BLENHEIM: BATTLE, PALACE AND SYMBOL. A STUDY OF ONE ASPECT OF THE POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ARCHITECTURE OF THE QUEEN ANNE PERIOD.

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JOAN LOUISE TYNDALL CRANDALL

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ABSTRACT

BLENHEIM: BATTLE, PALACE AND SYMBOL.
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By

Joan Louise Tyndall Crandall

The immediate problem incident to all interdisciplinary study is one of synthesis. I have chosen to use a central event of the War of the Spanish Succession under Queen Anne, namely the battle of Blenheim, as an integrating symbol of the early eighteenth-century milieu insofar as it encompassed literature, politics and architecture. In addition, two of the leading figures of the time, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, serve as catalytic agents in this synthesis.

Historical events of the reign of Queen Anne form the continuing background for this work, and since the growth of Whig and Tory parties was one of the main developments of that reign, there is considerable emphasis on politics throughout the study. Indeed, the political situation of the period was also a main social force, influencing literature and the arts as well as other areas of life. There was no isolation or alienation of the artist in eighteenth-century life; in literature for example, the leading writers of the day--Addison, Defoe, Swift, Steele and Prior--were also active in political life as office holders and party propagandists. Samples of their partisan writing are examined here,

particularly as they refer to the battle of Blenheim, the palace and the Duke of Marlborough. In addition, seven obscure pieces representing the British Museum's holdings of Blenheim literature are discussed in terms of their diction and the implications of that dictions as well as, more importantly, in terms of the varying political views expressed. These pieces are reproduced in an appendix. Similarly, the close relationship between the political, social and the artistic life of the period is reflected in English Baroque architecture as exemplified by Blenheim Palace, built for Marlborough to commemorate both the victory and Anne's reign. The architect of Blenheim Palace, John Vanbrugh, also an office holder and playwright, thus exemplifies the interrelationship between public life and the arts. In the powerful movement and somewhat awkward grandeur of the architecture of Blenheim Palace Vanbrugh was expressing the same involvement with life, the patriotism, vitality and emergent power which was also present in the literature and politics of Queen Anne's day.

Throughout this study the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have served as a focus for the discussion of social, political and aesthetic relationships. Their sphere of power and influence spread into so many facets of English life during Anne's reign that they have become almost symbolic of their age, and their interaction with the other leading figures of the day formed the very fabric of society during the opening years of the eighteenth century.

Hence it can be seen how a battle and a palace and the literature that came into being as a result of those two phenomena can be used to throw light on a whole period of history.

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By

Joan Louise Tyndall Crandall

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DEDICATION

To the Sedate Eight:

A remarkable group of marine engineers and friends who never allowed a realistic appraisal of the situation to interfere with their steadfast encouragement, support and appreciation of my endeavor.

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INTRODUCTION

The period of the reign of Queen Anne (1702-1714) lends itself well to interdisciplinary study because it was a time when there was a natural and particularly close interrelationship between different aspects of society. The age was one of generalization and synthesis rather than specialization and isolation; for the most part, men still felt adequate to deal with all facets of their lives.

One of the most effective integrating forces present in England at the time was political interest. Eventually the eighteenth century was to witness two political and military revolutions of lasting world-wide significance, and already at the very beginning of the century the seeds of those political upheavals could be discerned in England, in the form of an intense concern with man's inherent as well as legal right to personal, religious and political freedom. This preoccupation with politics and governmental forms ran through virtually all aspects of life in Anne's reign, influencing everything from education and literature to family alliances and club membership. Indirectly, it even affected the fine arts, insofar as it determined who would receive commissions from which clients. Since eighteenth-century artists felt themselves to be integral parts of society, their political concerns and preferences found expression in their work, and thus can serve directly to increase an understanding of their age.

In this study, Queen Anne herself plays a similar integrating role, since she attempted to stay above party strife, appointing whenever

possible those men who would serve England's cause selflessly and thus trying to avoid the total disruption of governmental processes which partisan strife occasionally threatened. It was a foregone conclusion, therefore, that the political events of Anne's reign would necessarily form the background for this study. In addition, particular focus is placed on the War of the Spanish Succession, the Duke of Marlborough, and the Battle of Blenheim. Literature and architecture connected with the Battle and the Duke serve to provide a different frame of reference for the period, adding to an appreciation of the ideas and emotions influencing Englishmen at that time.

The emphasis throughout this work has been on synthesis and integration of ideas rather than on independent, original research; thus the period of Queen Anne will hopefully come into view as an entity, its themes echoed in many aspects of society, its attitudes and assumptions made clearer through references to the personalities, events and creative endeavors of the day. Since the twelve short years of Anne's reign had been recorded minutely by a notable historian, G.M. Trevelyan's England Under Queen Anne serves as the basic background text for this study. Other valuable references include Leslie Stephen's English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century, Alexandre Beljame's Men of Letters and the English Public in the Eighteenth Century, and, in architecture, Blenheim Palace by David Green, English Baroque Architecture by Kerry Downes, and John Summerson's Architecture in Britain 1530-1830. Whenever possible, I have gone to contemporary sources for specific commentary, not only to give a more accurate account of events, but also to show through the lively and colorful writing of the time how active and provocative the issues and participants were.

There is, in fact, an enormous amount of vitality in this short historical period. It was a time when nothing was sacred, politically; all things were up for questioning and examination. As such, it was a period of intense growth as well as friction, and it is possible it is still somewhat underrated for the indirect influence it may have had on succeeding generations.

I

The Battle of Blenheim

On February 20, 1702, the horse on which William III was riding stumbled in a mole hole and threw the King. Only his collarbone was broken, but the resulting internal injuries and his general poor health led to his death on March 8. His passing was not too deeply felt by most Englishmen; in fact the Tories proposed toasts to the mole, masking their political meaning by drinking to 'the little gentleman in brown velvet.' His preference for all things Dutch, his ill-concealed disdain of Whig and Tory political maneuvering, his long absences from the country all served to alienate him from English hearts. His one obsession was the defeat of France and the consolidation of a Protestant alliance in Europe, and it has been estimated that "William's War" had cost $3\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds a year for the nine years it had lasted, so that by 1702 England had a war debt of $14\frac{1}{2}$ million, to be paid primarily by the Tory gentry through the land tax.[1] Queen Mary, his one tie to English affections, had been dead for eight years, and William sorely needed her graciousness to smooth over his abrasive qualities. His religious tolerance won him some friends among the dissenters, notably Daniel Defoe, and his perspicacity has since been appreciated, but in general William III was a prophet without much honor in his adopted country.

It is small wonder, then, that Queen Anne was welcomed so wholeheartedly to the throne. Her credentials were impeccable by English standards: she was the legitimate daughter of James II and she was Protestant. Even

[1] G. M. Trevelyan, "Blenheim", England Under Queen Anne, 3 Vols., I (London: Longmans, Green & Co. Ltd., 1930), p. 156. Hereafter cited as "Blenheim".

though her mother, Anne Hyde, had been a commoner, she came from a notable political family that had shared the exile of Charles II and James II. The one unorthodox factor in Anne's succession was the existence, in France, of James' legitimate son, whose titles ranged from Prince of Wales to "warming-pan baby."

This was the crux of the problem: traditionally in England, as elsewhere in Europe, a male heir inherited the throne in preference to a female, regardless of age. However, the Bill of Rights passed by Parliament in Dec. 1688 stated:

> Whereas it hath been found by experience that it is inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a popish prince, or by any king or queen marrying a papist, the said lords, spiritual and temporal, and commons, do further pray that it may be enacted that all and every person and persons that is, are, or shall be reconciled to, or shall hold communion with, the See or Church of Rome, or shall profess the popish religion, or shall marry a papist, shall be excluded and be forever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the crown and government of this realm.[2]

Since the young prince, Anne's brother, was Catholic, he was automatically disqualified from the throne. In addition to the Parliamentary ban, a story had circulated regarding the baby's birth that cast doubt upon his legitimacy, saying that the Queen had had an infant smuggled into her lying-in hidden in a warming pan, and the heir was therefore supposititious. Anne chose to believe the warming-pan story, and the significance of this preference for a poorly substantiated rumor over a Parliamentary statute is essential to an understanding of the time. The conflict between Parliamentary government and the Divine Right of Kings had not yet been completely resolved either by the Queen or many of her countrymen,

[2] Quoted in Will Durant, Story of Civilization (New York: Simon and Shuster, 1963), VIII, 298.

and aspects of both theories are manifested throughout Anne's reign.

At the time of Anne's coronation, however, all such difficulties were disregarded by Queen and subjects alike. To many English minds, Queen Mary's reign had been marred by her sharing the throne with William. Necessary though he had been to preserving a Protestant monarchy, he was still a foreigner, and the English were always suspicious of foreigners. Now, however, a Stuart queen who was untainted by foreign influence was ascending the throne. Her uncle and father had been under the pay and influence of Louis XIV of France, and her sister had been dominated by a Dutch husband, but Anne's allegiance was clearly shown in her first speech to Parliament: "As I know my heart to be entirely English, I can very sincerely assure you that there is not one thing you can expect or desire of me which I shall not be ready to do for the happiness and prosperity of England." It appeared that a truly English Queen was ascending the throne, and the entire country rejoiced. Perhaps the flavor of that triumphant day, so full of archaic rituals, can best be recaptured by a contemporary account. The following appeared in the London Gazette, April 23-27, 1702:

> This Day being the Festival of St. George, the Solemnity of the Coronation of Her Sacred Majesty Queen Anne was performed at Westminster in the manner following:
>
> Her Majesty being come to Westminster-Hall about Eleven of the Clock, and having returned into the Court of Wards, the Nobility, and those who formed the First Part of the Proceeding, being put in Order by the Heralds, came down in Solemn Procession into Westminster Hall, where Her Majesty being seated under Her State, the Swords and Spurs were presented to her, and laid upon the Table at the upper end of the Hall.
>
> Then the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster having brought the Crown and other Regalia, with the Bible, Chalice, and Paten, they were presented severally to Her Majesty, and shortly after were, together with the Swords and Spurs, delivered to the Lords appointed to carry them. (Here follows a description of the order of the procession.)

> Then the Queen in her Royal Robes of Crimson Velvet, wearing the Collar of the Order of the Garter, as all the Knights of the Order did, and on Her Head a rich Circlet of Gold and Diamonds, supported by the Bishops of Durham and Exeter under a Canopy born by twelve Barons of the Cinque-Ports, Her Train born by the Dutchess of Somerset, assisted by the Lady Elizabeth Seymour, the Lady Mary Pierpont, Jersey Lord Chamberlain, the Serjeants at Arms and Gentlemen Pensioners going on each side of the Regalia and Canopy. . . Thus the whole Proceeding marched on foot upon Blue Cloth to Westminster-Abby (only the Queen had the conveniency to be carried in a low open Chair all the way) and the Houses on each side being crowded with vast numbers of Spectators, expressing their great Joy and Satisfaction by loud and repeated Acclamations. . . The Queen dined at a Table at the upper end of the Hall, with His Royal Highness Prince George on her left Hand, and the Nobility and other Persons of Quality were seated at their respective Tables, which were all ready furnished before their coming in; the Hot Meat or First Course for Her Majesties Table, for which space was left, was served up with the proper Ceremony, being preceded by the Officers, &. of the Board of Greencloth, and by the Lord High Steward, between the Lord High Constable and Earl-Marshall on Horseback. . . Dinner being ended, and all things performed with great Splendor and Magnificence, about half an hour past Eight in the Evening Her Majesty return'd to St. James's. The Day concluded with Bonfires, Illuminations, Ringing of Bells, and other Demonstrations of a general Satisfaction and Joy.[3]

Anne had never been a beauty, even in her salad days, and at her coronation she was 38, a much more advanced age then than it is now. She had endured at least seventeen pregnacies, such matters being carefully noted in a royal princess, but only one child had survived infancy, and he had succumbed to smallpox the year before, in 1701. The tragedy of her childlessness had marked its passage on her face as well as her spirit, and she was subject to severe attacks of gout which left her incapable of walking; such an attack was, in fact, the reason for her being carried in an open chair during the coronation procession. Her disposition was benign but phlegmatic; her coronation portrait by Lely shows a short, plump

[3]Quoted in W.B. Ewald, The Newsmen of Queen Anne (Rogues, Royalty and Reporters) (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1956), pp. 26-29. Original spelling and punctuation.

woman who looks solemn, kind, and altogether matronly, as if she were transferring all her thwarted motherhood to the squabbling, struggling adolescent nation she was to rule. She was blessed with neither charm nor intelligence, and those who sought a sparkling society at court were soon disappointed, for the queen was incapable of even the most rudimentary small talk or social grace. Nevertheless, it would be a grave misunderstanding of the time to discount Anne's influence on the basis of these deficiencies of personality; for Anne had two qualities that proved of more basic value than any amount of personal accomplishment. The first of these was sincere commitment to the welfare of the English people that transcended any thought of personal gratification or power. Simply, Anne wanted to be a good queen for her people. The second quality which she brought to her reign and which she alone of the Stuarts possessed, was an almost intuitive rapport with the English public. Anne did not need informers or advisors to tell her what the man in the street was feeling: she sensed it, and might often feel the same way herself. Moreover, she heeded the public desires, and this is why, though always throughout her reign she was influenced by those more intelligent, willful and articulate than herself, whenever their intentions varied from what she believed to be the public interest she threw off their influence and pursued the course she thought "right". As Trevelyan explains it:

> This battle to maintain the right of the Crown to choose its servants independent of party and of Parliament, was waged by the Queen alone throughout her reign; first against High Tories, then against Whigs; now at the instance of her domestic favourites, now in opposition to their demands. It was Queen Anne's personal contribution to the constitutional and political history of her reign. The future was against it, for Parliamentary Cabinet Government was destined to displace the old idea of Ministers chosen by the King. But Anne's stubborn fight for the ancient rights of the monarch in this

> matter probably enabled England to wage the war effectively in the early years of her reign in spite of the High Tory majority in the Commons, and to get peace at last in spite of the Whig majority of 1708-1710.[4]

Thus, Anne determinedly preserved the image of her Divine Right to rule, even though she was perfectly aware that she owed her throne to an act of Parliament. The dilemma faced by the Church of England, and therefore by Anne, its faithful adherent, was that Protestantism had been preserved at the price of breaking one of the Church's most cherished tenets, namely that to disobey the King was in effect to sin a against God, since the King ruled according to God's will. James II, however, had not only been disobeyed, he had been replaced, and his daughters Mary and Anne as well as many of the Bishops had concurred with that action. It was a compromise with conscience few Englishmen regretted, but it resulted in a certain ambivalence which may bear explanation. It seems evident that while the practical politicians in Parliament were determined to control the monarchy through regulating taxation and appropriations, the majority of the English people were considerably less sophisticated, and yearned for a Monarch with the aura of divinity. This may explain the enthusiastic response when Anne revived the tradition of the Royal touch to cure scrofula, or "the Kings' evil". A Stuart gift, the touch had understandably lapsed under William; not only was he of the wrong family, but his pragmatic Calvinist nature would not in any case have been in agreement with such superstitious behavior. Anne restored the ritual, and special days were designated for the ceremony. A bit of gold was tied by a string about the sufferer's neck, and though a few cynics claimed it was more for the gold than the

[4]"Blenheim", p. 176.

cure that the supplicants flocked to Whitehall, it seems evident that a sincere wish to believe in the miracle was the primary motive. At least one small sufferer named Samuel Johnson, who was touched by the Queen when he was three years old, remembered and told about it often in later years.

It was also at this time that various stories of miracles performed through the auspices of the "martyred" Charles I were circulated, and two paintings were hung at Oxford, one showing the crucified Christ, the other a deliberately similar pose of Charles. The ambivalence of the issue was such that while Jacobites were considered enemies of the crown and the embarrassing existence of the Pretender ignored and denied as much as possible, Anne's resentment of the Hanoverian succession was equally strong. William Lecky comments on Anne's position thus:

> In the eyes of the upholders of Divine right, she was as near a legitimate soverign as it was then possible for a Protestant to be, and it was felt that her own sympathies would be entirely with the legitimate cause, but for her stronger affection for the English Church. In this respect, she represented with singular fidelity the feelings of her people, and she became the provisional object of much of that peculiar attachment which is usually bestowed on a soverign whose title is beyond dispute.[5]

At Anne's side during the coronation, understandably savoring the long-awaited rise to preeminence, were John and Sarah Churchill, Lord and Lady Marlborough. Their friendship with Anne was of long duration: it had begun with Sarah and Anne as close girlfriends during their adolescence. Sarah had been brought to court at age twelve by her older sister Frances, a lady in waiting to the Duchess of York, Anne's mother. Sarah was beautiful in the sparkling way that comes from intelligence, wit and strong

[5] A History of England in the Eighteenth Century, (New York: Appleton & Co., 1882), I, 34.

will; she was never bored or apathetic, but passionately interested in the people and events around her. In addition, she was adept at conversation, theatricals and cards, the favorite activities of the Stuart princessess' teenage court. Anne saw in Sarah all the qualities which she herself lacked. When Sarah was absent, conversation was painfully dull and desultory and time dragged, so Anne clung to her friend with the same tenacity she was to display in more important matters once she was Queen.

John Churchill had been a fixture of James' court since 1666 when he arrived with his older sister Arabella. The Churchill brother and sister successfully made their way, John in James' army, Arabella in his bed. By one of the curious twists of fate, the Duke of Berwick, son of James and Arabella, rose to become a French general and a formidable adversary to his uncle John during the War.

In the enforced intimacy of James' court, it was inevitable that John Churchill and Sarah Jennings became well acquainted; their courtship is minutely recorded in innumerable notes and letters, after the fashion of the day, but the actual date of their marriage is uncertain--the best authority places it sometime in the winter of 1677-78.[6]

In 1683 Princess Anne's own wedding was arranged to Prince George of Denmark, the younger brother of King Christian V. Although the Prince was considered dull and rather stupid by most Englishmen, he was good natured and conscientious, within his capabilities, and Anne was devoted to him. The climax in the early friendship between the two couples came in 1689 when John Churchill cocked a weather eye toward the gathering

[6] Churchill, Marlborough, his Life and Times, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1968), I, p. 62.

'Protestant wind'[7] and decided to wager his future with the Stuart princesses, even though he was at the time an officer in James' army. He defected to William's invasion forces at the eleventh hour, while Sarah whisked Anne away from St. James' palace in a daring middle-of-the-night escapade. Time and events proved the Churchills' course of action to be exceptionally perspicacious, and Anne's coronation marked their triumph as well as hers.

One of Anne's first official acts as the new Queen of England was to re-declare war on France. It was in reality a continuation of William's war, the same one that had provoked such resistence from Parliament. This time, however, the war was wholly supported by both the ministry and the people at large; men and supplies were appropriated with comparative dispatch and the public mood was for immediate and fierce confrontation. The reason for this about face centered around an incident that had occurred six months earlier in St. Germains. James II had died, and in addition to a surprisingly large and loyal coterie, left as heir his son James, whom Louis XIV promptly proclaimed James III, rightful King of England. Historians have devoted many pages to Louis' possible reasons for this gesture, but it seems likely that the French King simply believed it to be true. Louis XIV was among the last, and greatest, of the absolute monarchs of Europe. He ruled by Divine Right, which he had acquired at birth, and the English Bill of Rights, written, as he thought, by a group of heretics, meant nothing to him. Since Louis had never ceased to recognize James II as King of

[7]William's army landed in the West of England; James' forces, stationed on the Thames, were forced to wait favorable wind to reach the Channel. Once there, his ships were first becalmed and then driven to port by a gale, subsequently called the Protestant Wind.

England, what could be more natural than the similar recognition of his son? His more astute advisors were apalled at his pronouncement, for they perceived, correctly, that nothing Louis could have done would have better served to provoke English wrath. The ingrained hatred and suspicion of foreign interference boiled up in Whig and Tory alike and the whole country was bent on immediate war. Fortunately, England had some ready-made allies. William III, concerned over the balance of power in Europe, had formed a Grand Alliance with Austria and the Netherlands just before his death. Even more fortunate was the fact that Marlborough had been William's emmissary at the negotiations. Now, as Anne's chief in command, his acquaintanceship with the Allied leaders was invaluable. Even with the aid of allies, however, England's position at the onset of the war was precarious. The most powerful nations in Europe were ranged against her, and they had the advantage of fighting on home ground, while English troops had to be transported hundreds of miles away before they could meet the enemy.

All this confronted the newly crowned Anne, and if Louis failed to recognize the formidability of his enemy, it was because he had no way of knowing that this ailing, stubborn Queen had gathered about her one of the most effective political groups in English History. As the commanding general of the Allied forces, she had Marlborough. His brilliance as a military strategist was as yet unknown in Europe, but his tact and diplomatic skills had been proved at the negotiations for the Grand Alliance, and he had the total support of the queen. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was at Anne's side as friend, confidante and sharp-witted protectress who shielded the queen from the crowds of office-seekers and petitioners who gathered daily at Whitehall.

Besides the Marlboroughs, there was Sidney, Lord Godolphin who served as Lord Treasurer. A long-time member of Anne's inner circle, his friendship with the Marlboroughs was strengthened by the marriage in 1698 of his son Francis to Henrietta Churchill, daughter of John and Sarah. More civil servant than politician, Godolphin had served both Whigs and Tories; and his competence in finance was such that Marlborough literally demanded his appointment, knowing he could thereby be assured of steady, continuous supplies for his armies. Sarah doted on Godolphin, calling his "the best man who ever lived". Although Swift tried to discredit his integrity in the pamphlet The Conduct of the Allies, the fact that Godolphin died a comparatively poor man in that age of universal pocket-lining speaks rather eloquently for his honesty.

As Speaker of the House, and later Secretary of State, Anne had Robert Harley. Son of an officer under Cromwell, Harley's Puritanism showed in his chaste private life and his sense of dedication to his work. His methods were anything but straightforward; in fact, he was often devious when there was no need. Nevertheless, his strategy was successful. He was a favorite with Anne, who, as Elizabeth Hamilton describes it in Backstairs Dragon,

> "found his visits a pleasant change from the lugubrious company of Godolphin or the overbearing presence of Tory zealots. She liked his political theories (which were that people and parties must go to the Queen and not she to them) Harley never forgot that she was a woman, and courted her as such."[8]

Harley's job was to handle Commons, and he was a master at it. A moderate Tory, he nevertheless catered to Whig leaders, building a precarious but workable group of moderate backers more loyal to the Queen and the success of the war than to party. His famous 'backstairs diplomacy' was

[8] (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1969) p. 68.

not confined to Whitehall; partly from a desire to know the grass roots opinions of the English public and partly from his love of secrecy, he developed the first secret service, with Daniel Defoe as his chief spy, and received regular reports from all over the country, including Scotland.

The Marlborough-Godolphin-Harley government, called in fact the Triumvirate, was united not only by personal relationships, but by a mutually held philosophy. They called themselves Tories, although both Godolphin and Harley had worked for Whig governments in the past; in fact they were the Queen's servants, and considered themselves above--or at least outside--partisan concerns. They knew, perhaps better than any other men then in England, the enormity of the gamble involved in waging war with France, and the disasterous results if that gamble should fail. In their own broad over-view of English concerns, the bickerings and petty squabbles of the Whigs and Tories seemed ignoble and insignificant. In this last estimate lay the seeds of their downfall; the partisan battles might have been ignoble indeed, but they were far from insignificant, and in the end both parties were to turn against the three giants who disdained them.

In 1704 another member was added to the elite circle of influence: young Henry St. John became Secretary of War. A brilliant orator, he had served as spokesman for the Tory back-benchers, and had been noticed by Harley. Half Marlborough's age, St. John admired the General to the point of hero worship, and began his duties of providing recruits and supplies for the army with enthusiastic dedication. Among the mature, seasoned group, St. John showed like the bright blade he was, although his immoral personal life kept Anne from ever truly liking him. He was overwhelmingly ambitious, and had, in those days, a lean and hungry look that should have warned Marlborough, if he had not been so preoccupied

with the war. Although he was to prove instrumental in their eventual downfall, at the onset of his ministry, St. John was happy to be in apprenticeship to Harley and the General, learning from their experience and basking in their reflected glory.

For all the astute leadership evident at Whitehall, Parliament was still to be reckoned with in the successful prosecution of the war, and the Whig and Tory factions were never more vociferous than in the early days of Anne's reign. The lines between party views are considerably dimmed at this point in time, but in broad outline the differences were these: The Whigs were made up of dissenters, city dwellers (primarily Londoners) and those with business or financial interests. They favored the strong prosecution of the war, were primarily anti-French, had been in favor of William and were committed to a Hanoverian succession. Although they had not reaped the rewards they had hoped from William, they were even less favored by Anne, because she was a firm Tory; however, they felt themselves to be truer to her interests--i.e. the success of the war--than was her own party.

The Tories were primarily land owners; their wealth was in their acreage and they paid, through the Land Tax, more toward supporting the war than did the city Whigs. They preferred a limited naval war to Marlborough's all-out overland effort, believing that securing profitable trade routes was more important than winning battles. They still had Jacobite leanings, were anti-Dutch, and in spite of the Act of Settlement favored a Stuart Succession, if something could be done to change the Pretender's religion.

One of the first acts of the Tories after Anne's coronation was to introduce the Occasional Conformity Bill, which sought to punish, with heavy fines, those dissenters who had gained political office by taking

the Anglican Sacrament but thereafter attended their own chapel services. Although Anne supported the bill, the Triumvirate disapproved of such legislation because it caused dissension at a time when unity was needed. They dared not openly oppose it, but Harley covertly sided with Whig leaders, and ammendments were attached which caused the Commons to vote it down. The Occasional Conformity Bill was introduced in session after session throughout Anne's reign by the disgruntled High-flying Tories, to be fielded with varying dexterity by those who favored moderation and unity.

Anne could never bring herself to trust the Whigs; their part in the Act of Settlement made her suspect them of trying to deprive her of her royal prerogative, and she wanted only Tories in her cabinet. This posed a problem for Marlborough, Godolphin and Harley because the extreme Tories were so bent on unseating dissenters (and each other) they were merely obstructionist as cabinet members. As Trevelyan observes,

> "The long period of quiet national growth and Hanoverian stability which we associate with Walpole and the Whigs might have been associated with the Tories, if, in Anne's reign they had held together as a united party in support of their Queen and their General."[9]

Fortunately, Anne realized the danger of such in-party fighting, and dismissed the most vehement of the High Tories, allowing the Triumvirate to seek support from a narrow base of moderates who could work together for the sake of the country as a whole.

Besides the problems of political rivalry at home, Marlborough was faced, in the opening years of the war, with differences with the Allies, particularly the Dutch. Although they had requested that Marlborough command their combined armies, the Allies had no intention of letting

[9]Blenheim", p. 327

him do just as he liked. In fact, the philosophies of warfare held by the Dutch and Marlborough were so different that in the beginning of the war a stalemate ensued which brought no gain to either party. It must be remembered that the Dutch had been fighting wars for William for years before he became England's king, and their resources were seriously diminished. Thus, they were primarily interested in securing their barrier states and preferred seige tactics, the traditional method of warfare, to actual combat. In addition, their geographical position made them much more vulnerable to French reprisal. They wanted to use their army as a show of force, but had no desire to risk its destruction in battle. Marlborough, on the other hand, envisioned actually winning the war by engaging the French in battles wherever he found them; he had the support of the Queen and his countrymen, ample supplies, and a great deal of personal ambition, all of which urged active aggression. Nevertheless, the Dutch refused to lend their support to any of his strategic plans, and at the end of the second year of campaign, Marlborough was returned to England with precious little to show for the fine troops and supplies with which Parliament had provided him. To be sure, he had re-won three fortresses at Bonn, Huy, and Limburg for the Dutch, which pleased them so well they had a commemorative medal struck for the General inscribed "Victorious without slaughter". Marlborough was well aware, however, that his welcome back in London would be considerably less grateful.

Indeed, the fine enthusiasm for the war which both Whig and Tory had shown two years before was fading in the heat of partisan battles, and Marlborough and Godolphin found themselves the targets for both sides. The Whigs were bitter over Anne's refusal to appoint them to office in spite of their generous cooperation with the war effort. The Tories, on

the other hand, condemned Marlborough for his proposals to invade the Continent, and equally condemned the Dutch for using English Soldiers to protect themselves. To add to the general confusion, the Tory party was now completely and bitterly split between High-Flyers and Moderates. Neither party seemed concerned or even aware that these internal struggles could weaken England's position with the Allies and seriously endanger the future designs against France.

Actually, beneath the seemingly petty but vicious squabbles of Whigs and Tories lay serious principles which were being worked out: the basic questions of individual rights regarding property, equitable taxation, representation and religious freedom were involved, and it is to the lasting credit of those fractious political parties that they did not sweep their differences under the rug in the name of war-time unity, but hashed them out, however bitterly, in open forum. Important guidelines were thus established for airing political differences without civil war, and the wide exposure, through partisan newspapers and periodicals, of conflicting ideology inevitably had a broadening effect on the thinking of most Englishmen. It may not be exaggeration to suggest that these early partisan battles of the eighteenth century acted as the safety valve which prevented England's embroilment in the European wars at the century's close; at any rate, they served to advance England's ideas of freedom and tolerance beyond any at that time practiced elsewhere.

However salubrious the long view of partisan battles, in 1703 both Godolphin and Marlborough were feeling their heat and attempted to resign. But Anne, set on the continuence of the war, would not hear of their leaving their posts, and her response to Marlborough, in which she uses the private names of Mrs. Morley for herself, Mr. Montgomery

for Godolphin and Mr. and Mrs. Freeman for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, reveals not only her loyalty to him, but her own feeling of isolation and betrayal as the political parties flayed each other to the neglect of the nation's concerns:

Windsor
Saturday

> The thoughts that both my dear Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Freeman seem to have of retiring gives me no small uneasiness, and therefore I must say something on that subject. It is no wonder at all that people in your posts should be weary of the world, who are so continually troubled with all the hurry and impertinencies of it; but give me leave to say you should a little consider your faithful friends and poor country, which must be ruined if ever you should put your melancholy thoughts in execution. As for your unfortunate faithful Morley, she could not bear it; for if ever you should forsake me, I would have nothing more to do with the world, but make another abdication; for what is a crown when the support of it is gone. I never will forsake your dear self, Mr. Freeman nor Mr. Montgomery, but always be your constant faithful servant; and we four must never part, till death mows us down with his impartial hand.[10]

It is perhaps indicative of the uncertainties of political life that only seven years after this letter was written, Anne had dismissed all the parties mentioned in it; in any case, it served in 1703 to persuade the Marlboroughs and Godolphin to remain in the Queen's service, at least through one more military campaign.

Throughout the winter, Marlborough concentrated on the hard facts of the military situation. He was determined not to repeat the failure of the preceeding year; with or without the Dutch army he would lead English troops into Europe to confront the French. In January he went to the Hague to confer with Heinsius, the Dutch leader; he had already revealed his intentions to the German and Austrian generals. The Dutch were op-

[10] The Letters of Queen Anne, ed. Beatrice Curtis Brown (London: Cassell & Co. Ltd. 1935) p. 125.

posed to separating their army from the English, but Heinsius, who saw the necessity for more aggressive action in the coming year, persuaded his fellow officers to let the English move independently, and a few even offered their own troops. Initially Marlborough planned to invade France through the Moselle valley, with the Rhine as his thoroughfare for supplies and heavy artillery, but even while the Moselle strategy was being formulated, another plan was being urged on him by Count Wratislaw, the Austrian envoy to England. Vienna had been encircled by Max Emanuel and the French, and was in danger of falling, and taking the German states down with her, unless the Allies could come to the rescue; Wratislaw's proposed that Marlborough take the English, and whatever other troops he could muster, all the way across Europe to the Danube to save Vienna.

The German situation was complicated, to say the least; Max Emanuel, the Elector of Bavaria, saw the French as the winners in the war and had joined his army to theirs to beseige Vienna. Since Max Emanuel was an opportunist, the Allies hoped to win his support by a demonstration of superior strength. The Imperial General on the Rhine was Louis, the Margrave of Baden. His close association with Max Emanuel made the Allies uneasy; they were never quite sure whether the weakness and tardiness of his military attacks were due to deliberate sabotage or mere bungling. In any case, as a German prince with his own private army, he had to be handled with the utmost respect and tact at least for the time being. Fortunately, when Vienna's danger was realized, the Emperor Leopold had recalled the brilliant young general Prince Eugene from Italy to take charge of the Vienna war office. Eugene had grown up in the French court, but had left angrily after Louis XIV had refused to grant him a military command. It was to prove one of the biggest mistakes

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Louis ever made, for Eugene was a born soldier, totally dedicated to the military life, and totally set against the French King. As President of the Emperor's council of war, he and Marlborough had been in correspondence during the winter of 1704, and he joined Wratislaw in urging English help for Vienna.

An early spring had opened supply routes on the ice-clogged rivers, and Marlborough readied his troops to move out of winter quarters. The majority of Marlborough's soldiers were mercenaries, professional soldiers who fought for pay, not national commitment. As the war toll rose, however, it became necessary to depend more and more on local English lads to fill the ranks. Parliament passed a bill in the 1703-04 session which allowed limited conscription of soldiers, but recruitment was still primarily the concern of the regimental colonel, who sent his representatives around to the home counties every winter. It was the custom for a gentleman, usually a younger son with no hope of inheritance, to buy a regiment which he then maintained with weapons, uniforms and food, using money granted him from Parliament for the purpose. Such a practice was an open invitation to graft and mismanagement of funds, and it was not uncommon for privates to go for more than a year without receiving any salary. Given such conditions, it may be surprising that any soldiers could be recruited, but Parliament devised ways: Parish constables were paid ten shillings for every man "without visible means of support" whom they could produce, criminals were drafted wholesale, and the debtor's prisons were emptied into the Army. Altogether, as Trevelyan says, "Recruitment was indeed a harum-scarum, knock-about affair. . . but the fife of war could still sound like a blackbird's whistle:"

> Here's forty shillings on the drum
> For those that volunteers do come,

With shirts and clothes and present pay
When over the hills and far away.

We then shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold on us both night and day,
When over the hills and far away.

Come on, then, boys, and you shall see
We every one shall captains be,
To Whore and rant as well as they,
When over the hills and far away.

The constables they search about
To find such brisk young fellows out;
Then let's be volunteers I say
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and over the main
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
Queen Anne commands and we'll obey
Over the hills and far away.[11]

By whatever means recruited, the troops which gathered in Flanders preparing to march from the North Sea to the Danube were destined to engage in a new kind of warfare involving new weapons and therefore new maneuvers. To appreciate the innovative boldness to Marlborough's tactics, it is helpful to consider the nature of warfare during the late seventeenth century:

> During this period, communications remained primitive, armies were still of moderate size, and as cavalry remained the decisive arm, strategy was largely circumscribed by forage. Water transport and grass were all-important, also the establishment of magazines, which in its turn led to the predominance of siege warfare over field battles, and the general acceptance that the defensive was more important than the attack. This led to avoidance of battles by means of what may be called the "strategy of evasion", which consisted in manoeuvring rather than fighting.[12]

[11] quoted by Trevelyan in "Blenheim", p. 220

[12] J.F.C. Fuller, The Decisive Battles of the Western World, (London: Granada Publishing Ltd., 1970, rpt. 1972), I, 517.

Marlborough broke away from this type of warfare because he was imaginative enough to see the military changes of his day and appreciate their meaning. The basic reason for the changes was the invention of the ring bayonet. Although such a device seems simple and obvious now, it was not actually so, since it involved standardizing the size of musket barrels, a rather formidable feat in the days before precision machining.[13] The ring bayonet fit over the barrel but did not close it off, as earlier "cap" versions had done; the effect was that every soldier could be a pikeman as well as infantryman. This meant that the column formation, necessary to the pikemen, changed to a line formation which was more suitable to an infantry charge. Blenheim was the first battle in history where the infantry was armed with flintlock and bayonet and advanced in long lines, three deep, with no columns and no pikemen.

There were other innovations in Marlborough's army, perhaps not so noteworthy historically, but equally significant in the outcome of the campaign. The Duke was insistent on the adequate provisioning of his troops, and with the help of Godolphin and St. John, saw to it that England supplied her men properly. There was, therefore, no plundering or foraging from the soldiers during their long march, and seldom has a foreign army met with more wholehearted goodwill than did Marlborough's troops. Indeed, the superiority of English outfitting made them a splendid sight: well fed, newly shod, "in every particular", as Sir Winston Churchill states, "the English and all other forces in the Queen's pay were maintained as they deserved."[14] From the diary of

[13]Spaulding, Nickerson, Hoffman and Wright, Warfare (Washington, D.C: Infantry Journal Press, 1937), p. 529.

[14]Marlborough, His Life and Times (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935), III, 335.

Dr. Hare, Marlborough's chaplain, comes this firsthand account of the effect the English soldiers had on the German princes:

> June 2d--The Day he Marlborough halted, the Elector of Mayence invited him and the commanding Officers to Dinner and had a Ball appointed that Evening at his Brother the Count Schonborns House for the entertainment of them. The same Day the Elector and Nobility aforesaid come to see the infantry receiv'd. All the Regiments were drawn out on purpose, and were so fresh and so clean, that the Elector and all that attended him were greatly surprised at their handsome appearance. But when his Highness came to Her Majesty's Battalion of Guards, which then consisted of above 700 able men, and was drawn up by itself, on the Right of all, he seem'd to view each man from Head to Foot, and observing not only their order, but the cleanliness, and their Arms, Accoutrements, Clothes, Shoes and Linnen he said to the General "Certainly all these Gentlemen are Dressed for the Ball."[15]

It is not certain just when Marlborough finally decided on the Danube instead of the Moselle as his theatre of operations in the 1704 campaign. The Danube destination was such a well kept secret that even Marlborough's own generals did not know until they were well on the way. The Moselle plan was probably suspected by the French--at any rate, they were aware something unforeseen was afoot, as the lines of soldiers in their red uniforms picturesquely described 'the scarlet caterpiller' by Churchill, wound its way into Germany. The French general Villeroy left the Dutch frontier to draw his troops closer to the Moselle, and the relieved Dutch responded by sending extra troops to join Marlborough. Another French general, Tallard, had returned to Alsace from delivering troops to Max Emanuel, thereby threatening Vienna even more. The two French generals and their monarch watched the advancing army in incredulous fascination trying to divine the ultimate intention and devise ways of

[15] Select Documents for Queen Anne's Reign 1702-1707, ed. G.M. Trevelyan, (Cambridge: University Press, 1929), p. 99.

covering all alternatives without leaving themselves short on any front. It was the first time in many years of war that the French were not in command of the situation, and their efficiency was seriously hampered by the lengthy and time-consuming correspondence necessary between Versailles and the field before any action could be taken.

Marlborough, on the other hand, had only himself to consult. With his usual foresight, he had written Heinsius, who knew of the Danube plan, asking that no orders be allowed to reach him which might countermand his intentions, and Heinsius saw to it that none did. Even though there might be the devil to pay from the Dutch and the Tories once he returned home, for the summer of the campaign he could move the troops as he pleased.

By May 23 the English had reached Sinzag; on May 29 the troops crossed the Moselle, and, swinging sharply, the Rhine. This eliminated the possibility of a Moselle valley campaign, but there was still the vulnerable Alsace region, and the French were still baffled as to the ultimate destination of the invaders. On June 10, now deep in the German interior, Marlborough met Prince Eugene for the first time. Outwardly, the two generals were totally unlike and there was a ten year gap in their ages, but they were in perfect rapport from the beginning:

> Strangely different were they in appearance and manner; the Englishman with his noble, symmetrical features and pink-and-white complexion, with his languid courtier air and quizzical smile, and with that sense of calm and power which was his aura: the French-Austrian-Italian death's head, vibrant with energy, olive-dark, fiery like a banked furnace; Marlborough bland, grave, affable, cool: Eugene ardent, staccato, theatrical, heroic.[16]

A third general was present at this meeting: Louis the Margrave of Baden,

[16] Churchill, Marlborough, IV, 167.

whom Eugene deeply distrusted, but who was nevertheless the ranking officer and must be placated at least until any treachery was proven against him. Although Marlborough wanted Eugene with him on the Danube, the Margrave chose to fight there, and sent Eugene back to the Rhine to contain the French forces. With admirable tact, Marlborough suggested he and the Margrave use the old Roman method of commanding on alternate days. Since the French and Bavarian troops were strongly entrenched at nearby Dillingen and Marlborough needed a base of communications, he decided to capture Schellenberg, a hilltop fortification then in the process of being further strengthened. To this he committed the unwilling Margrave by issuing preparatory orders on his day of command which had to be carried out on the Margrave's day. Considered by all who knew of it to be rash, the plan meant a fifteen mile march before arriving at the fortress; indeed, the armies did not come into sight until 9 pm, and had at most two hours of daylight. It was this very irrationality which made the plan successful; the Bavarian and French forces did not expect any action until morning. By the time darkness fell on July 2, the enemy was in confused and disordered flight across the Danube. It was not an easy victory for the Allies, and English losses particularly were high: one estimate is that one in three British soldiers fell.[17] The French and Bavarian losses were even heavier, however, and included prisoners, deserters and those who drowned in the retreat across the river in addition to those killed in battle. The immediate result of the engagement was that Marlborough had the fortress, the village of Donauworth, communications center, and most important,

[17] Trevelyan, "Blenheim", p. 364.

had placed himself between the French and Vienna.

In the month following Schellenberg, Marlborough and the Margrave methodically and deliberately set out to devastate the beautiful Bavarian countryside, burning fields and villages in an attempt to coerce Max Emanuel to change sides to save his country. The Elector, holed in at Augsburg after his retreat from the Schellenberg, was beset on all sides. As Marlborough ravaged, Wratislaw bribed, and the Electress herself came to plead with her husband to save the country from the Allies' torches. But the French sent some troops and promised more, and Max's visions of empire were revived; he stayed on the French side.

By the beginning of August, General Tallard was well on his way to joining his collegue Marsin and the Bavarian Elector, and Eugene, marching only a day behind the French, was returning to join Marlborough. The three allied leaders met, and Marlborough and Eugene deftly maneuvered the Margrave into taking his army to beseige Ingolstadt. Shortly after his departure, they learned that the entire Franco-Bavarian contingent, over 60,000 strong, was converging on the Danube. Although there was ample time to recall the Margrave and his 15,000 troops, they let him go. It made them under-dogs numerically, but allowed the two generals the freedom of strategic cooperation without the Margrave's interference and trepidation.

Tallard had settled his combined armies at Blindheim, (called Blenheim by the English) with the Danube on their right, the wooded uplands of Lutzinger on their left and marshy lowlands before them. In the plains beyond the marsh, the armies of Marlborough and Eugene were massing in plain view; still the French did not expect a battle, because they were following the traditional methods of warfare, where manuever and countermanuever was the procedure. As has been mentioned, up until this partic-

ular battle, the nature of warfare had been closer to chess than actual combat; the generals planned strategic moves as intricate as minuets, with almost as little physical contact. To add the French deception, four separate "deserters" had allowed themselves to be caught behind French lines and broken down under questioning to reveal that the Allies had been joined by the Margrave and were to retreat to Nordlingen the next day because of the show of strength of Tallard's massed armies.

At 1 am on August 13 reveille sounded in the Allied camp and the troops began to move out at 3. It was a foggy morning, and the French guards who heard the signals assumed the Allies had begun their retreat. When the sun burned the fog away at 6 am, the startled French could hardly believe their eyes: Marlborough's troops were ranged before the marsh, steadily advancing as if to do battle. The plan was for Eugene to move his troops, primarily cavalry, to the uplands on the left of the French, while Marlborough held the center. With costly stoicism, the English troops bridged the marsh with facines and then waited under murderous French cannon fire until Eugene's troops were positioned. It was nearly 1 pm before the first advance could be made.

The attack was expensive; the first rank was repulsed, but was supported by the second. The allies were outnumbered by 15,000 men, and were attacking a well-defended establishment; nevertheless, the ferocity of their attack forced Tallard to make a serious blunder: he called his reserves into the village of Blenheim. The resulting confusion of the overcrowded streets virtually bottled up the French, and they were thus fairly easy to confine while Marlborough concentrated on the center of the line. By 3 pm Tallard was forced to call to General Marsin, whose army was opposite Eugene, for replacements, but Eugene was attacking so hotly Marsin dared not comply. By 5 in the afternoon Marlborough's

center forces numbered 109 squadrons against Tallard's 76, and the center was broken. Only the capture of Blenheim village remained, and by 8:30 that evening the Duke had borrowed a scrap of paper--with a bill for tavern expenses on one side--to write to Sarah what is now known simply as "the famous note":

> August 13, 1704--I have not time to say more, but to beg you will give my duty to the queen, and let her know her army has had a glorious victory. M. Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-decamp, Colonel Parke, will give her an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two, by another more at large--Marlborough.

The day after the battle, Marlborough wrote a more detailed account to Harley, and although many historians and military analysts have since described the battle of Blenheim, the General's own matter-of-fact prose gives the best view of the scene:

> About six we came in view of the enemy, who we found did not expect so early a visit. The cannon began to play at half an hour after eight. They formed themselves in two bodies; the Elector, with M. Marsin and their troops opposite our right, and M. de Tallard with all his opposed to our left, which last fell to my share. They had two little rivulets besides a morass before them, which we were obliged to retire, and, by the blessing of God, we obtained a complete victory. We have cut off great numbers of them, as well in the action as in the retreat, besides upwards of thirty squadrons of the French, which we pushed into the Danube, where we saw the greatest part of them perish, M. de Tallard with several of his general officers being taken prisoners at discretion. We took likewise all their tents standing, with their cannon and ammunition, as also a great number of standards, kettle-drums and colours in the action, so that I reckon the greatest part of M. Tallard's army is taken or destroyed. The bravery of all our troops on this occasion cannot be expressed; the generals as well as the officers and soldiers behaving themselves with the greatest courage and resolution, the horse and dragoons having been obliged to charge four or five several times.
>
> The Elector and M. Marsin were so advantageously posted that Prince Eugene could make no impression on them till the third attack at or near seven at night, when he made a great slaughter of them, but being near a wood side, a good body of Bavarians retired into it, and the rest of that army retreated towards Lavingen, it being too late

> and the troops too much tired to pursue them far. I cannot say too much in praise of the Prince's good conduct and the bravery of his troops on this occasion. . .[18]

On August 21 Col. Parkes arrived in London bearing the famous note to Sarah; she sent him on to the Queen, and in a matter of hours copies were being distributed in the coffee houses and on street corners. A contemporary account of the public reaction to the news of the victory runs:

> Only the Jacobite coffee houses were thronged at the very juncture when the news arrived; the poor fellows moved like mere engines and vanished in a hurry. But as these disappeared the loyal, honest Englishmen repaired in crowds to the loyal coffee houses and you might read satisfaction in every face. Bohee tea, coffee, chocolate, ratafia and Nants Brandy were insipid liquors, Away they adjourned to the tavern, every bumper was crowned with the Queen's or the Duke of Marlborough's health and the loyal citizens emptied the cellars so fast I think two-thirds were foxed next morning. Never were such illuminations, ringing of bells, such demonstrations of joy since the laying of London stone.[19]

Within a few days, Sarah and Anne rode together to a Thanksgiving service at the almost completed St. Paul's, Anne splendid in her diamonds and Sarah ornamented by her blazing pride in the Duke. All England rejoiced, from the Members of Parliament to the street vendors of Charing Cross. They were enormously proud of their well-trained, well-fed army and their own genius-General who had defeated and disgraced the French so completely. The victory at Blenheim was the first since the defeat of the Armada to inspire such national feeling among the English, and the result was a unified euphoric patriotism that was as unusual as it was shortlived.

Almost as inevitable as the morning-after hangovers of the "foxed" London celebrants, partisan rivalry and dissension flared. A second

[18]Quoted by Trevelyan in Select Documents of the Reign of Queen Anne, pp. 105-106.

[19]Trevelyan, "Blenheim", p. 397.

major victory had been scored by the English through the capture of Gibraltar by Sir George Rooke, and the High Tories decided to take this as "their" victory, to offset Marlborough's. When Commons set about drafting a congratulatory resolution to the General, the Tories amended it to include Rooke and Gibraltar. The pettiness of the Tories' slight inspired the Whigs to equal lengths, and they ignored the naval victory. Anne, alarmed by the disunity, addressed Parliament in October:

> I cannot but tell you how essential it is for attaining these great ends abroad of which we have so hopeful a prospect, that we be entirely united at home. . . It is plain our enemies have no encouragement left but what arises from their hopes of our own divisions. It is therefore your concern not to give the least countenance to their hopes.[20]

She might as well have exhorted the wind. With cries of "the Church is in danger!" the Tories tried to regain the Queen's favor and punish the Whig dissenters simultaneously by tacking the Occasional Conformity bill to the war appropriations bill. When the more moderate Tories crossed party lines to defeat the bill, the Tory party itself seemed on the verge of splitting. At all costs, Anne was determined to continue the war, especially now, when complete victory seemed assured. To do less would betray the trust and interests of her people as well as the service of her General. Since the Tories were proving so obstreperous, she was forced to lean toward Whig support.

In January Marlborough returned to England, collecting gifts and honors in Prussia, Hanover and the Netherlands on the way. The Dutch were not ready to endorse any further military forays with their army, but they joined in the shower of riches and praise. The Marlborough fortune, established by Anne upon her accession to the throne, was enlarged con-

[20]Quoted in W.T. Laprade, Public Opinion and Politics in the Eighteenth Century England, (New York: Macmillan Co., 1936), p. 36.

siderably by the victory at Blenheim; it remained to be seen how the hero's own country would welcome him.

When the General arrived on the Thames, accompanied by a shipload of thirty-six French officers including General Tallard, and the standards and colours of the captured French troops, most Englishmen responded with wholehearted enthusiasm. The standards were delivered to Westminster in a triumphal procession while Englishmen of every degree lined the streets, united again, however fleetingly, in mutual satisfaction that England was growing great and the French King who had arrogantly dared to proclaim the Pretender as their monarch had been soundly beaten. "Even while foreign observers cavilled with some reason that the London populace claimed for themselves a victory in which their troops had formed but a quater of the army, they admired the integral force and comprehension of the vigorous islanders, who could quarrel so fiercely with one another and yet rejoice together in national glory."[21]

[21] Churchill, Marlborough, IV, 167.

