries Divine, Things not to be reveal'd.

Then ſpoke the Guide : *Eliza*, pious Queen,  
Since pure Religion's Cauſe has ever been  
Your chief Concern, your Joy, your tender Care,  
I by ſupream Commiſſion will declare,  
When Heav'n is pleas'd *Eliza* to remove,  
From *Albion's* Throne to theſe bleſs'd Seats above ;  
What ſhall befall reform'd Divine Belief,  
Whence it ſhall ſuffer, whence receive Relief.  
The three great Kings, who next ſhall fill the 'Throne,  
Shall Faith reform'd and pure Religion own.  
Shall Heav'n's Dominion o'er the Iſle extend,  
Invaders curb, and *Albion's* Church defend.  
*Rome* ſhall attempt, but ſhall attempt in vain  
Her Empire o'er *Britannia* to regain :  
Employ a thouſand Arts with fruitleſs Toil,  
To ſink th' eſtabliſh'd Worſhip of the Iſle.  
The fourth (unhappy Prince !) who mounts the Throne,  
Shall be, imperious *Rome*, thy zealous Son.  
Then ſhall reform'd Religion droop her Head,  
And impious *Rome's* impending 'Tempeſt dread.  
Diſtreſs'd *Britannia* will with Sighs and Tears  
Implore th' Almighty to avert her Fears.  
She will his Pity, and his Pow'r invoke,  
To ſave her Sons from *Rome's* oppreſſive Yoke.

To Guard her Realm, her Altars to secure  
 From Anti-christian, and Tyrannick Pow'r.  
 Th' Eternal will their Pray'r in Mercy hear,  
 Will raise a Just, and great Deliverer,  
 Who will her Faith defend, and dissipate her Fear.  
 A mighty Hero of *Nassovian* Blood,  
 A Lover of Mankind, and publick Good,  
 At Heav'n's Command will from *Batavia* come,  
 To guard *Britannia* from insulting *Rome*.  
*Belgia* will then her Gratitude express,  
 And in her Turn save *Britain* in Distress.  
 Your Kindness to her, States and pious Aid,  
 By this great Monarch's Arms shall be repaid.  
 This glorious Prince shall Faith reform'd support  
 Against the Rage of *Rome*, and *Gallia*'s haughty Court.

Now a great Warrior sprung from *Bedford*'s Line,  
 Midst *Albion*'s Heroes will conspicuous shine.  
 He in this Martial King's auspicious Reign,  
 With his victorious Navy will maintain  
*Britannia*'s ancient Empire of the Main.  
 The *Gaul*'s proud Fleet he'll drive from *Albion*'s Isle,  
 And spread the *Gallick* Shores with *Gallick* Spoil.  
 He to their Coasts in Thunder will advance,  
 Rebuke the Pride, and curb the Pow'r of *France*.  
 His Arms a *French* Invasion shall defeat,  
 As yours compell'd the *Spaniard* to retreat.

*William* will *Britain*'s ravish'd Rights restore,  
 She shall his Goodness feel, her Foes his Pow'r.

For

For Kings and Queens he will the way prepare,  
Destin'd to make the Church and State their Care.  
Their Thanks the grateful *Britons* shall express,  
And for their *Anna*, shall their *William* blefs.  
When he shall lay the Royal Scepter down,  
And change *Britannia's* for an Heav'nly Crown,  
A new *Eliza* by th' Almighty's Grace,  
Shall fill, great *Nassau* ! thy Imperial Place.  
*William* in *Anna* shall himself survive,  
While *Anna* reigns, his Vertues are alive.  
She'll *William's* Aims pursue with great Renown,  
She will no Int'rest, but *Britannia's* own.  
She *Roman* Foes, she *Gallick* will defeat ;  
What *William* left unfinish'd, she'll complet.  
*Britons* will reap such Blessings from her Reign,  
Of their Deliverer's Lofs they'll scarce complain.

In her Illustrious Court there will appear  
A Wiser *Cecil*, and a Greater *Vere*.  
One vers'd in Human Nature, Wise, Sedate,  
Shall steer with steady Hand the fluctuating State.  
Shall by his Skill, and masterly Address  
Faction compose, and Bigottry suppress.  
Shall angry Mens intemp'rate Heats controul,  
And make contending Parties serve the Whole.  
One great in Arms by *Anna's* high Command,  
Shall lead her Cohorts to *Germania's* Land.  
Shall Faith reform'd, and Liberty defend,  
And *Anna's* Terrors far and wide extend.

At

At *Schellemburg* what Laurels will he gain ?  
And what Immortal Fame at *Bleinheim's* glorious Plain ?  
He'll die with Hostile Blood the *Danube's* Tide,  
And with his Waves o'er-whelm the *Gallick Pharo's* Pride.  
He'll from his Fetters free the grateful *Rhine*,  
And to her Banks repel ambitious *Sein*.  
The rescu'd Princes, who shall then command  
The num'rous Nations of *Germania's* Land,  
All from the Soil, where fam'd *Danubius* flows,  
To *Alba's* Banks, and *Scandinavian* Snows,  
All who shall fear destructive War's Alarms,  
Or feel the dire Effect of *Gallick* Arms,  
Shall this Restorer of *Europa* bless,  
And thank his Arms for Liberty and Peace.  
Yet unelated will the Conqu'ror come  
Laden with Spoils, and far-fetch'd Laurels home.  
Unalter'd by Success, he'll free appear  
From Pride in Triumph, as in Fight from Fear.  
He'll hear unchang'd th' Applauses of the Throng,  
The Thanks of Princes, and the Poet's Song.  
His unexampled Moderation's Charms  
Will crown him more, than his Victorious Arms.  
This will the Hero's Character compleat,  
And as successful, show him truly Great.

*Anna*, the Prop of pure Religion's Cause,  
*Anna*, th' Assertor of *Britannia's* Laws,  
Kind to her Subjects, faithful to her God,  
Will Mercy show at home, and Pow'r abroad.

What

What *Spain* is now, the World shall *Gallia* see,  
And *Anna*, what *Eliza* is, shall be.  
Another *Philip* shall o'er *Gallia* reign,  
With whom compar'd this perjur'd King of *Spain*,  
Is Faithful, Kind, Beneficent, and Good,  
Free from Ambition, and from Thirst of Blood,  
Conquest will ne'er his Lust of Pow'r assuage,  
Nor Seas of Blood his persecuting Rage.  
At Universal Empire he shall aim,  
Pow'r is the Title, that asserts his Claim.  
Truth, Honour, Justice, shall no Vertues be,  
When they with *Gallia's* Int'rest disagree.  
Such Breach of Faith and Vows are yet unknown,  
As this perfidious Prince will with Derision own.  
To be ador'd, by Sycophants he'll fit,  
Honours Divine and Blasphemy admit.  
Regal'd with Ruin, and on Blood intent,  
He'll Strangers Plague, and his own Slaves torment.  
But *Anna's* Arms shall his proud Course restrain,  
As now *Eliza's* curb the Pow'r of *Spain*.

But e'er that Queen th' Imperial Crown shall wear,  
She shall a Son, another *William*, bear ;  
Whose Princely Vertues by a Noble Bloom,  
Promise a great Deliverer to come.  
The opening Bud the Hero shall disclose,  
Riper than e'er an Age so tender shows.  
His wond'rous Genius soon will be display'd ;  
How few for Rule and Empire so are made ?



Fit for the Scepter, or the Sword to wield ;  
To guide the State, or conquer in the Field.  
His Royal Parents Joy and only Prop,  
Proud *Gallia's* Envy, and *Britannia's* Hope.  
High Expectations will possess the Isle,  
Fair Liberty will sing, and pure Religion smile.  
All will believe, this wond'rous Child by Heav'n  
For mighty Deeds and high Events is giv'n.  
That he'll Religion, Law, and Right maintain,  
Like *William* combat, like *Eliza* reign.  
But O, ye *Britons*, you'll your selves destroy  
Your present Blessing, and your future Joy.  
Your crying Provocations you'll repeat,  
Till by your Guilt you your own Hopes defeat.  
Your fierce Divisions, mutual Hate and Strife,  
Corrupted Manners, and flagitious Life,  
Shall God fierce Wrath and Jealousy provoke,  
Till he afflicts you with the fatal Stroke.  
Till he the Apple of your Eye remove,  
And take your Darling Prince to Bliss above.

The Child will in a burning Fever lie,  
But by your more malignant Guilt will die.  
Some the Disease, Physicians some accuse,  
For what their own destructive Crimes produce.  
Tis *Albion's* Sin, that with Infernal Fire  
Kindles the Flame, by which her Hopes expire.  
How will the *Britons* their sad Fate lament ?  
Oh ! may they of the Cause as much repent !

How

How will they groan beneath the heavy Crofs?  
 And how bewail th' irreparable Lofs?  
 How will they wring their Hands, and tear their Hair?  
 How with the Accents of extream Despair,  
 From *Windſor's* Tow'rs diſtract the ecchoing Air?  
 What Efforts of inimitable Grief,  
 What Crys of Suff'ers hopeleſs of Relief,  
 What wild Diſtreſs, and lamentable Strains  
 Will propagate the Sorrow thro' the Plains?  
 From Town to Town the catching Grief ſhall go,  
 O'er all the Iſle ſhall ſpread contagious Woe.  
 Thus ſhall afflicted *Britons* mourn their Fate,  
 But, as their manner is, when 'tis too late.  
 Unhappy *Albion*, thankleſs and unwife,  
 Before 'tis gone, wilt thou no Bleſſing prize?  
 While this ſad Story *Gabriel* did relate,  
*Eliza* pity'd *Albion's* future Fate.

Then from th' Almighty's bleſſ'd Imperial Seat,  
 With *Britain's* Queen, the Seraph did retreat.  
 They many rolling Worlds and Empires paſt,  
 Which glorious hung thro' all th' Ætherial Waſte.  
 At length the pious Queen the Earth deſcry'd,  
 Till now by Diſtance, to her Sight deny'd.  
 This duſky Planet, this Terreſtrial Ball  
 Appear'd ſo mean, ſo diſpicably ſmall,  
 It ſeem'd unworthy of a Place or Name,  
 Among the Worlds, that form this univerſal Frame.

When the bleſſ'd Seraph, by a ſwift Return,  
 His Royal Charge had to her Palace born,

From

From Earth the radiant Minister withdrew,  
 And back to Heav'n for new Instructions flew.  
 Long in her Thoughts *Britannia's* Queen revolv'd  
 These Heav'nly Scenes, doubtful and unresolv'd,  
 If while the wond'rous Vision she had seen,  
 Out of, or in the Body she had been.

Mean time, till Heav'n had *Philip's* Force suppress'd,  
 And Queen *Eliza's* Fleet with Triumph blest'd ;  
*Britannia's* Host, *Vere's* Order to obey,  
 Close in their Camp near famous *Bruga* lay.  
*Britons* and *Belgians* in defensive Arms  
 Waited th' Event of *Philip's* Sea-alarms.  
 That if the Storm, that gather'd on the Main,  
 On *Albion's* Shore should spend its Rage in vain ;  
 And if the fam'd, unconquerable Fleet,  
 ( So was the vast *Armada* stil'd ) should meet  
 A Foe, whose Courage might their Hopes defeat,  
 And force them with Dishonour to retreat :  
 The Troops at *Vere's* Return to *Belgia's* Soil  
 Might to new Triumphs prefs, and nobler Spoil.

Soon as the News was to the *Spaniard* known,  
 That mighty *Vere* was from his Army gone,  
 Leaving that Country, to protect his own ;  
 Th' assembled Gen'als did their Sense declare,  
 This was the Season to renew the War.  
 They thought no Chief did in the Host remain  
 Able th' advancing *Spaniard* to sustain.

To

To form the *Briton's* Camp, Wise *Mansfelt* mov'd,  
And all the rest the great Design approv'd.  
They drew their Troops, to reinforce their Host,  
From the strong Places of the neighb'ring Coast.  
They empty'd all the Garrisons that stood  
On *Iper's* Banks, and winding *Legia's* Flood.  
From *Vurna's* Tow'rs, and *Novoporto's* Strand,  
• To *Dunkirk's* Port, and *Graveling's* spreading Sand.  
Confirm'd in Hope his Forces would prevail,  
*Mansfelt* prepar'd the *Britons* to assail.

Now did the Morn, before returning Day,  
With Heav'nly Roses spread the *Eastern* Way.  
On War intent the Valiant Gen'ral rose,  
And for the Combate did his Host dispose.  
Grasping his Pike, bright as a Winter Star,  
He led the Cohorts, and advanc'd the War.  
O'er all the Field the close embattel'd Swarms  
Diffus'd the dazling Terror of their Arms.  
Its threat'ning Front the Army did extend,  
And to the *Briton's* Camp its Tempest bend.  
Pillars of Dust the marching Legions move,  
Clouds from beneath ascend to those above.  
From their high Lines the War-like *Briton* saw  
Th' approaching Host, unmov'd by Fear or Awe.  
Pleas'd with the View, and coveting the Fight,  
They to th' Attack *Iberia's* Troops invite.  
They irritate the Foe, and from afar  
Mock their slow March, and ask a closer War.

M m m

Before

Before the *Briton's* Camp the Army flood .  
Rang'd in Battalia, while the Gen'ral view'd  
With prudent Care the high Entrenchments round,  
The Posture of the Foe, and Nature of the Ground.  
*Mansfelt* return'd to *Valdes*, gave Command  
To make the On-set with his Valiant Band.

Strong *Valdes*, gripping hard his trembling Lance,  
To storm the high Entrenchments, did advance.  
His fierce Battalions drawn in close Array,  
Follow'd the Chief, who boldly led the way.  
Soon as he came within the Cannon's Swoop,  
Rang'd in dire Order on the Rampart's top ;  
The hollow Engines charg'd with Death unseen,  
Roar, and their known destructive Task begin.  
The gaping Brags sends out imprison'd Lead,  
Rakes their Brigades, and lays in Rows the Dead.  
Th' *Iberian* Band great Consternation shew'd,  
When they the ghastly Face of Slaughter view'd.  
Doubtful a while, and undetermin'd staid,  
Asham'd to fly, and to advance afraid.  
Recov'ring Heart, th' *Iberian* Troops at last,  
To mount th' Entrenchment, in Battalia past ;  
But broken by the *Briton's* dreadful Fire,  
Did in Confusion to their Friends retire.

*Herman*, who always with great Honour fought,  
Next to the Charge his Vet'ran Cohorts brought.  
The Valiant Chief the *Britons* Fury bore,  
With Brains bespatter'd, and distam'd with Gore.

While

While the undaunted Hero forward prest,  
A fatal Bullet enter'd deep his Breast ;  
And buried, in his gen'rous Heart did rest.  
Stretch'd on the Ground th' expiring Warrior lay,  
Hanging with eager Eyes on parting Day.

*Alvaz*, whose Courage did distinguish'd shine,  
Bravely advanc'd to mount th' opposing Line.  
*Megen* and *Perez*, follow'd Sword in Hand,  
*Gouramno* flew, their Progress to withstand.  
He with his high rais'd Sword did *Alvaz* meet,  
And laid the *Spaniard* prostrate at his Feet.  
A while he strove, with the strong Pangs of Death,  
Then in a deep-fetch'd Groan resign'd his Breath.  
Intent on dire Revenge, with wond'rous Rage  
*Megen* came on, the *Briton* to engage.  
He did his Strength in Battel sam'd exert,  
And hop'd to pierce *Gouramno's* Noble Heart.  
His vig'rous Thrust the *Briton* did sustain,  
Which had with ease a vulgar Warrior slain.  
*Gouramno* fir'd, lifts his destructive Blade,  
Which had so many mournful Widows made ;  
So many Parents of their Sons bereft,  
So many Children without Fathers left ;  
And with prodigious Force assail'd the Foe,  
Discharging on his Crest a fatal Blow :  
The Warrior deeply wounded in the Head,  
Fell, and increas'd the Number of the Dead.  
*Perez* prest'd forward with *Iberian* Pride,  
By high Descent to ancient Kings ally'd,

But  
•

But War and Death do no Distinction know  
Of Rich or Poor, of High Descent or Low.  
The mighty *Spaniard* by *Gouramno* slain,  
Did with his Noble Blood the Dust distain.  
Her Valiant Sons let not *Iberia* blame,  
Accuse their Conduct, or reproach their Name ;  
The fatal Field does no Disgrace afford,  
For tho' they fell, 'twas by *Gouramno's* Sword.

Their Leaders slain, and daunted Troops retir'd :  
The Gen'ral all with Indignation fir'd,  
Gave the Command, that *Lara* should ascend  
The Works, which Valiant *Fairfax* did defend.  
The Noble *Spaniard* with a Martial Air,  
Boldly advanc'd, and undertook the War.  
His cheerful Troops, *Estramadura's* Pride,  
On whose known Courage all their Hoft rely'd,  
March'd fearless on, near yet in Combate quell'd,  
One Hand their Sword, one their Granado held.  
While *Fairfax* strove th' Invader to repel,  
Thick on the Ground the slaughter'd *Spaniards* fell ;  
Yet their brave Troops his furious Fire sustain'd,  
And the wide Ditch around th' Entrenchment gain'd.  
The Lines they mounted, and amidst the Foe  
Did flaming Tempests of Granados throw.  
Then with their Swords they cut their bloody Way,  
And strove, like Valiant Warriors, for the Day.  
This sharp Assault the *Briton* did withstand,  
Maintain'd his Ground, and still the Rampart mann'd.

The

The *Britons* did their native Courage show,  
 Bore all their Fire, and charg'd in turn the Foe.  
 The Warriors firm, resolv'd, and obstinate,  
 Prolong'd the Combate, with uncertain Fate.  
 The *Spaniard* now, and now the *Britons* yield,  
 And in their turn they win, and lose the Field.  
 While Vict'ry undetermin'd did decide  
 For neither part, and War from side to side,  
 With equal Kindness roll'd its quick alternate Tide.  
 When *Mansfelt*, anxious for the great Event,  
 A fresh Supply of Troops to *Lara* sent.  
 Thus strongly reinforc'd, he with his Fire  
 Oblig'd th' out-number'd *Britons* to retire.

*Horatio*, who with a Wife Gen'ral's Care,  
 Watch'd all the Turns, and Motions of the War.  
 Seeing his Friends hard press'd, retreat in Fight,  
 Brought up his Cohorts to prevent their Flight.  
 They with *Horatio's* Presence reinspir'd,  
 With his Example, Looks, and Language fir'd,  
 Felt in their Breasts their kindled Courage glow,  
 And with redoubled Fury charg'd the Foe.  
 A noble Fight within the Camp arose,  
 And Death did all her dreadful Shapes disclose.  
 Files engag'd Files, Cohort on Cohort rush'd,  
 Some wav'd their Swords, some with their Lances push'd.  
 In close Array the fighting Pike-men flood,  
 A military Grove, a warring Wood.  
 Loud Rage, Distraction, Clamours, mingled Crys,  
 Disturb the peaceful Region of the Skies.

N n n

The



The *Belgian* Hills thro' all the ecchoing Air,  
Return the dreadful Sound, and multiply the War.  
Here *Lara* rag'd, there brave *Horatio's* Hand  
Hew'd down the Troops, that did his Arms withstand.  
There *Sanches* carry'd his impetuous Storm,  
Here *Herbert's* Sword did wond'rous Deeds perform.

Brave *Maximilian* in another part,  
Did the true Courage of his House exert.  
He midst a thousand Terrors undismay'd,  
To Danger no Respect, to Death no Rev'rence paid.  
With martial Ardor flashing in his Eyes,  
The *Hannoverian* Tempest onward flies.  
*Lodron*, a Lord in Arms of great Renown,  
With his first Honour did the *German* crown :  
Beneath the Ear he felt the fatal Wound,  
And gasping lay, and grov'ling on the Ground.  
He fetch'd deep Throbs, and everlasting Night  
Her Sable Curtain drew before his Sight.  
*Taxis* advancing to avenge his Friend,  
Did in the Dust his lifeless Limbs extend.  
The Illustrious *German's* Fauchion split his Head ;  
He fell without a Groan or Struggle, dead.  
'Th' intrepid Prince broke thro' the thick Brigade,  
He Slain on Slain, Weapon on Weapon laid,  
And horrid Carnage thro' their Army made.

*Alban* mean time, to every *Briton* dear,  
Prince *Maximilian's*, and *Horatio's* Care :

Eager

Eager in Battel to exalt his Fame,  
Midst God-like Heros to enrol his Name,  
Greedy of Glory, studious to appear  
An Off-spring worthy of the mighty *Vere*,  
Near *Maximilian* did the Foe engage,  
And Wonders did, exceeding far his Age.  
Which newly had disclos'd the Manly Grace,  
And blooming Beauties of his downy Face.  
He in his Looks display'd unrival'd Charms,  
Sweet as a Cherub, and as bold in Arms.  
*Hugo*, a valiant, young *Gallician* Lord,  
Fell the first Victim of brave *Alban's* Sword.  
Gay *Burgos* next, distinguish'd from the rest  
By his rich Silver Belt, and checker'd Vest ;  
Deep wounded in his Thigh by *Alban's* Spear,  
Fainting with Torture, halted to the Reer.  
He flew *Ferraro* next, the noble Stroke  
Between the Eyebrows thro' the Forehead broke.  
With this Success the youthful Hero flush'd,  
And by immoderate Fire and Courage push'd ;  
He onward press'd, and plung'd himself too far  
Amidst the Ranks, to seek unequal War.

Now did the thick Battalions of the Foes,  
On every side the brave young Lord enclose.  
The noble Youth a stout Resistance made,  
While Hostile Arms did every way invade.  
He undismay'd th' ungen'rous War withstood,  
Tho' wounded much, and faint with flowing Blood.

