

THE  
H O P - G A R D E N .

A  
G E O R G I C .

In Two B O O K S .

Me quoque Parnassi per lubrica culmina raptat  
Laudis amor: studium sequor insanabile vatis,  
Ausus non operam, non formidare poetæ  
Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne procaci  
Monstratum digito.----- Van. Præd. Ruft.

HOP-GAR DEN

THE

HOP-GAR DEN

BOOK III

A

GEORGE

In Two Books

Books

Monstrum digito, Van. Prad. Ruff.

THE  
H O P - G A R D E N :

A  
G E O R G I C .

B O O K the F I R S T .

**T**H E land that answers best the farmer's care,  
And silvers to maturity the Hop:  
When to inhume the plants; to turn the glebe;  
And wed the tendrils to th' aspiring poles:  
Under what sign to pluck the crop, and how 5  
To cure, and in capacious sacks infold,  
I teach in verse Miltonian. Smile the muse,  
And meditate an honour to that land  
Where first I breath'd, and struggled into life  
Impatient, Cantium, to be call'd thy son. 10

Oh! cou'd I emulate Dan Sydney's muse,  
Thy Sydney, Cantium----He from court retir'd  
In Penshurst's sweet elysium sung delight,  
Sung transport to the soft-responding streams  
Of Medway, and enliven'd all her groves: 15

While ever near him, goddess of the green,  
 Fair\* Pembroke sat, and smil'd immense applause.  
 With vocal fascination charm'd the † Hours  
 Unguarded left Heav'ns adamantine gate,  
 And to his lyre, swift as the winged sounds 20  
 That skim the air, danc'd unperceiv'd away.  
 Had I such pow'r, no peasants toil, no hops  
 Shou'd e'er debase my lay: far nobler themes,  
 The high atchievements of thy warrior kings  
 Shou'd raise my thoughts, and dignify my song. 25  
 But I, young rustic, dare not leave my cot,  
 For so enlarg'd a sphere--ah! muse beware,  
 Lest the loud larums of the braying trump,  
 Lest the deep drum shou'd drown thy tender reed,  
 And mar its puny joints: me, lowly swain, 30  
 Every unshaven arboret, me the lawns,  
 Me the voluminous Medway's silver wave,  
 ‡ Content inglorious, and the hopland shades!

Yeomen, and countrymen attend my song:  
 Whether you shiver in the marshy § Weald, 35  
 Egregious shepherds of unnumber'd flocks,  
 Whose fleeces, poison'd into purple, deck

\* Sister to Sir Philip Sydney.

† — Πυλαι μυκον βρανης ας εχον Ωραι.

‡ Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,  
 Flumina amem, sylvasque in glorius!

§ Commonly, but improperly call'd, the Wild.

HOM. E.

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

The HOP-GARDEN.

105

All Europe's kings: or in fair \* Madum's vale  
 Imparadis'd, blest denizons, ye dwell ;  
 Or † Dorovernia's awful tow'rs ye love: 40  
 Or plough Tunbridgia's salutiferous hills  
 Industrious, and with draughts chalybate heal'd,  
 Confess divine Hygeia's blisful feat ;  
 The muse demands your presence, ere she tune  
 Her monitory voice; observe her well, 45  
 And catch the wholesome dictates as they fall.

'Midst thy paternal acres, Farmer, say  
 Has gracious heav'n bestow'd one field, that basks  
 Its loamy bosom in the mid-day sun,  
 Emerging gently from the abject vale, 50  
 Nor yet obnoxious to the wind, secure  
 There shall thou plant thy hop. This soil, perhaps,  
 Thou'lt say, will fill my garners. Be it so.  
 But Ceres, rural goddess, at the best  
 Meanly supports her vot'ry', enough for her, 55  
 If ill-persuading hunger she repell,  
 And keep the soul from fainting: to enlarge,  
 To glad the heart, to sublimate the mind,  
 And wing the flagging spirits to the sky,  
 Require th' united influence and aid 60  
 Of Bacchus, God of hops, with Ceres join'd

\* Maidstone.

† Canterbury.

'Tis he shall gen'rate the buxom beer.  
 Then on one pedestel, and hand in hand,  
 Sculptur'd in Parian stone (so gratitude  
 Indites) let the divine co-part'ners rise. 65  
 Stands eastward in thy field a wood? 'tis well.  
 Esteem it as a bulwark of thy wealth,  
 And cherish all its branches; tho' we'll grant,  
 Its leaves umbrageous may intercept  
 The morning rays, and envy some small share 70  
 Of Sol's beneficence to the infant germ.  
 Yet grutch not that: when whistling Eurus comes,  
 With all his worlds of insects in thy lands.  
 To hyemate, and monarchize o'er all.  
 Thy vegetable riches, then thy wood 75  
 Shall ope it's arms expansive, and embrace:  
 The storm reluctant, and divert its rage.  
 Armies of animalc'les urge their way  
 In vain: the ventilating trees oppose  
 Their airy march. They blacken distant plains. 80

This site for thy young nursery obtain'd,  
 Thou hast begun auspicious, if the soil  
 (As fung before) be loamy; this the hop  
 Loves above others, this is rich, is deep,  
 Is viscous, and tenacious of the pole. 85  
 Yet maugre all its native worth, it may  
 Be meliorated with warm compost. See!