II

The Literature on Blenheim

No sooner had the victory at Blenheim entered into the public consciousness than the literary world rushed to commemorate it for posterity's annals and for their own immediate profit. From literary notable to Grub Street hack, in drama, essay and poetry, Blenheim and Marlborough were extolled and ennobled; a few years later, when the war was no longer popular, the general and his campaigns were criticized with equal vigor.

Just as the center of government was changing from the monarchy to Parliament, the literary world was undergoing a confusing and painful transformation. Within a surprisingly short span of time--perhaps fifty years--English literature distinctly changed in terms of patronage, audience and artistic style, and the opening years of the eighteenth century were witness to much of the confusion, overlapping and false starts implicit in the change. To appreciate the nature of the literary milieu of Queen Anne's day, it may be helpful to trace its evolution through the latter part of the seventeenth century.

Charles II was a patron of the arts, and upon his Restoration he established at court a cultural climate completely different from the Puritan regime of the preceding years. Partly from gratitude for their reinstatement and partly as a reaction to the Cromwellian austerity, cavaliers and royalist sympathizers flocked to the court as the center of all that was brilliant and beautiful in the country.

Charles was a devotee of the theatre as well as of women and painting, and it was partly owing to his interest that Restoration comedy, developed from the earlier English Cavalier drama, became so popular. The nature of Restoration comedy with its wit, cynicism and immorality

is well known even to the most casual student of literature; these qualities directly related to Charles' own personality and the general atmosphere of his court. The philosophy involved a sort of noble laziness; style was everything. Perilous and humiliating years in exile had bred in Charles the awareness of transience in all things. If nothing was held too sacred or prized too highly, it could be relinquished with less pain; hence Charles preferred the satiric and comic to the heroic or tragic, and the literary genres of the day reflected his preference. When his brother, James II, succeeded to the throne, literary taste remained essentially the same. Although James was neither as open-hearted nor as open-handed to writers as Charles had been, public demand for comedy continued, as did appropriate court patronage.

It must be remembered that the style of life, manners and literature practiced in the courts of the Stuart kings was by no means shared or understood by most Englishmen. They observed the reflected glare of the debauchery and immorality of the court, but generally conducted their own lives with more temperance, if less grace. Nevertheless, the royal court was conceded by all to be the gathering place of the greatest wits, best minds and cleverest talents in England. But all this changed virtually overnight with the accession of William and Mary. William was a soldier and a Calvinist who had few social graces himself and little interest in those of others. He had enough difficulty learning to speak the English language without concerning himself over its literature, and he and Mary found ample outlet for the expression of their taste in planning revisions and additions to the palaces and gardens at Kensington and Hampton Court. Although the Stuart kings may have been Papist bon vivants, the Stuart queens, Mary and Anne, had been soberly raised in the Anglican Church. Lacking both the wit of their uncle Charles and

the temper of their father James, they came to their respective thrones in their domestic middle years, mild, dull and kindly, totally inadequate to and disinterested in the role of patrons of art. Moreover, the Bloodless Revolution had brought about a shift in power from court to Parliament, and those with wit and artistic talent to sell gravitated away from court--which in any event had moved, due to William's asthma, out into the country at Kensignton--to the coffeehouses of London.

The coffeehouse clientele of Queen Anne's day represented a much broader cross-section of Englishmen than would have been found in any royal court: members of Parliament and nobility, merchants, bankers, clergymen, doctors and lawyers all made it a point to stop at one or another establishment to hear the latest news and meet their friends. Leslie Stephen describes the importance of the coffeehouse to literature thus:

> The 'town' was the environment of the wits who produced the literature generally called after Queen Anne. We may call it the literary organ of the society. It was the society of London, or of the region served by the new pennypost, which included such remote villages as Paddington and Brompton. The city was large enough, as Addison observed, to include numerous 'nations', each of them meeting at the various coffee houses. The clubs at which the politicians and authors met each other represented the critical tribunals, when no such things as literary journals existed. It was at these that judgment was passed upon the last new poem or pamphlet, and the writer sought for their good opinion as he now desires a favorable review. The tribunal included the rewarders as well as the judges of merit; and there was plenty of temptation to stimulate their generosity by flattery. Still the relation meant a great improvement on the preceding state of things. . . The patrons did not exact the personal subservience of the preceding period; and there was a real recognition by the more powerful class of literary merit of a certain order.[22]

[22] English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century (1904; rpt New York: Barnes & Noble, 1955), pp. 43-44.

One of the immediate literary results of this change in patronage was the decline of Restoration drama. The new patrons were primarily politicians and statesmen, not courtiers, and while it may be assumed they enjoyed the sexual innuendo and the wittily suggestive remark as much as their noble predecessors, the open blatant mockery of virtue and chastity prevalent in Dryden's day was not appreciated. The change in drama was not accomplished overnight; Vanbrugh and Farquhar continued to write in the tradition of Restoration comedy with considerable popular success. Nevertheless, there was a definite softening in tone, and many playwrights amended earlier works to please the emerging public preference for stronger conventional morality. The significance here is not so much in the changes that took place in literature but in the power of a new kind of patronage, made up of public-spirited statesmen and politicians rather than of royalty or courtiers, which could have such an immediate effect on its nature.

It would be misleading to describe the new class of literary patrons as politicians whose only concern with writers was to popularize their party's views. They were men of the world, conscious that in them was concentrated the enlightenment of the period. Socially and politically dominant, they believed in reason, meaning the principles which are evident to man's ordinary common sense. Locke was their spokesman and Newton living proof of the scientific capacity of their age. They believed England to be the favored nation, land of liberty, philosophy, common sense, toleration and intellectual excellence.[23] That the literary men of the day concurred with this view of England is evidenced

[23] Stephen, English Lit & Society, pp. 53-55.

by the outpouring of patriotic and nationalistic writing which occurred during the early part of the eighteenth century.

Existing alongside the reputable political writers sponsored by the coffeehouse patrons were the impecunius Grub Street hacks and propagandists whose political writing was contained in the penny broadsides and pamphlets. Pamphleteering had developed in England during the Civil War as a useful method of swaying public opinion, and reason was not as necessary to the trade as skillful writing which could "redicule, abuse, and use every blood-and-thunder tactic of paper warfare".[24] The Stuart kings had quieted the pamphleteers somewhat by the strict enforcement of the Licensing Act, a longstanding device of censorship which required governmental approval of all printed matter, but William III and the Whigs owed so much to the press that the Licensing Act was allowed to lapse in 1695, and Grub Street revived with new vigor. At the same time, the reading public was growing in size, especially in London, where Dissenters, excluded from regular schools, had set up their own. These Dissenter schools stressed the "three R's" rather than Latin and Greek, but were very effective in teaching English reading and writing. In addition, the Charity schools established by Anne for the purpose of teaching the lower classes to read the Bible were producing an ever-growing number of new readers throughout London. The result was a burgeoning group of Londoners of unrefined tastes and little discrimination who nevertheless craved the entertainment and information dispensed in the penny broadside, and to this audience the Grub Street writers directed their free-wheeling commentaries.

[24] Philip Pinkus, Grub Street Stripped Bare (London: Constable & Co., 1968), p. 15.

As Mr. Pinkus remarks:

> Very little of the enormous quantity of their writing deserves a permanent place in our literature, though much of it is good enough to deserve our interest. Because they wrote for a living they had to be particularly sensitive to public taste and to the requirements of their publisher. What they lacked as writers they frequently made up for in ingenuity and originality, in a stream of literary innovations to please the public palate. The result was a new kind of writing, lively, racy, at times salacious and deliberately shocking, but almost always interesting.[25]

It should be remembered that the Grub Street hacks, to use the title which has stuck to them through the centuries, could depend on no such encouragement or patronage as the authors of the coffeehouse set received. They wrote for a publisher who doled out just enough to keep them in wine and in debt, and Newgate and the pillory were not idle threats to their security. Since the publisher's primary interest was selling books, the bulk of Grub Street output bears such sure-fire titles as The Night Walker, or Evening Rambles in Search after Lewd Women, or A Full and True Account of a Terrible and Bloody Fight between Tom Brown, the Poet and a Bookseller; nevertheless, interest in political issues was high, and often brought out strong commentary. With the Occasional Conformity Bill, the combination of political preference with religious persuasion provided a subject that was irresistible to gentleman author and hack alike, as well as English readers of all ranks.

It is difficult to find another era in English history when writers have been so closely allied with and vitally interested in politics as they were during the twelve years of Queen Anne's reign. To those accustomed to the Twentieth-century malady, the so-called alienation of the artist, it is unusual to hear of literary men so actively involved

[25] Grub Street Stripped Bare, p. 17.

in their society. The questions of religious tolerance, of nationalism or internationalism, of property or income taxation, all of which strike a responsive chord in our society, were beginning to be recognized and dealt with by the literary men of Anne's day as well as the political leaders. Similarly, the events of the War of Spanish Succession were a matter of concern to artist and politician alike, and when news of the Blenheim victory arrived in London, poets of all ranks took pen in hand to record the nation's jubilation. Joseph Addison was chosen by Godolphin, on the advice of Lord Halifax, as the official commemorator of the Battle, and was rewarded with a political post as the result of his poem The Campaign, as Defoe noted with some bitterness, his own offering, Hymn to Victory, having been offered gratis. Matthew Prior contributed An Epistle to M. Boileau in honor of the occasion, and such lesser poets as John Philips and John Dennis joined in the general rush to celebrate Blenheim in verse. In addition, there were innumerable unknown rhymesters who sought to capitalize on the excitement and patriotic fervor engendered by the victory. Only a few of the poems remain, which is not, perhaps, a great loss to literature. The importance for this discussion of the canon of Blenheim poems is primarily historical rather than literary, although they can indeed be illuminating from the latter aspect. It is as a mirror of the ideas and attitudes of the day that the poetry deserves our attention. Minor occasional poetry has more than once been defended on the grounds that it comes closer to reflecting the actual public sentiments of a given time than do the more universal masterworks; be that as it may, it is with the expectation of further understanding of the Queen Anne period that the individual works concerning Blenheim will be examined.

Although the praises of Blenheim were written primarily in poetry,

most writers turned to prose for discussion of political ideas and particularly for criticism of the war. It was, perhaps, inevitable that Marlborough's reputation should be dependent upon the progress of the war; although heaped with praises and prizes after the Blenheim victory, he soon discovered no amount of military success could appease the public when the war became unpopular. He had become the symbolic figure, and as such was the target for a great deal of vituperation which in turn inspired defenses and vindications; the amount of politically inspired prose resulting from the differing views of the war and its General was unprecedented in English history. It is difficult to pinpoint the origins of the periodical essay which sprang to life during this time, but some historians have likened it to the Protestant lay sermon.[26] Such sermons assumed a reasonable, thinking congregation and used clear, ordinary language to convince or persuade. Thus, out of the political heats of the day there emerged almost incidentally a new writing style which gained immediate acceptance because it served the needs of both writers and public so well. One of the chief virtues of the short prose essay was that it could be contained in one issue of a periodical or newspaper, thereby insuring prompt reading by a comparatively widespread audience. In addition to the one known essay resulting directly from the victory at Blenheim,[27] Jonathan Swift's The Conduct of the Allies and Richard Steele's An Englishman's Thanks to Marlborough will be examined in some detail, since they offer the opportunity to observe how

[26]Stephen, English Lit and Society, p. 72.

[27]A anonymous work, Two Campaigns in one Panegyrical Essay Upon His Grace the Duke of Marlborough's Successes in the Years 1704 and 1705. See Appendix.

effectively the genre can be used by men of letters, even when they are expressing completely opposite points of view.

The involvement of such men as Swift, Addison, Prior, Defoe and Steele in politics went much further than occasional verse or essay writing, however. In their daily lives they were concerned with and affected by the deliberations of Parliament, the favor--or disfavor--of the Queen and her ministers, and the partisan strategems of Whigs and Tories. Although each of these men eventually wrote for one or the other party, their efforts stemmed as much from conviction as patronage, and in nearly every case they were close enough to the political arena to be able to influence by action as well as by essay or poem. Swift may perhaps be the exception to that statement: as an Anglican clergyman in Ireland, he was more isolated from the center of political life. Nevertheless, his visits to London to seek Anne's remission of "first fruits" on behalf of the Irish Church brought him to the attention of government leaders, particularly Harley. Although Swift had at one time considered himself a Whig, the rapid changes taking place in the membership and interests of that party had all but alienated him, and he inclined more and more toward the Tory camp. Harley increased this inclination by his subtle flattery; he invited Swift to intimate family dinners, including him in the inner circle of power and holding out the promise of a Bishopric, a position which marked the peak of Swift's ambitions. Henry St. John added his sophistication and wit to Harley's warm flattery, and Swift willingly lent his pen to the Tories. In his letters to Stella, Swift often mentions his close relationship to those in power, and obviously took a keen delight in his status as literary spokesman for the Tory cause. He never received the promised Bishopric, and probably his influence with the Tory leaders was never as great as

he thought; however, through his brilliant satiric essays, culminating with The Conduct of the Allies, he exerted a decisive influence on public opinion.

Daniel Defoe might best be classified as the maverick among the political writers of Anne's reigh. During the course of his long and prolific career, he posed both as a Tory writing for the Whigs and a Whig writing for the Tories. As a dissenter and merchant, he was the personification of the new kind of Whig that drove Swift into the Tory fold, yet he wrote for Harley, and moreover served as the chief spy in his secret service. By the time Defoe was in his early 40's he had made and lost a fortune in various business ventures; he was just working his way back to solvency when his pamphlet The Shortest Way with The Dissenters landed him in prison, from which he was rescued and then employed by Harley. Lacking the social advantages of the coffeehouse patronage and forced to be secretive about his political activities, Defoe nevertheless had an unshakable faith in the rightness of his convictions as well as the courage to express them. His favorite posture was that of the prophet crying in the wilderness to an unheeding nation. At the same time, he was a liberal and a patriot whose primary motives for writing Hymn to Victory would seem to be a genuine pride in England's newly-won prestigue and sincere admiration for Marlborough.

Richard Steele was a thorough-going Whig, strongly upholding the doctrine of the Glorious Revolution. At the same time, his independence occasionally placed him on the opposite side from his party on a particular issue. A member of Parliament, Steele wrote his conscience, just as he voted it in the Commons. His indignant reaction to Marlborough's dismissal was expressed in An Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough. In the Preface to Steele's Tracts and Pamphlets,

Rae Blanchard has this comment on the political writings:

> Although his reputation as a man of letters is secure in the dramas and essays, the Steele of public life has been for some reason overshadowed by other publicists of his time. It may be true that his tracts are not so informed as Defoe's, so polished as Addison's, or so powerfully reasoned as Swift's. Yet if success can be measured by circulation, answering tracts for and against and controversies stirred up, they hit their mark effectively . . . [28]

Perhaps Steele's most outstanding characteristic is his strong moral tone, which both reflected and encouraged the resurgence of conventional morality which occurred during Queen Anne's reign.

Of the group of literary men under discussion, Matthew Prior and Joseph Addison were the most closely involved in the important political events of the day. Prior had been secretary of the negotiation of the Peace of Ryswick, which ended William's war with Louis XIV. Orphaned while a schoolboy, Prior's early years had been spent in his uncle's tavern, a circumstance Queen Anne felt should disqualify him from any further ambassadorial role; nevertheless the French, who appreciated his charm and tact at the conference table, requested his presence to work out the treaty of Utrecht, which finally ended the War of Spanish Succession and was thereafter known as "Matt's Peace". As a man of affairs, Prior wrote poetry chiefly for his own amusement, and his style was generally witty and urbane. Unfortunately, he fell under the disapproval of the mighty Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who believed Prior to be the author of a slanderous jingle against her. Prior denied it mightily, and even got the General to intervene on his behalf, but Sarah was unconvinced. It is small wonder, under the circumstances, that once news of

[28] Tracts and Pamphlets by Richard Steele, ed. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1944), p. x.

Blenheim reached London, Prior was among the first to produce a poem, The Epistle to M. Boileau, commemorating the victory and Marlborough. After Anne's death, the unpopularity of "Matt's Peace" cost Prior his position in government and he was placed under house arrest, where he remained in dire financial need until Harley and some literary friends, including Swift, published his collected poems and raised enough money to support his retirement. For our purposes, Matthew Prior serves as an example of the poet-statesman whose life shows both the possibilities and perils of a political career in the early eighteenth century.

Joseph Addison fared better in his political career, and when he was out of office he turned to writing for Steele's periodicals. Although he had prepared himself for governmental service by extensive travel and observation of foreign courts, he won his first political post because of Godolphin's satisfaction with The Campaign. Thereafter, Addison served as an Undersecretary of State and, later, as Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, posts which placed him at the very center of England's domestic affairs. The union of Scotland and England was effected during Addison's tenure in office, and students of literature may be surprised to know how much the formation of the United Kingdom owes not only to Danial Defoe's detailed secret reports from Edinburgh but also to Joseph Addison's administrative competence in London. Addison was uniquely qualified to be a spokesman of his day; his public position made him knowledgeable about the people and events of the time and his genius for writing provided the vehicle for sharing his insight. For the most part, everything he wrote was immediately popular, and The Campaign was an instant sell-out, necessitating several reprintings, and was even translated into foreign languages for the edification of the French and Italians. Of the small group of Blenheim poems which

survive, it should be the first focus of our attention, because it is virtually the only one which is still read at all today.

Enjoying as it did the official sanction of Godolphin's government, The Campaign was given advance publicity unprecedented in 1704 and impressive even in our day. Its publication was timed to coincide with Marlborough's triumphant return to London with the spoils of battle; no fewer than half a dozen advance notices had appeared in The Diverting Post, including one by Richard Steele contained in the opening lines of 'An Imitation of the Sixth Ode of Horace. . . Apply'd to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough':

> Should Addison's Immortal Verse,
> Thy Fame in Arms, Great Prince, Rehearse,
> With Anna's Lightening you'd appear,
> And glitter o'er again in War:
> Repeat the Proud Bavarian's Fall!
> And in the Danube plunge the Gaul.

With such a launching, it is small wonder The Campaign was received so enthusiastically by the public. Addison was a Whig, writing officially for a predominantly Tory government, and the victory at Blenheim was one with which both parties were anxious to be identified. With characteristic tact, he sought to skirt the explosive issue by praising no politicians from either party and naming in the poem only the leading characters: Queen Anne, Marlborough, Eugene, Tallard and Leopold. The only exception is a rather enigmatic stanza addressed to an otherwise unidentified friend of Addison's named Dormer who fell in the battle. The intention was to avoid politics and simply relate the incidents of the Campaign of 1704, as Addison explains in the final lines, which contain in effect his apology for the work:

> Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
> In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
> That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
> May tell posterity the wondrous tale.

When actions, unadorned, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrowed blaze.
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Raised of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most. (463-476)

Although Addison avoids elaborate metaphor in favor of the "smooth records" of iambic pentameter couplets and an unadorned narrative, there are several traditional epic devices at work in the poem. The opening lines, although addressed to Marlborough, reveal a classical intent:

Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fired and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill the important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign. (1-8)

In lines 59-61 "The discontented shades of slaughtered hosts/ That wandered on her banks, her hero's ghosts" are put to rest by the blood of Marlborough's victories, and Marlborough, like Achilles, is several times referred to as "godlike leader". Similarly reminiscent of Virgil and Homer are such extended similes as "So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues/ And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews/ The tedious track unravelling by degrees;/ But when the scent comes warm in every breeze/ Fired at the near approach, he shoots away/ On his full stretch and bears upon his prey." (121-126)

<u>The Campaign</u> is grave, balanced, almost sedate in tone, reflecting the moderation of both the author and the hero. In spite of the rivers of blood and mountains of dead bodies, Addison's emphasis throughout is on the character of Marlborough, as he attempts to show the moral superiority of a truly heroic man. The famed meeting of Eugene and Marlborough

gave Addison just the opportunity needed to enlarge on his theme of character and heroic morality:

> At length the fame of England's hero drew
> Eugenio to the glorious interview.
> Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
> Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
> A sudden friendship, while with stretched-out rays
> They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
> Polished in courts, and hardened in the field,
> Renouned for conquest, and in council skilled,
> Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
> Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood:
> Lodged in the soul, with virtue overruled,
> Inflamed by reason and by reason cooled,
> In hours of peace content to be unknown,
> And only in the field of battle shown:
> To souls like these, in mutual friendship joined,
> Heaven dares intrust the cause of human kind. (99-114)

Other incidents involved in the Campaign of 1704 were not so felicitous, however, and it was necessary to play down the ravage of Bavaria if the image of moral superiority was to be maintained. So Addison pictures Marlborough as a long-patient leader, waiting in vain for Leopold to come to his senses and join with the Allies. At length he has had enough:

> Long did he strive the obdurate foe to gain
> By proffered grace, but long he strove in vain:
> Till fired at length, he thinks it vain to spare
> His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
> In vengeance roused, the soldier fills his hand
> With sword and fire, and ravages the land. (223-228)

Even with provocation, the English soldiers, according to Addison, are reluctant ravagers:

> The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
> Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
> The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,
> To see his just commands so well obeyed. (235-238)

The most famous image created in <u>The Campaign</u> is contained in the "angel lines". Addison has reached the point in his narrative where the battle is raging at its fiercest; he evokes the Muse's aid in relating the event, then describes Marlborough surveying the dreadful scenes of war and the

field of death in "peaceful thought", calmly directing the placement of troops, teaching the "doubtful battle where to rage". Then comes the notable simile:

> So when an angel by divine command
> With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
> Such as of late O'er pale Britannia past
> Calm and Serene he drives the furious blast;
> And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm. (287-292)

As Peter Smithers notes, "With the latent quality of a journalist Addison thus associated his most telling simile with an event fresh in the public memory, the great storm of November 1703 which had wrecked ships by the score, blown down country mansions, and killed a bishop in his bed."[29] More than the timely local reference, the lines held a ringing tone that caught the public fancy, and the "rides and directs" quotation became part of literary history, so that everyone recognized the allusion in Pope's satiric lines in the Dunciad:

> Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
> Mid snows of paper and fierce hail of pease
> And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm. (iii 261-4)

Matthew Prior's Epistle to M. Boileau did not enjoy either the political rewards or public acclaim which were given The Campaign. Prior's tone is somewhat tongue-in-cheek; his device is a letter to the French poet, as from one man of the world to another. The circumstances surrounding The Epistle have already been mentioned; Prior might have been desperately in need of Sarah Churchill's favor, but his approach is urbane and cool, and Marlborough is not even mentioned until the end of the second stanza. Instead, Prior inquires of Boileau how he intends, since "hired for life", to write for Louis XIV:

[29] The Life of Joseph Addison (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968), p. 98

On the event of that Superior Day
In which one English Subject's prosp'rous Hand
(So Jove did will; so ANNA did command:)
Broke the proud Column of thy Master's Praise,
Which sixty Winters had conspir'd to raise?

Moreover, the ugly German names involved in the recent campaign make additional problems for the poet:

And tho the Poet made his last Efforts,
WURTS--who could mention in Heroic--WURTS?

Prior continues the ironic pose, protesting his own inadequacies in dealing poetically with the statistics of the victory:

For instance now, how hard it is for Me
To make my Matter and my Verse agree?
In one great Day on HOCHSTETS'S fatal Plain
FRENCH and BAVARIANS twenty thousand slain;
Push'd thro the DANUBE to the Shoars of STYX
Squadrons eighteen, Battalions twenty six:
Officers Captive made and private Men
Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
Tents, Ammunition, Colours, Carriages,
Cannons, and Kettle-Drums--sweet numbers these.
But is it thus you ENGLISH Bards compose?
With RUNICK lays thus tag insipid Prose?
And when you should your Heroe's Deeds rehearse,
Give us a Commissary's List in Verse? (53-66)

Having hammered home the extent of France's defeat, Prior smoothly administers the final thrust:

Why Faith, DEPREAEX, there's Sense in what You say:
I told you where my Difficulty lay:
So vast, so numerous were great BLENHEIM'S Spoils,
They Scorn the Bounds of Verse, and mock the Muse's Toils. (67-70)

Throughout this section of the poem, Prior maintains a light, bantering tone; he is rather good-naturedly "rubbing in" the victory to a fellow poet who happens to be on the other side. He calls Boileau "old Friend, old Foe (for such we are/ Alternate, as the Chance of Peace and War)" (47-48). Still, his main task, eulogizing Anne and Marlborough, lies before him, so he builds a bridge from the initial light tone to a more serious one by saying if he were as good a poet as Boileau, this is how

he would have handled the theme of heroism, and proceeds to describe the events leading to the battle. Anna bids Marlborough rescue Europe: he "bows obedient" and retires to the woods to work out his Great Design, whereupon a "heavenly Form appears: Her Hand a Palm, her Head a Lawrel wears." It is Victoria, and she is evidently intended to be to Marlborough what Athena was to Achilles:

> Me the great Father down to Thee has sent:
> He bids me wait at Thy distinguish'd Tent,
> To execute what ANNA'S Wish would have:
> Her Subject Thou, I only am Her Slave.

The stanza is interesting because Prior saw fit to insert, even in the midst of deliberate classic imitation, a reference to the relationship of monarch to subject: Marlborough, as an Englishman, is subject, not slave to Anne. The actual description of the battle is general and so brief it is almost sketchy. A gallant, knight-like Marlborough draws his sword, cries 'Anne and St. George', and leads the charge. In true epic style, the outcome of the battle hangs in the balance until Victoria arrives at the ninth hour and sits over Marlborough's head:

> Secret and Swift behold the Chief advance:
> Sees half the Empire join'd and Friend to FRANCE:
> The BRITISH General dooms the Fight; His Sword
> Dreadful He draws: The Captains wait the Word.
> ANNE and St. George--at That auspicious Sign
> The Standards move; the adverse Armies join.
> Of Eight great Hours, Time measures out the Sands;
> And EUROPE'S Fate in Doubtful Balance stands:
> The Ninth, VICTORIA comes:--O'er MARLBRO'S Head
> Confess'd She sits; the Hostile Troops recede:--
> Triumphs the GODDESS, from her Promise freed. (160-172)

The heroic recital ended, Prior reverts to his original tone in the final stanza, and protests he "ne'er was master of the tuneful trade"; the best he can hope is to inspire some "younger muse". The final image combines the themes of poetry and patriotism:

> As we have Conqu'rors, We have Poets too;
> And either laurel does in BRITAIN grow.

. . .
We can with universal Zeal advance
To curb the faithless Arrogance of FRANCE.
Nor ever shall BRITANNIA'S Sons refuse
To answer to thy Master, or thy Muse;
Nor want just Subject for victorious Strains,
While MARLBRO'S Arm Eternal Laurel gains;
In the Land where SPENSER sung, a new ELIZA reigns. (195-201)

Addison makes no mention of partisan politics in The Campaign, and Prior gives only passing reference to England's internal political troubles in The Epistle to M. Boileau. Defoe, however, shows no such tact in his Hymn to Victory. Fresh from the pillory, he has evidently learned neither discretion nor submission; his poem is as much a platform for his political and religious position as it is praise for Marlborough and Blenheim. In his Dedication to Anne, Defoe pictures himself, with fair accuracy, as an outcast of society:

The Humble Muses now their Tribute pay,
And sing the Joys of the Triumphant Day.
And now, the meanest of the inspir'd Train,
Supprest by Fate, and humbl'd with Disdain,
From all the Joys of Art and Life exempt,
Debas'd in Name and cover'd with Contempt,
With Chains of Injury and Scandal bound
In dark Recess, your Mighty Influence found;
So strong the powerful Charm, so fierce the Fire,
The Muse must sing, or in his Verse expire,
He sings the Glories of your happy Reign
And humbly then retreats Disconsolate again,
Under the Blast of Personal Pique to die,
Shaded from all the Blessings of your Eye.

Hymn to Victory is a long, loose-jointed work, with many digressions and a wide range of subjects. Defoe pictures Victory as a woman, once the mistress of valorous men, but now the whore of anyone with enough money:

A Prostitute to Stratagem and Art,
Submitt'st to Treason, Avarice, and blood,
And art no more for Justice understood.
By modern methods art procur'd
The longest purse subdues the longest sword. (92-96)

The subject of finance and particularly the expense of war is mentioned several times in the poem, along with the very pragmatic observation that

Victory may be expected to show up where there are the largest battalions, regardless of moral superiority. In pursuing the theme of Victory, Defoe gives a history of her movements throughout Europe prior to her arrival early in England, and one trenchant stanza tells of William's bid for her:

> Young Nassau courted her in vain,
> The Dutch could not defray the Charges of her Train,
> She lik'd the Youth, his Valour pleased her much,
> But something out of Humour with the Dutch (146-9)

From her European stay, Victory did finally arrive with William in England, but was driven away by the partisan squabbles:

> In the old Road of Mischief we went on,
> And made our wonted Haste to be undone:
> Miscarriages from every Corner come,
> Knaves act Abroad, as Fools direct at Home.
> Wonder no more, ye Men of Sense!
> Miscall not our Misfortunes Providence!
> Twas no Disaster made our Voy'ges vain,
> 'Twas all Contrivance and Design.
> The busie States-men juggle and debate,
> And make a Jest of England's Fate:
> Parties decide the Nation's Doom:
> Fighting Abroad's a Jest, <u>The Wars at home</u>,
> Navies and Armies may themselves defeat,
> It all concurs to form the General Cheat.
> The embattl'd People now in sides appear,
> And all's embroiled in Party-war. (264-279)

It seems apparent that Defoe is not interested in harmony or reconciliation; not only do individual High-flying Tories come in for condemnation in the <u>Hymn</u>, but the Occasional Conformity issue is revived and argued once more. Its defeat, according to Defoe, marked the reversal of English fortunes, and Victory could return:

> The Royal Blast the Party overtakes
> The deep Contrivance breaks
> The Queen to Peace the willing Land Perswades,
> and with that Word their deep Design invades:
> The willing Lords close with the Royal Word,
> And damn'd the Bill as cruel and absurd.
> 'Twas now that VICTORY return'd
> The flame of Civil Strife too long had burn'd. (337-344)

Finally, with the poem advanced some 300 lines, Defoe drops his politi-

cal and religious propaganda and gets on with the business of commemorating Blenheim. Some of the liveliest lines in the poem occur when he discusses English pugnaciousness. Not only do his countrymen love to fight, but they are born winners:

> An Englishman has something in his Blood,
> Makes him love Fighting better than his Food;
> He will be sullen, lay him down, and die,
> If he cannot Come at his Enemy: (403-426)
>
> Battle was always Englishmen's Delight;
> They'd always Conquer if you'd let 'em fight (425-426)
>
> Great Tallard, let thy Soul no more repine;
> 'Tis no reproach to yield to Englishmen:
> Advise thy Master, e'er it be too late,
> Never to prompt their Rage nor tempt his Fate.
> They always Conquer'd, 'tis their Due by Blood;
> If they ha' leave to fight they ne'er can be withstood. (431-436)

Defoe's praise of Marlborough is combined with praise of God; he sees Marlborough as God's agent, and the victory of Blenheim as a sign that the English, presumably by showing tolerance to Dissenters, have pleased God, and He is now on their side. In one final digression, Defoe addresses Fame, asks for a recitation of the great generals on both sides of the battle, and ends with a stanza emphasizing the Englishness of the victory:

> Tallard! Thy Reason might suggest thy Doom,
> Had'st thou but seen great Marlbro come
> Circl'd with English Heroes; seen him rise
> With English Valour in his Eyes;
> Had'st thou his Troops of English-men survey'd,
> Thoud'st not by Reason so betray'd;
> Thou might'st ha' seen Invincible writ there,
> And Prudence wou'd ha' taught thee to retire. (854-861)

The separate <u>Conclusion</u> is addressed to the Duke of Marlborough, gives somewhat more elaborate praise to the general, and expressed Defoe's hope that the victories won abroad may lessen the disputes at home:

> The Battles which you fight Abroad, procure
> New peace at home, and make that Peace secure,
> The Enemies you Conquer on the Rhine

Makes our worst enemies at home, decline.
The Dangers on the Danube you pursue,
Lessens our Dangers here, and makes them few.
And as from Foreign Victories you come,
You fight Abroad, but you Subdue at Home. (880-887)

Thus ends Defoe's contribution to the Blenheim poems. He is unquestionably the poorest poet of the three under discussion; James Sutherland has aptly described Defoe's poetry 'journalism in verse'.[30] Nevertheless, there is considerable liveliness in Hymn to Victory, and precisely because Defoe breaks the rules of polite occasional verse by bringing in all manner of extraneous material and airing his own political views, the poem is of more interest than either The Campaign or An Epistle to Boileau. The flavor of the political infighting is still there, and while Defoe may not be a good poet, he is a colorful and relevant writer, so the twentieth-century reader experiences the actual atmosphere of the period more clearly from the lines of the Hymn than from the other two poems. In addition, Defoe shows himself to be an unusually well-informed commentator, particularly in his discussion of European history. For all its faulty rhyme and ungainly length, the Hymn to Victory is still interesting reading.

Although officially Godolphin had approved Addison as the Blenheim poet, the Tories in general felt The Campaign was too Whiggish in tone, and so Harley and St. John commissioned John Philips, a moderately well-known Oxford wit and poet, to write a Tory counterpart. Accordingly, Philips produced Blenheim, in which Godolphin, Harley and St. John are flattered along with Churchill and Queen Anne. Unlike most of the Blenheim poems under consideration here, Philips' is written in blank verse, a

[30] Defoe: A Critical Study (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1971) p. 91

form in apparent disrepute at the time. John Oldmixon, whose Pastoral Poem on the Victories at Schellenburgh and Blenheim will be discussed below, explains in his Preface:

> In complaisance to the Taste of the Age, we have left off writing in Blank Verse, waiting till a second Milton shall finish what the first began, and shake off the barbarous Yoke, impos'd on the Muses in the Ages of Darkness and Ignorance. Whoever thought we wrote formerly in blank verse, rather out of Necessity than Choice, we hope will now be convinc'd of the contrary.

Although of dubious literary significance, Blenheim is historically valuable because it expresses the Tory viewpoint so clearly. In the following lines Philips supports the idea of Divine ordination of Kings and incidentally reassures Anne of the legality of her succession; at the same time, he emphasizes that the English obey their monarch not in thraldom, but in fitting or rightful liberty:

> How is Poland vext
> With Civil Broils, while Two Elected Kings
> Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left
> Thus free of Choice! The English, undisturb'd
> With such sad Privilege, submiss obey
> Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rance due
> Not thraldom, in fit Liberty Secure.
> From Septer'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,
> Thou ANNA, Rulest, Prudent to promote
> Thy people's Ease at home. . . (410-419)

In the other Blenheim poems so far discussed, England is seen primarily as the Savior of European freedom, going to battle with France in answer to pleas for help from small, endangered countries. Philips adds a new note of political significance in the lines:

> Auspicious Queen Say Who
> Shall Wield th' Hesperian, Who the Polish Sword,
> By thy Decree; the trembling Lands shall hear
> Thy Voice Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should bruise
> Their Stubborn Necks, and Churchill in his Wrath
> Make them Remember Blenheim with regret. (461-466)

Here, then, is the issue of the Spanish Succession expressed with a newly acquired confidence bordering on arrogance. Philips' presumption is that

Marlborough can force Spain and Poland to accept England's choice of monarchs; as students of history know, it was a false supposition and a stumbling block to peace. Since the slogan "No peace without Spain" has come through the centuries to be identified with the Whigs, it is particularly interesting to see it so strongly advocated in this Tory poem.

The partisan references in Blenheim are comparatively few and are contained in the final stanzas of the poem. By far the larger part of the poem is concerned with description of the battle, cataloging the ravages of the campaign, and praise for Marlborough, Anne and England. The following incident, from Spence's Anecdotes, would indicate Philips did not find Blenheim a particular source of pride:

> Philips was once with some of his old acquaintance who fell foul upon him for his Blenheim; after they had teezed him awhile, says Jack, I could not help it, Mr. Secretary Harley made me write it---but God forgive him; then, after some pause---& God forgive me also.[31]

Taken in its entirety, Blenheim would seem to justify its author's low opinion, but it contains a viewpoint necessary for complete understanding of a period, and is valuable, along with Defoe's Hymn to Victory, in showing how the victory of Blenheim could become an effective vehicle for the views of either political party.

John Dennis wrote Britannia Triumphans: or the Empire Sav'd and Europe Deliver'd.By the Success of her Majesty's Forces under the Wise and Heroic Conduct of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough in 1704, and in 1705 was awarded, through Marlborough's patronage, a place in the London Customs House which carried a salary of £120 1. per annum, and which he held for ten years, at which time he was allowed to sell out. His chief literary

[31] Quoted in the Introduction to The Poems of John Philips, ed. M.G. Lloyd Thomas, (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1927), p. xxii.

reputation rests on his criticism, rather than the poems or plays he wrote, and he is remembered today primarily for the feud he carried on with Alexander Pope. Pope had satirized Dennis' rather bombastic play Appius and Virginia in his Essay on Criticism (iii 585-8), and Dennis had replied in kind in 'Reflections, Critical and Satirical'. Pope's last word was contained in 'Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris, concerning the strange and deplorable frenzy of Mr. J. Denn--, an officer in the Custom House.' This lively exchange was much later than the date of Britannia Triumphans, however. In 1704 Dennis was presumably innocent of either Pope's animosity or Marlborough's patronage, although he undoubtedly was hopeful of securing the latter with his ambitious entry into the Blenheim literature. Inasmuch as he was successful, the poem has the added significance of being one which we know Marlborough appreciated and for which he showed his gratitude in a concrete way.

Britannia Triumphans is by far the longest of the Blenheim poems, running some 2091 lines and containing in addition a lengthy Preface in which Dennis sets forth his reasons for preferring blank verse to rhyme, thus taking his stand with John Philips among the Blenheim poets who chose to write 'in the way of Milton.'

In his Preface Dennis says:

> The bad (poets) will certainly endeavor to maintain Rime, because Rime does in some measure conceal their want of Ear, and their want of Genius, and is perhaps as necessary to the giving them a sort of a dull mettle, and to the keeping them jogging on with their burden of Dulness, as Bells are requisite to a Cart-Horse or to a Pack-Horse; which very Bells upon the Course at New-Market, would but render the Racer ridiculous, and would but stop his speed."

Dennis opens the poem with an invocation to the God of Gods, the "God of great Revenge, true God of War", with the hope that the poem will serve to inspire posterity to praise thee for 'Thy Divine Mercy to their blest

Forefathers.' There follow examples from Biblical History of other victories involving water, i.e., the Red Sea's parting to save Moses and the Children of Israel and drown Pharaoh's armies, and exortations to the poet's soul to strike the living lyre:

> Let Earth and Heav'n rehearse the lofty Song
> While the bright Church Triumphant in the Sky
> And the blest Church Triumphing here below,
> Joyn in one Chorus of Immortal Praise. (86-88)

Partisan politics are not mentioned in Britannia Triumphans, but the theme of the Triumphing Church, meaning the Church of England, emphasizes Dennis' Tory inclinations. In the section praising Anne he says:

> Whose matchless Piety and watchful Care,
> Shews all the wond'ring World that thou art sent
> From the bright Church Triumphant in the Sky
> To make the warring Church Triumph below; (95-98)

The inordinate length of the poem is accompanied by a rambling quality and looseness of organization; although Dennis gives elaborate praise to Marlborough, he does not mention him at all until page 21, some 400 lines into the poem. Nevertheless, there are occasionally stanzas of particular interest; for example in an unusual aside to Prince Eugene, Dennis says:

> Such Spirit never did thy Eyes behold;
> No, never, thy Heroick Eugene cries,
> Such mighty Eugene never saw before;
> No, wond'rous Prince, thou such couldst never see,
> Tho thou hast long Triumphant Armies led,
> Tho thou hast conquer'd Foes of every kind,
> Humbling the Pride of the perfidious East,
> And the more faithless Tyrant of the West,
> Tho' thou hast been victorious in more Lands
> Than wand'ring Travellers have seen, yet thou
> Couldst ne'er before this Hour such Spirit see,
> Because thou ne'er before this Hour beheldst
> An Army from a free-born People chose:
> For only Briton's of the Race of Men
> Their Liberties entirely have maintain'd,
> Nobly maintain'd against the joint Assaults
> Of Homebred Treason, and external Rage,

The Pride of Foreign Tyrants, and their own.
Know tis from Liberty, thou wond'rous Man,
Master of daring Councils yet of wise,
From Godlike Liberty this noble Fire,
This dauntless, this immortal Spirit flows. (290-311)

The European countries suffering under the domination of France are described in turn, and when finally England is mentioned, she is described thus:

England was plagu'd with an unnatural Race,
A Race expecting but the Blow of Fate,
The cutting off one slender royal Thread,
And then (but long avert that Hour ye Heavens)
Resolving infamously to betray
Their Country to a Foreign Tyrants Pow'r.

Since Glouster, the young prince, was dead, the 'slender royal Thread' could only refer to Anne herself, and the 'unnatural Race' is, of course, the Jacobites.

Marlborough's description will be mentioned below; the central portion of the poem follows the tradition of all Blenheim poems with a general description of the battle, the carnage and the complete triumph of the English soldiers. Specific British heroes are named, and Dennis describes the pride of the past Kings of England as they look down on the victory, and then, borrowing from Virgil, he pictures the future kings of England appreciating the battle as the source of their power:

The Souls of British Heroes from the Sky
Upon the Glories of that Field look'd down,
Thither their Eyes the Conq'ring Edwards bent,
On that magnanimous Henry wond'ring gaz'd.
All charm'd to see their times of Gold return,
All charm'd to see bright Victory descend.
And perch upon an English General's Plume.
There the blest Patron of Britannick Knights,
The Red Cross Champion look'd transported down
To see the Honour of his Order rais'd.
. . . And Godlike William look'd with Rapture down
To see great Marlborough do what he had done,
Had but the false Bavarian been his Foe.
The preexisting Souls of future Kings
On that important Field look'd down, on which
Their future Right and future Pow'r depends. (932-941, 945-950)

In the final lines of the poem, Dennis mentions the childlessness of the Queen, and also the Marlboroughs' loss of their only son, Lord Blandford. Regarding Marlborough, the tragic death is turned into justification of the father's altruism:

> But Blandford in his early Bloom was snatch'd
> To make the Glory of the Sire compleat;
> Had noble Blandford still remain'd below,
> He was good, so charming and so great,
> So worthy all the Fathers fond Desire;
> Th' invidious World might have pretended then
> That Marlboro had atchiev'd his Godlike Deeds,
> For private Ends to make his Offspring great;
> Now clearly for his Country and his Queen,
> For Liberty, and for the World he acts. (2021-2030)

Some of the most touching lines, and perhaps the most sincere, of the poem are found in these regarding the loss of young Glouster:

> But thou art gone, Britannia's Hope is gone,
> For thee Britannia mourns like Royal Ann;
> Thy Fate thy Mother's Happiness impair'd,
> But it has rais'd her Glory to the Stars;
> The Wonders which she ev'ry Day performs:
> Mov'd by the noblest Motives she performs,
> Now for her Country and the World she acts,
> For Liberty the Darling Cause of Earth,
> For spotless Faith the darling Cause of Heav'n.
> Her Children all were snatch'd away in thee,
> O fond Mistake! Whate'er the best of Queens
> Performs, she does it for her Children all,
> Her happy People are her Children now. (2048-2060)

Another of the poets who contributed to the Blenheim poems was Samuel Wesley, patriarch of the large Wesley family that included John and Samuel, Jr. As a young man, Samuel had been a dissenter, but had 'conformed' under the influence of Bishop Tillotson, and become an Oxford scholar. His poem <u>Marlborough, or the Fate of Europe</u> resembles a medieval allegory, with France depicted as a dragon-like Monster devouring all of Europe until the "Soverign Arbiter of Fate" sends Prudence, Fortitude, Celerity and Secrecy down to Marlborough to help him defeat the Fiend. The poet's distrust of France is forcefully stated:

> We merit chains, if France again we trust
> Who will not, cannot to his Oaths be just.
> His Frowns are manly, but his Smiles are base;
> Those fairly kill, these stab with an Embrace. (330-335)
>
> Let war, entail'd on future Lustres come,
> And worse than War protracted, Fewds at home,
> So our loud Crimes may not so high ascend,
> As to pull down the Curse of having France our Friend! (340-343)

The poem ends with the usual elaborate compliments to Marlborough and Anne, but Wesley is more specific than most Blenheim poets in his praise of the Queen, which includes mention of her reduction of taxes as well as the remission of First Fruits back to the small, impoverished country parishes:

> Eliza might have learnt from Her to please,
> Herself the Taxes for her Peoples ease.
> What Altars by her generous Hand supply'd,
> Whose Flames have dimly toll'd, whose Fires had dy'd,
> Shall shine with Incense which her Bounty threw,
> And constant Intercourse with Heav'n renew. (496-501)

John Oldmixon's poem on Blenheim is a pastoral, as indicated in the lengthy title: <u>A Pastoral Poem on the Victories at Schellenburgh and Blenheim: Obtained by the Arms of the Confederates, under the Command of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough over the French and Bavarians.</u> The work is dedicated to the Duchess of Marlborough, complimenting her on the "High Qualities that render you the Worthy Partner of his Bed and his Fame", and includes a Preface of twenty four pages. In the Preface, Oldmixon justifies his attempt at commemorating Blenheim:

> I am far from thinking I can do so illustrious an Action Justice, I ought to have been frighten'd by the success of most of the Writers, who have hitherto attempted it, had our Soldiers fought no better than our Poets write upon 'em, we should have had little to rejoyce over but our Victory at Sea. Yet instead of discouraging, this embolden'd me to do as I saw others had done before me: Comforting myself, that if I could not do better 'Twas impossible to do worse; and if I did not distinguish myself on this occasion, I might get off in the Croud of those for whom the Subject has been too hard.

The actual poem is only a few pages longer than the Preface; it features traditional characters taken from Virgil's eclogues--Menalcas, Thyrsis and Mopsus--reclining in the sylvan shade while they relate the incidents of the battle. John Oldmixon was a Grub Street writer and an ardent Whig, but there are few partisan references in the Pastoral except a passing mention of Godolphin and a final tribute to Sarah Churchill: "And You, ye Charming and Illustrious Fair!/ Who serve the Throne and Sweeten Anna's Care."

In John Gery's Poem to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough on the Glorious Successes of the Last Campaign the idea of England as a World power with authority over Europe is stressed:

> Now shall Britannia rear her awful Head
> High 'midst her Sister States, and kindly shed
> Her cheering Influence on the Realms below:
> From her Decrees each Prince his Doom shall know;
> While, stern to proud Oppressors, in the Cause
> of Injur'd Right her vengeful Sword She draws. (293-298)

This poem has some unusual metaphors: Europe is seen as a festering sore which Marlborough heals, and his attack at Blenheim is likened to an avalanche or rockslide. Gery was a friend of Swift and an Oxford fellow; like Wesley, also an Oxford man, he advocates a continuation of the war:

> That arm, which at the Branches aim'd before,
> Two Brothers from the French Assistance tore,
> Again advance, and with thy fatal Blade
> The monstrous Body next, and naked Trunk invade. (313-316)

Gery also praises Anne for the remission of First Fruits:

> For Anna Heaven does all its Blessings store,
> Repaying what She thither lent before:
> Her Offer'd Tenths for our Success provide,
> And bribe each Heav'nly Influence to our Side. (241-244)

An anonymous poem printed for "B. Bragg at the Blue Bell in Ave-Mary Lane" appropriately entitled A Poem on His Grace the Duke of Marlborough's Return from his German Expedition begins:

Assist me, Sacred Muse, the Man I sing
Who does to Brittain Fame, to Europe safety bring
Nor think it Late thy grateful Voice to raise
Last of the Tuneful Choir in Faithful Praise;
The Day on which thy Favor I implore
Does Marlborough to his Native Isle restore. (1-6)

The Bragg poem, which sold for two pence, is a scant six pages, decidedly brief for that day, and contains little of historical or literary note, except as it echoes those basic ideas embodied in most of the Blenheim poems, to be considered in detail below.

Of greater length and significance is Le Feu de Joye: or a Brief Description of Two Most Glorious Victories Obtained By Her Majesty's Forces and those of Her Allies, over the French and Bavarians; in July and August, 1704, at Schellenburgh and Blenheim near Hochsted. Under the Magnanimous and Heroick Conduct of His Grace the Duke of Marlborough A POEM written by a British Muse. Besides the longest title of all the Blenheim poems, Le Feu de Joye contains a dedication to Godolphin, comparing the Lord Treasurer with Queen Elizabeth's advisor Lord Burleigh. The poet reveals a keen financial interest in such lines as:

What will become of Britain's future State,
Thought I, when its Expenses are so great?
If Wars remain, where will Britannia's Coin,
Which for its Glory does the World out-shine;
Th' Intrinsick Value far above its Price,
If this be gone, whence will it have new rise?
All Thriving Merchants do most surely know,
The Imports must our Exports far out-do:
In small Receipts, or if the more we spend,
The Profit balance soon will have an end. (9-18)

Such lines indicate the author was probably a Whig, knowledgeable of the economic conditions in London. Further evidence of Whiggish leanings is contained in this stanza, which echoes Defoe:

But since the Tyrant-Foes disdain to fight
A fair pitcht Battle, to decide the Right:
But skip and sculk, like Wolves, to seize a Prey,
As Theiv's to 'scape the Gallows, run away:
Or b'ing pursu'd, from Place to Place they fly

To some Strong Hold, where they securely lye,
For the next Jobb, or some new Injury. (27-33)

Allowing for such financial and military digressions, the bulk of Le Feu de Joye is a straightforward narrative of the events of Schellenburgh and Blenheim. Whoever the poet may have been, he was well informed; the poem is unusual in the amount of accurate military and political detail contained, for example, the false retreat the night before the battle of Blenheim:

The Stratagem of War here waits at hand,
The like, for Ages, has not been obtain'd.
Leaving a Prey to lure 'em to the Field,
A Prey, which to their Numbers sure must yield
Ours feign a March, retire to make it plain,
Till they Encamp, next day return again. (157-160)

The most original of the anonymous poems relating to Blenheim and Marlborough was written in 1708, four years after the battle. A Dialogue Between Windsor Castle and Blenheim House, The Seat of the Duke of Marlborough Formerly call'd Woodstock-Bower has the two residences boasting about their importance. Windsor has more historical background, having been built in the days of Edward the Confessor, "And ever since I've been the Residence/ Of every English Queen and British Prince". Blenheim House counters with:

Tho Age don't plead for my Magnificence,
'Tis famouse for the Founder's Excellence;
'Tis Marlborough's Noble Seat, whose Conduct charms
His Army, and dull Cowards stirs to Arms;
Whose Valour leads them with such Rage and Skill,
A Noble General, whose dreadful Sight
The En'mies Blood to their faint Heart do's fright. (56-62)

While it is not the purpose here to consider the literary value of these poems, it may be pertinent to note in passing the extensive use of epic language, indicative not only of the literary fashion of the day, but also of the poets' desire to emphasize the heroic quality of both the battle and the General. The epic devices used by Prior and Addison have

been mentioned in passing; it remains to consider a sampling from the minor poems. Marlborough is everywhere compared with Caesar and Alexander, and the author of Feu de Joye includes Epaminondas. Variations of "Veni, Vidi, Vici" include Gery's "I came, I saw, and having seen, subdu'd", Wesley's "We came, we conquered e'en before we saw", and Oldmixon's "Who never fail'd to conquer where he came", the latter in reference to Eugene. Extended similes involving hunting and forest images reminiscent of Virgil occur in nearly every poem, and Feu de Joye and Wesley's Fate of Europe contain Homeric cataloges of English and German heroes. A few more examples may suffice as illustration:

> Hadst thou the glorious Hecatombs foreseen
> . . . Thou surely then hadst Sav'd on Godlike Youth
> (Britannia Triumphans, 2016-2019)

> For who scap't Scylla, proud Charibdis stav'd
> (Feu de Joye, 405)

> One draught of Lethe's Black forgetful Lake
> (Feu de Joye, 416)

> Assist me Sacred Muse, the Man I sing
> (Bragg, 1)

> (The French Generals) to Anna's Chariott Wheels
> Ingloriously are Bound
> And Churchill's Brows with Double Laurel Crown'd
> (Oldmixon 129-130)

The majority of epic references are to Homer and Virgil, but undertones of Dante and Milton are also noticeable. Clearly, the Blenheim poets recognized the importance of their subject and used the traditional heroic language in an attempt to invest their work with grandeur and dignity suitable to the occasion.

