

An EPISTLE from the Elector of BAVARIA  
to the FRENCH King, after the Battle of  
RAMILLIES.

IF yet, great Sir, your heart can comfort know,  
And the returning sighs less frequent flow;  
If yet your ear can suffer ANNA'S fame,  
And bear, without a start, her MARLBRO'S name;  
If half the slain o'er wide *Ramillia* spread,  
Are yet forgot, and in your fancy dead:

Attend, and be yourself, while I recite  
(Oh! that I only can of losses write!)  
To what a mighty sum our ills amount,  
And give a faithful, tho' a sad account.

Let not *Bavaria* be condemn'd unheard,  
Nor, 'till examin'd, have his conduct clear'd;  
Charge not on me alone that fatal day,  
Your own commanders bore too great a sway.  
Think! Sir, with pity think! what I have lost,  
My native realms and my paternal coast,  
All that a firm confed'rate could bestow,  
Ev'n faith and fame, if you believe the foe.  
Think what a heavy load o'erwhelms my breast,  
With its own sorrows and with yours oppress;



After one battle lost, and country gone,  
Vanquish'd again, alas! and twice undone.

Oh! where shall I begin? what language find  
To heal the raging anguish of your mind?  
Or if you deign a willing ear to lend,  
Oh! where will my disastrous story end?

Conquest I often promis'd, I confess,  
And who from such a pow'r could promise less?  
There *Gallia's* force, and here *Bavaria's* shines,  
Th' experienc'd household fills our crowded lines;  
Already had our tow'ring thoughts o'erthrown  
The *Belgian* host, while we survey'd our own,  
Destroy'd their provinces with sword and flame,  
Let in their seas, and sack'd their *Amsterdam*;  
Already had we shar'd the fancy'd spoil,  
(Imaginary trophies crown'd our toil)  
*Batavian* standards to this temple gave,  
In that the *British* crosses doom'd to wave,  
A rural seat assign'd each captive chief,  
In flow'ry gardens to assuage his grief,  
And by his arts, and first escape prepar'd,  
On *MARLBRO* had bestow'd a double guard.

*Paris* impatient for the conquer'd foe,  
Hasten'd the tuneful hymn and solemn show;  
Triumphal chariots for the victor stay'd,  
And finish'd arches cast a pompous shade;  
With nicest art the bards had dress'd their lays,  
Of nothing fearful but to reach our praise;



But all our hopes and expectation crost,  
 What lines have we? what fame has *Boileau* lost?

Your army now, fixt on its high designs,  
 Rush forth like vernal swarms, and quit their lines;  
 Eager the *Dyle* they pass to seek the fight,  
*Judoina's* fields with sudden tents are white,  
 The foe descends, like torrents from the hills,  
 And all the neighb'ring vale tumultuous fills:  
 Preluding cannons tell th' approaching storm,  
 And working armies take a dreadful form.

Soon your victorious arms, and stronger force,  
 Tore all the left, and broke the *Belgian* horse;  
 Their scatter'd troops are rally'd to the fight,  
 But only rally'd for a second flight:

As when high heav'n on some aspiring wood,  
 Which in close ranks, and thickest order stood,  
 Pours its collected stores of vengeance down,  
 Cedars are seen with firs and oaks o'erthrown,  
 Long ravages and intervals of waste!

So gor'd their lines appear'd, and so defac'd.

The third attack had ended all the war,  
 Sunk their whole force, and sav'd your future care,  
 Had *MARLBRO*, only *MARLBRO*, not been there. }  
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As some good genius flies, to save the realms  
 Which, in his absence born, a plague o'erwhelms,  
 Through op'ning squadrons did the hero haste,  
 And rais'd their drooping courage as he past.

Amidst



Amidst the routed *Belgians* he arriv'd,  
 Turn'd the pursuit, the fainting fight reviv'd,  
 Supply'd each rank, fill'd ev'ry vacant space,  
 And brought the battle to its former face.