The

The *Hannoverian* Prince to *Alban* dear,  
 As *Alban* was to him, or he to *Vere*,  
 Soon as he saw, for his brave Friend afraid,  
 Broke thro' the thick Brigade to bring him Aid.  
*Gale*, *Lovelace*, valiant *Norris*, all engag'd  
 To see the valiant *Vere* too far engag'd ;  
 With Sword in Hand did thro' the Cohorts spring,  
 To find the Youth, and timely Succour bring.  
 These famous Heros soon the Storm despell'd,  
 And with resistless Arms the Foe repell'd.  
 But ah, unhappy Youth ! ah, rigid Fate !  
 Thy gen'rous Friends, brave *Alban*, came too late.  
 The wounded *Briton* pale, and stag'ring stood,  
 Weak with Profusion of his noble Blood.  
 Great *Maximilian* with officious Haste,  
*Alban*, while sinking, in his Arms embrac'd.  
 With tender Care he from the Battel led  
 His wounded Friend, and laid him on his Bed.  
 The *Hannoverian* Chief o'er-whelm'd with Grief,  
 That he too late came to the Youth's Relief,  
 With Floods of Tears bewail'd the fatal Blow,  
 And with his Anguish did distracted grow.  
 His raving Grief to Indignation turn'd,  
 And in his Breast revengeful Choler burn'd.  
 Back to the Battel all engag'd he flew,  
 And of the Foe prodigious Numbers flew.

Mean time renown'd *Horatio* did maintain  
 A noble Fight, and by his Arms were slain  
 Many brave Youths, and famous Chiefs of *Spain*.

}  
 }  
 But

But tho' the Gen'ral did such Courage shew,  
He could not from the Camp remove the Foe.  
For prudent *Mansfelt* did with watchful Care,  
Still with new Succours feed the fainting War.  
*Mauritius*, who dispensing Orders stood,  
And the sharp Strife, and bloody Labour view'd;  
Who had perform'd a chief Commander's part,  
With wary Wisdom, and applauded Art,  
Rous'd his Brigades, and marching at their Head,  
The *Belgian* Cohorts to the Combate led.  
The Fight was doubtful, when the great *Nassau*  
Did with a steady Courage charge the Foe.  
He plung'd amidst the Ranks, and certain Fate  
Did the great Chief's victorious Weapons wait.  
Unnumber'd Warriors did his Fury feel,  
And in their Veins receiv'd the fatal Steel:  
As raging Storms, which o'er the Mountains pass,  
Lay flat the Forrests, and the Groves deface;  
So did the *Belgian*, *Mansfelt's* Troops repel,  
Before him so the slaughter'd *Spaniards* fell.  
The *Britons* strengthen'd with the *Belgian's* Aid,  
Did with new Fire th' *Iberian* Troops invade.  
The noble Charge soon chang'd the doubtful Field,  
The heartless *Spaniard* now began to yield.  
They quit the Fight, and o'er th' Entrenchment run,  
And leave the *Briton's* Camp, to gain their own.  
Hard on the Reer the *Briton's* Tempest beat,  
And gall'd them sore in their confus'd Retreat.

The valiant Chiefs, the Vict'ry thus acquir'd,  
 Left the Pursuit, and to their Camp retir'd.  
 They Thanks to Heav'n with joyful Mind express,  
 That blest'd their Arms, and crown'd them with Success.  
 But O, how much their Pleasure did abate,  
 When first they heard of *Alban's* hapless Fate !  
 Greatly afflicted, sad *Mauritius* went,  
 Attended with the Chiefs, to *Alban's* Tent.  
 Where to their boundless Grief, the Gen'als found  
 The noble Youth expiring of his Wound.  
 Each to his Tent with a sad Heart return'd,  
 Much valiant *Vere's*, much *Britain's* Loss they mourn'd.  
 Only *Horatio* with the Youth did stay,  
 The last dear Offices of Love to pay.

Some Hours brave *Alban* agonizing lay,  
 His Strength declining by a swift Decay :  
 Cold Sweats, deep Sighs, short, interrupted Breath,  
 Sadly presag'd the near approach of Death.  
 The Sons of Art, ah fruitless Art ! flood by,  
 And look'd, as they too destin'd were to die.  
 His Heart its vital Labour scarce sustain'd,  
 And Life's dim Lamp a doubtful Flame maintain'd.  
 He with his Fate contend'd, but as soon  
 As Sable Night advanc'd, and reach'd her Noon,  
 The dying Youth fetch'd deep, redoubled Sighs,  
 And endless Night seal'd up his beautiful Eyes.  
 Thus did expire in sad *Horatio's* Arms,  
 Whatever War or Beauty have of Charms.

In part his Beauty did the Youth survive,  
 In part his Charms in Death remain'd alive.  
 So the gay Tulep, and the sweet Jonkyle,  
 Cut by the Gard'ner's unrelenting Steel,  
 Lie, gaudy Ruin, smiling on the Ground,  
 Still with their lovely Hue, and flow'ry Honours crown'd.  
 Mournful *Horatio* clos'd his Nephew's Eyes,  
 Bath'd him with Tears, and dry'd him with his Sighs.

With Waters sweet, with odoriferous Gums,  
*Arabia's* Drugs, and *India's* rich Perfumes,  
 They wash'd th' Youth, who tho' bereav'd of Breath,  
 Preserv'd a pleasing Look, and smil'd in Death.  
 In finest Linnen in *Hollandia* made,  
 They with officious Care the Body laid.  
 With high rais'd Pillows, prop'd his lovely Head,  
 And o'er the Corps a Velvet Cov'ring spread.  
 Around the Bed his mournful Servants stood,  
 And Torrents from their Eyes of liquid Sorrow flow'd.  
 They seem'd forlorn, and hopeless of Relief,  
 Stupid with Woe, benum'd and stiff with Grief.  
 So a young Deer, whose Front the sprouting Horn  
 With the first Velvet Honours does adorn,  
 Prais'd for his Beauty, for his Vigor fear'd,  
 At once the Pride and Envy of the Herd.  
 Ah! hapless Fate! by cruel Huntsmen slain,  
 Lies, lovely Victim, bleeding on the Plain.  
 So a young Cedar, whose conspicuous Head  
 The fragrant Groves on *Mocha's* Hills survey'd;

Which strait and tall, the present Glory flood,  
The Hopes and promis'd Guardian of the Wood;  
Fell'd by the Steels untimely Stroke descends,  
And on the Ground his beauteous Limbs extends.

Great Vere, who newly heard, that on the Main  
*Britannia's* Ships had vanquish'd those of *Spain*;  
Was by the Queen remanded to his Post,  
To gain the Camp, and head the *British* Host.  
For *Britain* now secure from *Spain's* Alarms,  
No more demanded Vere's auspicious Arms.  
The Gen'ral there arriv'd the second Night  
After the hapless, tho' successful Fight.  
As by degrees *Horatio* did relate  
Brave *Alban's* valiant Deeds, and luckless Fate,  
Vere, who with mighty Sorrow was oppress'd,  
His Eyes uplifted, struck his troubled Breast.  
How did the Sadness of his Looks confess  
His bitter Anguish, and his vast Distress?  
The afflicted Father, with the Hero strove,  
The firmest Courage, with the tend'rest Love.  
But Love with Grief united won the Field,  
And the soft Parent made the Warrior yield.  
With Reason arm'd, he labour'd to arrest  
And calm the Perturbations of his Breast.  
But with unequal Arms for Conquest strove,  
For Reason never was a Match for Love.  
How did the Storm on Tides of Passion roll?  
How did it urge, and agitate his Soul?

But

But tho' the swelling Tides so high did flow,  
He did no unbecoming Passion show ;  
Just was his Grief, and decent was his Woe.  
Some Hours this Strefs of Sorrow did endure,  
But languish'd by degrees, and lost its Pow'r.  
Reason and grave Discourse are spent in vain  
To ease our Suff'rings, and assuage our Pain.  
Sick Minds must by degrees themselves restore,  
Tis Time alone can mighty Trouble cure.

His Passion's Tide subsiding, *Vere* at last  
Some Questions ask'd about the Battel past.  
To sooth his Sorrow, bad *Horatio* tell  
Again how *Alban* fought, and how he fell.  
*Horatio* more distinctly did relate  
The Youth's great Actions, and unhappy Fate.  
This done, the sad, afflicted Hero went,  
Attended with his Chiefs, to *Alban's* Tent.  
He saw his Son extended on the Bed,  
His Cheeks defrauded of their native Red.  
The tender Chief, (such all Great Heros are,)  
Who was for Pity fram'd, as much as War,  
At this sad Sight again began to melt,  
And in his Breast his struggling Passion felt.  
*Alban's* cold Lips the stooping Hero kiss,  
But then no longer could the Storm resist.  
Within his lab'ring Heart, and yielding Breast,  
The rising Father could not be suppress.  
A Stream of Tears broke from his mournful Eyes,  
And from his Bosom deep repeated Sighs.

P p p

The



The Chiefs around their great Affliction show,  
 And weep to see a Scene of so much Woe.  
 At last sad *Vere*, his Hand upon his Breast,  
 In moving Accents thus himself exprest.

Ah *Alban* ! hapless *Alban* ! hapless *Vere* !  
 Ah heavy Woe ! too heavy Woe to bear !  
 Of the dear Object of my Eyes bereft,  
 Am I to Sorrow doom'd, to Woe despairing left ?  
 There pale and breathless lies my Pride and Hope,  
 Of my declining Years the only Prop.  
 On Danger why did *Alban* rush so far ?  
 Why did he seek such disproportion'd War ?  
 More cautious Steps why did not *Alban* take,  
 Or for his own, or for his Father's sake ?  
 Were not my Joy, my Hope, my All at Stake ?  
 How much I wish the fatal Steel had mist  
 My *Alban's*, and had pierc'd the Father's Breast ?  
 I would with Joy have chosen to resign  
 My Life, O *Alban* ! to have rescu'd thine.  
 But why my Sorrow do I tell in vain ?  
 In fruitless Accents of my Fate complain ?  
 Why do I *Alban's* youthful Conduct name ?  
 Why cast on him of my Offence the Blame ?  
 † Too much on him for Comfort I rely'd,  
 Too much he was my Joy, too much my Pride.  
 Perhaps my *Alban* was to me too dear,  
 And Heav'n in Love will not a Rival bear.  
 Divine Religion does pronounce it fit,  
 I should my Will to that of Heav'n submit.

Th

Th' Almighty's high Command I must obey,  
And bear what Burdens he thinks fit to lay.  
Eternal Truth and Justice cannot err,  
Still is it Righteous, when 'tis most severe.  
Shall I the universal Judge arraign?  
Of Wisdom Infinite, and Sov'rain Pow'r complain?  
I must adore the Government Divine,  
What Heav'n is pleas'd to take, I must resign;  
The high Decree is past, and *Vere* must not repine.

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*The End of the Eighth Book.*

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ELIZA

ANNUAL REPORT

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ELIZA.

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BOOK IX.

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NOW did the Morn her dawning Beams display,  
And bid the World expect advancing Day.

The *Britons* did prepare at *Vere's* Command,

To send brave *Alban* to his native Land.

His Body they Embalm'd with Skill and Cost,

With Aromatick Sweets from *Asia's* Coast,

With rich *Peruvian* Drugs, and od'rous Spoils

From the bright Source of Day, and *India's* Spicy Isles :

Drugs which they us'd in vain his Life to save,

Preserve him Dead, and triumph o'er the Grave.

On a high Herse the beauteous Youth was laid,

And from the Camp with solemn Pomp convey'd.

Th' attending Throng did in their Looks express

Marks of great Trouble, and sincere Distress.

Troops, who to Camps and bloody Toil innur'd,

Had unconcern'd the saddest Scenes endur'd,

With Tenderness unknown began to melt,

And in their yielding Breasts victorious Sorrow felt.

The firmest Hearts with Sighs their Loss deplore,

The Soldier weeps, who never wept before.

Q q q

As

As when brave Troops with martial Fury warm  
On some strong Fortrefs make a gen'ral Storm,  
Forc'd by the stout Defendant's dreadful Fire  
After repeated On-sets to retire ;  
Soon as they hear the Drums by Order beat,  
And doleful Trumpets found a sad Retreat :  
With troubled Looks, and melancholy Pace  
They all draw off, and curse the fatal Place.  
The *Britons* now did such sad Aspects wear,  
Such was their Woe, such their unfeign'd Despair.  
Their Drums did beat as doleful on the Plains,  
Their Trumpets founded as ungrateful Strains.  
The *Belgian* Rivers wond'ring heard from far,  
The Noise of conqu'ring Grief, and crys of mourning War.  
The Hills around repeated all the Moans,  
Prolong'd their Woe, and kept alive their Groans.

Th' afflicted Father did his Son attend,  
Till growing Day did to its Noon ascend.  
The Hero stop'd. He sigh'd. He Silence broke ;  
And his last leave in these sad Accents took.  
*Alban* farewell, my Joy and Hope farewell ;  
Who can my Loss, who can my Trouble tell ?  
Only those Suff'ers, those sad Sons of Woe,  
Th' Extent and Depth of my Affliction know,  
Who of their only hopeful Son bereft,  
To their wild Grief have been despairing left.  
Her Weight of Woe how will thy Mother bear ?  
How will thy Sisters thy sad Story hear ?

But

But why does *Vere* indulge ungovern'd Grief?  
Can my Complaints to Air afford Relief?  
My Stock of Trouble, I in vain exhaust,  
My Sighs are fruitless, and my Tears are lost.  
Could Sighs recal him, 'twould be just to mourn ;  
To me, my Son, thou never wilt return :  
But I shall soon to thy Abode remove,  
Soon shall embrace thee in the Realms above.  
Thus my excessive Grief may useful be,  
By hast'ning my Ascent to Heav'n, and thee.  
My Mind from this some Consolation draws,  
That *Alban* fought, and fell in pure Religion's Cause.  
Farewel, my Son, farewel, back I must go,  
*Eliza* so commands, to Scenes of future Woe.  
I must in Arms destructive Toil pursue,  
Where still sad Objects will my Pain renew.

He ceas'd. And back his faithful *Britons* led  
But left fit Troops to wait the lovely Dead.  
They to the Margin of the *Belgian* Sea,  
The hapless Youth with speedy Care convey.  
They soon embark, and to an *Eastern* Gale  
The Mariner expands the swelling Sail.  
Complaining Winds fill with their Sighs the Air,  
And o'er the troubled Deep the sailing Sorrow bear.  
Twice had the Air obey'd victorious Night,  
Twice seen restor'd, and vanquish'd twice the Light.  
When to *Britannia's* Isle they brought the Chief,  
And landed on her Shores the unexpected Grief.

Near

Near the delightful Town of ancient Fame,  
That from the Martyr *Alban* has its Name,  
Surveying all the Region did appear  
The lofty Palace of the noble *Vere*.  
Hither the Body of th' Illustrious Dead,  
Was by his Servants with due Care convey'd.  
Mother and Sisters, and a num'rous Train  
Of noble Friends, who came to mourn the Slain ;  
Greedy of Grief, did from the Palace flow  
Into the Fields to meet approaching Woe.  
Soon as the lofty Herse in Sight appear'd,  
What moving Accents ? what sad Moans were heard ?  
As when a low'ring Tempest mounts the Air,  
And stretching, forms a horrid Front of War ;  
The rising Winds and infant Thunder's Voice,  
Prepare our Fears, and threaten dreadful Noise.  
Till gath'ring Vigor, as the Clouds arise,  
Ruin and perfect Uproar fill the Skies.  
So when the moving Herse of luckless *Vere*  
Did to his noble Kindred first appear,  
Their gushing Tears did down their Faces flow,  
And their sad Looks did their great Trouble show.  
But as th' advancing Scene yet nearer drew,  
Their Grief augmented, and outrageous grew.

The Mother did conspicuous Sorrow show,  
Lavish of of Tears, and eminent in Woe.  
Nearest in Blood, she was in Trouble chief,  
A finish'd Piece of bold, inimitable Grief.

With

With Arguments she strove, but strove in vain,  
Her swelling Tide of Passion to restrain.  
For oh ! how weak do Reason's Forces prove  
Against soft Nature, and a Mother's Love ?  
The weeping Sisters did their Pain express,  
Beauteous in Tears, and charming in Distress.  
The spreading Woe did o'er the Crowd prevail,  
All did with loud Laments the Youth bewail.  
To Groans and Crys they form the ambient Air,  
And to the Spheres convey their loud Despair.  
What sad Distress, what lamentable Strains  
Did vex the Mountains, and afflict the Plains ?  
Profusely all their Stock of Sorrow spend ;  
In Sighs and Tears for Victory contend.  
From lavish Eyes immoderate Treasures flow,  
The mourning Train with Emulation show  
Pride in Expence of Grief, and Vanity in Woe.

Soon as in Turn the next advancing Night  
Had from the Air expell'd retreating Light :  
The beauteous Hero from the Palace Gate  
Was brought to be Interr'd in decent State.  
A solemn Train of Mourners march'd, that wore  
Long Sable Robes, and trembling Streamers bore.  
Next *Alban* in a lofty Herse was born,  
Which Milk-white Plumes did nodding high adorn.  
His Helmet, Spurs, his Spear, and Sword, and Shield,  
Arms which had done such Wonders in the Field,  
But oh ! no more shall do, in Order plac'd  
The Hero's Herse with Martial Honour grac'd.

R r r

His



His num'rous Friends in noble Blood ally'd,  
 Or by the Father's, or the Mother's fide,  
 A mournful Throng, who on the Herse did wait,  
 In part compos'd the Hero's Funeral State.  
 Thus to the Town rever'd from *Alban's* Name,  
 In solemn Pomp the sad Proceffion came.  
 Th' afflicted Train enter'd the Sacred Dome,  
 And plac'd the lovely Corps before the Tomb.  
 Then *Fleetan*, fam'd for Eloquence Divine,  
 And Heav'nly Piety, did thus begin.

The num'rous Nations of the Earth obey,  
 Victorious Death ! thy uncontested Sway.  
 Monarchs to thy resifflefs Pow'r submit ;  
 They lay their Crowns and Scepters at thy Feet.  
 Bound to thy Chariot-Wheels, thou dragg'ft along  
 In leaden Chains, of captive Chiefs a Throng,  
 To whom a Force fuperior to their own,  
 Till they had thine experienc'd, was unknown.  
 Thou paffeft thro' the Royal Guards, that wait  
 Before the timerous Tyrant's Palace Gate,  
 And ftalk'ft with horrid Grace thro' all his Rooms of State.  
 Let him be arm'd with fevenfold temper'd Steel,  
 Yet muft his Veins thy fatal Arrow feel.  
 His fubtile Wit, his wife, projecting Head  
 Turn'd for Intreagues of State, in Bufinefs bred,  
 By no Expedient can the Statesfman fave ;  
 For who knows where to dig, to countermine the Grave ?  
 Thou doft the Mifer's proffer'd Gold difdain,  
 Scar'd and affrighted, he attempts in vain,

That

That thou may'st turn thy Steps from his Abode,  
To melt thee with his Tears, and bribe thee with his God.  
None e'er shall thy impartial Stroke decline,  
What Judge has Ears so deaf, or Hands so clean as thine?

With equal Kindness thy cold Arms embrace  
All the Degrees of *Adam's* levell'd Race.  
Monarchs disrob'd, unscepter'd, and uncrown'd,  
Lie mingled with their Vassals under Ground.  
All Ensigns of Distinction here are lost,  
Who knows Imperial, from Ignoble Dust?  
The Politician lays his crafty Head  
Close by the Fool, in the same dusty Bed.  
Nor does one Mark remain, to make it known  
Which the Wise Man, and which the Fool did own.  
Scholars no longer of their Wisdom proud  
Mix their learn'd Ashes with th' unletter'd Crowd.  
Prelates, who now no longer Distance keep,  
With the poor Curate condescend to sleep.  
No Dust of noble Rank insults the Base,  
Or jostles, in the quiet Tomb, for Place.  
The Rich and Poor, the Master and the Slave,  
Rest undistinguish'd in the friendly Grave.  
The Footstool now is equal to the Throne,  
No Ashes here superior Ashes own.

Thou dost, O Death! a peaceful Harbour lie  
Upon the Margin of Eternity;  
Where the rough Waves of Time's impetuous Tide  
Their Motion loose, and quietly subside.

Weary, they roll their drousy Heads asleep  
At the dark Entrance of Duration's Deep.  
Hither our Vessels in their Turn retreat,  
Here still they find a safe, untroubled Seat,  
When worn with adverse Passions, furious Strife,  
And the hard Passage of tempestuous Life.  
The Slaves of Life thou eatest of their Chains,  
Dost break their Prisons, and assuage their Pains.  
Thou dost to Man unfeign'd Compassion show,  
Sooth all his Grief, and solace all his Woe.  
Thy Spiceries with noble Drugs abound,  
That every Sickness cures, and every Wound.  
That which anoints the Corps, will only prove  
The sov'raign Balm our Anguish to remove.  
The cooling Draught administer'd by thee,  
O Death ! from all our Suff'rings sets us free.  
Impetuous Life is by thy Force subdu'd,  
Life, the most lasting Fever of the Blood.  
The Weary in thy Arms lie down to rest,  
No more with Breath's laborious Task oppress'd.  
Hear, how the Men that long Life-ridden lie  
In constant Pain, for thy Assistance cry ;  
Hear, how they beg and pray for leave to Die.  
Some miserable Creatures loath to wait,  
Heart-sick of Life, and panting for their Fate ;  
Do thee, O Death ! by guilty Force arrest,  
And courting thy Approaches to their Breast,  
Do from thy ling'ring Hand exhort the Dart,  
And plunge it deep into their bleeding Heart :

Thus

Thus lancing home the Sore, they hope Relief,  
Letting out Life, the Core of all their Pain and Grief.