Varied as the Blenheim poems are in length, style and quality, certain significant ideas and assumptions run through them all, and give a fairly clear view of how Englishmen of the early eighteenth century saw themselves and their country. One of the most prevalent ideas present in

these poems is that of individual freedom. Addison says, "With native freedom brave/ The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave" and Oldmixon expresses it: "For what is wretched man unless he's free/ Who'd chuse on any other terms to be?" Coupled with this idea of freedom is a sense of national identity; the English character is defined many times in these poems. The poets see themselves and their countrymen as fighters who go to battle not for power and glory, but to save Europe from French tyranny:

> Britains by Nature Good as they are Brave
> Wish less to conquer than they love to save
> (Oldmixon 25-26)

> For only Gracious Anne can under Heav'n
> Give Freedom to the World and lasting Peace;
> For only she o'er willing Nations reigns,
> O'er free-born Souls, whose Glory, and whose Pride
> Is to infranchize all the Christian World.
> (Britannia Triumphans 242-246)

> Glory's too mean a Prize; 'tis false tho bright
> But these for Liberty and Europe fight.
> (Wesley 241-242)

> Far from Pursuits like theirs (Caesar and Alexander)
> Great Marlborough's Aim
> No thirst of Pow'r or vain desire of Fame,
> With Caesar's Conduct, as the Grecian Brave
> In just Defense, He but destroys to save
> (Bragg 35-39)

> Like Generous Britains, let us fight or die
> The Conquest's all your own, for Liberty.
> (Feu de Joye, 13-14)

> No vulgar fears can British minds control
> Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul
> O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post
> Lessen his numbers and contract his host
> (Addison 265-268)

> Old English courage scorns these trifling things,
> The Higher Ground, the well-flank'd Wings
> . . . (Defoe 719-720)
> And still the Advantages are equal found
> These Higher Hearts, and those the higher Ground
> (Defoe 725-726)

Arms and a Queen to sing who great and good
Send forth the Terror of her high commands
To save the nations from Invading Hands
To prop fair Liberty's declining cause
And fix the jarring World with equal laws.
(Prior 87-91)

That you're a Son of Great Britannia's Race,
An English Heart beneath an English Face
A Martial Soul and a Successful Hand
Back'd by the faithful Genius of your Land
(Defoe Con. 8-11)

The most elaborate statement of this idea is found in the Latin quotations which precede Addison's Campaign, and they are significant enough to warrant translation:

Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinious; laetatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

This quotation refers to Marlborough: "The pacifier of the Rhine and of Istria. All discord ceases in the various orders because of this man. The equestrian rejoices, the senator applauds, the wishes of the people emulate the goodwill of the patrician." Although the original quotation refers to the Roman Emperor Claudius I, Addison evidently felt the victory at Blenheim had likewise united England. The second quotation is from Livy's History, and the parallel is obvious:

Esse aliquam in terris gentem auae sua impensa, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquae vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis praestet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. (Lib. 33) [32]

"To be a nation on the earth which, at its own cost, through its own labors and dangers, wages war on behalf of the liberty of others. Let it not, for this reason, try to surpass its allies, or the people of neighboring vicinities, or other lands joined together in a continent. Let it traverse the seas: let whatever command of the world it has not be unjust, and everywhere let justice, divine right and law be most powerful: [32]translated by Aida Rens, Creston High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The love of England as a land is very evident in the poems, and there is an appreciation of the isolated position of the British Isles, as the poets look at the embroiled European countries. Addison states it:

> Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
> To sit the guardian of the continent! (33-34)

And Philips echoes rather too closely:

> Thrice happy Albion! from the World disjoin'd
> By heav'n propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace!
> Learn from Thy Neighbors' Miseries to Prize
> Thy welfare. . . (380-383)

Dennis says:

> A nation round the which wise Nature casts
> The stormy Main subjected to her sway,
> That no usurping Tyrant might invade
> The sacred Refuge of fair Liberty. . . (266-269)

Other examples are plentiful:

> Look round the Spatious Globe and find a Spot
> Like that which bounteous Heav'n has made your Lot
> (Wesley 454-455)

> Thrice happy Albion, did thy sons but know
> To prize aright that Gift the Heav'ns bestow
> (Gery 285-286)

> Anna, the Goddess of the Pleasant Land
> Where Liberty and Innocence Reside
> Free from the Gripes of Tyranny and Pride
> (<u>Feu de Joye</u> 215-217)

Another theme that occurs repeatedly in the Blenheim poems is Divine predestination. Perhaps that was the only way the poets could account for the fact that "gentle Anne" and her aging general were winning the victories that the soldier-King William III had sought unsuccessfully for so long; at any rate, they picture Anne and Marlborough as Destiny's chosen agents:

> Hail, Mighty Queen, reserv'd by Fate, to Grace
> The New-Born Age; what Hopes may we conceive
> Of Future years. . . (Philips 435-436)

> At length the time ordain'd by Fate is come,

The conq'ring Hero's come who breaks the Charm
(Dennis, 480-481)

Til He (God) has England magnify'd
As instruments to crush the Gallick Pride
He Singl'd out the Nation for the Deed,
No wonder all the Power of France comply'd.
(Defoe 651-654)

Wise Providence its Bounty does restrain
Till both the Blessing's ready and the man
The Agent and the Action he prepares
He finds the Hero and he makes the wars.
(Defoe Conclusion 42-45)

Anna by fate for Britains fame design'd
In saving Liberty to save Mankind (Oldmixon 182-183)

Fate that decreed at length to check the Course
Of Gallic pow'r, enlarged with Lawful Force
Our Anna to the pointed time design'd
And equal to the Work, foresaw the Monarch's Mind:
Destin'd to Bless with nearer Influence
Her Happy Isle, and bounteously dispence
To the dejected World her Generous Aid
To fill the Glorious Scheme which Heav'n had laid.
(Bragg 53-60)

Thrice happy ANNE with such a Heroe blest
To set the long contending World at rest
(Gery 289-290)

Thee (Marlborough) the Celestial Pow'rs did
sure ordain
To bless the new-born Age, and brighten Anna's Reign.
(Gery 239-240)

Besides the sense of being Destiny's Chosen, there is expressed in some of these lines the idea of a new age dawning; overall, the tone is one of pride, optimism, and, above all, self assurance. Still, the partisan rivalry and disputes were difficult to ignore, and though Addison and Prior made no mention of politics in their poems, some of the Blenheim poets refer to the dissension and make pleas for unity:

Let Faction Rage, let Discord have her Hour,
Our fortunes are no more in Faction's Power.
(Oldmixon 110-111)

Nor always shall our Prince in vain invite
The jarring Tribes to Love and to Unite

Her High Example shall at last Prevail,
And all the Wicked Arts of Discord Fail.
(Oldmixon 116-119)

Enough, my sons, enough of Noise and Strife
And Stern debate, the deadliest Plague of Life!
Now learn to Live! Your Arrows close unite
Unbroke and firm, as your own Ranks in fight.
(Wesley, 433-436)

Let Civil-Strife and Party Fire
Under thy (Victory's) weighty Hand expire
Under thy Banner let us always Fight
Conquer abroad, at Home unite. (Defoe, 367-370)

Eugene's enormous popularity with the English is evidenced by his mention in nearly every Blenheim poem in such complimentary terms as "the illustrious Eugene", "Eugene the fav'rite and Boast of Fame", and "Eugenius, from the Banks of Po, appears/ Crown'd with more Victories than Tears."

A final theme which is repeated in the poems concerns the distance from home at which the English soldiers are fighting; such terms as "strange stars" and "unaccustomed air" reveal the poets' awareness of the unusual dimensions of the War. As Philips says, "They go beyond/ The Trace of English Steps, where scarce the Sound/ Of Henry's arms arriv'd." (42-44)

Marlborough is, of course, characterized repeatedly, and the poets are unanimous in their description of the General as a calm, sedate man with superb self control. Addison set the standard in his famous "angel lines":

Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm. (290-292)

The other Blenheim poets agreed:

Amid the mingled Legions Churchill stands
Like Fate distributing his High Commands
With chearful patience and with awful mein
Cool as in Council, as in Peace Serene. (Oldmixon 333-336)

Calm and Sedate, the Mighty Man
Spreads with his dreadful Troops the Plain
The Martial Fury of his Face
Began to rise and shew itself apace:
But all his Soul was calm, 'twas all sedate;
Secure of Conquests, unconcern'd at Fate.
(Defoe 848-853)

When now the hostile Camp appear'd in View
And either Wing their Troops to Battle drew,
Calm and serene the dangerous task you weigh'd
(Gery 119-121)

Some praise his equal Conduct in the state
In council calm, unmov'd by warm debate
Above a narrow Faction's mean design
True as the Sun to the Meridian Line
(Wesley, 354-357)

Superior fram'd, of that intrepid Soul
Unmov'd itself, to guide and move the whole
Compos'd amidst the wranglings of debate;
Amid the shock of Charging Troops sedate.
(Bragg, 63-66)

Much of the praise of Marlborough is set in stock phrases of little meaning, but a careful reading of the Blenheim poems brings out some further aspects of the General's character that are enlightening. Mr. Gery sees him as an inspiration to English youth:

O Thou renown'd in War, whose Godlike Deeds
No Brittish Youth without a Rapture reads!
Who dost create a Genius, and inspire
Each Breast unhallow'd with Apollo's Fire! (1-4)

To whom, of all that Brittish Air have breath'd
Has Nature such a scanty Soul bequeath'd
That does not with a gen'rous Ardour burn,
From You the Rudiments of War to learn?
Under Your Banners to display his Worth
And draw the latent Seeds of Vertue forth? (35-40)

The theme is also mentioned in Le Feu de Joye:

The British Youth shall shout with Recreation
'Twas you restor'd the Courage of the Nation
(Epilogue 27-28)

The image of Marlborough as the calm, impassive leader appears so frequently it must be respected; however, such a character could hardly be

so successful a military general without some fire and force, and two of the poems attempt specifically to describe the Duke in action:

> And now our Gen'ral's even Temper shew'd,
> Was here and there, and ev'ry where i' the Crowd;
> Where Bullets whistle, or where Cannons roar,
> Whose well-steel'd Bands before 'em rent and tore;
> Now to the Right the useful Word he gave,
> And then the Left, the Center helpt to save;
> Swift as an Arrow, his proud Courser flew
> O'er Cannon Ball, or it had pierc't him thro'.
> Dasht o'er with Dirt, Dust, Earth and coarsest Soil,
> Dy'd with the Gore, which Crimson Wounds defile:
> No Danger stopt his piercing Eye and Ear,
> To push the Conqu'ring Front or succour the wav'ring Rear.
> (Le Feu de Joye 305-316)

> Right on the Foe You, like a Whirlwind, drive,
> And soon amidst their troubled Ranks arrive.
> Where-e'er you press, unable to control
> Your wond'rous Rage, in Heaps the Squadrons roll:
> Rout and Confusion Speedy Entrance find:
> Terror before You runs, and Ruin stalks behind.
> (Gery 147-150)

There would seem to be a certain ambivalence in Marlborough's personality that makes poetic description difficult; the combination of calm self control in council and fierce aggressiveness in battle was described by Gery as a merging of extremes:

> How did commanding Reason, in the Heat
> Of Raging Battle, still maintain its Seat?
> Like Lightening, in the midst of Thunder, bright,
> No Hurry could confound its Native Light.
> By Rage not blinded, nor by Prudence cool'd,
> You spur'd the Sluggish, and the Rash you rul'd
> In Tumult no tumultuous Thoughts exprest;
> But, breathing Vengeance, still Your self possest.
> Thus in a noble Bard, whose ev'ry Line
> Does with apparent Inspiration shine,
> Fancy and judgment, native Cold and Heat,
> Those two so rarely joyned Extreams, do meet. (219-230)

Samuel Wesley called Marlborough's character a union of virtues:

> Victorious both in Council and in War,
> Nothing's denied, where He's the Embassador;
> Some his Dexterity, for Business made;
> His Application these, and timely Aid;
> Some (praise) his Humanity; How easie of Access

How prone to Aid and Pity and Redress,
How form'd to Help, how made to Please and Bless (361-367)

Nothing he leaves to Chance's blind Pretence,
But all is Prudence, all is Providence.
Firm and Intrepid to the last Degree,
Alike from Slowness and from Rashness free;
The French and German Virtues he unites
Like one Consults, and like the other Fights. (374-379)

The longest and most elaborate description of Marlborough's character appears in Dennis' work, and perhaps it is small wonder he enjoyed the General's patronage:

But who shall paint thee wond'rous Chief, in whom
Repugnant Qualities are reconciled;
Secret thy Soul as is the dead of Night,
Yet chearful as the Smile of opening Day,
That lofty, awful, and commanding Brow
With sweet atractive Majesty invites.
Calm are his Thoughts in his profound Designs,
Yet swift tho sure his executing Might,
His breast supply'd with all the glorious Fire
That burns with inextinguishable Flame
In the aspiring Minds of those brave Men,
Who by great Actions court eternal Fame.
Yet he by a transcendent Force of Mind,
Entirely Master of that tow'ring Fire,
Which, like his Slave, he absolutely sways
With a Controuling and a Lordly Pow'r.
Calm are his Gestures, his Majestick Brow
Compos'd, ne'er dark with Grief, nor rough with Rage,
But always mild, attractive, bright, serene.
In whom deep Foresight dwells unknown to fear,
And Intrepidity unknown to Rage.
The Love of Fame that urges him away
T' immortal Actions still severely curb'd.
Always obedient to cool Wisdom's Voice,
And guided like the Chariot of the Sun,
Whose animating Fires preserve the World
Far, far above the Tempests stormy Rage. (401-427)

In all the Blenheim poems there is a sense of newly-awakened national pride that transcends party and is deeply rooted in the idea of freedom. Bonamy Dobree, discussing such patriotic poetry, says:

And if we look rather more closely at the heroes celebrated, at least down to those times where being Whig or Tory might dictate a choice, we note that they are mainly associated with liberty; in the first instance from foreign oppression, and then from tyranny at home, in short, those who 'The Gaul

> subdued, or property secur'd'. This patriotic poetry cannot all be dismissed as mere 'Whig panegyric'; the themes are too constant and too various; moreover the melodies warbled by the Whigs are fervently carrolled by the most arrant Tories. We tend, I think, to underestimate the sense our Augustan forebears had of liberty as a precious possession lately threatened; we are apt to regard the word as a counter, forgetting how close the age felt itself to be to its tyrannic past, how lately the bitter struggle had been fought, how sharply the men of that age realized the price of liberty to be eternal vigilance.[33]

After the upheavals of the Civil War, the Restoration and the Bloodless Revolution, England was experiencing at this time a period of intense political development. Some historians have marked the War of the Spanish Succession with its extended dimensions and European-wide repercussions as the beginning, in England, of the "modern" period. Certainly it marks, in the more thoughtful members of both political parties, an awareness of responsibility and involvement in European affairs, motivated and justified by a belief in freedom. Thus it may be of particular significance to Americans, who tend to think that the 'inalienable rights' of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were invented in Philadelphia in 1787 to read the same ideas expressed in English poems written some eighty years earlier.

An equally important idea expressed in the poems is that of non-aggression; over and over the English writers stress the fact that they are saviors, not despoilers of the European countries they are invading. The careful supply arrangements of the Godolphin-Marlborough ministry which insured that English soldiers would not have to forage the countryside indicate that this was a sincere governmental policy as well as a humane

[33] "The Theme of Patriotism in the Poetry of the Early Eighteenth Century" Proceedings of the British Academy (London: Oxford U. Press 1949), p. 55.

ideal hitherto unheard of in Europe. It is necessary always to keep in mind the absolute rule of Louis XIV and other European monarchs of the time. The complete absence of civil rights or religious toleration in France and Spain made England by contrast a shining haven of freedom. The budding awareness of this special quality pervades the Blenheim poems, as does a not so attractive arrogance, expressed through the idea that England is God's favored country, destined to save the world from French tyranny.

Because the battle of Blenheim occurred early in the war, when enthusiasm and idealism were at a peak, it was ideally suited to serve as the subject of patriotic poetry, at that time being read by an ever increasing English audience. Not only were more Englishmen--and women--able to read, but the subject of the Blenheim poems was one which deeply interested people from all walks of life, and one which did not require formal education to understand. Thus, the Blenheim poems expressed ideas and attitudes which not only echoed public opinion, but also shaped it. As reinforcement of certain principles and ideals the Blenheim poems were particularly significant, and in their educational effect their value is inestimable.

Although most of the literary praise of Blenheim took the form of poetry, there is at least one surviving prose example. It is anonymous, was "printed for F.B. and sold by B. Bragge in Avemary-Lane 1706 Price 6d", and is entitled Two Campaigns in One Panegyrical Essay upon his Grace the Duke of Marlborough's Successes in the Years 1704 and 1705 and and his fine House of Blenheim now building at his Manor of Woodstock lately given him by Act of Parliament, for his Great Services. Perhaps in the interest of giving fair exchange for the six pence, the author continues: "to which is added the Fifth Ode of Horace's Fourth Book,

turn'd into English by way of Imitation, and humbly address'd to his Grace, instead of Augustus, to whom it is dedicated in the original." The essay is designed primarily to display the author's erudition; it is crammed with references to the classics and favorable comparisons between Marlborough and the great figures of antiquity. At times it soars to precarious heights of flattery:

> Sir, I could declare, (if it were Manners to speak of it) that you have done a Diskindness to Mankind, and have discouraged Gallantry and noble Actions; for you have left no Room for Emulation, because no Man emulates or endeavors after what is unattainable.
> Attalanta could not pretend to be as swift as the Wind, tho' she had left the Golden Apples behind her; neither can the mightiest Giant presume to run with the Sun: So that future Heroes will appear comparatively but frigid Eunuchs: they might sigh and groan, (as Caesar did at the Sight of Alexander's statue) but all their Efforts shall prove abortive. For your Name shall be known in the World, and the Danube (the greatest River in Europe) shall swell with Pride, and flow with Pleasantness when the name of Caesar with his fam'd Rubicon, shall be forgotten. (12-13)

Neither of the two Campaigns mentioned in the title is described in the essay, and the paragraphs pertaining to Blenheim Palace are more suitably examined below; a few lines, however, which pertain to Marlborough as peace negotiator are of interest:

> As nothing considerable can be atchiev'd in carrying on a War, unless your Grace gives Life to it, in being at the Head of the Enterprize; so nothing can be crown'd with Success in Treaties of Peace, without your Presence; and you that sav'd the Empire, by making an unheard of March to the Danube last year, are requested from no less a Hand than that of the August Emperor of the Romans, to make a far greater Journey to preserve Hungary this. (pp. 30-31)
> . . .
> To conclude, all that we can hope or desire, is, that you may bring our Enemies to a Sense of Humanity and an honourable Peace. . . (p. 33)

This view of Marlborough as peacemaker as well as soldier is not emphasized in the Blenheim poems, but has historical basis, and thus helps round out the character of Blenheim's hero.

Of considerably more historical and literary interest are the essays of Swift and Steele which were written in 1711 and deal with Marlborough in a different light. By this time the glow of optimism and patriotic pride engendered by Blenheim had long since dimmed; Marlborough had won victory after victory for England, but peace seemed no nearer, and the country was weary of the bloodshed and expense. The Allies were even further drained of resources, and more and more the cost and responsibility of the war fell to the English. Since the Whigs had claimed Marlborough for their own, they were known as the war party; the Tories, newly returned to power, were determined to win peace at whatever cost. The first step was to get rid of Marlborough, and to this end the Tories launched an intensive pamphlet campaign to prepare the public for the rejection of their former hero. Swift was their most effective instrument, and his The Conduct of the Allies appeared in November, 1711, just one month before Anne dismissed Marlborough on charges on peculation and accepting bribes. After two days the first edition was sold out; the second edition sold out in five hours. By January, six editions had been sold out, making a total of eleven thousand copies printed.[34]

The Conduct of the Allies is a masterful political piece, perhaps because Swift was carefully monitored during its creation by the Tories, particularly St. John, to insure it carried the party line. It was known to have official government backing because it quoted certain treaties available only to the queen's ministers. The essay is well organized, straightforward, logical and forceful. It seems indeed to articulate the frustrations and resentments that had been building among

[34] Jonathan Swift, Political Tracts 1711-1713, ed. Herbert Davis (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1951), p. ix

Englishmen of all ranks. At the same time, it is devastating in its attack on Marlborough. Swift opens the essay with "Reflexions on War in General", and moves from there to "Reflexions on Past English Wars" and finally to England's part in the present War. Upon this last, he makes three major points:

> First, That against all manner of Prudence or common Reason, we engaged in this War as Principals, when we ought to have acted only as Auxiliaries.
> Secondly, That we spent all our Vigour in pursuing that part of the War which could least answer the End we proposed by beginning of it; and made no Efforts at all where we could have most weakened the Common Enemy, and at the same time enriched our Selves.
> Lastly, That we suffered each of our Allies to break every Article in those Treaties and Agreements by which they were bound, and to lay the Burthen upon us.

Each of these points is enlarged upon in turn, and Swift then asks:

> If all this, I say, be our Case, it is a very Obvious Question to ask, by what Motives, or what Management we are thus become the Dupes and Bubbles of Europe? Sure it cannot be owing to the Stupidity arising from the coldness of our Climate, since those among our Allies, who have given us most Reason to complain, are as far removed from the Sun as our selves.

The answer, of course, is that the war has been continued deliberately by Godolphin and Marlborough out of greed for money and power. Swift excuses himself from defamation by saying, "If, in laying open the real Causes of our present Misery, I am forced to speak with some Freedom, I think it will require no Apology; Reputation is the smallest Sacrifice Those can make us, who have been the Instruments of our Ruin; because it is That, for which in all Probability they have the least Value." He then launches the attack, beginning with Godolphin:

> I have already observed, that when the Counsels of this War were debated in the late King's Time, my Lord Godolphin was then so averse from ent'ring into it, that he rather chose to give up his Employment, and tell the King he could serve him no longer. Upon that Prince's Death, although the Grounds of our Quarrel with France had received no manner of Addition, yet this Lord thought fit to alter his Sentiments; for the

> Scene was quite changed; his Lordship, and the Family with whom he was engaged by so complicated an Alliance, were in the highest Credit possible with the Queen: The Treasurer's Staff was ready for his Lordship, the Duke was to Command the Army, and the Dutchess, by her Employments, and the Favour she was possessed of, to be always nearest Her Majesty's Person; by which the whole Power, at Home and Abroad, would be devolved upon that Family. This was a Prospect so very inviting, that, to confess the Truth, it could not be easily withstood by any who have so keen an Appetite for Wealth or Ambition. By an Agreement subsequent to the Grand Alliance, we were to assist the Dutch with Forty thousand Men, all to be Commanded by the Duke of Marlborough. So that whether this War were prudently begun or not, it is plain, that the true Spring or Motive of it, was the aggrandizing a particular Family, and in short, a War of the General and Ministry and not of the Prince or People; since those very Persons were against it when they knew the Power, and consequently the Profit would be in other Hands.

Swift contends that not only were Godolphin and Marlborough involved in prolonging the war, but the "money changers at home" and the Whigs in general were in Conspiracy, and the wonder is not that the Union lasted so long, but that the Queen was able to break it at all:

> The Prudence, Courage, and Firmness of Her Majesty in all the Steps of that great Change, would, if the Particulars were truly related, make a very shining Part in Her Story; Nor is Her Judgment less to be admired, which directed Her in the Choice of perhaps the only Persons who had Skill, Credit, and Resolution enough to be her Instruments in overthrowing so many Difficulties.

With the Queen and her new ministry thus complimented on getting rid of the Marlborough-Godolphin Conspiracy, Swift moves on to other considerations; not, however, before he has aimed a final volley at Sarah Churchill. The Duchess' final attempt to break through the Queen's silence and justify herself is described:

> . . . Her Majesty was pursued through all Her Retreats, particularly at Windsor; where, after the Enemy had possessed themselves of every Inch of Ground, they at last attacked and stormed the Castle, forcing the Queen to fly to an adjoining Cottage, pursuant to the Advice of Solomon, who tells us, It is better to dwell in a corner of the Housetop, than with a brawling Woman in a wide house.

The public interest in The Conduct of the Allies is evidenced by the

size of its circulation and the number of editions it required, and immediately it attracted a large number of rebuttals and refutations, some independently offered by admirers of Marlborough, most commissioned by the Whigs. Dr. Hare, Marlborough's chaplain, prepared the most elaborate defence of the war party entitled The Allies and the Late Ministry Defended against France and the present Friends of France, but far more effective then, as now, was Richard Steele's pamphlet The Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough. Rae Blanchard gives the background for the pamphlet:

> This anonymous public letter is Steele's first known political pamphlet, written in indignation the day after the Queen dismissed Marlborough from all his offices, including that of Captain-General (31 Dec. 1711). . . . All of these proceedings were disagreeable to Steele, who not only was in sympathy with the foreign and domestic policies of the Whigs but admired Marlborough's military achievements, his statesmanship and his personal qualities to the point of hero worship. His old-fashioned eloquence is deeply sincere. Such treatment of Marlborough after his successful prosecution of the war with France Steele regarded as national ingratitude.[35]

Although Steele's pamphlet was indirectly inspired by Swift's Conduct, it does not presume to argue against Swift's case, but is rather an endorsement of Marlborough personally, as England's heroic General:

> Till You were plac'd at the Head of Armies, the Confederates seem'd contented to show France, That She could not overcome Europe: But it enter'd not into the Heart of Man, That the rest of Europe could Conquer France. When I have said this, My Lord, there arise in my Soul so many Instances of Your having been the Ministring Angel in the Cause of LIBERTY, that my Heart flags, as if it expected the lash of Slavery, when the Sword is taken out of His Hand, who Defended Me and all Men from it.

While Steele admits it is possible for men to be ungrateful for Marlborough's exploits, it is impossible to take those exploits away from

[35] Blanchard, Ed, Tracts and Pamphlets, p. 66

him; his Qualities speak for themselves. In a final burst of praise Steele concludes:

> While you are what You cannot cease to be, that Mild Virtue is Your Armour; the Shameless Ruffian that should attempt to Sully it, would find his Force against it as Detestable, as the Strength of a Ravisher in the Violation of Chastity; the Testimonies of a Perjur'd Man Confronting Truth, or Clamour drowning the Voice of Innocence.

Steele's championship of Marlborough did not end with An Englishman's Thanks, but was continued in certain numbers of the Spectator which appeared the following year. Addison shared Steele's Whig principals and devotion to Marlborough, but was less inclined to engage in partisan disputes, preferring to write on subjects which could encourage agreement and reconciliation; Steele was the instigator of the references to Marlborough which occurred in the periodical. In number 139, for example, Steele is dealing with love of Glory; he uses Louis XIV as a bad example and Peter Alexovitz of Russia as a good one, and then goes on to say his ideal Prince, "were it not to make the Character too imaginary", would be offered Sovereignty over some Foreign Territory, but would consider that an empty Addition without the kind Regards of his own Prince. This, of course, refers to the offer of the Principality of Mindelheim made to Marlborough by Leopold following Blenheim; in case the Spectator readers miss the reference, Steele concludes the essay:

> These thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual Length of this Paper, but if I could suppose such Rhapsodies could out-live the common Fate of ordinary things, I would say these Sketches and faint Images of Glory were drawn in August 1711, when John Duke of Marlborough made that memorable March wherein he took the French Lines without Bloodshed.

In Spectator number 165 Addison concocts an imaginary letter from a soldier at Blenheim to support his contention that too many French words are being absorbed into the English vernacular. The result of such

references in so popular a periodical was subtly to keep Marlborough's name and memory alive, even though at the time he was in voluntary exile in Europe.

Admittedly, the literature inspired by the battle of Blenheim and the Duke of Marlborough has more historical than artistic merit; its importance lies in the lively interest it inspired. As a major military victory, Blenheim resulted in patriotism and optimistic confidence; as a General who won battles and made a fortune from the war but could not negotiate a peace, Marlborough was the center of sharp controversy. Both the event and the man provided poets and essayists of Anne's day with subject matter that had immense public appeal and practically guaranteed readers. It was due to such keen interest in politics and public life that the Blenheim literature found its way into so many coffeehouses, kitchens and libraries of Englishmen all over the country.

III

Blenheim Palace

The importance of Blenheim Palace lies in what it can tell us about the attitudes and ideas of the age in which it was created. To the observer aware of the energetic, discordant interaction among social classes, political parties and religious congregations in the Queen Anne period, Blenheim provides a resounding echo of the times, restating in stone the country's aspirations to world eminence, proud awareness of the past as well as some uncertainty about the future, and independent attempts to adapt European motifs to English taste. Half fortress, half palace, Blenheim does not inspire attention; it commands it: the observer's eye is led inexorably through the increasing complexity of forms to the central block, which is neither a Roman Catholic altar nor a monarch's throne, but the entrance front of a private English residence.

After the victory at Blenheim, public excitement was so high that the captured French and Bavarian standards had scarcely been hung in Westminster Abbey before the Queen and Parliament were engaged in the happy dilemma of trying to decide what a grateful nation could do to reward its heroic general. As Louis Kronenberger describes it in Marlborough's Duchess:

> There were various proposals. A first thought was to clear a large London area, turn it into a square bearing Marlborough's name, erect twin statues of John and the Queen, and build him a magnificent town house looking out on it all. Godolphin deprecated this, thinking it questionable to set any subject on an equal footing with his sovereign, and suggesting--as also much less expensive--an annual Thanksgiving Service. In time the Queen herself was asked to name a suitable testimonial; who, after taking thought, proposed that the Royal Manor and Park at Woodstock--that pleasaunce of Saxon, Norman Plantagenet and Tudor kings--be conveyed to the Duke and his heirs forever. An act was quickly passed to this effect: it conveyed some 15,000 acres worth about 6,000 a year, and

> Parliament also authorized a grant of 5,000 a year during the Queen's lifetime. Nor would the Queen, in munificence, fall short of the country. She would build at Woodstock, at her own expense, a commemorative palace to be called the Castle of Blenheim.[36]

Because of the close relationship between Anne and the Marlboroughs, there was no thought of a written agreement or contract. Anne was to give the Duke the necessary money (Christopher Wren, the Queen's Surveyor, had been dispatched to the site and estimated a cost of £100,000), and Marlborough would engage the architect. In 1705 the Surveyor's Office, where national building projects originated, contained, besides Sir Christopher Wren, John Vanbrugh as Comptroller and Nicholas Hawksmoor as Clerk of the Works. Wren was 73, and still engaged in finishing St. Paul's Cathedral, along with many lesser projects. Vanbrugh, on the other hand, was a vigorous 41, a staunch Whig and man of affairs who knew and was known by leaders of both parties. He belonged, along with other prominent Londoners, to the exclusive Whig Kit Cat Club, where he was known for his good humor and sharp wit. At the same time, he sincerely admired Marlborough and saw him as a national hero as well as a potential client of considerable means.

Vanbrugh (1664-1726) began his career as an army officer, and in 1690 he had been taken prisoner and confined at Calais, at Vincennes and finally at the Bastille.[37] Released in 1692, he returned to London and became active in the theater as a playwright and producer. His first play, The Relapse, was written in 1696 as a sequel to Love's Last Shift by

[36] (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1958), p. 134-5

[37] The Complete Works of John Vanbrugh, ed. Bonamy Dobree, Vol. 1 (New York: AMS Press, 1967) p. xxxv. This early connection with the Bastille, originally a medieval fortress, has been given as a possible Source of those same qualities present in many of Vanbrugh's buildings.

Colley Cibber. It was a box-office success, and in the spring of 1697 Vanbrugh followed it with The Provoked Wife, which also enjoyed favorable reviews. In addition to these two original plays, he contributed many adaptations and translations from French drama to the London theater. Although his plots and characters are for the most part Restoration stereotypes, they are well-drawn and effective, and demonstrate Vanbrugh's professional competence as a dramatist. The same understanding of the dramatic arrangement of elements evident in his plays also can be found in his architecture, where the progressive building up of forms to provide tension is a dominant feature.

In addition, Vanbrugh's three careers as playwright, officeholder and architect personify in their diversity the close interchange of interests possible in that day. The early eighteenth century was a period of generalization rather than specialization and it was not uncommon for gifted men to pursue several avenues of interest and ability.

When Marlborough engaged him to be the architect of Blenheim, Vanbrugh had designed only one other building: Castle Howard, a country house in Yorkshire done in collaboration with Nicholas Hawksmoor, Vanbrugh's fellow-worker in Wren's Office of Works. Castle Howard had attracted widespread attention because of its unusual design and magnificence, and it is not surprising that Vanbrugh at once brought in Hawksmoor as his assistant at Blenheim, continuing an association that was to result in the culmination of English Baroque architecture. Hawksmoor (1661-1736) had gone into the Office of Works in 1679 as Christopher Wren's personal clerk and became Clerk of the Works in 1689. Ten years later he met Vanbrugh and became his assistant and principal draftsman. His exact education is unknown, but he had a scholarly reputation and a thorough understanding of the monuments of antiquity which is evident in his work.

His independent designs include some of London's most distinctive churches, among which are St. Anne, Limehouse (1714), St. Mary Woolnoth (1716), Christ Church Spitalfields (1714) and St. George, Bloomsbury (1720).

The collaboration of Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor at Castle Howard and Blenheim Palace poses a problem for art historians, because it is so difficult to identify the respective contributions of each. John Summerson calls their working relationship almost intuitive, and adds that the resulting complexity of their designs combines sources so imaginatively that "analysis is an extremely delicate matter."[38] As Kerry Downes describes the two, Hawksmoor was the better trained and the better draftsman; he was precise and particular, attentive to detail and hesitant to attract public attention. Vanbrugh, on the other hand, could scarcely draw and had no experience of the organization necessary for such an undertaking as palace building, but was full of creative vision and a consummate salesman; Downes concludes, "their very different characters must have fitted like a dove-tail joint."[39] The partnership was much more than a meeting of complementary natures, however. Together these two men were able to create the most outstanding examples of English Baroque architecture in the country. Separately, each man created distinctive designs, but the qualities present at Castle Howard and Blenheim Palace are more than the sum total of their individual styles.

In general, this architecture was characterized by its massiveness, the feeling of irregular movement of line, and a strong dramatic quality which draws the eye in gradual progression to the climactic center front

[38] Architecture in Britain 1530-1830, (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, Ltd., 5th rvsd. ed. 1969, rpt. 1970) p. 269.

[39] Hawksmoor, (London: A. Zwemmer Ltd., 1959) p. 72.

of each building. Although the individual motifs are similar to those found in continental architecture and resemble some of Wren's designs, their combination is original, and the effect unique.

At Castle Howard, Vanbrugh's client was Lord Carlisle, a fellow Kit Cat Club member and a staunch patron and friend who secured his appointment as Comptroller of Works in 1702 and Clarenceux King of Arms in 1704. Nevertheless, his choice of Vanbrugh as architect was a spur-of-the-moment decision, apparently motivated as much by anger and revenge as by any confidence in Vanbrugh's ability: the original architect, William Talman, was well known, particularly for his work at Chatsworth, but he was also pretentious and expensive, and Carlisle dismissed him in 1699, commissioning his friend to do the design.[40]

Vanbrugh lost no time in proceeding with his new employment; by December of the same year he was making the following progress report to another influential friend and patron, the Earl of Manchester:

> . . . I have been this Summer at my Ld Carlisle's, and seen most of the great houses in the North, as Ld Nottings: Duke of Leeds Chattesworth &c. I stay'd at Chattesworth four or five days the Duke being there. I shew'd him all my Ld Carlisle's designs, which he said was quite another thing than what he imagin'd from the Character yr. Ldship gave him on't; He absolutely approved the whole design, particularly the low Wings, which he said wou'd have an admirable effect without doors as well as within, being adorn'd with those Ornaments of Pillasters and Urns which he never thought of, but concluded 'twas to be a plain low building like an orange house. There has been a great many Criticks consulted upon it since, and no objection being made to't, the Stone is raising, and the Foundations will be laid in the Spring. The Modell is preparing in wood, wch when done, is to travel to Kensington where the King's thoughts upon't are to be had.[41]

[40] James Lees-Milne, English Country Houses (London: Hamlyn Publishing Group Ltd., 1970) p. 148.

[41] The Complete Works of John Vanbrugh, "Letters", ed. Geoffrey Webb, Vol. IV (New York: AMS Press, 1967) p. 4-5. Hereafter cited as "Letters".

Despite Vanbrugh's inexperience as an architect, Castle Howard was strikingly original and of a size and grandeur seldom seen before in an English private residence. The center block contains a gigantic hall, topped by a domed roof; arcaded arm-like projections curve outward to meet blocks of service buildings, forming an enormous courtyard on the north (Figure 1). The south-garden front stretches some 300 feet in

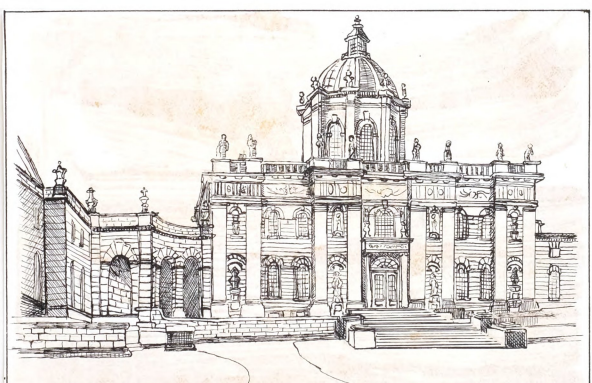

Fig. 1. Castle Howard, courtyard front.

length and contains twenty-seven large arched windows, with a giant Corinthian order at the center entrance. The distance between the service blocks at either side of the Grand Courtyard is 700 feet; by contrast, the overall length of Longleat is around 400 feet. However, as Laurence Whistler notes, it is not its dimensions which make Castle Howard important, but the novelty and diversity of its groupings: "the building up of components on either side, in the form--however elementary

still--of a crescendo: the exploiting of an effect we now call 'movement'."[42]

Vanbrugh's official appointment as surveyor (i.e., architect) for Blenheim was made June 9, 1905; nine days later, at Woodstock, the foundation stone was laid at a gala ceremony attended by both Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor. From that day until Vanbrugh's resignation from the project in 1716, the story of Blenheim Palace's construction is one of unpaid workmen, unmet deadlines, work stoppages and delays. It took fifteen years until the Marlboroughs could move into their living quarters in the palace, and work continued on grounds, gates and individual monuments for another ten. The last recorded act concerning Blenheim's completion was in 1738, after the death of both Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor, when the Duchess, now 78 years old, placed a statue of Queen Anne in the Long Library.

Part of the initial difficulties lay in Vanbrugh's inexperience with the practical aspects of construction, and as might be expected, the original plans went through many changes before the final effect was achieved. Whistler says:

> Alterations continued to be suggested by Vanbrugh, and it is remarkable how easily they were passed by the Duke or his representative Godolphin even when they involved the pulling down of long stretches of wall. Thus the whole basement on the south front had already been furnished with round windows. . . when it was apparently discovered that they did not give enough light. Accordingly, Strong reported in February, 1707, the removal of these, and the setting up of a full scale model for the Duke to see, representing the proposed square windows. . . Later he reported the pulling down of more than a hundred and twenty feet of masonry, all of it advanced to the top of the basement, and part of it

[42] The Imagination of Vanbrugh and his Fellow Architects, (London: Art and Technics Ltd., 1954) p. 43.

> to the springing of the window arches on the main floor, twenty-seven feet from the ground.[43]

Although the Duke may have been easily persuaded to approve such costly alterations, the Duchess was not, and lost no time in expressing her dissatisfaction with Vanbrugh's extravagant methods. Vanbrugh was apparently confident he could justify the increased costs; he writes in a letter to the Duchess dated 1709:

> . . . And yet after all, I don't question but to see your Grace Satisfy'd at last: for tho' the expence shou'd something exceed my hopes, I am most fully Assur'd it will fall vastly short of the least of your fears, And I believe when the whole is done Both the Queen, Yourself, and everybody (except your personall Enemys) will easilyer forgive me, laying out fifty thousand pounds too Much; than if I had lay'd out a hundred thousand too little.[44]

Sarah remained unconvinced; in fact, she established a Comptroller of her own, Tilleman Bobdart, at Blenheim for the purpose of trying to control Vanbrugh's excesses. In 1711 she writes to Bobdart:

> I am very sorry to find it is not even in the Duke of Marlborough's power to keep Mr. Vanbrugh in any reasonable bounds and therefore I shall have the least thought of it. All I desire now is that you will let me know how the Madness goes on and whether his brain produces any new ones.[45]

The reasons for the Duchess' intense opposition to Vanbrugh and his design are not difficult to discover. They were both personally devoted to the Whig party and the Duke of Marlborough, but beyond that, all similarity in temperament ceased. Vanbrugh was the charming flatterer, the wit whose plays were both popular and risque, a man of such an agreeable

[43] The Imagination of Vanbrugh, p. 98.

[44] "Letters", p. 32.

[45] David Green, Blenheim Palace (London: Country Life, Ltd., 1951), p. 246.

nature even political foes such as Swift called him "gentle Van". He was not a liar, but seemed incapable of stating bare fact without exaggeration. In his letters to the Marlboroughs correct figures are blurred by approximations, and the proposed alterations and additions are cunningly diminished by clever prose to disguise the exact extent of their additional cost. His enthusiasm was genuine, however, and his creative genius undeniable; he easily persuaded the Duke to support his most grandiose plans, set forth so eloquently in his letters. His proposal for a second greenhouse, for example is a masterpiece of persuasion:

> Nor will there be so pleasant a Room for View
> Nor so cool (yet all the Same Gay and light) in the
> Whole house, as that Greenhouse or Detach'd Gallery,
> for that indeed is what I take it to be, And not a
> Magazine for a parcell of foolish Plants. I don't
> see why this shou'd not be the Room for the Tytian
> hangings which it will just hold. And Since there is
> no Library in the House. that may be the business
> (or pretended business at least) of this Gallery, The
> Books dispos'd in Presses made handsome like Cabinets,
> And plac'd Regularly along with the Chairs, tables
> And Couches, This, my Lord has allways been my Notion
> of this Room: And I shou'd be might glad to find your
> Lordship come into it, for it Seems clearly to me the
> most Valluable Room in the Whole Building, And I never
> saw any one of this kind Abroad (which scarce any
> fine Place is without) that cou'd compare with it,
> for the Extreame pleasantness of its Situation.

The Duchess, however, was not impressed; her endorsement of this letter reads:

> The second green house, or a detached gallery I thank
> God I prevented being built; nothing, I think can be
> more mad than the proposal, nor a falser description
> of the prospect.[46]

Like his prose, Vanbrugh's designs were somewhat exaggerated and showy. Every aspect of Blenheim demands to be noticed; there is scarcely a modest

[46] "Letters", p. 35.

stone in the entire fabric. Such boisterousness was extremely expensive, but Vanbrugh handled the matter of constantly increasing costs with the cavalier indifference of a man who has unlimited access to a bottomless treasury.

Presumably he was more careful of expenses when building for himself; at least when designing his own houses, he preferred less ostentatious Gothic motifs. Generally, art historians have observed the strong medieval flavor that pervades much of Vanbrugh's architecture, Blenheim included. He also had romantic tendencies: as David Green points out, his choice of the site for Blenheim, so as to include the old ruined Woodstock manor as a picturesque object is the sort of thing a romantic would do,[47] and shows in addition an affinity for the monuments of the past which was at the heart of a Gothic revival which did not arrive in England until two generations later.

There may have been in Vanbrugh's fondness for Gothic that instinctive and unconscious searching for identity which often accompanies a sudden rise to eminence. If this is the case, his preference in his own houses for a style reminiscent of medieval England would have psychological as well as aesthetic implications. In those insecure, turbulent days when the established theories of Divine Right of Kings and sucession by primogeniture were being supplanted, it would not be surprising if, when designing for himself, he turned for inspiration to a time in history which he associated with a secure, landed aristocracy and an unchanging status quo. At any rate, his own castelated Goose-pye house (1699) and the turreted Vanbrugh Castle (1717) have a rather picturesque, medieval

[47] Blenheim Palace, p. 49.

flavor which is unusual for the time.

Blenheim Palace was another matter, however; it was to be a monument to the glory of Anne, Marlborough and England, and Vanbrugh had no hesitation about making the Palace as magnificently impressive as his imagination allowed. Through even the thickest political and financial clouds surrounding its construction, Vanbrugh's enthusiasm waved like one of the Duke's banners, and Marlborough also was constant in his dedication to the completion of the Palace. As his position in the political circles nearest the Queen became more shaky, the Duke clung to the promise of Blenheim Palace as the one remaining symbol that would answer his critics and present to posterity all that needed to be said about his life. As Winston Churchill wrote: "About his achievements Marlborough preserved complete silence, offering neither explanation nor excuses for his deeds. His answer was to be this great house."[48]

The Duchess, on the other hand, was never able to grasp the symbolic significance which Blenheim Palace held for her husband and his architect; she felt the gift was due the Duke because of his military accomplishments, as a sort of bonus, and she expected Blenheim to be an elegant but comfortable private house, not the public spectacle it in fact became. Throughout her life, Sarah admired nothing so much as practical good sense. She considered flattery offensive and prided herself on her unvarnished speech, even when it alienated Queen Anne herself. She was shrewd to the point of genius with money, keeping impeccable accounts during her tenure as Mistress of the Stole, and discontinuing the former custom of accepting bribes from merchants in exchange for contracts for

[48] Marlborough, II, p. 754.

fabrics and accoutrements for the court. To be sure, there were complaints, as she recalled:

> Some people, to be revenged of me for not letting them cheat have said she was not fine enough for a queen, but it would have been rediculous with her person & one of her age to have been otherwise drest.[49]

Sarah liked all dealings to be as plain as a face without paint or beauty patches. This preference for simple, time-tested things extended to architecture as well, and it is significant that she chose the aging Christopher Wren to be the architect of her own town house at St. James's, directing him to make it comfortable, durable and plain--and then, as David Green relates, even in this case, taking over the management of the construction herself because the cost was more than she liked and she suspected the 'poor old man' was being imposed on by his workmen. It took but two years, even without Wren, to build Sarah's Marlborough House, and the result was, in her view, the 'strongest and best house that ever was built'. She could not resist telling the Duke he would always be welcome to see her at her house, that she would visit him sometimes at Blenheim and would 'fade the furniture in her house before Sir John [Vanbrugh] had half finished his'.[50]

Primarily it was Vanbrugh's colossal extravagance that infuriated the Duchess; at Blenheim even the service areas were being made magnificent with colonnades and arched passageways. In answer to her angry complaint about the elaborateness of the kitchen court, Vanbrugh, affecting a tone of injured innocence replied:

[49] Quoted in David Green, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1967), p. 79.

[50] Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, p. 171-2.

> This is the reason of its being built of Freestone, And for the Manner of disposing that Materiall, I can't See where the Objection lyes. Tis perfectly plain, and only Ax'd, not Smooth'd and Cleansd as in other places: And if upon this whole it makes a better Appearance than such Courts do in other Houses; tis only owing to its Forme, not its Workmanship or Ornaments I'm under some disappointment in this, for I was in hopes to have been thank'd for it, As to the Cover'd ways which lead dry to the Inferior Offices; 'tis no more than what has been very much practis'd in Ancient buildings, And is I think very much wanting in the New: They are not made out of respect to the Offices they lead to, but for the Shelter of the people who are so perpetually oblig'd to frequent 'em. . . And here I must desire yr Grace to observe That if anything gives that back Court at Blenheim a more than Ordinary Appearance, 'tis those Corridores being open'd to it with Arches, which has been much less expensive than if the Wall had been quite close. And 'tis by such kind of things as these, that for the same expence, One house may be made to look incomparably better than Another.[51]

The Duchess' anger at Vanbrugh's extravagance could very well have been sharpened by her acute dislike of the design for Blenheim. She may have felt the Palace was not only in poor taste, but somehow immoral, like Vanbrugh's plays.[52] While she was no prude, it is significant that even in the promiscuous court of James II, where she grew up, she was one of the few ladies in waiting whose personal conduct was above reproach, and in later years not even her most vicious enemies could make a case against her fidelity to her husband. Indeed, her intense devotion to him could easily have been another reason for her antipathy to Vanbrugh, who seemed able to persuade the Duke to any wild scheme of the moment, while Sarah was often thwarted in her efforts to influence her husband's

[51] "Letters", p. 31.

[52] In 1698 Jeremy Collier wrote "A Short View of Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage" attacking immorality in the plays of the day. Many dramatists, including Vanbrugh, wrote rebuttals, but they were considered weak and ineffectual.

ideas, particularly about politics.

