

And yet enough to be Honest and Clean.

Pox on Town Cheatings,

Jilts and Cognettings;

I my Dear *Chloris*, will bring up by hand;

Tears and Complaining,

Breed but Disdamings,

Those still Love best that are under Command.

*A Catch in Three Parts, set by Mr. Hen. Purcell,
and taken from the Latin of BUCHANNAN.*

I.

Young *Collin* cleaving of a Beam,

At every thumping Blow, cry'd *Hem*;

And told his Wife, who the Cause would know,

'Twas *Hem*, made th' Wedge much farther go.

II.

Plump *Joan*, at Night when t' Bed she came,

And both were playing at that same;

Cry'd, *Hem, Hem, Hem*, prithee *Collin* do,

If ever thou lov'dst me *Hem, Hem* now.

III.

No, no, no, no, sweet Wife, no no,

Some Wood will split with half a blow;

Besides I Bore, now, now, I Bore,

I *Hem* when I Cleave, but now I Bore.

A

POE M Panegyrical

On His GRACE

THE

D. of ALBEMARLE;

With Remarks on His Voyage for
JAMAICA, and the late Treasure
brought Home in the JAMES and
MARY.

Written Anno Dom. 1686.

Epistle Dedictory to Her Grace the
DUCHESS.

WHEN Brutus with the rest did Cesar doom,
And by his Death gave liberty to Rome,
Great Cato's Daughter * his dear faithful Wife,
That knew the Secret of that fatal Strife,
From her lov'd Husband's side would never part,
Both had one Will, one Courage, and one Heart,
Her generous Virtue thought it base to share
Part of his Joy, and nothing of his Care;
And therefore all his Harms with Patience bore,
And when he dy'd she likewise was no more:
Her Virtues, Madam, flourish now in you,
A second Porcia, Faithful, Chast and True,
With Heavens divinest Gifts your Heart is stor'd,
And Wove into the Merits of your Lord;
So fast, and with Affection so sublime,
You can look down with Scorn on Death and Time:
Since then Great Albemarle inspires my Muse,
Upon a Theme 'tis fit the World peruse;

* Porcia.

Who should I beg to Consecrate my Lines,
 But you, who know how bright his Virtue shines,
 You, who have made the business of your Life,
 To shew the World, a Pattern of a Wife,
 Joy'd at your Lord's good Chance, griev'd at his Ill,
 Kind, Wise, and what's most Rare Obedient, to his Will:
 More I could say, nay so much might be said,
 These swelling Lines would tire ye to Read.
 If I could boast of a Poetick Art,
 To speak your Praise, lavish as your Desert,
 No Flight could be too high, no I thought too strong,
 Nor could the Poem ever be too long.
 But modest Pens, that dare not be too bold,
 Know Truth, the shortest way is wisest told.

A P O E M Panegyrick on
 His Grace the D U K E of
 A L B E M A R L E, &c.

H A P P Y those Islands where no fullen Sky
 Debars with Clouds the Prospect of the
 Eye, Where

Where the glad Sun with Joy performs his Race,
 And fullies with no Fogs his glorious Face,
 Where change of Weather makes no Native moun-
 No Agues freeze.ye, nor no Fevers burn;
 But genuine Heat, Nature for Health designs,
 And through respiring Pores your Blood refines,

II.

But above all most happy is that Land,
 Which you, my Lord, are going to Command,
 Their darling Genius Claps her joyful Wings,
 And your Approach in lofty numbers sings;
 The Sun's attractive force they knew before,
 Exhaling Dews from every Plant and Flow'r.
 But this new Influence they learn from you,
 That to a point he can draw Virtue too.

III.

'Tis said indeed this generative Heat,
 In parching Climes most Worthies does beget;
 And that no Northern Nation can inspire
 Her sickly Sons, with such Heroick fire;

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But I could never credit this till now,
The Sympathy is verifi'd in you:
That still your liking for those parts have shown,
Where the hot glittering God attracts his own.

I V.

As some fond Mother, that with tender Care
sees her young Darling posting to the War,
Oppress'd with Sorrow, does the Parting view;
Hates he should go, yet loves his Glory too:
Such Grief (my Lord) Your mourning Friends
all share,

When of your Voyage the sad News they hear,
And jointly wish *America* could know,
The Jem she gains without their loss in you.

V.

But still to have you, were too great a Grace,
Perfection ne'er continues in one place;
So Angels did in former time appear,
Gave us true Joy, but staid but little here.
To cheer the World, your Virtues Heaven design'd,
And could not in one Island be confin'd; Worth

Worth like the Sun, so universal known,

'Tis fit should blefs more-Countries than your own

VI.

Well may those happy Isles serene appear,

But we, I fear, shall find it Clowdy here,

If Comets are oblig'd t' infest the Skies,

At a States Change, or when a Monarch dies;

Methinks they should their fatal Fears infuse,

Into our Hearts, when we a Worthy lose;

Did not wise Heaven think it vain to show

A Prodigy, for Plagues too well we know.

VII.