Gen'rous Deliverer of oppress'd Mankind,  
With whom the Sons of Woe a kind Reception find:  
Tyrannick Life's poor Fugitives do cry  
To thee for Ease, to thee for Safety fly.  
For Vagabonds, that o'er the Country roam,  
Forlorn, unpity'd, and without a Home,  
Thy friendly Care provides a Lodging-Room.  
The Comfortless, the Naked, and the Poor,  
Much pinch'd with Cold, with grievous Hunger more,  
Thy Subterranean Hospitals receive,  
Assuage their Anguish, and their Wants relieve.  
Cripples with Aches, and with Age oppress'd,  
Crawl on their Crutches to the Grave, for Rest.  
Exhausted Travellers, that have undergone  
The scorching Heats of Life's intemp'rate Zone,  
Haft for Refreshment to their Beds beneath,  
And stretch themselves in the cool Shades of Death.  
Poor Lab'ers, who their daily Task repeat,  
Tir'd with their still returning Toil and Sweat,  
Lie down at last, and at the wish'd-for Close  
Of Life's long Day, enjoy a sweet Repose.  
Wife Men to be deliver'd from the Crowd,  
Tumultuous, restless, troublesome, and loud,  
Would fain retire, and slip into the Tomb,  
Would take among the Dead a private Room;  
Where they might scape th' uneasy Noise and Strife,  
The Uproar and Impertinence of Life.

S f i

Where

Where no unwelcome Vifitants intrude,  
To interrupt their happy Solitude.

Thy Realms, indulgent Death, have ftill poffeft  
Profound Tranquility and unmolefted Reft.  
No raging Tempefts, which the Living dread,  
Beat on the filent Regions of the Dead.  
They undifturb'd their peaceful Mansions keep,  
And Earthquakes only rock them in their Sleep.  
Here peevifh Difcontent no more complains,  
Here Anguifh ftooth'd forbears her mournful Strains.  
No cruel Tyrant's Racks, no wretched Slave  
Howling in Torment, e'er moleft the Grave.  
The moving Tales of Woe are here unknown,  
Pain fpeechlefs grows, and Grief forgets to moan.  
Terror and Fear their Outcrys here decline,  
And Care for ever ceafes to repine.  
No Suff'ers wring their Hands, or tear their Hair,  
No bitter Execrations of Defpair,  
Ring thro' the Graves, and fright the Dwellers there.  
Paffions, which in the filent Tomb are pent,  
Their Fiercenefs loofe, and ftrove no more for Vent.

Thy Pow'r is only able to affwage,  
O Death! the barb'rous Perfecutor's Rage.  
The fierce Deftroyer can no longer rave,  
Can fign no Bloody Orders in the Grave.  
Proud Princes ne'er excite with War's Alarms,  
Thy Subterranean Colonies to Arms.

They

They have no Troops or Treasure to expend,  
O'er Frontier Realms their Conquest to extend.  
There Insolence and Lust of Empire cease,  
And leave the dead and living World in Peace.  
Subjects distress'd, from her Compassion find,  
Praise thee as Just, Beneficent, and Kind :  
For when their haughty and aspiring Lord,  
To gain new Conquest with his lawless Sword,  
Their Veins has empty'd, and their Treasure spent ;  
Theirs and their Neighbours Ruin to prevent,  
Thou dost arrest him at his Army's Head,  
And to the dusty Prisons of the Dead,  
The captive Tyrant dost in Triumph lead.

Thou dost our Follies and our Faults detect,  
And teachest Man his Errors to correct.  
Thou dost restore our intellectual Light,  
For when thy awful Form appears in Sight,  
All Men grow Wise, and judge of Things aright.  
Good Heav'ns, what just Impressions dost thou give?  
How soon deluded Mortals undeceive?  
This World, O Death ! in thy just Ballance laid,  
With all its Pomp and Pow'r is duly weigh'd.  
Then disabus'd, its great Admirers see  
Their Splendor, Wealth, and Pow'r, in Weight agree  
With barren Clouds, and emty Vanity.  
They see the Folly of their fruitless Care,  
How short their Rest, how long their Labours are ;  
How false their flattering Joys, their Sorrows how sincere.

That

That Man may guilty Pleasure's Snare escape :  
Thou dost expose her frightful native Shape ;  
Her Mask pull'd off, thou shew'st the fatal Harms,  
The Ruin hid beneath her borrow'd Charms.  
Thus suff'ring Human Nature to befriend,  
Thou to the Woes and Errors put'st an End,  
Which Men, in this their Mortal State attend.  
But then, if we regard the gen'ral Doom,  
Th' Immortal Life and State of Things to come ;  
Thou dost, to cause their Pleasure, or their Fear,  
To diff'rent Men, in diff'rent Shapes appear.

Thou to th' Unjust the King of Terrors art,  
For when thou brandishest thy Bloody Dart,  
How cold a Damp strikes thro' their guilty Heart ?  
When thou dost aking Pain and Sicknefs send,  
The Liſtors which thy awful Court attend,  
Some haughty Son of Violence to feize,  
Pamper'd with Blood, and cloy'd with Wealth and Ease ;  
When at thy Bar arraign'd he lifts his Hand,  
How does the conscious Malefactor stand ?  
How much distress'd, how wild the Wretch appears,  
Grip'd with Remorse, and shiv'ring with his Fears ?  
But who can tell th' unsufferable Smart,  
That wounds his Reins, and penetrates his Heart ?  
Who can a just and full Conception form,  
Of his Amazement, of his inward Storm,  
When he perceives he must resign his Breath,  
Doom'd to the dark and dreadful Seats beneath ;

Where

Where he the Pangs of endless Death must bear,  
And the fierce Insults of enrag'd Despair.

But then the Just, the Pious, and the Pure  
Suff'ers, to whom thy Mercy does procure  
Ease from their Pain, and from their Labour Rest,  
Will entertain thee as a welcome Guest.  
Thou art a blest'd Deliverer to these,  
And not a King of Terror, but of Peace.  
Strangers, who thro' an unknown Region roam,  
Embrace the Guide, that kindly leads them Home.  
The Just and Good, Men of Cœlestial Race,  
Weary of this inhospitable Place,  
From their Confinement here, by thy kind Aid  
Make their Escape, and are to Bliss convey'd.  
Why should the Righteous with Reluctance go  
From such a dismal Scene of Guilt and Woe?  
From such a sad and tragick Theatre,  
Where Salvage Men each other rend and tear.  
Where Malice with Diffimulation mixt,  
An odious Figure, her Abode has fixt.  
Where Envy gnaws her meagre Limbs, and shakes  
Turgid with Poison all her spotted Snakes.  
Where Guilt and Fear do sad Companions dwell,  
And mournful Sorrow has her lonesome Cell.  
Where Avarice creates eternal Cares,  
And Lust of Pow'r foment destructive Wars.  
Where Bigottry and Persecution Rage,  
And for *Chimæras*, Men in Blood engage.



The God-like Voyagers, who steer for Heav'n,  
 By adverse Tides are back and forward driv'n,  
 Toft on the Billows of a treach'rous Sea,  
 They midst a thousand Dangers beat their way :  
 Where now the Storms, and now the Rocks they fear,  
 And where a hostile Crew of Men appear,  
 An Earth-born Race, to Spoil and Blood inclin'd,  
 The fiercest Creatures of the Monster-kind :  
 Who push'd by Malice, and Infernal Rage,  
 Against the Just and Good, their Force engage.  
 From all their Foes, the Voyagers to save,  
 Death, their kind Pilot, steers, them to the Grave :  
 The Haven which displays before their Sight,  
 The Golden Shores of everlasting Light :  
 Where landed, they with all their Wishes blest,  
 Cease to complain, and from their Suff'rings rest.  
 Ravish'd with Joys Divine, that still endure,  
 They now defy their Foes confed'rate Pow'r,  
 And reign from all Attempts of Earth, and Hell secure.

† Good Heav'n is pleas'd brave *Alban* to remove,  
 To those Cœlestial Seats of Light and Love.  
 This pious Hope, this Christian right Belief,  
 Should in due Bounds restrain your swelling Grief.  
 'Tis true, a noble Branch we justly mourn  
 From *Vere's* great Stock by Fate untimely torn.  
 This Hero blasted in the Blossom lies,  
 The lovely Flow'r, hard Fate ! but blows, and dies.  
 Does its gay Honours to our Eyes display,  
 And while we praise its Beauty, sinks away.

Could

Could Death by Wit or Features have been charm'd,  
By Courage, like his Father's, been disarm'd ;  
Thy Son, O mighty *Vere* ! had long been spar'd,  
Long had these Rites, this Sortow been defer'd.  
But since to endless Blifs the Youth is gone,  
Let us not mourn his Suff'rings, but our own.  
Could we retrieve the Blessing we have lost,  
We *Alban* should enjoy, at *Alban's* Cost.  
He must descend from high Cœlestial Blifs,  
From that bless'd World, to please his Friends in this.  
He must Delights ineffable forego,  
Leave Seats of Life, and Joy, for these of Guilt and Woe.

He ceas'd ; and in a *Parian* Sepulcher  
The sad Attendants did the Youth Inter.  
His troubled Friends to *Vere's* high Seat return'd,  
Where her great Loss th' afflicted Mother mourn'd.  
She to Advice inexorably deaf,  
Despis'd the friendly Offers of Relief,  
Determin'd in Despair, and obstinate in Grief.  
Many sad Months the mournful Mother spent,  
And did in Tears her Sighs and Passions vent.  
And wonder 'tis, whence she receiv'd Supplies  
To feed th' incessant Torrent of her Eyes.  
At last reluctant Anguish did abate,  
And Grief's high Deluge did in part retreat.  
She did *Eliza* at her Court attend,  
Who with concordant Woe, receiv'd her faithful Friend.

Mean

Mean time in *Belgia's* Soil the mighty *Vere*,  
 To give the *Spaniard* Battel, did prepare.  
 Resolv'd his Courſe of Glory to purſue,  
 He on the Plains his valiant Cohorts drew,  
 And made his Army paſs in long Review.  
 Then brandiſhing in Air his glitt'ring Lance,  
 He gave Command his Enſigns ſhould advance.  
 The *Britons* great Alacrity did ſhow,  
 Eager to ſeek, and to engage the Foe.  
 With Joy they quit the Camp, thy wond'ring Flood  
 O *Legia* ! to diſtain with *Spaniſh* Blood.  
 Delightful *Bruga* with her lofty Head,  
 The Vale around, and winding Streams ſurvey'd,  
 Where now th' Infernal Monarch anxious ſtood,  
 And with *Angelick* Ken the Region view'd.  
 Thence he the hateful *Britiſh* Hoſt deſcry'd,  
 With haughty Grief, and diſcontented Pride.  
 A fullen Frown his troubled Brow poſſeſt,  
 Revenge and deadly Rage diſturb'd his Breaſt.  
 And thus he ſpoke : -----

Have proud *Eliza's* Captains on the Main  
 Vanquiſh'd the Fleet invincible of *Spain* ?  
 Has ſhe or funk, or burnt, or run aſhore  
 A greater Navy, than the Winds before  
 E'er ſhov'd along, or lab'ring Billows bore ?  
 Has her Succeſs diſperſ'd *Britannia's* Fears ?  
 Curſe on her *Howards*, *Preſtons*, *Frobifhers*.  
 Be *Hawkins* curſ'd, and doubly curſ'd be *Drake*,  
 Who with unheard-of Flames did ſuch Deſtruction make.

Who

Why did not we, ye mighty Pow'rs beneath,  
Masters of Torment, Ministers of Death ;  
Why did not we, th' *Iberian* Fleet to save,  
High in the Air our flaming Rivers lave ?  
Why did not we our Caves Infernal drain,  
And Storms of Sulphur on the *Briton* rain ?  
O foul Dishonour ! everlasting Shame !  
Could *Drake*, ~~our~~ ~~own~~, in Stratagems of Flame,  
Spirits of our Abilities excel,  
Who long have practis'd Fire, and long convers'd with Hell ?  
How did that *Drake* compel our Friends to run  
Thro' wild *Jernian* Gulphs, and horrid Seas unknown ?  
What *Northern* Land, what unfrequented Isle,  
Has not been conscious of *Iberian* Toil ?  
What Shores not loaded with their scatter'd Spoil ?  
Ye Gods, who sit on Sable Thrones below,  
Ye Pow'rs to whom unnumber'd Nations bow,  
Shall we be Conquer'd by so mean a Foe ?  
Shall a proud Queen th' Apostate Sect sustain ?  
*Eliza* sink the Monarchy of *Spain* ?  
Shall she our Wife and Great Designs defeat ?  
Still her proud Triumphs at our Cost repeat ?  
Shall she th' *Iberian* with her Arms pursue ?  
And still uphold *Batavia's* Rebel Crew ?  
Does hateful *Vere* again their Army head ?  
Shall he the *Britons* to new Conquests lead ?  
Shall he return Victorious to his Isle,  
Laden with Laurels, and *Castilian* Spoil ?  
Should the *Iberian* Host be overcome  
By this invet'rate Foe to Hell and *Rome*,

U u u

Mine

Mine with the *Spanish* Empire must decline,  
*Rome* must her Throne to Heresy resign.  
 No, the vain Chief at his Expence shall find,  
 Hell's Monarch grows not weaker, or more kind.  
 Tho' thou hast long escap'd, yet now thy Fate  
 Shall yield, O *Vere*, to my superior Hate.  
 I'll the proud Progress of the Victor stop,  
 Fell'd by my Hand, this lofty Oak shall drop,  
*Britannia's* darling Pride, and vile *Batavia's* Hope.

*Lopez* in Poison skill'd, I will employ,  
 This Bulwark of Apostates to destroy.  
 His potent Drugs shall serve my Int'rest more  
 Than *Mansfelt's* Arms, and all *Iberia's* Pow'r.  
 This noble Genius ever well inclin'd,  
 By me for mighty Services design'd,  
 I form'd with Labour, and with Skill refin'd.  
 In Characters of Malice, Pride, and Fraud,  
 Stamp'd on his Mind, my Image I applaud.  
 All Dregs and Drops of Vertue purg'd away,  
 His perfect Wickedness knows no Allay :  
 His native, unsophisticated Vice,  
 Even rivals that, which has from Hell its Rise.  
 He unpolluted, has like us remain'd,  
 Unmix'd with Good, and with Remorse unstain'd.  
 To take off *Vere*, he'll be with ease engag'd,  
 Who is against him mortally enrag'd.  
 The Gen'ral with Displeasure has deny'd  
 To please his Avarice, and sooth his Pride.

Will

Will not his great ambitious Suit espouse,  
To be Controuler of *Eliza's* House :  
Which to obtain, he came to *Belgia's* Shore,  
*Vere's* Int'rest with *Eliza* to implore.  
I sure shall gain him by a fair Reward,  
Who by his Rage is for the Task prepar'd.  
*Vere* once destroy'd, none can his Place supply,  
Their Leader gone, the heartless Troops must fly.

He ceas'd. And at the tender Dawn of Day,  
He with Angelick Swiftneſs cut his way,  
Directly to the Tent where *Lopez* lay.  
*Lopez* from fruitful *Lusitania* came,  
And gain'd in Med'cine a ſuperior Name,  
But by inglorious Methods rais'd his Fame.  
He to obtain th' *Iberian* Faction's Praise,  
Did to a thouſand mean and ſordid Ways,  
To baſe and ignominious Arts ſubmit,  
A Party-Doctor, and a Party-Wit.  
The Meteor with an Air of Greatneſs ſhone,  
In Equipage a Lord, but of Deſcent unknown.  
He in Pretence the Faith Reform'd profeſs'd,  
But in his Soul the *Romaniſt* careſs'd,  
And in that Cauſe he Zeal unfeign'd expreſs'd.  
For *Britain's* Church he drank, blaſphem'd and ſwore,  
Yet never enter'd once her Temple-Door,  
But mock'd the canting Tribe, who there did Heav'n adore.  
A Man of unrecorded Infolence,  
Ill-manner'd, looſe, and noiſy without Senſe.

Defaming

Defaming all, in his own Praises loud,  
Vain without Skill, and without Merit proud.  
He with Contempt the greatest Subjects us'd,  
And mad with Pride, e'en Kings and Queens abus'd.  
Gripping and False, two Qualities of Hell,  
He would his Friend for Gold, for Gold his Country sell.  
Yet so voluptuous, that great Lords in pain  
Might call him from his Wine, but call in vain.  
Of all Mankind he was distrustful grown,  
Thinking their Aims and Passions like his own.  
He on his Bolts and Bars, and Arms rely'd,  
For wronging all, he could in none confide.  
In Human Soul ne'er purer Malice dwelt,  
None e'er so fierce Revenge, or Rage so heighten'd felt.  
Of all the warring Passions in his Breast,  
Lust of Dominion reign'd above the rest.  
Hence did he ask *Eliza* to enrol  
Him as the Chief, her Household to controul.  
His arrogant Request the Queen refus'd ;  
But how enrag'd his Sovereign he abus'd ?  
With what Reflections did his perjur'd Tongue  
Asperse her Servants, and her Conduct Wrong ?  
Bloated with Riot, Pride, Revenge, and Wine,  
He and his Friends in lewd Debauches join,  
To make the Queen, whose Reign *Britannia* blest,  
The Drunkard's Song, and scoffing Traytor's Jest.  
And yet he did, prodigious Madness ! dare  
To cross the Seas, and ask Illustrious *Vere*  
To aid him, his Pretentions to support,  
And recommend him to *Eliza's* Court.

Sagacious

Sagacious *Vere* admir'd his monst'rous Pride,  
And with disdain th' immodest Suit deny'd.

Now *Lopez*, as his manner was, oppress'd  
And gorg'd with Wine, was troubled in his Rest.  
Panting, and snoring, and half choak'd he lay,  
And labour'd with the Surfeit of the Day.  
*Satan* did *Campion's* Form assume, and drest  
His Body in a black, depending Vest ;  
And easy was the Change, he turn'd *Ignatian* Priest.  
Ent'ring the Place, he with loud Accents spoke,  
And scarce the Sleep profound of *Lopez* broke.  
Of undigested Riot full, with Pain  
He shook the Vapours from his cloudy Brain.  
To *Lopez* thus disturb'd, and rows'd from Rest,  
The fall'n Arch-Angel thus himself address'd.

I am with speed arriv'd in *Belgia's* Soil,  
An Envoy from our Friends in *Albion's* Isle,  
Dear *Lopez*, to demand thy speedy Aid,  
By which *Britannia* may be happy made.  
You see, th' Apostates do the Seas command,  
No less their Arms Victorious are by Land ;  
And how shall *Spain* dismay'd, their Force withstand ?  
If they advance their Ensigns with Success,  
And by superior Force our Friends oppress,  
These Regions from *Iberia* will be rent,  
And *Rome* her ruin'd Votries must lament.  
*Calvinian* Arms our Altars will assail,  
*Eliza's* Force o'er *Europe* must prevail.

X x x



I from the Friends of *Rome* and *Spain* am sent,  
To ask your Aid, their Ruin to prevent.  
Would some brave Man remove this hateful *Vere*,  
We should no more *Eliza's* Army fear.  
If *Vere* were gone, the *British* Troops dismay'd,  
Would cease to give the Rebel *Belgians* Aid.  
*Vere* is the Soul, that does their Host inspire,  
Teaches them Conduct, as he gives them Fire.  
*Enthusiasts* in the Field they trust their Guide,  
And for their Safety in his Arms confide.  
They conquer by th' Opinion of their Chief,  
The Strength of Armies is their own Belief.  
Tho' in the Field he's still with Conquest crown'd,  
Clandestine Arms may give the fatal Wound.  
Some meritorious Hand should shed his Blood,  
For *Albion's* Freedom, for the Church's Good.  
*Lopez*, that bless'd, Religious Hand be thine ;  
Merit true Honour, and Applause Divine.  
This Phil take, no *Indian* Monarchs use  
A Poison, which will surer Death produce.  
These are the Arms our Holy Men employ,  
The Church's great Oppressors to destroy.  
By any Means we must our Faith defend,  
All Means are just, that serve a pious End.  
Intrepid Man, this noble Province chuse,  
Remove the Gen'ral with this potent Juice.  
Infect his Gloves, his Saddle, or his Chair,  
Thou *Lopez*, and thy Fate shall conquer *Vere*.

He

He ceas'd. And of his borrow'd Form undrest,  
Swift and unseen he enter'd *Lopez* Breast,  
And all his Vitals, all his Veins possess't.  
*Lopez* enrag'd, and leaping from his Bed,  
Rub'd with his Hand, his wild, distemper'd Head.  
And hot with Hell, and unconcocted Wine,  
He eagerly embrac'd the black Design.  
He did resolve to shew without Debate,  
To *Vere*, and to his House Immortal Hate.  
Infernal Rage, Revenge, excess of Wine,  
To turn his Brain, their Forces did combine.  
Thwarted Ambition; disappointed Pride  
O'er his lost Reason, did in Triumph ride.  
His Friends before did in proud *Lopez* see  
Convincing Marks of growing Lunacy,  
More than suspected now he did appear,  
The Lunatick was finish'd, and sincere.  
The raving Man, in whose distracted Brain,  
No Tracks of sober Reason did remain,  
Ran to the Host, and mingling with the Crowd,  
He held his Phiol up, and cry'd aloud,  
Where is the hated *Vere*, *Vere* I demand,  
His certain Fate I carry in my Hand.  
This Glass contains *Britannia's* Liberty,  
This *Rome* restores, this sets *Europa* free.  
O *Rome* ! I'll give thee universal Sway,  
I'll make the subject World thy Will obey.  
Fear not, O *Rome* ! I Nature can controul ;  
Thy Empire I'll extend from Pole to Pole.

I'll on the Necks of captive Heros tread,  
Will Chiefs in Chains, and Kings in Fetters lead.  
Proud Monarchs I have made my Leisure wait,  
I'm more than Man, my Due is God-like State.  
Heav'ns ! shall the odious Family of *Vere*  
Not pay me Worship, nor my Int'rest fear ?  
Death ! Hell ! shall that curs'd House employ their Force,  
To sink my Fame, and stop my Glory's Course ?  
No, *Britons*, see I've in this Glass prepar'd,  
For *Vere's* Affronts to me, a just Reward.  
*Britons*, prepare, Madmen, make hast to fly,  
Your impious Chief shall by this Poison die.

