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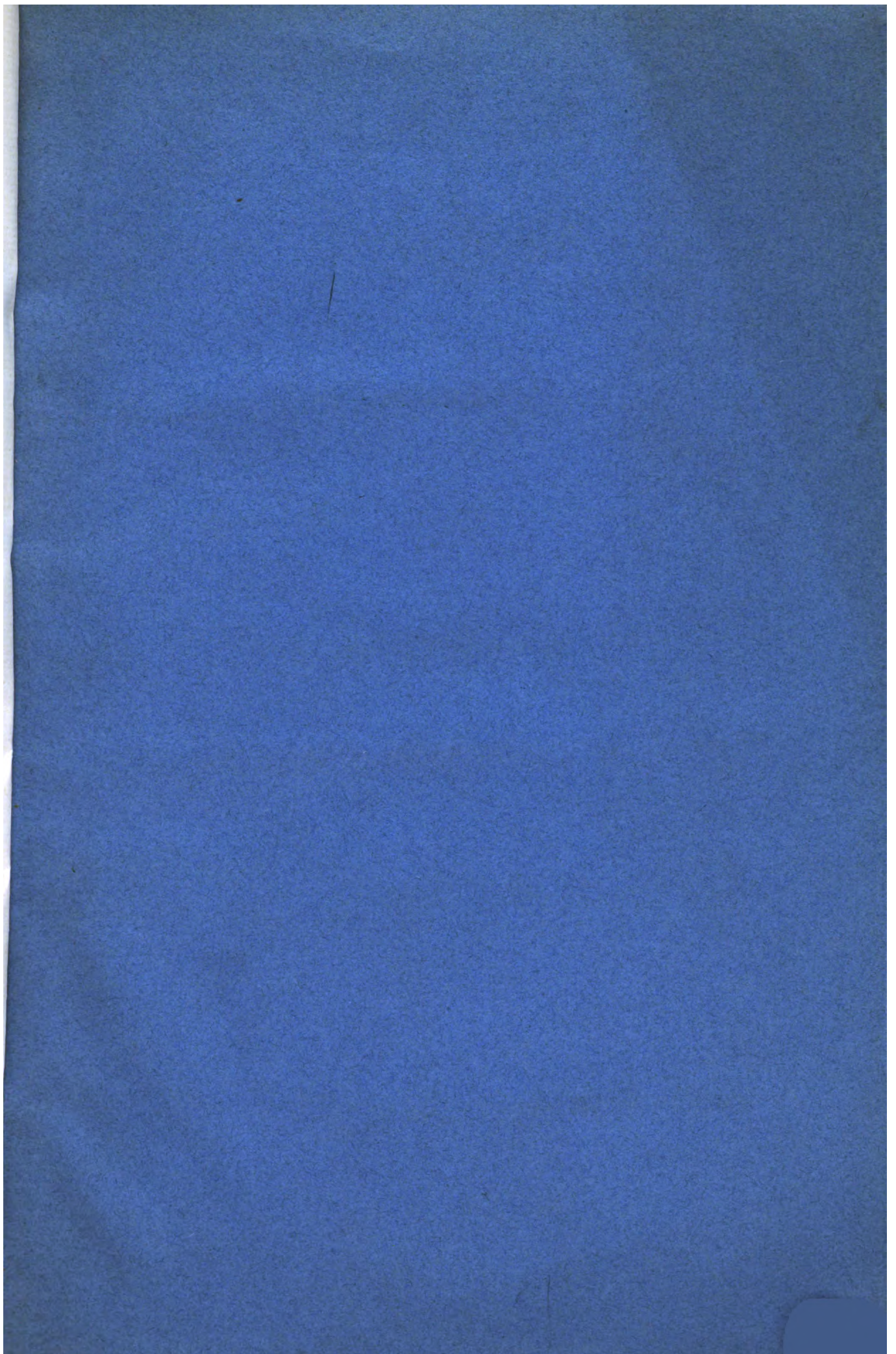
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B. from R.W. Chapman, Esq.

B R I T A N N I A.