With trembling hearts we see our fate decreed;  
 Where MARLBRO fights how can a foe succeed?  
 To reach his life our boldest warriors strive,  
 On him the storm with all its thunder drive;  
 He stems the war, and half encompass'd round  
 Still clears his way, and still maintains his ground:  
 Amaz'd I saw him in such dangers live,  
 And envy'd him the death I wish'd to give.

But how our rising pleasure shall I tell?  
 The thund'ring steed, and the great rider, fell:  
 We thank'd kind heav'n, and hop'd the victor slain,  
 But all our hopes, and all our thanks were vain:  
 Free from the guilt of any hostile wound  
 Alive he lay, and dreadful on the ground.

As when a lion in the toils is cast,  
 That uncontroul'd had laid the country waste,  
 Th' insulting hinds surround him, who before  
 Fled from his haunts, and trembled at his roar;  
 So round beset the mighty *Briton* lies,  
 And vulgar foes attempt the glorious prize.  
 'Till fresh battalions to his succour brought,  
 Contending armies for the hero fought;  
 The wanted steed some friendly hand prepar'd,  
 And met a fatal, but a great, reward:

A glorious



A glorious death; of his lov'd lord bereft,  
The pious office unperform'd he left.

The rescu'd chief, by the past danger warm'd,  
Our weaken'd *houſhold* with new fury storm'd:  
While all around to our admiring eyes  
Fresh foes, and undiscover'd squadrons, riſe.  
The boasted guards that ſpread your name ſo far,  
And turn'd where'er they fought the doubtful war,  
With heaps of ſlaughter ſtrow'd the fatal plain,  
And did a thouſand glorious things in vain;  
Broke with unequal force ſuch numbers die,  
That I myſelf rejoic'd to ſee them fly.  
But oh! how few preserv'd themſelves by flight?  
Or found a ſhelter from th' approaching night?  
Thouſands fall undiſtinguiſh'd in the dark,  
And five whole leagues with wide deſtruction mark.

Scarce at *Ramillia* did the ſlaughter end,  
When the ſwift victor had approach'd *Oſtend*;  
Took in whole ſtates and countries in his way,  
*Bruffels*, nor *Ghent*, nor *Antwerp* gain'd a day;  
Within the compaſs of one circling moon,  
The *Lis*, the *Demer*, and the *Scheld* his own.  
What in the foe's, and what in *William's* hand,  
Did for an age the power of *France* withſtand;  
Tho' each campaign ſhe crowded nations drain'd,  
And the fat ſoil with blood of thouſands ſtain'd;  
Thoſe forts and provinces does *MARLBRO* gain  
In twice three ſuns, and not a ſoldier ſlain;

None



None can suspend the fortune of their town,  
 But who their harvest and their country drown;  
 Compell'd to call (his valour to evade)  
 The less destructive ocean to their aid.

Oh! were our loss to *Flandria's* plains confin'd!  
 But what a train of ills are still behind!  
 Beyond the *Adige Vendome* feels the blow,  
 And *Villars* now retires without a foe,  
 The fate of *Flanders* spreads in *Spain* the flame,  
 And their new monarch robs of half his fame;  
 But *France* shall hear, in some late distant reign,  
 An unborn *Lewis* curse *Ramillia's* plain.

Whither, oh! whither shall *Bavaria* run?  
 Or where himself, or where the victor shun?  
 Shall I no more with vain ambition roam,  
 But my own subjects rule in peace at home?  
 Thence an abandon'd fugitive I'm driven,  
 Like the first guilty man by angry heav'n  
 From his bless'd mansions, where th' avenging lord  
 Still guards the passage with a brandish'd sword.  
 Or shall I to *Brabantia's* courts retire,  
 And reign o'er distant provinces for hire?  
 Shall I with borrow'd government dispense,  
 A royal servant and another's prince?  
 These countries too (oh my hard fate!) are lost,  
 And I am banish'd from a foreign coast;  
 Now may I fight secure of future toils,  
 Of no new countries a third battle spoils.

Oh,



Oh, *Tallard!* once I did thy chains deplore,  
 But envy now the fate I mourn'd before ;  
 By bondage blest'd, protect'd by the foe,  
 You live contented with one overthrow ;  
 Her captive, *Britain* kindly kept away  
 From the disgrace of the last fatal day.

