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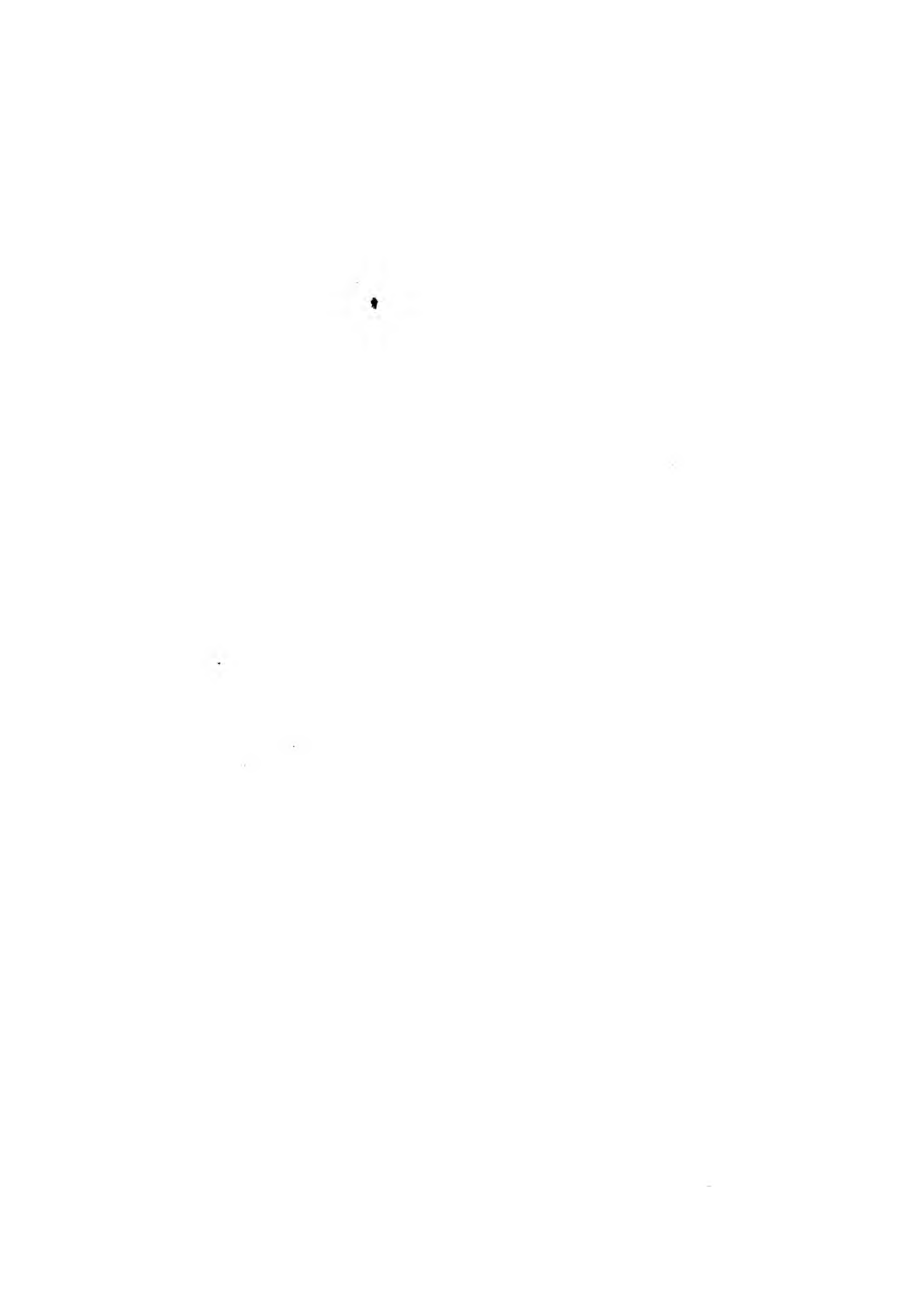
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G.P. 1284(13)





# OCTAVIUS

Prince of *SYRA*,

OR, A

Lash for *LEVI*.