Pkt 139



The Clarendon Press

Oxford

26 January 1925

*Accepted
A. 27. 1. 25*

Any reply should be addressed to the Secretary

Quote

My dear Gibson

Do you think you can run to two guineas for Thomson's Britannia, folio 1729 ? It seems to be somewhat scarce; the copy in the British Museum, or at Cambridge (though they have a Dublin 8vo of the same date), or in Texas; and I cannot hear of any other copy except one of my own and a second which I offer to you, and two at Yale. Nor have I ever seen it catalogued, though I have now watched Thomson for several years. This copy, which I have ordered from Pickering's latest catalogue, is perfect and in good condition.

Yours sincerely

S. Gibson Esq
Bodleian Library

R. W. Chapman

Fol. O. 689

It. from R.W. Chapman, Esq.

The Clarendon Press
Oxford

20 January 1925

EST 152



My dear Gibson

Do you think you can run to two halves for
Thomson's Britannia, folio IVB 7. It seems to be somewhat
scarce; the copy in the British Museum, or at Cambridge
(though they have a Dobbie 3vo of the same date), or in
Texas; and I cannot hear of any other copy except one of my
own and a second which I offer to you and two at Yale.
I have I ever seen it catalogued, though I have now written
Thomson for several years. This copy, which I have ordered
from Richardson's latest catalogue, is perfect and in good
condition.

Yours sincerely

R.W. Chapman

S. Gibson Esq.
Bodleian Library

1525-

B R I T A N N I A.

A

P O E M.

Her

—— *Et tantas audetis tollere Moles ?
Quos Ego — sed motos præstat componere Fluctus.
Post mihi non simili Pœna commissa luetis.
Maturate Fugam, Regique hæc dicite vestro :
Non illi Imperium Pelagi, Sævumque Tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum. ——*

VIRG.



L O N D O N :

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Fol. G. 687





B R I T A N N I A.

A

P O E M.

AS on the Sea-beat Shore BRITANNIA sat,
 Of her degenerate Sons, the faded Fame,
 Deep in her anxious Heart revolving sad:
 Bare was her throbbing Bosom to the Gale,
 That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak Surge blew;
 Loose flow'd her Tresses; Rent her Azure Robe
 Hung o'er the Deep: from her Majestick Brow
 She tore the Laurel, and she tore the Bay.
 Nor ceas'd the copious Grief to bathe her Cheek;

B

Nor

Nor ceas'd her Sobs to murmur to the Main:

Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
 Her Dove-like Wings. And *War*, tho' greatly rous'd,
 Yet mourn'd his fetter'd Hands. While thus the *Queen*
Of Nations spoke; and what she said the *Muse*
 Recorded, faithful, in unbidden Verse.

EVEN not yon Sail, that, from the Sky-mixt Wave,
 Dawns on the Sight, and wafts the ROYAL YOUTH,
 A Freight of future Glory to my Shore;
 Even not the flattering View of golden Days,
 And rising Periods yet of bright Renown,
 Beneath the PARENTS, and their endless Line
 Thro' late revolving Time, can sooth my Rage;
 While, unchastis'd, the insulting *Spaniard* dares
 Infest the trading Flood, full of vain War
 Despise my *Navies*, and my *Merchants* seize;
 As, trusting to false Peace, they fearless roam
 The World of Waters wild, made, by the Toil,
 And liberal Blood of glorious Ages, mine:
 Nor bursts my sleeping Thunder on their Head.
 Whence this unwonted Patience? This weak Doubt?
 This tame Beseeching of rejected Peace?
 This meek Forbearance? This unnative Fear,
 To generous *Britons* never known before?

And

And fail'd my *Fleets* for this; on *Indian* Tides
 To float, unactive, with the veering Winds
 The Mockery of War! While foul Disease,
 And Sloth distemper'd, swept off burning Crowds,
 For Action ardent; and amid the Deep,
 Inglorious, sunk Them in a watry Grave.
 There now they lie beneath the rowling Flood,
 Far from their Friends, and Country unaveng'd;
 And back the weeping *War-Skip* comes again,
 Dispirited, and thin; her Sons ashamed
 Thus idly to review their native Shore;
 With not one Glory sparkling in their Eye,
 One Triumph on their Tongue. A Passenger,
 The violated *Merchant* comes along;
 That far-sought Wealth, for which the noxious Gale
 He drew, and sweat beneath Equator Suns,
 By lawless Force detain'd; a Force that soon
 Would melt away, and every Spoil resign,
 Were once the *British* *Lion* heard to roar.
 Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,
 In their own well-affected Element,
 Dares rouse to Wrath the *Masters of the Main*?
 Who told him, that the big, incumbent *War*
 Would not, ere this, have rowl'd his trembling Ports
 In smoaky Ruin? And his guilty Stores,

Won by the Ravage of a butcher'd World;
 Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing Deep,
 Or led the glittering Prize into the *Thames* ?

