

L O N D O N;  
OR, THE  
PROGRESS OF COMMERCE.

BY MR. GLOVER.

**Y**E northern blasts, and <sup>b</sup> Eurus, wont to sweep  
With rudest pinions o'er the furrow'd waves,  
Awhile suspend your violence, and waft  
From sandy <sup>c</sup> Weser and the broad-mouth'd Elb  
My freighted vessels to the destin'd shore,  
Safe o'er th' unruffled main; let every thought,  
Which may disquiet, and alarm my breast,  
Be absent now; that, dispossess'd of care,  
And free from every tumult of the mind,  
With each disturbing passion hush'd to peace,  
I may pour all my spirit on the theme,  
Which opens now before me, and demands  
The loftiest strain. The eagle, when he tow'rs  
Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of heaven,

<sup>b</sup> The east wind.

<sup>c</sup> Bremen is situated on the Weser, and Hamburg on the Elb.

Disdains all objects but the golden sun,  
 Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,  
 And sails exulting through the blaze of day;  
 So, while her wing attempts the boldest flight,  
 Rejecting each inferior theme of praise,  
 Thee, ornament of Europe, Albion's pride,  
 Fair seat of wealth and freedom, thee my Muse  
 Shall celebrate, O London: thee she hails.  
 Thou lov'd abode of Commerce, last retreat,  
 Whence she contemplates with a tranquil mind  
 Her various wanderings from the fated hour  
 That she abandon'd her maternal clime;  
 Neptunian Commerce, whom Phœnice bore,  
 Illustrious nymph, that nam'd the fertile plains  
 Along the founding main extended far,  
 Which flowery Carmel with its sweet perfumes,  
 And with its cedars Libanus o'ershades:  
 Her from the bottom of the watry world,  
 As once she stood, in radiant beauties grac'd,  
 To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye  
 Of Neptune view'd enamour'd: from the deep  
 The God ascending rushes to the beach,  
 And clasps th' affrighted virgin. From that day,  
 Soon as the paly regent of the night  
 Nine times her monthly progress had renew'd  
 Thro' heaven's illumin'd vault, Phœnice, led  
 By shame, once more the sea-worn margin sought:  
 There pac'd with painful steps the barren sands,

A solitary mourner, and the fudge,  
 Which gently roll'd beside her, now no more  
 With placid eyes beholding, thus exclaim'd.  
 Ye fragrant shrubs and cedars, lofty shade,  
 Which crown my native hills, ye spreading palms,  
 That rise majestic on these fruitful meads,  
 With you, who gave the lost Phœnice birth,  
 And you, who bear th' endearing name of friends,  
 Once faithful partners of my chaster hours,  
 Farewell ! To thee, perfidious God, I come,  
 Bent down with pain and anguish on thy sands,  
 I come thy suppliant : death is all I crave ;  
 Bid thy devouring waves inwrap my head,  
 And to the bottom whelm my cares and shame !

She ceas'd, when sudden from th' inclosing deep  
 A crystal car emerg'd, with glitt'ring shells,  
 Cull'd from their oozy beds by Tethys' train,  
 And blushing coral deck'd, whose ruddy glow  
 Mix'd with the watry lustre of the pearl.  
 A smiling band of sea-born nymphs attend,  
 Who from the shore with gentle hands convey  
 The fear-subdu'd Phœnice, and along  
 The lucid chariot place. As there with dread  
 All mute, and struggling with her painful throes  
 She lay, the winds by Neptune's high command  
 Were silent round her ; not a zephyr dar'd  
 To wanton o'er the cedar's branching top,  
 Nor on the plain the stately palm was seen

To wave its graceful verdure ; o'er the main  
 No undulation broke the smooth expanse,  
 But all was hush'd and motionless around,  
 All but the lightly-sliding car, impell'd  
 Along the level azure by the strength  
 Of active Tritons, rivalling in speed  
 The rapid meteor, whose sulphureous train  
 Glides o'er the brow of darkness, and appears  
 The livid ruins of a falling star.