Thus *Lopez* rav'd, and by his Looks betray'd  
The Symptoms of a craz'd and ruin'd Head.  
His dangerous Speech the *Britons* could not bear,  
But seiz'd, and sent him to *Laurentio's* Care.  
*Laurentio* had in Med'cine upper Fame,  
Yet wanted Skill the Lunatick to tame.  
He kept him dark, and shav'd his Head in vain,  
No Hellebore could e'er restore his Brain.  
Drugs rarely Help can to that Madness bring,  
Which does from Pride, and cross'd Ambition spring.  
*Satan* did haughty *Lopez* over-strain,  
Heated too much, too much inspir'd his Brain :  
He ruin'd thus the Agent he employ'd,  
And by immod'rate Zeal, his own curs'd Plot destroy'd.

Great *Vere* pursu'd his March along the Plain,  
Impatient to engage th' Host of *Spain*.

Soon

Soon with his *Britons* he advanc'd so near,  
That *Spain's* Brigades did in their Sight appear.  
Where *Deynsa's* Fields their flow'ry Wealth display,  
And winding *Legia* does its Flood convey,  
In a strong Camp th' *Iberian* Army lay.  
Few Days had pass'd, since *Albert, Austria's* Lord,  
Whose valiant Deeds *Iberian* Bards record,  
Had with his Cohorts those of *Mansfelt* join'd,  
And form'd a mighty Host of both combin'd.  
Here *Albert*, so King *Philip* did command,  
Resolv'd the *Britons* Progress to withstand ;  
Who onward march'd with martial Rage inspir'd,  
And eager of the Fight, the Foe requir'd.

Now, Muse, record the Heros, who from far  
Came with fam'd *Albert* to the *Belgian* War.  
From all the Kingdoms thro' *Iberia* spread,  
Obedient now to one Imperial Head.  
From all the Realms, that own the Pow'r of *Spain*,  
Or on th' *Etruscan*, or the *Adrian* Main.  
Noble *Mendoza*, an Illustrious Name,  
His Birth procur'd him Wealth, his Valour Fame,  
Who in th' *Italian* Wars with Honour fought,  
His Vet'ran Squadrons from the Region brought,  
Where *Arragonian* Hills sublime arise,  
Familiar with the Clouds, and conscious of the Skies.

*Velasco* was a Chief of high Renown,  
For his great Deeds thro' all *Europa* known :

Y y y

Whose

Whose fwelling Veins a Current did distend,  
Which did from proud *Castilian* Kings descend.  
He rais'd his 'Troops where fam'd *Iberus* flows,  
And verdant Pleasures on the Soil bestows.  
Brave *Gomez* brought his Men, whom warm desire  
Of Fame, for great Atchievements did inspire,  
From high *Madrita*, and the Soil around,  
With Cities cover'd, and with Plenty crown'd.

*Vergas*, a Chief in Cruelty and Pride,  
As well as Confanguinity ally'd  
To *Alva's* Duke, whose persecuting Rage  
No Spoils, no Deaths, no Ruin could assuage ;  
To suff'ring *Belgia's* Sons, a hateful Name,  
With his fierce Cohorts from *Valentia* came :  
Inspir'd by Hell, he deeply had embru'd  
His barb'rous Hands in *Belgia's* guiltless Blood.  
With Fraud and Force he labour'd to support  
*Rome's* new-erected Inquisition-Court ;  
A dreadful Source of Violence and Blood,  
Which with a purple Sea the Nations over-flow'd.

The mighty *Gusman*, terrible to Sight;  
Fear'd for his pond'rous Arms and Strength in Fight ;  
Himself a War, from *Catalonia's* Land  
Brought to the *Belgick* Plains his War-like Band.  
*Queveda* nobly born, a *Murcian* Lord,  
As well for Letters fam'd, as for the Sword,  
Rais'd his Battalions in the fruitful Soil,  
Where *Cinga* flows, and *Julian* Farmers toil ;

Which

Which near the *Perenean* Mountains lies,  
Whose Snowy Heads above the Clouds arife,  
And keep eternal Winter in the Skies.  
Fierce *Oran*, whom bleſſ'd Martyrs Blood did ſtain  
More than his Enemies in Battel ſlain,  
Left *Tambre*, and the Legendary Lands,  
Where ſuperſtitious *Compoſtella* ſtands.

*Guarda*, a Gen'ral long to Camps innur'd,  
Who by his Conduſt had great Fame procur'd,  
Follow'd in Arms Imperial *Charles*, to gain  
The Art of War, and on *Pavia's* Plain  
Immortal Honour by his Valour got ;  
His ſtout Battalions from the Country brought,  
Where *Ana* dips her Silver Streams, and laves  
Metallick Beds with Subterranean Waves.  
Great *Montezuma*, by the Mother's ſide  
To the *Peruvian* Monarchy ally'd,  
Who had himſelf King *Philip's* Viceroy, ſway'd  
The *Indian* World, that *Spain's* Command obey'd.  
A Gen'ral was of univerſal Fame,  
Brave were his Deeds, unblemish'd was his Name.  
For in his Veins the gentle *Indian* Blood  
Temper'd the *Spaniſh*, and its Rage ſubdu'd.  
He brought his Valiant Squadrons from the Coaſt,  
On which the loud *Cantabrian* Waves are toſt.

Many Great Chiefs from fair *Anſonia's* Soil,  
And from the Towns of fam'd *Sicilia's* Iſle,

From

From all the Realms, that *Spanish* Laws obey'd,  
To *Belgia's* Fields their num'rous Cohorts led ;  
*Rome's* bloody Inquisition to maintain,  
And fix the dreadful Tyranny of *Spain*.  
*Farneze*, whose Arms had envy'd Honour got,  
To *Belgia's* Plains *Lombardia's* Warriors brought ;  
Where *Oglia's* Stream, and thine, fair *Adda*, flow,  
Who drefs'd *Milano's* Vine, and drank the *Po*.

Valiant *Gonzaga*, of a noble House,  
Who did with Ardor *Spain* and *Rome* espouse,  
Led the brave Youth of fair *Campania's* Soil  
To Martial Hazard, and destructive Toil,  
From the rich Lands, which *Capua's* Tow'r obey,  
And which thy Domes, *Parthenope*, survey :  
From the blest'd Soil where *Baia* once did stand,  
A beauteous City, now a heap of Sand :  
Where Marks Magnificent are still descry'd  
Of *Roman* Glory, and of ruin'd Pride :  
To give the Soil Immortal Fame, conspire  
The *Sybil's* Fury, and the *Mantuan's* Fire.  
The wond'rous Poet does its Honour raise,  
By his dead Ashes, and his living Lays.  
*Este*, a famous Chief, allur'd with Hopes  
Of *Belgia's* noble Spoil, to form his Troops,  
Enroll'd the Youth around the *Maffick* Hill,  
Who drink *Vulturnus*, and *Falernum* till ;  
Whose Celebrated Vine did once inspire  
*Rome's* War-like Youth, and rais'd their native Fire,

And warm'd her Poets in Immortal Lays  
To sing her 'Triumphs, and record her Praise.  
*Romera* rais'd to Honour by his Sword,  
To win the Favour of his *Spanish* Lord,  
Brought his Battalions from *Otranto's* Land,  
Which once the *Bruttian* Princes did command ;  
From all the Coasts and Towns Marine, that lay  
On the *Lametian*, or *Tarentine* Bay :  
From all the Cities which adorn the Shores,  
Where turbid *Adria's* breaking Billow roars :  
From rich *Lucania's* celebrated Land,  
From fam'd *Salerno's*, and *Brundusio's* Strand.

*Lerma*, the Viceroy of *Sicilia's* Isle,  
Brought his fierce Cohorts from the fab'lous Soil,  
Where Mountains shake, as ancient Poets sing,  
And Vallies with *Cyclopien* Anvils ring.  
From fair *Messina*, and *Palermo's* Town,  
And from the charming Banks of *Helicon*,  
Whose Youth are said, with great Applause to wield  
The Warriors Arms, or sing the glorious Field.  
*Xerxes* could scarce so many Nations boast,  
When he to *Thracian Bosphorus* march'd his Host ;  
And led all *Asia* forth to War and Spoil,  
To crush the envy'd States of *Grecia's* Soil.

Before the Warriors left the Realms of *Spain*,  
They their chief Saints propitious Aid to gain,  
In low Prostration at their Altars pray'd,  
From Church to Church devout Procession made.

Z z z

Then



Then march'd with Reliques arm'd, whose potent Charms  
 Might guard their Persons from invading Harms;  
 Ecclesiastick Armor, by the Priest  
 Directed, Death and Danger to resist.  
 In silken Bags their Bodies to defend,  
 They the strong Spells did on their Breasts suspend.  
 One had *Ambrosio's* Tooth of wond'rous Pow'r,  
 One *Dominick's* Toe, one *Bridget's* Finger wore.  
 This had a Bone of Saint *Francisco's* Heel,  
 A sure Defence against the sharpest Steel.  
 This kept a Wart, that grew on *Andrew's* Hand,  
 Of mighty Force, e'en Cannon to withstand.  
 Some pieces had of *Vincent's* stiffen'd Blood,  
 Which all the Pow'r of missive Fires withstood,  
 It was for Battel, Storms, and Fevers, good.  
*Durango's* Bosom held two precious Hairs  
 Of *Anchorite Jerome's* Beard, to guard his Fears.  
 The Warrior once had three, but one he gave  
 At *Gana's* Pray'r, brave *Gana's* Life to save.  
 'This famous Relique, so 'twas said, was found  
 A present Cure for the most dang'rous Wound.  
*Pastrana's* guarded Bosom did contain  
 Some pow'rful Filings of Saint *Peter's* Chain;  
 Iron on which the Chief did more depend,  
 Than on the Steel, which did his Limbs defend,  
 But those believ'd themselves the most secure,  
 Who of the Sacred Wood some Fragment bore.  
 The Priests, the People's Treasure to engross,  
 Not only fold the Merit, but the Cross:

By

By that the guilty Consciences are charm'd,  
By this the Body is from Danger arm'd.

But that resistless Aid might be procur'd,  
And Conquest o'er the *British* Host assur'd,  
From his high Shrine in *Compostella's* Dome,  
Whose Fables vie with thine, unblushing *Rome* !  
They took Saint *Jago* with Devotion down,  
The great Protector, whom th' *Iberians* own.  
Much Cost upon the Image they bestow'd,  
And beautify'd with Gold, the Tutelary Wood.  
Then on a high Triumphal Chariot born,  
Which Paint, and gilded Carving did adorn,  
Eight noble Steeds with Trappings richly lac'd,  
With plated Harness, and Gold Tassels grac'd,  
Around the Towns th' auspicious Timber drew,  
Which Praises from th' adoring Crowd pursue.

Then on their March the *Spaniards* did proceed,  
To bloody Labour by their Gen'ral led :  
Till their Brigades had *Mansfelt's* Forces join'd,  
And form'd the mighty Army, they design'd.  
To the fair Banks of *Legia's* famous Stream,  
*Albert's* and *Mansfelt's* Troops united came.  
Here they a Camp by Nature strong possess'd,  
Resolv'd the *Britons* Progress to arrest.

*The End of the Ninth Book.*

ELIZA.

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# ELIZA.

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## BOOK X.

---

**M**EAN time great *Vere*, impatient of Delay,  
Approach'd the Camp, where *Albert's* Forces lay;  
And gave the Word for Fight th' ensuing Day.  
The Chief retir'd, with rapt'rous Ardor pray'd  
For Heav'n's high Favour, and propitious Aid.  
He to the Throne of Grace Divine apply'd,  
And on Almighty Strength for Victory rely'd.  
Right and Religion (blest'd Cœlestial Pair!)  
He recommends to God's peculiar Care,  
And humbly does to Heav'n, the Cause of Heav'n refer.

Few Hours upon his Bed the Hero lay,  
To gain new Vigor for returning Day.  
His Senses bound by Slumber's secret Chain,  
Of Images, a Visionary Train  
Engag'd his Spirits, and employ'd his Brain.  
The Hero, so he thought, with wond'ring Eyes,  
Saw a bright Scene descending from the Skies;  
Which by degrees sunk thro' th' Ætherial Way,  
And did three Heav'nly Forms at length display.

A a a a

*Edmond*

*Edward*, in Robes of Majesty array'd,  
 Who with Renown *Britannia's* Scepter fway'd;  
*Edward*, the Royal Child, the Pious Saint,  
 Who pure Religion did in *Albion* plant.  
 In a fair Cloud of thicken'd Æther fate,  
 Adorn'd with Ensigns of Imperial State.  
 He did a Crown around his Temples wear;  
 One Hand a Globe, one did a Scepter bear.  
 On one side near ally'd in noble Blood  
 To the Young Monarch, in a shining Cloud  
*Seimour*, *Britannia's* great Protector stood.  
*Cranmer* the third blest'd Image did appear,  
*Cranmer* to *Edward*, and to *Albion* dear.  
 Whose early Care embu'd the Royal Youth,  
 With Piety Divine, and Heav'nly Truth.  
 Who, thro' the Isle diffus'd Cœlestial Light,  
 Dispell'd Infernal Fogs, and *Roman* Night.  
 Long Rev'rend Garments white as Snow, he wore  
 This Hand a Bible, that a Crozier bore.  
 His Martyr's Crown did dazzling Beams display,  
 A Crown of Light condens'd, and solid, pond'rous Day.

Thus did the Royal Youth the Chief bespeak;  
 Your Sword, to your Immortal Fame, shall break  
 The Yoke, brave *Briton*, whose oppressive Weight  
 Has gall'd and griev'd so long the *Belgick* State.  
 Success and Conquest shall those Arms attend,  
 Which Faith Reform'd and Liberty defend,  
 And thro' th' applauding World *Eliza's* Name extend.

For

For her, the Glory is reserv'd to quell  
The great Oppressor, and the Storm dispel,  
Whose black, collected Terrors have so long  
O'er *Europe's* trembling Kingdoms threatening hung.  
She shall a wond'rous Course of Glory run,  
And with Renown compleat, what I begun.  
She publick Right, the pure Religion's Cause  
Shall vindicate, with *Europe's* loud Applause.  
Move thy auspicious Ensigns, Valiant *Vere*,  
Let the proud Foe *Eliza's* Thunder hear.  
Go, with thy vig'rous and victorious Troops  
Extinguish *Rome's* and proud *Iberia's* Hopes.  
Favour'd by Heav'n, go in thy War-like Might,  
Lead forth *Eliza's* Host to glorious Fight.  
Advance, and in propitious Heav'n confide,  
Thy Arms, 'tis so decreed, shall sink *Iberia's* Pride.  
He said. The shining Forms did upwards move,  
These Regions left, for those of Bliss above. ✕  
Illustrious *Vere* awak'ning, did with Joy  
On the well-boding Dream his Thoughts employ.

The Sun prevailing o'er the vanquish'd Night,  
Rais'd his fair Orb, but shone with paler Light;  
As troubled for the Ruin to ensue,  
The bloody Labour, which he soon must view.  
Intrepid *Vere* rose with that rising Sun,  
He had his Course of Glory too to run.  
But *Vere* arose with a more cheerful Air,  
A happy Prefage of successful War.

With

With Noble Ardor, and Heroick Fire,  
He did his Courser and his Arms require.  
The Valiant Chief in Steel illustrious clad,  
Eager *Iberia's* Cohorts to invade,  
Mounted his gen'rous Beast with Martial Mien,  
Bright as the Noon, and as the Morn serene.  
Proudly the Steed did the great Warrior bear,  
He praunc'd, and whiten'd with his Foam, the Air,  
Pleas'd with the Pomp of Arms, and the stern Face of War.  
*Britannia's* Glory *Vere*, his Courser spur'd,  
Brandish'd in Air his bright victorious Sword;  
The Army follows, as he gave the Word.  
His Troops obedient march, and ask the Fight,  
Which Drums and Trumpets Martial Fire excite.  
Ensigns and Standards flowing in the Air,  
Denounce decisive Wrath, and bloody Toil declare.  
Great *Vere*, the Terror and the Pride of Arms,  
Advanc'd in all his Military Charms.  
In his warm Veins he felt his Courage rise,  
And his own Ardor brighten'd in his Eyes.  
Dreadful his Mien, and noble was his Air,  
His Aspect such as Warring Seraphs wear.  
Majestick Rage the Hero's Look possess'd,  
Peculiar to the Great, and not to be express'd.

As the brave *Britons* march'd to bloody Fight,  
A sudden Prodigy surpriz'd their Sight,  
Calm was the Morning, and the Sky serene,  
When they with Wonder saw th' advancing Scene.

Two gloomy Clouds ascended in the Air,  
Their low'ring Brows did Hostile Aspects wear.  
One from the *North*, one from the *Southern* Skies,  
With equal Wrath did menacing arise.  
The Clouds advanc'd, and over *Legia's* Flood,  
With adverse Fronts denouncing Combate stood.  
Deep their distended Bellies hung in Air,  
Pregnant with Ruin, and included War :  
Between their Fronts, but narrow Space did lie  
Of Air unclouded, and of open Sky.

While *Vere* on this portentous Scene intent,  
Survey'd the Heav'ns, and waited the Event :  
Th' impending Cloud which mounted from the *North*,  
Open'd, and let two mighty Lions forth.  
Friends they appear'd, preparing to engage  
Some Foe of Strength, and worthy of their Rage.  
Each lash'd his Side, each shook his flaggy Main,  
Preluding to a terrible Campaign.  
In Hostile Wrath they did expand their Jaws,  
And for destructive Fight prepar'd their fearful Paws.

Whilst from the adverse Cloud in Fire and Smoke,  
Dreadful to see, a hideous Monster broke.  
The Terror had the Neck, and Head, and Eyes  
Of an old Dragon of prodigious Size.  
His horrid Mouth o'er-flow'd with Blood and Gore,  
And on his Head a treble Crown he wore.  
Unnumber'd raging Snakes his Temples crown'd,  
Which hiss'd, and loathsome Poison cast around.

B b b b

His



His Breast and Back were of the Wolfish Kind,  
And a fierce Tyger form'd the Parts behind.  
The yellow Warriors urg'd with gen'rous Rage,  
Flew thro' the Sky, the Monster to engage.  
Dire Fight ensu'd, Wounds and portentous Spoil,  
And ruful Conflict did the Air embroil.  
A while the monst'rous, complicated Beast,  
Sustain'd the Foes, which fiercely on him prest.  
At length with Wounds and bloody Labour worn,  
He fainted, sunk, and was in pieces torn.  
His mangled Limbs, his Snakes, and flowing Blood,  
Amazing Ruin ! fell on *Legia's* Flood,  
Which seem'd, prodigious Prospect ! to detain  
The wond'ring River, and its Tide detain.  
The conqu'ring Lions thus appeas'd their Rage,  
Vanish'd in Air, and left the Tragick Stage.  
The Clouds dispers'd, the Heav'ns became serene,  
No part remaining of the airy Scene.

The Prodigy did to attentive *Vere*,  
And to his Host, as boding Good, appear.  
That, as the conqu'ring Lions did predict,  
*Britain's* and *Belgia's* Force should *Spain* afflict.  
This did expand their Fire, their Zeal excite,  
And made it painful to abstain from Fight.  
As when strong Winds blow from the Sun-burnt **Shore**  
Of ancient *Carthage*, or the tawny *Moor* :  
The swelling Surges of the *Tuscan* Sea  
Begin to rage, and watry Strife display.

Th

Th' embattel'd Waves long liquid Wings extend,  
And to *Aufonia's* Coast their threat'ning Terrors bend.  
So did the *British* Tempest take its Courfe,  
So to the *Spaniard* bend its dreadful <sup>force</sup> Courfe.

Now *Spain's* and *Albion's* Hosts appear'd in Sight,  
And *Vere* dispos'd his valiant Troops for Fight.  
The *Spaniard* stood in terrible Array,  
And Regimented Deaths their Horrors did display.  
Gloomy and deep was each embattel'd Throng,  
The awful Front unmeasurably long.  
A Rivulet between the Armies ran,  
Which *Albert* hop'd, would stop the *Briton's* Van.  
Hither in Arms advanc'd intrepid *Vere*,  
And brandish'd in the Air his trembling Spear :  
Soon as th' *Iberians* did the Weapon view,  
They the Contagion took, and trembled too.  
*Albert* from Cannon planted in the Van,  
To stop th' invading Foe, the Fight began.  
To make the *Britons* from the Stream retire,  
They from their Batt'ries sent prodigious Fire.  
The *Briton's* Cannon equal Fire return'd,  
And all the Air with flaming Conflict burn'd.  
As when near *Java's*, or *Borneo's* Isle,  
Conscious, O *Albion* ! of thy Merchant's Toil ;  
Beneath the fultry, Equinoctial Line,  
Where the *Chinese* and *Indian* Ocean join ;  
Two low'ring Tempests in th' Horizon rife,  
And with their Fronts oppos'd, ascend the Skies ;

The

The angry Clouds extended in the Air,  
Defiance frown, and menace horrid War.  
With Claps of Thunder they declare the Fight,  
And flourish ~~thence~~ the Conflict to invite.  
So did the Hosts, stretch'd to a vast Extent,  
A dreadful Front on either side present.  
A hundred brazen Mouths in Smoke and Flame  
Eject loud Deaths, and growing War proclaim.  
As *Vere* advanc'd, his Thunder led the Van,  
Black Clouds and Storms of Fire before him ran.  
From Host to Host destructive Bullets pass,  
Shot from their bellowing Cylinders of Brass :  
Artful *Volcanos*, which with dreadful Roar  
From their deep Wombs discharge the fatal Oar.  
Sulphur and Nitre fir'd distract the Skies,  
And to and fro, *Vesuvian* Terror flies.  
In Cloud and ruddy Flame from side to side  
Destruction did in horrid Triumph ride.