How does my fall the haughty victor raise,  
 And join divided nations in his praise ;  
 Grateful *Germania* unknown titles frames,  
 And *CHURCHILL* writes amongst her sov'reign names.  
 Part of her states obey a *British* lord,  
 Small part ! of the great empire he restor'd.  
 From the proud *Spaniard* he extorts applause,  
 And rivals with the *Dutch* their great *Nassaus*.  
 In ev'ry language are his battles known,  
 The *Swede* and *Pole* for his, despise their own.  
 A thousand sects in him their safety place,  
 And our own saints are thank'd for our disgrace.  
*England* alone, and that some pleasure gives,  
 Envies herself the blessings she receives.

My grief each place renews where-e'er I go,  
 And ev'ry art contributes to my woe ;  
*Ramillia's* plain each painter's pencil yields,  
*Bavaria* flies in all their canvas fields :  
 On me, young poets their rude lays indite,  
 And on my sorrows practise how to write ;  
 I in their scenes with borrow'd passion rage,  
 And act a shameful part on ev'ry stage.



In *Flandria* will the tale be ever told,  
 Nor will it grow, with ever telling, old :  
 The lisping infants will their *MARLBRO* raise,  
 And their new speech grow plainer in his praise ;  
 His story will employ their middle years,  
 And in their latest age recall their fears,  
 While to their children's children they relate  
 The business of a day, their country's fate :  
 Then lead them forth, their thoughts to entertain,  
 And shew the wond'ring youth *Ramillia's* plain ;  
 'Twas here they fought, the *houfhold* fled that way,  
 And this the spot where *MARLBRO* prostrate lay.

Here they, perhaps, shall add *Bavaria's* name,  
 Censure his courage, and his conduct blame :  
 'Tis false, 'tis false, I did not basely yield,  
 I left indeed, but left a bloody field :  
 Believe not, future ages, ne'er believe  
 The vile aspersions which these wretches give ;  
 If you too far my injur'd honour try,  
 Take heed, my ghost, it will, it shall, be nigh,  
 Rise in his face, and give the slave the lie.

Why should the stars thus on *Britannia* smile,  
 And partial blessings crown the fav'rite isle ?  
*Holland* does her for their great founder own ;  
*Britannia* gave to *Portugal* a crown :  
 Twice by her queens does proud *Iberia* fall ;  
 Her *Edwards* and her *Henrys* conquer'd *Gaul* :



The *Swede* her arms from late oppression freed,  
 And if he dares oppress, will curb the *Swede*.  
 She, from herself, decides her neighbours fates,  
 Rescues by turns, by turns subdues their states;  
 In the wide globe no part could nature stretch  
 Beyond her arms, and out of *Britain's* reach:  
 Who fear'd, she e'er could have *Bavaria* seen?  
 Such realms, and kingdoms, hills, and seas between?  
 Yet there, — oh sad remembrance of my woe!  
 Distant *Bavaria* does her triumphs show.  
 Proud state! must *Europe* lie at thy command,  
 No prince without thee rise, without thee stand!  
 What share? what part is thine of all the spoil?  
 Thine only is the hazard and the toil.  
 An empire thou hast sav'd and all its states,  
*Iberia's* realms have felt severer fates:  
 What wou'dst thou more? still do thy arms advance?  
 Heav'n knows what doom thou hast reserv'd for *France*!  
 From whose wise care does all the treasure rise,  
 That slaughter'd hosts and shatter'd fleets supplies?  
 From whence such boundless conquest does she reap,  
 Purchas'd with all her boasted millions cheap?  
 O blest'd! oh envy'd QUEEN! that does command  
 At such a time, in such a happy land;  
 Great in her armies and her pow'rful fleet!  
 Great in her treasures! in her triumphs great!  
 But greater still! and what we envy most,  
 That can a MARLBRO for her subject boast!