In taking you, Fate leaves us poor and bare

The mighty Sum is more than we can spare;

For common Losses common Tears we shower

But, Sir, your Merit will command much more:

The aking Hearts of all your Countrymen,

When Woes are deepest, fewest Tears are seen;

And when Grief burns within, where none can see

The bubbling Fountains of the Head are dry.

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VII

VIII.

To thy own safety *England* have regard,
 The Loyal and the Brave are rarely spar'd;
 In props of Virtue we are not so rich,
 But such a Pillar gone will make a Breach,
 Crowds may drop off like Hair of no Esteem,
 But when one Hero goes we lose a Limb;
 Well *Britain* may thy Arms the World o'er-come,
 When thou canst spare an *Albemarle* from Home.

IX.

He, that when late *Rebellious* Seeds grew high,
 And proud *Sedition* trod on Loyalty,
 Encompass'd round with Dangers, and with Foes,
 Numerous as Dust, when the wild Tempest blows,
 With Fortitude undaunted durst defy
 The Force and Favors of the Enemy,
 From his lov'd Country should Affection claim,
 Dear as his own, and lasting as his Fame.

O

X. All

X.

All good Men know that then he nobly serv'd,
 And to his utmost power the Throne preserv'd,
James found his Vigilance and Conduct right,
 Tho upstart *Darus* snarl'd and durst not bite;
 Nor can a Royal Heart unmindful be
 Of stanch Hereditary Loyalty;
 For none should Monarchs of Remissness charge,
 Their Memories are like their Glories large.

XI.

A stedfast Duty, and a Faith entire,
 We know the Jem is right that past the fire,
 So good, our Nations Genius was afraid
 To lose a Prize so proper for her Aid,
 And lest light Coffers by true Bounty drein'd,
 A Mighty Prince should Merchandising send;
Neptune, * as if he brib'd him not to go,
 Sent him a Present from his hoar'd below.

* A *Spanish* Wreck found, and a vast Treasure taken up from
 the bottom of the Sea; and lately brought home.

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XII.

Seven Wonders Ancient Chronicles relate,
 Now change the Scene, and make the number Eight;
 'Tis well Renowned *Britain*, that with thee
 No Land can vie for Wit or Industry;
 If Honor could the Argument maintain,
 As well as politick Designs for Gain,
 The World would then thy wondrous Merit know,
 And Heaven above, as the Salt Deep below.

XIII.

Gigantick Rocks ravish'd the wealthy *Ore*,
 A Peoples Ruin the Rich Vessel bore;
 And Providence for Ends, now known confin'd
 In Coral Groves the Mistress of Mankind,
 Full forty Years the pensive Beauty lay,
 Low in a Sea-Gods Cell, to which none found the
 Way,
 Till *Phip's* inspir'd arriv'd, and Heaven thought well
 To bless our Hero by a Miracle.

O 2

XIV.

XIV.

'Twere wondrous well if Fate would order so,
That Monarchs every Subjects Heart could know,
They then the difference of Men might see,
That serve for Interest or for Loyalty;
To build their Fortunes many plow the Main,
Their Duty is encourag'd by their Gain;
But he that leaves a Greatness so well known
Merely to serve his Prince, is Loyal *Monk* alone.

XV.

For who but he would leave the Bowers of Peace
Of blest Contentment and delightful Ease;
To war with Blasts and Fevers of the Skies,
Half buz'd to death by *Buccaneering* Flies,
Who would the tiresome Voyage undergo,
When Profit has no Golden face to show?
Or who but he the hot Fatigue would bear,
And leave *New-Hall* to be a Viceroy there?

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XVI.

* *New-Hall*, the true *Elizium* of the Eye,
 The glorious Seat of ancient Royalty,
 Where Art and Nature seem by Heaven design'd
 To strive, which shall be Master of their kind;
 And as the pretious Ore in Golden Mines,
 Nature produces, but 'tis Art that coins;
 So she by *Paradise* this Model drew,
 And Art improv'd the Beauties as they grew.

XVII.

The curious Gardens that delight the Eye,
 Shew the gay Scene of blest Variety;
 Sweet as a Virgin that has never known
 The scorching passions of the vicious Town.
Ceres and *Flora* here their Bounty show,
 And Fruits and Flowers so Luxurious grow;
 As *Adam* here had us'd his primitive Spade,
 And from his Maker has just learnt the Trade.

* A short Character of *New-Hall*, his Grace's House in *Essex*.

XVIII.

Next take the Park and prospect in your view,
Apelles never such a Landshape drew,
 Tall Sons of Earth three quarters of a Mile
 Weaving their Branches, frame a wond'rous Isle:
 Here the poor Traveller relief to gain
 From the oppressing Storms of Wind and Rain,
 Tir'd with his tedious Journey flacks his pace,
 Sits down, looks round, and wonders at the Place.

XIX.

The Nightingals in every Grove impart,
 By Nature, Airs that need no help of Art;
 No Artift sent from *Italy* comes there,
 And yet no Eunuch ever sung so rare,
 Curse your ill Stars, ye poor disgender'd crew,
 Each Linner has a better Fate than you,
 For they can in the charming *Chorus* join,
 And yet enjoy the Pleasures of their kind.