Yon

## The HOP-GARDEN.

107

\* Yon craggy mountain, whose fastidious head,  
Divides the star-set hemisphere above,  
And Cantium's plains beneath; the Appennine 90  
Of a free Italy, whose chalky fides  
With verdant shrubs dissimilarly gay,  
Still captivate the eye, while at his feet  
The silver Medway glides, and in her breast  
Views the reflected landskip, charm'd she views 95  
And murmurs louder ecstacy below.  
Here let us rest awhile, pleas'd to behold  
Th' all-beautiful horizon's wide expanse,  
Far as the eagle's ken. Here tow'ring spires  
First catch the eye, and turn the thoughts to heav'n. 100  
The lofty elms in humble majesty  
Bend with the breeze to shade the solemn groves,  
And spread an holy darkness; Ceres there  
Shines in her golden vesture. Here the meads  
Enrich'd by Flora's dædal hand, with pride 105  
Expose their spotted verdure. Nor are you  
Pomona absent; you 'midst th' hoary leaves  
Swell the vermilion cherry; and on yon trees  
Suspend the pippen's palatable gold.  
There old Sylvanus in that moss-grown grot 110  
Dwells with his wood-nymphs: they with chaplets green  
And russet mantles oft bedight, aloft

\* Boxley-Hill, which extends through great part of Kent.

From yon bent oaks, in Medway's bosom fair  
 Wonder at silver bleak, and prickly pearch,  
 That swiftly thro' their floating forests glide. 115  
 Yet not even these---these ever-varied scenes  
 Of wealth and pleasure can engage my eyes  
 T' o'erlook the lowly hawthorn, if from thence  
 The thrush, sweet warbler, chants th' unstudied lays  
 Which Phœbus' self vaulting from yonder cloud 120  
 Refulgent, with enliv'ning ray inspires.  
 But neither tow'ring spires, nor lofty elms,  
 Nor golden Ceres, nor the meadows green,  
 Nor orchats, nor the ruffet-mantled nymphs,  
 Which to the murmurs of the Medway dance, 125  
 Nor sweetly warbling thrush, with half those charms  
 Attract my eyes, as yonder hop-land close,  
 Joint-work of art and nature, which reminds  
 The muse, and to her theme the wand'rer calls.

Here then with pond'rous vehicles and teams 130  
 Thy rustics fend, and from the caverns deep  
 Command them bring the chalk: thence to the kiln  
 Convey, and temper with Vulcanian fires.  
 Soon as 'tis form'd, thy lime with bounteous hand  
 O'er all thy lands disseminate; thy lands 135  
 Which first have felt the soft'ning spade, and drank  
 The strength'ning vapours from nutritious marl.

This



This done, select the choicest hop, t' insert  
 Fresh in the opening glebe. Say then, my muse,  
 Its various kinds, and from th' effete and vile, 140  
 The eligible separate with care.  
 The noblest species is by Kentish wights  
 The Master-hop yclep'd. Nature to him  
 Has giv'n a stouter stalk, patient of cold,  
 Or Phœbus ev'n in youth, his verdant blood 145  
 In brisk saltation circulates and flows  
 Indefinitely vigorous: the next  
 Is arid, fetid, infecund, and gross  
 Significantly styl'd the Fryar: the last  
 Is call'd the Savage, who in ev'ry wood, 150  
 And ev'ry hedge un introduc'd intrudes.  
 When such the merit of the candidates,  
 Easy is the election; but, my friend  
 Would'st thou ne'er fail, to Kent direct thy way,  
 Where no one shall be frustrated that seeks 155  
 Ought that is great or good. \* Hail, Cantium, hail!  
 Illustrious parent of the finest fruits,  
 Illustrious parent of the best of men!  
 For thee Antiquity's thrice sacred springs

\* Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus  
 Magna virum; tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis  
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes,  
 Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

Placidly

Placidly stagnant at their fountain head, 165  
 I rashly dare to trouble (if from thence,  
 If ought for thy util'ty I can drain)  
 And in thy towns adopt th' Aſcræan muſe.  
 Hail heroes, hail invaluable gems,  
 Splendidly rough within your native mines, 165  
 To luxury unrefined, better far  
 To ſhake with unbought agues in your weald,  
 Than dwell a ſlave to paſſion and to wealth,  
 Politely paralytic in the town!  
 Fav'rites of heav'n ! to whom the general doom 170  
 Is all remitted, who alone poſſeſs  
 Of Adam's ſons fair Eden---reſt ye here,  
 Nor ſeek an earthly good above the hop;  
 A good ! untasted by your ancient kings,  
 And almoſt to your very fires unknown. 175