A

# POEM.

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*By Mr. TOLSON.*



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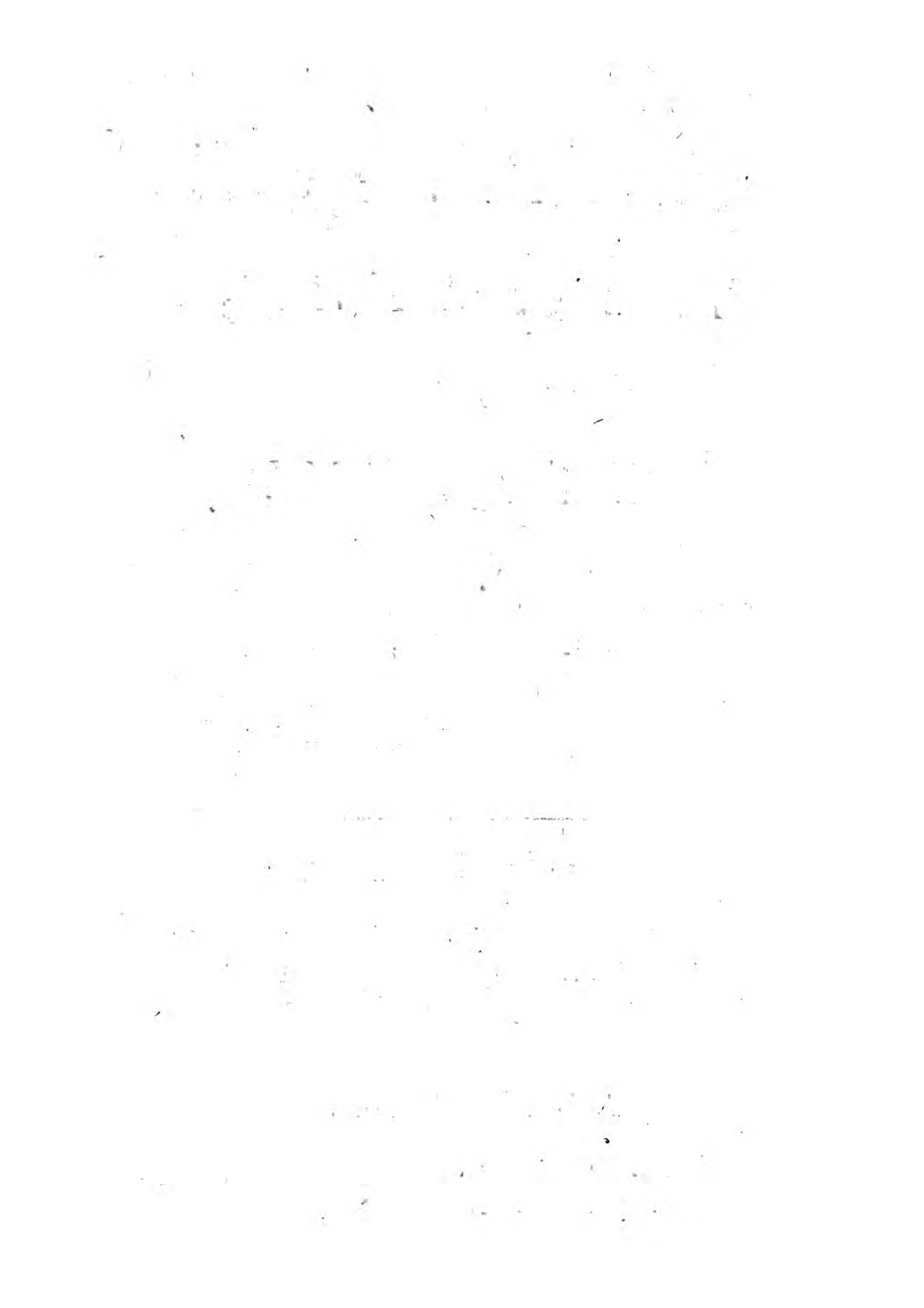
*—Priests of all Religions are the same. Dryden.*

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L O N D O N :

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13.





# OCTAVIUS

Prince of *SYRA*, &c.