In addition, the stress of the time could have had an effect on the Duchess' attitude toward the Palace. Her most bitter remonstrances against Vanbrugh's work don't appear until shortly before the time of her own dismissal from court, and it is possible the erection of a 'grateful nation's gift to its heroic general' might have seemed unbearably ironic to the practical nature of the Duchess.

It is doubtful that Sarah would have analyzed her feelings about Vanbrugh; to her he seemed a madman whose designs she detested, whose expenses always turned out triple the original estimate, and whose glib letters twisted words around in a way that bordered on deliberate deceit. This was enough for her, and her final cruel gesture of barring him and his bride from the premises in 1725 shows the extent of her anger and frustration. Her abiding opinion of Blenheim Palace is reflected in this comment from her Memoirs: "I never design to see Blenheim again; in a lodge I have everything convenient and without trouble."[53]

By 1712 work had virtually ceased at Woodstock. No funds had come from the Treasury since Marlborough's dismissal, and there was an estimated debt of £35,000, most of it in unpaid wages to the workmen.[54] In 1714, with the Marlboroughs' return from their European tour and the Duke's subsequent reinstatement to rank by George I, an arrangement to pay off the building debts was reached, and Marlborough assumed the cost of finishing the Palace himself. Although the Duke was in failing health, he was able to act as peacemaker between his Duchess and Vanbrugh, but in

[53] Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough ed. William King (New York: E.P. Dutton and Co. 1930) p. 315.

[54] David Green, Blenheim Palace, p. 246.

1716 he suffered a severe stroke, and Sarah took charge of Blenheim's completion. The relationship between the Duchess and Vanbrugh quickly reached a crisis. In addition to designing Blenheim, Vanbrugh had for some time been engaged in arranging a match for the Marlboroughs between their granddaughter Harriet and the Duke of Newcastle, a friend of Vanbrugh. This service was abruptly terminated by the Duchess, who lost no time in expressing volubly the full force of her disapproval. Vanbrugh describes it:

> She had given herself the trouble, in twenty or thirty Sides of Paper, to draw up a Charge against me, beginning, from the time this Building was first ordered by the Queen, and concluding upon the Whole, That I had brought the Duke of Marlb: into this Unhappy difficulty Either to leave the thing Unfinished, and by Consequence, useless to him and his Posterity; or by finishing it, to distress his Fortune, And deprive his Grandchildren of the Provision he inclin'd to make for them.[55]

His reply to the Duchess is one of the most quoted letters in the history of architecture:

> Whitehall November 8, 1716
>
> Madam
>
> When I writ to your Grace on Tuesday last I was much at a loss, what cou'd be the ground of your having drop't me in the service I had been endeavouring to do you and your family with the Duke of Newcastle, Upon your own sole notion and desire. But having since been shewn by Mr. Richards a large packet of building papers sent him by your Grace, I find the reason was, That you had resolv'd to use me so ill in respect of Blenheim, as must make it Impracticable to employ me in any other Branch of your Service. These papers Madam are so full of Far-fetched, Labour'd Accusations, Mistaken Facts, Wrong Inferences, Groundless jealousies and strain'd Constructions: That I shou'd put a very great affront upon your understandings if I suppos'd it possible you cou'd mean any thing in earnest by them; but to put a Stop to my troubling you any more. You have your end Madam, for I will never trouble you more Unless the Duke of

[55] "Letters", p. 90.

> Marlborough recovers so far, to shelter me from such intolerable treatment.
>
> I shall in the meantime have only this Concern on his account (for whom I shall ever retain the greatest Veneration) That your Grace having like the Queen thought fit to get rid of a faithful servant, the Torys will have the pleasure to see your Glassmaker, Moor, make just such an end of the Dukes Building as her Minister Harley did of his Victories for which it was erected.[56]

Fortunately, Vanbrugh's dire fears were not realized; although he was dismissed, his design was kept, Hawksmoor was retained, and building continued. By 1719 the Palace was sufficiently completed for the failing Duke to take up residence, and there had been few noticeable changes in Vanbrugh's monumental design.

The aspect of Blenheim as a double memorial to the victory on the battlefield and the glory of Anne's reign was of paramount importance to both Marlborough and his architect. The light in which Vanbrugh saw his greatest building commission can be best understood through his own words; in 1710, well before his resignation, he was once again trying to explain his concept to the Duchess:

> This Building, tho ordered to be a Dwelling house for the Duke of Marlborough and his posterity, is at the Same time by all the World esteemed and looked on as a Public Edifice, raised for a Monument of the Queen's Glory through his great Services: Which (I desire leave by the way to observe) is a most ample Justification of the great Expence, which has been made for the beauty, Magnificence and Duration of the Skill. . . [57]

If the statement "form follows function" were to be applied to the

[56] "Letters", p. 84-85. The 'Glassmaker, Moor' was James Moore who had worked for the Duchess at Marlborough House as a maker of tables and pier glass. She called him her 'oracle' and from 1717-1724 it appears he was virtually in charge at Blenheim.

[57] Quoted in Laurence Whistler, The Imagination of Vanbrugh, Appendix One, p. 237.

architecture of Blenheim Palace, the professed purpose--that of a 'monument to the Glorious Successes of Queen Anne's Reign'-- would have to be reckoned with, and in so doing many of its ambiguities would be made clear. The elaborateness of its outer courts, the improbable size of the overall concept, the relative inconvenience of the private living quarters in comparison to the granduer of the whole--in fact, most of the defects so often noted in commentary on Blenheim--can be better understood in the light of its monumental character. It may be unlikely, but it is nonetheless possible that Sarah herself came to see Blenheim's alter ego; at any rate, by eventually coming to terms with her own dismissal from court and by placing Rysbrack's statue of Queen Anne in the Long Library, she contributed a final symbol to the memorial, whether consciously or not.

Vanbrugh's general scheme for Blenheim followed that of Castle Howard: a central block with curving colonnades connecting it to outbuilding quadrangles. At Blenheim, however, the wing projections are three-storeys high, so the main block as seen from the Grand Courtyard is U-shaped and even more massive than Castle Howard. The extreme length of Blenheim is 850 feet, and the buildings and courts cover seven acres. At each corner of the main block stands an enormous four-square pavilion which resembles a medieval fortress or watch tower and rises a full storey above the roof height of the block. On the courtyard side, a Doric colonnade connects these towers with the outlying kitchen and stable courts, forming a Grand Courtyard which resembles the plan at Versailles (Figure 2). As one approaches the Palace, the effect is that of a dramatic progression forward and inward to the climax of the enormous Corinthian Portico and front entrance to the Palace.

"Dramatic" is the word which can best sum up the nature of Blenheim, and Vanbrugh's career as playwright and theatrical producer is important

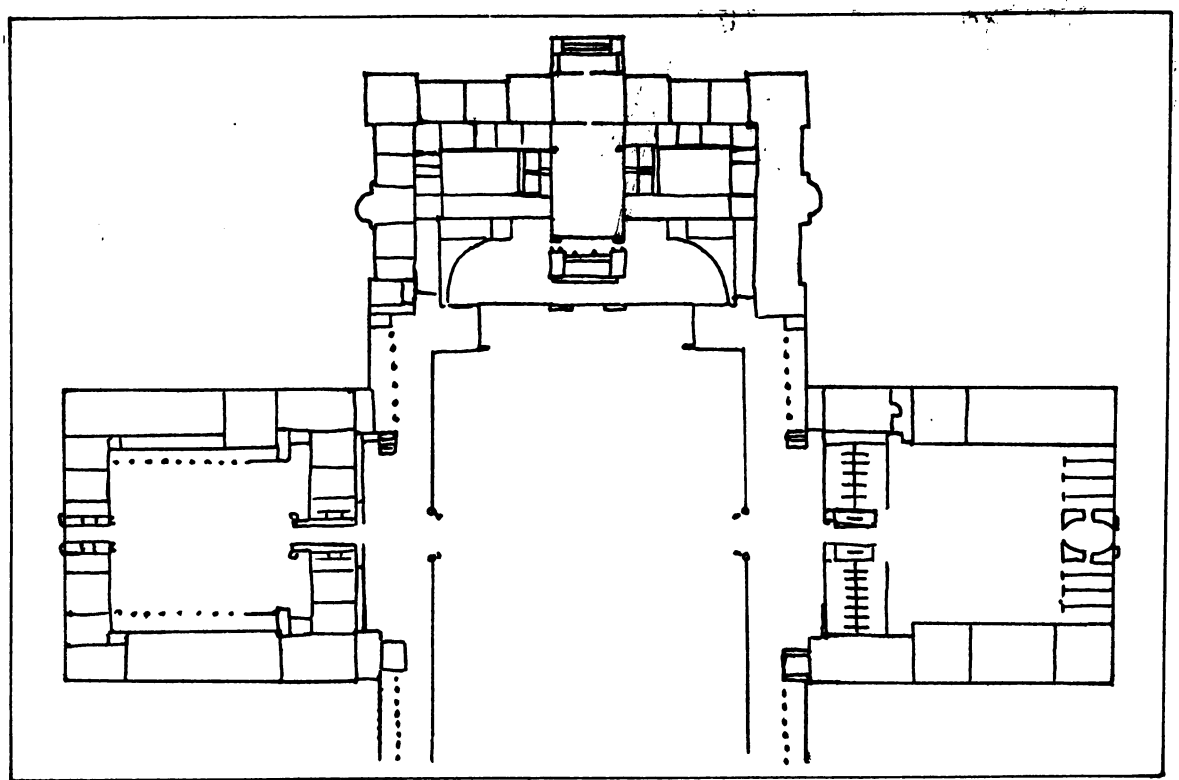

Fig. 2. Courtyard Plan, Blenhiem.

to remember in appreciating his architectural design. The sense of heightened anticipation and the movement through various stages of increasing complication to the denouement are as evident in the approach through the Grand Courtyard to the main portico as in a well-made play.

Thus, as one enters the arena where this monumental drama takes place, the corner sections of the service courts introduce the elements, or characters: the rustication at corners and ends of each block, the heavy string course above the arched windows on the main floor and the smaller square windows above them. These features are repeated throughout the entire construction, from kitchen to main portico. Even in this first stage of progression, there is heavy, convincing articulation, and the strong pilaster and column designs of the service court gates offer in themselves a minor climax, giving dramatic unity even in the subordinate part.

The primary unifying motif on the courtyard front is the colonnade: a Doric order on a raised base with blind arches echoing the window shapes, slightly higher than the service court and set in toward the center, thus narrowing the courtyard and increasing the tension of the approach. The first "complication of the plot" occurs in the massive pavilion towers at the corners of the main block. These rise so high above the colonnade there is an extra row of arched windows, and over their heavily carved cornices loom the first examples of the massive attics so distinctive at Blenheim. These ponderous constructions with their tense thrust-and-recede modeling, the arches accentuated by thick pilasters and the whole capped by a cornice band which further emphasizes the movement are among the most impressive examples of English Baroque. To carry the drama even further, these arches are topped at each corner by finials which threaten to turn the architectural symbolism into a sculptural pun: the French fleur-de-lis up-ended on a cannon ball and surmounted by the ducal crown of Marlborough.

The design immediately reminds one that Vanbrugh's plays are not, after all, Greek tragedies, but comedies of the Restoration school, abounding in wit, puns and word play. Furthermore, in the early years of the eighteenth century, there was little self-consciousness among the English regarding the "good taste" of puns, whether in words or stone. As actually viewed from the Grand Courtyard, the height of these finials makes their specific detail merge into the total design, and the effect is medieval and romantic, reminiscent of crested knight's helmets, jousts and tournaments.

As the colonnade emerges on the courtyard side of these pavilions, it moves inward and forward once more toward the climactic center block. At this point the colonnade itself has increased in height to include an

additional row of windows, while a roof level balustrade emphasizes the heavy horizontal moulding, increasing the effect of movement and excitement.

A narrow but deeply carved recess marks the juncture of the colonnade and the main block, and emphasizes the Corinthian pilasters. The windows of the main block follow the established patterns, but are greatly enlarged to include yet another band of small square windows at the roof line. Two banks of large windows are flanked by pilasters and one more recess containing still wider windows forms a final emphasis; then the portico appears, with its Corinthian order and the richly carved pediment depicting the Marlborough coat-of-arms (Figure 3).

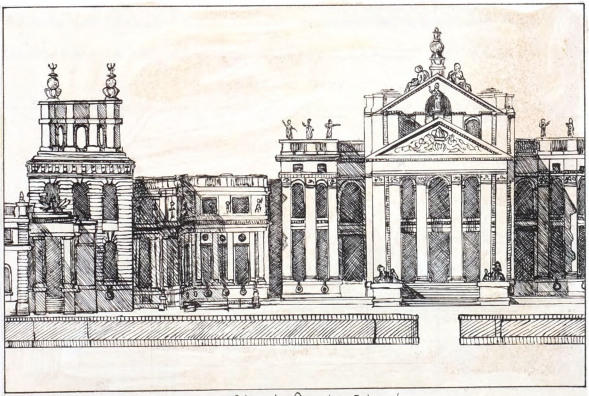

Fig. 3. Corner pavilion, North front, Blenhiem.

This much is a classical, predictable, and totally acceptable denouement of the tension. Vanbrugh, however, is not finished: he caps the climax with an enormous attic of arches which rises another full storey

above the pediment, topped by giant chained-slave figures and a mounted cannon ball. The effect is massive, powerful and mighty, befitting the genius of both the architect and the general in whose honor the Palace was designed. The anticipation engendered in the architectural progression to this climactic point has been richly satisfied. It is this tension, excitement, rich ornamentation and the final, almost overwhelming realization of mass and form that identifies Blenheim as English Baroque.

After the thunderous courtyard front, the garden front of Blenheim seems refreshingly subdued and quiet. Two fortress pavilions jut out at each corner, but in contrast to their ponderous size, the facade moves smoothly and plainly toward the center, progressing by fluted Corinthian pilaster and half-round to the giant portico (Figure 4). While the north

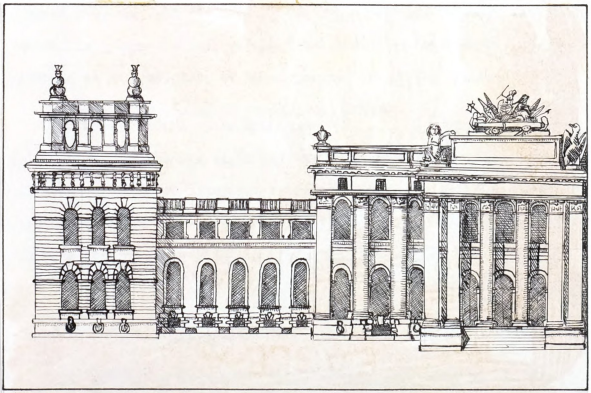

Fig. 4. South Front, Blenhiem.

skyline is alive with rooftop ornaments, figures and finials, the serene garden front boasts only the crown-cannon-fleur-de-lis ornaments on the corner pavilions and one trophy set above the entrance. This one trophy, however, surpasses all the symbolic figures in Vanbrugh's famous skyline: it is an enormous bust of Louis XIV, surrounded by shields, flags and other accoutrements of war, confiscated by Marlborough himself at the capture of Tournai and sent by barge to Woodstock to be placed, like a head on a pike, above his front door.[58]

It was only natural that the combination of Blenheim Palace and such an architect as Vanbrugh interested many observers, commentators and critics. The political ramifications of the construction alone guaranteed widespread publicity, the slow payment of wages and expenses caused an almost continuous stream of lawsuits, and the volatile Duchess' accusations against the architect formed the source of many amusing, sharp-tongued comments from the wits of the day. Vanbrugh himself, though good natured and generally well enough liked by his contemporaries, was unseasoned as an architect, as Swift pointed out in the lines:

> "Van's genius, without thought or lecture
> Is hugely turn'd to architecture."[59]

In addition, the unusual style and the sheer size and weight of Blenheim inspired criticism on practical as well as aesthetic grounds. Among the most famous lines commenting on Blenheim are these, attributed at various times to William King, Swift, Pope and Dr. Abel Evans:

[58] David Green, Blenheim Palace, p. 108.

[59] "The History of Vanbrugh's House 1706", Swift's Poems, ed. Harold Williams (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1958) I, p. 86.

Upon the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S House at Woodstock

See, Sir see here's the grand Approach,
This Way is for his Grace's Coach;
There lies the Bridge and here's the Clock
Observe the Lyon and the Cock,[60]
The spacious Court, the Colonnade,
And mark how wide the Hall is made?
The Chimneys are so well design'd
They never smoke in any Wind.
This Gallery's contriv'd for walking,
The Windows to retire and talk in;
The Council Chamber for Debate,
And all the rest are Rooms for State.
Thanks, Sir, cry'd I, 'tis very fine.
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a House, but not a Dwelling.[61]

Other contemporary comment was equally caustic: an interesting item contained in the Memoirs of Lord Ailsbury concerns his meeting with Marlborough behind the Allied lines, when, the main conversation having been concluded, the Duke

> told me he had forgot to show me the plan of his house and gardens at Woodstock, and so went up again, and in pointing out the appartments for him and his lady, etc. laid his finger on one and told me, "that is for you when you come and see me there. . . " I asked him who was his Architect (although I knew the man that was.) He answered "Sir Jo. Van Brugg." On which I smiled and said, "I suppose, my Lord, you made choice of him because he is a professed Whig." I found he did not relish this, but he was too great a Courtier for to seem angry. It was at my tongue's end for to add that he ought as well to have made Sir Christopher Wren, the Architect, Poet Laureate. In fine,

60 The Bridge and Clock tower were well-known features of Blenheim. The 'Lyon and the Cock' refers to a sculptured English Lion savaging a French cock which was set atop both east and west entrances to the Grand Courtyard, and was a favorite reference of contemporary commentators.

61 The authorship of this poem is discussed in Swift's Poems III, p. 1150.

> I understand but little or nothing of this matter but enough to affirm (by the plan I saw) that the house is like one mass of Stone, without taste or relish.[62]

Thomas Hearne, author, editor and Jacobite, wrote:

> It is grand, but a sad, irregular, confused piece of work. The architect (if a blockhead may deserve that name) was Vanbrugh. . . The house, in which we have nothing convenient, most of the rooms being small, pitifull, dark things, as if designed for panders, w--s, cl--e--st--s, p--p--ts, and other things of that nature. By this work we sufficiently see the genius of Vanbrugg.

A famous mock epitaph by Abel Evans ran:

> Under this stone, reader survey
> Dear Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay
> Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee.[63]

At the same time as the ponderous weight of the Palace was condemned, the interior plan was censured. Alexander Pope writes:

> I will not describe Blenheim in particular, not to forestal your expectations before you see it: only take a short account, which I will hazard my little credit it is no unjust one. I never saw so great a thing with so much littleness in it. I think the architect built it entirely in complaisance to the taste of its owners; for it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish. . . When you look upon the outside, you would think it large enough for a prince; when you see the inside, it is too little for a subject, and has not the conveniency to lodge a common family. It is a house of entries and passages; among which there are three vistas through the whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine gallery, but spoiled by two useless arches towards the end of it, which take away the sight of several of the windows. . . At the top of the building are several cupolas and little turrets, that have but an ill effect and make the building look at once finical

62 Quoted in Whistler, Imagination of Vanbrugh, p. 97.

63 Quoted in R. C. Boys "The Architect Vanbrugh and the Wits", College Art Journal 6 (1947) p. 288-289.

> and heavy. . . In a word, the whole is a most expensive absurdity; and the Duke of Shrewsbury gave a true character of it, when he said it was a great quarry of stones above ground.[64]

In reality, many of Blenheim's detractors were criticising the Whigs or Marlborough, and found in the Palace a particularly suitable vehicle for their spleen, but contemporary praise was equally biased, although it seldom had anything to say about the merit of the architecture. A fulsome example is contained in the anonymous Two Campaigns in One Panegyrical Essay. The subtitle reads: "Upon his Grace the Duke of Marlborough's Successes in the years 1704 & 1705 and his fine House of Blenheim now building at his Mannor of Woodstock, lately given him by Act of Parliament for his Great Services." The commentary states:

> The Fabrick is as stupendious as the Actions, which your Grace has arrested the Astonishment of the World with: and the Contrivance, Texture, and Beauty of it, will not only gain your Name that Immortality it is design'd for, but the Architect will come in for a share of it.
>
> As your Victories have occasion'd the building of the Palace, so the Palace in all Probability will as much contribute to provoke Posterity to follow your illustrious Example, as the Example itself will be of Efficacy enough to invite them.[65]

While the political preoccupations of Anne's reign are responsible for most of the biased and irrelevant commentary on Blenheim Palace, there is no denying that the design itself does not allow indifference. Blenheim Palace is one of the most provocative buildings in England; it virtually demands reaction and response. In this aspect it uniquely represents its era, for the period of Queen Anne was also primarily one

[64] Pope's Works, ed. Elwin & Courthope (London: John Murray, Albemarl Street 1886) X. p. 264.

[65] Complete work is reproduced in the Appendix.

of man's total involvement in his society. Neutrality and objectivity were untenable positions in public life, as Marlborough and Godolphin discovered to their sorrow; the times demanded strong statements, dramatically presented--in print, in Parliament, and in the architecture of Blenheim Palace.

IV

The Aftermath of Blenheim

The political aftermath of the victory at Blenheim set in motion a series of confrontations between the parties which were to prove conclusively that Anne's determination to rule 'regardless of politics' was unrealistic. It is perhaps a tribute to her tenacity that she fought as long and as successfully as she did to keep free of the tentacles of either party, but in the end she learned, painfully, that she could not serve the English people as she wanted without the active support of the majority party in Parliament.

The wave of national unity and goodwill occasioned by Blenheim was as short-lived as it was rare, and partisan battles were quickly resumed. Anne had dismissed the High Tories Seymour and Nottingham, who had been outspoken opponents of Marlborough, and replaced them with Robert Harley and Henry St. John, both moderate Tories and supporters of the war. In this, Anne was responding in accord with public opinion; the English people, enjoying good harvests along with world fame, were still strongly supportive of the war and willing to bear its expense. The High Tories, scrambling to regain lost ground, seemed bent on destroying all opposition, including fellow Tories, and the rift widened within the Tory party between the extreme 'High Fliers' and the Moderates. Meanwhile, the Whigs were consolidating their forces and gaining in strength; their most valuable supporter was Sarah, who never missed an opportunity to champion their cause with Anne.

Indeed, in the months immediately following Blenheim, the Tories made so many political blunders they needed no other enemies. Anne had begun attending debates in the House of Lords, and thus was present in 1705

when the Tories, in an effort to lose the Jacobite stigma and at the same time embarrass the Whigs, proposed that Princess Sophia, the Hanoverian heir to the English throne, be invited to live in England. The intent was to force the Whigs to vote either against the Queen or Hanover, but the Whigs neatly sidestepped the trap by counter-proposing that a board of seven Regents be appointed to govern, in the advent of the Gracious Queen's death, until the successor should arrive in England. This demonstration of what she considered to be tactless discourtesy on the part of the Tories and diplomacy on the part of the Whigs was not lost on Anne, who wrote to the Duchess:

Nov. or Dec. 1705

> I believe dear Mrs. Freeman and I shall not disagree as we have formerly done, for I am sensible of the services those people (the Whigs) have done me that you have a good opinion of, and will countenance them, and am thoroughly convinced of the malice and insolence of them that you have always been speaking against.[66]

Undaunted by the poor impression they were making on Anne, the Tories pressed forward on another front by tacking the Occasional Conformity Bill onto the land tax, the financial mainstay of the war. Godolphin, Marlborough and Harley, though nominal Tories, could not allow the Church to endanger such a vital piece of legislation as the land tax, and Anne was forced to agree; at the same time she resented being forced to choose between her beloved Church and the war effort.

In contrast to the disruptive tactics of Anne's preferred party, the Whigs were giving her continued support of the war and valuable help in other areas as well, notably the negotiations which led to the union with Scotland in 1707. Although Anne would not allow him an official position

[66] The Letters of Queen Anne, p. 177.

in her cabinet, it was Lord Somers, a Whig, whose talents as a constitutional lawyer made him the mainstay of the negotiations. Precipitated primarily by Anne's unrest over the constant threat of a Jacobite invasion through Scotland, the union became a possibility through Anne's agreement to the Scots' Act of Security in 1704. This Act provided that the Scots Parliament would choose a different sovereign than the English successor unless England conceded a free communication of trade, freedom of navigation and the liberty of the plantations.[67] Amounting to little more than blackmail, this Act would most probably have been refused at once, but when it was proposed in 1704 the tide of the war was at low ebb, and Godolphin advised Anne to conciliate the Scots in any way possible. Ironically, she signed it three days after the victory at Blenheim had turned England's affairs around. Colonel Parks had not yet reached her with Marlborough's famous note; thus, indirectly, the slow transportation of men and news was responsible for the union of England and Scotland into Great Britain.[68] Anne and her ministry alike preferred to think of the government as non-partisan, composed of the Queen and her loyal servants, but as the Tory support grew less and less reliable, they came to the inescapable fact that they must seek Whig support or the ministry, and possibly the war effort, would fail. The price of Whig support was, quite naturally, a seat on the cabinet; they proposed Lord Suderland, the Marlboroughs' son-in-law, for Secretary of State.

Although Sarah had long urged the Whig cause on Anne, and in this case even Marlborough overcame his antipathy for partisan politics to endorse the choice, Anne saw in the appointment the first signal of the diminution

[67] G. M. Trevelyan "Ramillies", England Under Queen Anne, II, (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1932) Hereafter cited as "Ramillies", p. 235.

[68] "Ramillies", p. 242.

of her sovereignity. She wrote to Godolphin:

Windsor, August 30, 1706

> . . . I must own freely to you that I am of the opinion making a party man Secretary of State when there are so many of their friends in employment of all kinds already, is throwing myself into the hands of a party, which is a thing I have been desirous to avoid, and what I have heard both the D. of Marl and you say I must never do. . . All I desire is my liberty in encouraging and employing all those that concur faithfully in my service, whether they are called Whigs or Tories, not to be tied to one or the other; for if I should be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of either, I shall look upon myself, though I have the name of Queen, to be in reality but their slave; which as it will be my personal ruin, so it will be the destroying of all Government, for instead of putting an end to faction it will lay a lasting foundation for it.[69]

In at least one respect, Anne's prediction proved accurate: certainly a 'lasting foundation for faction' was laid. The error in her thinking lay in assuming that such faction would destroy all government, although in the turbulent political scene she inhabited, certainly such a conclusion would be justified. Nor was she alone in her belief in a non-partisan government; basically all her ministry believed with her that the monarch should be above party. St. John's noted 'Patriot King' writings are based on the premise of a benign despot concerned primarily for the welfare of his subjects, aided by counselors loyal to the King above all else, and Harley's tortuous political maneuverings and spying were in part because he sought the broad support of both parties in order to be free of the control of either.

Godolphin and Marlborough were the first to curry Whig support, and thereby gain some powerful Tory enemies. Although Sunderland, the proposed Whig candidate for Secretary of State, was Marlborough's son-in-law and Sarah was an outspoken Whig, it was probably not family loyalty so

[69] The Letters of Queen Anne, p. 196.

much as the necessity for continued financial support of the war which drew the Treasurer and the General onto such precarious ground. The Whigs controlled the financial interests of London, and moreover were in favor of continuing the war, and at the time those credentials were more than adequate to influence Marlborough and Godolphin, who of all the Queen's ministry, felt the burden of the war most keenly.

Meanwhile, the war was going well; the Spanish Netherlands were secured by the Battle of Ramillies in May, 1706, and Louis gave indications that he was ready to negotiate a peace. At the onset of the war the security of the Netherlands had been the main objective, but now the enthusiastic supporters of Marlborough throught it entirely possible that Spain could be forced to replace the French heir apparent with the Austrian heir, thus avoiding Bourbon domination of the continent and further humbling Louis XIV. The cry of "no peace without Spain" was taken up by Whigs and the ministry alike, and the war continued.

These middle years of Anne's reign provided strains and pressures from all sides: besides the constant partisan in-fighting, and the demands of waging a major war, the Prince was in precarious health. As if to deny her even the comfort of her longest and dearest friendship, Sarah's behavior grew increasingly shrill and irritating. Under the guise of a frank disdain for flattery, the Duchess browbeat the Queen constantly, criticising her decisions, arguing and haranguing until Anne turned more and more toward the flattering Harley or her new lady-in-waiting Abigail Hill for moral support and comfort. By an ironic coincidence, Sarah had herself first befriended Abigail and procured a place for her at court. Distantly related to both the Duchess and Harley, Abigail was quiet, obsequious and discreet, qualities as lacking in Sarah as they were welcome to the Queen during the tense years when so much

strength was required of her and so little support was given. As Sarah scolded, Anne grew increasingly silent and stubborn, which was the one tactic against which Sarah had no weapon except further and more insistent remonstrances. The Duke tried to smooth the rift, but from long distance it was impossible to do; by the time he had explained away one misunderstanding between his wife and the Queen, they had effected another.

By 1708 Anne's trials had accumulated until they threatened to undo her: Prince George died, and the Duchess was even critical of the way Anne mourned. She writes:

> Her love to the Prince seemed in the eye of the world to be prodigiously great; and great as was the passion of her grief, her stomach was greater; for that very day he died she ate three very large and hearty meals, so that one would think that as other persons' grief takes away their appetites, her appetite took away her grief. Nor was it less remarkable, where there was so great an appearance of love, the peculiar pleasure she took before his funeral in settling the order of it, and naming the persons that were to attend, and placing them according to their rank and to the rules of precedence, which was the entertainment she gave herself every day till that solemnity was over.[70]

In addition, the Whig Junto, having got its foot in the door through Sunderland's position, swept into office precisely as Anne had feared, forcing Harley to resign. St. John accompanied him, thereby permanently committing himself to the Tory cause. Godolphin and Marlborough remained in the ministry, but were conspicuously absent during the cabinet meeting which occasioned Harley's dismissal. Indeed, their political position had become almost untenable. They were the only members of the ministry the Queen trusted, which provoked resentment from the Whigs; at the same time they were equally distrusted by the Tories who saw them as turncoats.

[70] Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, ed. William King (New York: Dutton and Co. 1930) pp. 231-2.

As in 1703, they tried to resign, but again Anne would not hear of it:

To the Duke of Marlborough

Windsor, August 27, 1708

> I am sorry to find you in such a splenetic way as to talk of retiring, it being a thing I can never consent to, and what your country, nor your truly faithful friends can never think right, whatever meloncholy thoughts they may have all this time. Besides, in my poor opinion, when after the glorious successes God Almighty has blessed you with, He is pleased to make you the happy instrument of giving a lasting peace to Europe, you are bound in conscience, both to God and man, to lend your helping hand: and how can you do that if you retire from business?. . . Lord Treasurer talks of retiring too, and told me, not many days ago, he would do all he could to serve me, by advising with people, and settling a scheme for the carrying on my business in the Parliament, before he went to Newmarket; but that he would not come back from thence. I told him that must not be, that he could not answer it either to God or himself; and I hope you will both consider better of it, and not do an action that will bring me and your country into confusion. Is there no consideration to be had for either? You may flatter yourselves that poeple will approve of your quitting; but if you should persist in these cruel and unjust resolutions, believe me, where one will say you are in the right, hundreds will blame you.[71]

It is enlightening to compare this letter with the one Anne had written five years earlier to the same purpose.[72] Here are no coy references to 'Mr. Freeman and Mr. Montgomery' but a severe reminder of obligation to one's sovereign and country. Clearly, the early warmth and informality has been dissipated, and Anne's tone has strengthened and hardened. At the same time, it is interesting to note her reference in this letter to a lasting peace in Europe. As usual, she shows a sensitivity to changing public opinion that has not yet been noted by her ministry, particularly the Whig Junto.

Meanwhile, although Harley was out of office, he was not out of power,

[71] The Letters of Queen Anne, pp. 256-257.

[72] See above, p. 17.

and in her Memoirs Sarah gives her version of the famous backstairs diplomacy which developed during the last years of Anne's reign, as well as the frustration of a Whig ministry which had gained office but not the Queen's confidence:

> Through the whole summer after Mr. Harley's dismission the Queen continued to have secret correspondence with him. And that this might be the better managed, she stayed all the sultry season, even when the Prince was panting for breath, in that small house she had formerly purchased at Windsor, which, though as hot as an oven, was then said to be cool, because from the Park such persons as Mrs. Masham had a mind to bring to her Majesty could be let in privately by the garden. . .
>
> And that a correspondence was thus carried on with Mr. Harley became every day more and more manifest by the difficulties and objections which her Majesty had learnt to raise against almost everything proposed by her ministers. Nay, it is well known that Mr. Harley and his associates, when at length they had compassed their designs and got into the management of affairs, did often (both in their cups and out of them) boast that they, while the Queen's ministers were asleep, were frequently at Court giving advice in secret how to perplex them in all their measures.
>
> But they were much mistaken, if they imagined that their proceedings at the time I am speaking of were so entirely covered. The ministers were fully convinced of the truth, and frequently represented to her Majesty, what a discouragement it was to them in their endeavours for her service to find that she had no confidence in them, but was influenced by the counsel of others who counter-worked them in every instance. Upon this subject I myself wrote and spoke a great deal to her with my usual plainness and zeal. (pp. 158-60)

All in all, 1708 proved to be a watershed year. The characters in the political drama remained the same as ever, and so did the issues at stake, but the relationships now formed new patterns as inevitable as they would have been unthinkable six years earlier. The war was losing its popularity. It had gone on for six years, and though Marlborough had added victory after victory to Blenheim's precedent, peace seemed forever elusive. The 'Big Frost' of 1709 doubled grain prices in England and brought virtual starvation to the French, and it seemed as if Louis could be brought to the peace table with little hesitation. Accordingly, the Whig ministry

set out to negotiate a peace, but their demand that Louis expell his grandson from Spain within two months, using his own forces, was a humiliation and dishonor impossible for the French to accept. As Trevelyan says, "There was scarcely anything the Allies might not have had from France in Europe or America except the one absurdity on which they insisted."[73] In fact, the extreme demand so incensed the French that they rallied their forces, tightened their belts over empty stomachs, and took to the field with renewed determination.

Meanwhile, the Whigs were effecting the Barrier treaty with the Dutch, which guaranteed Dutch control of barrier fortresses and shared trade advantages in exchange for agreement to guarantee the Protestant succession in England. Actually, the Dutch were nearly as worn out with fighting as the French, and the Barrier treaty was in effect a thinly disguised bribe by the Whig Junto to secure their continued participation in the war.

Marlborough's correspondence during this summer reflects his divided state of mind. Thoroughly aware of his tenuous position with both Whigs and Tories as well as Anne's growing coolness, he was a rather ineffective member of the peace delegation. Above all he longed for a secure and honorable retirement, but the only way he seemed able to aid the peace effort was to promote further seiges and battles. The scarcity of food in Europe for his armies caused him great concern, as reflected in his letters to Godolphin:

Ghent, June 13, 1709

> . . . It is impossible for me to express the apprehensions I have, as well as most of the general-officers, that we shall not find wherewithal to make the army subsist,

[73] G.M. Trevelyan, "The Peace", England Under Queen Anne, III (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1934), p. 32. Hereafter cited as "The Peace".

> especially if we enter France. So it were to be wished the peace had been agreed; but what I write in this paper I desire may never be known to any but the Queen.[74]

At the same time, the palace slowly rising at Blenheim was a welcome diversion for his troubled mind, and many of his letters contain the rather odd juxtaposition of interior decoration with affairs of war; as in this to the Duchess:

Abbey of Looz, June 24, 1709

> . . . When you are most at leisure let me know some particular of what you directed when we were last at Woodstock. We have now our army together, and I thank God the weather is much better; the French army is also together, and are so strongly entrenched, that we must turn our thoughts to some operation that may oblige them to decamp. The two suites of hangings which were made at Bruxelles by Vanbrugh's measure cost me above eight hundred pounds, so that if possible they should serve for the rooms they were intended for; being sure in England there can be none had so good or fine.[75]

By October the stresses of war, peace and politics weighed so heavily on the Duke he made the first and most serious political mistake of his career: he petitioned the Queen to grant him the office of Captain-General for life. Anne saw the request as a threat and an insult, and refused him point blank; the Tories cried 'Treason', and claimed it was an attempt at dictatorship. The hue and cry raised throughout the country reflected the frustration and high feelings of the year as much as resentment against the General, but it was nonetheless a widespread and violent reaction.

Public distrust of the Whigs and their peace efforts manifested itself in 1710 in an oblique but typically English way, through a religious

[74] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, 2 Vols., (London: Henry Colburn, 1838) II, p. 331.

[75] Private Correspondence, I, p. 180.

issue. On January 30, the anniversary of William's landing in England, High Church clergyman, Dr. Sacheverell, had preached a sermon demouncing toleration for dissenters and urging the doctrine of non resistance. Because of the date of its delivery and the extreme assertions made, the Whigs, notably Sunderland, took issue with the sermon, of which 40,000 copies had been printed and sold. Sunderland called the piece malicious, seditious, and insulting to the Queen because it cast reflection on the Revolution and Protestant Succession; the Whigs demanded the clergyman's impeachment. The trial lasted three weeks, and was the talk of the nation. Such throngs of people attended that Christopher Wren was obliged to build more galleries in the House of Lords, and theatre owners complained of dwindling box office sales, since the 'show' was elsewhere. Country folk flocked to London to join the mobs; rioting and vandalism occurred almost nightly.

The trial served as a useful platform for the Whigs' articulation of the principles of parliamentary government: it was argued that the people had laws and rights that in extremity should be defended, forcefully if necessary, even against the crown, and thus non-resistance could, in some cases, be against the best interests of the people. But public opinion was not as concerned with the issue of parliamentary supremacy versus divine right as with peace and the Whigs' failure to achieve it. The crowds sided with Sacheverell and his Tory defenders, and although he was found guilty, it was by only a few votes, and his sentence was so light that it was clearly a defeat for the Whig prosecutors.

Once the Whig decline began, it moved swiftly: Anne needed only the assurance that her people were behind her to get rid of the unwanted Whigs in her cabinet. It was at this time that Anne and Sarah had their last meeting: while the Duchess pleaded to be allowed to speak, the Queen

repeated "You may put it in writing", and "You said you desire no answer and I shall give you none". Sarah left Kensington Palace in tears, and the two former friends never saw each other again. When Anne dismissed Sunderland from office, however, the irrepressible Sarah took the Queen's advice and put her views in writing, showing that disgrace at court had not softened either her views or her tongue:

June, 1710

> Though I have not had the honour of an answer to my last letter, I hope your Majesty will forgive me if I can't help troubling you once more upon the same subject, because it really seems to me, that nobody speaks to you at this time so freely as I should do, if it might have been allowed me; nor represents sufficiently the consequences of what you are doing. When your Majesty's affairs are in so good a way, and the war so near an end, as everybody thought it some months ago, sure nothing was so strange as your design to change your ministry, which must end in breaking a Parliament that has done everything for your service and the good of Europe; and which all the reasonable people I have met with do agree, would be a most rash and desperate step for your Majesty to make at this time. And for God's sake, madam, what is it that you would do all this for? Can you be better served than you are already, or can any new ministers do any more?. . . Therefore, I once more beg your Majesty, for God's sake, to have a care what you do. I have no manner of interest of my own in what I say, nor will ask to see you oftener than is agreeable to you. But I have written all this for the sake of yourself and of your people in general, that I really take to be in utmost danger; and it would be a dreadful calamity now that we are in view of peace and quiet, to have all undone nobody knows for what. . .[76]

Two months later Anne dismissed Godolphin and put Harley in his place. Swift, at that time writing for the Tories, describes the change in his History of the Four Last Years of the Queen:

> As to the disposition of the opposite party, we all remember, that the removal of the last ministry was brought about by several degrees; through which means it happened, that they and their friends were hardly recovered out of one astonishment before they fell into another. This scene

[76] Private Correspondence, I, pp. 339-40, 344.

> lasted for some months, and was followed by a period of rage and despair, natural to those who reflect that they have lost a secure game by their own rashness, folly, and want of common management; when at the same time they knew, by experience, that a watchful and dexterous adversary lay ready to take the advantage.[77]

No better evidence of Harley's diplomatic skill can be found than his handling of Marlborough at this time. With his wife, son-in-law and closest political associate all dismissed, it must have been very clear to the General that his own days in favor were numbered, yet he was persuaded to stay in the field as general of the Allies. In fact, perhaps his most brilliant victory, the battle of Bouchain, was won at this time, somewhat as an embarrassment to the secret peace negotiations then in progress. It is probable that Harley's promise of the prompt expediting of funds for Blenheim Palace was one of the incentives which persuaded Marlborough to stay in the field.

St. John returned to office with Harley, and open peace talks began. It was clear to Anne and her new ministry that peace was the main issue of the day, and Matthew Prior, described by Swift as "a person of great distinction, not only on account of his wit but for his abilities in the management of affairs and who had been formerly employed at the French court",[78] was sent as a representative to the negotiations. However, the resulting treaty, which omitted demands of the Spanish Succession, failed to pass the House of Lords.

Actually, upon the death of Emperor Joseph, Charles became heir in Austria as well as Spain, which could have resulted in a greater imbalance of power in favor of the Hapsburgs than had originally been threatened

[77](London: Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand, 1758) pp. 7-8.

[78]History of the Four Last Years, pp. 100-01.

by the Bourbons. The Tories saw this clearly and realized that no effective peace talks could continue unless the Allies dropped the issue of the Spanish Succession.

The Whigs and the Dutch allies continued to be adamant about Spain, however, and Marlborough himself was persuaded the issue was vital. It was in deference to the Hanoverian influence that the Lords rejected the peace treaty offered by St. John and Harley.

It is helpful to an understanding of the political situation of these last few years of Anne's reign to realize the particular blind spots of each party. The Tories were keenly aware of the political realities of 'waging peace' with France, and although their methods met with considerable disapproval even within their own party, they were nevertheless able to push the peace negotiations to a fruitful conclusion in a relatively short time, whereas the Whigs had been totally unable to procure a peace settlement no matter how many victories Marlborough laid at their feet. About the succession, however, the roles reversed: the Whigs understood the realities of the Protestant Succession and were able to accept the fact that an heir of James II would not mount the throne of England, once Anne was gone. Therefore, all during these last years the Whigs kept continuous and open communication with Hanover, in part to feather their own nests for the coming regime but also to expedite the inevitable business of the succession, since Anne's sensitivity on the subject forbade the successor to visit or reside in England until after her death.

By contrast, the Tories could not reconcile themselves to a Hanoverian succession. Jacobites at heart, they kept alive the hope that somehow the Pretender would agree to change his religion and continue the rightful Stuart line in England. In fact, early Tory negotiations with France had hinted at the restoration of the Pretender as one of the articles of

peace. The facts of the issue were quite different: not only was the Pretender unwilling to give up his religion, but the majority of the English people were committed, psychologically as well as legally, to the Hanoverian succession. The Tory blindness to these facts resulted in their total political eclipse after Anne's death, while the Whigs' inability to see the new shift in the European balance of power held up the peace negotiations.

On December 31, 1711, Anne wrote a letter to Marlborough dismissing him from all his 'employments'. The Duke, in one of the few uncontrolled moments of his life, threw the letter in the fire, so the exact terms are unknown, but the charges involved taking kick-backs from Sir Solomon Medina, the army's bread contractor, and other financial irregularities. Swift, then in Tory employ as a propagandist, describes the removal thus:

> . . . the Queen found herself under a necessity, either on the one side to sacrifice those friends, who had ventured their lives in rescuing her out of the power of some, whose former treatment she had little reason to be fond of, to put an end to the progress she had made towards a peace, and dissolve her parliament; or, on the other side, by removing one person from so great a trust, to get clear of all her difficulties at once: her Majesty therefore determined upon the latter, as the shorter and sager course, and during the recess at Christmas, sent the Duke a letter, to tell him she had no further occasion for his service.
>
> There hath not perhaps in the present age been a clearer instance to shew the instability of greatness which is not founded upon virtue; and it may be an instruction to princes, who are well in the hearts of their people, that the overgrown power of any particular person, although supported by exorbitant wealth, can be a little resolution be reduced in a moment, without any dangerous consequences. This lord, who was, beyond all comparison, the greatest subject in Christendom, found his power, credit, and influence, crumble away on a sudden; and, except a few friends or followers, by inclination, the rest dropt off in course. From directing in some manner the affairs of Europe, he descended to be a member of a faction, and with little distinction even there: that virtue of subduing his resentments, for which he was so famed when he had little or no occasion to exert it, having

> now wholly forsaken him when he stood most in need of its assistance; and upon tryal was found unable to bear a reverse of fortune, giving way to rage, impatience, envy, and discontent.[79]

As might be expected, Sarah's version of the event was considerably different, although both she and Swift seem to brush aside the charge of peculation, realizing that the main cause of the Duke's dismissal was political necessity. In her Memoirs, she writes:

> . . . Yet a peace was so necessary to the preservation of the new minister's power, that it must be had at any rate, And in order to it, the confidence of the French King must be gained. This confidence could never be hoped for, so long as the Duke of Marlborough was at the head of the army. And therefore, as all the arts of malice and detraction had proved ineffectual to make him resign his post, it was become necessary to remove him from it. But what plausible pretence to remove so able and so successful a general, while the war was in appearance still subsisting? A frivolous and groundless complaint in Parliament about certain perquisites he had claimed, as belonging to his station, must serve the turn. The Queen indeed, when he had laid before her what was doing against him by the Commissioners of Accounts, was pleased to say she was sure her servants (her new ministers) would not encourage such proceedings. Nevertheless in a very short time her Majesty, once more pressed by an irresistable necessity, made use of that very complaint as a reason for dismissing him from all his employments. (p. 189)

On January 1, the day following Marlborough's dismissal, Anne created twelve new peers--all Tories--and it became clear that the General's removal was but one step in a well planned design to assure the passage of the peace treaty through Lords. There can be no doubt that Anne was influenced in this action by both Harley and Abigail Marsham, although it is also likely that she was equally motivated by her own desire to rid herself of the Whig ministry and their insistence on 'no peace without Spain'. Marlborough's dismissal and the creation of the twelve Tory peers

[79] Swift, History of Four Last Years, pp. 66-7.

was the strongest, most dramatic act of Anne's reign, and can be interpreted as a final effort to wrest her royal prerogative from the grasp of both parties, at the same time as it was a response to a sincere wish of the English people for peace.

Peace negotiations continued forward, but the old regime, Whig, Tory, and Queen alike, dwindled and seemed to decline along with Anne's health. In the fall following his dismissal, Godolphin died, and the Marlboroughs left the country for a grand tour of Europe, particularly those countries where the General had campaigned. Harley became Earl of Oxford and St. John, grown suspicious and jealous of the Secretary, requested a title for himself; Anne rather grudgingly made him Viscount of Bolingbroke.

In March, 1713, the Treaty of Utrecht was signed. It was strongly criticised by the Hanoverian Whigs, and has been the subject of debate and conjecture by historians ever since, but it served the purpose in 1713: it ended the war. Bolingbroke and his High-flying Tories had achieved the goals they had promised at their election.

The treaty was the last major action from Whitehall during Anne's reign. Oxford and Anne both declined in health and with the old Triumvirate gone and the necessities of the war over, there seemed little to occupy them except the one issue so distasteful to face, that of Anne's successor. Harley's secret negotiations with moderates from both parties became meaningless and vague meanderings; drinking seemed to be his primary occupation.[80]

But while the activity of the government slowed, public concern remained vital and lively. The major public event of the year was the

[80] Elizabeth Hamilton, Backstairs Dragon, p. 248.

presentation of Addison's Cato, a play written for the most part ten years earlier, but finished and staged just when public feeling regarding Marlborough's dismissal and the Treaty of Utrecht was at its height. Trevelyan describes the reactions to the performance:

> On April 14, 1713, the first public performance was given of the long expected play, with the most powerful and brilliant society in the world as audience. The party that had won the war and the party that had dictated the peace were both there in force to do honour to the bard. . . And when, after the curtain had gone up on the play itself, Cato declared that
>
> "When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,
> The post of honour is a private station,"
>
> all the Whigs who were fighting to get back to office shook the theatre with their applause. But the Tories would not suffer the occasion to be snatched from them thus. After hissing the Prologue, they decided to applaud the play. They declared that the vile military tyrant Caesar was intended for Marlborough, and that 'Cato must mean either the Lord Treasurer or Bolingbroke'! The masterstroke was Bolingbroke's own, when he sent for Cato's impersonator, Booth, and gave him a purse with fifty guineas for acting so well the part of the patriot 'who defended liberty against a Perpetual Dictator': Marlborough's demand for the Captain Generalship for life had not yet been forgotten. And so 'the numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other.'[81]

It is doubtful that Addison had intended any such strong political implications for either party in his version of the Roman tragedy, but his former partner Steele produced early in 1714 a pamphlet entitled The Crisis that was outspokenly critical of the government. As such, it was merely one of hundreds of political pamphlets, but the fact that Steele was a member of Parliament when he wrote it caused concern among the public as well as the government, because he was declaring the Succession to be uncertain and unsafe. Steele was outspokenly critical of Marlborough's dismissal and the concessions given France to obtain

[81] "The Peace", pp. 251-2.

the Treaty of Utrecht and then went on to state:

> Things standing thus, and the House of Bourbon being in the Actual Possession of France and Spain, bidding fair for the Conquest of Germany, or in Peace and Good Understanding with it; what have Great Britain and Holland to hope from, but the Mercy of France? What else have we to prevent the Pretender's being imposed on us, when France shall think fit; nay, in failure of one Pretender, he has in his Quiver a Succession of them. . . And here I cannot but add what is still of more Importance, and ought to be the most prevelent of all Arguments, that should there be the least Hopes given to a Popish Successor, the life of her Majesty will certainly be in most imminent Danger; for there will never be wanting bloody Zealots of that Perswasion, that will think it meritorious to take away her Majesty's Life, to hasten the Accession of such a Successor to her Throne.[82]

Such heated commentary served to heighten public concern during the spring of 1714, and Bolingbroke, who was working energetically for the dismissal of Oxford, the defeat of the Whigs and the Jacobite restoration, increased the general tension by proposing the Schism Act, which would make all dissenting schools illegal and teachers subject to imprisonment unless they obtained licenses from bishops of the Church of England. Such legislation would not only effectively destroy the Dissenting churches, by making it impossible for their future clergy to be trained, but it would also cripple the Whig party. The issue was hotly debated, and among the many arguments offered, records show some of significance. For example, Lord Nottingham, a stalwart of the Church of England, nevertheless opposed the bill, saying "he thought himself in conscience obliged to oppose so barbarous a law as this which tended to deprive parents of the natural right of educating their own children".[83]

Proponents of the Bill countered with the extraordinary justification

[82](London: Printed by Sam. Buckley; and Sold by Ferd. Burleigh, in Amen-Corner. 1714) pp. 33 and 35.