In thoſe bleſt days when great Eliza reign'd  
 O'er the adoring nation, when fair peace  
 Or ſpread an unſtain'd olive round the land,  
 Or laurell'd war did teach our winged fleets  
 To lord it o'er the world, when our brave ſires 180  
 Drank valour from uncauponated beer ;  
 Then th' hop (before an interdicted plant,  
 Shun'd like fell aconite) began to hang  
 Its folded floſcles from the golden vine,  
 And bloom'd a ſhade to Cantium's funny ſhores 145

## The HOP-GARDEN.

III

Delightful, and in chearful goblets laught  
 Potent, what time Aquarius' urn impends  
 To kill the dulsome day---potent to quench  
 The Syrian ardour, and autumnal ills  
 To heal with mild potations; sweeter far 190  
 Than those which erst the subtle \* Hengist mix'd  
 T' inthral voluptuous Vortigern. He, with love  
 Emasculate and wine, the toils of war,  
 Neglected, and to dalliance vile and sloth  
 Emancipated, saw th' incroaching Saxons 195  
 With unaffected eyes; his hand which ought  
 T' have shook the spear of justice, soft and smooth,  
 Play'd ravishing divisions on the lyre:  
 This Hengist mark'd, and (for curs'd insolence  
 Soon fattens on impunity! and becomes 200  
 Briareus from a dwarf) fair Thanet gain'd.  
 Nor stopt he here; but to immense attempts  
 Ambition sky-aspiring led him on  
 Adventrous. He an only daughter rear'd,  
 Roxena, matchless maid! nor rear'd in vain. 205  
 Her eagle-ey'd callidity, grave deceit,  
 And fairy fiction rais'd above her sex;  
 And furnish'd her with thousand various wiles  
 Preposterous; more than female; wondrous fair.

\* See the following story told at large in Lambard's perambulation of Kent.

She.

She was, and docile, which her pious nurse 210  
 Observ'd, and early in each female fraud  
 Her 'gan initiate; well she knew to smile,  
 Whene'er vexation gall'd her; did she weep?  
 'Twas not sincere, the fountains of her eyes  
 Play'd artificial streams, yet so well forc'd 215  
 They look'd like nature; for ev'n art to her  
 Was natural, and contrarities  
 Seem'd in Roxena congruous and allied.  
 Such was she, when brisk Vortigern beheld,  
 Ill-fated prince! and lov'd her. She perceiv'd, 220  
 Soon she perceiv'd her conquest; soon she told,  
 With hasty joy transported, her old fire.  
 The Saxon inly smil'd, and to his isle  
 The willing prince invited, but first bad  
 The nymph prepare the potions; such as fire 225  
 The blood's meand'ring rivulets, and depress  
 To love the soul. Lo! at the noon of night  
 Thrice Hecate invok'd the maid---and thrice  
 The goddess stoop'd assent; forth from a cloud  
 She stoop'd, and gave the philters pow'r to charm. 230  
 These in a splendid cup of burnish'd gold  
 The lovely forcerefs mix'd, and to the prince  
 Health, peace, and joy propin'd, but to herself  
 Mutter'd dire exorcisms, and wish'd effect  
 To th' love-creating draught: lowly she bow'd 235  
 Fawning insinuation bland, that might

Deceive

## The HOP-GARDEN.

113

Deceive Laertes' son; her lucid orbs  
Shed copiously the oblique rays; her face  
Like modest Luna's shone, but not so pale,  
And with no borrow'd lustre; on her brow  
Smil'd Fallacy, while summoning each grace,  
Kneeling she gave the cup. The prince (for who!  
Who cou'd have spurn'd a suppliant so divine?)  
Drank eager, and in ecstasy devour'd  
Th' ambrosial perturbation; mad with love  
He clasp'd her, and in Hymeneal bands  
At once the nymph demanded and obtain'd.  
Now Hengist, all his ample wish fulfill'd,  
Exulted; and from Kent th' uxorious prince  
Exterminated, and usurp'd his feat.  
Long did he reign; but all-devouring time  
Has raz'd his palace walls---Perchance on them  
Grows the green hop, and o'er his crumbled bust  
In spiral twines ascends the scancile pole.---  
But now to plant, to dig, to dung, to weed;  
Tasks how indelicate? demand the muse.