Oh,



Oh, *Gallia* ! from what splendors art thou hurl'd ?  
 The terror once of all the western world ;  
 Thy spreading map each year did larger grow,  
 New mountains still did rise, new rivers flow ;  
 But now surrounded by thy ancient mounds,  
 Dost inward shrink from thy new-conquer'd bounds.  
 Why did not nature, far from *MARLBRO*'s worth,  
 In distant ages bring her *Louis* forth ?  
 Each uncontroul'd had conquer'd worlds alone,  
 Happy, for *Europe*, they together shone.  
 Cease! *Louis*, cease! from wars and slaughter cease !  
 Oh ! sue at last, 'tis time to sue, for peace !  
 Urge not too far your twice unhappy fate,  
 Nor *MARLBRO*'s stronger arm confess too late :  
 Who never camps nor rough encounters saw,  
 Can no just image of the hero draw :  
 He must, alas ! that *MARLBRO* truly knows,  
 Face him in battle, and whole armies lose.  
 Believe me, Sir, on my unwilling breast,  
 Fate has his virtues one by one impress :  
 With what a force our *Schellemburg* he storm'd ?  
 And *Blenheim*'s battle with what conduct form'd ?  
 How great his vigilance ; how quick his thought ;  
 What his contempt of death, *Ramillia* taught.  
 These nature cool for peace and counsel forms,  
 For battle those with rage and fury warms ;  
 But to her fav'rite *Britain* does impart  
 The coolest head at once and warmest heart ;

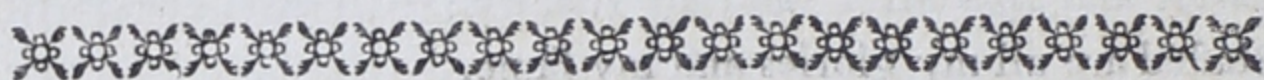


So does *Sicilia's* lofty mountains show  
 Flames in her bosom, on her head the snow.

My youth with flatt'ring smiles did Fortune crown,  
 The more severely on my age to frown?  
 Of Pleasure's endless stores I drank my fill,  
 Officious Nature waited on my will;  
 The *Austrian* rescu'd, and the *Turk* o'erthrown,  
*Europe* and *Asia* fill'd with my renown:  
 Blasted are all my glories and my fame,  
 Lost is my country and illustrious name;  
 The titles from their present lord are torn,  
 Which my great ancestors so long had borne;  
 No native honours shall my offspring grace,  
 'The last elector with a num'rous race.  
 Half my unhappy subjects lost by wars,  
 The rest for a worse fate the victor spares:  
 Were they for this entrusted to my care?  
 This the reward the brave, the faithful share?  
 My sons lament, in distant dungeons thrown,  
 Unacted crimes, and follies not their own;  
 But oh! my comfort! — my o'er-flowing eyes  
 Gush forth with tears, and all my sorrows rise,  
 While the dear tender exile I bemoan;  
 Oh royal bride! oh daughter of a throne!  
 Not thus I promis'd when I sought thy bed,  
 Thou didst the brave, the great *Bavaria* wed:  
 Curst be ambition! curst the thirst of pow'r!  
 And curst that once-lov'd title Emperor!



Excuse, great Sir, the ravings of a mind,  
 That can so just a cause for sorrow find;  
 My words too rudely may a monarch greet,  
 For oh! was ever grief like mine discreet!  
 No suff'rings shall my firm alliance end,  
 An unsuccessful, but a faithful friend.



To the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

PARDON, great Duke, if *Britain's* stile delights;  
 Or if th' Imperial title more invites;  
 Pardon, great Prince, the failings of a Muse,  
 That dares not hope for more than your excuse,  
 Forc'd at a distance to attempt your praise,  
 And sing your victories in mournful lays,  
 To cast in shadows, and allay the light,  
 That wounds, with nearer rays, the dazled sight,  
 Nor durst in a direct and open strain  
 Such acts, with her unhallow'd notes, prophane:  
 In tow'ring verse let meaner heroes grow,  
 And to elab'rate lines their greatness owe,  
 Your actions, own'd by ev'ry nation, want  
 Praises, no greater than a foe may grant.

Oh! when shall *Europe*, by her MARLBRO's sword,  
 To lasting peace and liberty restor'd,