[83]Trevelyan, "The Peace", p. 282.

that Catholics were thus deprived; to which General Stanhope in the Commons replied that in that case the anti-Catholic laws should be mitigated. These isolated voices for liberation were not sufficient to calm the vindictive Tories, however, and the Schism Act passed in June. It was to have come into force August 1, and would most probably have destroyed the painful progress toward religious toleration but in the last of many providential ironies of her reign, Anne died at 6 a.m. that very morning. The succeeding Hanoverian King George, whose most enthusiastic supporters were Whigs, did not enforce the Act, and it was repealed a few years later.

Only a few days before her death, Anne had succumbed to Bolingbroke's pressure and dismissed Oxford; for two golden days St. John enjoyed the leadership of the government he had coveted for so long. In this as well as in the Schism Act, Anne defeated his intentions by her death; there was no time for him to secure any effective following, except among the small radical group of Jacobites.

In contrast to the flurry and jockeying for position in both Hanoverian and Jacobite camps which marked the last months of Anne's reign, the events following her death marched in calm order. The specter of civil war sobered partisans of both sides, and the well-planned Regency, set in motion by moderates from both parties and led by Shrewsbury, kept the government peaceful and orderly until the arrival from Hanover of the Elector, named George I of England.

In the meantime, the Marlboroughs had returned from their European tour, arriving August 4. They were given a triumphal parade from Dover to Marlborough House in St. James', and one of George I's first orders was to restore the Duke to the office of Captain General. Although the Duke had kept up a continual correspondence with the Pretender, Sarah

had never budged in her loyalty to the Whigs even when they had deserted her husband. Regarding his allegiance, she wrote:

> Having done so much for the cause of liberty and for the good of England, I had much rather have him suffer upon that account than change sides, for that would look as if what he did in the Revolution was not for justice, as it really was, but to comply with the times. . . If one must hazard, it should be in the cause of liberty, for if one was ruined for that, one had the satisfaction of having performed a right part. And I was born with a great aversion for fools and tyrants.[84]

The last remaining member of the triumvirate, Marlborough was 64 when he returned to England, and although his fame and wealth gave him respect in all social and governmental circles, he was content to retire to the partially finished Blenheim Palace. His day was over; a new crop of young men--all Whigs--was rising to take command in the new government. The victory at Blenheim and its General were of another era, already outdated.

In summarizing any such study as this, there is probably always present the temptation to attribute more significance to the period than is deserved in an attempt further to justify the initial effort. Nevertheless, as a way-station in humanistic development, the age of Anne was perhaps more vital than is commonly recognized. Certainly it was the arena for more far-reaching action and political development than its scant twelve years would seemingly indicate. It was during the years of Anne's reign that the basic dichotomy between absolute monarchy and Parliamentary government according to law was recognized and grappled with, and, to a limited extent, resolved in favor of law. The precedent thus established in Anne's reign, which assumed man's natural right to freedom,

[84] Quoted in Trevelyan, "The Peace", p. 273.

was important not only in England but was to influence all of Europe at the century's end. As Trevelyan says:

> If England between the Revolution and the death of George II had not established the rule of the law of freedom, the England of the Nineteenth Century would have proceeded along the path of change by methods of violence, instead of by Parliamentary modification of the law. The establishment of liberty was not the result of the complete triumph of any one party in the State. It was the result of the balance of political parties and religious sects, compelled to tolerate one another, until toleration became a habit of the national mind.[85]

The above comment may be somewhat oversimplified and idealized; it might be truer to say disputing became a habit of the national mind, which would include disputing of intolerance along with many sound, sensible programs and ideas. Later generations have come to realize, however, how simple it is to concentrate on large national concerns, such as waging war or negotiating peace, at the expense of the knotty, internal affairs which are so much more important and so difficult to resolve. The Whigs and Tories of Anne's day worked on a more provincial, which is to say personal, level. They were unashamed of their prejudices, and openly and vigorously persecuted, maligned and argued with each other, thereby giving healthy ventilation to the issues and allowing men with good sense and good will, such as Shrewsbury, Addison, and Stanhope, to intervene on the side of moderation and tolerance. So, with poor grace, grudgingly, driven more by necessity than idealism, the partisan Whigs and Tories arrived at a degree of tolerance for the differing religious and political views of their countrymen that was not practiced elsewhere in Europe or, except for the Colonies in America, the world.

[85] "The Peace", p. 321.

While the political squabbles gave rise to important precedents in tolerance, deeper philosophical questions were being worked out, for the most part unconsciously, but nevertheless effectively, for the future of English government. The one important political theme of Anne's reign involved the nature of monarchy and called into question one of the most universally held concepts of the Western world: the divine right of Kings. For a hundred years in England, and longer in other European countries, society had been secured and stabilized by the unquestioning obedience to the temporal rulers as representatives of God. Alone among the countries of Europe, the English had shown a tendency to disregard the divinity of their rulers whenever it came in conflict with basic rights of the people, and Anne, as the last of the Protestant Stuarts, was constantly aware of this. Although her mother had been a commoner, her father was James II, annointed and divinely appointed, albeit by a Protestant rather than a Catholic Divinity. She 'touched' for the King's evil, as had her father and uncle before her, and she fought throughout her reign for the full authority she deemed her right.

At the same time, she was fully aware that she owed her position on the throne to the Whig Act of Settlement and that since she had been unable to produce a surviving heir, the same Parliamentary provision which defined her prerogative would give her throne to another family upon her death. The existence in France of a legitimate Stuart heir was the source of deeply-rooted guilt and uncertainty among many Englishmen who felt the strong pull of tradition and desired the continuance of an established royal line at the same time that they firmly refused the idea of a Roman Catholic King. St. John's October Club may serve as an example: strong Tories all, it was said of them they were Jacobite when drunk and Hanoverian when sober, and it may be assumed many of their countrymen

shared their dilemma. Although the cold daylight realities of the Constitution and practical politics eventually ruled out the succession of James III, in varying degrees both Whigs and Tories felt the strong attraction of the divinely anointed royal line.

Political expediency won out, and with the accession of George I of Hanover the English people in effect ratified a different set of ideas regarding the monarchy. In England the question of divinity of Kings had been laid to rest, once and for all, in favor of more pressing political considerations.

Interesting and important as these legislative landmarks may be in the political progress of England, they are significant here primarily as they indicate the general social climate of the age. The military victories over France which Marlborough achieved had raised a national awareness and pride in all English hearts, and while lively partisan battles continued, the spirit of patriotism remained a genuine underlying element in all social life.

In addition to this patriotism, the period of Queen Anne's reign was characterized by a newly awakened awareness of military and political world power as well as a reconfirmed belief in individual freedom. Attendant upon these basic characteristics is an adolescent quality discernible in the vigor as well as the occasional awkwardness with which England learned to use its new strength.

At the same time, the age of Anne, from a twentieth-century vantage point, seems to be one of remarkable integration and cohesion. The interest and stimulation of politics which lay at the heart of the period was also a main social force, influencing literature and the arts as well as other areas. There was no isolation or alienation of the artist in eighteenth-century life: Addison, Swift, Steele and Defoe were men of

daily political affairs as well as men of letters, and though they may have argued from differing sides of the political fence, there is no questioning the sincere love of England, devotion to freedom and active concern with which they expressed their views. No philosophical detachment or ivory-tower aloofness appears in their work; the literary men of Anne's age were informed, active participants in the social arena. It is evident that it was precisely this involvement with daily life that produced the vigorous quality still so apparent and attractive in the periodical essays.

Thus, in a broad sense it may be said that the War of the Spanish Succession stimulated literature and journalism which in turn reflected the ideas and attitudes prevalent in society at that time. Such writing encouraged a larger reading public to become informed and concerned about political life and affairs of the world. It is likely that England had more literate citizens taking an interest in her government than any other country in Europe at the time. These same literate Englishmen, drawn toward the letters, essays and plays of the day by their passion for politics, educated their children to become the more enlightened reading public which enjoyed the novels of Fielding and the literary criticism of Dr. Johnson later in the century.

Similarly, the close relationship between political, social and artistic life is reflected in English architecture. John Vanbrugh himself, as office holder, playwright and architect, personifies this phenomenon. His vigor, enthusiasm and devotion to Marlborough and England further exemplify the age. It is no coincidence that English baroque architecture is notable for the power, movement, and somewhat awkward grandeur of its lines; Vanbrugh was expressing in his ponderous stone masses the same involvement with life, the patriotism, pride and emergent power which

concerned the writers and statesmen of Anne's day. The consequences of the specific contributions of the age have been noted in politics and literature; in architecture, too, there were wider ramifications. Although the English baroque period can be said to have begun and ended with Vanbrugh's career, it was by no means a dead-end. On the contrary, out of Christopher Wren's office issued not only the genius of Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor, but a stimulus to architecture generally which made the later eighteenth century unparalleled for the design of private residences and country estates. This great interest in building had not existed on such a scale before the period of Queen Anne, and it is unlikely it would have been possible without the establishment of 'Wren's school' through the Office of Works. In the process of building such monuments as St. Paul's Cathedral and Blenheim Palace, a group of craftsmen was formed which, as Summerson says, "made something resembling a national school of building and decoration--a school of incalculable advantage to the next generation of English builders."[86]

Throughout this study the first Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have been essential to the discussion of social, political and aesthetic relationships. Their spheres of power and influence spread into so many facets of English life during Anne's reign they have become almost symbolic of the ideas and developments of their age. Certainly they serve as catalytic agents in such a study, their interaction with and influence upon the other English giants of the time--Anne, Addison, Swift, Steele, Defoe, Vanbrugh, St. John and Harley--forming the very fabric of society during the opening years of the century. In turn, the victory of Blenheim

[86] Architecture in Britain, p. 236.

has served as a convenient focal point for what is surely a significant period in England's history, serving as it does as an essential but seldom noted period of transition in English life.

APPENDIX

16.

A POEM

TO HIS

GRACE

THE

DUKE

OF

MARLBOROUGH,

ON THE

Glorious Successes

OF THE LAST

CAMPAIGN.

By Mr Gery of C.C.C. Oxon.

---------- Hic populus sapiens & justus in uno,
Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis *anteferendo.*

Hor.

Printed in the Year MDCCV.

A POEM TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE of *MARLBOROUGH.*

O THOU renown'd in War, whose Godlike Deeds
No *Brittish* Youth without a Rapture reads!
Who dost create a Genius, and inspire
Each Breast unhallow'd with *Apollo*'s Fire!
O Wise in Counsel! O in Action Bold!
What Numbers shall to future Times unfold
Thy various Worth? What Muse sustain a Flight
Sublime enough to reach Thy wond'rous Height?

By Thee th' *Imperial* Seat, with impious Hands
Of Rebel-Subjects shook, supported stands;
What time Thy vengeful Arm, like that of *Jove*,
The fierce *Bavarian* with swift Tempest drove

Down from affected Empire, (his Design
So near atchiev'd,) and hurl'd beyond the *Rhine*.
Savoy by Thee erects his drooping Head,
With Hopes of Succour from Thy Conquests fed:
Does less at Home the Blows of Fortune feel,
With *Bleinheim* comforting his lost *Verceil*.
Beyond the *Bœtis*, to th' extreamest Ends
Of *Spain*, the moment of Thy Arms extends. 20
To fresh Attempts the *Austrian* Friends awoke
Of shaking from their Necks the *Bourbon* Yoke:
While *France*, exhausted by that Sea of Blood,
Which from her gaping Veins at *Hocsted* flow'd,
Her Fountain at an Ebb, with lower Tide
And feebler Streams the distant Parts supply'd.

Well may, *My Lord*, such glorious Acts demand
In Fame's most lasting Books enroll'd to stand:
Your Labours of no private Import are,
But different Nations in their Bounty share: 30
Each mighty Stroke You round about You deal,
Both Friends and Foes in distant Regions feel
With various Apprehensions; those no less
Your great Atchievements raise, than these depress.
To whom, of all that *Brittish* Air have breath'd,
Has Nature such a scanty Soul bequeath'd,
That does not with a gen'rous Ardour burn,
From You the Rudiments of War to learn?

Under

Under Your Banners to diſplay his Worth,
And draw the latent Seeds of Vertue forth? 40

You with a penetrating Eye diſcern'd
The Point whereon the War's Deciſion turn'd;
And, griev'd to think Your Forces fought in vain,
While others loſe what You in Battle gain;
While *France* with foreign Ills herſelf repay'd
For all the Load You on her Shoulders laid;
To th' *Empire* turning Your victorious Sword,
You with a Blow their tott'ring State reſtor'd.
As when in Bodies groſs and corpulent
Some Sore affords the vicious Humours vent; 50
Rallying their Forces from each Quarter, lo,
They thither all with mighty Confluence flow:
But if ſome pow'rful *Æſculapius* riſe,
Who to the Wound with Skilful Hand applies
Timely Relief, the hoſtile Rout retreat,
And their late Track and dang'rous Haunt forget.
So to that Breach the watchful *Gauls* had found,
Where ruſhing in they might th' *Alliance* wound,
Your mighty Buckler You with Speed oppos'd,
And, beating out the Foe, the Paſſage clos'd. 60

See, to the *Danube* how the *Brittiſh* Force,
O'er vaſt Extents of Land, direct their Courſe,

With large and hasty Steps advancing! See,
How all the injur'd Nations round from Thee
Await their Rescue; of Thy conqu'ring Hand
Their Freedom and invaded Rights demand!
And now *Bavaria*, who so late appear'd
Fondly secure, with the Arrival cheer'd
Of *Gallick* Aid; who forthwith from the *Rhine*
Did to *Hungaria* stretch his fancy'd Line, 70
And in Conceit the Two Rebellions join;
He that of Conquests and of Triumphs dream'd,
And circled with the Rays of Empire seem'd,
O'th' suddain doubts th' Event, foregoes his near
Effected hopes of Rule, and learns to fear.
Mean time their toilsom March with eager haste,
Thro' Paths before by *Brittish* Steps untrac'd,
(Where a strange Sun with unaccustom'd Light
Visits the Day, and other Stars the Night,)
Thy Troops pursue; till with his setting Rays 80
Phœbus at length the neighb'ring Foe displays.
High on a Hill encamp'd their Legions lie;
Trenches and Batt'ries strongly fortify
The proud Ascent, and all Access deny:
But Nature, nor the Strength of Art, avails
For their Defence, when CHURCHIL's Arm assails.
Up to the Mound with an undaunted Pace
The firm Battalions move; each Warriour's Face

Cloath'd

Cloath'd with new Terror at each Step appears,
And Marks of desp'rate Resolution wears: 90
Through Clouds of Smoak, and over Hills of Slain
That mangled lie, and cover all the Plain,
They move, on Thoughts of cruel Vengeance bent;
Nor at the Voice of dying Groans relent
Their Pace, nor, forc'd b'encountring Armies back,
Return less furious to the dire Attack:
Till pressing with resistless Rage, at last
They broke the Files, and o'er the Ramparts past.

O how the mighty *Leopold* reviv'd,
When to his Ear the joyful News arriv'd 100
Decisive of his Doom, and blest the Day
That in his Hand confirm'd th' *Imperial* Sway!
Thy matchless Conduct he aloud extols,
Thee his Deliv'rer, Thee his Saviour calls:
Longs in his List of Princes Thee to place,
And with thy Name th' illustrious Title grace.
Thus *now* transported, to Thy *future* Praise
What Monuments, what Trophies will he raise,
When this bright Day, th' admiring World shall own,
But as the Prelude to a brighter shone? 110
See how the gallant *Eugene* hasts, with Thine
His Counsels to unite, and Troops to join!
O noble Pair, in Spirits near ally'd,
And closer yet in Bands of Friendship ty'd!

 What

What can extravagant or vain appear
For Us to hope, or for our Foes to fear,
While bravely You 'gainſt the joint Pow'rs of *France*,
And of *Bavaria*, hand in hand advance?

When now the hoſtile Camp appear'd in View,
And either Wing their Troops to Battle drew, 120
Calm and ſerene the dang'rous Task You weigh'd:
Much does the Foe's ſuperior Force diſſwade
From the bold Conflict; much the Moory Ground,
Which kind to them, on Your Adventure frown'd.
But tho' the pow'rful Obſtacles you meet
Do ſound to your Attempt a *loud Retreat;*
Louder that Heat which in Your Boſom glows,
And with ſtrong Impulſe bears You on Your Foes;
Louder thoſe gallant *Brittiſh* Troops You lead,
(Joy of the *Empire*, and of *France* the Dread,) 130
Oft in extreameſt Dangers try'd, and found
As oft invincible, to *Battle* ſound.

And now determin'd, thro' each Rank You ride,
And to Your Men the bloody Toils divide.
With Burthens of the mightieſt Bulk, too large
For vulgar Shoulders, You the *Engliſh* charge.
Then *Creſſy*'s Plains, and *Agincourt*, and all
Their ancient Brav'ry to their Minds recall.

What

What gen'rous Rage their Breaſt contains, what e're
Of Thunder in their furious Arm they bear, 140
Theſe You conjure them for this fatal Hour
To ſummon up, and on their Foes to pour.

Their Courage thus inflam'd to nobleſt Height,
They with Impatience for the Signal wait:
Then ruſhing to the Fight, th' imbowel'd Air
With Shouts of Men, and Roar of Cannon tear.
Right on the Foe You, like a Whirlwind, drive,
And ſoon amidſt their troubled Ranks arrive.
Where-e're You preſs, unable to controul
Your wond'rous Rage, in Heaps the Squadrons roll: 150
Rout and Confuſion ſpeedy Entrance find;
Terror before You runs, and Ruin ſtalks behind.

While thus the bloody Field You range at large,
Diſorder following ſtill where-e're You charge,
Tallard with Grief the wide Deſtruction views,
And haſt'ning with freſh Troops the Fight renews.
And now the late repuls'd by Turns repels:
When, lo, Your Breaſt with Indignation ſwells,
Scorning to find freſh Obſtacles appear
T' arreſt and check You in the full Cariere 160
Of Victory. Then whoſo dar'd to gaze,
Might ſee Your Eyes with dreadful Light'ning blaze,

And gloomy Night ſit on Your Brow: to all
The *Brittiſh* Sons of *Mars* aloud You call,
Exhorting to the Fight; while on the Foe
Your ſelf with unreſiſted Rage You throw.
With ſuch aſſur'd and res'lute Pace You rode,
None the fierce Charge oppoſing, ſave a God,
Could have ſuſtain'd. As when a jutting Rock,
Which on ſome Mountain's Head long ſtood the Shock 170
Of bluſt'ring Winds, torn from its Seat at laſt,
Rolls ſmoothly down with leſs impetuous Haſte:
If ſome rough Prominence by chance oppoſe
Its farther Progreſs, it outrageous grows,
Bounding along, and with redoubled Force
Down the ſteep way precipitates its Courſe.
By Oppoſition thus incens'd the more,
Headlong upon the hoſtile Ranks You bore,
Too feeble to reſiſt; with ſpeed they fly,
No Threats their Stay can force, nor Promiſe buy, 180
Nor Pray'rs perſwade; the preſſing Fears behind
With a more pow'rful Voice aſſault their Mind.
O'er Horſes, Men, and ſcatter'd Arms You ride,
Still hurrying on the Chace, till *Iſter*, dy'd
By Streams of hoſtile Blood, with friendly Waves
The plunging Rout from farther Vengeance ſaves.

O Thou at length with ſuch a Blaze reveal'd!
Why did Thy Vertue lie thus long conceal'd?

Why

Why ſuch a Prodigy of Worth remain
Before unprov'd, and lent by Heav'n in vain? 190
But as a Stream pent in, with greater Force
And more impetuous Waves reſumes its Courſe:
With-held from ſhining, now our dazled Sight
Thy Rays oppreſs with overpow'ring Light.
Not *Cæſar*, when the great Atchievements wrought,
And half the Globe under Subjection brought
By *Philip*'s Godlike Son, with Tears he read;
(Sore griev'd to think that They, whoſe fatal Thread
The Deſtinies to equal length had ſpun,
Had not one common Race of Glory run;) 200
Was by ſuch Thoughts to nobler Actions led,
Or did with larger Steps the Path to Honour tread.
With ſuch amazing Speed Your Conqueſts fly,
They with the *Roman* Eagles dare to vie:
And have Your Title to that boaſt renew'd,
I came, I ſaw, and having ſeen ſubdu'd.
Thoſe whom, before Your wond'rous Deeds they ſaw,
No force of Rhet'rick could to Battle draw,
Unwiſely cautious, now Your Conduct bleſs,
And from the great, unparallel'd Succeſs, 210
Which crown'd Your Summer's Toils, conclude aright
They loſt a Triumph, when they ſhun'd a Fight.
Ah! why, diſtruſtful of conſummate Skill,
Shou'd they diſpute what You were pleas'd to will?

Slips, undiſcern'd by leſs ſagacious Eyes,
Your piercing Judgment with a Glance deſcries:
And knows as well by dire Effects to make
The ſmarting Foe repent each ſlight Miſtake.
How did commanding Reaſon, in the Heat
Of raging Battle, ſtill maintain its Seat? 220
Like Lightning, in the midſt of Thunder, bright,
No Hurry could confound its Native Light.
By Rage not blinded, nor by Prudence cool'd,
You ſpur'd the Sluggiſh, and the Raſh You rul'd:
In Tumult no tumultuous Thoughts expreſt;
But, breathing Vengeance, ſtill Your ſelf poſſeſt.
Thus in a noble Bard, whoſe ev'ry Line
Does with apparent Inſpiration ſhine,
Fancy and Judgment, native Cold and Heat,
Thoſe two ſo rarely joyn'd Extreams, do meet. 230
O, would the Muſe the twofold Gift impart,
To write with Fury, but correct with Art,
While in advent'rous Strains I trie to ſing,
Thy glorious Deeds to either Pole ſhou'd ring.

Thou Thunderbolt of War, whoſe dreaded Launce
Prop of the Empire is, and Scourge of *France*!
Alike unfoil'd in Thy Attempts, to form
The ling'ring Siege, or ſuddain Camps to ſtorm!
Thee the Celeſtial Pow'rs did ſure ordain
To bleſs the new-born Age, and brighten ANNA's Reign. 240

For

For ANNA Heaven does all its Bleſſings ſtore,
Repaying what She thither lent before:
Her offer'd Tenths for our Succeſs provide,
And bribe each Heav'nly Influence to our Side.
Hence while Thy glitt'ring Bands the Eaſt purſue,
And routed Troops the way to Conqueſt ſhew;
With happy Omens ROOK our Navy guides,
And on *Iberian* Seas triumphant rides.
In vain does *Gallia*, with accuſtom'd Pride,
Strive her Diſgrace by haughty Vaunts to hide; 250
Faction in vain, with canker'd Teeth contend
The Laurels from the Victor's Brows to rend;
Theſe he ſhall wear, and in the *French* Defeat
Shall triumph ſtill, in ſpite of Envy Great.
Let *Gibraltar*, whoſe bulwarkt Tow'rs in vain
The Foe's ſo long beleagu'ring Troops detain,
(Now hopeleſs of Succeſs,) at length adviſe
The mighty Purchaſe of his Sword to prize:
A Purchaſe, which they loudly ſpeak their Pain
For having loſt, by fierce Deſires to gain. 260

Permit, *My Lord*, the grateful Muſe to leave
(Amidſt the Wreaths we for Your Temples weave)
This Tribute to Deſert; and ſpare a Line,
That ſacred is to other Praiſe than Thine.
Thy Glory ſhines with a Meridian Ray,
Which from no neighb'ring Light admits Allay:

Struck with Aſtoniſhment, in ev'ry Deed
Of Thine the Heroe, or the God, we read.
Nor think, unfavour'd of the Pow'rs above,
Thou didſt from Place to Place Thy Standards move,
At ev'ry Step Victorious; or the Aid
Of warring Angels from Thy Motions ſtray'd.
For tho' each Part unerring Wiſdom guide,
Yet Fate at laſt will o'er the whole preſide:
Some unforeſeen Events may ſtill combine
To change the Scene, and daſh the wiſe Deſign.
Troops tho' You lead into the duſty Field
Fearleſs of Danger, and untaught to yield;
And Your avenging Arm uplifted ſhew,
Chance may ſtep in, and diſappoint the Blow.
But ANNA with prevailing Rhet'rick prays,
And veering Conqueſt on Your Banners ſtays:
Courage to act, and Prudence to contrive,
From Her a more than Humane Force derive.
Thrice happy *Albion*, did thy Sons but know
To prize aright that Gift the Heav'ns beſtow;
Pleas'd the ſure Bleſſings of this Reign to have,
Nor idly after future Scepters rave!
Thrice happy ANNE, with ſuch a Heroe bleſt,
To ſet the long-contending World at reſt;
To curb Ambition, and Her purpos'd Will
Of Love or Hate to neighb'ring Pow'rs fulfil!

Now

Now ſhall *Britannia* rear her awful Head
High 'midſt her Siſter States, and kindly ſhed
Her cheering Influence on the Realms below :
From her Decrees each Prince his Doom ſhall know;
While, ſtern to proud Oppreſſors, in the Cauſe
Of injur'd Right her vengeful Sword She draws.
O if, poſſeſt with the *Cumæan* Rage,
Our Mind aright of future Years preſage;
Behold *Saturnian* Days, that in the Womb
Of teeming Fate, and Ages yet to come,
Long brooding lay; thoſe happy Days behold,
So oft to earlier Reigns in vain foretold,
Now haſt'ning to the Birth! when Time with Youthful (Pace
Shall ſtart afreſh to his appointed Race;
With a new Sun the Face of Nature ſhine,
And to the Golden Age our Heav'n refine.
Then Wars ſhall ceaſe, and Piety return,
And Faith and Right the jarring Nations learn.
Thou by Thy Conqueſts, Mighty Chief, prepare
The Way, and uſher in the glorious Year.
That Arm, which, at the Branches aim'd before,
Two * Brothers from the *French* Aſſiſtance tore,
Again advance, and with Thy fatal Blade
The monſtrous Body next, and naked Trunk invade.

* *Bavaria* and *Cologn.*

F I N I S.

MARLBOROUGH;

OR,

The Face of Europe:

A

POEM.

DEDICATED

To the Right HONOURABLE

Master GODOLPHIN.

BY

SAMUEL WESLEY, M. A.

LONDON;

Printed for *Charles Harper*, at the *Flower-de-Luce* over-against *St. Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-street*. MDCCV.

MARLBOROUGH,
OR, THE
Fate of EUROPE.

TH' *Eternal*, who the *Fates of Empires* weighs,
And with Impartial Eyes the World ſurveys,
Beheld the *GALLIC POWER* ſo haughty grown,
It dar'd *Rebel*, and ſtruggle with his own:
He ſaw the *Monſter*, ſwell'd to vaſt exceſs,
Great *Natures Landmarks*, and her *own* tranſgreſs.
One *Wing* beyond the Snowy *Alpes* was ſtretch'd,
O'er *Pyrenæan* Rocks her other reach'd;
The Volumes of her Dire enormous *Train*
To *Worlds unknown*, beyond th' *Atlantic* Main; 10
The *German Eagle* next ſhe wings t' invade,
While Nations ſhake beneath her deadly *Shade*.
In vain the *Royal Bird* his *Thunder* bears,
Yet oft, tho' ſtruck to Earth, himſelf he *rears*;
Wounded and Faint maintains a *feeble* Fight,
With equal *Valour*, but inferiour *Might*;
The *Dragons Teeth* fierce New-born *Armies* yield,
An *Iron Harveſt* round the moiſten'd Field;
Inteſtine Foes the *Sacred Empire* tear,
And in her *Bowels* urge unnatural War, 20
Before *Vienna's* trembling *Gates* appear,
And ſomething now beyond the *Turks* they fear.
Germany is no more; the *Gauls* advance
O'er Captive *Iſters* Streams, and *all is France*.
The while a *Joy*, to *Madneſs* near ally'd,
Lutetia's Temples rends, and ſwells her Pride:
The Pagans *Sanguine Rites* reproach no more,
Or *Scythian* Altars ſtain'd with *Humane Gore*;
When *Miſ-nam'd Chriſtians* dare affront the Skies,
And *Myriads* heap'd on *Myriads* ſacrifice; 30

Rank

Rank in their *Squadrons*, every *guiltless Star*,
And make them *Parties*, in their Impious War.
TE DEUMS now are *Vulgar Anthems* grown,
From *Mattins*, and from *Vespers* hardly known;
Those *decent Thanks* they oft to *Heaven* renew,
But to their *Monarch* think far *more* are due;
Let *LEWIS shine*, they laugh at those *above*,
As Father *Nile* alone is *Egypt's Jove*.
See where he like the *Samian Tyrant* reigns,
And *Fortune* by his Chariot leads in *Chains*, 40
The Bounds of *Humane Happiness* surpass'd
To the *Third Heir*, he sees his *Ill-got Conquests* last.
Such was the *Face of things*, such *Europe's* State,
When thus the *Sovereign Arbiter of Fate*.
" Thus far have we th' *Oppressors* Fall delay'd,
" But here shall his *Insulting Waves be stay'd*;
" *Worthy* our *weightiest Thunder* now he grows,
" And now 'tis *worthy* Heav'n to *interpose*;
" This *Moment*, by th' unchangeable *Decree*,
" The utmost Verge of Prosp'rous *Tyranny*. 50
Then, of the *Powers* that near the *Throne* attend,
And on the wond'rous *Golden Chain* depend.
He singles these, first *PRUDENCE*, Heav'nly-fair,
Her Looks *unclouded*, yet with *thoughtful* Air.
The next was *FORTITUDE*; what *sprightly* Grace,
And *Promises* of *Conquest* in her Face!
CELERITY was in Commission join'd,
Whose Wings out-fly the *Lightning* and the *Wind*;
Then *SECRECY*, with *modest Glories* crown'd,
And rob'd in *Clouds*, which Heav'n's bright Throne surround. 60
" Go to the Man, by *Us*, and our *Lov'd Queen* design'd
" To humble *Gallic Power*, and *Europe's* Chains unbind!
" Go, and with speed, he said, our *Final Orders* bear,
" His constant *Guardians* you, and *Partners* of the War.
They *bow'd*, and *swerving* down the steep Descent,
Born on a beautious *Lunar Rain-bow* went;
And *MARLBOROUGH!* alighted at thy *Tent*,
As on *Mosella's* Streams thy Squadrons lay,
Waiting for *Thee*, and the *Returning Day*:
For now the Silent *Noon of Night* was o'er, 70
And *Phœbus* hasten'd to his *Eastern* Shore;
Thoughtful they found the *Chief*, his Head *reclin'd*,
The *FATE OF EUROPE* lab'ring in his Mind;

Louis

His

His Friendly *Guards*, unseen Assistance brought,
Mould the great *Scheme*, and *polish* every *Thought*;
Till with *Celestial Vigour* in his Eyes,
And *wak'd* from deep *Concern*. " It must be *thus*, he cries;
" This saves our *Friends*, and breaks th' Increasing Pow'rs
" Of *France* and *Hell* combin'd, if *Heav'n* be ours.
Then calls to Horse, his *willing* Troops obey,
SPEED march'd before, and *level'd* all the *way*;
While *SECRECY* a *Cloud* around them drew,
Too thick for subtle *Spies* or *Traitors* view.
Such that which o'er God's *Fav'rite Army* spred,
And safe, thro' *Sandy Worlds*, and trackless *Desarts* led. ?
Dazled at *first* the Foes before him run,
Like Birds *obscene*, which cannot bear the *Sun*;
O'er *Ister's* Streams, their *Leader* takes his flight,
And shuns, *immers'd in Earth*, the conscious Light;
There, meditating *Mischief*, doom'd to wait
Till *France* a while *prolongs*, and *shares* his Fate.
Once more from Earth, th' *Imperial Eagle* springs
harpens And *prunes* his *Bolts*, and shakes his *Moulted Wings*;
is arrows(?) Tho' *slow* with *Wounds*, his Fate is pleas'd to try,
And bravely bid for *Death*, or *Victory*:
Nor need the *Heav'nly Couriers* sent to Guide
The *British Chief*, unguarded leave his side,
The *German Heroes* need not press to *join*,
And share the Glory of the *vast Design*. German heroes
Who *first*, who *next*, shall of those *Worthies* claim
Distinguish'd Honour in the Rolls of *Fame*?
EUGENE the first, such *Faith*, such *Valour* shown,
Adopted *Germany's*, and *all her own*;
Whose *Arms* too well the *Gallic Ensigns* know,
Oft met by *Mincius*, and the Royal *Poe*,
And *roll'd* in *Blood*: Nor *BADEN's* Sword in vain
On *Mis-believers* drawn, he has his *Thousands slain*;
With these undaunted *HESSE*; how *young*, how *brave*,
A *German-All*, he hates the Name of *Slave*:
Triumphant France his Arms have taught to *yield*,
And *trail'd* their *Conqu'ring Standards* from the Field;
What *future Trophies* shall our Joys renew!
What *Tow'ry Citadels* shall he subdue!
More might I sing, in *Times* fair *Leaves* enroll'd,
How *Prodigal of Life*! how *largely Soul'd*!
Who when the *rally'd Foe*, with cautious Fear
On *Danube's* Banks strove to secure their *Rear*;

When

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Then calls to Horse, his *willing* Troops obey, 80
SPEED march'd before, and *level'd* all the *way*;
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And shuns, *immers'd in Earth*, the conscious Light; 90
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How *Prodigal of Life*! how *largely Soul'd*!
Who when the *rally'd Foe*, with cautious Fear
On *Danube's* Banks strove to secure their *Rear*;

When

When *Art* and *Nature* in their Camp unite,
Forc'd the Strong *Pass*, and put 'em *both* to flight; 120
Earnest of greater *Sums*, which Fate will pay,
A glorious *Morning*, to a brighter *Day*.
See where the *French* new *Hydra Armies* send
At once to *Ruin*, and *Assist* their Friend;
Till when too *weak*, he not disdains to try
Base *Falshood*, and *unprincely Treachery*;
Virtues he copy'd from his *Great Ally*.
Pretending *Treaty* wou'd our *Faith* abuse,
And where he can't *resist* our Arms, *amuse*:
But *PRUDENCE*, calling Wise *DISTRUST* to aid 130
To the *Confederate Chief*, the Fraud display'd.
So may they *join*, in Happy Hour, said he,
One Fight will yield a *double Victory*.
DEVOTION, which had oft a *Stranger* been
In *Camps*, nor e'en in *Temples* always seen,
Drawn by his Great *Example* and *Desire*
Returns, and does his Vigorous Troops inspire
With a new *Warmth*, and more than *Martial Fire*;
Secure of Fate, they on Success rely,
'Tis equal with 'em now to *sleep* or *die*: 140
They, with their strong *Cherubic Guards* unite,
And like the *Thund'ring Legion*, Pray and Fight.
For now the long expected *Morn* arose
Which show'd the *rugged Front* of their embattled Foes.
Not eager *Lovers*, with more *Transport* see
Long absent *Friends*, than these their *Enemy*.
Tho' all they wish'd, the *Numbers* and the *Ground*
Were *theirs*, and Hills, and Woods, and Shades profound
Without such *Odds*, we had not fought 'em *fair*,
Deep *Trenches* here, and tow'ring *Ramparts* there; 150
A *Wall* of *Cannon*, which in Fire and Smoak,
Their Masters *last* (and *only*) *Reason* spoke;
Their *Flank* the *Danube fatally* secures,
Whose Stream a Foreign Lord *ill-pleas'd* endures;
Nor this suffic'd, in *Front* a deep *Morass*,
Denying all that wanted *Wings* to pass;
But soon our General's *Conduct* and his *Care*
Strong *Flying-Bridges* threw, and march'd in *Air*.
When from the *Bogs Abyss* a *Fantome* rose,
And did his vast tremendous Form disclose, 160
His Armour burnish'd *Brass*; a *Shield* he wore
Of polish'd *Steel*, with *Lisses* powder'd o'er,
Whose *drooping* Heads surcharg'd with *Humane Gore*;

Disdainful was his *Air*, as when he fell,
He was no *Vulgar Potentate* in Hell.
" Shall we look on, and no Assistance lend
" Our *darling* Nation, and our bravest *Friend!*
" Must then a *Woman* crush our Rising State!
" O *Envy!* O *Malignity* of Fate!
" Can *BOURBON* fall like *feeble AUSTRIA!* Can
" A *God confess'd* submit to less than *Man!*
" Ye Powers! do *two ELIZA's* breath in *ANNE!*
" Shall *Partial Heav'n* her *Arms* and *Counsels* guide,
" And for her *General* such a *Guard* provide!
(He saw the *shining Warriors* by his side.)
" Must *Natures* self within his Ranks take Pay,
" While pressing on the great *decisive Day*,
" *Big* with such vast Events! --- *Bold Mortal*, stay!
" Tho' *Water*, *Earth*, and *Air*, I must resign,
" I'll try if *all* the *Elements* are thine.
" *TURENNE*, and *SCHOMBERG*, for a *THIRD* prepare
" Your *Silent Shades!* this *Moment* sees him there.
He said, then to a murd'ring *Cannon* press'd,
Travers'd the Piece, and points it at his *Breast*;
One of his *Train* gives *Fire*, the *Bullet* takes its flight,
And drew behind a *Trail* of deadly *Light*:
But Glorious *MICHAEL*, who attends unseen,
Stepp'd in, and threw his *Seven-fold Targe* between:
'Twas he, for the *RED-CROSS* adorn'd his *Breast*
And the *Old Dragons* spoils his dreadful *Crest*;
Dropp'd short the Firey *Messenger* of *Death*,
As with his Journey *tired*, and out of Breath.
The *Fiend* blasphem'd, his hopeful Project cross'd,
And thrice *renounc'd* what long before 'h' had *lost*;
Did thence amidst the thickest *Ranks* retire,
And all with his own *desp'rate Rage* inspire:
'Twas well his *Caitiff-Body* was but Air,
Or *MARLBOROUGH* had found and seiz'd him there.
Who, all things now prepar'd to strike the Blow,
Thus to his *English*--- Soldiers! *Here's the Foe!*
Like Air, like Fire, like *English*, swift they ran,
With well-known *Shouts*, the Bloody Toil began;
Against a *Stream* of *Flame*, their Breasts oppose,
And *turn* th' impetuous *Tide* against their Foes.
Now *fight Philistines*, or your *Dagon's* gone,
The Sacred *Ark* prevails, and you're undone.
They did, as *LEWIS* were himself in sight,
As who for *Life*, and more, for *Empire* fight;
Forget themselves, and charge, and charge agen,
Nor only in their *On-set more than Men*;

Rally'd and *rally'd* still, tho' bored and broke,
And *Death* with *Death* repay'd, and *stroke* with *stroke*.
And did *we shrink*! Cou'd *English Troops* give way!
Say you who *met* them! *Bold*, tho' *Conquer'd* say!
Press'd by your *Numbers*, did they *seem* to *fly*,
Or *halt*? Did any leave their *Ranks* to *die*?
How *decently* they fell, unknowing how to *yield*,
And with what *Manly Bodies* spred the Field!
What *Warrior's* there, with *Deaths* encompass'd round?
It shou'd be *CUTTS*, but he's *without a Wound*: 220
So many a *Scar* from former *Fields* he wore,
He now *escapes*, nor was there *room* for more:
Thus *Stars* which in the *Galaxy* combine
With *numerous Rays*, yet *undistinguish'd* shine.
Thee, *INGOLDSBY*! new Trophies still adorn,
And *Colours* from the *Gallic Center* torn.
What Strength cou'd *MORDANTS lively force* withstan
What *Light'ning* in his *Eye*! What *Thunder* in his *Hand*!
Conscious of his *High-birth*, Great *ORKNAY* stood,
Wall'd with the *Slain*, and *moated* round with *Blood*, 230
O *Noble NORTH*! how dearly didst thou sell
That *mighty Hand*, which not Inglorious fell!
Falling it *grasps* thy *Sword*; it *threatens* still,
Trembling in Death, and scarce forbears to *kill*.
Thus were our *English Nobles* wont to *charge*;
Thus did our *Empire* and their *Fame* enlarge;
Such *High Achievements* grac'd their *pond'rous Shields*,
Such *Laurels* did they reap in *Sanguine Fields*.
Look down ye *Bless'd*, O *Courcy*, *Talbot*, *Vere*!
Look down, and own your *Genuine Off-spring* here! 240
Glory's too mean a *Prize*; 'tis *false*, tho' *bright*,
But these for *LIBERTY*, and *EUROPE* fight:
'Tis *fairly thrown*, the *Gains* will quit the *Cost*;
This *Evening* sees a *World* preserv'd or lost.
At distance *lab'ring* round Great *EUGENE* see,
And with him the *Remains* of *Germany*!
Nor were they *unemploy'd*; nor wou'd the Foe
Led by *BAVARIA*, yield without a Blow.
So a *fell Wolf*, who long uncheck'd has *prowl'd*,
And *scowr'd* the *Plains*, and *storm'd* the trembling *Fold*; 250
If him the *Shepherds* to his *Covert* track
And aided by their faithful *Dogs* attack,
So *grins oblique*, *fierce*, tho' encompass'd round
Still fights, and none escape without a *Wound*:
Thrice charg'd the *Prince* undaunted, *thrice repel'd*,
And *Victory* the *Balance* tott'ring held.

Of Troops, Brigades, and Wings the rest take care,
But *MARLBOROUGH* alone is *every where*;
As *PRUDENCE* bids, the *various Battle* views,
Like *Nature*, what is lost by *Time* and *Death* renews; 260
Till *COURAGE* calls, her *well-known Voice* he hears,
Erect, and *greater* than himself appears:
With him the *English Cavalry* advance,
And *charge*, and *mingle* with the *Flow'r of France*.
(Not *Clouds* with *Thunder* arm'd more rudely *clash*,
Or beamy *Light'nings* brighter *Horror* flash)
They *feel* the *Odds*, their *antient Lords* they try,
Beneath *Superiour Valour* bend and *ply*,
And now had little else to do but *die*.
CHURCHIL, who like his *Brother look'd* and *fought*;
One Army *slew*, *another Captive* brought:
And now 'tis *done*, the *mighty Struggle's* pass'd,
The *braver*, *juster* side prevails at last;
France may be beat, her *Iron Reign* is o'er,
The *Scourge* and *Terror* of the World's no more:
There, *LEWIS*, all thy *blasted Laurels* lie,
And there thy *UNIVERSAL MONARCHY*!
The *hoary Warriors* boast their Spoils in vain;
Th' *Invincibles* are broke, th' *Immortal Squadron's* slain.
Unfortunately brave! no longer blame 280
Or rob each other of your *dear-bought* Fame!
Compose your *Strife*! what *Gallic Arms* cou'd do
By *English press'd*, was *dar'd* and *done* by you.
Did you not *Breast to Breast* their Troops oppose,
Did you not long sustain th' *unequal Foes*!
Rush on their *Swords*, your *certain Fate* despise,
Devoted your great *Moloch's* Sacrifice?
Will then *his Orders* ne'er admit *debate*,
And must you conquer e'en in *spite of Fate*?
Your *Nations Genius* never soar'd so high: 290
You can't like *English fight*, or *Romans die*.
Let *Chronicles* to future Worlds recite
The *Carnage*, and the Reliques of the Fight:
What thousands *plung'd* in *Death* their *Lives* to save,
And sought glad *Refuge* underneath the *Wave*:
Sinking, a *ghastly Look* behind 'em threw,
Lest to the *bottom* we should them *pursue*.
Tho' their more *Valiant Leader* dar'd survive,
And to adorn our *Triumphs*, deign to *live*.
What *Armies* we of *Generals* lead away, 300
What *Lumber-Captains*, and how large a *Prey*!
Tho' kind *Gazettes* repair the Loss with ease
And raise new *Paper-Squadrons*, as they please.