THERE was a Time (Oh let my languid Sons
 Resume their Spirit at the rousing Thought !)
 When all the Pride of *Spain*, in one dread Fleet,
 Swell'd o'er the labring Surge ; like a whole Heaven
 Of Clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless Breeze.
 Gaily the splendid *Armament* along
 Exultant plow'd, reflecting a red Gleam,
 As sunk the Sun, o'er all the flaming Vast ;
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate ; drunk with the Dream
 Of easy Conquest ; while their bloated War,
 Stretch'd out from Sky to Sky, the gather'd Force
 Of Ages held in its capacious Womb.
 But soon, regardless of the cumbrous Pomp,
 My dauntless *Britons* came, a gloomy Few,
 With Tempest black, the goodly Scene deform'd,
 And laid their Glory waste. The Bolts of Fate
 Resiftless thunder'd thro' their yielding Sides ;
 Fierce o'er their Beauty blaz'd the lurid Flame ;
 And seiz'd in horrid Grasp, or shatter'd wide,
 Amid the mighty Waters, deep they sunk.
 Then too from every Promontory chill,

Rank Fen, and Cavern where the wild Wave works,
 I swept confederate Winds, and swell'd a Storm.
 Round the glad Isle, snatch'd by the vengeful Blast,
 The scatter'd Remnants drove ; on the blind Shelve,
 And pointed Róck, that marks the indented Shore,
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the *Northern Main*
 Howls thro' the fractur'd *Caledonian* Isles.

SUCH were the Dawnings of my liquid Reign ;
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
 Even in those troubled Times, when dreadful *Blake*
 Aw'd angry Nations with the *British* Name,
 Let every humbled State, let *Europe* say,
 Sustain'd, and ballanc'd, by my *Naval Arm*.
 Ah what must these immortal Spirits think
 Of your poor Shifts ? These, for their Country's Good,
 Who fac'd the blackest Danger, knew no Fear,
 No mean Submission, but commanded Peace.
 Ah how with Indignation must they burn ?
 (If ought, but Joy, can touch ætherial Breasts)
 With Shame ? With Grief ? To see their feeble Sons
 Shrink from that Empire o'er the conquer'd Seas,
 For which their Wisdom plann'd, their Councils glow'd,
 And their Veins bled thro' many a toiling Age.

OH first of human Blessings! and Supreme!
 Fair PEACE! how lovely, how delightful thou!
 By whose wide Tie, the kindred Sons of Men,
 Like Brothers live, in Amity combin'd,
 And unsuspecting Faith; while honest *Toil*
 Gives every Joy, and to those Joys a Right,
 Which idle, barbarous *Rapine* but usurps.
 Pure is thy Reign; when, unaccurs'd by Blood,
 Nought, save the Sweetness of indulgent Showers,
 Trickling distils into the verdant Glebe;
 Instead of mangled Carcasses, sad-seen,
 When the blythe Sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the Field;
 When only shining Shares, the crooked Knife,
 And Hooks imprint the vegetable Wound;
 When the Land blushes with the Rose alone,
 The falling Fruitage, and the bleeding Vine.
 Oh, PEACE! thou Source, and Soul of social Life;
 Beneath whose calm, inspiring Influence,
Science his Views enlarges, *Art* refines,
 And swelling *Commerce* opens all her Ports;
 Blest be the *Man divine*, who gives us Thee!
 Who bids the Trumpet hush his horrid Clang,
 Nor blow the giddy Nations into Rage;
 Who sheaths the murderous Blade; the deadly Gun

Into

Into the well-pil'd Armoury returns ;
 And, every Vigour, from the Work of Death,
 To grateful Industry converting, makes
 The City flourish, and the Country smile.
 Unviolated, Him the Virgin sings ;
 And Him the smiling Mother to her Train.
 Of Him the Shepherd, in the peaceful Dale,
 Chaunts ; and, the Treasures of his Labour sure,
 The Husbandman of Him, as at the Plow,
 Or Team, He toils. With Him the Sailor sooths,
 Beneath the trembling Moon, the Midnight Wave ;
 And the full City, warm, from Street to Street,
 And Shop to Shop, responsive, rings of Him.
 Nor joys *one Land alone* ; his Praise extends
 Far as the Sun rolls the diffusive Day ;
 Far as the Breeze can bear the Gifts of Peace,
 Till all the happy Nations catch the Song.