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XX.

The happy Herds of Dear then Feasting see
Emblems of Innocence and Amity,
That feed and love together, couch and rise,
Never debauch'd with strife or mortal Vice,
But silently their great Creator praise;
And if they chance to see a human Face,
With eager speed, they from the Object run,
And gaze and wonder at the Monster, Man.

XXI.

Reflect, vain Creature, with erected Face,
That claim'st command o'er the four-footed Race;
How much thy lazy Virtue they'd out do,
If they were blest with sacred Reason too;
Proud of thy Gifts, yet Heaven in them do find
More truth, nay more Religion in their kind,
From Schisms, false Doctrine, and Ambition free,
And pride the darling Sin of poor Mortality.



XXII.

Here ere the Lawns with Summer blessings
crown'd,

Pleas'd with their lussy Health they nimble bound,
Free from the Weathers wild ingratel storns
The trembling Hares fit quiet in their Forms;
Sweet smelling Panthers of whose Spots we read
In modern Pamphlet, here may welcome feed,
But yet no Baptist Boar, nor foaming Bear can graze,
Nor one Immortal Hind in all the Place.

XXIII.

When the great General with Victorious Sword,
Thrice happy *Englands* best of Kings restor'd;
When Crouds were to Obedience forc'd to bow,
And old Rebellions Giant-head lay low:
The mighty Genius of this God of War,
Big with his Merit, did this Place prepare;
And smiling on him with an awful Grace,
Spoke thus, Thou wondrous Man rest here in Peace

XXIV.

The same true

XXIV.

Here let thy glaſs of Life in quiet run,
 And let the World admire what thou haſt done,
 Thou, that from *Chaos* didſt to order bring,
 Diſſenting Crowds, that ſhuffled out the King,
 And when black gathering Clowds of Miſchief grew
 Too dark, for any but thy Eyes to view,
 That all the jarring parts thy power might know,
 Spak'ſt loud, let there be Light, and it was ſo.

XXV.

This ſaid, the Genius bow'd his awful head,
 And at his Feet the conquer'd Trophies laid;
 From hence a Series of new Years ran on
 Till throng'd with Time this great triumphant Man,
 Like ſome tall lofty Pine with bleſſings crown'd,
 Dunk with his mellow Glories to the ground,
 Leaving behind a Theme far more ſublime
 Than e'er agen will grace ſucceeding Time.

XXVII.

Sir, ſtill in you we the old Hero ſee
 The ſame true Courage, and true Loyalty,

The

The Father of his Country does return
 You in a Phenix rising from his Urn,
 Whose stedfast Faith no Interest could sway,
 So well his Heart had taught him to obey;
 To serve his Prince all Dangers would run o'er,
 Dreading no stormy Sea, nor no inhospitable shore,

XXVII.

Yet tho this Sir, on Duties score you do,
 Reason advises to be cautious too;
 When from high Towers you see the dazzling height,
 'Twere direct madness to precipitate.
 Hard is the Game you long have had to play,
 Many would have you go, and more to stay,
 To keep you here, still with your faithful Friends
 But *Og*, would have you gone for his own ends.

XXVIII.

Projecting *Og*, by you like Taper snuft,
 Like Spider now with innate Venom puffed,
 A Bulk sincere, but there's no Faith in that,
 For all Men are not honest that are fat.

This Age by a new juggling Fallacy,
Gartens those most who best can Cheat and Lye;
Who with next Heir at Law would trust his health,
Or who a bloated Bankrupt with his wealth?

XXIX.

To Fame and Truth your Soul did ever bend,
The bravest Man is still the truest Friend:
Heaven its best Graces to your Heart disclos'd,
There all the Elements so well compos'd,
That no unruly Passion dares aspire,
Not too much Earth, nor yet too little Fire;
But in your Bosom form'd, all gently move,
You shew at once the Eagle and the Dove.

XXX.

Forgive me Sir, that I these Truths relate,
And believe Flattery is a thing I hate;
The Courtier's Gloss to varnish his dull Speech,
Could I have flatter'd well I had been Rich;
A well form'd Parasite's an Art so dear,
I might have got three hundred Pound a year,

That

That now can boast no greater Wealth my due,
Than a good Character from such as You.

XXXI.

And rich I am in that, may then your years,
Rowl on with Joy, and may you know no Cares,
May bounteous Plenty blebs you with her Store,
And all the teeming Western Mines with Ore,
May Spicy Breezes cool the parching Air,
That no hot Ray presume t' offend the Fair,
And in a happy hour may *England* boast,
She can win back the Treasure she has lost.

Mr. HAINE'S Second Recantation: A

PROLOGUE intended to be spoken
by him dress'd in a Turkish habit.

MY Reconversion, Sirs, you heard of late,
I told you I was turn'd, but not to what
The truth disguis'd for Cause best known to me;
But now what really I am, * — you see;
In vain did *English* Education work,
My Faith was fixt, I always was a *Turk*; Besides

* Stroking his Mustaches.