Beneath the Lybian skies, a blissful isle,  
 By <sup>e</sup> Triton's floods encircled, Nyssa lay.  
 Here youthful Nature wanton'd in delights,  
 And here the guardians of the bounteous horn,  
 While it was now the infancy of time,  
 Nor yet th' uncultivated globe had learn'd  
 To smile, <sup>f</sup> Eucarpé, <sup>g</sup> Dapfiléa dwelt,  
 With all the nymphs, whose secret care had nurs'd  
 The eldest Bacchus. From the flow'ry shore  
 A turf-clad valley opens, and along  
 Its verdure mild the willing feet allures ;  
 While on its sloping sides ascends the pride  
 Of hoary groves, high-arching o'er the vale  
 With day-rejecting gloom. The solemn shade  
 Half round a spacious lawn at length expands,

<sup>e</sup> Triton, a river and lake of antient Lybia.

<sup>f</sup> Fruitfulness.

<sup>g</sup> Plenty.

h Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff, whose forehead glows  
With azure, purple, and ten thousand dyes,  
From its resplendent fragments beaming round;  
Nor less irradiate colours from beneath  
On every side an ample grot reflects,  
As down the perforated rock the sun  
Pours his meridian blaze! rever'd abode  
Of Nyfa's nymphs, with every plant attir'd,  
That wears undying green, refresh'd with rills  
From ever-living fountains, and enrich'd  
With all Pomona's bloom: unfading flowers  
Glow on the mead, and spicy shrubs perfume  
With inexhausted sweets the cooling gale,  
Which breathes incessant there; while every bird  
Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive song  
Blends with the warble of meandering streams,  
Which o'er their pebbled channels murm'ring lave  
The fruit-invested hills, that rise around.  
The gentle Nereids to this calm recess  
Phœnice bear; nor Dapfiléa bland,  
Nor good Eucarpé, studious to obey  
Great Neptune's will, their hospitable care  
Refuse; nor long Lucina is invoc'd.  
Soon as the wondrous infant sprung to day,  
Earth rock'd around; with all their nodding woods,

h This whole description of the rock and grotto is taken from Diod.  
Siculus, lib. 3. pag. 202.

And streams reverting to their troubled source,  
 The mountain shook, while Lybia's neighb'ring god,  
 Myſterious Ammon, from his hollow cell  
 With deep-ſounding accent thus to heaven,  
 To earth, and ſea, the mighty birth proclaim'd.

A new-born power behold ! whom Fate hath call'd  
 The Gods' imperfect labour to complete  
 This wide creation. She in lonely ſands  
 Shall bid the tower-encircled city riſe,  
 The barren ſea ſhall people, and the wilds  
 Of dreary nature ſhall with plenty cloath ;  
 She ſhall enlighten man's unletter'd race,  
 And with endearing intercourse unite  
 Remoteſt nations, ſcorch'd by fultry ſuns,  
 Or freezing near the ſnow-encruſted pole :  
 Where'er the joyous vine diſdains to grow,  
 The fruitful olive, or the golden ear ;  
 Her hand divine, with interpoſing aid  
 To every climate ſhall the gifts ſupply  
 Of Ceres, Bacchus, and <sup>1</sup> the Athenian maid :  
 The graces, joys, emoluments of life  
 From her exhauſtleſs bounty all ſhall flow.

The heavenly prophet ceas'd. Olympus heard.  
 Streight from their ſtar-beſpangled thrones deſcend  
 On blooming Nyſa a celeftial band

<sup>1</sup> Minerva, the tutelary goddeſs of the Athenians, to whom ſhe gave the olive.