But why to *slow*! Why does not *LEWIS stamp*,
Or with a *Nod* recruit *BAVARIA's* Camp?
Must he for *Nature's* tardy Methods wait?
Th' *Immortals* in an instant can *create*:
Nor did his Friend the *Shadow* Court in vain:
See him *affected Regal* Honours gain
E'en in his *Flight*, for thus did *France* ordain; 310
Till the next *Vacancy* Preferment brings,
And ranks him in the *College of his Kings*.
Let others *file* the *Triumphs* that remain;
We *glean* some *Dukes*, and a *few Towns* we gain,
The *annual* Work of but one long *Campaign*:
We *came*, we *conquer'd* e'en before we *saw*,
Augsburgh and *Ulm*, but *fought* for thee, *Landau*!
And now for *Peace* shou'd *Europe* humbly sue,
And *generous France* the Treaty deign renew;
Shou'd she the *Glory* of her *Arms* deny, 320
And *condescend* to part with *Germany*;
Her *Righteous Cause* to *Rome's* bless'd Umpire leave,
Who cannot be *deceiv'd*, nor can *deceive*;
What happy *Halcyon-days* wou'd soon ensue!
How just, how firm th' *Alliance*, and how true!
Thus, soon may *LEWIS* move, and thus may those
Who *scarce disguis'd*, declare for *Europe's* Foes:
And had their *Counsels* been pursu'd before,
Our *Heroe* ne'er had left our *English Shore*:
The *mighty* Work had still been *uncompleat*, 330
And Heav'n in vain had form'd him *Wise* and *Great*.
We *merit Chains*, if *France* agen we trust
Who *will* not, *cannot*, to his *Oaths* be *just*.
His *Frowns* are *manly*, but his *Smiles* are *base*;
Those *fairly kill*, these *stab* with an *Embrace*.
BAVARIA, *COLOGNE*, *greater Names* can say,
How dearly for his *Friendship* forc'd to pay.
May those be *bless'd* with such a *strong Ally*,
Who start at *Swords*, and wou'd by ling'ring *Poisons* die!
Let *War*, entail'd on *future Lustres* come, 340
And worse than War protracted, *Feuds* at home;
So our loud *Crimes* may not so high ascend,
As to pull down the *Curse* of having *France our Friend*!
The *Die* is *cast*, and *Fortune courts* the *Brave*,
No *Medium's* left, he must be *Lord* or *Slave*.
Too long, *Illustrious CHIEF*! have we delay'd
The *Praise*, the *Triumphs* which can ne'er be *pay'd*:
We *lent* thee to th' *Allies*, but never *gave*;
Hast thou *another GERMANY* to save!
At length he leaves the Friendly *Belgian* Shore, 350
What *Myriads* stretch to meet him *Half-seas* o'er;

While

While his lov'd *Name* their *Hearts* and *Lips* employs,
Prevents their *Eyes*, and antedates their *Joys*;
Some praise his equal Conduct in the *State*,
In *Council* calm, unmov'd by warm *Debate*;
Above a narrow *Faction's* mean Design,
True as the *Sun* to the *Meridian Line*;
Great in the *Court*, yet him the *Country* bless,
Great in the *Camp*; how *rare* a Happiness!
Him his glad *Native Soil*, him *Forein Kings* caress. 360
Victorious both in *Council* and in *War*,
Nothing's deny'd, where He's th' *Embassador*;
Some his *Dexterity*, for *Business* made;
His *Application* these, and timely *Aid*;
Some his *Humanity*; How *easie* of *Access*,
How prone to *Aid*, and Pity and Redress,
How *form'd* to *Help*, how *made* to *Please* and *Bless*.
While others chuse his *Laurels* fetch'd from *far*,
Fight o're his *Battels* and renew the *War*;
Like the *Great Spirit* that moves this *various Whole*, 370
Is Marlborough his num'rous Armies *Soul*;
'Tis he *informs* each Part, his Looks inspire,
With vigorous *Wisdom*, and with temper'd *Fire*.
Nothing he leaves to *Chance's* blind Pretence,
But all is *Prudence*, all is *Providence*.
Firm and *Intrepid* to the last Degree,
Alike from *Slowness*, and from *Rashness* free;
The *French* and *German* Virtues he unites,
Like one *Consults*, and like the other *Fights*.
Above mean Arts of *Spinning* long Campaigns, 380
Where both may *lose*, but neither Party *gains*:
'Twas not for *This* his *English march'd* so far,
He came to *End*, and not to *make* a War.
The *Torrent* of his Conquests flows so fast,
Like *Waves*, the *first* is bury'd in the *last*:
When *Liege* the *Deluge* of his Arms subdu'd,
Bavaria might his gath'ring Fate have view'd.
One Summer's *Isthmus* only did repress
The two vast *rival Seas* of his *Success*,
While *Fate took time to breath* — that *Instant* o're, 390
The Waters rend away the *narrow Shore*:
Both *Oceans* meet, new Hills on Hills are toss'd,
And mingling Waves in friendly Waves are lost.
The *Macedonian Youth*, whose Arms subdu'd
Soft Persia, and the *wild* Hydaspes view'd, 395

Beyond a *mortal Linage* strove to rise,
And claim'd *ambitious Kindred* with the *Skies*:
But had his *Phalanx* won such Fame as ours,
And routed *Bourbon*'s and *Bavaria*'s Pow'rs,
For *Ammon*'s *Son* too Great, he' had soar'd above, 400
And fill'd the *Car* of *Mars*, or *Throne* of *Jove*:
Our *Conqu'ror saves* more than the *Greek o're-ran*,
Yet *bows* to Heav'n, and owns himself a *Man*:
Forbids those *Altars* we attempt to *raise*,
At once surmounts both *Vanity* and *Praise*.
But *Emperors* alike, and *Poets* err,
Who strive to *reach* his *finish'd Character*:
The Name of Marlborough such worth proclaims,
Hero and *Prince*, to *That*, are vulgar Names:
His *Sov'raign*'s Smiles and *Heav'n*'s alone can pay 410
What *Europe* ows him for so *Great a Day*.
And now her awful Head *BRITANNIA* rears
On her own *Cliffs*, an *azure Robe* she wears,
The Sword and long-contested *Trident* bears:
While her *White-Rocks*, the *Turrets* of her Cour
Can scarce th' impatient Gazer's *Weight* suppo
While thither all her *Subjects* turn their Eyes,
Like *Persians* when their *God* prepares to rise;
And *Thousands* after Thousands crowding ran,
Pleas'd with the *Concourse*, thus the Nymph began: 420
" If ever *Joy* admitted of *Excess*
" It must be now, for *mine* is hardly less;
" Already the *lov'd Man* you wait's in Sight,
" The distant Skies are *ting'd* with radiant Light;
" The Waves can scarce support the *Weight* he brings,
" As proud as when they brought you *Captive Kings*;
" Yet, e're agen his *Native Sands* are press'd,
" And Earth with his *triumphant Footsteps* bless'd,
" With Care a *Mother*'s kind Advice attend,
" 'Tis *BRITAIN* speaks, a *Mother* and a *Friend*; 430
" So may you brighter *Trophies* still obtain,
" Nor Heav'n on favour'd *ALBION smile* in vain.
" Enough, my Sons, enough of *Noise* and *Strife*,
" And Stern *Debate*, the deadliest *Plague* of Life!
" Now *learn to Love*! your *Arrows* close unite,
" Unbroke and firm, as your own *Ranks* in fight.
" My *Senates* will, I know they will, combine
" To frustrate tott'ring *France*'s *last* Design;

" If *those* agree she *doubly* must *despair*;
" If not, we lose at *Home* our Gains in *War*; 440
" *Contend* they may, and warmly will *debate*
" Which most shall *Guard*, and most *adorn* the State:
" Their only *Strife*, their only grand *Contest*,
" Which loves their *Sovereign* and their *Country* best;
" How weighty falls the *Curse* on those, whose *Pride*
" Or *Interest* wou'd those *sacred Names* divide?
" Why shou'd they *clash* who *equal Good* intend,
" Or differ in the *Methods* more than *End*?
" Preserve, my Sons, those *Barriers* Heav'n has made!
" Let none my *antient Land-marks* dare invade! 450
" *Unenvious* to yourselves your Bliss possess,
" And be for once *Content with Happiness*!
" Look round the *spatious Globe* and find a *Spot*,
" Like that which bounteous Heav'n has made your *Lot*!
" War, Fire, and Rapine scow'r all *Europe*'s Plains;
" *Here*, thron'd in Blood, a *moody Tyrant* reigns,
" Who when his wasted *Treasure* wants Supplies,
" *Preaches* against the *Sin of Avarice*;
" Weak Councils, and contending Interest, *There*,
" With much of Pain, Expence, Intrigues and Care, 460
" Nourish *Eternal Seeds* of Strife and War;
" While Sacred *ANNA* in my *Albion* reigns,
" Whose *equal Hand* my *Sword* and Heav'n's sustains;
" See her the bright capacious *Balance* hold,
" Like that which shines above, and flames with *heav'nly Gold*!
" In vain the *Gaul* his *antient Arts* has shown,
" And in the *Scale* his pond'rous *Sword* has thrown;
" Her *temper'd Blade* to th' adverse Scale apply'd,
" *His mounts* in Air, and *feels* the juster Side;
" Nor will she *Sheath* it, to the Hilts *embrew'd*, 470
" And *drunk* with hostile Blood, till *France* and *Vice* subdu'd;
" Yet *Calm* as those above, if ought they know,
" Ought that concerns their *militant Friends* below,
" When *Tyrants* here *subdu'd*, or *Monsters* slain,
" A *sober Joy* shoots round th' *Etherial* Plain;
" Never *elate* with *Good*, with *Ills depress'd*,
" Nor *Storms*, nor *Sun*, disturb her *Halcyon-Breast*.
" How *firmly* Wise! How *Great*, in *easie State*!
" What *Goodness* does Majestick *Power* rebate!
" *Strong*, as *Hyperion* shoots his Golden Light, 480
" Yet *mild*, her Rays, as *Cynthia's*, and as bright.
" Her Soul, like the Superior Orbs, *Serene*,
" Which know not what a *Cloud* or *Tempests* mean,

" Tho'

" 'Tho' *pointed Flames* are by their *Influence* hurl'd,
" And their *unerring Thunders* awe the subject World.
" Her Arms beyond *Herculean Columns* known,
" And antient *Calpe's* Walls her Empire own.
" Resound the *Libyan*, and the *Celtic* Shore
" Her *Conqu'ring Sailors* shout, her *Canons* dreadful Roar;
" If *distant Regions* taste her friendly Care, 490
" How bless'd who her *Maternal* Goodness share!
" While *Peace* and *Justice* she at Home maintains,
" And in her Subjects *Hearts* unrival'd reigns.
" Whom has She not oblig'd! How *wretched* those
" Who are their own, and Hers, and *Virtue's* Foes!
" *Eliza* might have learnt from Her to *please*,
" Herself she *Taxes* for her Peoples ease.
" What *Altars* by her generous Hand supply'd,
" Whose *Flames* have *dimly* roll'd, whose *Fires* had dy'd,
" Shall shine with *Incense* which her Bounty threw, 500
" And constant *Intercourse* with Heav'n renew;
" From thence a large Return of *Blessings* gain,
" Nor have her grateful Offerings *blaz'd* in vain;
" The *Vested Priests* the cheerful *Flame* surround,
" *Deserted Domes* are throng'd, and *Altars* crown'd;
" For Her their *Vows*, for Her their *Victims* bleed;
" *Long, long may She herself, herself succeed!*
" *Long, e're from Life and her lov'd* Prince *she part!*
" *'Tis less to share a* Crown *than share her* Heart.
She said, and now the *smiling Surges* bore 51
Her best-lov'd Son safe to her *Oazy* Shore,
Who from th' expecting *Crowd* with speed withdrew,
And *shunn'd* the *Triumphs* which his Steps *pursue*.
BRITANNIA gaz'd intemp'rate on his Face;
He saw, and *bow'd*, and ran to her Embrace;
But what they *said*, a Mortal strives in vain,
('Tis pass'd the *Pow'r of Numbers*) to explain;
Such was the *moving Scene*, if not the same,
When *Love*, and his *Illustrious Consort* came,
Th' unrival'd Sharer of his *Heart* and *Fame*. 520
Blow soft, ye *gentle Winds*, let Storms retire!
Ye *gentle Winds*, Ambrosial Sweets respire,
Soft as *chast Lovers sighs!* Let Nature bring
Th' *inverted Year*, and raise a *second Spring*.
On Forein Shores let *War* and *Winter* rest,
Our *Happy Isle*, of MARLBOROUGH possess'd,
With *Peace*, and with *Eternal Verdure* bless'd. 527

FINIS.

A Pastoral POEM ON THE VICTORIES AT *Schellenburgh* and *Bleinheim*;

Obtain'd by the Arms of the Confederates, under the Command of his Grace the Duke of

MARLBOROUGH

OVER THE

French and *Bavarians*.

With a large Preface, shewing the Antiquity and Dignity of Pastoral Poetry.

By Mr. OLDMIXON.

Sylvæ sint Consule *Dignæ.* Virg.

LONDON,
Printed and Sold by *A. Baldwin* at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1704.

ERRATA.

PReface, page 2. line 3. read *have*, p. 13. l. 1. r. *Pharmaceutria*, l. 2. r. *whom*, p. 14. l. 3. r. *Epithalamium*, l. 12. r. *daring*, p. 16. r. *dune Eglogue entonne*, Poem p. 10. l. 1. r. *grov'les*, p. 20. l. 7. r. *o're*, p. 23. l. 11. r. *Presence*.

TO

Her GRACE

THE

Dutchess of *Marlborough*.

MADAM,

I Presume at an Awful Distance to approach Your *Grace*, with the Humble Tribute of the *Rural Muse*. The Contemplation of Your *Hero's* Immortal Victories abroad, and Your *Grace's* Unparalell'd *Duty* and *Affection* to your *Soveraign* at home, has for some

a time

time been her sole *Pleasure* and *Employment*; though she durst not venture out of the *Woods*, till the Loud *Voice* of the consenting *World*, in *Praise* of Your Mutual *Virtues*, made her Silence Criminal.

As she is a Stranger to the Pomp and Elegance of a *Court*, so she is unacquainted with the Arts of Flattery, which is as useless as unwelcome when she speaks of the *Prince* to whom you are so nearly ally'd, or of the High Qualities that

that render you the Worthy *Partner* of his *Bed* and his *Fame*. For nothing too great can be said of the *One*, nor too fine of the *Other*. *Fiction*, the first Beauty of *Poetry*, is lost in so glorious a *Theam*, and Plain Truth the most shining *Encomium* the *Muses* can make upon *You*.

This Madam, can only justifie her Presumption, by the Sincerity and Zeal of her Vows, for the Continuance and Encrease of your *Glory*.

That

Epistle Dedicatory.

That Her Majesty may be long happy in the Service of Two such Faithful and Important *Subjects*, and *Your Graces* and your Illustrious Line long enjoy the benign Influences of Her *Auspicious Reign*, is the hearty *Prayer* of

Madam,

Your Graces

Most Humble, Most Obedient,

and Most Devoted Servant,

J. Oldmixon.

PREFACE.

SInce Praise, by the Universal Consent of Mankind, is allow'd to be a just Tribute, which ought to be paid to the Virtuous and the Brave; we shou'd think our selves short in our Duty, if we omitted bringing our Mite into the publick Treasury, and acknowledging among the rest of our Country-men, in the best manner we can, what we owe to the Courage and Conduct of his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, who has done more for the Liberty

A of

of *Europe* in one Campaign, than all the Instruments of the French King's Tyranny has been able to do against it in an Age.

Great Acts are often produc'd by Lust of Power, most of the famous Heroes both ancient and modern, were animated by a lawless Ambition and an immoderate Desire of Rule. Fortune too favourable to bold Enterprises, without entring into the merits of the Cause, crown'd them with success; and the Poets and Orators always measur'd their Glory by the extent of their Dominions, without considering that Conquests are at best but glorious Robberies, and that as the Pyrate told *Alexander* the Great, there was no more difference

rence between them two, than that he robb'd People of their Money, and *Alexander* robb'd them of their Countries. Though some of the ancient Heroes might make a good use of their Power, yet that does not excuse their seizing it out of the Hands of those to whom it belong'd, and leaving it in Possession of such as knew not that 'twas given them for any other purpose than to indulge their Passions, and commit all sorts of Violence and Injustice, without fear of Punishment or Controul. If the Flatterers of *Alexander* and *Caesar* had been ask'd what either of them had done for their Country, must they not have answer'd, *they found her Free, and left her a Slave.* The Liberties of *Greece* and *Rome* were their most Valuable

able Conquests; and yet these are the Men on whose Altars all the Poetical Incense of Antiquity is offer'd. 'Twas thought an extraordinary thing for *Virgil* to make Honourable mention of *Cato*: At the same time that he places the *Julian Race* among the Gods. The True Fathers of their Country, and the True Patriots met, with few Poets, to celebrate their Praises. But the worst of Tyrants if they had a little Personal Valour, and a small Portion of Generosity are left to Posterity as so many Divinities. These are the Men whose Examples have form'd most of the succeeding Heroes. These are the Models of Heroic Virtue on the Stage, and the Poets in our Days have been so Charm'd with the Shining Pictures drawn of them by the Antients, that they seem to make it one of the first Principles of their Art for a Hero to own no Law but his Will, and set no Bounds to his Ambition, but the acquiring universal Empire. If some Modern *Bardes* have attempted to place the *Asserters* of *Liberty* in a true Light. Their Poems have been discourag'd, and their Heroes esteem'd a mean sort of People, below the Imitation of great Minds.

The *French* King without any of the Heroick Qualities of either *Cesar* or *Alexander* pretends to rival their Greatness, and indeed is the first Hero that assum'd the Title of *Le Grand*, without ever having been

not wanted a Crowd of *Sycophants*, some of them Men of the first Rank for Wit and Learning, to cry him up as a Prince; of whom they say little, when they only compare him to the Grecian or Roman Conqueror. They have had the Impudence to pay him Divine Honours, and this proud Man has liv'd to see his fairest Trophies ravish'd from him in one Summer; and his Design of enslaving the World, ruin'd by the Wisdom and Bravery of an English General, and an English Army, under the Auspices of a Queen, who makes no other use of Her Victories, than to confirm the Liberty of Mankind; against which *Lewis* the XIVth has for above forty Years been bending all his Force, and all his Cunning; for as his Arms have Triumph'd more by Number than Valour, so his Councils have succeeded more by Fraud and Tricking, than by the wise Management of a fair Politician.

What are all his Breaches of Treaties come to? One Vigorous Effort of a Prudent and Brave Captain, has reduc'd him to the Necessity of Abandoning the Empire, after he and his Ally had surpriz'd the best Cities under her Dominion, and carry'd the Terror of their Arms to the Walls of *Vienna*. His Armies that rov'd up and down on the *Danube*, are now either bury'd in

in its Banks, Imprison'd in the Hands of their Enemies, or skulking nnder the Cannon of their Strong Towns. The Emperor, the Empire and all the Bravest Nations of the *North* are eas'd of their Fears of a French Yoke, and the English Name made Glorious to the utmost Borders of *Europe*.

Is not this enough to kindle the Coldest *Muse* into a Flame, and put Life into the Deadest Wight of *Parnassus?* Those that are silent now must certainly do it for one of these two Reasons; they either believe, as *Boileau* says,

Pour

Pour chanter un Auguste, *il faut être un* Virgile,

A Virgil *only shou'd a* Cesar *sing*,

Or they dislike both the Hero and the Action. Not to offend the Modesty of the Sons of *Apollo*, I fear few of 'em give the first for a reason to themselves, and the second they dare not deliver, least the World who already censure them for their silence shou'd carry their resentments further, and prove by very close and solid Arguments they are in the Wrong.

I am far from thinking I can do so illustrious an Action Justice, I ought to have been frighten'd by the success of most of the Writers, who have hitherto attempted it, had our Sol-

diers

diers fought no better than our Poets write upon 'em, we should have had little to rejoyce over but our *Victory* at Sea. Yet instead of discouraging, this embolden'd me to do as I saw others had done before me: Comforting my self, that if I cou'd not do better 'twas impossible to do worse; and if I did not distinguish my self on this occasion, I might get off in the Croud of those for whom the Subject has been too hard. I have heard of other Poems from which I have much greater Expectations, and amongst them all I hope there will rise one Genius or another, who will Present the *British Hero* with something worthy the Dignity of the *British Muse*.

I sup-

I suppose the half Criticks may fancy that *Pastoral* is a very improper sort of Poem to sing of Victory and War. They imagine Shepherds and Shepherdesses when they are in their Shades, shou'd be always Billing and Cooing, Sighing and Sobbing, talking of their Flocks and their Garlands, and that every thing which looks like Business or Ambition is out of their Element. They reckon *Pastoral* below the Character of a Hero, a Politician, or Philosopher. As if *Virgil* did not know what he was doing, when he wrote of *Pollio*, the *Consul*'s Triumphs and the Birth of his Son, in his Fourth Ecclogue.

The

The Lovely Boy with his Auspicious Face,
Shall Pollio's *Consulship and Triumph Grace*
Majestick Months set out with him to their appointed Race.
The Father Banish'd Virtue shall restore,
And Crimes shall threat the Guilty World no more.
The Son shall lead the Life of Gods, and be
By Gods and Heroes seen, and Gods and Heroes see.
Dryd. Transl. of the 4th Eclog.

These severe Judges will not Pardon him What he says of the formation of the World in the *6th.* Eclogue.

For lo, he sung the Worlds stupendious Birth,
How scatter'd Seeds of Sea and Air and Earth,
And Purer Fire thro' universal Night,
And empty Space did fruitfully unite:
From whence th' innumerable Race of things,
By Circular successive order springs.
E. of *Roscommon's* Translat. of the 6th Ecclog.

They

They forget his *Pharmaceutria*, and that of *Theocritus* when he imitates,

Great Pollio, *thou for whom thy* Rome *prepares*
The ready Triumph of thy Finish'd Wars.

Again,

Since neither Gods nor Godlike Verse can move,
Break out ye smother'd Fires, and kindle smother'd Love.
Exert your utmost Powers, &c.
Dryden's Transl. of the 8th Ecclog.

Now to my Charms, but you bright Queen of Night,
Shine and assist me with your borrowed Light;
You mighty Goddess I invoke, and you
Infernal Hecate, *&c.*
Mr. *Bowl's* Transl. of *Theoc. Pharm.*

Neither will the 18th Idyll of *Theocritus* escape their Censure, if they will never allow the Shepherds

Songs to fly higher than the Tops of their Poplars and Willows. The Poet sings the *Epithalmium* of *Helen* and *Menelaus*, and speaks of the Bridegroom's Happiness

Jove's beauteous Daughter now his Bride must be,
And Jove himself is less a God than he.
Dryden's Translat.

But 'twou'd be endless, if a Man shou'd go about to give all the Instances wherein the Antients have suffered the *Rural Muse* to tower upwards with a dazling Wing, and *Thalia* soars as high as *Clio* or *Calliope*. I am much more afraid of not being able to offend in this kind, than of displeasing any one by it.

As

As for the Antiquity of the Eclogue, what the ingenious Author of the Preface to *Dryden's Virgil* has said of it, there is little left for any one to add to the Subject. 'Tis generally allowed that *Pastoral* Poetry is the most ancient of all, and that, as 'tis the eldest Child of Nature; so it most resembles her. *Pere Rapin* gives it a Place in his *Reflexions sur la Poetique*, before Satyrs, Elegy, or even the Ode; saying, 'tis *le plus considerables des Petits Poemes*, the most considerable of the Low Poetry, or the *Little Poems* as Mr. *Rimer* translates it, and when he compares *Theocritus* and *Virgil* together, he writes, the latter has *plus de bon Sens, plus de Force, & plus de Noblesse*; more good Sense, more Force, and more Nobleness; which

is

is an odd Commendation, if as he affirms elſewhere, the Subject of *Paſtoral* Poetry ought always to be low, for *ſon Genie n'a rien de grand.* There is nothing great in its Genius. We have shown how *Virgil*, whom both he and *Boileau* adviſe us to imitate, has given more than one Proof, that the Ecclogue is capable of Elevation. The latter of theſe Two Criticks ſeems of another Opinion.

Au milieu d'un Eglogue étonne la Trompette
De peur de l'écouter Pan *fuit dans les Roſeaux.*

Beware how you ſound a Trumpet in an Ecclogue, leaſt when *Pan* hears it, he flies from the Rivers Banks, and hides himſelf in the

the Rushes. Though this agrees very little with what he ſays afterwards.

Et par quel Art encor l'Eglogue quelquefois
Rend dignes d'un Conſul, la Campagne & les Bois.
Boil. L'Art Poetique.

Learn by what Art the Ecclogue ſometimes may render the Woods worthy a Conſul. We know *Rapin* and *Boileau* have ſaid enough of the Simplicity of the Ecclogue, that they confine it to the Loves, the Sports, the Piques, the Jealouſies, Quarrels, Intrigues, Paſſions and Adventures of Shepherds; that the latter gives very hard Names to thoſe *Rhimers* who lay aſide the Pipe and the Flute, to take up the Fife

 and

and the Trumpet. The Author of the abovemention'd Preface, contrary to their Opinion, which indeed is not always consistent with itself, justifies the Dignity of the *Rural Muse*, by the Character of the Shepherds of old, *Three of whom were the Founders of the most renown'd Monarchies in the World.*

The Shepherds in those Days had not only the Charge of their Flocks upon their Hands, but the Care of the State; and as the Riches of the World consisted chiefly in the Riches of the Field, Flocks, Herds and Corn; so Husbandry and Labour were so far from being thought below Persons of the highest Quality, that Kings held at once the Crook

Crook and the Scepter; and *Fabritius* the Dictator was taken from the Plough, to be plac'd at the Head of the *Roman* Empire. For which and other Reasons, the same Author adds, Shepherds *cannot be suppos'd so very ignorant and unpolish'd, the Learning and good Breeding of the World was then in such Hands.* Why They shou'd not be as sensible of good News as of bad, and may not be allow'd to rejoice as well as to mourn, is what we cannot comprehend. And till we have better Satisfaction in this Point, than what any of the French Criticks give us, we shall content our selves with the Authority and Example of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

VVe-

We gave our former *Pastorals* the Title of Idylls, at which some Persons were offended; we have avoided it now, not out of Conviction that we were in the wrong before, knowing no Reason why we may not as well say in English *Theocritus*'s Idylls, as *Theocritus*'s *Idyllia*; Idylls being as Musical a Word as *Idyllia*, and Monsr. *Rapin* always calls the Poems of that Author *Idylles*. Some have fancy'd 'tis an affected Word; but those very Men wou'd think us much more affected, if we had call'd either of those Poems an *Idyllium*, as a certain Writer wou'd have it. But as for his Reflexions or his Judgment, we value both the one and the other alike; We think his Judgment, his VVit and his Condition to be equally miserable; so very wretched in all, that we are sorry he has not good Nature enough to deserve Pity. We shall never more concern our selves about his Opinion, and had we not had a great deal of Room in this Preface, we shou'd not have given the Reader this Trouble about him, knowing that we cannot do him a greater Service, than to remember him, though 'tis with Ignominy. In Complaisance to the Taste of the Age, we have left off writing in Blank Verse, waiting till a second *Milton* shall finish what the first began, and shake off the barbarous Yoke, impos'd on the Muses in the Ages of Darkness and Ignorance. Whoever thought we

wrote

wrote formerly in blank Verse, rather out of Necessity than Choice, we hope will now be convinc'd of the contrary.

Some Persons may think Shepherds shou'd not be so talkative, that half an Hour's Discourse is very unnatural by a River's Side.

The first Idyll of *Theocritus* and his Enchantress, *Virgil's* 3d and 8th Ecclogue, several of *Spencer's*, *Tasso's Amynta* and *Guarini's Pastor Fido* are sufficient Autorities to justifie the Length of this *Pastoral*, if Example wou'd excuse me. But I believe there's no need of citing Presidents. If there is any Action in the Poem, or Variety of Passions, to take off from the Redundancies of 3 or 400 Verses, I have not transgress'd against the Rules of the Art, which I never thought were of any Force, except when they helpt a Man to the nearest Way to please. I cannot apprehend why there shou'd be any Difficulty to imagine an old Shepherd might entertain his Sylvan Auditory 20 or 30 Minutes. And having heard some of our Modern Swains hold out a much longer time, 'twill be impossible to convince me, 'tis out of Nature. That they discourse in Measure and Rhime, and with Flight and Figure, is no Argument against me, for Ten Lines, after that way of Judging, is as unnatural as Ten Hundred.

When

When I ſpeak of Her Majeſty or the Duke, I call them by their Proper Names without Diſguiſe, finding *Virgil* in his Ecclogues always do's the ſame; and gives no *Nom de Guerre*, to either *Pollio*, *Varus* or *Gallus*. Thoſe I have made uſe of, are good old English Names, and I believe will be found very harmonious in the Ears of all hearty Lovers of their Country.

Oh

Thyrſis.

OH Father of the Field! whoſe artful Strains
Sweeten our Sorrows, and relieve our Pains:
Whoſe Wiſdom teaches us, whoſe Muſick Charms,
Whoſe Age inſtructs us, and whoſe Vigor Warms
To *Damon*, leave thy Flocks, the gentle Boy
Shall tune his Reed, and take the Charge with Joy.
Come to this Shade, and by *Sabrina*'s Stream
Of Wonders Sing, and *CHURCHILL* be thy Theam.

Menalcas.

For Thee in Elder Times I oft have ſtrung
My ſpeaking Lyre, and to delight Thee Sung. 10

I melted with my Notes the Cruel Maid,
And with a tuneful Pipe for all thy Losses paid.
For Thee, my *Thyrsis*! and the generous Swains
Who haunt the Forest, or frequent the Plains,
I rais'd my Voice to sing of Peace restor'd,
And Tyrants Bowing to *Britannia*'s Lord;
But Peace and *Cæsar* are no more; he said
And dropt his Crook and hung his drooping Head.
Then *Thyrsis* thus ——

Thyrsis.

Of what do you Complain? 20
What Maid is injur'd, or what Shepherd slain;
With us 'tis Peace securely from afar,
We hear the dying Sounds of distant War.

Our tender Virgins are unus'd to fear,
And our Hinds safely reap the bounteous Year.
Not thus, on swelling *Danube*'s guilty Shoars,
Nor where the *Rhine*'s Impetuous Torrent roars,
Nor on the Banks of *Taijo*'s wealthy Flood,
Whose golden Sands are now distain'd with Blood. 30
They bear unwelcome Burthens to the Main,
Foul streams of putrid gore, and Heaps of Slain:
No Musick there is heard; but dismal Cryes
That vex the Air and rend the vaulted Skies;
No Sights of Joy or Pleasure there are seen,
No Loving in the Grove, nor dancing on the Green,
But such as Death and wastful War afford,
The Spoil and Ruins of the raging Sword.
While we, in Peace, our Rural Sports pursue,
And ev'ry Blessing know, that ere we knew. 40
No Noise is heard, no Murmurs in our Groves,

Few are our Pains, and Sweet to be endur'd,
And easie as our Wounds are made, they're Cur'd;
We dance, we sing, we frolick and are gay,
And when we please we Love, and when we please
we Play.

Say, Sage *Menalcas*! say to whom we owe,
This World of Joy, amidst a World of Woe:
With us 'tis Peace--- and thou hast lately seen,
In Mighty *Cæsar*'s Throne, a Mighty QUEEN, 50
Whose Goodness charms, whose Virtue awes the
Swains,
And her High Providence, defends the Plains:
Great as *Eliza*'s, whose Immortal Name
Till now stood foremost in the Rolls of Fame.
She, for whom *Collin* touch'd his golden
Lyre, Spencer.
And Sung her Glorious Acts with equal fire;

Ev'n

Ev'n, shall now to *ANNA*'s Reign resign
The first Bright Page, and in the second shine
Eliza's Arms reliev'd an Infant State, Holland.
But Empires are by *ANN*'s repriev'd from
Fate. 60 Germany *and* Spain
Her Hero's the New World explor'd for:
Gold, Drake *and* Raleigh
But *ANN*'s for Glory only save the Old.
And shall not Her Illustrious Triumphs raise
Thy fainting Voice, and Tempt
thy Sylvan Lays. *The Duke of* Marlborough *refus'd the Contributions offer'd by the* Bavarians
Oh Shepherd Tell, to endless Ages
Tell
Who Rul'd so Greatly, and who Fought so Well.

See, the glad Youth from ev'ry Quarter throng,
To listen to thy long expected Song.

I The

The Flocks may rove, the Lowing Herds may stray,
The Swains forget their Charge, the Nymphs their Play, 70
And Croud the sounding Shoars to hear the Promis'd Lay.
Be still ye Winds! Attend the sacred Muse,
And o'er the silent Shade a Thousand Sweets diffuse.

Menalcas.

How *Thyrsis*, can I hope my Loyal Song
Will please a People who can *Cæsar* wrong?
With Loud and Impious Malice they Blaspheme
The Glorious Life, that was my Darling Theam,
Ev'n *Mopsus*, kind to Discord, has revil'd
His Awful Name, yet He on *Mopsus* smil'd:
With Double Portions of his Favour Blest; 80
The Rising Bard, was in his Court Carest;

Of

Of *Cæsar* then he Sings, and *Cæsar* Friends,
And Curst the Factious Crew, He now defends.
What God will such a Faithless Muse inspire,
And mix Ætherial Flame with his Unhallow'd Fire.
Mævius, the dullest of the Tuneful Throng,
As Lewd in Life, as Infamous in Song;
The Vilest, of the Railing Rout, and Worst
With Poverty alike and Scandal Curst.
Insults the Mighty Dead, defies the Laws, 90
And Damns with wicked Rhimes, his Righteous Cause,
While *Albion* takes his *Demon* for a Muse,
Or suffers the Mad Prophet on the Ouse; Sach-ell
Where, *Thyrsis*, will my Honest Notes be heard,
The Theam Ungrateful and the same the Bard.

But soon will Heav'n and our Propitious QUEEN
Present us with a New, a Fairer Scene.

These

Shall rowl their Course, and then an Age of
Gold.
Faction, and Frantick Zeal, and War shall cease, 100
And Victory resign her Reign to Peace:
The Muses then, who now in Silence mourn,
Shall leave the Wilds, and to their Shades return
From Shoar to Shoar, the joyful News shall fly,
And *ANNA*'s Praise, and *Churchill*'s reach the Sky:
To Her, to Him, we'll grateful Tribute Bring,
And none refuse to Hear and none to Sing.

Thyrsis.

Still in thy Breast will fierce Resentment burn,
Nor Joy again, nor soft Content return;
Let Faction Rage, let Discord have her Hour, 110
Our Fortunes are no more in Faction's Power.
Cæsar Compell'd the Fury to Obey,
But *ANNA* by her Mild and Equal Sway,
Tempers

Tempers Her Heat, Her Violence restrains,
And blesses, with Impartial Smiles, the Plains,
Nor always shall our Prince in vain invite,
The jarring Tribes to Love and to Unite;
Her High Example shall at last Prevail,
And all the Wicked Arts of Discord Fail.
Her Foreign and Domestick Foes no more, 120
Shall dare to tempt her Justice and her Pow'r:
Faction before her Piety shall fall,
And *CHURCHILL* in her Name subdue the trembling *Gaul*.
'Tis done---- Like Friends her differing Subjects
meet,
And gladly they embrace and kindly greet:
The Boaster Monarch who aspir'd to rise,
In Height to Equal Jove and mate the Skyes,

Now growles in the Duſt, his Chiefs Re-
nown'd
To *ANNA*'s Chariot Wheels Inglorioufly are
bound,
And *CHURCHILL*'s Brows with Double Law-
rels Crown'd. 130

Menalcas.

Oh whether woudſt thou have the Muſe to fly?
Her Wing's alas! too weak to ſoar ſo high;
Heav'n! What a View is this ſo piercing Bright,
It dazles and confounds my raviſh'd Sight?
Our QUEEN Triumphant, and the Gaul in
Chains;
Rouſe, rouſe my Soul! and in exalted Strains
Declare theſe Wonders to the liſt'ning Swains;
With fear my Fingers touch an untry'd String,
I tremble at the Task and dread to Sing.

Help

Help me, thou Monarch of the radiant Skies, 140
Sublimely as the Subject ſoars to riſe.
Help me, New Worlds, New Wonders to ex-
plore,
And tread in Paths I never trod before:
Long Tracts of Light, direct the Muſe the Way
To Trace the Britiſh Hoſt or Earth and Sea
Upward She mounts, She cuts the fleeting Air,
And from on high ſurveys the glorious War.
At once, the *Danube*, and the Rhine ſhe views,
The *Tagus*, and the *Po*, the *Sambre* and the
Meuſe.
Embattled Squadrons on their Banks appear, 150
The Gallick Enſigns there, the Britiſh here.
Beneath Her, She the Roman Eagle Spyes
Deſcending from his Height, the upper Skies,
And fal'n ſo low that He deſpairs to riſe.
He Wings in middle Air his humble way,
Oppreſt by num'rous Hoſts of Birds of Prey:

In-

Insulting, o'er his any Realms, they rove
And threaten to dethrone the Bird of *Jove*.
But see---- At *CHURCHILL's* awful Name He springs
Aloft, and spreading his Imperial Wings; 160
With steady Eyes to prove his rightful Sway,
Awhile he gazes on the Burning Day:
Then Tow'rs above his Foes, His Right maintains,
And drives the Rout Obscene from the Æthe-rial Plains.
Stop, stop my Muse! Thy hasty Flight suspend,
And with an equal Pace the Victors Arms attend.

Behold a Thousand Towns refulgent Tow'rs,
By gallick Arts enslav'd, and Gallick Pow'rs;
Almania---- Mistress of the Christian World,
From boundless Empire is to Bondage hurl'd, 170
Precarious in his Throne Her Monarch Reigns,
And ill the Little She has left maintains:
Poor,

Contemptible he grows,
Insulted by his Slaves, and vanquish'd by his Foes.
The Proud *Bavarian*, and the Perjur'd *Gaul*
Press with Impatience, and expect his Fall;
With Him fair Liberty, the Beauteous Prize,
For which Old *Rome* so long contended, dyes.
So cry'd her Lovers, and her glorious Cause,
A Thousand Heroes to the *Danube* draws.
To whom shall Majesty distrest repair,
To what but *ANNA's* Pow'r and *ANNA's* Care, 180
Can Liberty and *Cæsar* fly for succour in despair.
ANNA, by fate for *Britain's* Fame design'd,
In saving Liberty to save Mankind.
For what is wretched Man unless he's Free,
Who'd Chuse on any other Terms to be,
What Creature e'nt as Noble else as He.
If Bondage is of Beasts the greatest Curse,
Since Man knows more his Slavery is worse.
True---- Beasts must Labour and be lash'd, the Slave

have; 196

But when their Arbitrary Lord's Provok'd
The Man in time may with the Mule be Yok'd:
Thus *Lewis* treats his ſtupid Slaves in *Gaul*,
And had he Conquer'd thus had us'd us all;
Like *Albion*'s Genius *ANNA*'s Mighty Soul,
Of wrong alike impatient or Controul;
In Realms remote, to Britiſh Arms unknown,
Aſſerts an Emp'rors Freedom and her own:
Fair *Europe* from Her threaten'd Bondage ſaves,
Sets Free the *German* and the *Gaul* enſlaves. 200

To *CHURCHILL* Her Belov'd, Her braveſt Chief,
She worthily conſign'd the World's Relief.
Confed'rate Nations with united Voice,
Confirm the Pious QUEEN's Auſpicious Choice.

The

Dane,
The *Pruſſian* and the Princes of the *Mein*. *The Landgrave of Heſſe and other Princes.*

Th' Unhappy *Palatine*'s Illuſtrious Race,
Aſſign the *Britiſh* Peer the Foremoſt Place: *Elector Palatine and Houſe of Hanover.*

To Him the jarring Chiefs ſubmit the Sway,
His High Commands with pleaſure they Obey, 210
And gladly follow, when he leads the Way.
His Hoſt Prepar'd----- the flying Foe to find,
He waves his Crimſon Croſſes in the wind;
And bids the Legions move---- with loud acclaim
They hear his Voice and March ſecure of Fame,
Nor Rocks, nor Rivers ſtop Him in his Courſe,
All Obſtacles his Art Removes, or Force.
Him Victory Attends and Fortune joyns,
Officious to aſſiſt his Vaſt Deſigns.

She

His Glory to Himself He only owes,
And Scorns the Favours which She gave his Foes.

Just to Himself and his Intrepid Troops,
In Heav'n and Them he centers all his Hopes.
With safe and speedy Pace he moves to Scowr
The *Swabian* Woods and Curb Tyrannick Pow'r.
The *Gallick* Wolf, and the *Bavarian* Boar,
Wide Wast commit along the *Danube*'s Shoar,
But Tremble at the *British* Lions roar.
Till then the Rebel and his False Ally
Assembl'd *Europe*'s distant Pow'rs Defy.
Pale Terror seizes 'em at *CHURCHILL*'s Name,
Conscious of present Guilt and Future Shame.
In vain to Cities or to Boggs they fly,
And Wish their Rising Ramparts reach'd the Sky,
No Works for *Britain*'s are too Strong, no Walls too high.

Elector of Bavaria. French King.

To

To *Don'wert* see their Foremost Bands advance,
Don'wert defended by the Flow'r of *France*.
Deep Dykes and wide surround Her spatious Walls,
Made Strong by Art, which Fear has taught the *Gauls*,
Above her Tow'rs a Thousand Mounds; aspire
From whence a Thousand Engines vomit Fire.
The Thunders and the Sulph'rous Blaze of War,
But warm the *Britains* whom 'twas meant to Scare:
Dauntless They rush amid the Flame and Smoke,
And Death's Dread Fury by their Rage Provoke.
Still *CHURCHILL*'s great Example Leads 'em on,
The Mounds are raz'd, and now the Works are won.
Death and the *Gauls* to *British* Valour Yeild,
Death and the *Gauls* at once forsake the Field.
Fortune stood Neuter, nor did *CHURCHILL* need
The Various Nymphs Assistance to succeed;

But Victory confest Her Darling Son,
And as a Pledge of more She gave the Town:
Around his Brows the Laurel Wreath she bound,
And to the Wondring World her glorious Off-
spring own'd.

Thyrsis awhile we must our Joy suspend,
To mourn the Muses Patron and their Friend:
Strephon of ev'ry Youthful Grace Possest
Of ev'ry Art Inform'd, with ev'ry Virtue blest; 260
Tho' Noble by descent he lov'd to Play,
Among our Youth and hear a *Sylvan* Lay;
To haunt the Green and by the Woodland Shades,
With Sighing Airs to please the Lovesick Maids:
But never shall he Haunt the Green again;
For *Strephon* here, Unhappy Youth! was Slain:
When Glory call'd He left the Woodland Shades,
He ceast his Sighing Airs and fled the Lovesick
Maids,

To

To wait on *CHURCHILL*, and he serv'd him well,
But here where first he fought, alas! he fell. 270

Thyrsis.

Happy for Thee ah *Strephon!* had thy Mind,
To ease been still, and to the Woods confin'd.
Fame and Ambition be the Courtiers Care,
Love is our Bus'ness, and our Pleasure here
The Fife, the Trumpet, and the rude Alarms
Of Battles, Seiges, and the Noise of Arms.
Ill with the Muses and their Sons agree,
From Care alike, and from Ambition free:
Ah Happy! Had it still been thus with thee.
For thee the Nymphs, for thee the Swains shall
mourn, 280
And Bless with Pious Vows thy Peaceful Urn.

Me-

Menalcas.

Ceaſe your Laments, and liſten to the Muſe,
She Spreads her Pinions, and her flight perſues.
Again ſhe ſoars, and now the Scene is chang'd,
To Legions ready for the Battle rang'd.
The *Britains*, and their Brave Confed'rates here,
The *Gallick*, and *Bavarian* Armies there.
The firm Battalions are the Plain extend,
And ore the *Danube*'s Banks their adverſe Wings
Depend.

Behold! the Nations met in *Bleinheim*'s Field, 290
To try if *Lewis*, or if *ANNE* muſt yield.
For Liberty and *ANNE* alike we Name,
And Tyranny and *Lewis* are the ſame.
Bleinheim, a Peaſant Village, in Renown
Poor, till of late, and Private like our own:

But

But *CHURCHILL*'s Triumphs ſhall in future tale,
Prefer Her to *Philippi* or *Pharſale*.
In dreadful Order, and in Bright array,
Their Bloody Enſigns either Hoſt Diſplay,
All eager to decide the doubtful Day. 300
See *CHURCHILL* flush'd with Recent Conqueſt ride,
Around his ſpreading Ranks, and by his ſide
EUGENE, *ALMANIA*'s ſafety and her Pride.
EUGENE ——
A grateful ſound to ev'ry *Britiſh* Ear
For *Britains* are to Him, and He to *Britains* Dear.
EUGENE, the Fav'rite and the Boaſt of Fame,
Who never fail'd to Conquer where He came:
With Wonder and Delight his Friends ſurveys,
And Charms 'em with his Love, and Warms 'em with his Praiſe.

N Thou

Thou False *Bavarian!* and thou Faithless *Gaul*, 310
Resign the Rule of the Disputed Ball,
For *Churchill* and *Eugene* will Conquer all.
Safe in their Fences, in their Numbers sure,
Of Fortune, their Divinity, secure.
Behold the Gallick Chiefs for Fight Prepare,
And with erected Front defye the *Britains* War.

And now the moving Squadrons joyn, and now
'Tis Darkness all Above and Death Below.
The Bellowing Cannons tear the Vaulted Shoar,
And more than Imitate the Thundrers roar, 320
Blew Lightnings from their Brazen Mouthes they throw,
And Balls where fiery Deaths, with baleful aspect glow;
Scarce can the Solid or the Liquid Main,
The Dreadful Blast, the Mighty Shock sustain;

In

In Clouds of Smoke the Mountains hide their Heads,
And Nature a Returning *Chaos* Dreads.
Aghast the Demons of the Air look on,
And Shrink at Terrors greater than their own.
Horrors and Furies stalk about the Plain,
Attack the Living, and Insult the Slain. 330
For lo! the Two Contending Armies strive,
Not who shall Conquer now, but who shall Live.
Amid the Mingled Legions *CHURCHILL* stands,
Like Fate distributing his High Commands,
With Chearful Patience, and with awful Mien,
Cool as in Council, as in Peace Serene.
Amid a Thousand Deaths He keeps his Pace,
They flash their fiery Terrors in his Face,
Yet still he presses on with dreadful Grace.
He mildly puts the grisly Phantoms by, 340
Resolv'd with steady Soul to Conquer or to Dye.

Such

Such firmness, who such Virtue can oppose,
Too Fierce, too Shining for his fainting Foes:
Fortune is fled, and to Confirm their Doom,
Bright Victory is perch'd on *CHURCHILL's*
Plume.

And now the weary'd *Gauls* begin to ply,
And now with Universal Rout they fly,
But if they run, or if they fight, they dye.
Before 'em, see, the *Danube's* angry Tyde,
Behind 'em *Churchill* and his *Britains* ride,
Victorious ore the Plain---- the scatter'd Host,
Driv'n by the Conq'rors to the Crouded Coast,
Leap down, and in the foamy Waves are lost.

On yonder Cliffs by *Avon's* Muddy Stream,
Thus often have I seen the flying Game.
Closely the Dogs the tim'rous Hare Pursue,
Turn as she turns, and keep her still in view,
Before the Billows, and behind the Hounds,
The double Death her Native fear Confounds,
Till

Till Prest and Desp'rate in her Danger grown,
She takes the Cliffs and Tumbles headlong down;
Splits on the Rocks, or plunges in the Flood,
And sinking to the Deep is choak'd with mud.
The Dogs with willing Eyes the Leap survey,
Still eager of the Chace, and greedy of their Prey:
But the Wise Hunter their Mad Heat Restrains,
Blows his Hoarse Horn, and bids 'em to the Plains.

So now the *Britains* Chace the flying Foe,
And feign wou'd reach 'em in the Stream to strike
the deadly Blow:
But *CHURCHILL* his Impetuous Troops Recals,
And gives to sudden Fate the sinking *Gauls*.
While his great Brother to sustain the Day,
At *Bleinheim* holds a rally'd Rout at Bay.
In vain they prove again the bloody Field,
Unable to resist they beg to yield.
Britains by Nature good as they are Brave,
Wish less to Conquer than they love to save.

Ev'n those, that lately had their Vengeance dar'd,
No sooner had they Vanquish'd than they spar'd.
CHURCHILL at once Ten Thousand *Gauls* forgives,
And *Tallard* only by his Mercy lives:
Tallard for Boasting and for Fraud renown'd,
In *CHURCHILL*'s Chains whom he defy'd is bound.

Hear *Lewis!* to thy dire Confusion Hear!
The rattling Links thy Chosen Legions wear.
Blush to behold thy boasted Chiefs in Bonds,
Thy Soldiers dying with Inglorious Wounds:
Where are thy Conquests, thy Immortal Fame,
Thy Glory's Dead, but Deathless is thy Shame?
Think, for whose Crimes these Seas of Blood are spilt,
Think on a lengthen'd Age of Crimson guilt.
No glaring Colours the foul Prospect hide,
For nothing now is left thee but thy Pride:
The gaudy Scene remov'd we now behold,
A wrinkled Tyrant Impotent and Old.

Early

Early thy Scorching Sun began his Race,
And burnt and blaz'd awhile and now decays:
But *ANNA*'s warms the World with kindly Heat
In Virtue rose, and shall in Glory set.

Oh should I sing the Heroes of our Isle,
Distinguish'd in the Field for Martial Toil.
Thrice might the Sun Compleat his fiery Race,
And whirl his Golden Chariot round the Space:
Before the Song wou'd end---- or shou'd I tell
Whose Councils guide the Peaceful State so well.
Still round a Shining Circle I might run,
And never wou'd the pleasing Task be done.

Thee Wise *Godolphin!* whose auspicious Care,
Provides full Plenty in the Wants of War.
Thee *Candish*, gen'rous as thy Princely Blood;
Thee *Pembroke* equally belov'd and good.
And You, ye Charming and Illustrious Fair!
Who serve the Throne and sweeten *ANNA*'s Care.

We'll

We'll Celebrate with Songs and Sylvan Lays,
To You we'll Dedicate our Sports and Plays,
And Bless you with our Vows, and thank you
with our Praise.

Cool are the Shades, and in the West the Day
Emits a feeble and declining Ray:
Night spreads her Sable Mantle ore the Skies,
And Fogs defile the Air and Vapours rise.
Hence---- To the Village, let the Swains retire,
To Tine the Beechen Pile, and by the common
fire,
Let the gilt Bowl with generous Juice be crownd,
And *ANNA*'s and the *HERO*'s Healths with hearty Shouts go round.

FINIS.

A POEM

On His GRACE the

Duke of *Marlborough*'s Return

FROM HIS

GERMAN EXPEDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for *B. Bragg*, at the *Blue-Ball* in *Ave-Mary-Lane*, 1705.

Price Two pence.

A

POEM

On His GRACE the

Duke of *Marlborough*'s Return, *&c.*

ASsist me Sacred Muse, the Man I sing,
Who does to *Brittain* Fame, to *Europe* safety bring;
Nor think it Late thy grateful Voice to raise,
Last of the Tuneful Choir in Faithful Praise;
The Day on which thy Favour I implore, 5
Does *Marlb'rough* to his Native Isle restore;

Nor were our Joys, or his Successes Crown'd,
Whilst Dangers still the Heroe did surround;
Now boast to *France* our Triumph is compleat,
The Victor safe return'd from their Defeat; 10
Secure of Future Wonders now, the past repeat.

And yet forbear, strain not thy softer Voice
To Martial Notes, a fitter Theme's my choice;
Ill wou'd it suit a Female Hand to wield
The War-like Weapons of the dreadful Field;
With daring steps to stride o'er heaps of slain,
Or drive the flying *Gaul's* through *Hochstet* Plain.

Nor need we *Marlb'rough's* Glories there display,
Trust e'en the Foe t' immortalize that Day;
Tallard in Bonds, his Triumph can't disown, 20
And lost *Bavaria*, by His Arms undone,
Does tacitely Proclaim what *Marlb'rough* won;
Disabled *France* to lessen *Lewis* Shame,
Will Gloriously Record the Victor's Name;
Let their Proud Chronicles with His compare 25
Cæsar's and *Alexander's* Fame in War;
Sing thou his Nobler Cause, the end alone
Makes Conquest Great, and both are here out-done.

Fam'd

Fam'd *Cæsar*, *Rome* involv'd in Civil-Broils
To sit aloft, tho' on his Countries Spoils: 30
The other, unprovok'd Destruction hurl'd
To unknown Regions, through th' affrighted World;
Like restless Infants, wept for a new Toy,
Of which he knew no use but to destroy.

Far from Pursuits like theirs Great *Marlb'rough's* Aim,
No thirst of Pow'r, or vain desire of Fame,
With *Cæsar's* Conduct, as the *Grecian* Brave,
In just Defence, He but destroys to save;
His Toils are all for others Good alone,
And e'en His Lawrels for another won. 40
Thy Glories Gen'rous Heroe, least are thine,
By them shall *ANNA's* Annals brighter shine:
ANNA, by thee an Empire has reliev'd
From inbred Foes, from Forreign Arms retriev'd;
Such will be all the Records of Her Reign, 45
The injur'd to redress, encroaching Pow'r restrain.

Content within Her Banks, as Peaceful *Thames*,
She lifts to their just height her gentle Streams;
Yet spreads her Bounteous Arms, like Friendly *Nile*,
When wanted to relieve a Neighbring Soil: 50

Whilst

Hunne waters,
Louis floods!

Whilst *Lewis*, like a Torrent, breaks his Bounds,
O'erwhelming all in Ruin that surrounds.

Fate, that decreed at length to check the Course
Of *Gallick* pow'r, enlarg'd with Lawless Force,
Our *ANNA* to the pointed time design'd, 55
And equal to the Work, foresaw the Monarch's Mind:
Destin'd to Bless with nearer Influence
Her Happy Isle, and bounteously dispence
To the dejected World Her Generous Aid,
To fill the Glorious Scheme which Heav'n had laid. 60
A Subject was decreed Her, fit to bear
To distant Lands Her delegated Care;
Superiour fram'd, of that intrepid Soul
Unmov'd it self, to guide and move the whole;
Compos'd amidst the Wranglings of debate; 65
Amidst the shock of Charging Troops sedate;
In various Counsels to determine right;
In Battle guide the wild disorder'd Fight.

on
arl's
calm

A graceful pleasing Frame was next design'd,
With awful Majesty, and sweetness join'd, 70
Shou'd bear the Image of this temper'd Mind;

Serenely

Serenely Great, to be Rever'd and Lov'd;
Thus Heav'n our *Marlb'rough* form'd, and his Great
(Work approv'd.

ANNA, with just discernment, knew him soon
Important to the Glories of Her Throne; 75
Worthy to be entrusted with the weight
Of Princes, Empires, *Europe*'s doubtful Fate:
Monarchs, by him supported, bless Her Choice;
Deliver'd Nations joyn their grateful Voice;
Exulting *Brittain* Proud to have giv'n Birth 80
To such a Subject, Foremost of the Earth,
Waits with Triumphat Joy his near Return;
The Croud tumultuous in impatience burn
Loudly to pay their Homgae, sound his Name,
In Shouts his Glorious Entry to Proclaim. 85

Vain their Impatience, *Marlb'rough* only knows
T'appear a Conqueror midst insulting Foes;
No Thought Ostentive does His Soul Elate,
The Blot of Virtue, Weakness of the Great:
All Pompous Expectation He defeats, 90
In secret silence unobserv'd retreats,
Nor with less modest Grace the Senate meets.

Their

Their Juſter Thanks wou'd from himſelf Elude;
Returning in the Armies Name, his Countries Gratitude;
Thus ſhuns Applauſe with eaſie Humble Art,
And thus eſcapes the Gaudy, Pageant part,
But has a Nobler Triumph gain'd in each Admiring Heart. } 97

FINIS.

Le Feu de Joye:

OR, A BRIEF

DESCRIPTION

Of Two most Glorious VICTORIES

OBTAIN'D BY

Her MAJESTY's *Forces and those of Her Allies,*

OVER THE

French and Bavarians;

In *July* and *August*, 1704. at *Schellenbergh* and *Blainheim* near *Hecksted.*

Under the Magnanimous and Heroick Conduct of His

Grace the Duke of *Marlbrough.*

A POEM.