Come, fair magician, sportive Fancy come,  
With thy unbounded imagery; child of thought,  
From thy ariel citadel descend,  
And (for thou canst) assist me. Bring with thee  
Thy all-creative Talisman; with thee  
The active spirits ideal, tow'ring flights,

Q

That

That hover o'er the muse-refounding groves,  
 And all thy colourings, all thy shapes display.  
 Thou to be here, Experience, so shall I 265  
 My rules nor in low prose jejunely *say*,  
 Nor in smooth numbers musically err;  
 But vain is Fancy and Experience vain,  
 If thou, O Hesiod! Virgil of our land,  
 Or hear'st thou rather, Milton, bard divine, 270  
 Whose greatness who shall imitate, save thee?  
 If thou O \* Philips fav'ring dost not hear  
 Me, inexpert of verse; with gentle hand  
 Uprear the unpinion'd muse, high on the top  
 Of that immeasurable mount, that far 275  
 Exceeds thine own Plinlimmon, where thou tun'st  
 With Phœbus' self thy lyre. Give me to turn  
 Th' unwieldly subject with thy graceful ease,  
 Extol its baseness with thy art; but chief  
 Illumine, and invigorate with thy fire. 280

When Phœbus looks thro' Aries on the spring,  
 And vernal flow'rs promise the dulcet fruit,  
 Autumnal pride! delay not then thy setts  
 In Tellus' facile bosom to depose  
 Timely: if thou art wise the bulkiest chuse: 285  
 To every root three joints indulge, and form

\* Mr. John Philips, author of *Cyder*, a poem.

## The HOP-GARDEN.

115

The Quincunx with well regulated hills.  
 Soon from the dung-enriched earth, their heads  
 Thy young plants will uplift their virgin arms,  
 They'll stretch, and marriageable claim the pole. 290  
 Nor frustrate thou their wishes, so thou may'st  
 Expect an hopeful issue, jolly Mirth,  
 Sister of taleful Jocus, tuneful Song,  
 And fat Good-nature with her honest face.  
 But yet in the novitiate of their love, 295  
 And tenderness of youth suffice small shoots  
 Cut from the widow'd willow, nor provide  
 Poles insurmountable as yet. 'Tis then  
 When twice bright Phœbus' vivifying ray,  
 Twice the cold touch of winter's icy hand, 300  
 They've felt; 'tis then we fell sublimer props.  
 'Tis then the sturdy woodman's axe from far  
 Resounds, resounds, and hark! with hollow groans  
 Down tumble the big trees, and rushing roll  
 O'er the crush'd crackling brake, while in his cave 305  
 Forlorn; dejected, 'midst the weeping dryads  
 Laments Sylvanus for his verdant care.  
 The ash, or willow for thy use select,  
 Or storm-enduring chesnut; but the oak  
 Unfit for this employ, for nobler ends 310  
 Reserve untouch'd; she when by time matur'd,  
 Capacious, of some British demi-god,  
 Vernon, or Warren, shall with rapid wing

Q 2

Infuriate,

Infuriate, like Jove's armour-bearing bird,  
 Fly on thy foes; They, like the parted waves, 315  
 Which to the brazen beak murmuring give way  
 Amaz'd, and roaring from the fight recede.---  
 In that sweet month, when to the list'ning swains  
 Fair Philomel sings love, and every cot  
 With garlands blooms bedight, with bandage meet 320  
 The tendrils bind, and to the tall pole tie,  
 Else soon, too soon their meretricious arms  
 Round each ignoble clod they'll fold, and leave  
 Averse the lordly prop. Thus, have I heard  
 Where there's no mutual tye, no strong connection 325  
 Of love-conspiring hearts, oft the young bride  
 Has prostituted to her slaves her charms,  
 While the infatuated lord admires  
 \* Fresh-budding sprouts, and issue not his own.  
 Now turn the glebe: soon with correcting hand 330  
 When smiling June in jocund dance leads on  
 Long days and happy hours, from ev'ry vine  
 Dock the redundant branches, and once more  
 With the sharp spade thy numerous acres till.  
 The shovel next must lend its aid, enlarge 335  
 The little hillocks, and erase the weeds.  
 This in that month its title which derives

\* Miraturque novas frondes, & non sua poma.



## The HOP-GARDEN.

117

From great Augustus' ever sacred name!  
Sovereign of Science! master of the Muse!  
Neglected Genius' firm ally! Of worth  
Best judge, and best rewarder, whose applause  
To bards was fame and fortune! O! 'twas well,  
Well did you too in this, all glorious heroes!  
Ye Romans!---on Time's wing you've stamp'd his praise,  
And time shall bear it to eternity.

340

345

Now are our lab'ours crown'd with their reward,  
Now bloom the florid hops, and in the stream  
Shine in their floating silver, while above  
T'embow'ring branches culminate, and form  
A walk impervious to the sun; the poles  
In comely order stand; and while you cleave  
With the small skiff the Medway's lucid wave,  
In comely order still their ranks preserve,  
And seem to march along th' extensive plain:  
In neat arrangement thus the men of Kent,  
With native oak at once adorn'd and arm'd,  
Intrepid march'd; for well they knew the cries  
Of dying Liberty, and Astræa's voice,  
Who as she fled, to echoing woods complain'd:  
Of tyranny, and William; like a god,  
Refulgent stood the conqueror, on his troops  
He sent his looks enliv'ning as the sun's,  
But on his foes frown'd agony, frown'd death.

350

355

360

On.