As *Vere* advanc'd to ford th' opposing Stream,  
A pond'rous Ball that from a Cannon came,  
Beneath his Courser's Belly graz'd, and threw,  
The Glebe on high, which round the Gen'ral flew :  
Th' affrighted *Britons* trembling stood, and fear'd  
The heap of Earth their Leader had interr'd.  
But when his Cohorts saw intrepid *Vere*,  
The Cloud of Glebe dispers'd, unhurt appear ;  
Who cover'd thus with Dust more Glorious shone,  
And by the Danger past was dearer grown ;

Good

Good Heav'ns! they cry'd, what Misery, what Woe  
Have we escap'd by this eluded Blow?  
Bless'd be the Guardian Angel's watchful Care,  
Who to preserve the precious Life of Vere,  
And save the Valiant Chief for Glorious Fight,  
Beat down the Ball, and made it err aright.  
But while the boldest Britons shook with Fear,  
Unshaken, unconcern'd, undaunted Vere  
At once his Troops did thro' the Water lead,  
And thro' the Fire, which Albert's Cannon made.  
Bold he advanc'd thro' Smoke and Sulphur Flames,  
Despising Vet'ran Troops, and haughty Gen'ral's Names.  
He form'd the Lines, and did his Host excite  
To closer Combate, and decisive Fight.  
Of the Left Wing Horatio was the Head;  
The Right the Valiant Belgian Prince obey'd.  
Britannia's Gen'ral in the Centre stands  
To guide the Fight, and give out high Commands.  
He as a Master did his Troops dispose,  
And bad the Battel move, to dispossess the Foes.

The Spanish Chief beheld the frowning Air,  
And wrathful Aspect of th' advancing War.  
But thought his Host in their strong Camp secure  
From Belgia's Anger, and Britannia's Pow'r.  
His Army's Right lay stretch'd to Legia's Flood,  
The Left extended to a distant Wood;  
And on a rising Ground th' embattel'd Centre stood.  
In Number placing his presumptuous Hopes,  
In his strong Camp and old victorious Troops.

C c c c

Sure

Sure of Success, the *Briton* he defy'd,  
And with *Iberia's* customary Pride,  
Did as a rash Attempt, their fearless March deride.  
'Th' embattel'd Host of haughty *Spain* to guard,  
And *Vere's* advancing Cohorts to retard,  
Dreadful in Arms the King of Terrors stood,  
'Threatning his Mein, his Garments roll'd in Blood.  
Shot from his Eyes a red, destructive Glare  
Of kindled Sulphur, flash'd along the Air.  
Ruddy Eruptions from his Nostrils came,  
And from his num'rous Mouths thick Smoke and baleful Flame.  
His countless Hands uplifted in the Field,  
Ten thousand Spears, ten thousand Swords did wield.  
Wild Ruin, sad Distress, untimely Fate,  
And weeping Woe, did on the Monarch wait.  
His formidable Shape the *Britons* saw,  
They view'd the Danger, but they felt no Awe.  
Death ne'er in more tremendous Forms appear'd,  
Ne'er show'd more Pomp, yet ne'er was left rever'd.  
No Threats of Death the *Britons* could arrest,  
Combate they forc'd, and bold on Danger prest.  
To Hazard they advanced, neglecting Care,  
And dauntless rush'd on the sharp Edge of War.

First brave *Horatio* with his stout Brigade,  
So *Vere* commanded, did the Foe invade.  
He wav'd his Sword, accustom'd to prevail,  
And march'd his Troops th' *Iberian* to assail.  
Thro' flying Deaths, and Storms of Hostile Shot  
Boldly advanc'd, and a close Combate fought.

He

He with a Brav'ry oft in Battel shewn,  
Took all their Fire, returning not his own,  
Till he advanc'd so near th' embattel'd Foe,  
That Fate might be ascertain'd of his Blow.  
Then on th' *Iberian* he his Fury spent,  
And mid't the Cohorts dreadful Vollies sent.  
His Arms of Fire sure Ruin did convey,  
Death had no room to err, or miss its way.  
The Foe beat down by Show'rs of Leaden Ball,  
Like Rows of Trees before a Tempest fall,  
Then brandishing his Faulchion, to pursue  
The dreadful Blow, he mid't the Battel flew.  
His valiant *Britons* at their Chiefs Command,  
Slung all their Guns, and follow'd Sword in Hand.  
With his bright Blade *Horatio* made his way:  
*Velez* advanc'd th' Invader's Course to stay.  
Before the *Spaniard* undertook the War,  
To fam'd Saint *Jago* he address'd his Pray'r:  
A little Idol he devoutly kiss'd,  
Hung in the Bosom, Danger to resist.  
With Courage brave *Horatio* he assail'd,  
But from the harden'd Helm th' eluded Sword recoil'd.  
Enrag'd *Horatio* made the *Spaniard* feel  
A stronger Arm, and more destructive Steel.  
The *Briton's* Blade, which ne'er did Fate deceive,  
Of his right Hand th' *Iberian* did bereave.  
Grasping his Sword, his Hand fell on the Plain,  
He thus dismember'd, left the Field in Pain,  
And Tracks of reeking Blood did all his way distain.

*Luna,*

*Luna*, a *Murcian* Lord, with mighty Rage  
 Did next the great *Horatio's* Arms engage.  
 He of the pure Illustrious Current proud,  
 Which in his Veins unstain'd with Mixture flow'd  
 Of *Jewish*, *Gothick*, or *Morisco* Blood;  
 To *Belgia's* Fields came with a noble Train,  
 And left his Palace, and his Lands in *Spain*.  
 In Nuptial Bands he newly had been ty'd,  
 But left his Country, and his lovely Bride:  
 Having a late Suspicion entertain'd,  
 That her *Iberian* Blood had once been stain'd  
 With a base Stream (indelible Disgrace!)  
 Deriv'd from Princes of the *Gothick* Race.  
 He to the Combate boldly did advance,  
 And at *Horatio* pass'd his glitt'ring Lance.  
 Resist'd by the Plate, the Weapon broke;  
 The valiant *Briton* with a noble stroke,  
 That sever'd half his Neck, the *Spaniard* flew;  
 From his divided Veins a Torrent flew.  
 His high, *Iberian* unpolluted Blood  
 Now with the Vulgar mix'd, and undistinguish'd flow'd.

Elsewhere *Gouramno* urg'd with Martial Fire,  
 Which did the Hero from his Youth inspire;  
 Adorn'd with Scars and honourable Scars,  
 And gloriously deform'd by frequent Wars;  
 Did bright in Arms a noble Fight maintain,  
 With the fam'd Vet'ran Infantry of *Spain*.  
 His brandish'd Sword did ne'er in vain descend;  
 Still sure Destruction did the Blow attend.

He

He did the Plain with dreadful Slaughter spread,  
 And to the Living climb'd o'er heaps of Dead.  
 Darting, like Light'ning, thro' th' embattel'd Files,  
 He cover'd all the Field with Hostile Spoils.  
*Ortes*, a valiant *Andalusian* Lord,  
 Fell by the mighty Chief's Victorious Sword.  
 He struck his Head off with a single Wound,  
 Which star'd, and gasp'd, and bounded on the Ground;  
 Thro' the Neck Veins, cut by the fatal Blade,  
 The lab'ring Heart warm leaping Life convey'd,  
 And all its Works of Blood the vital Engine play'd.

*Vergas* with Fury did the *Briton* meet;  
 But wounded, fell before the Conqu'ror's Feet.  
*Gourramno's* Sword went deep into his Side,  
 And did the proud *Iberian's* Spleen divide.  
*Conzo* and *Chimay* brought their Friend Relief,  
 And from the Combate bore the bleeding Chief.  
 Faint both with Loss of Blood, and Sense of Pain,  
 Th' *Iberian* Chief could scarcely Life maintain.  
 He drew in Throbs his interrupted Breath,  
 And shudd'ring felt the cold Embrace of Death.  
 Perceiving now the King of Terrors near,  
 Stung with Remorse, and grip'd with conscious Fear,  
 The Chief reflected on his horrid Guilt,  
 The Towns he pillag'd, and the Blood he spilt.  
 He call'd to Mind how by his fierce Command,  
 His bloody Troops had ravag'd *Belgia's* Land.  
 How he by Rapine, Treasure has had amass'd,  
 Fair Cities sack'd, and laid rich Countries wast.

D d d d

Now



Now to avert Heav'n's Vengeance, and the Rage  
 Of his insulting Conscience to assuage,  
 To Cities ruin'd by his Violence,  
 Expiring he bequeath'd his Wealth immense.  
 Next *Salo*, hapless Youth ! of noble Blood,  
 Who left the Banks of fair *Duerø's* Flood,  
 In *Belgia's* Plains fell by *Gouranno's* Arms,  
 And envious Death effac'd his blooming Charms.

*Hamel*, where Danger was, did still appear  
 With Death familiar, but unknown to Fear :  
 Eager of Fame, and negligent of Wound,  
 He still amidst the thickest Foes was found.  
 Reeking with Slaughter, and with Dust distain'd,  
 He cleft the Files, and on the *Spaniard* gain'd.  
*Vasquez* to *Albert* near in Blood ally'd;  
 And *Guarda* by brave *Hamel's* Weapon dy'd.  
 One in *Sevilla*, one in *Ronda* dwelt,  
 This his bright Lance, that his broad Faulchion felt.  
*Lorca* was in th' way by luckless Chance,  
 Where the great Chief did thro' th' Ranks advance,  
 While for his Life, the *Spaniard* fore afraid,  
 With piteous Looks and moving Accents pray'd,  
 As *Hamel* raging thro' the Battel prest,  
 He with his Lance transfix'd the Coward's Breast.  
*Lorca* out-stretch'd, lay gasping on the Plain,  
 And pour'd his Vitals out in tort'ring Pain.

Not far from *Hamel*, *Ingol* bravely fought,  
 And glorious Hazard with Impatience sought.

He

He was to Danger easy of Access,  
 And if it did not first to him Address,  
 He did on Danger run, and on Destruction press:  
 He with his fatal Sword his Passage made,  
 Ruin behind its ghastly Pomp display'd.  
*Marignan* glorious in refulgent Arms,  
 And *Borgia's* valu'd for his youthful Charms,  
 Were by the valiant *Briton's* Weapon slain;  
 Next *Motto* wounded fell, and bit the Plain.

Then did the *Briton* with his Faulchion slay  
 The great *Alphonso*, who oppos'd his way;  
 While in tormenting Pains the Chief did lie,  
 Of Life despairing, and afraid to Die,  
 Horror and dread his conscious Mind possess'd,  
 And Fears of Vengeance fill'd his guilty Breast.  
 He now reflected how in *India* he  
 Had left the dreadful Marks of Spanish Cruelty,  
 Pain'd with his Wound, and grip'd with inward Care,  
 The agonizing Chief thus vented his Despair:  
 I did a thousand various Deaths employ,  
 A mild and gentle People to destroy,  
 I rob'd the *Indian* of his wealthy Store,  
 And by my Racks extorted Silver Ore.  
 To sooth my Rage, ah, Cruelty accurst!  
 To cloy with Gold my avaricious Thirst,  
 I did their peaceful Towns with Slaughter load,  
 And bath'd the *Indian* World in *Indian* Blood.

Till

Till both the *Christian's*, and the *Spaniard's* Name  
 To those poor inoffensive Men became,  
 As Hell and Torments are to us, the same.  
 That Hell, those Torments I must undergo,  
 That did no Mercy to the *Indian* show.  
 I must th' Almighty's heavy Vengeance bear,  
 Doom'd to Immortal Anguish and Despair :  
 This said, the Chief distracted in his Thought,  
 Fail'd in his Speech, and rattled in his Throat ;  
 Death o'er his Eyes, did a thick Gloom display,  
 Enthron'd the Night, and dispossest the Day.

*Silvius*, whom all Men did with Honour name,  
 By great Atchievements now improv'd his Fame.  
 His Sword *Colonna* of his Life bereft,  
 Who his rich Acres on the *Adda* left,  
 Next *Barlotte's* Head his fatal Faulchion cleft.  
 Noble *Pastrana* next with Courage fir'd,  
 Sought the brave *Briton*, and the Fight requir'd.  
 The blooming Youth inspir'd with Thirst of Fame,  
 To *Belgia's* Fields from fair *Almeria* came.  
 Waving his bright Toledo in the Air,  
 He for his Foe did sudden Fate prepare.  
 Before the Warrior left the *Realms of Spain*,  
 He at a Royal Bull-feast, on the Plain,  
 Near high *Madrita*, did great Honour gain.  
 The Youth procur'd by his victorious Spear  
 The Envy of the Men, and Favour of the Fair.  
 A Crimson Scarf across his Shoulder shone,  
 With which bright *Zara* did her Lover crown.

Which

Which now he kiss'd, and on the pow'rful Charm  
Depended much, much on his vig'rous Arm.  
The *Spaniard* praying, that he might prevail,  
Did with a noble Fire the Foe assail.  
His Faulchion slightly cut the *Briton's* Side,  
Whence trickling Blood the Hero's Armor dy'd.  
*Silvius* enrag'd, return'd a deadly Stroke,  
Which thro' the Shoulder of the *Spaniard* broke ;  
The Warrior fell, and thus expiring cry'd,  
Ah, *Zara* ! thou must be another's Bride.  
Ah, cruel Fate ! *Zara* farewell, and dy'd.

These valiant Chiefs the Combate did maintain  
With *Albert's* Foot, the Flow'r and Pride of *Spain*.  
During the sharp Dispute, on either side  
Many great Chiefs, and vulgar Warriors dy'd.  
The valiant *Dromar* on the *Belgick* Plain,  
Ah ! much lamented, hapless Youth ! was slain.  
The fatal Bullet thro' his Forehead pass'd,  
Broke thro' his Brain, the Seat of Sense effac'd.  
He dropt his Arms, and fell bereft of Breath,  
Untimely Triumph ! beauteous Spoil of Death !  
Thy Deeds, brave Youth, thy rigid Fate survive,  
Thy Name, enroll'd with mighty Chiefs, shall live  
Distinguish'd from the unrecorded Throng,  
In *British* Annals, and in *British* Song.

There *Ruta*, *Ruta* did in Arms excel,  
Asserting Right, and pure Religion fell.

E e e e

There

There *Conway* dy'd by great *Velasco's* Spear,  
 His luckless Fate, he was to all so dear,  
 Griev'd all the Host, and touch'd e'en mighty *Vere*.  
 Their valiant *Credan* by *Gonzaga* slain.  
 Discolour'd with his Blood the dusty Plain,  
 Still in his Martial Face his Fury did remain.  
*Manfellan* their excel'd in Arms by few,  
 There his last Breath the brave *Morgano* drew,  
 Fam'd *Lerma* one, and one *Queveda* flew.

*Palma* mean time did with a bold Brigade,  
 By *Vere's* Command, th' *Iberian* Horse invade,  
 He march'd to Combate with a dauntless Air,  
 With glorious Danger pleas'd, and more than vulgar War.  
 With so much Courage, such resistless Force  
 The valiant Chief assail'd th' *Iberian* Horse,  
 That soon he broke the num'rous Foe, and spread  
 Thy wond'ring Banks, O *Legia*, with the Death.  
 By this brave Deed he gain'd Immortal Fame,  
 And equal'd Captains of the greatest Name.  
 The Troops he led did wond'rous Courage show,  
 And with resistless Fury charg'd the Foe.  
 With noble Rage they the hot Fight maintain'd,  
 Broke thro' the Files, and on th' *Iberian* gain'd.  
 Prodigious Heaps of slaughter'd *Spaniards* slain  
 Lay weltring in their Blood o'er all the Plain.

Dead of his Wound, *Durango* press'd the Field  
 The valiant Chief was by a Bullet kill'd,

Which

Which thro' his harden'd *Quirass* made its way,  
And deep within his Bowels buried lay.

*Hierges* extended lay upon the Ground,  
He from a Lance receiv'd his fatal Wound.

The Steel his Arm near the right Shoulder pass'd,  
Where the large Vessels are for Safety plac'd.

It cut th' Arterial Vital Tubes in two,  
And from their gaping Trunks a purple River flew.

*Gomez* was kill'd, a Chief of great Renown,  
Who in the Field in Gold and Tissue shone.

Odours more sweet from his rich Garments flow'd,  
Than from a Myrtle Grove, or Spicy Wood.

Rare Essences, rich Ointments, high Perfume,  
Embalm'd the Chief, while living, for his Tomb.

The fatal Ball thro' his bright Armor prest,  
Pierc'd the right Pap, and lodg'd within his Breast.

Coughing a while, and spitting frothy Blood  
From wounded Lungs, the reeling Hero stood :

Then down he fell, and soon prevailing Death  
For ever barr'd the Passes of his Breath.

*Caraffa*, *Porta*, and great Numbers more  
On *Legia's* Banks lay reeking in their Gore.

Enrag'd to see such heaps of *Spaniards* slain,  
The advancing *Briton's* Fury to sustain,

*Mendoza*, to the Fight his Squadrons brought,  
And worthy of his Fame with Courage fought.

Brave *Montezuma* of distinguish'd Fame  
With his stout Troops to aid *Mendoza* came.

Fearless of Danger with his brandish'd Sword,  
He charg'd the *Briton*, and the Fight restor'd.

These

These did the Progress of the Victor stay,  
And chang'd a while the Fortune of the Day.

*Ogle* mean time, and *Ball* of great Renown,  
For Skill and Courage well in *Belgia* known;  
Did with a noble Fire, and mighty Force  
Charge in another part th' *Iberian* Horse.  
With Sword in Hand they to the Combate flew,  
And at their first Assault great Numbers flew.  
But by the Foe, who kept the rising Ground  
Out-number'd, and encompass'd almost round,  
The *British* Troops began at length to yield,  
And in disorder leave th' unprosperous Field.

Soon as the watchful *Vere*'s discerning Eye  
Observ'd the *British* Troops begin to ~~ply~~,  
And to the advancing *Spaniard* yield the Ground,  
The noble Chief with Indignation frown'd:  
He all enrag'd, his gen'rous Courser spur'd,  
And waving high in Air his flaming Sword,  
He with a Mein, that great Repentment shew'd,  
To his disorder'd Squadrons swiftly rode.  
He us'd his Language to prevent their Flight,  
Revive their Courage, and restore their Fight.

What mean my Fellow-Soldiers to retreat?  
That you are *Britons*, can you thus forget?  
Can you forget your ancient Martial Fame?  
And stain the Honour of the *English* Name?

In *Belgia's* Fields what Wonders have you done?  
Will you pollute the Laurels you have won?  
Does not your Valour *Europe's* Rights defend?  
Do not your Altars on your Arms depend?  
If from *Iberia's* Troops you turn away,  
And lose ( which Heav'n forbid ) this great important Day ;  
What Plagues and Ruin, what Distress and Woe,  
Will in a Torrent o'er the Nations flow ?  
*Europa* must *Iberian* Fetters wear,  
*Britain* must sink, and *Belgia* must despair.  
False Worship you oppose, and lawless Might,  
The Cause of Earth, the Cause of Heav'n you fight.  
Fair Liberty and pure Religion wait  
From this Day's Combate to receive their Fate.  
What Shriecks they give, what lamentable Cries ?  
What Trouble, what Despair possess their Eyes ?  
With Wings out-stretch'd, they stand prepar'd to fly,  
To leave the Earth, and reach their native Sky,  
While they, O *Britons* ! see your wav'ring Troops,  
On whose victorious Arms they build their Hopes.  
Advance, O *Britons* ! and renew the Fight,  
Protect these Heav'nly Guests, and stop their Flight.  
Engage their Stay, whose bright, Cœlestial Train  
Does all that Earth can wish, or Heaven bestow, contain.  
Should you the Danger of the Battel shun,  
To be secure, say whither will you run ?  
You cannot, dare not reach *Britannia's* Isle ;  
Here you must perish in a foreign Soil.  
The Conqu'ror's Sword will reach you as you fly,  
Your ignominious Corps on *Belgia's* Fields must lie.

F f f f

You



You muſt conceal'd in Hills and Woods remain,  
 Flying the Foe, be by the Peaſant ſlain.  
*Britons*, reflect, and let your Boſoms burn  
 With their known Fire, and to the War return.  
 I'll lead your Squadrons to renew the Fight,  
 You are ſecure in Battel, not in Flight.  
 You Danger ſhun, while you at Conqueſt aim,  
 The way that leads to Safety, leads to Fame.

He march'd, and waving his Victorious Sword,  
 To conquer or to die, he gave the Word.  
 His Speech, his Air, his Mein the Squadrons fir'd,  
 And with new Courage all their Breasts inspir'd.  
 Onward they march'd th' *Iberian* to engage,  
 With greater Vigor, and with fiercer Rage.  
 The mighty *Vere* with Martial Ardor warm'd,  
 Deeds, which will ſcarce obtain Belief, perform'd.  
 Not ancient *Greece* or *Rome* have greater ſhown,  
 Not at *Pharſalia's* Fields, or thoſe of *Marathon*.  
 With Slaughter red the God-like Hero paſt,  
 Broke the thick Lines, and laid the Squadrons waſte.  
 O'er ſlaughter'd Heaps th' advancing Warrior ſtrode,  
 Did all the Field with bleeding Ruin load,  
 And with his fatal Weapons cut an open Road.  
 Obſequious Death did near the Conqu'ror ſtay,  
 Watching with Eager Eyes his Faulchion's Sway,  
 And where that fell, enjoy'd her certain Prey.

When the great *Vere* had with his conqu'ring Sword  
 Confirm'd the Squadrons, and their Fire reſtor'd.

The

The watchful Gen'ral thro' the Army flew,  
'To take of all the Field a perfect Veiw.  
In every place the Hero did appear,  
And where it languish'd most, renew'd the War.  
Serene of Mind, he prudent Orders gives,  
The Foe disheartens, and his Friends revives.  
In such Proportions where his Flegm and Fire,  
As high, Heroick Vertue does require.  
So just a Mixture did the Balance hold,  
As made his Thought sedate, his Action bold.  
He as the Army's animating Soul,  
Did every part enliven and controul :  
Did fainting Members with new Life enspire,  
Whole in the Whole, and in each Part entire.  
His Vigilance had Danger still in view,  
He watch'd its Motion, and did close pursue,  
Which follow'd others, as from him it flew.  
Where ever Danger saw his awful Face,  
Judging it self unsafe, it left the place.  
Oft to elude the sharp-ey'd Gen'ral's Sight,  
From Post to Post it took a suddain Flight :  
And with its Place, it often chaing'd its Shape,  
But ne'er could his pursuing Eye escape.  
During the bloody Bufiness of the Day,  
He with his Arms did still obstruct its way :  
Till beaten from the Host of valiant *Vere*,  
It turn'd upon the Foe, and fix'd its Terrors there.