By a *British* MUSE.

Arma Virumq; Cano——
——— Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices, hederam, tibi serpere Lauros. Virgil.

LONDON: Printed by *Freeman Collins* for *W. Henchman*, at the *King's Head*, in *Westminster-Hall.* 1705.

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To the Right Honourable

Sidney *Lord* Godolphin,

Lord High Treasurer of ENGLAND,

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter,

And one of the

Lords of Her MAJESTY's most Honourable Privy Council.

My LORD,

WHen I had done what my rude Passion strove,
To shew my Duty, and express my Love;
I soon resolv'd to make the Thing compleat,
To lay my humble Off'ring at YOUR *Feet.*

With Two such Subjects ANNA's *doubly Crown'd,*
MARLBRÔ *Abroad, and* YOU *at Home Renown'd:*
YOUR *Prudent Council, and* YOUR *Careful Hand,*
Improves the Wealth of a most Fruitful Land.

The Nerve of War is Treasure, and the Soul
Is Courage, now we've Both, a Body whole.

Thus Israel's *Tents were manag'd, some to War,*
While others wisely of the State took Care.

So Blest Eliza *Her great* Burleigh *Reign'd,*
And all Her Subjects ample Profit gain'd;
For many Years, some Ages, his great Care
With Prudence Rul'd in Peace, supply'd in War,
And brought a haughty Monarch forc't to yield:
By Your *wise Conduct now, you've helpt the Field,*
Supply'd the Bands, and made your Credit good;
With Two *such great Supports how can it be withstood!*

But,

But with this Diff'rence, Anna's *friendly Reign*
Doth double Guards by Land and Sea maintain,
To Europe *round* The *blest Samaritan.*
More Peace and Plenty ne're at Home was known,
Where none by Conscience suffer, Blood-shed none.

Go on then, SIR, *long may You live to see*
Your Care, like his, Embalm Posterity.

So Prays, My LORD,
Your Lordship's most Dutiful,
and most Obedient Servant.

Le

Le Feu de Joye.

MUsing one Night in Bed what I shou'd do
To feed my Flocks, (and pay my Taxes too)
Their threatning * Numbers, with the dismal Jars
Of Home-bred Factions, and of Foreign Wars;
Ill News abroad, and Losses great at Home,
Seiz'd my poor Thoughts, and forc't 'em thus to roam:
Till tyr'd in Bed with turning too and fro,
I slept at last, and fell a Dreaming too.

What will become of *Britain*'s future State;
Thought I, when its Expences are so great?
If Wars remain, where will *Britannia*'s Coin,
Which for its Glory does the World out-shine;
Th' Intrinsick Value far above its Price,
If this be gone, whence will it have new rise?

* Lætitia *pregnant with the* 20th.

All

All Thriving Merchants do moſt ſurely know,
The Imports muſt our Exports far out-do:
In ſmall Receipts, or if the more we ſpend,
The Profit balance ſoon will have an end.

With Arms and Blood, great *Britain*'s Nat'ral Treaſure,
We can repleniſh and renew at Pleaſure:
But when our Coin is gone, the Strength of War,
And freſh Supplies don't offer to Repair,
Who can pay Taxes then, or furniſh Bread
For th' Cheerful Sailors, or our Legions Dread?

Or if an end to all theſe Wars we knew,
'Twere ſomething, wou'd Encourage us a-new.

But, ſince the Tyrant-Foes diſdain to fight
A fair pitcht Battle, to decide the Right:
But skip and sculk, like Wolves, to ſeize a Prey,
As Thiev's to 'ſcape the Gallows, run away:
Or b'ing purſu'd, from Place to Place they fly
To ſome Strong Hold, where they ſecurely lye,
For the next Jobb, or ſome new Injury.

Is this *Britannia*'s Fate, or thoſe Her Foes!
Sure Heav'n will hear an Injur'd Peoples Woes,
The Torrent ſtop, and dire Deſtruction cloſe.
With that, methought, *Britannia*'s prudent State
Proclaim'd a Faſt, t' implore Heav'ns better Fate;
When, on a ſudden, *England*'s Genius roſe,
And did, from Teeth of Time, its happy'r State diſcloſe. 40

'Tis done, 'tis done, Proud Gallia'*s Fate is done!*
Nor can the Blood of Vanquiſht Troops atone,
Save for themſelves; while HE for ev'ry one.
Go on then, Marlbro', *with a Gen'ral Voice,*
Thy Pray'rs are heard, the Gods approve thy Choice:
Neptune *with Laurels,* Merc'ry *with Succeſs,*
Shall Crown thy Temples, and thy Prowess Bless.

Beyond the Danube'*s rapid Streams, where yet*
No Britiſh *Troops their Standards e're have ſet:*
Thy Glorious Name ſhall be extreamly great. 50

Nor do miſtake me, Marlbro': *This the Sign*
Of Heav'ns Veng'ance on their Houſe and Line.

From this Portentous Storm thy Lesson learn,
And by each Stroke thy well-hewn Strokes discern.
This Fall of Roofs and Towers lets you see,
You're to be arm'd with Compleat Victory.
The Roaring Waves and dismal Shipwrecks toss,
With mighty Noise and Clangor you'r t' accost:
Till in the Azure Streams their haughty Squadrons lost.
The unhewn Trees, torn from their Mother Ground, 60
Dictates what weighty Strok's you'r to Rebound.
Such as your British *Ancestors, well known*
At Poictiers, Cressy, Agincourt, *have done.*

Go on then Marlbro', *make haste, perform,*
In Storms, as loud as this Immortal Storm.

Thus said, the Phantom at th' Approach of Day,
In one bright Flash, withdrew, and flew away.

Methought the Pensive Hero stood agast,
List'ning for more, wondring with eager hast,
Why this good Omen vanisht in such Blast. 70

At length he smil'd, and op'ning his Scrittore,
Wrote down some Notes, what he had heard before:

And.

And strait Resolv'd—— *Mosselle*, the *Danube*, *Rhyne*,
With well s[illegible]d Strokes shou'd *Britain's* Arms Refine.

This done, the frightful Storm, in hast gave way,
Led on the Approach of a more *Halcyon* Day.

With that I wak't, and wonder'd for a while,
What vast good Fortune should be-tide our Isle!
When, having pass'd, a Month or two, or so;
We'ad News: The Hero's march't against the Foe. 80

A long, long March, and tedious to rehearse,
Envy and Terrour of the Universe.
Six Hundred Miles, in one continu'd Course,
Shew Armies, that will cut their way by Force:
Or'e Rocky Hills, and Craggy Mountains steep,
Or sometimes plowing thro' the Angry Deep:
Thro' Thick and Thin, or stifled with the Dust,
Or scorch't with *Phœbus* Arrows cleans'd from Rust:
These are the Men, who come from Countries far,
Not tyr'd by Labour, or a lingring War: 90
But such as boldy March, and are at hand,
These Great *Marlbro'*, These are at your Command.

Your

Your prudent Conduct, and well-weigh'd Intrigues,
They Execute in ſpight of all Fatigues.
In ſpight of Danger, and in ſpight of Care,
They prompt the word, Anticipate the War.

No ſooner had his Excellence got thro'
The *German* Quarters, and the Foe in View;
Strengthen'd with Lines, and freſh with Men reliev'd,
French and *Bavarians*, all they had Retriev'd: 100
He gave the Word, to ſtorm the mighty Fort,
March, and attack 'em ſtrong, near *Donawert*:
But firſt to *Schellenbergh*, lead the Van,
Where each reſolv'd t' ſuſtain his forward Man.

Welcome Great Sir, to this unhappy Place,
To ſave an Injur'd Gentleman's Diſgrace!
Thrice happy welcome to your brave Aſſay,
To ſtorm the Fort forthwith, without Delay:

Thus ſaid the Prince———

Th' Attempt was Difficult, th' Attacq was Brave,
The third Aſſault forc't 'em for Quarter crave: 100
Which ſome receiv'd, while Terror forc't the reſt
To ſeek Relief in *Donao*'s Bryney Breaſt.

The

The firſt Battalion Valiant *Primroſe* led,
And preſt his way, thro' Honour's grinning Bed:
Primroſe the Brave, who with undaunted Voice,
Reſolv'd to go, and made it his own Choice.
With *Namur Web*, Brave *Ferguſon*, and *Rue*,
(Whoſe Blood was ſav'd for *Bleinheim*, where it ſprightly flew;)
And *Raleigh's* Gore long ſince ſupinely ſped,
Here reek't afreſh as if h'ad been juſt dead: 110
Yet ſtill Heroick, and of *Jus Divine*,
Which ſhews him Heir apparent o' th' right Line.
Storm after Storm, and lab'ring t' make it good,
They forc't their way, and forc't it with their Blood,
By dang'rous Wounds: At length they reacht the Fort,
And then purſu'd the Foe to *Donawaert*.

Nor muſt we paſs the Loſs of our Allies,
In this Bold Action: For there *Styrum* lyes,
Styrum the Early Brave, Great *William*'s Friend,
And *Leopold*'s too, obtain'd this with his End. 120
Dy'd in his Calling, made the Proverb good,
The Field of Honour is the Field of Blood:
And Valiant *Goar*, whoſe great Experience,
For ſtorming Forts and Town's beyond Pretence;
Here left his Soul a gaſping, for the Cauſe,
Of Honour, Dear Religion, and the Laws.

And

And what is more, th' Illustrious Prince of *Hesse*
Here breath'd a Vein: Who can his Hopes express?
Ungrateful if we his just Praise neglect:
From such Beginnings what may we expect? 130

To name 'em all is more than I can do,
And, much short from their Merit, what I know.

Then let's go on——
And passing or'e the * Main,
We take our stand in the strong Fort of *Rain*:
And thence to *Fridberg*, in *Bavaria*'s Land,
Whose frighted Prince, gave way and dar'd not stand;
Sheltring himself under old *Augsburg*'s Walls,
Till to's Assistance, Hect'ring *Tallard* calls.

How many ways, our ardent Gen'ral try'd,
To force Engagement, cannot be deny'd: 140
Till, at the last, and best to try the Right
He gave 'em leave to join, and then to fight.
Here our Renown'd General's Conduct, Grand Machine
Of all, was most Magnificently seen.

* *Danube*

Ignoble Skirmishes he scorn'd to try,
Or cause a Party of the Foe to fly,
Heroick 'tis, to form a Compleat Victory.
Like Noble *Roman* here his Skill was shewn,
Resolv'd to Conquer all, or Conquer none:
Wherefore, to lull 'em, with the fond Conceit, 150
Of Joy for their Uniting, full, compleat;
This Noble Stratagem, and Divine it prov'd,
The Gods have always prosper'd whom they lov'd:
A Stratagem of War here waits at hand,
The like, for Ages, has not been obtain'd.

Leaving a Prey to lure 'em to the Field,
A Prey, which to their Numbers sure must yield:
Ours feign a March, retire to make it plain,
Till they Encamp, next Day return again.

A quick Return, like all their March before, 160
What cou'd Great *Alexander* have done more?
Firm to th' Allies, to their own Honour just,
Thro' Night's Black Fogs, they hast to keep their Trust.
No Eagle to the Quarry quicker flew,
To seize her Prey, than their brave Rules pursue.

Thro' distant Countries, diff'rent ways they go,
To Aid their Friends, and Incommode the Foe.

The *French* Encamp't upon a rising Ground,
Spacious and pleasant for its Airy Mound,
Secur'd on one side by the Woods, *Bleinheim* 5 170
The t'other with *Morass* and purling Stream:
Made safe by Scituation for Defence,
And very useful for Convenience.
'Twas here our Gen'ral thought, as he past on,
To rest his Bands, and join 'em into one.

But since the Foes the better Station got,
Whose Scituation, Strength and Safety wrought;
It was resolv'd to force 'em from their Post:
And thus our Gen'rals drew their Eager Host.

Th' Illustrious *Eugene*, with the *German* Bands, 180
Led on the Right Wing, having shaken Hands
And plighted Faith, each other to sustain,
As need requir'd, the Left the *English* gain;
The whole commanded, or set in Array,
By *Marlbro*'s Duke, th' Atchievement o' the Day:

Whose

Whose Conduct, soaring over Hardships great,
Surmounted all, to make his Front compleat;
Rivers, Morasses, and uncertain Ground
They difficultly pass, or march around:
In spight of Cannon, firing thick as Hail, 190
And thundring Squadrons, ready to assail;
When all things ready, about one He chose
To give the Word, March and attacq the Foes.
Command of the Enemy's Right sam'd *Tallard* took
Their Left by *Marsin*, and *Bavaria*'s Duke:
The *Gallick* Troops, thus against *English* stood,
Bavarians 'gainst the *Germans* made it good.
When All was fixt, and Heaven receiv'd our Prayers,
The Christians way 'gainst Heathen Emperors.

Bravely our Gen'ral on his well weigh'd Scheme 200
Halted, and open'd thus his Noble Theme.

Observe me Fellow-Soldiers what I do,
And be assur'd, I'll firmly succour you.
'Tis ANNA's *Cause you're now about to fight,*
'Tis Her Religion, Liberty and Right:

Her

Her Court adorn'd, thro' out Her Royal Throne,
With circling Virtues, all entire Her own :
Obliging Grandeur crown'd with free Access,
Th' unfortunate are us'd with Tenderness.
Nay, the poor Levite, desp'rate almost grown, 210
She his reliev'd with a most Lib'ral Boon :
Large and Extensive all Her Graces are,
Her Bounties, Universal as Her Care.
Her Laws and Country 'tis, you must defend
ANNA, *the Goddess of the pleasant Land ;*
Where Liberty and Innocence Reside,
Free from the Gripes of Tyranny and Pride :
Where all things seem, like what is most Divine,
And each Man reaps the Fruit of his own Vine ;
There all Her Royal Charms in Lustre shine. 220
Lo Pallas *SHE! Her Royal House improves,*
And gives Her Maidens to their prosp'rous Loves.
There no Man's Landmark is unjustly torn,
Or made dependant to another's Scorn ;
Our Wives and Daughters polisht Temples are,
Chast, undisturb'd, senseless of Guard or Care,
And harmless Freedom reigns unmav'd by War.

Not

Not so the Foe, their rapid Arms have hurl'd
All Right and Property from the Christian World.
The Widows Tears, the Virgins piercing Cry, 230
The poor Man's Pray'rs, the Fate of Destiny
They have assail'd ; and to compleat the rest,
Have tore the Infant from its Mother's Breast.
No Laws, no Oaths, nor Vows, will hold 'em free,
They'll do no Right, nor suffer Injury.
But, like a Torrent, all the World controul,
And grasp the lab'ring Earth from Pole to Pole.
By Fraud, by Force, by Treachery, by Gold,
They deal the Rights of Heaven, bought and sold.
And do out-brave the Lord of Heaven and Earth, 240
By Massac'ring, what He has giv'n Birth.
Defy the Devil, the Pow'rs of Heav'n and Hell :
View yonder Mount, see how they proudly swell ;
No Man won'd live under a perjur'd Foe,
Disgrac't, opprest, insulted o're, No, No,
Like Generous Britains, *let us fight or die,*
The Conquest's all your own, for Liberty.

Fall on, fall on, Brave Britains *lead the Vatt,*
Shew 'em no Pity, that belongs to Man ;

Fall

Fall on, fall on, Brave Germans, *see the Foe* 250
Triumphs in spight of all that you can do;
Fall on, fall on, Brave Danes *and* Dutch, *fall on,*
Stop not, but Kill till you are weary grown.
But why do I delay or stay you so?
Your Courage dictates what you ought to do.

He said, and straight as if some mighty Joys,
The whole Lines eccho'd with repeated Noise:
Loud Acclamations, Hats thrown up i' th' Air,
And Universal Hussa's fill'd the Sphere:
Just such, as when the welcome Bridegroom came 260
To cheer the willing Bride, the very same,
Or what is Greater, tho' more seldom seen,
The Coronation of th' auspicious Queen.
Such Shouts of Joy our chearful Bands repeat
To use their Arms, and stretch their Conquests great.

The Onset first by Generous *Cuts* began,
Cuts, that did all, that cou'd be done by Man:
Charg'd fresh and fresh, and took the Enemy's Fire,
Undaunted with their Numbers as their Ire.
His *British* Braves, with Joy, their Hussa's rang 270
'Mong Blood and Slaughter their loud Eccho's sang.

Full

Near Thirty Years his dear *Bellona* Joy'd
Her Fav'rite constant to the Weight imploy'd.
Buda, the *Boyne*, *Aghrim*, and proud *Namur*
Are Trophies of his Thirsty Arms and Pow'r.

Brave
Churchill's [illegible] Conduct long to *Denmark* known,
And other Kingdoms too besides our own;
Experienc'd Hero, worthy of Renown.
The Noble Acts his constant Valour did
Let *France* and *Ireland* witness, *Flanders* read, 280
And this of *Blainheim* crown th' Illustrious Deed.
With Noble *Lumley*, *Palmes*, inur'd to War,
In divers Countries, from their Infants Care,
The Noble *North* and *Gray* here mad's Campaign,
And charg'd thro' all before him 'mongst the Slain;
To his Immortal Honour be it said,
In spight of's Bleeding Wounds pusht on th' Heroic Deed.
With *Ingoldsby*, and many more Brigades,
Supported by *Wood's* Squadrons, Resolute Blades,
Such as their *Great Commander*, firmly stood, 290
With Joy receiv'd their Post, with Joy all made it good.

Thro'

Thro' the whole Line, the Horse, the Foot sustain,
Brigades and Squadrons strive the Ground to gain,
And seize the Post of Honour 'mongst the slain.
Long time they charg'd, the Battle doubtful made,
Squadron against Squadron, Brigade against Brigade.
The Hideous Out-Cries, and the Horrid Noise,
Thunder and Lightning, pierc't the ecchoing Skies;
Thunder and Lightning from all Parts around,
Thunder and Lightning shook the Trembling Ground;
Thunder and Lightning flies against the Foe,
Thunder and Lightning they return to you;
Thunder and Lightning caus'd whole Bands to die,
Thunder and Lightning forc't the rest to fly.

And now our Gen'ral's even Temper shew'd,
Was here and there, and ev'ry where i' th' Crowd;
Where Bullets whistle, or where Cannons roar,
Whose well-steel'd Bands before 'em rent and tore;
Now to the Right the useful Word he gave,
And then the Left, the Center helpt to save;
Swift as an Arrow, his proud Courser flew
O're Cannon Ball, or it had pierc't him thro'.

Dasht

Dasht o're with Dirt, Dust, Earth and coarsest Soil,
Dy'd with the Gore, which Crimson Wounds defile:
No Danger stopt his piercing Eye and Ear,
To push the Conqu'ring Front, or succour th' wav'ring Rear.

Hast, Core *Reserve! Those Squadrons o're the Grass*
While those do force the Rivolet and Morass:
See there they press the Prince, th' Illustrious Prince,
Flank their bold Front, and drive 'em out from thence;
Goe Aid de Camp, *Quick, bid him charge again;*
The Core *Reserve shall all his Want sustain.*

Thus, bravely order'd, was the Battle fought,
And the Success to Admiration wrought.
The Thundring Legions prest it thro' and thro',
And bore their way, whilst tim'rous *Tallard* flew.

They run, they run, Kill, Destroy, Pursue,
They'll give no quarter when they follow you.

As in the Fens, the Boistrous Sea inrag'd,
Flows o're the Banks, until it be asswag'd;
Sweeps all before it on the Neighb'ring Ground,
Laying all wast and desolate around;
So here our Hero's, with a Conqu'ring Hand,
With one great Blast, struck down all did withstand;

Kill'd

Kill'd and purſu'd, purſu'd and kill'd ſo late
Till the pale Moon grew Black, with fear of Fate:
O' th' Spot, as Victims Twenty Thouſand fell,
A Sacrifice to *Gallick* Pride as well:
The Earth Cadaverous with Blood beſmear'd,
For many Miles a horrid Sight appear'd: 340
And what is more ſo truly aim'd our Men,
As Left Battalions whole in Rank and File o' th' Plain.
Their Bagage, Cannon, Standards, Tents they yield
To cheer our Troops, the Plunder of the Field.
Who, when their Work was done, with brisk Champaign
Waſh't off the Toil and Labour they had ta'en.

But for the Foe,
One Body flying to the Woods, for fear,
Thirty Battalions were impriſon'd there;
As many Squadrons to the *Danube* puſht,
Dy'd its Black Streams with Blood, and ſo were huſht. 350

Aſſiſt me *Clio*, for I bluſh for fear
I can't purſue this Doleful Character:
Not made with Art, or Roaring Cannon Ball,
Where Men by Thunder or by Lightning fall;

See

See what the Fate of Evil doing is,
Guilt and Deſpair do rob us of our Bliſs:
What damn'd Deſpair cou'd make theſe Squadrons fly,
And in a rapid River chuſe to dye?
See what it is th' accurſed Pow'r t' inſlave!
Courage th'ad not to fight, or Quarter crave, 360
But poorly hide themſelves under a Rock or Wave.

Whither, like Satan with his Herd of Swine,
They all run in to drink or drown in Brine,
Or yet more like to the Great Judgment Day,
With Horror ſeiz'd and Dumb, I will not ſay.
But ſure I am, no Pen can here expreſs
This lively Scene, in its own nat'ral Dreſs.

Suppoſe Four Thouſand Gentlemen at leaſt,
And each Man mounted on his cap'ring Beaſt,
Arm'd Cap-a-pee, Equipt from Head to Foot, 370
With all the Marks of Honour clad to boot,
Should, at an Inſtant, in a Body Roll,
And plunge into the Deep, their violent Soul:
Wou'd you not think 'em mad, when for one Word,
They might have had their weary Life reſtor'd?

Juſt

Just such were these, with so much Hast and Dread
As wou'd have forc't or dreyn'd their liquid Bed:
The hasty Rushing of so vast a Push,
Drown the Melodious Swans, the Charming Syrens hush:
But not like *Orpheus*, with his pleasing Strain,
By Frights and dismal Noise, these 'vantage gain.

Not Screitching Owls, or Southern Croaking Frogs,
Howling of Wolves, the Latriant Noise of Dogs;
Roaring of Lions, *Iriso* or'e their Dead,
Or Condemn'd Pris'ners, full of Horror dread,
Not Infants Squeal, poor Wife's Moan, or Eagles squawling,
Th' Peacock's Schream, Snakes Hiss, or Caterwawling,
The Sailor Shipwreckt, or lost Trav'llers Cry,
More dismal were than these in Misery;
Yet like it all, and more, their Flouncing Steeds
Fret, chafe, snuff, snort and groan, like Bitterns in the Reeds.

Sometimes in Shoals they swim to t'other side,
Where the deaf Rocks refuse, then hither ride,
But these Rocks too, as deaf as those before,
Helpless do let 'em roll, from Shore to Shore:
Some down the Stream, while others 'gainst it strive,
Sad Out-cries make, and worse Efforts to live.

With

With faint Endeavours, some climb the Crumbling Rocks,
Where one Man's Fall, flat down, another knocks;
Some plunging under Water catch the next,
And him another, and so on, by which Pretext
Whole Shoals together, sink and scream in Shoals,
And bob and sink, and bob and sink their Souls.
So that, of many Thousands, few were sav'd,
For who 'scap't *Scylla*, proud *Charibdis* stav'd.

At last, when all their dreadful Groans were spent,
And perfect Calm restor'd to th' Element;
The crowded Bodies, what with Horse and Men
So swell'd the *Danube*, that like Earthy Plain,
Or Timber Logs, you might have walkt thereon.
For Leagues its Waves were stopt, their Current force,
Dead Bodies stopt 'em, Bodies of Men and Horse.

Bitter *Cocytus* lamentable Groans
Dispatcht these; the rest with pitious Moans
Lookt on, and wou'd not dare themselves to take
One Draught of *Lethe*'s Black forgetful Lake:
What they'ad commanded others, would not do,
But scornful *Tallard* snatcht forth's Ribbond Blew,

With

With other Gen'rals, who all Quarter crav'd,
So they remain among the Pris'ners sav'd. 420

Thus a large *Pine*, the Glory of the Grove,
Whose Pride had got their Envy, not their Love,
Stood divers Shocks, and looking with Disdain,
Scorn'd all his Equals, on the Neighb'ring Plain,
Till by a Northern Blast, he was or'turn'd,
And faintly yielded, but by none was mourn'd:

Exceeding Comely were his Branches Tall,
But broken ev'n to Shivers with the Fall;
While a more useful, meek and humble Tree,
O'return'd, with Ease sits upright, and is free. 430
So Pride with Ruine, always seeks its Fall,
And never rises, but confounds us all.

That all have Faults, and all those Faults forgiv'n:
Is sung by Prophets, and the Sons of Heav'n;
But proud Mens Faults are visible enough,
And ne're forgiv'n, we have daily Proof.

Thus e're the *British* Lyons rous'd 'tis long,
Sometimes he sports and dalleys with the strong:

But when he finds he's trifled with, perplext
His Tallons shew in Earnest that He's vext. 440
So the proud *Gall* was bravely taken down,
And forc't to truckle his Imperial Crown.

To His Grace.

AND now Great Sir, pardon a Word or two,
Cou'd I but do't, that might be worthy you:
Your Acts have spoken, and proclaim'd it far,
Above what e're perfidious Wretches dare;
But what need Words? To praise 'em were in vain,
These acts alone will to the World remain;
Succeeding Ages shall in Annals read
Surprizing Stories of this Glorious Deed;
To Childrens Children, they'll transmit 'em down,
Heroick Vertues, worthy of Renown.

Our lisping Infants shall with Joy repeat,
And help to sing your Conquests in the Street;
The Tuneful Shepherds too will sing and dance,
You've put a Fatal Hook i' th' Jaws of *France*;

Their Flocks less careful now they may attend,
To Wolves destructive since you've put an end;

The Nymphs, with Violets and Roses strew,
And Jasemin, the Roads and Ways you go;
Where all the Choruses their Voice can raise,
Shall loudly chant their Notes to your just Praise,
Who have so bravely to their Aid comply'd,
To keep their Loves in Safety by their side.

The Rural Maids will venture now to joyn
In Wedlock, and their hearty Loves combine
To get strong Cadets; who their tender Years
Shall list, and serve your Camps as Volunteers.

*The *British* Youth shall shout with Recreation,
Twas you restor'd the Courage of the Nation;
The honest Tarr's shall quaff their Punch for Joy,
That you have boarded those their Trade destroy;
The cunning Merchant, and the Lawyer too,
Shall thrive; now they'r protected all by you:
The Poets run a tick, and drink and dwell
Upon the Subject, or profusely steal,
Mad that they cannot find a Parallel.

Nor

Nor are your Trophies small, compar'd with those
Of former times, as Reverend Hist'ry shews;
Cæsar in Forty Days reduc't all *Spain*,
You in that time the Empire did regain.
He seiz'd th' *Italians*, drown'd with panick Fears,
You from a Regular Band of Pilferers
Sav'd these; and, by their Hest'ring Legions broke,
Stopt those who threat'nd the whole World a Shock;
The proud Leviathan, inrag'd with Spight,
You've Hook't, in Maintenance of Oppress Right;
Your Country's Honour, you have bravely sought
By well concerted Measures; and true Disc'pline taught.

The well spread Glory which your Conduct sings,
Will hold a Balance with the Great'st of Kings;
Happy *Britannia* with such Gen'rals blest,
Who can make subtle *France* be dispossest,
Shew him th' Illusions of his Dæmon fail,
Where Justice, Honour, Vertue hold the Scale;
No room for Bribes, where Courage leads the Van,
All Tricks are lost in Philosophick Man:

Thus the *Nemean* Lyon you have slain,
And Giant *Geryon* subdu'd and ta'ne;

Why;

Why should I speak of those of Older Date,
You're *Cæsar's* Speed, and *Alexander's* Fate,
Equal to *Hector's* Skill, which makes them those Compleat:

Let other Nations laugh, contemn the Foe,
And imitate what they have seen you do,
But own the Glorious Deed to *Marlboro'*.

Pardon, Great Sir, That I prophane your Name,
Which ought to soar the highest Flights of Fame,
And be Expanded by the brightest Flame.
My inbred Duty, prompted by my Zeal,
Force me to sing your Praise, tho' I want Skill.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 7. Line 7. for *speed* read *sped*.
p. 7. Line 13. for *by* read *And Dangerous Wounds*.
p. 12. Line 5. read *almost desperate grown*.
p. 12. Line ult. for *unmar'd* read *unmarr'd by War*.

TWO

CAMPAIGNS

IN ONE

Panegyrical Essay

Upon his GRACE

The Duke of *Marlborough's* Successes in the Years 1704 and 1705. and his fine House of *Bleinheim* now building at his Mannor of *Woodstock*, lately given him by Act of Parliament, for his Great Services.

To which is added,

The Fifth Ode of *Horace's* Fourth Book, turn'd into *English* by way of Imitation, and humbly address'd to his Grace, instead of *Augustus*, to whom it is dedicated in the Original.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. B.* and sold by *B. Bragge* in *Avemary-Lane*. 1706. Price 6 *d.*

Two Campaigns in one Panegyrical Essay upon his Grace the Duke of Marlborough's *Successes*, &c.

TO speak of your *Grace*, after so many Tongues have been employ'd in recounting your numerous Conquests, and celebrating your Great Name, is an *Act of Presumption*, at the same time as it cannot but be allow'd for an *Act of Zeal*. But you have oblig'd all Mankind by your Victories, and all Mankind ought to offer up their Acknowledgments by way of Return to them; and it is not enough that her Majesty has receiv'd you with those Demonstrations of Respect that were due to your Illustrious Character, that both Houses of Parliament have harrangued you, that our Poets

have transmitted you to Posterity, and our Burroughs and Corporations have attributed their chief Happiness to you, next under God and her Majesty, in their Loyal Addresses. The greatest Recluse, tho' retir'd from the rest of the World, owes the Felicities of his sweet Repose to you, since but for your *Grace*'s Victories *abroad*, the Enemy that submits to your Valour, might disturb us at *home*, and he be no longer Master of those blessed Advantages he has now the quiet Enjoyment of.

This Consideration has induc'd the meanest of those that have offer'd up their Vows and Prayers for the Preservation of your *Grace*'s inestimable Life, to break thro' the Resolutions he had taken of being silent upon such Occasions, and making a tender of his *Admiration*, where he could not arrive at Words sufficient to express his *Praise*.

But your Worth is so circular, where to begin, he knows not, and his Spirits fail him at the Thoughts of what he is under-

undertaking: He sinks under the Prospect of your ineffable Perfections, and is lost in the Contemplations of your August Character. Your Actions are so much of a piece, that each of them, from your Youth upwards to this Day, is a sufficient Labour for the best Historian; and your Military Atchievements under *Conde* and *Turenne*, the Dawnings of that Valour that is now come to its full Meridian, are more than enough to dazle such Eyes as cannot bear its Refulgencies.

Yet your *Grace*, that can inspire the greatest Despondency with noble Resolutions, and give Courage by your Heroick Example to the most enervate Coward, has had this Operation upon him, that he is emboldenʼd to attempt what will be an Honour to him, thoʼ he fails in its Performance, and will make him known to Posterity by your *Grace*'s Actions, thoʼ he cannot by his own. *Magnis tamen excidit Ausis*, was *Phaeton*'s Character, and he has a Title to

to be a Sharer with him in it, ſince what he aims at, will ſhew he has not fall'n ſhort of him in his Raſhneſs.

The World hath impatiently waited to ſee three ſuch conſummate Perſons as would grace Mankind, and diſtinguiſh themſelves from the Crowd of Men of Renown.

Cic. de Orat. Such an Orator as *Cicero* would have, ſuch a Courtier as *Balthaſar Caſtilio* has offered and recommended to the Elegant and Polite, and ſuch a General as *Ceſar* has given us.

De Curiali ſive Aulico.

Cæſar's Commens.

Theſe three would be the Diſcourſe, Admiration, and Aſtoniſhment of all the *Schools*, *Courts*, and *Camps*, in *Europe*; and (Great Sir) they are all advanc'd, and in their Perfection in you.

Not that it is a General's Province to make long Orations at the Head of an Army, ſuch as are feigned in *Livy* and *Curtius*, (not to mention *Saluſt*, for they have almoſt ſpoiled a fine Hiſtory)

Hiſtory) for before one of those could be ſpoken gracefully, you did as great an Action, as any is recorded in those Hiſtories.

Orationes Saluſtii in Honorem Hiſtoriarum non leguntur. Seneca.

The Action at *Donawart*, will juſtify that this is no Romance; for you ſaved there more Kingdoms and Principalities in leſs time, than an *Eagle* or *Fame* it ſelf, with all its Plumes, could fly over. All the elaborate Oratory in the *Roſtra*, is to amuſe and move the fickle and yawning Vulgar; but by your Eloquence, you can move Armies into any Parts of the World, and after that, you can lead them on by your Courage, and preſerve them by your Conduct.

And, as for a Courtier, tho' the *Italians* eſteem all Nations beyond the Mountains, rude and barbarous; and the *French*, who would be thought to have arriv'd at their Sublimity, both as a civiliz'd People, as well as their Glory, antient Gallantry and Honour, think

think we are impolish'd, may envy you as being the most accomplish'd Courtier in *Europe*, whose Conversation is fit only for Princes and Generals.

False Courtiers, like Ensigns and Trumpets, make a fine Shew and Noise; they promise plausibly, and fail eternally; for their Promises and Performances are at as great a Distance, as the two Hands of *Alexander*, when the one stretch'd it self to the *East*, and the other to the *West*, as the bold honest *Scythian* told him. But you are the great Exception to this universal Rule, for as never any Officer or Commander came to solicit for Posts of Honour, that went out of your Presence, but with Pleasure and Satisfaction; so your Promises were always perform'd, if the Person was worthy to receive them. It is a nice and critical Rule which *Castilio* lays down, *That no Courtier or Hero should receive Honour with Greediness, least it should gorge*

Altera manu Orientem, altera Occidentem amplectereris. Curtius.

gorge him, or refuse it when it is press'd upon him, lest this Coyness should oblige his Prince to withdraw his Favours.

Yet such was your Modesty, that when you had gain'd the Victory, you refus'd the Lawrel; when (with *Apollo*) you had caught and embrac'd with eager Arms, your *Daphne*, you refus'd the *Bayes*. Never was such Self-denial in a Soldier: Emperors that go into Monasteries, and Kings that wash the Feet of the Poor and Miserable, are empty Pageants to your Humility. The Hydropical Thirst, and implacable Avidity of a Miser, may as well refuse Treasures, or dying Penitents Absolution, as a Soldier Honour: Honour! which the Brave purchase with their dear Blood, and the Base with their dearer Gold; whereas all the Nobles of the Earth gape after it, as great Fishes do out of their Element. And this you did for the Glory of the Queen, esteeming it the highest Honour in the World to be her Favourite.

All the Compliments and Addresses, both Foreign and Domestick, have given you this transcendent Honour, to be mentioned in the same with her most Sacred Majesty; your Great Names being as inseparable, as the *Saint* and the *Glory* round about it.

And to give a Character of you as a *General*, would be as vain as the Oration of *Military-Discipline* spoke to *Hannibal*. Had you been a *Roman*, for your Gallantry, you had been of Consular Dignity: If you had been an *Athenian*, for the same Reason you had been proscribed by *Ostracism*; and if you had been a *German*, you had been more than a Prince: But you regarded not a Title that must die, that you might gain Immortality, and to shew that you are a Hero, as well in commanding your Desires, as in the Command of Armies.

Major Erit qui se, quam qui fortissima Vincet. Manil.

As it is observ'd of the Laureat *Macedonian*, that he had been Deify'd, and had

had a Place in Heaven amongst the Heroes, had he not made himself a God on Earth, and receiv'd Divine Worship.

Cesar, who has been very careful in the Portraiture of a compleat General, and sat to his own Picture; in his Commentaries, in which there is a good Aptitude and great Design, (as Painters call it) falls vastly short of your Character; for who can draw an infinite Line, or a Soul as boundless as the Universe. *Timantes*, when he had drawn *Agamemnon* with all the Vigour of Imagination, and Strength of Art, thought he had done him Injury, and therefore cover'd him with part of his Garment, as you were with Dirt at *Bleinheim*; and tho' you were bury'd alive, and many thought you had been slain, yet you broke thro' all Dangers, in order to head your Troops with undaunted Courage.

As a *Spanish* Author relates of *Charles Emanuel*, Duke of *Savoy*, *That*

he

he made his Way with four only of his own Soldiers, thro' the midst of four hundred of his Enemies Cuirassiers, and satisfied the Admiration of the World, by saying, There was no better Company in the greatest Danger, than a great Heart.

Sir, I could declare, (if it were Manners to speak it) that you have done a Diskindness to Mankind, and have discourag'd Gallantry and noble Actions ; for you have left no Room for Emulation, because no Man emulates or endeavours after what is unattainable.

Atalanta could not pretend to be as swift as the Wind, tho' she had left the Golden Apples behind her ; neither can the mightiest Giant presume to run with the Sun : So that future Heroes will appear comparatively but frigid Eunuchs ; they might sigh and groan, (as *Cæsar* did at the Sight of *Alexander*'s Statue) but all their Efforts shall prove abortive.

For

For your Name shall be known in the World, and the *Danube* (the greatest River in *Europe*) shall swell with Pride, and flow with Pleasantness, when the Name of *Cæsar*, with his fam'd *Rubicon*, shall be forgotten.

And all this is Truth, which is a great Mortification to your Enemies ; for you have some, (which is no Prodigy) so has the Queen, and so has Heaven. The Lyon reserves his greatest Strength for the greatest Danger ; and you was reserv'd for this Glorious Action, to rescue the languishing Empire, when it was in the *French* Toil : This was worthy the Character of so Great a Man, and it was so opportune, that your Victory shall be their great Epoch, and the *Germans* shall date all their memorable Actions from that time.

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus Vindice nodus Inciderit. Hor. Art. Poet.

In

In such a prodigious and immortal Design, there must be θεῖόν τι something that is God-like, and as the *Roman* Orator expresses it, *Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.*

Cic. l. 2. de Nat. Deor.

It is difficult to speak extravagantly, and impossible to speak proportionably of this Act of Heroicism, which after Ages shall believe with Pain, and yet the Truth of it is bottom'd upon universal Consent; by the *Germans*, whose manly Roughness will not suffer them to flatter; by the *English*, contrary to their wonted Nature, who seldom respect great Favourites; and by the *Dutch*, who never had Manners enough to flatter; and the Sum of what they have acknowledg'd, is, *That you have sullied the Renown, and blasted the Glory of the Captains of former Ages*; and that the Heroes of the Ages to come, may envy you, but will never be able to attain to your Glory.

Fame

Fame, that has as many Eyes, Ears, and Tongues, as she has Feathers, whose Wings stretch themselves over the Globe, would be weary in displaying your War-like Acts, and the World would be too august and narrow for the Sound and Breath of her Trumpet.

Cui, quot sunt Corpore plumæ, Tot Vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu,) Tot linguæ, totidemque ora sonant, tot Surrigit aures. Virg.

Appion, who thought he immortaliz'd all those to whom he vouchsafed to dedicate any of his Works, must have blush'd, if he had troubled you with any of his Labours.

Plin. Nat. Hist. Præfat. ad Vespasianum.

Yet, without Offence, it is lawful for the meanest of us to praise and admire. If a new Star (as Astronomers falsely call it) appears by Emersion, it is lawful for all Mankind to gaze at it, tho' Princes only think they lie directly under its Aspect, and are only concern'd at its Influence.

So

So, Sir, it may be no Immodesty (not to disturb any longer your most serious and weighty Moments, upon which depends the Happiness of the best part of *Europe*) to take a View of your Glory, as *Eudoxus*, a Geometrician, with'd a compleat Sight of the Sun, tho' it scorch'd him to Death.

If you would not do Wonders every Campaign, but would suffer your self to be routed once in your Life, those who admire, praise, and love you, might have some fresh Matter to support them, by railing at the Inconstancy of *Fortune*, and commending the Constancy of a Commander, that can bear her Malice bravely. *Fortune!* which the poor skrannelling Husband-man, and the prodigal Mariner, fear as much as the pale Deserter does when he throws Dice for his Life; whom the fierce and the purple Tyrants dread more than *Damocles* did the impending Sword.

Te pauper amabit solicita prece Boreæ Colonus, &c. Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ, &c. Hor. 35 Ode, l. 1.

For

For *Fortune* flies generally *dubiis alis*, with Wings so doubtful, that, like a coy Virgin, she struggles to get out of your Embraces, tho' her Heart is in your Bosom: She hovers over engag'd Armies, and almost every Moment alters her Mind, 'till Valour and Conduct force her Consent, and then, like *Metius Suffetius*, she waits on the Conqueror. Who is really a Soldier of Fortune; for to walk in the same Tract of Glory, is to be Immortal.

There are Rises and Falls in all Human things, and that Planet which has its Exaltation in one Sign, hath likewise its Counterpoise in another. But, Sir, this cannot be said of you, since you have run your Course with full Strength, and, like the Sun, with a perpetual Glittering.

How easy was it for you to have over-run all *Bavaria*, had it been worth your Arms, (for *Strabo* esteem'd the whole Country to be but one large Wilderness) as it is said of the *Roman*

 Empire,

Empire, *Whatsoever was worth conquering, it conquer'd* : The rest of the World was not worthy the Flight of the *Roman* Eagles, and the Fatigue of their Legions. And tho' there are now a great many fine Cities, Towns, and Monestaries, yet there was nothing worth conquering, but the Duke; and you broke his Troops, tho' you could not break his Heart, it being like that of *Cato*, (tho' not so honourable) *Omnia subacta præter atrocem animam Catonis*; all things were subdy'd, but his haughty Soul; who stood like *Capaneus*, *& potuit fulmen meruisse secundum*; so strangely resolute and unaccountable is his Temper, like some Metals, which are so sullen, that they will not run with exceeding great Heat; and others there are (if we can believe *Aristotle*) that will run with Extremity of Cold; so that we may say of this Enemy as *Hannibal* said of *Marcellus*, that he will neither be quiet

Quicquid dignum vinci videbatur, vicit; cætera non tam non potuit, quam contemsit. Lipsius, l. 1. c. 3.

quiet when he overcomes, nor when he is beaten; who had rather be a Volunteer, than to command a Kingdom; and rather not to be thought a compleat Soldier, will (with the *Swiss*) fight for Pay.

Bavaria *was a Kingdom till the Time of the Emperor* Arnulphus.

But if your Victories had ended here, Mankind might have some Respite, and a Cessation from Wonder: But you open new Scenes of Glory: You force the *Lines* of the *French*, and add fresh Subjects and Occasions for our Praises and Thanksgivings, and oblige our Devotions whether we will or no; so that you take Heaven in the same manner as you do Camps and Towns, by Violence.

Places that are impervious, give way to your Approach, and *Ovid*'s Paradox of *Quo Via nulla sequuntur*, is verify'd in its Application to your Troops. Your Enemies are at more Expences to make you Victorious, than your Friends; and you permit them to fortify and

 intrench

intrench themſelves, for no other Reaſon, than to ſave your Armies the Trouble, and took up Years and Millions to enlarge them, are almoſt as ſoon fill'd up, as they were firſt Thought off, when the adverſe Generals projected them to give Bounds to your Conqueſts. Your Orders are no ſooner diſpatch'd, than they are executed, and your chearful Soldiers act Things impoſſible, becauſe Experience has told them, that it is impoſſible for your *Grace* to command any thing, and not have it done. Your looks are a Preſage of Victory, your Words give them Aſſurance of it, and your Actions confirm it to them, ſince when you lead the Way to it, they have nothing to do, but to follow and lay hold of it. Other Conquerors leave the Marks of their Fury behind them, and Fire and Deſolation are the conſtant Attendants of the Sons of Violence, but you no ſooner accept your Enemies Submiſſion, but the Gentleneſs of their

Uſage makes them wiſh they may never more fall under the Dominion of their pretended Friends. Your Generoſity is of more Efficacy to reduce them to your Obedience, than your Sword; the laſt, indeed frights them into a Compliance for a Time, but the firſt endears them to your Conqueſts, and makes them deſirous of ever continuing under your *Grace*'s Subjection. The Priſoners you take, are in no other Bonds, but thoſe of Obligations to their Conqueror, and not one of them takes their leave of you; but regrets the Loſs of an imaginary Confinement that is preferable to the Liberty they are going to take Poſſeſſion of, ſince the Malignity of their Stars, and Unhappineſs of their Birth and Education, muſt make them Enemies to a Prince that has ſo much befriended them. Pardon the Expreſſion, Sir, that I ſay your *Grace* has Enemies, while the many Vertues and Accompliſhments you are Maſters of, are ſo many Contra-

dictions to such an Assertion; but an *Æthiop* is in love with his own Colour, and Men of different Complexions and Tempers may not affect some Embellishments, by Reason they can never attain to be Masters of 'em themselves. There is not a Campaign but presents you with captive Generals, and the Multitude of your Enemies Commanders, which they boasted of to your Country's Disadvantage, turn to its Honour and Interest, since but for that Multitude, you had not been possess'd of such a Number as have the Honour to be your Prisoners. As you brought those into *England* the last Year, so you could have carried your self into *France* this, had Envy not stop'd that Progress which was irresistible to Valour; and the *Mosell* had been Witness of as great Exploits this Campaign, as the *Danube* has given never dying Testimonies of in that which preceeded: But those who come into the Field when others are preparing to go out of it, thought

thought it enough for their Master to own the Recovery of his Empire to you, without the Conquest of *France*; and so you had the Dissatisfaction once in your Life, of seeing a Project that owed its Birth to you, render'd successless. Not that *Fortune* can be said even here to have deserted you, since she came back with you to *Flanders*, and made you return to save your Confederates in their Acquisitions, tho' she deferr'd letting you be triumphant over your Enemies in theirs. From keeping one Mareschal at Bay, that dar'd not quit his Intrenchments, you came to drive another, who had never stir'd out of them, but for your Absence, into his, and made the haughty *Bavarian* play the same Fugitive in the *Spanish* Country, as he had done in his own.

There are several Opinions concerning the Qualifications of an Hero; *Homer* would have him a Warrier, *Aristotle* would have him a Philosopher, and

and the Duke of *Lerma* a Courtier; *Seneca* makes him up of Prudence, (not to sit down before a Town like Thunder, and to rise like Lightning) and *Æsop* of Subtilty; every one according to the prevalent Idea of a Great Man: And I wonder *Homer* would not have him a Poet, because

When Nature *does intend some mighty Thing,*
She makes a Poet, or at least a King.

Tho' these Men differ, yet when all these Qualifications are blended together, they make a consummate General. I shall mention but those of your Prudence and Subtilty at *Blenheim*, by which you may justify the Paradox of *Mitilene*, that the Half is more than the Whole, because one half set to Shew, and the other in Reserve, is more than the whole in View or Declaration, as you did when the kind Mareschal invited the rest of your

Dimidium plus toto.

your Forces over, and courted his own Destruction.

The Subject of Panegyrick, is, *Quid Admirabile, quod est præter hominum opinionem*; something worth Praise and Admiration; both which are so inseparable, that God himself cannot be conceiv'd, how he can admire any thing, but by praising it.

Fabius Instit. lib. 4. l. 1.

Affines adeo, conjunctasque laudem, & Admirationem existimo, ut Deum non aliter res admirari posse contendo, quam laudando. St. Augustinus.

Surely, then you are the most noble Subject of it, if Wonders engage our Praise and Admiration, the longest Plumet-Line being scarce able to sound your Bottom; and all your Actions are like a surprizing Flood, that is formidable, 'till we know the place where it is foardable.

What the Antients said of the Heads of *Nile*, That Nature made them ra-

ther to be ſought after, than to be found; ſo the Actions of Great Men are never to be trac'd, the Author of them being at an infinite Diſtance from us.

But when you leave the diſconſolate World; when you and *Fame* fly up together, (for there will be nothing worthy of her being upon Earth after your *Apotheoſis*) then we ſhall know from whence you came, and that you are the Favourite of Heaven.

O Nivium Dilecte Deo, &c. Claud.

But if *Fortune*, to ſhew her Malice and Power, ſhould ſtrike you Dead (if you can die, and are not invulnerable) in the Fury and Heat of Battel; then you fall for your Country, and we may give you the ſame *Motto* as is given to a Beacon all in a Flame; *Sic Periiſſe Juvat.*

And

And if Men ſhould be ſo ungrateful and forgetful, as not to remember ſuch Merit, *Bleinheim Houſe* will not ſuffer ſuch Ingratitude; which is built to preſerve the Honour of your Family: That the Arms of *France* and *Bavaria*, with thoſe of your own, may never be hid in the Kingdom of Darkneſs and Oblivion.

When a Noble Family is extinguiſh'd, his Coat of Arms is buried with him in his Grave. Guillym.

Others may conquer Countries for themſelves, but you conquer your ſelf, that others may have the Benefit of your Conqueſts. To do brave Acts, is, what you do not make your Buſineſs, becauſe of the Profit, but the Satisfaction; and the Parliament of *England* have done much more Honour to the Nation, in beſtowing *the Mannor of Woodſtock*, &c. upon you, in Recompence of your Services, than they have done your Grace.

 To

To reward them as they deserv'd, was out of their Power; wherefore they prudently put it into yours, to transmit those Actions to Posterity, which as none but your *Grace* could perform, so none but your *Grace* could commemorate. Your Benefaction is so far from being a Profit to you, that it is a Charge, and you make an ample Return for your being recorded in the Journals of Parliament, when this amazing Structure of yours is a Record that will preserve those perishing Journals, and by the Means of making those Gentlemen known to future Ages, that were so zealous in obliging the Times to come, with what the past has very much fall'n short of.

The Fabrick is as stupendious as the Actions, which your *Grace* has arrested the Astonishment of the World with; and the Contrivance, Texture, and Beauty of it, will not only gain your Name,

Name that Immortality it is design'd for, but the Architect will come in for a share of it.

As your Victories have occasion'd the building of the Palace, so the Palace in all Probability will occasion more Victories, and the Sight of it will as much contribute to provoke Posterity to follow your illustrious Example; as the Example it self will be of Efficacy enough to invite them.

Dominum nec Domus ulla Parem, has a better Title to be inscrib'd on your *Grace*'s House, than the *Louvre*, since you have conquer'd the Prince for whom it was made Use of, though not in his Person, yet in his most experienc'd Generals; but your Moderation conquers your very Conquests, and while all those that have the greatest Conversation in Military Affairs, submit to your Triumphs, your Triumphs themselves are submitted to that Resignation

ſignation of Temper, which none can be Maſter of, but ſuch as are Maſters of all Vertues beſide.