On his left side in bright emblazonry  
 His falchion burn'd; forth from his sevenfold shield 365  
 A basilisk shot adamant; his brow  
 Wore clouds of fury!—on that with plumage crown'd  
 Of various hue sat a tremendous cone:  
 Thus sits high-canopied above the clouds,  
 Terrific beauty of nocturnal skies, 370  
 \* Northern Aurora; she thro' th' azure air  
 Shoots, shoots her trem'lous rays in painted streaks  
 Continual, while waving to the wind  
 O'er Night's dark veil her lucid tresses flow.  
 The trav'ler views th' unseasonable day 375  
 Astound, the proud bend lowly to the earth,  
 The pious matrons tremble for the world.  
 But what can daunt th' insuperable souls  
 Of Cantium's matchless sons? On they proceed,  
 All innocent of fear; each face express'd 380  
 Contemptuous admiration, while they view'd  
 The well-fed brigades of embroider'd slaves  
 That drew the sword for gain. First of the van,  
 With an enormous bough, a shepherd swain  
 Whistled with rustic notes; but such as show'd 385  
 A heart magnanimous: The men of Kent

\* Aurora Borealis, or lights in the air; a phenomenon which of late years has been very frequent here, and in all the more northern countries.

## The Hop-Garden.

119

Follow the tuneful swain, while o'er their heads  
The green leaves whisper, and the big boughs bend.  
'Twas thus the Thracian, whose all-quick'ning lyre  
The floods inspir'd, and taught the rocks to feel, 390  
Play'd before dancing Hæmus, to the tune,  
The lute's soft tune! The flutt'ring branches wave,  
The rocks enjoy it, and the rivulets hear,  
The hillocks skip, emerge the humble vales,  
And all the mighty mountain nods applause. 395  
The conqueror view'd them, and as one that sees  
The vast abrupt of Scylla, or as one  
That from th' oblivious Lethæan streams  
Has drank eternal apathy, he stood.  
His host an universal panic seiz'd 400  
Prodigious, inopine; their armour shook,  
And clatter'd to the trembling of their limbs;  
Some to the walking wilderness gan run.  
Confus'd, and in th' inhospitable shade  
For shelter fought---Wretches! they shelter find, 405  
Eternal shelter in the arms of death!  
Thus when Aquarius pours out all his urn  
Down on some lonesome heath, the traveller  
That wanders o'er the wint'ry waste, accepts  
The invitation of some spreading beech 410  
Joyous; but soon the treach'rous gloom betrays  
Th' unwary visitor, while on his head  
Th' enlarging drops in double show'rs descend.

And!

And now no longer in disguise the men  
 Of Kent appear; down they all drop their boughs, 415  
 And shine in brazen panoply divine.  
 Enough--Great William (for full well he knew  
 How vain would be the contest) to the sons  
 Of glorious Cantium, gave their lives, and laws,  
 And liberties secure, and to the prowess 420  
 Of Kentish wights, like Cæsar, deign'd to yield.  
 Cæsar and William! Hail immortal worthies,  
 Illustrious vanquish'd! Cantium, if to them,  
 Posterity will all her chiefs unborn,  
 Ought similar, ought second has to boast. 425  
 Once more (so prophecies the Muse) thy sons  
 Shall triumph, emulous of their fires---till then  
 With olive, and with hop-land garlands crown'd,  
 O'er all thy land reign Plenty, reign fair Peace.

THE  
HOP-GARDEN.

A  
G E O R G I C.

BOOK the SECOND.

Omnia quæ multo ante memor provisâ repones,  
Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.

VIRG. Geor. lib. I.

R

GARDEN

THE

POPULAR

BOOK

GARDEN

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THE  
H O P - G A R D E N .

A  
G E O R G I C .

B O O K the S E C O N D .

**A**T length the Muse her destin'd task resumes  
With joy; agen o'er all her hop-land groves  
She longs t' expatiate free of wing. Long while  
For a much-loving, much-lov'd youth she wept,  
And sorrow'd silence o'er th' untimely urn. 5  
Hush then, effeminate fobs; and thou, my heart,  
Rebel to grief no more---And yet a while,  
A little while, indulge the friendly tears.  
O'er the wild world, like Noah's dove, in vain  
I seek the olive peace, around me wide 10  
See! see! the wat'ry waste---In vain, forlorn  
I call the Phœnix fair Sincerity;  
Alas!---extinguish'd to the skies she fled,  
And left no heir behind her. Where is now  
Th' eternal smile of goodness? Where is now 15