As the great *Briton* thro' the Squadrons flew,  
And countless Numbers of the *Spaniard* flew,

*Gusman,*

*Gusman*, a mighty *Catalonian* Lord,  
 Of Bulk stupendous, wav'd his pond'rous Sword.  
 He did his vast Gigantick Shoulders reer  
 Above the Host, and tow'ring in the Air,  
 Did a tall, walking Obelisk appear.  
 Th' *Iberian* Army on his Strength rely'd,  
 Did in his Sword, as in their God, confide.  
 When the great Gen'ral left his native Land,  
 In *Belgick* Fields his Squadrons to command :  
 He did before their Sacred Altars eat  
 His Idol made of consecrated Wheat ;  
 And with uplifted Hands devoutly swear,  
 His conqu'ring Sword should slay the hateful *Vere* :  
 Now of his Strength, and his past Vict'ries proud,  
 To execute his Vow, he march'd, exclaiming loud.  
 Great *Vere* observ'd, and with a Conqu'ror's Air,  
 Advanc'd to undertake Gigantick War.  
 Highly concern'd, the Hosts on either side,  
 To give them Space for Combate, did divide.  
 The *Britons* felt uncustomary Awe ;  
 When they the huge *Iberian* Champion saw.  
 A suddain Terror thro' their Army went,  
 And all stood trembling for the vast Event.  
 His strong extended Arm did high in Air,  
 Horrid to see, his massy Faulchion reer.  
 Across the *Briton's* Crest the Weapon fell,  
 Whose faithful Steel its Fury did repel.  
 Then *Vere* incens'd, discharg'd a noble Blow  
 On the left Shoulder of the tow'ring Foe,  
 And deep into his Viens it pass'd his Armor thro'.

The

The gaping Wound th' enrag'd *Iberian* pain'd,  
And his bright Armor flowing Blood distain'd.  
Th' exulting *Britons* gave a loud Applause,  
And to the Clouds their Shouts of Joy arose.

Th' *Iberian* Chief accustom'd to dispence,  
Not to feel Wounds, this Stroke did so incense,  
That he did all his Fire and Force collect,  
And at the *Briton's* Head the Blow direct.  
In this last Stroke on dire Revenge intent,  
He all his Rage, and his whole Vigour spent.  
The *Briton* bent his Body, and declin'd  
The dreadful Stroke for suddain Death design'd.  
Sway'd with the Blow, that no Resistance found,  
The Champion almost tumbled to the Ground :  
When the great *Briton* with a furious Stroke,  
Which thro' his Coat of Mail and Cuirass broke,  
Did all his vast inferior Ribs divide,  
And pierc'd his Liver thro' his wounded Side.  
From him, his Arms the bleeding Champion threw,  
And roaring out in Pain, back to his Army flew.  
Thus turning back, he did the Host affright,  
And by his own, he put his Friends to Flight.  
So when an Elephant in *Asia* bred,  
Does at a shouting *Indian* Army's Head,  
On his vast Back in moving Castles bear  
Sublime Destruction, and aerial War :  
If as the living Mountain does advance,  
He in his Breast, or Trunk, receives by chance  
A painful Wound from some Invader's Lance :

G g g g

Unwilling

Unwilling to sustain a fresh Attack,  
He on his Masters turns his Terrors back.  
And in his hasty Flight, the bellowing Beast  
Treads whole Battalions down, and scares the rest.

Now *Albert's* Horse forsake the bloody Field,  
And to the raging Foe the Battel yield.  
The *British* Squadrons led by conqu'ring *Vere*,  
Discharg'd their Fury on the flying Reer.  
On *Legia's* Banks the vanquish'd *Spaniards* stood,  
Their Flight arrested by th' opposing Flood ;  
Which then augmented by immod'rate Rain,  
Its Channel fill'd, and threat'ned all the Plain.  
*Albert* enrag'd, did mid't the Squadrons fly,  
And with loud Voice did to the Warriors cry,  
By ignominious Flight will *Spaniards* stain  
The Martial Glory of Victorious *Spain*?  
Brave Vet'ran Troops, who long have Camps endur'd,  
Strangers to Fear, and to Success innur'd,  
Who can so many glorious Triumphs boast,  
Who ne'er gave Ground, ne'er yet a Battel lost ;  
Will you, brave Men, from Danger turn your Face ?  
Will you your Honour stain, your Arms disgrace ?  
Shall the Fanatick, Impious Troops of *Vere*  
From your inglorious Brows your Laurels tear ?  
Shall Hereticks your Altars over-turn ?  
Shall sacred *Rome* our Want of Courage mourn ?  
You certain chuse, uncertain Death to shun,  
To sure Destruction you from Danger run.

If

If to the Flood for Safety you retreat,  
You there will meet inevitable Fate.  
But thro' the *Britons* you may cut your way,  
Your Swords may turn the Fortune of the Day.  
Rally, *Iberians*, and the Foe sustain,  
Protect your Altars, and the Rights of *Spain*.  
Let not the Foe insult with haughty Pride  
*Iberia's* Captains, and her Arms deride.

These Words reviv'd the *Spaniards* Martial Flame,  
Till the Victorious *Britons* nearer came :  
Whose threat'ning Terrors, when the *Spaniards* view'd,  
Their Courage languish'd, and their Fear renew'd.  
When mighty *Vere* appear'd, the dreadful Sight  
Fix'd their Disorder, and improv'd their Fright.  
Th' advancing Conqu'ror's Weapon to elude,  
They spur their Steeds, and plunge amidst the Flood.  
To Fate's Embraces they for Safety fly,  
Rather than stand the *Briton*, chuse to die.  
Their Faces from the dreadful Foe to hide,  
They leap among the Waves, and dive beneath the Tide.  
A certain Death to Danger they prefer,  
For Man no Passion feels, so bold as Fear.

As tim'rous Deer, which thro' the Forrest fly,  
Perceiving by his Roar a Lyon nigh,  
Double their Speed, and to their airy Feet,  
Wing'd with their Fear, their Safety they commit :  
The Herd, if in their Flight by Chance withstood  
By some extended Lake, or swelling Flood,

Lift'ning

Lift'ning and trembling on the Margin stand,  
 Doubtful, if they should trust the Flood or Land.  
 But soon the roaring Foe in Sight appears,  
 Confirms their Terror, and exalts their Fears.  
 Soon does his Presence their sad Doubt decide,  
 The Lion to escape, they chuse the Tide.  
 Unnumber'd Troops, who thro' the Waters prest,  
 Did swell the River, and its Tide arrest.  
*Legia's* encumber'd Billows did with Pain  
 The pond'rous Load of confluent War sustain.  
 So thick the Cuirassiers on *Legia* rode,  
 They seem'd an Iron Bridge across the Flood.  
 No flying Warriors Looks did ever wear  
 Such various Shapes of Horror and Despair.  
 No wond'ring Stream such floating Ruin bore,  
 Such spoils, such ignominious Rout before.  
 Ne'er did the *Rhine*, the *Tiber*, or the *Po*,  
 The *Granicus*, or red *Scamander* show,  
 So exquisite a Scene of Military Woe.

The hindmost Courfers on the foremost rode,  
 And paw'd and prest'd them with their fatal Load.  
 Rising and flouncing, they their Vigor spend,  
 And for the Shore with fruitless Toil contend.  
 The wearied Courfers with their Riders sink,  
 And *Legia's* fatal waves together drink.  
 The shrieking Warriors did each other throng,  
 And sinking in the Flood, around each other clung.  
 Here on the Waves dismounted Horsemen ride,  
 Appear a while, then sink beneath the Tide.

Their

Their lab'ring Courfers there at Distance groan;  
Whit'ning the Billows with a Foam unknown.  
Their eager Eyes and lab'ring Sinews strain,  
And strive to gain the Shore with fruitless Pain:

*Varex* his Courfer with long Labour spent  
Beneath the Flood his sinking to prevent,  
With eager Arms clasp'd young *Lozano* round,  
Fatal Embrace! together both are drown'd.  
There noble *Scipio*, there *Spinella* sink,  
One in the midst, one at the River's brink.  
*Alvarez* thrice did from the Bottom rise,  
And catch'd the neighb'ring Land with eager Eyes:  
But hopeless e'er to gain the adverse Shore,  
Once more the Warrior sunk, and rose no more.  
*Cortez*, tho' now a famous Chief by Land,  
Once in th' *Iberian* Navy had Command:  
But twice escaping Shipwreck on the Main,  
Had vow'd he ne'er would trust the Waves again.  
Now sinking midst the Flood the Warrior cry'd,  
In vain to shun his Fate has *Cortez* try'd.

*Carrero* sunk o'er-turn'd amidst the Crowd,  
But rose, and reach'd the Surface of the Flood.  
*Oran* his Friend, by chance was swimming nigh;  
The drowning Warrior fix'd on *Oran's* Thigh.  
Save me, my Friend, he cry'd with piteous Look;  
*Oran* much griev'd, with his sharp Faulchion struck  
His Hand off at the Wrist, and let him drown;  
He lost *Carrero's* Life, to save his own.

H h h h

*Gonzaga's*



*Gonzaga's* Steed fatigu'd, and out of Breath,  
The Chief with Horror saw a approaching Death :  
Then lifting up his Eyes, the Warrior view'd  
A Rainbow shining in an adverse Cloud,  
He struck his troubled Breast, he deeply sigh'd,  
And in despairing Accents thus he cry'd.  
Why does this Rain bow mock *Gonzaga's* Fate,  
And greater Anguish in my Soul create ?  
What profits me this Fœd'ral, Heav'nly Bow,  
Which says the World no Deluge more shall know,  
While *Legia's* Waters o'er *Gonzaga* flow ?  
He said. The weary Courser's Vigor spent,  
He, and his Rider to the Bottom went.

What an amazing Sight, what dreadful Cries  
From sinking Warriors, to the Clouds arise ?  
Horror attended with its Train of Fears,  
In all his ghastly Shapes, and all his Pomp appears.  
Triumphant Fate does on the Billows ride;  
And o'er the *Spaniard* whelms the fatal Tide.  
*Legia* did such a dismal Aspect wear  
Of wild Confusion, Ruin and Despair,  
'That *Legia's* Story will a Place obtain,  
Next to the Wonders of the famous Main,  
Where the *Ægyptian* King's presumptuous Host  
Were in the Waves, like faithless *Philip's* lost.  
Prodigious Numbers in their Flight expire,  
Or by the Water, or the *Britons* Fire,  
Who rang'd upon the Banks in Battel stood,  
And sent their fatal Vollies midst the Flood.

Tempests

Tempests of Death thick on the *Spaniard* flew,  
And Wounds from Land the swimming Troops pursue.  
Against them diff'rent Elements conspire,  
Those who escape the Water, die by Fire.

Mean time *Mauritius* with his valiant Band,  
Charg'd the Brigades, where *Mansfelt* did Command :  
The *Belgian* Prince did wond'rous Courage shew,  
Sprung thro' the Ranks, and plung'd amidst the Foe.  
Onward he flew with reeking Slaughter red,  
And thick in bloody Heaps th' *Iberian* Cohorts laid.  
Howling Distress, inexorable Fate,  
And Desolation on his Arms did wait.  
*Nuno*, and *Phœnix* on the *Belgick* Plain,  
Lay luckless Warriors, by his Weapons slain.  
*Campo* and *Villa*, who his Course withstood,  
Stretch'd wounded on the Sand, and welter'd in their Blood.  
*Este* advanc'd, the Hero to repel,  
But to the Ground, his Neck half sever'd, fell.  
*Farneze* rush'd in, a Chief of great Renown,  
To save brave *Este's* Life, but lost his own.  
Great Numbers more by the fam'd *Belgian* slain,  
Did with their ebbing Blood the Field distain.

The valiant *Mansfelt* at the Sight enrag'd,  
Brought up his Battel, and the Prince engag'd.  
Hence did a fierce and bloody Strife arise,  
Distracting Uproar, and amazing Cries,  
Rung thro' the Hills, and vex'd th' ecchoing Skies.

Hollock

*Hollock* and *Solms* with Duft and Blood distain'd,  
By their brave Deeds immortal Honour gain'd.  
*Intrepid Loick* and the young *Nassau*,  
Did, worthy of their Birth, great Courage shew,  
As now they charg'd, and now repell'd the Foe.  
*Ernest Romera*, *Bevart Soto* flew,  
And *Goran's* Lance pierc'd proud *Camillo* thro'.

Now Troop to Troop, Warrior to Warrior stood,  
With Swords uplifted, and deform'd with Blood.  
On either side prodigious Numbers kill'd  
Lay in their Gore, extended o'er the Field.  
With like Success each other they assail'd,  
The *Spaniard* now, the *Belgian* now prevail'd.  
An undetermin'd Fight they long maintain'd,  
And by alternate Fate the Battel lost and gain'd.  
So when beneath the Line a Hurricane  
Does with arial War embroil the Main ;  
The adverse Winds their Rage in Combate spend,  
And for the Empire of the Deep contend.  
Victors by turns the Ocean they controul,  
By turns the Billows this, and that way roll.  
The doubtful Conflict hangs in even Scales,  
And neither Foe is vanquish'd, or prevails.  
At length when *Mansfelt* saw that *Albert's* Host  
Had to Victorious *Vere* the Battel lost ;  
He did with Indignation yield the Day,  
And from the conqu'ring *Belgian* flew enrag'd away.

When

When *Albert's* Horſe were driven from the Field,  
His Foot diſheart'ned, ſoon reſolv'd to yield.  
Th' unequal War not able to ſuſtain,  
They threw their Arms and Enſigns on the Plain.  
Numerous Brigades diſmay'd, and funk with Fear,  
Implor'd the *Britiſh* Chiefs their Lives to ſpare,  
And cry'd for Mercy to Victorious *Vere*.  
The Noble Conqu'ror gave the gracious Word,  
And bad his valiant *Britons* ſpare the Sword.  
O! had the Horſe Great *Vere's* Compaſſion known,  
Not thought his Temper cruel, like their own,  
They might his Mercy, like the Foot, have try'd,  
And not have periſh'd in the fatal Tide.  
Th' *Iberian* Foot diſarm'd, were Captives led ;  
The Victors ſcarce their Number did exceed.

Thus as I could I've ſung the Great Campaign,  
An Army taken, and an Army ſlain ;  
One of the Glorious Wonders of *Eliza's* Reign.

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*The End of the Tenth Book.*

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# THE INDEX,

## EXPLAINING

The Persons, Countries, Cities, and Rivers  
mention'd in this Book.

### A.

**A D D A**, a River of *Lombardy* in *Italy*, which runs into the *Po*.

*Adrian Main*, The *Adriatick* Sea, or Gulf of *Venice*.

*Alana*, Father *Allen*, an *English* Fugitive, made a Cardinal by *Sixtus Quintus*: He was aboard the *Spanish* Fleet in the Year 1588. and had the *Spaniards* succeeded in their Design upon *England*, was to have been Super-intendant of all Ecclesiastical Affairs here. He translated the Pope's Bull against Queen *Elizabeth*, that it might be ready against they landed, and had wrote a Book, wherein he exhorted the Nobility and People of *England* and *Ireland* to join with the *Spanish* Forces, under the Command of the Prince of *Parma*, to execute the Pope's Sentence against the Queen of *England*.

*Alba*, The River *Elbe*; it runs through *Germany*, and falls into the Sea at *Hamborough*.

*Alban*, St. *Alban's* in *Hartfordshire*, so call'd from a Saint of that Name, said to be born at *Verulam*, and martyr'd at this Place in *Dioclesian's* Days.

*Albert*, Arch-Duke of *Austria*, sixth Son to the Emperor *Maximilian*, the 2d. made Cardinal and Arch-Bishop of *Toledo* in *Spain*. King *Philip* the 2d. of *Spain*, made him first Viceroy of *Portugal*, and after Governor of the *Netherlands*. He laid aside his Purple, and in the Year 1598. married the *Infanta*, *Isabella Clara Eugenia*, eldest Daughter to *Philip* the 2d. who brought with her *Spanish* *Belgium*, &c. he died without Issue, 1621.

*Albion*, *Britannia*, or Great *Britain*.

*Alcantara*, a City of *Spain* on the River *Tagus*, near the Borders of *Portugal*.

*Alorcon*, Don *Martin Alorcon* came aboard the *Spanish* Fleet in 1588, and was design'd Vicar-General of the Inquisition in *England*, in whose Train were a great Number of Monks and Jesuites, and in the Fleet were great Quantities of Whips, and other Instruments of Cruelty, to be employ'd for the Conversion of the *English* Hereticks.

*Alva*, *Ferdinando Alva*, of *Toledo*, Duke of *Alva*, or *Alba*, Governor of the *Netherlands* for King *Philip* the 2d of *Spain*: He

was

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was a Person of great Fierceness and Cruelty. He arriv'd there 1567, when *Margaret*, Dutches of *Parma*, the former Governess, had newly quieted the first Troubles in the *Netherlands*. The Duke brought with him a considerable Number of *Spanish* and *Italian* Troops, and endeavour'd rigorously to execute the severe Edicts made in *Charles* the 5<sup>th</sup>'s time against the Reform'd Religion, and to establish the Inquisition Court in the *Netherlands*, as it is in *Spain*; likewise to make the King absolute in those Countries. For the effecting of these Designs, he establish'd the fourteen new Bishops added to the four old ones in the *Low Countries*: Endeavour'd to garrison the Towns with Foreign Soldiers, and rais'd Money without the free Consent of the States General of the *Netherlands*: Refus'd to assemble the said States, but erected a Council of twelve Men, whereof himself was President, who had full Power to order and manage all Matters relating to the former Troubles. This was truly call'd the Council of Blood or of Troubles. By the Duke's great Severity and Fierceness, the Troubles broke out again with greater Violence, and ended in the breaking off of seven of the seventeen Provinces from the *Spanish* Government, and uniting together for their mutual Safety at *Utrecht*, in 1579. (by the Direction, and under the Conduct of *William* of *Nassau*, Prince of *Orange*.) This Union laid the Foundation of the *Dutch* Commonwealth. This Duke publicly boasted, that in his six Years Government, besides those kill'd in Fight, he had cut off by the Hand of the Executioner above 18000 Persons. He was recall'd from his Government in the *Netherlands*, 1573.

*Ana*, *Anas*, or *Guadiana*, a River that rises in *New Castile* in *Spain*, at *Rio Rondera*, and after runs under Ground for about ten Leagues, and then shews it self again.

*Andalusia*, the most fruitful Province of *Spain*; 'tis divided by the River *Quadalquivir* in the Middle, and bounded to the South by the *Mediterranean* Ocean.

*Arenberg*, or *Aremberg*, in *Flanders*, the Earl of which Place was one of the Commissioners empower'd by the *Spaniard* to treat about a Peace, with Commissioners appointed for that End by Queen *Elizabeth*: The *Spaniards* trifled, and spun out the Treaty till their Fleet was on our Coasts, and the Thunder of the Ordinance was heard at Sea in 1588.

*Arcadia*, a Country in the Middle of *Peloponnesus*, or the *Morea*, abounding with good Pastures and Shepherds. Sir *Philip Sidney* wrote a Book so call'd, which he dedicated to his Sister, the Countess of *Pembroke*.

*Arragon*, a Kingdom in *Spain*, bounded by the *Pyrenean* Hills, *France*, *Navar*, *Castile*, and *Catalonia*.

*Arras*, a Town in the Earldom of *Artois*, in the *Low Countries*.

*Arundel*, *Philip Howard*, Earl of *Arundel*, eldest Son to *Thomas*, Duke of *Norfolk*, beheaded the 15<sup>th</sup> Year of Queen *Elizabeth*. This Gentleman was a zealous *Roman* Catholick; was try'd and condemn'd for Treason, the 32<sup>d</sup> of *Eliz*. The Particulars of this Treason, was for contracting a strict Friendship with Cardinal *Allen*, and *Parsons*, the Jesuite, &c. for restoring the *Romish* Religion, and that he was privy to the excommunicating Bull of *Sixtus Quintus*, and that he caused Mass to be said for the Success of the *Spanish* Invasion. in 1588, Sentence of Death was pass'd

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pafs'd on him; but he was remanded to the Tower, where he dyed 1595.

*Asturia*, a Sea-Province of *Spain*, on the *East* of *Gallicia*.

*Atlantick* Sea, the Ocean that lies on the *West* of *Spain* and *Africa*.

*Avernus*, a Lake of *Campania* in *Italy*, near the Grot of the *Cuman Sybil*, whose Waters cast up such a deadly Steam, that the Birds which attempt to fly over it, fall down dead: It is also taken for Hell by the Poets.

*Augusta*, the ancient Name of the City of *London*, was *Augusta Trinobantum*.

*Aufonia*, one of the ancient Names of *Italy*.

*Austria*, *Pannonia* superiour, a Country of *Germany*. *Vienna*, its chief City, is now the Seat of the *German* Emperors.

Æ.

**Æ** *Quator*, a Circle in the Heavens, to which, when the Sun cometh, it makes the Days and Nights equal.

*Ætna*, a famous burning Mountain in *Sicily*, now call'd *Monte Gibello*.

B.

**B** *Acon*, Sir *Nicholas*, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal eighteen Years in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, a Person of great Wisdom and Integrity, Father to the famous Sir *Francis Bacon*, Lord *Verulam*, Viscount *St. Alban*.

*Baia*, a Town of *Campania* in *Italy* in great Repute in the Times of the *Romans*, who had a great many *Villa's* or Country-Seats about it: 'Tis parted from *Puteoli* by an Arm of the Sea: 'Tis now fall'n to Decay.

*Barlamon*, or *Barlamont*, in *Hainault*, in the *Low Countries*.