**I**N ancient honest Days, e'er Factious Pride,

The Rights of Men, and Kings, and  
Gods deny'd ;

E'er close Cabals betray'd their Country's good,

And publick C——c——ls own'd the private Fraud ;

E'er true Religion was a Sin believ'd,

Or impious Man took Pains to be deceiv'd ;

*Deucalian* Billows lav'd the clifty Shores

Of *Saba's* Isle, where Natures choicest Stores



## 6 Octavius *Prince of Syra.*

Of chearful Plenty deck't the fertile Plain,  
And Golden Harvests joy'd the lab'ring Swain;  
No Noise of War disturb'd the friendly Soil,  
But Peace and Pleasure crown'd this happy Isle;  
None strove, but to excel in doing good,  
While each glad morn the pious strife renew'd:  
'Twas here, the just, the good *Quisara* reign'd,  
And Sov'reign Sway by honest Means maintain'd,  
The glad *Sabeans* faithful homage pay'd,  
With Love she govern'd, they with Joy obey'd;  
Indulgent Heav'n (propitious to her Prayer)  
Had made the happy Land its darling Care.

Not far from thence, another Island lyes,  
But perfect strangers to blest *Saba's* Joys,  
Revenge, and Fraud, and black Ambition R—,  
Honour's a Crime, Religion Faction's Tool,

People

Octavius *Prince of Syra.* 7.

People, and Priests, in this do all agree  
To make their Interest their Deity ;  
No solemn L—ws, no Oaths, no T—ties bind,  
No common F—th (the Duty of Mankind)  
Is there preserv'd, but Lust insatiate reigns,  
One S—n—d cancels what the last ordains.

'Twas on this faithless Isle one stormy Night,  
Dark as was Chaos, e'er a Beam of Light  
Dawn'd on the shapeless Substance from above,  
My shipwreck't Fortunes were by Tempests drove ;  
Wide o'er th' unfreindly Coasts I steer'd my way,  
Which thro' long dreary Wastes, and Desarts lay,  
In vain (with weary steps) I strove to find  
Some hospitable Swain, or chearful Hind,  
In vain (by fruitless expectation led)  
I sought the Covert of some homely shed,

Under

## 8 Octavius *Prince of Syra.*

Under whose kindly Roof I (doubly blest)  
Might footh my anxious Mind with Soul-reviving  
But all was rude, inhumane, and severe, [ Rest  
I found no tracts of soft Compassion there,  
No beam of Mercy joys the gloomy Place,  
Nor charitable Love, nor Heav'n-born Peace;  
But Rage ungovern'd fills each furly Swain,  
With Pride, Revenge, Deceit, and fierce Disdain.

Tir'd with the vain pursuit, I sat me down  
Beneath a blighted Oak, with Moss o'ergrown,  
Pensive, I mus'd on each revolving Scene  
Of Heav'ns blest Providence, which intervenes  
To soften Life's unblest variety,  
That painful Series of uncertainty;  
'Till, from the Purpled *East* the early Dawn,  
Forespoke the Glories of the rising Sun;

When

Octavius Prince of Syra.

9

When (prostrate on the Earths cold Surface laid)

Thus I invok'd the Gods, and humbly pray'd.

*Thanks to propitious Heav'n ! I live to see*

*Yon rising Planet gild the World with Day ;*

*Mysterious Influence of Power Divine !*

*From the bright Rays of whose all-piercing Shine*

*Enliven'd Nature draws prolifick Heat,*

*And beauteous Forms does by their Force create !*

*At sight of thee ! each Flower erects its Head,*

*And op'ning Buds the balmy dew Drops feed ;*

*Soon as the early Lark beholds thy Rays,*

*In soft melodious Notes she chants thy Praise,*

*Sheep bleat, the Oxen low, the Vallies ring,*

*Greeting each Morn like a diurnal Spring ;*

*Ev'n Man, ungrateful Man ! beholding thee*

*Chears up his dusky Soul to Extasy,*

10 Octavius Prince of Syra.

*Pleas'd, to the Business of the Day returns ;  
Nothing but Lust, Despair, and Horror mourns.*

*All hail Ætherial Light ! may thy pure Ray  
A chearful Hope thro' my sad Heart display !  
Drive from my tortur'd Soul this weight of Fear !  
These agonizing Doubts, and black Despair !  
Guide thou my wand'ring Steps to some poor Cell,  
Where Innocence, and Peace, and Plenty dwell !*