The ocean's lord to honour in his child;  
 When o'er his offspring smiling thus began  
 The trident-ruler. Commerce be thy name:  
 To thee I give the empire of the main,  
 From where the morning breathes its eastern gale,  
 To th' undiscover'd limits of the West,  
 From chilling Boreas to extremest South  
 Thy fire's obsequious billows shall extend  
 Thy univerfal reign. Minerva next  
 With wisdom blest'd her, Mercury with art,  
 \* The Lemnian god with industry, and last  
 Majestic Phœbus, o'er the infant long  
 In contemplation pausing, thus declar'd  
 From his enraptur'd lip his matchless boon.

Thee with divine invention I endow,  
 That secret wonder, Goddess, to disclose,  
 By which the wise, the virtuous, and the brave,  
 The heaven-taught Poet and exploring Sage  
 Shall pass recorded to the verge of time.

Her years of childhood now were number'd o'er,  
 When to her mother's natal soil repair'd  
 The new divinity, whose parting step  
 Her sacred purses follow'd, ever now  
 To her alone inseparably join'd;  
 Then first deserting their Nyseian shore  
 To spread their hoarded blessings round the world;

\* Vulcan, the tutelary deity of Lemnos,

Who with them bore the inexhausted horn  
 Of ever-smiling Plenty. Thus adorn'd,  
 Attended thus, great Goddess, thou beganst  
 Thy all-enlivening progress o'er the globe,  
 Then rude and joyless, destin'd to repair  
 The various ills, which earliest ages ru'd  
 From one, like thee, distinguish'd by the gifts  
 Of heaven, Pandora, whose pernicious hand  
 From the dire vase releas'd th' imprison'd woes.

Thou, gracious Commerce, from his cheerless caves  
 In horrid rocks, and solitary woods,  
 The helpless wand'rer man forlorn and wild  
 Didst charm to sweet society; didst cast  
 The deep foundations, where the future pride  
 Of mightiest cities rose, and o'er the main  
 Before the wond'ring Nereids didst present  
 The surge-dividing keel, and stately mast,  
 Whose canvas wings, distending with the gale,  
 The bold Phœnician through Alcides' straits  
 To northern Albion's tin-embowel'd fields,  
 And oft beneath the sea-obscuring brow  
 Of cloud-envelop'd Teneriff convey'd.  
 Next in sagacious thought th' ethereal plains  
 Thou trodst, exploring each propitious star  
 The danger-braving mariner to guide;  
 Then all the latent and mysterious powers  
 Of number didst unravel; last to crown  
 Thy bounties, Goddess, thy unrival'd toils



For man, still urging thy inventive mind,  
 Thou gav'st him<sup>1</sup> letters ; there imparting all,  
 Which lifts th' ennobled spirit near to heaven,  
 Laws, learning, wisdom, nature's works reveal'd  
 By god-like Sages, all Minerva's arts,  
 Apollo's music, and th' eternal voice  
 Of Virtue founding from the historic roll,  
 The philosophic page, and poet's song.

Now solitude and silence from the shores  
 Retreat on pathless mountains to reside,  
 Barbarity is polish'd, infant arts  
 Bloom in the desert, and benignant peace  
 With hospitality begin to sooth  
 Unsocial rapine, and the thirst of blood ;  
 As from his tumid urn when Nilus spreads  
 His genial tides abroad, the favour'd soil  
 That joins his fruitful border, first imbibes  
 The kindly stream ; anon the bounteous God  
 His waves extends, embracing Egypt round,  
 Dwells on the teeming champain, and endows  
 The sleeping grain with vigour to attire  
 In one bright harvest all the Pharian plains :  
 Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre  
 Had banish'd freedom, with disdainful steps  
 Indignant Commerce, turning from the walls

<sup>1</sup> Here the opinion of Sir Isaac Newton is followed, that letters were first invented amongst the trading parts of the world.