WHAT would not, PEACE! the *Patriot* bear for Thee ?
 What painful Patience ? What incessant Care ?
 What mixt Anxiety ? What sleepless Toil ?
 Even from the rash Protected what Reproach ?
 For He thy Value knows ; thy Friendship He
 To human Nature : but the better thou,
 The richer of Delight, sometimes the more

Inevitable WAR; when ruffian Force
 Awakes the Fury of an injur'd State :
 Then the good easy Man, whom Reason rules ;
 Who, while unhurt, knew nor Offence, nor Harm,
 Rouz'd by bold Insult, and injurious Rage,
 With sharp, and sudden Check, th' astonish'd Sons
 Of Violence confounds ; firm as his Cause,
 His bolder Heart ; in awful Justice clad ;
 His Eyes effulging a peculiar Fire :
 And, as he charges thro' the prostrate War,
 His keen Arm teaches faithless Men, no more
 To dare the sacred Vengeance of the Just.

AND what, my thoughtless *Sons*, should fire you more,
 Than when your well-earn'd Empire of the Deep
 The least beginning Injury receives ?
 What better Cause can call your Lightning forth ?
 Your Thunder wake ? Your dearest Life demand ?
 What better Cause, than when your Country sees
 The sly Destruction at her Vitals aim'd ?
 For Oh it much imports you, 'tis your All,
 To keep your *Trade* intire, intire the Force,
 And Honour of your *Fleets* ; o'er that to watch,
 Even with a Hand severe, and jealous Eye.
 In Intercourse be gentle, generous, just,

By Wisdom polish'd, and of Manners fair ;
 But on the Sea be terrible, untam'd,
 Inconquerable still : let none escape,
 Who shall but aim to touch your Glory there.
 Is there the Man, into the Lyon's Den
 Who dares intrude, to snatch his Young away ?
 And is a *Briton* seiz'd ? and seiz'd beneath
 The slumbring Terrors of a *British Fleet* ?
 Then ardent rise ! Oh great in Vengeance rise !
 O'erturn the Proud, teach Rapine to restore :
 And as you ride sublimely round the World,
 Make every Vessel stoop, make every State
 At once their Welfare and their Duty know :
 This is your Glory ; this your Wisdom ; this
 The native Power for which you were design'd
 By *Fate*, when *Fate* design'd the firmest State,
 That e'er was seated on the subject Sea ;
 A State, alone, where LIBERTY should live,
 In these late Times, this Evening of Mankind,
 When *Carthage*, *Rome*, and *Athens* are no more,
 The World almost in slavish Sloth dissolv'd ;
 For this, these Rocks around your Coast were thrown ;
 For this, your Oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
 Strong into sturdy Growth ; for this, your Hearts
 Swell with a fullen Courage, growing still

As Danger grows ; and Strength, and Toil for this
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent Land.
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive Power,
 Undangerous to the *Publick*, ever prompt,
 By lavish *Nature* thrust into your Hand :
 And, unencumber'd with the Bulk immense
 Of Conquest, whence huge Empires rose, and fell,
 Self-crush'd, extend your Reign from Shore to Shore,
 Where-e'er the Wind your high Behests can blow,
 And fix it deep on this eternal Base.
 For should the sliding Fabrick once give Way,
 And on the Brink of Fate begin to nod,
 Soon blacken'd quite, and past Recovery broke,
 It gathers *Ruin* as it rowls along,
 Steep-rushing down to that devouring Gulph,
 Where many a mighty Empire buried lies.
 And should the big redundant Flood of *Trade*,
 In which ten thousand thousand *Labours* join
 Their several Currents, 'till the boundless Tide
 Rolls in a radiant Torrent o'er the Land,
 Fruitful of Wealth, Magnificence, and Joy,
 Of every glittering Harvest, richer far
 Than what *Hesperian* Gardens bore of old ;
 Should this bright Stream, the least inflected, point
 Its Course another Way, o'er other Lands

The *various Treasure* would resistless pour,
 Ne'er to be won again ; its antient Tract
 Left a vile Channel, desolate, and dead,
 With all around a miserable Waste.