This said, I 'rose, and left my mossy Seat,  
In hopes e'er Night some safe recess to meet ;  
When round the barren Moor I cast my Eyes  
I saw the Tow'rs of proud *Lepanto* rise,  
Her Domes, her Palaces, and lofty Spires,  
Whose gilded Roofs shone like exotick Fires :

## Octavius Prince of Syra. II

Oft I had heard the fam'd *Lepanto's* praise,  
That half the World to Her, its Tribute pays,  
From *East*, and *West*, deep laden Vessels come,  
And bring with Joy their shining Treasures home :  
Oh ! Glorious City ! Fav'rite of the Gods !  
As blest, as happy, as their bright Abodes !  
Did not thy Lufts, thy Pride, thy Perjuries,  
Out-rival *Sodom* in her Pomp of Vice !  
Did not thy Sons in monstrous Sins excel,  
And for new damning Pleasures ransack Hell !  
Rapes, Murthers, Faction, are but venial Crimes,  
In these unhallowed, antichristian Times !  
When scarcely Heav'n can keep Mankind in awe,  
Party's Religion, and Opinion Law !

Nearer my view, a spacious Meadow lay,  
(With painted Nature) beautifully gay,

12      Octavius *Prince of Syra.*

A limpid Stream the flow'ry Vale divides,  
Raising soft Murmurs with its purling Tides ;  
Close by its sunny Banks there long had stood  
A spreading Oak, which was it self a Wood,  
Under the Covert of whose thickspun Shade  
I saw a *Pensive Youth* supinely laid ;  
His awful Brow majestick Sadness bore,  
And royal Greatness in dejection wore,  
His massy Shield (with *Wallick* Arms imprest)  
His Name, his Nation, and his Line confest,  
An *Humble Motto* spoke an honest Mind,  
Patient in Ill, to Hope, and Heav'n resign'd.  
For there, the truly Brave do most excel,  
Not in vain boasting, but in bearing well :  
Affliction tries the Temper of the Mind,  
And purifies the Nature of Mankind,

Frees us from Fear, rash Hope, and vain Desire,

Filling the active Soul with gen'rous Fire.

Such was this Royal Youth, endued with all

The noble Virtues of a Heav'n-born Soul ;

With Head reclin'd upon his manly Breast,

He thus the Everlasting Pow'rs address.

*Hail thou great source of Being, mighty Jove !*

*Patron of Nature ! from thy Seats above,*

*Where (crown'd with Beams of pure Ætherial Day)*

*Thou set enthron'd, and all this World survey,*

*Bow thy tremendous Head, and deign to hear*

*The trembling Accents of my humble Prayer !*

*Look not with Anger on this impious Land,*

*But stay a while thy just avenging Hand,*

*The Thunder of thy burning Wrath forbear.*

*And in much Mercy this lost Kingdom spare !*



# 14 Octavius Prince of Syra.

*In Time, the hard'ned proud, ambitious Priest  
May shun those Doctrines which his Fear confest,  
In Time, the poor deluded People hear  
Thy Truths with pleasure, and thy Laws revere,  
Int'rest may sleep, Impiety decay,  
And honest Zeal revive (like new returning Day:)  
Then, shall old Virtue from Oblivion rise,  
And shoot its thriving Branches to the Skies,  
Mankind shall triumph, Heav'n and Nature smile,  
And thy indulgent Favour bless this happy Isle!*

While thus the Hero spoke, behold from far  
Three Nymphs of bright, angelick Form appear,  
Goodly their Mein, reserv'd, but not severe;  
The Chief (for so in Majesty she seem'd,  
As well as Sorrow) was *Eusebia* nam'd,

Her

## Octavius *Prince of Syra.* 19

Her golden Tresses beautiful, and long,  
Loose, and neglected, on her Shoulders hung,  
Her angel Face (rich as the morning Rose,  
When rip'ned Buds their store of Sweets disclose,  
In blooming Majesty, and Charms divine)  
Did like a rival Sun with awful Beauty shine ;  
Down her soft Cheeks, big pearly Drops of Pain  
Trac'd one another, like the falling Rain,  
Her lovely Breast (the Seat of chaste Desire  
Pure as Religion, or the vestal Fire)  
Oft heav'd with anxious Sighs, (the poor Relief  
Of secret Discontent, and inward Grief)  
A seamless Mantle, white as new fall'n Snow,  
Type of her Innocence, did loosely flow  
Around the Fair, with unaffected Grace,  
Modest as Nature, e'er debauch'd by Dress;

Her

5 Octavius *Prince of Syra.*

Her under Garb of purest Flax was wove,  
Ting'd in the mysttick Blood of suff'ring Love :  
As she drew near, I saw her milky Vest  
With Marks of base, unhallow'd Hands imprest,  
Each the deep Tincture of some Gown-Man's Vice,  
His Lust, Ambition, Pride, or Avarice.