Herself had rais'd, her welcome sway enlarg'd  
 Among the nations, spreading round the globe  
 The fruits of all its climes; <sup>m</sup> Cecropian oil,  
 The Thracian vintage, and Panchaian gums,  
 Arabia's spices, and the golden grain,  
 Which old Osiris to his Ægypt gave,  
 And Ceres to <sup>n</sup> Sicania. Thou didst raise  
 Th' Ionian name, O Commerce, thou the domes  
 Of sumptuous Corinth, and the ample round  
 Of Syracuse didst people.—All the wealth  
 Now thou assemblest from Iberia's mines,  
 And golden-channel'd Tagus, all the spoils  
 From fair <sup>o</sup> Trinacria wasted, all the powers  
 Of conquer'd Afric's tributary realms  
 To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,  
 Thy native tract; the nymphs of Nyssa hail  
 Thy glad return, and echoing joy resounds  
 O'er Triton's sacred waters, but in vain:  
 The irreverfible decrees of heaven  
 To far more northern regions had ordain'd  
 Thy lafting feat; in vain th' imperial port  
 Receives the gather'd riches of the world;  
 In vain whole climates bow beneath its rule;

<sup>m</sup> Athenian. Athens was call'd Cecropia from Cecrops its first king.

<sup>n</sup> Sicily.

<sup>o</sup> Another name of Sicily, which was frequently ravag'd by the Carthaginians.

Behold

Behold the toil of centuries to Rome  
 Its glories yields, and mould'ring leaves no trace  
 Of its deep-rooted greatness ; thou with tears  
 From thy extinguish'd Carthage didst retire,  
 And these thy perish'd honours long deplore.  
 What though rich <sup>p</sup> Gades, what though polish'd Rhodes,  
 With Alexandria, Ægypt's splendid mart,  
 The learn'd <sup>q</sup> Massylians, and <sup>r</sup> Ligurian towers,  
 What though the potent Hanseatic league,  
 And Venice, mistress of the Grecian isles,  
 With all th' Ægean floods, awhile might foorth  
 The sad remembrance ; what though, led through climes  
 And seas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous sons  
 Of <sup>s</sup> Tagus pass'd the stormy cape, which braves  
 The huge Atlantic ; what though Antwerp grew  
 Beneath thy smiles, and thou propitious there  
 Didst shower thy blessings with unsparing hands :  
 Still on thy grief-indentured heart impress'd  
 The great Amilcar's valour, still the deeds  
 Of Asdrubal and Mago, still the loss  
 Of thy unequal Annibal remain'd :  
 Till from the sandy mouths of echoing Rhine,

<sup>p</sup> Cadiz.

<sup>q</sup> Marseilles, a Grecian colony, the most civilized, as well as the greatest trading city of antient Gaul.

<sup>r</sup> Genoa.

<sup>s</sup> The Portuguese discover'd the Cape of Good Hope in 1487.

And founding margin of the Scheld and Maese,  
 With sudden roar the angry voice of war  
 Alarm'd thy languor; wonder turn'd thy eye,  
 Lo! in bright arms a bold militia stood,  
 Arrang'd for battle; from afar thou saw'st  
 The snowy ridge of Apennine, the fields  
 Of wild Calabria, and Pyrene's hills,  
 The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,  
 And rapid Ebro gath'ring all their powers  
 To crush this daring populace. The pride  
 Of fiercest kings with more inflam'd revenge  
 Ne'er menac'd freedom; nor since dauntless Greece,  
 And Rome's stern offspring none hath e'er surpass'd  
 The bold † Batavian in his glorious toil  
 For liberty, or death. At once the thought  
 Of long-lamented Carthage flies thy breast,  
 And ardent, Goddess, thou dost speed to save  
 The generous people. Not the vernal showers,  
 Distilling copious from the morning clouds,  
 Descend more kindly on the tender flower,  
 New-born and opening on the lap of Spring,  
 Than on this rising state thy cheering smile,  
 And animating presence; while on Spain,  
 Prophetic thus, thy indignation broke.

Infatiate race! the shame of polish'd lands!  
 Disgrace of Europe! for inhuman deeds

† The Dutch.