That all-extensive charity of soul,  
 So rich in sweetness, that the classic sounds  
 In elegance Augustan cloath'd, the wit  
 That flow'd perennial, hardly were observ'd,  
 Or, if observ'd, set off a brighter gem. 20  
 How oft, and yet how seldom did it seem!  
 Have I enjoy'd his converse?---When we met,  
 The hours how swift they sweetly fled, and till  
 Again I saw him, how they loiter'd. Oh!  
 \* THEOPHILUS, thou dear departed soul,  
 What flattering tales thou told'st me? How thou'dst hail  
 My Muse, and took'st imaginary walks  
 All in my hopland groves! Stay yet, oh stay!  
 Thou dear deluder, thou hast seen but half----  
 He's gone! and ought that's equal to his praise 30  
 Fame has not for me, tho' she prove most kind.  
 Howe'er this verse be sacred to thy name,  
 These tears, the last sad duty of a friend.  
 Oft I'll indulge the pleasurable pain  
 Of recollection; oft on Medway's banks 35  
 I'll muse on thee full pensive; while her streams  
 Regardful ever of my grief, shall flow  
 In sullen silence silverly along  
 The weeping shores----or else accordant with  
 My loud laments, shall ever and anon 40  
 Make melancholy music to the shades,

\* Mr. Theophilus Wheeler, of Christ-College, Cambridge.



## The HOP-GARDEN.

125

The hopland shades, that on her banks expose  
Serpentine vines and flowing locks of gold.

Ye smiling nymphs, th' inseparable train  
Of saffron Ceres; ye, that gamesome dance, 45  
And sing to jolly Autumn, while he stands  
With his right hand poizing the scales of heav'n,  
And with his left grasps Amalthea's horn:  
Young chorus of fair bacchanals, descend,  
And leave a while the fickle; yonder hill, 50  
Where stand the loaded hop-poles, claims your care.  
There mighty Bacchus stradling cros the bin,  
Waits your attendance---There he glad reviews  
His paunch, approaching to immensity  
Still nearer, and with pride of heart surveys 55  
Obedient mortals, and the world his own.  
See! from the great metropolis they rush,  
Th' industrious vulgar. They, like prudent bees,  
In Kent's wide garden roam, expert to crop  
The flow'ry hop, and provident to work, 60  
Ere winter numb their sunburnt hands, and winds  
Engoal them, murmuring in their gloomy cells.  
From these, such as appear the rest t' excell  
In strength and young agility, select.  
These shall support with vigour and address 65  
The bin-man's weighty office; now extract  
From the sequacious earth the pole, and now

Unmarry

Unmarry from the closely clinging vine.  
 O'er twice three pickers, and no more, extend  
 The bin-man's sway; unless thy ears can bear 70  
 The crack of poles continual, and thine eyes  
 Behold unmoved the hurrying peasant tear  
 Thy wealth, and throw it on the thankless ground:  
 But first the careful planter will consult  
 His quantity of acres, and his crop, 75  
 How many and how large his kilns; and then  
 Proportion'd to his wants the hands provide.  
 But yet, of greater consequence and cost,  
 One thing remains un Sung, a man of faith  
 And long experience, in whose thund'ring voice 80  
 Lives hoarse authority, potent to quell  
 The frequent frays of the tumultuous crew.  
 He shall preside o'er all thy hop-land store,  
 Severe dictator! His unerring hand,  
 And eye inquisitive, in heedful guise, 85  
 Shall to the brink the measure fill, and fair  
 On the twin registers the work record.  
 And yet I've known them own a female reign,  
 And gentle \* Marianne's soft Orphean voice  
 Has hymn'd sweet lessons of humanity 90  
 To the wild brutal crew. Oft her command  
 Has sav'd the pillars of the hopland state,

\* The Author's youngest Sister.

The HOP-GARDEN.

127

The lofty poles from ruin, and sustain'd,  
 Like ANNA, or ELIZA, her domain,  
 With more than manly dignity. Oft I've seen, 95  
 Ev'n at her frown the boist'rous uproar cease,  
 And the mad pickers, tam'd to diligence,  
 Cull from the bin the sprawling sprigs, and leaves  
 That stain the sample, and its worth debase.  
 All things thus settled and prepared, what now 100  
 Can let the planters purposes? Unless  
 The Heav'ns frown dissent, and ominous winds  
 Howl thro' the concave of the troubled sky.  
 And oft, alas! the long experienc'd wights  
 (Oh! could they too prevent them) storms foresee. 105  
 \* For, as the storm rides on the rising clouds,

\* Numquam imprudentibus imber  
 Obfuit. Aut illum surgentem vallibus imis  
 Aëriæ fugere grues: aut bucula cœlum  
 Suspiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras:  
 Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:  
 Et veterem in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.  
 Sæpius & tectis penetralibus extulit ova  
 Angustum formica terens iter, & bibit ingens  
 Arcus & e pascu decedens agmine magno  
 Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.  
 Jam varias pelagi volucres, & quæ Asia circum  
 Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri,  
 Certatim largos humeris infundere rores;  
 Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,  
 Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.  
 Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,  
 Et sola in sicca secum spatiat arena.  
 Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ  
 Nescivere hyemem.

VIRG. Georg. I.