But what did most my Indignation fire,  
(For sure her Wrongs a just Revenge inspire)  
Were several Wounds upon the Charmer's Breast,  
But *One* I saw more fatal than the Rest,  
Deep to her Heart the plunging Arrow flew,  
And with the Blood, the vital Spirits drew ;  
*A Leaden M—t—r*, hung with black attire  
Of deep Hipocrisy, and foreign Fire,  
False Zeal, and damning Schism, and secret Sin,  
Hung on the fatal Shaft, and prest the Jav'lin in.

With

With a slow Pace the wounded Virgin mov'd,  
(Who could have seen her thus and not have lov'd?)

The other two, with kind auspicious Care  
Support her tott'ring Steps, and guide the trembling  
The one *Veracia* call'd, of humble Mein, [ Fair :  
Her Looks compos'd, and like her Soul serene.  
The other *Vesta*, patient in Distress,  
In a plain, artless, antiquated Dress,  
Decent, not pompous, innocently gay,  
Not striving luscious Beauties to display,  
To take the gazing Rover by surprize,  
And give each gloating Youth enjoyment at his Eyes;  
A comely Ruff about her Neck was worn,  
No spots of Fancy did her Face adorn,  
Her cleanly skirt boasted no vain excess,  
No study'd excellence of artful Dress,

18 Octavius *Prince of Syra.*

To hide the Frailties of the yeilding Maid,  
By early Love to guilty Joys betray'd.

A solemn Train of aged Bards succeed,  
Not such as Faction by false Topicks feed,  
But deep in Virtues Laws profoundly read;

*Lepanto's* Primate led the sacred Band,  
Whose pious Care twice fav'd this guilty Land,  
'Twas he in *Ægypt* propt this sinking State,  
Snatch't her from Ruin, and confirm'd her great;  
Tho' a divided Faction rag'd at home,  
And falsly construed what he'd bravely done,  
Boldly the Patriot resolutely bore  
The partial Censures of revengeful Pow'r;  
Glad at his Soul to buy the Nation's Good  
With the much fought for Purchase of his Blood,

Firm

Octavius *Prince of Syra.* 19

Firm to his God, and to his Country true,  
(Spite of *Geneva* and her canting Crew)  
Well, what *Hortensio* did with Care advise,  
(*Hortensio* loyal, honest, just, and wise,  
Patron of injur'd Virtue, strong support  
Of a deluded Q—n's declining C—rt,  
Faithful *Lepanto* (virtuous in excess)  
With Zeal performs, and gives his Country Peace.

'Twas he, when *Simon* impiously vain,  
Deny'd his God to please blaspheming Man.

When *Judas* taught that Heav'ns Almighty Son  
(Born of the Father e'er old Time begun,  
Or long Eternity first took its rise)  
Was meerly Man, and wickedly denies

20      Octavius *Prince of Syra.*

Divinity to him who fav'd Mankind :  
Audacious Duft ! with Guilt, and Folly blind !  
Plung'd deep in Crimes of black Tartarian dye,  
We fear a God, and therefore we deny,  
Unwilling to forfake some Fav'rite Luft,  
We dare not to our selves, nor Heav'n be juft,  
Dreading to own that Pow'r, which (once confest)  
Ne'er lets the Conscience of the Guilty reft,  
Horrors (Sins firft reward) about us dwell,  
Still thund'ring in *Our* Ears the Pangs of Hell.

When curst *Socino* from the Womb of Night  
Produc'd a Fiend t'oppose the Lord of Light,  
A Counter-Gospel to explode the Old  
And all Hell's darkeft Myfteries unfold,  
Perplex weak Minds with fear of doing Good,  
Blafting the Merits of our Saviour's Blood ;

This

Octavius *Prince of Syra.* 21

This faithful Prelate, stop'd th' impetuous Flood  
Of raging Sin, and argued for his God :  
A pious Mandate curb'd the growing Ill,  
And check'd the Progress of unhallow'd Zeal.