And

And insolence renown'd ! what demon led  
 Thee first to plough the undiscover'd furge,  
 Which lav'd an hidden world ? whose malice taught  
 Thee first to taint with rapine, and with rage,  
 With more than savage thirst of blood the arts,  
 By me for gentlest intercourse ordain'd,  
 For mutual aids, and hospitable ties  
 From shore to shore ? Or, that pernicious hour,  
 Was heaven disgusted with its wondrous works,  
 That to thy fell exterminating hand  
 Th' immense Peruvian empire it resign'd,  
 And all, which lordly <sup>u</sup> Montezuma sway'd ?  
 And com'f't thou, strengthen'd with the shining stores  
 Of that gold-teeming hemisphere, to waste  
 The smiling fields of Europe, and extend  
 Thy bloody shackles o'er these happy seats  
 Of liberty ? Presumptuous nation, learn,  
 From this dire period shall thy glories fade,  
 Thy slaughter'd youth shall fatten Belgium's sands,  
 And Victory against her Albion's cliffs  
 Shall see the blood-empurpled ocean dash  
 Thy weltering hosts, and stain the chalky shore :  
 Ev'n those, whom now thy impious pride would bind  
 In servile chains, hereafter shall support  
 Thy weaken'd throne ; when heaven's afflicting hand  
 Of all thy power despoils thee, when alone

<sup>u</sup> Montezuma, emperor of Mexico.

Of all, which e'er hath signaliz'd thy name,  
Thy insolence and cruelty remain.

Thus with her clouded visage, wrapt in frowns,  
The Goddess threaten'd, and the daring train  
Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds,  
Despising fortune, from repeated foils  
More fierce, and braving Famine's keenest rage,  
At length through deluges of blood she led  
To envied greatness; ev'n while clamorous Mars  
With loudest clangor bade his trumpet shake  
The Belgian champain, she their standard rear'd  
On tributary Java, and the shores  
Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'st  
Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling sons  
Their fragrant stores of cinnamon resign'd,  
And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore  
Their spicy groves. And O whatever coast  
The Belgians trace, where'er their power is spread,  
To hoary Zembla, or to Indian fens,  
Still thither be extended thy renown,  
O William, pride of Orange, and ador'd  
Thy virtues, which disdain'g life, or wealth,  
Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,  
Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,  
\* The fatal night of death, no other care

\* He was assassinated at Delf. His dying words were, Lord have mercy upon this people. See Grot. de Bell. Belg.

Besides the public own'd. And dear to fame  
 Be thou, harmonious <sup>y</sup> Douza ; every Muse,  
 Your laurel strow around this hero's urn,  
 Whom fond Minerva grac'd with all her arts,  
 Alike in letters and in arms to shine,  
 A dauntless warrior, and a learned bard.  
 Him Spain's surrounding host for slaughter mark'd,  
 With massacre yet reeking from the streets  
 Of blood-stain'd Harlem : he on Leyden's tow'rs,  
 With Famine his companion, wan, subdu'd  
 In outward form, with patient virtue stood  
 Superior to despair ; the heavenly Nine  
 His suffering soul with great examples cheer'd  
 Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd  
 With wreaths of fame ; <sup>z</sup> Oeagrus tuneful son,  
 Who with melodious praise to noblest deeds  
 Charm'd the Iölichian heroes, and himself  
 Their danger shar'd ; <sup>a</sup> Tyrtæus, who reviv'd  
 With animating verse the Spartan hopes ;

<sup>y</sup> Janus Douza, a famous poet, and the most learned man of his time. He commanded in Leyden when it was so obstinately besieged by the Spaniards in 1570. See Meursii Athen. Bat.

<sup>z</sup> Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who set sail from Iölcös, a town in Thessalia.

<sup>a</sup> When the Spartans were greatly distressed in the Messenian war, they applied to the Athenians for a general, who sent them the poet Tyrtæus.