Fly

Fly the fleet wild-geese far away, or else  
 The heifer towards the zeinth rears her head,  
 And with expanded nostrils snuffs the air:  
 The swallows too their airy circuits weave, **110**  
 And screaming skim the brook; and fen-bred frogs  
 Forth from their hoarse throats their old grutch recite:  
 Or from her earthly coverlets the ant  
 Heaves her huge eggs along the narrow way:  
 Or bends Thaumantia's variegated bow **115**  
 Athwart the cope of heav'n: or fable crows  
 Obstreperous of wing, in crouds combine:  
 Besides, unnumber'd troops of birds marine,  
 And Asia's feather'd flocks, that in the muds  
 Of flow'ry-edg'd Cayster wont to prey, **120**  
 Now in the shallows duck their speckled heads,  
 And lust to lave in vain, their unctious plumes  
 Repulsive baffle their efforts: Next hark  
 How the curs'd raven, with her harmful voice,  
 Invokes the rain, and croaking to herself,  
 Struts on some spacious solitary shore. **125**  
 Nor want thy servants and thy wife at home  
 Signs to presage the show'r; for in the hall  
 Sheds Niobe her precious tears, and warns  
 Beneath thy leaden tubes to fix the vase,  
 And catch the falling dew-drops, which supply **130**  
 Soft water and salubrious, far the best  
 To soak thy hops, and brew thy generous beer.

But

## The HOP-GARDEN.

129

But tho' bright Phœbus smile, and in the skies  
The purple-rob'd serenity appear;  
Tho' every cloud be fled, yet if the rage  
Of Boreas, or the blasting East prevail,  
The planter has enough to check his hopes,  
And in due bounds confine his joy; for see  
The ruffian winds, in their abrupt career,  
Leave not a hop behind, or at the best  
Mangle the circling vine, and intercept  
The juice nutritious: Fatal means, alas!  
Their colour and condition to destroy.  
Haste then, ye peasants; pull the poles, the hops;  
Where are the bins? Run, run, ye nimble maids,  
Move ev'ry muscle, ev'ry nerve extend,  
To save our crop from ruin, and ourselves.

Soon as bright Chanticleer explodes the night  
With flutt'ring wings, and hymns the new-born day,  
The bugle-horn inspire, whose clam'rous bray  
Shall rouse from sleep the rebel rout, and tune  
To temper for the labours of the day.  
Wisely the several stations of the bins  
By lot determine. Justice this, and this  
Fair Prudence does demand; for not without  
A certain method cou'dst thou rule the mob  
Irrational, nor every where alike  
Fair hangs the hop to tempt the picker's hand.

S

Now

Now see the crew mechanic might and main  
 Labour with lively diligence, inspir'd 160  
 By appetite of gain and lust of praise :  
 What mind so petty, servile, and debas'd,  
 As not to know ambition ? Her great sway  
 From *Colin Clout* to Emperors she exerts.  
 To err is human, human to be vain. 165  
 'Tis vanity, and mock desire of fame,  
 That prompts the rustic, on the steeple-top  
 Sublime, to mark the outlines of his shoe,  
 And in the area to engrave his name.  
 With pride of heart the churchwarden surveys, 170  
 High o'er the bellfry, girt with birds and flow'rs,  
 His story wrote in capitals : " 'Twas I  
 " That bought the font ; and I repair'd the pews."  
 With pride like this the emulating mob  
 Strive for the mastery---who first may fill 175  
 The bellying bin, and cleanest cull the hops.  
 Nor ought retards, unless invited out  
 By Sol's declining, and the evening's calm,  
 Leander leads Lætitia to the scene  
 Of shade and fragrance---Then th' exulting band 180  
 Of pickers male and female, seize the fair  
 Reluctant, and with boist'rous force and brute,  
 By cries unmov'd, they bury her in the bin.  
 Nor does the youth escape---him too they seize,  
 And in such posture place as best may serve 185

To

## The HOP-GARDEN.

131

To hide his charmer's blushes. Then with shouts  
They rend the echoing air, and from them both  
(So custom has ordain'd) a large's claim.

Thus much be fung of picking---next succeeds  
Th' important care of curing---Quit the field, 190  
And at the kiln th' instructive muse attend.

On your hair-cloth eight inches deep, nor more,  
Let the green hops lie lightly ; next expand  
The smoothest surface with the toothy rake. 195  
Thus for is just above; but more it boots  
That charcoal flames burn equably below,  
The charcoal flames, which from thy corded wood,  
Or antiquated poles, with wond'rous skill,  
The fable priests of Vulcan shall prepare. 200  
Constant and moderate let the heat ascend ;  
Which to effect, there are, who with success  
Place in the kiln the ventilating fan.  
Hail, learned, useful \* man ! whose head and heart  
Conspire to make us happy, deign t' accept 205  
One honest verse ; and if thy industry  
Has serv'd the hopland cause, the Muse forebodes  
This sole invention, both in use and fame,  
The † mystic fan of Bacchus shall exceed.

\* Dr. Hales.

† Mystica Vannus Iacchi.

VIRG. Geor. 1.