Next, old *Anselmo* in the Train appears,  
Grey in the Number of his well-spent Years,  
Reserv'dly good, and Reverently wise,  
Well learn'd in Truths divine, and holy Mysteries,  
Patriarch of *Syra.* Next, *Eberno* came  
Arch-Brachmin of the Isle, a noble Flame  
Of holy Zeal for Heav'n, burns in the Breast  
Of this bold, honest, undesigning Priest.  
Firm in Religion's Cause, he largely dares,  
No Crimes he flatters, nor no Faction spares.

I quickly knew *Ancesto's* honest Face,  
His comely Manner, and majestick Grace,



22     *Octavius Prince of Syra.*

Fierce in his Faith's Defence, and bravely Good,  
He long the Bulwark of the Cause has stood,  
Stem'd the fierce Torrent of the Party's Rage,  
Fearless, in Heav'ns Defence alone t' engage,  
The burning Malice of a vicious Age :  
Has long in Virtues Paths with boldness trod,  
And dares do all Things but offend his God.

Next, *Dario* came yet warm with honest Zeal,  
A firm Defender of the Churches Weal.

Old honest *Cosmo* with his hoary Head  
White as the Alpine Snow, did next succeed.

*Polyndor*, and *Timotheus* too I saw,  
Both deeply read in Heav'ns myfterious Law.

*Clitus,*

Octavius *Prince of Syra.* 23

*Clitus*, and *Seraphon*, and good *Dumaine*,  
With others, follow'd in the sacred Train.

But see! what form is that? by Heav'ns I fear  
Hypocrisy has found Admission there!  
Else whence *Cardono*? how the quick surprize  
Thro' my whole Mass of Blood like Light'ning flies?  
Blasts me with Horror, and confounds my Thought!  
He, who the Cause of Vice so strongly fought!  
Whose Int'rest was his God! who oft of old,  
Barter'd his Conscience for mischeivous Gold!  
Whose artful Eloquence could fairly paint  
The blackest Crimes that Hell did e'er invent,  
And of the foulest Villain, form a specious Saint!  
With Lust his early dawn of Life began,  
E'er well, Experience had confirm'd him Man;

Boundless

24 Octavius *Prince of Syra.*

Boundless in Pleasure, faithless in his Love,  
By false, deluding Arguments he strove  
The Cause of dear Variety to plead,  
And find a License for the lascious Deed,  
To make what's mostly Vile, seem mostly Just,  
Stamping a sacred Sanction on his Lust.  
With a long Course of guilty Pleasures cloy'd,  
Ambition next his ripen'd Years employ'd.

Ambition, the Disease of noble Minds,  
Perverts the Judgment, and the Reason blinds,  
Clouds o'er the Soul, tho' just, and brave before,  
And dazzles Virtue with the glare of Pow'r.

Religion never was this Statesman's aim,  
But Politicks, and L—w, and empty Fame,

Octavius Prince of Syra. 25

Can he turn Virtue's Advocate, and be  
Prop of our sinking Faith, and Liberty?

*Cardono* honest! by the God's 'tis strange!

Sure Heav'n in Mercy wrought this wond'rous  
[change.

(Attended with these few, but faithful Friends,)

The sad *Eusebia* to the Meadow tends,

There to *OCTAVIUS* would repeat her Woes,

And all the Anguish of her Soul disclose,

The Hero with Compassion view'd the Fair,

Mourn'd o'er her Wrongs, and drop't a silent Tear;

When thus the sacred Exile hail'd the Youth,

Still soft'ning with her Tears the melancholly Truth.

Oh! my *OCTAVIUS*! Heir of Syra's Throne!

To Thee we bow as to a rising Sun?