The Earl of this Place, was greatly devoted to the Interest of *Philip* the 2d. and his Sons, *Noir-*

*carnes* and *Hierges*, were great Instruments, under *Alva*, in exercising Cruelties upon, and oppressing their Country-men.

*Batavia*, a Province in the *Netherlands*, call'd *Holland*, a part whereof still retains the Name *Betowe* or *Betewe*.

*Bedford*, *Francis Russel*, Comptroller of the Household to King *Henry* the 8th. made a Baron by him in 1538, and created an Earl by *Edward* the 6th. in 1548. He was then a Patron of the Reformation, and continued such in Queen *Elizabeth's* Days. From him the present Duke of *Bedford* descends.

*Bedford's Line*, *Edward Russel*, created Earl of *Orford* by *William* the 3d. of the *Bedford* Family, commanded the *English* Fleet, when the great Victory was obtain'd over the *French* at *la Hogue*, in the Year 1692, when so many of their great Ships, together with their Transports, which lay ready to embark the Troops drawn down to the Sea-Coasts, design'd to invade *England*, were burnt in their Sight.

*Belgia*, or *Belgium*, the *Low Countries* or *Netherlands*, containing seventeen Provinces, seven of which free'd themselves from the *Spanish* Yoke.

*Bergen*, the Marquis of *Bergenopzoom*, in *Holland*. He was sent, with the Baron d' *Montigny* into *Spain* in 1566, by the Dutchess of *Parma* and Council, to lay before the King the State of the *Netherlands*; and tho' zealous *Roman* Catholicks, they were both arrested there. *Bergen* died in Prison 1567, and *Montigny* was poison'd. About a Year after, the Duke d' *Alva* confiscated both their Estates in the *Netherlands*.

*Bertu Peregrine*, Lord *Willoughby*, Son to *Richard Bertu* and *Katherine*, sole Daughter to the  
K k k k Lord



# The I N D E X.

- Lord *Willoughby* of *Eresby*, and Dutchess Dowager of *Charles Brandon*, Duke of *Suffolk*. This *Peregrine* was born abroad, whether the Dutchess and Mr. *Bertu* was forced in Queen *Mary's* Days, to avoid Persecution. He was one of Queen *Elizabeth's* principal Sword-men, and in 1588 defended *Borgenopzoom* against the Prince of *Parma*, who besieged it after the Defeat of the *Spanish Armada*.
- Bever*, — *Nassau*, Lord of *Beverwart*, from whom the present Lord *Overquerque* descends.
- Bilbo*, or *Bibilis*, a Town of *Biscay* in *Spain*, on the River *Salo*, where the best Iron is. Also a River call'd *Bilbo*, whose Water hardens Iron, from whence come our *Bilbo* Blades.
- Bingham*, Sir *Richard*, accounted a great Soldier in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign.
- Bleinheim*, near *Hochsted*, on the River *Danube* in *Germany*.
- Boderia*, or *Bodotria*, the *Forth* or *Frith*, by *Edenburg*, in *Scotland*.
- Bonner Edmund*, Bishop of *London*, a cruel Persecuter of the Protestants in Queen *Mary's* Days. Depriv'd of his Bishoprick in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, for refusing the Oath of Supremacy, which he had taken in *Henry* the 8th's time. He was committed to the *Marshalsea*, where he died.
- Borneo*, a very large Island in the *Indian Sea*, and the chiefest of the Islands of the *Sund*: It is situate between the Isles of *Celebes* Eastward, *Java* Southward, *Sumatria* Westward, *India*, and the *Phillippine* Islands Northwards, it lies under the *Equinoctial* Line.
- Bosphorus*, of *Thracia*, or the *Streights* of *Constantinople*, between *Thracia* and *Asia Minor*, or between the *Pontus*, *Euxinus*, or *Black Sea*, and the *Propontis*, or *Sea of Marmora*, *Constantinople* is built on it. There is likewise *Bosphorus Cimerius*, or *Streight of Caffa*, which makes the Communication between the *Black Sea* and *Palus Meotis*.
- Bovadil*, Don *Francisco Bovadille*, was Marshal of the Army that came with the *Spanish Fleet* in 1588.
- Brigantian* Plains, the *Brigantes* inhabited *Yorkshire*, *Lancashire*, &c.
- Bruga*, *Bruges*, or *Brugg*, one of the largest and most beautiful Cities of *Flanders*, it stands on a Plain within three Leagues of the Sea, on the Canal call'd *Reye*, which divided into several navigable Streams, runs in divers Places of the City, and afterwards these join in the Canal that goes to *Sluce*: But this last Place being taken by the *Dutch* in 1604, the Inhabitants of *Bruges* made a new Canal which goes to *Ostend*, after that was taken by the Arch-Duke in the same Year.
- Burgos*, the Capital City of *Old Castile*, on the River *Arlanca* or *Arlanzon*; it is one of the largest and best peopled, as well as most beautiful Towns in *Spain*.
- Burleigh*, *William Cecil*, created Lord *Burleigh*, and Knight of the Garter by Queen *Elizabeth*, and in the 14th. Year of her Reign, made Lord Treasurer, a Person of great Learning, Judgment, Moderation, and other Endowments, esteem'd the Queen's ablest Minister of State. He had been Privy Counsellor and Secretary of State in King *Edward* the 6th's Reign; he died 1598. From him descended the Earls of *Exeter* and *Salisbury*.
- Brundisium*, or *Brindes*, a City of *Calabria*, by the *Adriatick Sea*; it hath a good Harbour.
- Brutii*, a People of *Italy*, inhabiting the furthestmost *Calabria* over against *Sicily*.

C.

# The I N D E X.

## C.

**C***alabria*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*, the uttermost part of *Italy*, on the side of *Sicily*.

*Caleta*, the Town of *Calais* in *France*, over against *Dover*.

*Caledonia*, part of the Isle of *Britain*, now called *Scotland*; it had vast Woods, and wild Boars in them; there is a Forrest of this Name in *Scotland* still, and part of the Sea thereabouts, is call'd the *Caledonian Ocean*.

*Calvin John*, born at *Noyen* in *Picardy* in 1509. he died at *Geneva* in the Year 1564.

*Cam*, the River on which *Cambridge* is seated: In its *Northern* Course, it meets with the *Ouse*, about three Miles above *Ely*.

*Campania*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*, accounted the most pleasant and fruitful Soil of *Italy*.

*Campion Edmund*, an *English* Man, and bred a Protestant, but after turn'd Jesuite; he was sent over by the Pope, together with *Robert Parsons*, with Indulgences for the Papists, and to advance the *Romish* Affairs in *England*; he was Executed for high Treason, and persisted obstinately to the last to defend the Pope's Authority against Queen *Elizabeth*.

*Cantabrians*, Inhabitants of *Guipuscoa* and *Biscay* in *Spain*. The *Cantabrian Ocean* is call'd the *Bay of Biscay*; 'tis on the *North* of *Biscay*.

*Capua*, a famous City of *Campania*, on the River *Vulturnus*, near the Ruins of the ancient *Capua*, which was compar'd to *Rome* and *Carthage*.

*Caraffa*, a noble *Neapolitan* Family; there was Pope *Paul* the 4th and 4 Cardinals of this Family; and some of this Name were Commanders in the *Low Countries* under the Prince of *Parma*, and Arch Duke *Albert*.

*Carrero*, there were several of this

Name in King *Philip's* Days.

*Castilians*, Inhabitants of the Kingdom of *Castile* in *Spain*; it is generally divided into *Old* and *New Castile*.

*Catalonia*, a Province of *Spain*; the *Pyrenean Mountains*, &c. bound it on the *North*, *Aragon* and *Valencia* on the *West*, the *Mediterranean Sea* on the *East* and *South*.

*Carthage*, call'd the *Great*, once the most famous City of *Africk*, on the Coast of *Barbary*; it was subdu'd by *Scipio Africanus*, and the City, by order of the *Roman Senate*, raz'd to the Ground. *Tunis* is built near the Place where this City stood.

*Cary Henry*, Lord *Hunsden*, Cousin *German* to Queen *Elizabeth*, by *Mary Bolen*; he had the Command of the Forces that were to guard the Queen's Person in 1588.

*Cecil*, Lord *Burleigh*.

*Cecil*, Sir *Edward*, Grandson to *William Lord Burleigh*, a brave Gentleman; he was 35 Years in the *Netherland Wars*, and was after created Viscount *Wimbleton*.

*Champaigne*, a fruitful Inland Province of *France*, famous for its Wine.

*Chimay*, in *Hainaut* in *Flanders*; the Prince of this Name, Son to the Duke of *Arschot*, pretended to be a zealous Protestant, but after revolted to the *Romish* Religion, and by Subtlety brought many of the Towns in the *Netherlands* back again under the *Spanish* Yoke.

*Chinese Ocean*, that which washeth the *East* part of *China*.

*Cinga*, a River issuing out of the *Pyrenean Hills*; it empties itself into the River *Iberus*.

*Compostella*, the Capital City of *Gallicia*, call'd by the *Spaniards* *St. Jago de Compostella*, famous for the extraordinary Concourse of Pilgrims, who resort thither

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to visit the Body of *St. James*. *Corduba*, on the River *Quadalquivir*, in *Andalusia*; it was a considerable time under *Moorish* Kings; but *Almanzor* dying 1002. the *Christians* soon dispossess'd his Son of it.

*Cranmer Thomas*, made Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury* by *Henry* the 8th, after the Death of *Warham*; he was a great Instrument in our Reformation, and became a Martyr for the Protestant Religion in 1556.

## D.

**D**Acres *Leonard*, 2d Son to *Wm.* Lord *Dacres* of *Gisland*; he conspired with the Earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, and after they were defeated, he rais'd a 2d Rebellion in *Cumberland* in 1569, and after an obstinate Fight, was routed by the Lord *Hunsden*, and fled: He died poor at *Lo-vain* in *Flanders*.

*Damascus*, the most considerable City in *Syria*, now under the *Turks*

*Danubius*, the *Danube* or *Danaw*, the greatest River in *Europe*; it has its Rise from the Hill *Abnuba* in the Black Forrest in *Sua-bia*, and empties it self into the *Euxine* Sea.

*Davilla* or *D'avilla*, a considerable Officer in the *Spanish* Army in the *Netherlands*.

*Deynsa*, a Town in *Flanders* on the River *Leye*.

*Don Carlos*, Prince of *Spain*, Son to *Philip* the 2d, and *Mary* of *Portugal*, apprehended to be a Favourer of the *Netherlands*, and also of the Protestants; being bred up with his Grandfather *Charles* the 5th, who was thought by many to have died a Protestant: His Father thro' Suspicion and Jealousy of him, caus'd him to lose his Life in 1568.

*Drake*, Sir *Francis*, a Terror to the *Spaniard*; he sail'd from *Plimouth* Dec. 1577, and landed again at *Plimouth* Nov. 1580, having in that Space of Time sail'd round the World: He was Vice Admiral of the *English* Navy in 1588, and after many noble Exploits, died in the *West Indies* 1595.

*Duero* or *Douro*, a River which rises in Old *Castile*, and falls into the Ocean at *O Porta* in *Portugal*.

*Dunkirk*, a strong Sea Port Town in *Flanders*, taken and retaken by the *French* and *Spaniard* several times; since 1662 it has been in the Hands of the *French*.

*Dunmore*, a Heath in *Warwickshire*.

*Dorobernian* Streights, those between *Dover* and *Calais*: *Dover* is also call'd *Dubris*,

## E.

**E***Denburga's* Frith, the same with *Boderia*.

*Egmont L'Amoral*, Earl of that Place; was Governor of *Flanders* and *Artois*: By his Bravery and Conduct the Battels of *St. Quintin* and *Graveling* were gain'd in 1557, and 1558. but having made some stand for the *Netherlanders* Liberty, (tho' he afterwards comply'd with the *Spaniard*) he was sent for with Count *Horn* under some specious Pretence, by the Duke *D'Alva*, imprison'd, and without a Tryal before Legal Judges, condemn'd and beheaded at *Brussels* 1568.

*Egypt* in *Africa*.

*Ernest*, Count of *Nassau*, Cousin to Prince *Maurice*, and a considerable Commander under him.

*Estramadura*, a Province of *Spain*, between *Andalusia*, *Portugal*, and *Castile*. *Extramadura* is a Province of *Portugal* toward the Mouth of the River *Tagus*.

*Estrugian*

*Etruscan* Sea, that which washes the Coast of *Tuscany* in *Italy*.

F.

**F***Airfax*, a Commander under *Vere* in *Flanders*.

*Falernum*, a Mountain of *Campania*, famous for the excellent Wines it produc'd.

*Flandrian* Fleet, that which the Prince of *Parma* had provided in the *Netherland* Ports, which was to have join'd the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* in 1588.

*Frederick Henry*, of *Nassau*, youngest Son to *William*, Prince of *Orange*, by *Loise*, Daughter of *Gasper Coligny*, Admiral of *France*, and Widow of Count *Teligni*, both slain in the Massacre at *Paris*. He succeeding his two Brothers, *Philip William*, and *Maurice*, who died without Heirs, in the Principality of *Orange*, and their other Estates and Dignities, and inherited the Vertues of his Family. He was a successful General, and call'd the Father of his Soldiers, being very sparing of their Lives: He was in the Battel at *Newport*, when but 17 Years old, and was Grandfather to our late great Monarch King *William*.

*Frobisher*, Sir *Martin*, one of Queen *Elizabeth's* great Sea-Captains: He commanded a Squadron in the *English* Navy, in 1588.

G.

**G***allicia*, the most *Western* Province of all *Spain*, boun- ded on the *West* and *North* by the *Atlantick* Ocean.

*Ganges*, a great River in the *East Indies*, which divides them in two Parts; the one *India* with- in *Ganges*, the other *India* with- out *Ganges*.

*Gauls*, the Inhabitants of *France* before the *Franks* made them-

selves Masters of that Countty *Germania* superiour, divided into ten Circles; inferiour, the *Netherlands* or *Low Countries*, con- sisting of the seventeen Provin- ces which go under that Name.

*Gibralta*, the most *Southern* Town and Port in *Spain*; the *Streights* of that Name between *Europe* and *Africa*, is the only Outlet the *Mediterranean* Sea has into the *Atlantick* Ocean.

*Granada* or *Granata*, a Kingdom, with a City of the same Name, in the *Southern* Part of *Spain*, on the *South-East* of *Andalusia*, and *West* of *Murcia*, 'tis wash'd on the *South* by the *Mediterranean*.

*Granicus*, a River of lesser *Phygia*, famous for the Battel between *Alexander* the Great, and the *Persians*.

*Graveling*, a Town near the Sea, between *Calais* and *Dunkirk* in *Flanders*.

*Greville*, of *Melcot*, in the County of *Warwick*, Sir *Fulk*, after- wards Lord *Braok*, was a Patron of Learning, and Friend to Sir *Philip Sidney*.

*Grey*, *Arthur*, Lord *Grey* of *Wil- ton*, a great Soldier in Queen *E- lizabeth's* Days: He died 1593.

*Gothick* Blood. The *Goths* were an ancient People, which *Chu- verius* places between the *Vistula* and the *Oder*, even to the *Baltick* Sea: Finding their Country too strait for them, they divided themselves into two Nations, whereof one, viz. the *Ostro-Goths*, went more *Eastward*; the other, viz. the *Vist-Goths*, went *Westward*, and over-ran a great part of the *Roman* Empire in *Europe*: These latter set up a Kingdom in *Spain*, where they continu'd near 300 Years, 'till driven out by the *Moors* and *Sa- racens*. *Gothia* is now a Pro- vince of *Sweden*, and lies be- tween that, *Norway*, and the *Bal- tick* Sea.

*Guadalquivir*, one of the greatest Rivers

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Rivers of *Spain*, it rises out of the Mountains of *Castile*, and falls into the Ocean at *St. Lucar*.  
*Guinea*, a large Country of *Africa*, it lies along the *Atlantick* Ocean, on the *South* of *Negroland*.

## H.

**H**annoverian House. The Families of *Wolfembuttel*, *Lunenburg*, *Zell*; and *Hannover*, proceed all from one Stock, viz. the House of *Brunswick*: The Princes and Inhabitants of *Brunswick*, were among the first who subscrib'd *Luther's* Doctrine. *Ernest Augustus*, Bishop of *Osna-burg*, was fifth Child to *George*, Head of the House of *Zell* and *Hannover*, by *Dorothy*, Daughter to the King of *Denmark*. His eldest Brother, *Christian Lewis*, dy'd without Issue. His second Brother, *George William*, is the present Duke of *Zell*, who has only one Daughter. His third Brother, *John Frederick*, dy'd 1679, and left only four Daughters. He had one Sister, *Sophia Emelia*, espous'd to the King of *Denmark*, but dy'd 1685. This *Ernest* succeeded his Brother, *John Frederick*, and married *Sophia*, Daughter to *Frederick*, Elector *Palatine* of the *Rhine*, and King of *Bohemia*, by *Elizabeth*, only Daughter to King *James* the First, of *England*, by whom he hath had divers Children. His eldest Son, *George Lewis*, the present Elector of *Hannover*, does not only succeed him in all his Honours, Estates, and Countries; but having married the Daughter of the Duke of *Zell*, is to succeed him in his Countries, &c.

*Happy*, or *Fortunate Isles*, the *Canary* Islands in the *Atlantick* Sea, to the *West* of *Africa*.

*Hawkins*, Sir *John*, a famous Sea-Commander, Knighted for his Bravery in 1588.

*Hebudes*, or *Hebrides*, the *Western* Islands between *Scotland* and *Ireland*.

*Helicon*, a River in *Sicily*, now call'd *Olivero*, on the *North* of that Island.

*Herbert*, Sir *Edward*, afterwards Lord *Herbert*: He was a considerable time in the Wars in the *Low Countries*, and was after Lord *Herbert*.

*Herculian Sea*, the *Streights* of *Gibraltar*, between *Spain* and *Africk*, about five Leagues over.

*Herman*, Earl of *Bergh*, in the *Low Countries*, tho' Sister's Son to *William*, Prince of *Orange*; yet both he and his Brothers were zealous for the *Spaniard*, and against the House of *Orange*. He was Governor of *Deventer*, and wounded when that Place was taken by Prince *Maurice*, and Sir *Francis Vere*, from the *Spaniard*.

*Hibernia*, *Ireland*.

*Horatio*, Sir *Horace Vere*, after Lord *Vere* of *Tilbury*, Brother to Sir *Francis Vere*, and with him in the Wars in the *Low Countries*, a Person of extraordinary Worth and Bravery, afterwards General of the *English*.

*Hollock*, *Philip*, Earl of *Hollock*, or *Hobenlo*, in *Germany*: He was Lieutenant General to Prince *Maurice*, and instructed him, when young, in the Art of War, being an experienced Soldier. He married *Mary*, that Prince's eldest Sister.

*Horno*, *Philip de Montmorancy*, Earl of *Horn*, in *Brabant*, very popular in the *Netherlands*, and a Lover of his Country, and was therefore beheaded at *Brussels* by the Duke d'*Alva*, in 1568. His Brother, *Florant de Montmorancy*, Lord *Montigny*, was poison'd in *Spain*, whither he was sent with the Marquis of *Bergen*.

*Howard*, *Charles*, Lord *Howard* of *Effingham*, in the 28th of *Elizabeth*.

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*lix.* made Lord High Admiral of England, and in 1588, constituted Lieutenant General of all the Queen's Forces by Sea, when the *Spaniard*, with their vast *Armada*, threaten'd England. He was afterwards created Earl of Nottingham.

*Hydaspes*, the Name of a River in *Media*, near the City *Susa*.

*Hyperborean Seas*, the Ocean that washes the North of Scotland.

## I.

**J**AGO, St. *Jago*, of *Compostella*, in *Gallicia*. The *Spaniards* pretend that St. *James* the Great, was their Apostle, that converted them to the Christian Faith, and that his Body is intire at *Compostella*; and great Numbers of Pilgrims are continually visiting his Shrine, and the other Reliques there. He is the Patron of *Spain*.

*Java*, a great Island in the *Indian Ocean*, separated from *Sumatra* by an Arm of the Sea, call'd the *Streights of the Sund*, which gives its Name to the Neighbouring Islands.

*Iberia*, *Spain*.

*Ibero's Flood*, the River *Iberus*, or *Ebro*, in *Spain*; it rises in *Old Castile*, on the Frontiers of *Asturias*, and empties it self into the *Mediterranean*, below *Tortosa*.

*Jernian Gulphs*, those in the *Irish Seas*.

*Ignatius Loyala*, the Founder of the *Jesuite's Order*, born at *Biscay* in *Spain*, 1491, bred a Soldier, and wounded in both his Feet at the Siege of *Pamplune*, 1521. At 33 Years of Age, he began his Studies at *Barcelona*, and continued them at *Salamanca* and *Paris*, whither he went in 1528. There he associated to himself eight or nine more; and then going to *Rome*, establish'd the Society of *Jesuites*, which was confirm'd by Pope *Paul* the

4th, of the House of *Caraffa*. He was the first General of that Order, and made Institutions for them. He died 1556.

*Illia*, or *Illan*, a considerable *Spanish Officer*.

*Imperial, Charles*, the Emperor *Charles* the 5th, Father to *Philip* the 2d of *Spain*, to whom he resign'd his Kingdom of *Spain*, and the *Netherlands*, in 1555, at *Brussels*, and retir'd into *Spain* to a Convent in *Estramadura*, where he died 1558.

*India*, one of the greatest Regions of *Asia*, call'd so from the River *Indus*, which hems it in on the West-side; it lies on the South of *Tartary*, East of *Persia*, and West of *China*.

*Indian Worlds*, *East* and *West India's*; the latter, viz. *America*, is call'd the *New World*.

*Iper's Banks*, on which the City of *Iper* in *Flanders* stands.

*Ise*, or *Ouse*, in *Oxfordshire*, on which *Oxford* stands.