When the fourth hour expires, with careful hand  
 The half-bak'd hops turn over. Soon as time 211  
 Has well exhausted twice two glaffes more,  
 They'll leap and crackle with their bursting feeds,  
 For use domestic, or for sale mature.

There are, who in the choice of cloth t'enfold 215  
 Their wealthy crop, the viler, coarser sort,  
 With prodigal œconomy prefer :  
 All that is good is cheap, all dear that's base.  
 Besides, the planter shou'd a bait prepare,  
 T' intrap the chapman's notice, and divert 220  
 Shrewd Observation from her busy pry.

When in the bag thy hops the rustic treads,  
 Let him wear heel-less sandals ; nor presume  
 Their fragrancy barefooted to defile :  
 Such filthy ways for slaves in Malaga 225  
 Leave we to practise---Whence I've often seen,  
 When beautiful Dorinda's iv'ry hands  
 Had built the pastry-fabric (food divine  
 For Christmas gambols and the hour of mirth)  
 As the dry'd foreign fruit, with piercing eye, 230  
 She cull'd suspicious---lo! she starts, she frowns  
 With indignation at a negro's nail.

Should'st thou thy harvest for the mart design,  
 Be thine own factor ; nor employ those drones 234  
 Who've



## The HOP-GARDEN.

133

Who've stings, but make no honey, selfish slaves !  
That thrive and fatten on the planter's toil.

What then remains unfung ? unless the care  
To stack thy poles oblique in comely cones,  
Left rot or rain destroy them---'Tis a sight  
Most seemly to behold, and gives, O Winter !  
A landskip not unpleasing ev'n to thee. 240

And now, ye rivals of the hopland state,  
Madum and Dorovernia rejoice,  
How great amidst such rivals to excel !  
Let \* Grenovicum boast (for boast she may) 245  
The birth of great Eliza.---Hail, my queen !  
And yet I'll call thee by a dearer name,  
My countrywoman, hail ! Thy worth alone  
Gives fame to worlds, and makes whole ages glorious !

Let Sevenoaks vaunt the hospitable feat 251  
Of † Knoll most ancient : Awefully, my Muse,  
These social scenes of grandeur and delight,  
Of love and veneration, let me tread.  
How oft beneath yon oak has amorous Prior 255  
Awaken'd Echo with sweet Chloë's name !  
While noble Sackville heard, hearing approv'd,

\* Greenwich, where Q. Elizabeth was born.

† The feat of the Duke of Dorset.

Approv-

Approving, greatly recompens'd. But he,  
 Alas! has number'd with th' illustrious dead,  
 And orphan merit has no guardian now! 260

Next Shipbourne, tho' her precincts are confin'd  
 To narrow limits, yet can shew a train  
 Of village beauties, pastorally sweet,  
 And rurally magnificent. Here \* Fairlawn  
 Ope her delightful prospects: Dear Fairlawn  
 There, where at once at variance and agreed, 265  
 Nature and art hold dalliance. There where rills  
 Kiss the green drooping herbage, there where trees,  
 The tall trees tremble at th' approach of heav'n,  
 And bow their salutation to the sun,  
 Who fosters all their foliage---These are thine, 270  
 Yes, little Shipbourne, boast that these are thine---  
 And if---But oh!----and if 'tis no disgrace,  
 The birth of him who now records thy praise.

Nor shalt thou, Mereworth, remain un Sung,  
 Where noble Westmoreland, his country's friend, 275  
 Bids British greatness love the silent shade,  
 Where piles superb, in classic elegance,  
 Arise, and all is Roman, like his heart.

Nor Chatham, tho' it is not thine to shew  
 The lofty forest or the verdant lawns, 280

\* The feat of Lord Vane.

Yet

## The HOP-GARDEN.

135

Yet niggard silence shall not grutch thee praise.  
The lofty forests by thy sons prepar'd  
Becomes the warlike navy, braves the floods,  
And gives Sylvanus empire in the main.  
Oh that Britannia, in the day of war, 285  
Wou'd not alone Minerva's valour trust,  
But also hear her wisdom ! Then her oaks  
Shap'd by her own mechanics, wou'd alone  
Her island fortify, and fix her fame ;  
Nor wou'd she weep, like Rachael, for her sons, 290  
Whose glorious blood, in mad profusion,  
In foreign lands is shed---and shed in vain.

Now on fair Dover's topmost cliff I'll stand,  
And look with scorn and triumph on proud France.  
Of yore an isthmus jutting from this coast, 295  
Join'd the Britanic to the Gallic shore ;  
But Neptune on a day, with fury fir'd,  
Rear'd his tremendous trident, smote the earth,  
And broke th' unnatural union at a blow.---  
“ 'Twixt you and you, my servants and my sons, 300  
“ Be there (he cried) eternal discord---France  
“ Shall bow the neck to Cantium's peerless offspring,  
“ And as the oak reigns lordly o'er the shrub,  
“ So shall the hop have homage from the vine.”

A