Not *Egypt*, were, her better Heaven, the *Nile*
 Turn'd in the Pride of Flow ; when o'er his Rocks,
 And roaring Cataracts, beyond the Reach
 Of dizzy Vision pil'd, in one wide Flash
 An *Ethiopian* Deluge foams amain ;
 (Whence wond'ring *Fable* trac'd him from the Sky)
 Even not that Prime of Earth, where Harvests croud
 On untill'd Harvests, all the teeming Year,
 If of the fat, o'erflowing Culture robb'd,
 Were then a more uncomfortable Wild,
 Steril, and void ; than of her Trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boasted Isle : Her Princes sunk ;
 Her high-built Honour moulder'd to the Dust ;
 Unnerv'd her Force ; her Spirit vanish'd quite ;
 With rapid Wing her Riches fled away ;
 Her unfrequented Ports alone the Sign
 Of what she was ; her Merchants scatter'd wide ;
 Her hollow Shops shut up ; and in her Streets,
 Her Fields, Woods, Markets, Villages, and Roads,
 The chearful Voice of *Labour* heard no more.

Oh let not then waste *Luxury* impair
 That manly Soul of Toil, which strings your Nerves,
 And your own proper Happiness creates !
 Oh let not the soft, penetrating Plague
 Creep on the free-born Mind ! And working there,
 With the sharp Tooth of many a new-form'd Want,
 Endless, and idle all, eat out the Heart
 Of LIBERTY ; the high Conception blast ;
 The noble Sentiment, th' impatient Scorn
 Of base Subjection, and the swelling With
 For general Good, erasing from the Mind :
 While nought save narrow *Selfishness* succeeds,
 And low Design, the gloomy Passions all
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled Breast.
 Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd Degrees,
 Sapping the very Frame of Government,
 And Life, a total *Dissolution* comes :
 Sloth, Ignorance, Dejection, Flattery, Fear,
 Oppression raging o'er the Waste He makes ;
 The human Being almost quite extinct ;
 And the whole State in broad *Corruption* sinks.
 Oh shun that Gulph ! That gaping Ruin shun !
 And countless Ages roll it far away
 From you, ye Heaven-belov'd ! May LIBERTY,

The Light of Life ! the Sun of human kind !
 Whence *Heroes*, *Bards*, and *Patriots* borrow Flame,
 Even where the keen depressive *North* descends,
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your Powers !
 While slavish *Southern* Climates beam in vain:
 And may a *publick Spirit* from the THRONE,
 Where every *Virtue* sits, go copious forth
 Wide o'er the Land ! the *finer Arts* inspire ;
 Make thoughtful *Science* raise his pensive Head,
 Blow the fresh *Bay*, bid *Industry* rejoice,
 And the rough *Sons* of lowest *Labour* smile.
 As when, profuse of Spring, the loosen'd *West*
 Lifts up the pining Year, and luscious breathes
 Youth, Life, and Love, and Beauty o'er the World.

BUT haste We from these melancholly Shores,
 Nor to deaf Winds, and Waves, our fruitless Plaint
 Pour out ; the Country claims our active Aid ;
 That let Us come ; and where we find a Spark
 Of *publick Virtue*, blow it into Flame.
 The THRONE be chief our Care ; th' ætherial Streams
 Of Wisdom, Justice, and Benevolence,
 That issue thence, refreshing all the Land,
 Joyous to swell : and o'er the lovely Round
 Of ROYAL BEAUTY, which about it glows,

To hover fond, prophetick of those Days
 That, FREDERICK! dawn delightful in thy Eye.
 And now my *Sons*, the *Sons of Freedom!* meet
 In awful Senate; thither let us fly;
 Burn in the *Patriot's* Thought, flow from his Tongue
 In fearless Truth; myself, transform'd, *preside*,
 And shed the Spirit of BRITANNIA round.

THIS said; her fleeting Form, and airy Train,
 Sunk in the Gale; and nought but ragged Rocks
 Rush'd on the broken Eye; and nought was heard
 But the rough Cadence of the dashing Wave.

F I N I S.