Brave <sup>b</sup> Æschylus and <sup>c</sup> Sophocles, around  
 Whose sacred brows the tragic ivy twin'd,  
 Mix'd with the warrior's laurel ; all surpass'd  
 By Douza's valour : and the generous toil,  
 His and his country's labours soon receiv'd  
 Their high reward, when favouring Commerce rais'd  
 Th' invincible Batavians, till, rever'd  
 Among the mightiest on the brightest roil  
 Of fame they shone, by splendid wealth and power  
 Grac'd and supported ; thus a genial soil  
 Diffusing vigour though the infant oak,  
 Affords it strength to flourish, till at last  
 Its lofty head, in verdant honours clad,  
 It rears amidst the proudest of the grove.

Yet here th' eternal fates thy last retreat  
 Deny, a mightier nation they prepare  
 For thy reception, sufferers alike  
 By th' unremitting insolence of power  
 From reign to reign, nor less than Belgium known  
 For bold contention oft on crimson fields,  
 In free-tongu'd senates oft with nervous laws  
 To circumscribe, or conquering to depose  
 Their sceptred tyrants : Albion sea-embrac'd,

<sup>b</sup> Æschylus, one of the most ancient tragic poets, who signalized himself  
 in the battles of Marathon and Salamis.

<sup>c</sup> Sophocles commanded his countrymen the Athenians, in several  
 expeditions,



The joy of freedom, dread of treacherous kings,  
 The destin'd mistress of the subject main,  
 And arbitress of Europe, now demands  
 Thy presence, Goddess. It was now the time,  
 Ere yet perfidious Cromwel dar'd profane  
 The sacred senate, and with impious feet  
 Tread on the powers of magistrates and laws,  
 While every arm was chill'd with cold amaze,  
 Nor one in all that dauntless train was found  
 To pierce the ruffian's heart; and now thy name  
 Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted shores  
 Of pale Iberia, of submissive Gaul,  
 And Tagus, trembling to his utmost source.  
 O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave,  
 Thou bold assertor of Britannia's fame,  
 Unconquerable Blake: propitious heaven  
 At this great æra, and <sup>d</sup> the sage decree  
 Of Albion's senate, perfecting at once,  
 What by <sup>e</sup> Eliza was so well begun,  
 So deeply founded, to this favour'd shore  
 The Goddess drew, where grateful she bestow'd  
 Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,  
 And chose thee, London, for her chief abode,  
 Pleas'd with the silver Thames, its gentle stream,

<sup>d</sup> The act of navigation.

<sup>e</sup> Queen Elizabeth was the first of our princes, who gave any considerable encouragement to trade.

And smiling banks, its joy-diffusing hills,  
 Which clad with splendour, and with beauty grac'd,  
 O'erlook his lucid bosom; pleas'd with thee,  
 Thou nurse of arts, and thy industrious race;  
 Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free  
 Sagacious converse, to enquiry led,  
 And zeal for knowledge; hence the opening mind  
 Resigns its errors, and unseals the eye  
 Of blind Opinion; Merit hence is heard  
 Amidst its blushes, dawning arts arise,  
 The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear  
 Spread o'er the paths of Virtue, are dispell'd,  
 Servility retires, and every heart  
 With public cares is warm'd; thy merchants hence,  
 Illustrious city, thou dost raise to fame:  
 How many names of glory may'st thou trace  
 From earliest annals down to <sup>c</sup> Barnard's times!  
 And, O! if like that eloquence divine,  
 Which forth for Commerce, for Britannia's rights,  
 And her insulted majesty he pour'd,  
 These humble measures flow'd, then too thy walls  
 Might undisgrac'd resound thy poet's name,  
 Who now all-fearful to thy praise attunes  
 His lyre, and pays his grateful song to thee,  
 Thy votary, O Commerce! Gracious Power,  
 Continue still to hear my vows, and bless  
 My honourable industry, which courts

<sup>c</sup> Sir John Barnard.