## K.

**K**NAWLES, Sir *Francis*; he married the Lord *Hunsden's* Sister, who was related to Queen *Elizabeth*: He had liv'd an Exile in *Germany* in Queen *Mary's* Days, for the Truth of the Gospel. Queen *Elizabeth* made him Vice-Chamberlain, then Captain of her Guard, and after Treasurer of her Household, and Knight of the Garter. He died 1596.

## L.

**L**AKE *Lemane*, call'd also the Lake of *Geneva*, or *Lausanne*; the River *Rhosne* runs thro' it.

*Leicester, Robert Dudley*, Earl of *Leicester*, Son to the Duke of *Northumberland*, was made Lieutenant General by Queen *Elizabeth* 1588, and attended her at *Tilbury Camp*.

*Lesly*,

*Lefty John*, Bishop of *Ross* in *Scotland*, a great Solicitor of the Cause of *Mary Queen of Scots*, and a bitter Enemy to *Queen Elizabeth*, against whom he was a great Conspirator; he died 1596.

*Liguria*, a Country in *Italy* reaching from the *Appenine Hills* to the *Tuscan Sea*, its Chief City is *Genoa*.

*Loick William Lewis*, Earl of *Nassau*, Cousin to *Maurice Prince of Orange*, in the Wars with him, being Governor of *Friesland*, he married *Ann* the Prince's Sister.

*Lombardy*, a large Country in the North of *Italy*; it contains *Piedmont*, *Milan*, *Monferret*, *Modina*, *Parma*, much of the Territories of *Venice* and *Bononia*: It was once a Kingdom of it self.

*Lopez Roderigo*, a *Portuguese* Domestic Physician to *Queen Elizabeth*; he conspir'd with the *Spaniards* to Poison the Queen, but was detected, and executed for his Treason in 1594.

*Loyola Ignatius*, the Founder of the *Jesuites*.

*Lucania*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*.

*Lusitania*, the Kingdom of *Portugal*: *Phillip the Second* seiz'd it in 1580, and in 1540 it fell to the House of *Braganza*.

*Lybia*, a considerable part of *Africa*; of Old it was divided into the Exterior and Interior *Lybia*, the former lying above *Egypt* along the left Bank of the *Nile*, reaching as far as *Ethiopia*, where are now the Desarts of *Eleocat* and *Goago*; the other extends it self from *Mount Atlas*, to the River *Niger*, containing those horrid Solitudes which are call'd the Desarts of *Zaara*, which is *Lybia* properly to call'd.

M.

*Madrid*, the Town of *Madrid* in *New Castile*, where

the Kings of *Spain* have their usual Residence.

*Mandran*, commanded the Gallies in the *Spanish Fleet* in 1588.

*Mansfelt Peter Ernest*, Earl of *Mansfelt* in *Germany*, a great Soldier, Lieutenant to the Prince of *Parma* when he was Governor of the *Netherlands*, and with whom he left the *Spanish Army* in *Flanders*, where he went to Head the Troops that lay ready to join the *Spanish Fleet* in 1588.

*Mantuan Virgil*, born at *Mantua* in *Italy*, and died at *Brundisium*, was buried at *Naples*.

*Marathon*, a Town of *Attica* famous for the Victory obtain'd by the *Athenians* under *Miltiades*, over a vast Army of *Persians*.

*Maria*, Queen of *England*, Daughter to *Henry the 8th*, and *Catherine of Spain*, married to *Phillip the 2d* of *Spain*; she began her Reign 1553. and died 1558.

*Maria Stuart*, Queen of *Scotland*, married to *Francis*, Dauphin, and after King of *France*. She, by the Counsel of the *Guises* in *France*, assum'd the Titles, as well as Arms of *England*, &c. Her Husband *Francis* dying, she return'd into *Scotland*, where she married *Henry Lord Darnley*, Son to the Earl of *Lennox*; she was beheaded at *Fotheringay Castle* in 1585.

*Masick Hill*, a Mountain in *Campania*, in *Italy*.

*Mauritius*, *Maurice of Nassau*, Son to *William Prince of Orange*, and *Ann*, Daughter to *Maurice*, Elector of *Saxony*; upon the Death of his Father, the States confer'd upon the Young Prince (tho' but 18 Years of Age) the Government of *Holland*, *Zeland*, and all the Honours and Commands possess'd by his Father. He answer'd their Expectations, and by

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by his Valour and Conduct, took all the Towns the *Spaniard* had in *Holland*, and recover'd *Friezland*, *Gröeningen*, and other Provinces, which upon the Prince of *Orange's* Death, had been taken by *Parma*. Seven of the Provinces reunited under his Government. The States made a Truce with *Albert* in 1609, for twelve Years; after which, *viz.* in 1621, the War broke out again in the *Netherlands*. After the Death of his eldest Brother, *Philip William*, Prince of *Orange*, *Maurice* enjoy'd that Principality, &c. He died 1621.

*Mauritania*, call'd also *Morisco*, in *Africk*, divided into *Tingitana*, which contains the Kingdoms of *Fez* and *Morroco*, and *Casariensis*, call'd the Kingdom of *Algier*; this, now with other Countries, goes under the general Name of *Barbary*.

*Megen*, Earl of that Place, in the *Low Countries*, devoted to the *Spanish* Interest.

*Mendoza*, *Francisco de Mendoza*, Admiral of *Arragon*, Lieutenant General to Arch-Duke *Albert*.

*Metz*, a City of *Lorrain*: The Emperor *Charles* the 5th besieg'd it in vain, with a great Army in 1552. It was then in the Hands of *France*.

*Moncado Hugh*, a Commander in the *Spanish Armada*, and kill'd in Fight 1588.

*Monk*, *Martin Luther*, born at *Isleben* in *Germany*, 1483. Educated at *Wittenberg*. He died at *Isleben* in 1546.

*Morgan*, a Priest who fled into *France*. A great Conspirator against Queen *Elizabeth*, both there, and in *England*.

*Morisco Blood*: The *Moors* being invited out of *Africa* into *Spain* by Count *Julian*, overthrew *Roderick*, King of the *Goths*, and kill'd him in Fight, 713, and drove the *Goths* into the Moun-

tains of *Gallicia*, *Asturias*, and *Biscay*, and tho' the *Goths* after some time left the Mountains, and gain'd Advantages over the *Moors*, yet the latter continued in *Spain* about 7 or 800 Years, till *Ferdinand* and *Isabel* drove vast Numbers of *Moors*, and also *Jews*, out of the Realm in 1492, and afterward *Philip* the 3d in 1620 expell'd great Numbers of those who remain'd.

*Mexico*, the chiefest and largest City of *America*, where the *Spanish* Viceroy's keep their Residence.

## N.

**N**assau, *William of Nassau*, Prince of *Orange*, born at the Castle of *Dillenburg* in the County of *Nassau* in *Germany*, 1533. He was made Governor of *Holland*, *Zeland*, *Utrecht*, &c. by *Phillip* the 2d of *Spain*, where he discharg'd his Office with great Honour. This Prince, with Count *Egmont*, *Horn*, and other of the Nobility, made a noble Stand during the Dutche's of *Parma's* Government, for the *Netherlanders* Liberties; but the rest deserting the Cause, (tho' confederated together,) and refusing to join with him, for preventing the Duke of *Alva* (who was a Stranger) from coming to the Government of the *Netherlands* with Foreign Troops, against the Priviledges of that Country, he withdrew into his own Country of *Nassau*, where he heard that *Alva* had seiz'd the Earl of *Buren*, his Eldest Son, about 14 Years of Age, at the University of *Lovain*, and had sent him into *Spain*, where he was kept Prisoner 28 Years; and he also summon'd the Prince to appear before him; but tho' he appeal'd to the States of *Bra-*  
M m m m bant,



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*bant*, the King, and Knights of the *Golden Fleece*, (whereof he was one) as being the only competent Judges; yet *Alva* condemn'd the Prince, and confiscated and seiz'd his great Estate in the *Netherlands*. The Prince being importun'd by the People to come and rescue them from the Duke of *Alva's* Cruelty and Oppression, he brought an Army out of *Germany*, &c. to assert the *Netherlanders* Liberties. After various Successes and Defeats, thro' the Unconstancy and Unfaithfulness of those that ask'd his Aid, and when he came, fell off from him, he at last laid the Foundation of the *Dutch Commonwealth*, by the Union at *Utrecht* in 1579; and in 1581 the States being assembled at the *Hague*, threw off the *Spanish* Government. The Prince was proscrib'd by the King of *Spain*, and great Rewards offer'd to any that should kill him, which encourag'd several to attempt it, particularly *Jauregny* shot him, but the Wound did not prove mortal: But *Balthazar Gerard*, a *Burgundian*, assassinated his great and excellent Prince at *Delft* in *Holland*, in 1584.

*Nile*, the most noble River of *Africa*.

*Norris*, Sir *John*, second Son to *Henry* Lord *Norris*, call'd General *Norris*, a great Commander in the *Netherlands*, and elsewhere, recall'd by the Earl of *Leicester's* Means from the States Service, to their great Regret, and sent into *Ireland*, where he died. He was with Queen *Elizabeth* at *Tilbury* Camp, in 1588.

*Norris*, Sir *Edward*, Brother to Sir *John*, who, with another Brother *Henry*, were all in the Wars in the *Low Countries*.

*Northampton*, *William Parr*, Marquis of *Northampton*, Brother to Lady *Katherine Parr*, sixth Wife to *Henry* the 8th.

*Norton*, several of that Name were Conspirators against Queen *Elizabeth*.

*Norwegia*, *Norway*, having on the *West* the Ocean, on the *South*, *Denmark*, on the *East*, *Sweden*: It is under the Crown of *Denmark*.

*Novoporto*, or *Newport*, a Sea-Port Town in *Flanders*.

*Numidia*, a Country of *Africk*, call'd *Biledulgerid*. There is also *Numidia* properly so call'd, which contains the Kingdoms of *Bugia* and *Constantina* in *Africk*.

## O.

**O**GLE, Sir *John*, Lieutenant Colonel to Sir *Francis Vere*.

*Oglia*, a River in *Lombardy*, in *Italy*.

*Oquenda*, a Commander aboard the *Spanish* Fleet in 1588.

*Orcadian* Isles, those of *Orkney*, on the *North* of *Scotland*.

*Ostenda*, a Sea-Port Town in *Flanders*.

## P.

**P**ALermo, a City in the Island of *Sicily*.

*Parker*, *Mat.* made Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury* by Queen *Elizabeth*, 1559. He had been Chaplain to her Mother Queen *Ann*. He died 1575.

*Parmensis*, *Alexander Farnese*, Prince of *Parma*, a famous Captain, he was Lieutenant to *Don John* of *Austria*, when Governor of the *Netherlands*; and, after *Don John's* Death himself made Governor, this Prince by his Courage and Conduct, recover'd a great part of the *Netherlands* to the King of *Spain's* Obedience. He had in 1588 provided in *Flanders*, and its Ports, a potent Army, with Artillery and all things necessary, with Transports and Men of War, for the Invasion of *England*; but whither thro' want of timely Notice, or that the *Havens*

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vens of the *Low Countries* were so closely guarded by the *Dutch Ships*, and *Seymour's English Squadron*, that they durst not venture to join the Duke of *Medina*, who, for that End, made over to those Coasts, the Prince of *Parma* being to have the supreme Command of all the Forces for this Invasion, or whatever the Reasons were, they were certainly disappointed, and never once attempted to put out to Sea. The Prince died in 1593.

*Parreus*, *Thomas Parry*, who conspir'd to assassinate Queen *Elizabeth*. He was encourag'd thereby by the Pope, the Cardinal of *Como*, and divers others; at last was discover'd, confess'd the Fact, and was executed for it in 1584.

*Parsons*, *Robert*, a Jesuite, and Superior of that Order, a turbulent Person, sent over by the Pope, with *Campion*. He was suppos'd to be the Author of *Doleman*.

*Parthenope*, the City of *Naples* in *Italy*.

*Pastrana*, a Duke of that Name, suppos'd to be natural Son to *Philip* the 2d of *Spain*: He was both aboard the *Armada*, and in *Flanders*.

*Pavia*, a City upon the River *Tesino*, in *Lombardy*.

*Piercy*, *Thomas*, Earl of *Northumberland*, in Arms with the Earl of *Westmorland*, in the 12th of *Eliz.* in the North; but the Earl of *Suffex* advancing against them with an Army, they fled to *Scotland*, where he was found by the Regent, and sent into *England* to Queen *Elizabeth*, and beheaded at *York* in the 14th Year of her Reign, leaving no Issue.

*Perez*, *Don Alphonso Perez de Gusman*, Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, had the principal Command of the *Spanish Navy* in 1588, which was stil'd by them *Invincible*.

*Persia* lies between *India* and *Turkey*, East and West, and between *Tartary* and the Ocean, North and South.

*Peru*, the South part of *America*.

*Philip* the 2d of *Spain*, Son to the Emperor *Charles* the 5th, and *Isabella* of *Portugal*, born in 1527. The Emperor resign'd *Spain*, &c. to him in 1555. He died in 1598.

*Pharsalia*, the Place where *Cesar* and *Pompey*, and after that, *Augustus*, *Brutus*, and *Cassius* fought.

*Po* in *Italy*, it issues out of the *Alps*, and runs into the Gulf of *Venice*.

*Preston Amias*, Knighted by the Admiral in the *Spanish Fight*, 1588. He fought *Moncado*, kill'd him, and took his Ship.

*Puzzola* in *Campania*, not far from the City of *Naples* in *Italy*.

## R.

*R*echalde, *Don Martinez Rechalde*, Admiral of the *Spanish Fleet* in 1588.

*Roman Pontiff*, Pope *Pius Quintus* excommunicated Queen *Elizabeth* in 1570, and caus'd his Bull to be fix'd on the Bishop of *London's Palace-Gate*, 1571. *Gregory* the 13th sent out another Bull against the Queen; and *Sixtus Quintus* confirm'd these Bulls, and sentenc'd the Queen afresh, just before the Invasion in 1588.

*Ronda*, a City in *Spain*, not far from *Gibraltar*.

## S.

*S*abrina, the River *Severn*, which parts *England* from *Wales*.

*Salamanca*, a City and University in *Castile*, in *Spain*; it stands on the River *Salamanca*.

*Salerno*, a City situate at the Top of a Gulf, of that Name in the Kingdom of *Naples*.

*Saragossa*,

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*Saragossa*, the chief City of *Arragon* in *Spain*.

*Scamander*, a River of *Troas*, in the lesser *Asia*; it riseth from Mount *Ida*, and falls into the *Ægean* Sea, or *Archipelago*.

*Scandinavia*, all that Country between the *Belt* or *Baltick*, and *Northern* Sea, containing *Norway* and *Sweden*, &c.

*Schellemburg*, on the River *Danube*, near *Donawert* in *Germany*.

*Scylla*, a dangerous Rock in the *Sicilian* Sea, over against the Gulf *Charybdes*.

*Seimour, Edward*, Duke of *Somerset*, eldest Brother to Lady *Jane Seimour*, King *Edward* the 6th's Mother, and chosen by the Council Protector to the young King during his Minority. He was a great Instrument of the Reformation; but thro' the Contrivances of his Enemies, was beheaded in 1552. Lord *Henry Seimour* was his second Son, and commanded a separate Squadron in 1588, which was to lie between *Calais* and *Dunkirk*, and after it join'd with the *Dutch* Fleet, to block up the *Netherlands* Havens, when the *Spaniards* were on our Coasts.

*Sevilla*, the chief City of *Andalusia*, on the River *Guadalquivir* in *Spain*.

*Sheffield, Lord*, Knighted by the Admiral in 1588, for his Bravery in the Fight.

*Sicily*, the Island of *Sicily*, lying at the Toe of *Italy*, and parted from it by a narrow and dangerous Sea.

*Sidney, Sir Philip*, Son to *Sir Henry Sidney* and *Mary*, Daughter to the Duke of *Northumberland*, a Gentleman of extraordinary Parts and Accomplishments, a mighty Patron of Learning, and universally belov'd: He was Governor for Queen *Elizabeth* of the Town of *Flushing*, and the Fort of *Ramekins* in the Low Countries.

*Slusa*, of *Shuys*, a Sea-Port Town in *Flanders*, taken by Prince *Maurice* from the *Spaniard* in 1604.

*Solms*, Earl of *Solms* in *Germany*; he was a considerable Commander in the *Dutch* Army, under Prince *Maurice*.

*Smirna*, a City of *Ionia*, in the lesser *Asia*; it has a large Haven upon the *Archipelago*, belonging to the *Turks*.

*Swecia*, *Sweden*, bounded by the *Baltick* Sea, *Norway* and *Denmark*.

*Sydonia*, a City of *Phœnicia*, near to *Tyre*.

T.

**T** *Agus*, or *Tajo*, a famous River in *Spain*, rises in *Castile*, and falls into the Sea two Leagues below *Lisbon*.

*Tambre*, or *Tamer*, a River in *Gallicia* in *Spain*; it empties it self into the Sea at *Muros*.

*Tarentine* Bay, the City *Tarentum*, in the Province of *Otranto*, in the Kingdom of *Naples* stood in this Bay.

*Tawny Moor*, *Barbary*.

*Thracia*, a large Country of *Europe*, now call'd *Romania*.

*Throgmorton, Francis*, executed for Treason in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign: The Earl of *Arundel* was confin'd on Account of this Treason.

*Tiber*, the most famous River of *Italy*, dividing *Tuscany* from *Latium*: After it has wash'd the Walls of *Rome*, it falls into the *Tyrrhene* Sea.

*Tilburia*, *Tilbury* upon the *Thames*, in *Essex*. Queen *Elizabeth*'s Army was encamp'd on *Tilbury* Plains in 1588.

*Tilney*, executed for Treason in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign.

*Toledo*, the Capital City of *New Castile*, on the River *Tagus*, about the Middle of *Spain*.

*Tuscan* Sea, that which washes the Coasts of *Tuscany*, in *Italy*. *Tuscany*

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*cany* is a large Country divided into two Parts, one under the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, or *Florence*, the other under the Pope.

*Tyre*, a City in *Syrophœnecia*, in former Times the Empory of the World.

## V.

**V**AG A, the River *Wye* rises in *Wales*, and runs through *Herefordshire*, and falls into the *Severn* at *Chepstow*.

*Valdez*, Don Pedro, a Commander in the *Spanish* Fleet. In 1588, another *Valdez* was a Commander in the *Spanish* Army, in the *Netherlands*.

*Varex*, an Earl, that was a considerable *Spanish* Commander in the *Netherlands*, and kill'd in Fight.

*Vasquez*, de Silva had a Command in the *Spanish* Navy, in 1588. There was was another *Sylva* likewise by Land.

*Vect's* Isle, the Isle of *Wight*.

*Velasco*, a great Commander in the *Spanish* Army in *Flanders*.

*Vere*, Sir Francis, of the Family of the Earls of *Oxford*, made by Queen *Elizabeth* Governor of the *Briel*, in the *Low Countries*, and General of the *English* Forces, in the Service of the *States*, a great Commander, by whose Valour and Conduct great Advantages were gain'd over the *Spaniard*.

*Vergas*, a *Spanish* great Officer in the *Netherlands*.

*Vesuvius*, now call'd *Monte di Somma*, a burning Mountain not far distant from the City of *Naples*.

*Vulturnus*, a City once of *Campania*, standing on a River of that Name.

*Vurna*, a Town in *Flanders*.

## W.

**W**Atson, Thomas, Bishop of *Lincoln* in Queen *Mary's* Days, he refus'd the Oath of Supremacy in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign; and he and *White*, Bishop of *Winchester*, were so bold to affirm, that the Queen deserved to be excommunicated for falling away from the Church of *Rome*, for which they were imprison'd.

*Westmorland*, Charles Nevil, Earl of *Westmorland*, in Arms in the *North* with the Earl of *Northumberland*, and fled with him into *Scotland*: From thence he escap'd into the *Netherlands*, where he dy'd.

*Wiltonia's* Plains, *Salisbury* Plains, and *Marlborough* Downs in *Wiltshire*.

## X.

**X**Eres, in *Andalusia* in *Spain*, whence our *Sherry* comes. *Xerxes*, King of *Persia*, who, after five Years Preparation, came against the *Gracians* with so prodigious an Army, that they said his Men and Cattel dry'd up whole Rivers.

## Z.

**Z**Elandia, a Sea-Province of the *Low Countries*, consisting of seven Islands.

N n n n

# F I N I S.

## E R R A T A.

**P**AGE 14. Line 28. read *Scotia*. p. 15. l. 4. r. *you Schemes on weak Surmises build*. l. 16. r. *Britons*. p. 23. l. 16. r. *or*. p. 32. l. 1. r. *Briton*. p. 39. l. 1. r. *Britons*. p. 49. l. 26. r. *The*. p. 54. l. 2. r. *Resistance*. p. 57. l. 14. r. *There*. p. 62. l. 26. add *And*. p. 77. l. 11. for *Malice*, r. *Hatred*. l. ult. r. *Had*. p. 78. l. 4. r. *be*. p. 94. l. 19. r. *arose*. p. 96. l. 17. r. *not*. p. 100. l. 14. r. *noble*. p. 111. l. 6. r. *shone*. p. 122. l. ult. r. *Confine*. p. 123. l. 20. r. *Despight*. p. 128. l. ult. r. *his*. p. 141. l. 12. r. *devolv'd*. p. 142. l. 21. r. *Ensigns*. l. ult. r. *their*. p. 149. l. 1. r. *Now Arms*. p. 171. l. 15. r. *wondring*. p. 178. l. 3. r. *fruitless*. p. 197. l. 12. r. *be*. p. 198. l. 2. r. *grey*. p. 222. l. 1. r. *or*. l. 17. r. *God's*. p. 228. l. 9. r. *the*. p. 232. l. 5. for *Valiant*, r. *Ogle*. p. 255. l. 21. r. *and sighs her*. p. 270. l. 12. r. *ev'n*. p. 276. l. 14. r. *While*. p. 282. l. 19. r. *left*. p. 285. l. 28. dele *has*. p. 292. l. 21. r. *this*.



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