26 Octavius Prince of Syra.

Of Thee, the eldest Hope of Syra's Love,  
Joy of the World, and Favorite of Jove,  
(O'ergrown with Sorrows) a poor banish'd Maid  
Begs the Protection of a friendly Aid:  
Long, the Delight of yon injurious Town  
I liv'd, 'till Faction pull'd my Glories down,  
'Till bold aspiring Dust with impious Pride  
The Thunder of offended Heav'n defy'd;  
Soon as with rip'ning Youth desire began,  
From Sin, to Sin the sordid Earthworm ran,  
'Till only by his Crimes distinguish'd Man;  
Then, with gigantick Lust at Heav'n he flies,  
And the great Source from whence he sprung denies,  
Cavils at Virtue, as an idle Dream,  
The Churchman's Wile to check the Statesman's Fame,  
And damp his Glories with that bugbear Shame;

Octavius Prince of Syra. 27

*Scoffs at Religion as a Trick of State,  
To awe the Vulgar, and oppress the Great ;  
The freer Laws of Nature to restrain,  
And curb his Pleasures with the Fear of Pain.  
Oh ! impious Age ! with Clouds of Sin o'ercast !  
Where will thy Follies hurry thee at last ?  
What will the end of all thy Madness be,  
But Shame, Confusion, Wrath, and Misery ?  
Alas OCTAVIUS ! mourn thy Country's Fate,  
I still have greater Horrors to relate :  
The M——d C——s of L——v——'s holy Tribe  
Have sold their Faith, and Conscience, for a Bribe,  
The bloody Paths of their cnrst Patron trod,  
And (Judas like) betray'd the Son of God.  
Drove me with fury from the sacred Fanes,  
Where in my Place, destructive Sc——m reigns.*

*The black Rheboam foe to Heav'n, and Laws,  
 Heads their base C——ls, and supports the Cause,  
 There's not a reigning Vice among Mankind,  
 But in this P——t's monstrous Soul we find,  
 His Conscience wide, well practis'd in Deceit,  
 And all the thriving Arts of growing Great :  
 When bold Andreas did (with timely Zeal)  
 The Arts of ill-designing Men reveal,  
 Rheboam first with canting Envy, strove  
 To blast the Efforts of his pious Love,  
 With specious Craft his good Designs defeat,  
 And cloud his Vertues with malicious Wit ;  
 From hence the subtle G——n-M——n took his rise,  
 Next, at the ancient Rule of Faith he flies,  
 Levels Religion to his own Desire,  
 Lives at his Ease, and prays with Lambent Fire.*

*Next,*

Next, old Learcho with obsequious Phrase,  
The Cause of Faction zealously displays,  
Cants to the servile Mob in humble Strains,  
And sows Dissention with unwearied Pains,  
Witness his learn'd Harrangue condemn'd by Law,  
(The only Means to keep the World in awe)  
Each morn of Worship the good Soul appears,  
And spends a tedious Hour to fill Mankind with Fears.

Smiling Hieronymo whose humble Face,  
Wrongs the poor Man's Ambition of His Grace,  
Makes it a point of Conscience in a P—t  
To turn a Rebel to his Interest,  
And stop the Progress of a thriving Cause,  
So makes his Faith conform to modern L—s.

But



30 Octavius Prince of Syra.

*But there is one whose black Ambitious Soul*  
*Sticks at no Crimes, but boldly aims at all;*  
*Faithless Qmalco! insolently base!*  
*Durst thou Religion, or a God profess?*  
*Whose wav'ring Faith, like Goblins of the Night*  
*Assumes all Forms, as fancy may invite,*  
*And brands thee with the nauseous Name of Hipocrite!*

*These, these, OCTAVIUS! have with Hell com-*  
*By open force to drive me from Mankind; [bin'd,*  
*That each aspiring Wretch may basely dare,*  
*Be greatly Wicked, and no Censures fear,*  
*With horrid Crimes perverted Nature shake,*  
*And own no God but what their Fancies make:*  
*Surely, thy honest Soul detests to see*  
*Thy Nation plung'd in such Impiety,*

Here,

*Here, you behold the sad remaining few,  
 Who to the Cause of Virtue dare be true ;  
 Thee we have sought in this retir'd Abode,  
 And court thy Favour like a guardian God.*

The glorious Youth embrac'd the weeping Maid,  
 Graspt his tall Spear, and from retirement fled,  
 Bravely the wrong'd *Eusebia's* Cause maintains,  
 Int'rest the darling of the World disdains,  
 And lives the Glory of blest *Syra's* Plains.

**F I N I S.**



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