No other smile but thine ; for thou alone  
 Can'st wealth bestow with independance crown'd :  
 Nor yet exclude contemplative repose,  
 But to my dwelling grant the solemn calm  
 Of learned leisure, never to reject  
 The visitation of the tuneful Maids,  
 Who seldom deign to leave their sacred haunts,  
 And grace a mortal mansion ; thou divide  
 With them my labours ; pleasure I resign,  
 And, all devoted to my midnight lamp,  
 Ev'n now, when Albion o'er the foaming breast  
 Of groaning Tethys spreads its threat'ning fleets,  
 I grasp the sounding shell, prepar'd to sing  
 That hero's valour, who shall best confound  
 His injur'd country's foes : ev'n now I feel  
 Celestial fires descending on my breast,  
 Which prompt thy daring suppliant to explore,  
 Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though rever'd  
 Among the nations, by the Gods endow'd,  
 Thou never yet from eldest times hast found  
 One permanent abode ; why oft expell'd  
 Thy favour'd seats, from clime to clime hast borne  
 Thy wandering steps ; why London late hath seen  
 (Thy lov'd, thy last retreat) desponding Care  
 O'ercloud thy brow : O listen, while the Muse,  
 Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds  
 The fatal cause. What time in Nyfa's cave  
 Th' Ethereal Train, in honour to thy sire,  
 Shower'd on thy birth their blended gifts, the Power

Of War was absent ; hence, unblest'd by Mars,  
 Thy sons relinquish'd arms, on other arts  
 Intent, and still to mercenary hands  
 The sword entrusting, vainly deem'd, that wealth  
 Could purchase lasting safety, and protect  
 Unwarlike Freedom ; hence the Alps in vain  
 Were pass'd, their long impenetrable snows  
 And dreary torrents ; swoln with Roman dead,  
 Astonish'd † Trebia overflow'd its banks  
 In vain, and deep-dy'd Trasimenus roll'd  
 Its crimson waters ; Cannæ's signal day  
 The fame alone of great Amilcar's son  
 Enlarg'd, while still undisciplin'd, dismay'd,  
 Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at last  
 To military Rome : th' unalter'd will  
 Of heaven in every climate hath ordain'd,  
 And every age, that empire shall attend  
 The sword, and steel shall ever conquer gold.  
 Then from thy sufferings learn ; th' auspicious hour  
 Now smiles ; our wary magistrates have arm'd  
 Our hands ; thou, Goddess, animate our breasts  
 To cast inglorious indolence aside,  
 That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,  
 Our thousands and ten thousands may be seen  
 Their country's only rampart, and the dread  
 Of wild Ambition. Mark the Swedish hind ;  
 He, on his native soil should danger lour,

† Trebia, Trasimenus lacus, and Cannæ, famous for the victories gained by Annibal over the Romans.

Soon from the entrails of the dusky mine  
 Would rise to arms ; and other fields and chiefs  
 With Helsingburg <sup>g</sup> and Steinboch soon would share  
 The admiration of the northern world :  
 Helvetia's hills behold, th' aërial feat  
 Of long-supported Liberty, who thence,  
 Securely resting on her faithful shield,  
 The warrior's corselet flaming on her breast,  
 Looks down with scorn on spacious realms, which groan  
 In servitude around her, and, her sword  
 With dauntless skill high brandishing, defies  
 The Austrian eagle, and imperious Gaul :  
 And O could those ill-fated shades arise  
 Whose valiant ranks along th' ensanguin'd dust  
 Of <sup>h</sup> Newbury lay crouded, they could tell,

<sup>g</sup> Helsingburg, a small town in Schonen, celebrated for the victory, which Count Steinboch gain'd over the Danes with an army, for the most part composed of Swedish peasants, who had never seen an enemy before : it is remarkable, that the defeated troops were as compleat a body of regular forces as any in all Europe.

<sup>h</sup> The London train'd-bands, and auxiliary regiments, (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery-Ground, had till then too cheap an estimation) behaved themselves to wonder ; and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest ; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured the storm of small shot, he could make no impression on their stand of pikes ; but was forced to wheel about. Clarend. book 7. pag. 347.

How their long-matchless cavalry, so oft  
 O'er hills of slain by ardent Rupert led,  
 Whose dreaded standard Victory had wav'd,  
 Till then triumphant, there with noblest blood  
 From their gor'd squadrons dy'd the restive spear  
 Of London's firm militia, and resign'd  
 The well-disputed field; then, Goddess, say,  
 Shall we be now more timid, when behold,  
 The blackning storm now gathers round our heads,  
 And England's angry Genius founds to arms?  
 For thee, remember, is the banner spread;  
 The naval tower to vindicate thy rights  
 Will sweep the curling foam; the thundring bomb  
 Will roar, and startle in the deepest grotts  
 Old Nereus' daughters; with combustion stor'd  
 For thee our dire volcano's of the main,  
 Impregnated with horror, soon will pour  
 Their flaming ruin round each hostile fleet:  
 Thou then, great Goddess, summon all thy powers,  
 Arm all thy sons, thy vassals, every heart  
 In flame: and you, ye fear-disclaiming race,  
 Ye mariners of Britain, chosen train  
 Of Liberty and Commerce, now no more  
 Secrete your generous valour; hear the call  
 Of injur'd Albion; to her foes present  
 Those daring bosoms, which alike disdain  
 The death-disploding cannon, and the rage  
 Of warring tempests, mingling in their strife

The seas and clouds: though long in silence hush'd  
 Hath slept the British thunder; though the pride  
 Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar;  
 Soon shall her ancient terrors be recall'd,  
 When your victorious shouts affright her shores:  
 None now ignobly will your warmth restrain,  
 Nor hazard more indignant Valour's curse,  
 Their country's wrath, and Time's eternal scorn;  
 Then bid the Furies of Bellona wake,  
 And silver-mantled Peace with welcome steps  
 Anon shall visit your triumphant isle.  
 And that perpetual safety may possess  
 Our joyous fields, thou, Genius, who presid'st  
 O'er this illustrious city, teach her sons  
 To wield the noble instruments of war;  
 And let the great example soon extend  
 Through every province, till Britannia sees  
 Her docile millions fill the martial plain.  
 Then, whatsoe'er our terrors now suggest  
 Of desolation and th' invading sword;  
 Though with his massy trident Neptune heav'd  
 A new-born isthmus from the British deep,  
 And to its parent continent rejoin'd  
 Our chalky shore; though Mahomet could league  
 His powerful crescent with the hostile Gaul,  
 And that new Cyrus of the conquer'd East,  
 Who now in trembling vassalage unites  
 The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance  
 With his auxiliar host; our warlike youth

With <sup>i</sup> equal numbers, and with keener zeal  
 For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,  
 Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,  
 Her liberty, her honour, should sustain  
 The dreadful onset, and resistless break  
 Th' immense array; thus ev'n the lightest thought  
 E'er to invade Britannia's calm repose  
 Must die the moment, that auspicious Mars  
 Her sons shall bless with discipline and arms;  
 That exil'd race, in superstition nurs'd,  
 The servile pupils of tyrannic Rome,  
 With distant gaze despairing shall behold  
 The guarded splendors of Britannia's crown;  
 Still from their abdicated sway estrang'd,  
 With all th' attendance on despotic thrones,  
 Priests, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful step  
 Gigantic Terror, striding round our coast,  
 Shall shake his gorgon ægis, and the hearts  
 Of proudest kings appal; to other shores  
 Our angry fleets, when insolence and wrongs  
 To arms awaken our vindictive power,  
 Shall bear the hideous waste of ruthless war;  
 But liberty, security, and fame  
 Shall dwell for ever on our chosen plains.

<sup>i</sup> If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom may be relied on; it is not easy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could assemble together, and subsist in an enemy's country greater numbers, than they would find opposed to them here.