Many great Houſes are built for Luxury and Pride, and in *Hora duodecima*, when Men ſhould be building their Tombs: And we are informed by *Olaus Magnus*, that in the *Northern* Parts, there are Houſes built of Snow; all which ſignify no more in reference to yours, than fine Pictures cut in Ice, which vaniſh away the next Thaw.

Cal. Rhod. lib. 12. c. 9.

Olaus Magnus de rit. Gent. Sep. lib. 1. c. 9.

But to do Good to Mankind, is your *Grace*'s Province; and your Concern for the Glory of your Country, carries you much farther than your own: Stately Ædifices are the leaſt Things that take up your Thoughts, they are buſied with Affairs of greater Importance. As nothing conſiderable can be atchiev'd in carrying on a *War*, unleſs your

your *Grace* gives Life to it, in being at the Head of the Enterprize; ſo nothing can be crown'd with Succeſs in Treaties of Peace, without your Preſence; and you that ſav'd the Empire, by making an unheard of March to the *Danube* laſt Year, are requeſted from no leſs a Hand than that of the Auguſt Emperor of the *Romans*, to make a far greater Journey to preſerve *Hungary* this.

Which is an Honour that was never yet done to our Greateſt Princes, not even our *Henrys* and our *Edwards*; and which we have no Grounds to doubt the Performance of, ſince you never undertook any thing as yet, that you have not accompliſh'd, and have not accompliſh'd any Undertaking, but what has attracted the Wonder and Eſteem of all *Europe*.

Amidſt all theſe unexampled Exploits, and the Conqueſts of Provinces and Kingdoms,

Kingdoms, you pride your self in writing your self the Queen of *England*'s Subject; and the Rebels in *Hungary* cannot but be reconcil'd to their Obedience, when they shall have a true Sense of the Beauty of *Loyalty* in your *Grace*'s Actions, since never had Prince a more dutiful Subject, nor Subject a more affectionate Queen: Her Piety sets an Edge upon your Valour, and your Valour, in Return to it, presents her with Victories, as the Reward of her Devotions. O may they continue doing each other such reciprocal Offices, 'till *Europe* is not only freed from the Devastations it now groans under, but such a Settlement of its Troubles may be brought to pass, thro' the Smiles of Heaven on her Majesty's Prayers, and your Labours, that what is apply'd to the Sea in the Scripture, may be applicable to the Prince that aims at the universal Monarchy; and it may be in the Power of our Queen, to say to him, *Hitherto may'st thou go, and no farther.*

To

To conclude, all that we can hope or desire, is, that you may bring our Enemies to a Sense of Humanity, and an honourable Peace, that what *Charles* the Emperor, on his Death-bed, said to his Son *Philip*, may still be Truth; *Paz con Yngalatierra, yguerra con todo el mondo*; Be at Peace with *England*, and War with all the World.

What we have to request of Heaven farther, is, That it will bless those Consultations which an Emperor turns suppliant to you, to crown with your Advice; and return you Home to be a Guide to our Parliaments, as you have been a Leader to our Armies; which is the Substance of the following Lines, that are taken from the fifth Ode of *Horace*'s fourth Book, and are humbly submitted to your *Grace*'s Perusal.

Divis orte bonis, Optime Romule
Custos Gentis, &c.

I.

O Born! when Heav'ns propitious deign'd to (smile,
Thou best and bravest Champion of our Isle!
Too long ha'st thou been absent from our Sight,
Too long unhappy *Britains* mourn
Thy slow Return,
And Senates wait to do their conqu'ring Gen'ral (Right.

II.

Return, brave Prince, those radiant Beams restore,
That grac'd thy Country, when thou grac'dst its (Shore;

For like the Spring, when thy bright Aspect's (seen,
It on the People darts its Rays,
And introduces Sun-shine Days,
And all the Land does smile, and all the Skie's se- (rene.

III.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,
Whom the *South* Wind on Foreign Coasts detains
Beyond his wonted and accustom'd time
From his dear Home, and her more dear Embrace,
And will not from the Shore avert her Face,
But upwards sends her Vows and Pray'rs,
Expensive of her Briny Tears,
In hopes to see him reach his native Clime,
Thus urg'd by faithful Wishes and Desires,
Britain from *Germany* her *Marlborough* requires.

IV.

Safe by thy Presence, Oxen plough the Fields,
And *Ceres* with Increase her Blessings yields;

As every Project to our Wish succeeds,
While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea
From *Gallia*'s Naval-Threats is free,
And Virtue grows in Fashion from thy Virtuous (Deeds.

V.

To thee, and to thy chast Example's Due,
No Peer frequents the long neglected Stew,
That Parents by their Childrens Looks are known,
That Laws are put in Force,
And Punishments come on of Course,
When obstinate Offenders will those Laws disown.

VI.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling *Scot*?
Or the dark Mischiefs false *Bavarian*'s Plot?
Who values the *Hungarian*, or the *Sweed*?
If *Marlb'rough*'s free from Harms,
The World against us is in vain in Arms,

And in his Health alone *Britain's* from Dange-
(freed

VII.

Be thou but safe, we'll safely spend our Days,
And undisturb'd will Plants and Flowers raise,
Will lop the Sycamore and prune the Vine,
And to our own Freeholds will come,
Mindful of him that gifts us with a Home,
And toast our fam'd Defender's Health, by which
(we Dine.

VIII.

To thee our Wishes and our Cups go round,
With many Vows, and many Bumpers crown'd,
While we to Royal *Anna's* join thy Name,
With the same Reverence to thy Praise,
As *Greece* in ancient Days
Shew'd to their *Castor's*, or *Alcides* deathless Fame.

O match-

IX.

O matchless Prince, for so the Muse requests,
Return and lengthen our *Thanksgiving-Feasts*;
Extend them to an endless Round of Years,
Or make one Holy-day of Time,
'Till thou Cœlestial Regions climb,
And leave us all disconsolate in Tears.
These are our Day-break Wishes, when a-thirst we
(wake,
And these our Sun-set Vows, when we full Bumpers
(take.

Tibi summe Rheni Domitor, Parens Orbis.
Pudice Princeps, gratias agunt Urbes.
Mart. l. 9.

FINIS.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Windsor Castle,

AND

Blenheim House,

The Seat of the Duke of *Marlborough*;

Formerly Call'd

Woodstock-Bower.

A

POEM.

London: Printed in the Year 1708.

A
DIALOGUE, &c.

Windsor Castle.

I WAS in St. *Edward* the Confessor's Days,
When Royal Pleasure did begin to raise
My Ramparts, pond'rous Walls, and lofty Tow-
[ers,
In which he often spent his Summer Hours;
And ever since I've been the Residence
Of ev'ry *English* Queen, and *British* Prince;
Whereby I bring Advantage to the Town,
Whose sole Dependance ever's on the Crown. 8

Blenheim House.

In those more antient Times, when *Etheldred*
This Nation govern'd, *Woodstock* rais'd its Head;
In which he kept Conventions all his Reign,
And for his People wholsom Laws ordain;
Then the first *Henry* (as Succession went)
Did make my Buildings more Magnificent;
But

But that which adds more Splendor to my Walls,
And for the Voice of Honour ever calls,
Is Second *Henry*'s keeping in this [*] Place
Fair *Rosamond*, the Beauty of whose Face,
Most charming Shape, and as divine a Mien,
Did so exasperate his Jealous Queen,
That on Revenge her Soul was daily hurl'd,
Till it had sent into another World
His Paragon; and then in Anger strait
With Poyson shew'd she her unhappy Fate. 24

Windsor Castle.

Don't tell me what you were, but what you
[are,
Thy former Grandeur's now beyond repair;
Altho' thou'rt lofty now, and most sublime,
Yet can't you shew one Monument of Time,
Thy Buildings cannot brag of *Saturn*'s Rage,
But what of me is standing sheweth Age;
For tho' Antiquity's in Women bad,
And as their Years increase it makes 'em sad,

[*] *Referunt historici nostri Henricum* II. *cum Rosamundam Cliffordiam deperiret, quæ forma adeo eximia & liberali erat, ut ejus pulchritudo omnes ex principis animo deleret mulieres, & jam Rosamundi vulgo diceretur: ed eam ab opportuna Junone sua occultandam, Labyrinthum in his ædibus multis ambagibus, occursu, inexplicabili ædificasse.* Camb. Brit.

In

In Palaces long ſtanding is no Crime,
But are admired for their length of Time.

Blenheim House.

Thoſe Days are alter'd now; for Queen or Kings,
And Peers delight in faſhionable Things;
Tho' formerly they antient Manſions choſe,
Yet now their Humour alters like their Cloaths;
For Architecture's changed ſo of late,
That ancient Seats are turn'd to new, for State.

Windſor Caſtle.

This I'll allow, that N----- now love Change,
And ſince the *F---h* are here, in Whimſies range;
But yet I'm honour'd to this very Day,
And Foreigners Reſpect unto me pay,
St. *George* his Chapple, Patron of our Land;
Where in diſtinctive Stalls in view appears
All thoſe Renowned Princes, Kings and Peers,
Who by their Learning; or their Valour, be
Made Knights of Garters by bright Majeſty;
An Order, which Third *Edward* did ordain,
When over this brave Kingdom he did Reign,
In Honour to a Garter which did fall
From [†] one he lov'd, as dancing at a Ball;

[†] *Alii tamen ad periſcelidem ſive garterium Regina, vel potius Joannæ Comitiſſæ Sarisburiæ eximia pulchritudine famina referunt quod forte fortuna Rex invenit, & e terra ſuſtulit, ridente nobilium multitudine adſtante, & illo reſpondente, futurum ut brevi ſummus honor ejuſmodi periſcelidi haberetur, hæc vulgus perhibet, nec vilis ſane hæc videatur origo, cum ut ait ille, Nobilitas ſub [illegible] latet.* Camb. Brit.

And

And ſo much Honour foreign Sov'reigns do
This Order pay, that for it they do ſue.

Blenheim House.

Tho' Age don't plead for my Magnificence,
'Tis famous for the Founder's Excellence;
'Tis *Marlborough*'s Noble Seat, whoſe Conduct charms
His Army, and dull Cowards ſtirs to Arms;
Whoſe Valour leads them with ſuch Rage and Skill,
Enough to conquer, if his Cauſe were ill.
A Noble General, whoſe dreadful Sight
The En'mies Blood to their faint Heart do's fright.

Windſor Caſtle.

Of entertaining Noble Heroes too,
My antient Walls can brag as well as you;
Remember how Third *Edward* prov'd his Cauſe,
By's Sword far ſtronger than the *Salique* Laws
Tho' fetcht from *Phar'mond*, when the *French* did Fight.
With Women's Hearts againſt the *Womens* Right
Th' afflicted Ocean has firſt Conqueſt bore,
And drove red Waves to the ſad *Gallick* Shore;
As if he'd angry with the Waters been,
Which his wide Soul bound with an Iſland in.
At *Creſſey* in the midſt of Slaughter he,
And *Poictiers*, forc'd from Fate a Victory;
Two Kings at once he brought ſad *Captives home*,
A Triumph ſcarcely known to antient *Rome*.

And

Edward as Conquerer of France

VERY TIGHT BINDING

And to secure them till their Ransome paid,
My Jurisdiction was their Guardian made.

Blenheim House.

I own my standing's of so late a Date,
That yet no Prisoners I have had of State.
What then? My Building do's derive its Name
From whence Great *Marlb'rough* gets immortal Fame
Near *Hochstet* he obtain'd a Victory,
Beyond what's told by antient History,
Where from him, *French* and the *Bavarians* fled
With *Pannick* Fear and trembling o're their Dead
While other Souls, new By-ways to invent,
Out of their wounded Backs perversly went,
And then to make compleat his Victory,
Tallard their Gen'ral did for Quarters cry,
Quarters were granted, and to *Nottingham*
Was brought a Prisoner to his lasting Shame.

Windsor Castle.

You only speak of one Great Soldier, who
My Rooms have entertained many Men,
For all the Feats of War held most expert,
And skill'd in all the Military Art.
Witness first *Richard*, Terror to the *East*,
Our *English Mars*, who *Venus* Isle possest.
'Gainst the proud Moon, he th' *English* Cross d
Eclips'd one Horn, and t'other paler made [play
When *Englishmen* he ventur'd bravely there.
And digg'd our own to gain *Christ*'s Sepulchr
Th

Richard Lion Hearted on the Crusades

That sacred Tomb which should we now enjoy,
More wou'd be lost, e're *Turks* shou'd it destroy.
Remember what at *Agincourt* we won,
Under Fifth *Henry* serv'd the Rain and Sun,
A nobler Fight the Sun himself ne'er knew,
Not when he stopt his Course a Fight to view.
Then Death's old Archer did more skilful grow,
And learnt to shoot more sure from th' *English* Bow
Then *France* was her own Story sadly taught,
And felt how *Cæsar*, and how *Richard* fought;
Such Acts they did, that *Rome* and *Cæsar* too
Might envy those, who once they did subduc.
Nay many more I can to you declare,
Who Benefactors to my Glory were.

Blenheim House.

All this is true, they did most glorious Things,
But then consid'ring for how many Kings,
Besides a Queen my Master did expose
His Person oft amongst most desp'rate Foes,
His Courage, Conduct, Wisdom, and his Fame,
Will ever most Illustrious make my Name.
Moreover as he's faithful to the Queen,
As long as you in Annals I'll be seen.

Windsor Castle.

Well, now you talk of Queens, hold let me see,
What Honour Royal Females do to me;
I've lodg'd Her, in whose Reign the Fleet of *Spain*
Lay torn and scatter'd on the *English* Main;
Thro' the proud World this Virgin Terror stood,
Th' *Austrian Crowns*, & *Rome's Seven Hills* she *shook*;

To

Henry V AGINCOURT (cross bow)

Speaking of Queens Elizabeth lived here

Anne comes here yearly

To Her great *Neptune* homag'd all his Streams,
And all the wide stretcht Ocean was Her *Thames*.
By *Anne* too now I'm yearly visited,
The chiefest Glory of a Crowned Head;
That ever yet sway'd Scepter o're this Isle,
On which, for *Anna*'s sake now Heav'n do's smile.

Blenheim House.

This I confess; but tho' my Modern Years
Has not, like you, beheld so many Peers,
So many Kings, and Queens, and Princes too,
Yet what I want in that respect to you,
Marlb'rough, by all extolled to the Skies,
Makes up in many Fights and Victories.
Who hears of *Ramelies*, but must confess
All that he heard or read before was less.
Marlb'rough! so stout, he needs not *Fortune's Aid*,
So Fortunate, his Valour's useless made;
Shou'd his so often try'd Companions fail,
His Sp'rit alone, and Courage wou'd prevail.
The Army of the *French* and Arms were more
Than the Host of hundred-handed Gyants bore;
So strong their Arms, it did almost appear
Secure, had neither Arms nor Men been there.
Yet in breaks *Marlb'rough with Confed'rate Powers*
And tho' more num'rous, yet the Day was ours.
However, now to end our long Dispute,
For talk we e're so long, we must be mute;
I'll grant you Honour for your antient Fame,
And I'll rest pleased with my Modern Name.

lack

FINIS

Britannia Triumphans:

OR THE

EMPIRE Sav'd,

AND

EUROPE Deliver'd.

BY THE

Successful Britannick Forces under the Wise and Valiant Conduct of his Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

A POEM.

By Mr. Davis.

[illegible]

THE

[illegible] Save'd,

AND

EUROPE Deliver'd.

UP, [illegible] your [illegible], ye Nations, praise
the Lord,
Sing, ye deliver'd Nations, to your God
A lofty Song [illegible] and Praise;
For his Almighty Arm Outthrew the Proud,
His be the Triumph, as the Conquest his 5

And thou, [illegible], raised High above all Gods,
[illegible] Revenge [illegible] God of Man,
Who when the injur'd World to thee appeal'd,
De

Defcending bow'd the very Heav'n of Heav'ns,
And with Ten Thousand Terrors arm'd cam'st down 10

Confiderate [illegible] Day, th'avenger the wrong'd,
Upon [illegible] and their proud Oppressors:
Th[illegible] the Villany, do thou inspire the Praise,
[illegible] delightful;
Call thee [illegible] Eternal Day
[illegible] of the triumphing Pole,
[illegible] inspire my Voice,
[illegible] my Mind, inflame my Songs;
No wretched, low, untuneful, paltrick Song,
But lofty, fublime, inspir'd, divine, 20
That the adoring World may know this time
From mere low clay the lofty Thought could fling,
From mere low clay th' immortal Spirit bow,
Then bending, equal to the deathless Thunders
[illegible] it last, whole Ages, last as long,
[illegible] of the mighty Day,
[illegible] in founding Verse;
That it be [illegible] opprest

Or be by Ancientness of Days deface'd:
That when our late Posterity shall read, 30
Our late Posterity with melting Eyes,
With swell'd Hearts, and with astonish'd Souls,
May paint and adore thy wondrous Pow'r,
Which [illegible] their bleft Forefathers;
[illegible] advance, whene're 'tis read,
Thy Glory, and Victorious England's Fame.

Such Lifts and swelling Great hang,
(Thine was the Hand, the Inspiration thine)
When the Red Sea, the Chariots and the Horse
Of Haughty wretched Pharaoh overturn'd, 40
Such the great Prophetess Triumphant Sang,
Her Hand inverm'd with her Native Palm,
When Rising Egypt with victorious Floud
The powerful Opposition Jabins Arms o'erwhelm'd,
[illegible] with indignant Waves,
[illegible] Chariots and Bavarian Horse,
[illegible] avenge'd his slaughter'd
Sons.

Begin

[illegible] thy Soul, and [illegible] the Living Lyre,
[illegible] thy Will, O rouze thy [illegible] Pow'rs.
[illegible] the World, and every thing below, 50
[illegible] above Mortality,
[illegible] thy [illegible] God.
[illegible] never felt before!
[illegible] of Transporting Flame
[illegible] Delight! O [illegible] rapt,
[illegible] Heights?

[illegible] Soul, and [illegible] the Living Lyre!
Joyn ye Delivered Nations in the Song!
[illegible] ye delivered Nations joyn!
[illegible] unite, 60
[illegible] ye chosen [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible] below
[illegible] ye [illegible]
[illegible] ye
[illegible] Light

Sing your old Triumphs o'er the Grizzly King
Of Terrors in the noble Cause of Truth;
Ye Harmonious Hosts of Angels, who your Hours,
Your Midnight Hours in tuneful Shouts of Joy,
And in sweet Hallelujahs pass,
While Sailing the old Conquests which ye gain'd,
Over th' Infernal Tyrants dreadful Host,
And lift the Hall of the Ambition sing
In lofty Song with which all Heaven is charm'd;
But your Bright Spirits incline their lift'ning Ear,
And for one Hour rehearse our numerous Song;
The Sacred Subject is the same wich yours,
How Ambition falls, like you we sing;
We sing the Wonders of our Maker's Pow'r,
His Glory, and the Triumphs of the Just.

[illegible] in this tuneful Joy, my Soul, grow loud,
[illegible] the lift'ning World my Lord
[illegible] Joy of Heavenly
Let Earth and Heaven rehearse this lofty Song,
While the Bright Throng triumphant in the Sky,

And the Blest Church Triumphing here below,
Joyn in one Chorus of Immortal Praise.

And thou, Great Queen, the Glory of thy Sex,
The Pride and Glory of the Noble Isle; 90
Thy Princely William looks admiring down,
And owns thee worthy of thy Him;
On whom the gaping World looks wond'ring up,
And his Adventures wafts from Heav'n and thee,
With a rapturous Joy and watchful Care,
Shows all the wanting World that thou art fast
From the bright Church Triumphant in the Sky
To make the wanting Church Triumph below;
Would thou to Patronize this Sacred Song,
Sacred Than Friends of Liberty and Faith, 100
Great Protectress of all the Christian World!
To Inform thee, and thy auspicious Reign,
With exalting Thoughts Native to Heav'n return!
To thee the Church to remote on Earth,
Around through Virtue as beyond the Reach
Of thy extensive Charity? Thy Aid

There' all his rapid Course old *Danube* owns,
And proudly curling his Imperial Waves
(Glad) to
To distant Inhabitants transports thy Fame;
Thy wonderous Virtue to his gladsome Shores,
Transports in Rays with o'er Golden Sands;
(An Echo then Echoes from his Shores reply)
Thy Praise his Nymphs in tuneful Notes re-
hearse,
The Darling Theme of *Lusitanian* Song.
Thy Fame, from Caucasus, the horrid Alps ascends,
And, wrapt in Clouds, crown'd with eternal Snows;
Their Thickets cultivated warmly Flowers plac'd,
Warmly thy Spotless and thy Pow'r extol;
Those Crystal Fountains by Nature made
Thus Inhabitants of the Mountains, were too weak,
Where they, Flowers and new Strength supply'd.
Thus Thus the Cities from World repairs to thee
For Cures, Ease and Medicines from their Pain;
Thus Thus and Thus from the Protection fled
[illegible] the Dreading Child of Fear'd,
[illegible] Flowers see

For Shelter under thy auspicious Pow'r,
Vouchsafe, Great Queen, to grace this sacred Song
With thy Majestick Patronage, this Song
Begun at thy Commands so strictly giv'n, 130
To celebrate with Pomp of Holy Praise
The Memory of *Michael's* glorious Day,
Long composed expressly to advance
The Glory of thy *Maker* in thy Fame.

Now let thy unfeign'd Joy, my Soul, grow loud
So loud that all the Ruling World may hear;
And let th' attending Universe reply,
Let Earth and Heav'n rehearse the lofty Song,
While the Bright Church Triumphant in the Sky,
And the Meek Church Triumphing here below, 140
Join in one Chorus of Immortal Praise.

Y' Heavens with your Tuneful Notes on High,
And thou, O Earth, the Stars your mighty Arms,
Now shall now mighty, now secur'd from Bonds

O lift above the Stars your joyful Praise,
To him from whom alone Deliverance flows.

But be thy Voice distinguish'd from the rest,
Thou lately Daughter of Imperial *Rome*,
Germania! Thou! Canst thou confine thy Joy?
Shall Thou the Transports of thy Praise restrain?
O no! Thou lately wilt grow wild with Joy!
For thou late gain'st at once beyond all Hope,
To blissful Empire from extream Despair;
Thou art deliver'd from a World of Woe.
Now nought but loudly Shouts of Joy are heard
From *Rhetian* Mountains to the Northern Main,
Where lately nought but doleful Sighs were heard,
And wrenching Groans, and Shrieks, and rueful Wails;
Thou lately Daughter of Imperial *Rome*
Were bound, alas, with most opprobrious Bonds,
And lately threaten'd with impending Rope.
Thy trembling Offspring helpless round thee ran,
And some shriek'd piteously aloud for Aid,
Some wring their wretched Arms in vain;

Some frighted into Madness wildly star'd,
And some look'd on with stupid Eyes aghast,
Some swooning, dying, with their Grief oppreſt
By their laſt Groans their vaſt Exceſs of Woe.
One deſperate Villain help'd thy raging Foes,
Whilſt open his Hands his Mother bound, 170
And the ſo ſnarlous Raviſhers prepar'd.
Then *Ebrak* went confounded at the Sight,
And troubled backward to thy Fountain turn'dſt;
Then lifting thy ſonorous Voice on High,
Call'dſt to thy Brother *Rhine* aloud for Aid.
Thy Brother *Rhine* ſoon heard thy ſounding Voice,
But ſadly ſhaking his Majeſtick Head,
And caſting a compaſſioncring Look,
Sunk Him ſelf within his thickeſt Ooze.
What could'ſt thou do? but ſhrink thy inglorious Head 180
Within thy Banks, and breath forth empty Threats,
The whiny Births of melancholy Rage.
Meanwhile the dreary Horrors of the Dark,

As oft as Night return'd t' imbrown thy Waves,
Thou like a *Bittern* through thy doleful Reeds
Complaind'st in sullen and in moody Groans,
Expressing Manly Sorrow mixt with Rage;
While thy brown Billows founding on thy Shore,
And Swinging Boats with hoarse and sullen Roar,
Kept murmuring Comfort to thy threatning Moan.
Thou *Danube* to the *Euxin* durst not run,
To which insulting thou wert wont to fly,
Not to discharge the Tribute of thy Waves,
But carry Terrors to th' astonish'd Main,
And make the Crescent wear a deadlier Pale.
Now swiftly *Danube* to the *Euxin* fly,
And in thy rapid Flight thy Maker praise:
Sound, sound His Praise at all thy extended Mouths,
And Let th' astonishing *Euxin* with a Groan,
Thy way to *Constantine's* proud Tow'rs resound.
Reveal how Heav'n confounds perfidious Men.
Then turning to the distant *Rhine* thy Voice,
Raise it Loud till th' astonish'd *Rhine* may hear;
[illegible] thy Arms, now free from Bonds.

Lifting aloft thy now Victorious Arms;
Let Him with Rapture see, with Rapture hear,
The Fields of *Blenheim's* Field: He hears, he hears,
And rouzing up himself with generous Rage,
Prepares to Shake off his ignoble Bonds,
And reap the Fruit of *Blenheim's* glorious Day.

Germania, Raise thy tuneful Voice to Heaven;
Let thy Force Angels towring to the Skies,
In Thunder Sing thy Triphon's Praise to Heav'n,
Who Dar'd to do such Amazing things,
Which but to hope had been Presumption thought,
And what had Hold'd like Wildness ev'n to wish.
Th' unconquer'd *English* from the *Northern* Main
Match'd to thy Aid, O vast Surprise of Joy!
Hark! How thy ravish'd Offspring shout for Joy!
Hark! How they fiercely cry Revenge, Revenge,
[illegible] to our longing Souls,
For which dear Land ten thousand times we'll die.
[illegible] thy Sons in Arts Battalions stand,
[illegible] despairing [illegible]

See great Revenge inflame their Martial Eyes,
And round their Temples spread its warlike Dies?
But whence this Spirit? Whence this wond'rous Change?
The unconquer'd *English* from the Northern Main
Hurry to thy Aid, O vast Surprise of Joy!
They, who thy wand'ring Eyes never saw before,
Their Sons, nay their Forefathers since the Time
They rugged *Saxons* left their horrid Clime,
For *Britain's* gentle Shore, as soft as come,
Are unconsulted and unbiass'd for come;
But to the Ancient wretched Mother's Aid
The Free Nations march impetuous on.
Commanded with thy tuneful Voice to Heav'n,
And with return to Heav'n, and gracious *Anna*,
Who flew'st on to thy Aid; The Day and Night
Hath for ever Rest to give the World Repose,
To give to Liberty and lasting Peace.
[illegible] under Heav'n
Government to the World, and lasting Peace,
[illegible] willing Nations reigns,
[illegible] Glory, and whose

To to enfranchise all the Christian World.
And he can give the lab'ring Nations Peace.
Nor as the Dove chas'd from the Deluge fled
Brought in mild Olive to the shel'ring Ark,
So shall by great Heav'n's Decreed to save Mankind,
And shield Protection there; so gentle Peace,
Now the Sword deluges the Nations round,
To Mine's Fierce Breast for Shelter flies,
And finds safe Refuge there, and will from thence
Quell the Man Destroyer out to glad the World.
But the French Tyrant's Breast had never Peace,
Where endless Strife, there dire Ambition reigns,
He what he never had can never bestow.
Tyrant! Where Freedom is an empty Name,
And he calls miserable Bondage Peace,
He Plunder, Murder, Rape he Empire calls.

[illegible] to return to Heav'n and Man,
[illegible] from the Heaven [illegible]
[illegible] to dry Mild;
[illegible] the World Murder

A Nation round the which wise Nature casts
The foamy Main subjected to her Sway,
That no usurping Tyrant might invade
The sacred Refuge of fair Liberty,
And the World's Champion People might annoy, 270
For whom ever faithless *Gallia* sends
Her Sons Destroyers, there *Britannia* sends
Her glad Deliverers to preserve Mankind;
A Nation which the lovely Fame enjoys
Still to have fought for Liberty, for Truth,
For all the injur'd Nations common Rights,
Which speaks to fire Ambition in the Tone,
The thund'ring Tone that Heav'n reproves the Main,
Here know thy Bounds, here stop thy aspiring Waves;

Here are the thining Squadrons that descend 280
Along thy Shore in terrible Array,
[illegible] not wholly like, nor yet unlike thy [illegible]
[illegible] as far as Ev'ry Eye [illegible],
[illegible] the same brave Sires descend.

How thou art ravish'd with their lofty Meene,
The Joy that in their Looks severely shines,
And all the dreadful Spirit in their Eyes
Dauntless, unrevell'd, invincible,
Secure of Victory, secure of Fame!
Such Spirit never did thy Eyes beholde; 290
No, never, thy Heroick *Eugene* cries,
Such mighty *Eugene* never saw before;
No, wond'rous Prince, thou such couldst never
too,
Tho' thou hast long Triumphant Armies led,
Tho' thou hast conquer'd Foes of every kind,
Humbling the Pride of the perfidious East,
And the more fierceless Tyrant of the West;
Tho' thou hast been victorious in more Lands
Than wand'ring Travellers have seen, yet thou
Couldst ne'er before this Hour such Spirit see, 300
Because thou ne'er before this Hour beheldst
[illegible] Army from a free-born People chose:
[illegible] Heroes of the Race of Men
[illegible] have maintain'd,
[illegible] against the joint Assaults

Of Homebred Treason, and external Rage,
The Pride of Foreign Tyrants, and their own.
Know this from Liberty, thou wond'rous Man,
Master of daring Councils yet of wise,
Fresh Godhead, Liberty this noble Fire, 310
Immortal, this immortal Spirit flows.

Britannia, raise thy tuneful Voice on high,
This is the Election preordain'd by Fate
To save thee Daughter of Imperial *Rome*,
Left falling in the vast Abyss of Time,
Like thy great Mother under barb'rous Rage.
Hear this, y' ruling Princes of the Earth,
You who for vanity Hostile or transient Pow'r
Oppress the weak, and undermine the strong,
Ye Plagues of God to scourge a guilty World 320
By what Pretexts of Arbitrary Sway!
[illegible] Princes would destroy
[illegible] between your proud Designs and you;
[illegible] nothing's lasting but
[illegible] decay.

Think that the time must come when you or your
And that the sad Vicissitudes of Fate,
Shall in your Hearts by proud Oppression groan?
Then hope to have a People, if you can.
A People the true Hope of the distress'd, 330
[illegible] of the Rights of Kings,
[illegible] of their Liberty,
[illegible] Lady of Reserve
[illegible] of Tyrannick Pow'r.

[illegible], [illegible], and thy *Philip* known
[illegible] the years,
When this poor People, Object of his Rage
[illegible] thy noblest Friends
[illegible] by thy bright Imperial Showers,
[illegible] recover Spirit. 340
[illegible] from the Dust,
[illegible] Wings
[illegible] Return
[illegible]

To be allied to such a generous Race.
Me great *Elisa* would have courted then
For Wit and Help, as *Maria* for Desire,
Thus Indissoluble League which joins
Our Half-Blood now, e'er then had been begun. 350
And Philip then like *Leopold* or *Charles*
With great *Britannia's* awful Queen had joyn'd
To establish Right and Peace, and from the Dead
And Grave Popery vindicate Mankind.

Ye Pastors, who profess the Christian Faith,
Together raise your tuneful Notes on High,
So Highest all the Heaving World may hear
And the attending Universe reply,
Let earth and Heav'n repeat the lofty Song,
While the Right Church Triumphant in the sky, 360
And the Church Militant here below,
Join in one Chorus of Immortal Praise.

Thus let the Sound of thy aspiring Song,
Britannia, be distinguish'd from them all,
As thou art all thy Offspring *Fame's* fam'd
Temples with Gratitude to Heav'n;
Thus let thy Sons Actions be thy Song
Thus Heaven and Nature have bestow'd
On thee, the Theme of exalted Song.
Britannia, When earth flag such lofty Strains, 370
As Heav'n and Time may refuse to hear;
Then Earth shall Natively honours thee;
And all thy Other Nations Hail thy Name;
Then shall thy Sons, and thee they all admire,
Among, from the the Morning star thou shine;
Thou Lapsed as like the Fiery || Star, (|| Star)
Thy Flight Comet-like with sanguine Blaze
Portending War and Revolutions dire,
Thy [illegible] portentous [illegible]
[illegible] shall [illegible] their [illegible] 380
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] *Saxons* too, and modern *Gauls*
[illegible] sought for universall Sway;
[illegible] only then,
[illegible] Ambitious than them all,
[illegible] to modern
[illegible] Race of Men
[illegible] Valor to Mars, and big
[illegible] Mars and Men may 390
[illegible] World as [illegible]
[illegible] with the Godlike Will,
[illegible] would thy Power,
[illegible] with thy Wilfull Heft,
[illegible] Chief,
[illegible] Hoops,
[illegible] World
[illegible] Worthy of Heroick Fame,
[illegible] 400

But who shall paint thee wond'rous Chief, in whom
Repugnant Qualities are reconciled;
Sweet as, dark as the dead of Night,
Bright as the Smile of opening Day,
That lofty, awful, and commanding Brow
With Great Creative Majesty invites.
Unknown his Thoughts in his profound Design,
But swift tho' fire his encircling Mind,
Which shiny'd with all the glorious Fire
That burns with Unquenchable Flame
In the aspiring Minds of those brave Men,
Who by great Actions court eternal Fame.
But by a unmeasurable Force of Mind,
Entirely Master of that tow'ring Fire,
Wholly the his Slave, He absolutely sways
[illegible] and a lonely Pow'r.
[illegible] Countenance, his Majestick Brow
[illegible] nor tough with

But always mild, attractive, bright, serene.
In whom deep Foresight dwells unknown to fear,
And Intrepidity unknown to Rage.
The Love of Fame that urges him away
T' immortal Actions still severely curb'd,
Always obedient to cool Wisdom's Voice,
And guided like the Chariot of the Sun,
Whose enhancing Fires preserve the World
Far, far above the Tempests stormy Rage.

Wisely he manages the Nerves of War,
Yet a Contemner of the vast Sums
When Glory and the general Cause require,
The now to the Command on *Dunbe's* Shore
His Army an Heroick Master-piece,
Whose Brightness dazles all Spectators Eyes,
Astonishes our Friends, confounds our Foes.
Say, where the Design in ev'ry Part
Wh[illegible] we with Conception we regard,
[illegible] the surprizing Secresy with which
'Twas long conceal'd from penetrating Eyes,

Or the amazing Swiftness of his March
When from the *Maese* his wond'ring Troops he led?
Or the judicious Boldness of his Choice
When he begun with dreadful *Schellenberg*,
Which Bavaria open'd the *Bavarian* Plains,
And made them to victorious Flames a Prey.
That their perfidious Chief impatient grown
Under his Country's irritating Spoil
Might force the backward *French* t'engage as soon
As *Marlborough* the bright Occasion found.

How great is he who in his ample Thought
Could comprehend and afterwards prepare
By the illustrious Toils of two Campaigns,
(In which a large Extent of Ground he gain'd
A strengthning Barrier for the cautious *Dutch*)
The astonishing Design, which all at once,
Like Magick changes all the Face of War;
Confounds the *Gallick* Tyrants proud Designs,
Dashes him headlong from his towring Thoughts
To his amazing rempt'd on Mountains in his Head

From which his proud Imagination thought
To drive out Reason, God's Vicegerent here, 470
And rule the Earth with Hells dispotick Sway.

We Hear the Wizard close immur'd
In [illegible] Castle he retir'd,
And [illegible] in mutter'd Secret Sounds,
And there Infernal Chambers he drew
That [illegible] Black Clouds t'obscure the Day,
And fill the Heavens with their dreadful Glooms,
And when the Winds rag'd, the Thunder roar'd,
Threat'ning the World with universal Wreck.
At length the time ordain'd by Fate is come, 480
The Daughing Hero's come who breaks the Charm,
And now the Fell Enchanter looks aghast,
Pierc'd, Stricken by th' Infernal Pow'rs,
And [illegible] th' impending Wrath of Heav'n

But of the Talents of thy mighty Mind
[illegible] what we ought to claim

Is that Rapidity by which to Fame
Thro' all the Sure that Art or Nature call,
Thou hast Thou hast thou how'st thy wond'rous Way,
Having yet with thy Conduct, and resolv'd 490
When all the Integrities of discerning Thought,
For the great Journeys call'd for all thy Speed.
Th' infulting French were overturning all,
And Liberty in the Convulsions lay;
The Empire Foundering like a vast Galloon
Tost by the Tempest hurt on ev'ry side,
When raging Ocean in a general Storm
Sends his Tenorous Billows to th' Assault:
Sway was falling, and the cruel French,
Climbing the Summits of the horrid Alps, 500
Unloved their murd'ring Hands in guiltless Blood,
Ev'n in the dreadful Region of the Thunder.
The Helvetian grumbled at the Chance
Of Severe War, and unexpected Rout,
And vainly sighed for ancient Leagues again.
With Terror more than cold Helvetia shook,

Whilst thro' Ambient Snow her deadly Hue,
And horrid [illegible] Alpine Rocks she ran,
Tho' fenced with Alpine Rocks yet unsecure,
And [illegible] pale Fear, her hoary Hair 510
[illegible], and the Spear of Winds,
[illegible] her wretched Ends,
[illegible] Sunne
[illegible] with Chains of Gold,
And [illegible] Robe [illegible] rudely torn,
[illegible] to the Killing Cold.
[illegible] Mountains [illegible]
[illegible] and with savage [illegible]
And [illegible] threaten'd Infant Fate.

[illegible], [illegible], how chang'd from her 520
[illegible] Victorious / [illegible]
[illegible] fell'd her Sway

And with the Gains her never dying Fame,
We finally have the Situation brev'd.

[illegible] dreadful Expedition lay
[illegible] Daughters to be torn,
[illegible] to Union, and yet both
[illegible] fully undone.

[illegible] employ'd with unnatural Hate,
[illegible] of Fate, 530
The [illegible] royal Thread,
That Thread on which the Christian World depends,
[illegible] ye Heavens!
[illegible] to betray
[illegible] Tyrants Pow'r.

[illegible] for Effect,
[illegible] and
[illegible] royal,
[illegible]

Which their great Leader soon perceiv'd with Joys.

Too wise they Loyling Ardor to restrain,
And check their Fire impatient to be freed.
Rais'd and inflam'd by that stupendious March,
Such as their Gun'd Forefathers never knew,
And which astonished the admiring Eyes
Of all the gazing World, and seem'd to cry
They had not time to cool, but must do things
To fill thy th' amazing World, so great
As France their great Forefathers e'er perform'd.

Besides, 'tis not the Valour of their Troops
To which the *French* their boasted Conquests owe,
'Tis in their Discipline which makes them dreadful,
'Tis Treason, Subornation, Daggers, Poison,
Build on these and other Arts obscene.
Could they by Discipline or Force prevail,
'Tis manifest they bravely would disdain

To have Recourse to such inglorious ways,
And wisely the sagacious General thought
The sooner he compell'd them to decide
Their Doubt by the last Event of War, 560
Lest Confusion would the Traytors find
Time by dark subtle Infernal Arts.

And tho' the United Empire could afford
No long Supply to such a numerous Host.

Lastly, this War was an Appeal to Heav'n
And this great Cause the darling Cause of Heav'n,
For Arms for Truth they appear'd in glorious Arms
For Justice, Liberty, Religion, God.
And knowing the brave Troops that he rapeo'd
The Guardians in Heav'n would fire their Breasts, 570
[illegible] them in the dreadful Field
[illegible] Bullets or Sclerve.
[illegible] th' impatient

That he repos'd his Confidence in Heav'n,
Than hidden and determinate Recourse
To the decisive Vengeance of the Field.

Urg'd by these pow'rful Motives to Dispatch,
He his bold Flights leads to *Schellenbaugh*,
Where the *Brunian* and the *Gallick* Troops
Lie with the utmost Skill of Art intrench'd, 580
To guard th' important Pass of *Dunnen*,
Of *Dunnen*, *Brunia's* fatal Key;
Upon possessing which the great Success
Of this illustrious Enterprize depends:
There he the Orders for the fierce Assault
Gives, with chearful Majesty serene,
Valour in human Hearts too oft proceeds
From ardent Temper, or from glowing Rage,
Prevail'd by mortal Wrongs, or Fear of Shame.
But here neither Fear or Rage behold 590
Th' Valour worthy of the Hanich Chief,
Nor fear the Squadrons that appear in Arms

For Liberty at once, and spotless Faith,
The two great Causes of the Earth and Sky;
And here the *French* their Maxim may recant *
That no Man can with fix'd Regards survey
The dazling Front of Death, or of the Sun.
Here an Eagle with a stedfast Eye
Stares on th' effulgent Fountain of the Day,
Which streaming with impetuous Flood of Light
Bombastinat Flames with its torrent Fire;
So *Marlbro'* with a calm considerate Soul
Undismay'd view'd the King of Terrors Front,
That cruel Front that with its ghastful Glare,
Without his *Adamantine* Mace can kill
Expos'd to *Gallick* and *Bavarian* Fire,
Tho all his chearful Majesty maintains,
Nor Odds to each Advantage gives,
Commanding all the Movements of his Soul

* Tu Mihi, qui in mortis se pavens Reparder Fixerunt. *Rowe.*

With independant and with Lordly Pow'r. 610
He who himself thus absolutely rules,
Seems by wise Nature fram'd for martial Sway;
His mounting Hopes exalt him to the Sky,
Him the Gods favour, him all admire.
Gun-powder Cannon they have run before,
Here they do move, and limb'd and passive stand;
While their invincible Brigades are form'd,
Awaiting what Commands their wond'rous Chief
Hurls to impose, while all the mind'ring Fire
Of the *Bavarian* Cannon tears their Ranks, 620
Troubling whole Squadrons with the Tyrant Rage
Of mid-winter Thunder, they mean while
Who by no Bribe, no Fury are fatigu'd,
Who Honey then on Brutal Courage waits,
But by true Valour, by Heroick Minds
Unawed, unfashion keep the dangerous Path
Which were assign'd them by their dread Chief.
[illegible] and dear Companions of their

Those whom they cherish equal to themselves
Torn from their Sides without Concern they see; 630
A nobler Care possesses all their Souls;
Then Sives, too torn they from themselves behold
Their mangled Trunks divided from their Limbs,
Yet all their dauntless Spirit they retain,
Even [illegible] no Grief no Pity shew;
They [illegible] King of Terrors in their View,
They see him raging near with hideous Stride,
They see him frowning with a ghastful Scowl,
Threatning to grasp their Hearts with Iron Gripe,
Yet see it all unroubled, undismay'd. 640
O Greatness worthy *Greece* or Ancient *Rome*!
O Valour worthy of eternal Fame!
Thus great *Epaminondas* thus expir'd
For his dear *Thebes*, for his great Cause contend,
Regardless of his Blood, regardless of his Life.
[illegible] like him, would think themselves too [illegible]
To see [illegible] Thoses ere they expire;

In any show Concern, 'tis only Fear
Lest they should fall before their General's Voice
Allows them to discharge th' impetuous Fire, 650
Than new, pent Inward chocks their generous Heat;
Which they may if permitted, e'en in Death,
Do for the Instruments imploy'd by Fate
To bellow Treason on the Christian World,
And gain Such Territory never dying Fame.

Now what are they unable to perform,
When Men Immortal with Godlike Patience bear?
They who appear'd so calm, so meek before,
Are now all Rage, all Storming Fury grown.
Now Fire looks frowning from their wrathful Eyes, 660
Now the with'ring flaming Eyes red Lightning flies,
Now all the Thunder from th' avenging Thunder roars.
[illegible] they can think no more,
[illegible] General's first Order in the Hill.
The Voice [illegible] of the Voice of Fate regard,
[illegible]

Nothing like founding Waters they assaule
The strong Retrenchments, so with bellowing sound,
Old Oceans Rage attacks some lofty Digue,
Which sturdy Swains have rais'd t' oppose his Pride.
His different upon billows forming pours,
Where they and swell, and rage, and foam, and roars;
Till at vindictive Tenth or last comes on,
Overwhelming all with Diluvial Inundation.
So with the Prince courageously resists,
The Trumpets Martial blows with fiercer Sounds,
And in their Ears it clangs its martial Roar;
Which to the English sounds the Voice of Fame,
Then to their circuit Glory calls them on.
Now all Mars Godhead rages in their Breasts,
Within themselves they Demy Gods appear,
Inflamed with Fury! Like the World
Who dare resist them now?
Behold! all with the most hideous Shape;
Their Ranks, they, th' Intrenchments

Whom all his Terrors, all his Plagues sustain.
Th' enchanted *English* turn him on the Foe,
The foes *Britannia's* Genius in their Eyes,
And in a dreadful Tone cries out my Friends;
These are my Friends, my Benefactors these,
And on, ye Race of Demy-Gods, lead on,
I follow you, and all your Steps attend,
Heav'n and Fortune are on the Conqueror's Side.

Impetuous now they rush conducting Fate,
To their resistless Fury all things bow,
For what can not resistance to Fate or them?
Now every thing against the Foe conspires,
And Fire and Water to confound them Leagues.
Behind them conq'ring Death in fiery Cart
Follows on, and urges furiously the Chase,
Hitherto the Lightnings and the vollied Thunder,
Hither the overwhelming *Danube* swells,
Hither the *Gaul*, within hideous Yawn,
Hurling Confusion down the Hanger's Steep.

Britannia, Let thy Joy salute the Skies,
And to thy Maker tuneful Praise return,
For he the Valour of thy matchless Sons,
And thy great General's Conduct he inspir'd.
Let the wide Earth enquire of *Blenheim's* Field,
And dust [illegible] of Field will cry aloud
To all enquiring Nations, all enquiring times,
Thy [illegible] done no mortal Valour shew'd,
And thy great General's Conduct was Divine.

And Thou too, with thy Maker's Praise resound,
Thou Field of *Blenheim*, once obscure accurst,
But now great *Blenheim's* happy glorious Field!
Then who were charm'd with the Transporting Sight,
Who saw the Godlike Men, the Godlike Deed,
Who heard the Thund'ring in the fierce Furious,
[illegible] *Danube* [illegible] with revenging Flood.
[illegible] Legions with a [illegible]
[illegible] *predain'd* by Fate
[illegible] from the West,
[illegible] Thun'ring Voice
[illegible] Fine [illegible] praise,

For thou to all Posterity art blest,
And above all the beauteous Fields o'er which
The winding *Tamide* curls his amorous Arms,
No Length of Days thy Glory shall deface,
Nor even Darkness of the Night obscure. 730
[illegible] all Nations thee shall happy call,
[illegible] all Nations shall be blest,
[illegible] *Blenheim* Hail!
[illegible] fortunate as fam'd!
[illegible] Race of Men be blest!
[illegible] and revenging Care,
[illegible] Circuit go,
[illegible] Borders far away!
[illegible] happy, still be free,
[illegible] make the happy Nations free! 740
[illegible] into her lovely Lap
[illegible] your most refreshing Dews!
[illegible] Harvy all her Days may crown,
[illegible] Blissful Nights;
[illegible] Heavn the unwilling Air
[illegible] Plenty Plenty Fruits

May he behold upon thy blissful Soil
The Traitors of *Gallick* and *Bavarian* Blood,
Basely and fingly bevare the sacred Ground?

[illegible] O sacred, O Majestick Day,
[illegible] the great Dead auspicious Light,
[illegible] brought to Light the noblest Birth
[illegible] Fate the great or fertile time;
[illegible] thy Hill, the revolves O sacred Day,
[illegible] with thy Lockers Praise return!
[illegible] Mother honoured thee
[illegible] Days of the revolving Year!
[illegible] in a thousand Tongues resound,
[illegible] Millions of glad Voices rattle it high!
[illegible] Hill be thunderingly forme;
[illegible] thy Fridays in Poem drive thoughtlessness,
[illegible] the rest of Days!
[illegible] thy bright Sire profusely pour
[illegible] of his flowing *Gold*!
[illegible] will with fresh Joy return
[illegible] picture of transporting Sorrow
[illegible] Day

The Day accomplishing the Joyful Spring
To celebrate thy lovelier Festival.
For Freedom is more joyful than the Spring, 770
Fairer than Light, and lovelier than the Morn.
Let never any Cloud thy Lustre stain
And never any Grief pollute thy Joy!
May Grief and Care and Pain at thy Approach
As from descending Angels disappear!
May'st thou auspicious prove to ev'ry Deed,
Accomplish ev'ry Act begun on thee!
Thee may great Minds for mighty Actions choose!
By high Foreknowledge, sure O sacred Day,
Thou wert ordain'd t' accomplish wond'rous things, 780
Thy happy Influence once before preserv'd
The lab'ring World from universal Sway,
At least a while delay'd its dismal Fate,
Thus upon this the *Carthaginian* Chief
Making the World aspiring Tyrants yield
Vanquish'd proud *Rome* at *Cannæ's* fatal Field.

But time was teeming with a nobler Birth,
And *Bleinheim*'s Day surpasses *Canne*'s Field;
At *Canne* the contending Rivals strove
Which of them should enslave the vanquish'd World. 790
The great Contention was at *Bleinheim*'s Field,
On one side to oppress immortal Liberty,
To make her wing her Flight from Earth to Heav'n,
And there for ever with *Astrea* dwell,
Her divine Sister, on the other side,
Th' Intent was solidly to fix her here
In lasting Peace, and make of Earth a Heav'n:
And never two more powerful Armies met,
Than that which strove to drive thee from below,
And that, O Goddess, which maintain'd Her Pow'r. 800

On the Oppressor side the Hostile *French*
With the *Bavarian* Squadrons now were join'd
[illegible] were by Nature fraid

But time was teeming with a nobler Birth,
And *Bleinheim*'s Day surpasses *Canne*'s Field;
At *Canne* the contending Rivals strove
Which of them should enslave the vanquish'd World.

The great Contention was at *Bleinheim*'s Field,
On one side to oppress immortal Liberty,
To make her wing her Flight from Earth to Heav'n,
And there for ever with *Astrea* dwell,
Her divine Sister, on the other side,
Th' Intent was solidly to fix her here
In lasting Peace, and make of Earth a Heav'n;
And never two more powerful Armies met,
Than that which strove to drive thee from below,
And that, O Goddess, which maintain'd thy Pow'r.

On the Oppressor side the Hostile *French*
With the *Bavarian* Squadrons now were joyn'd
The Force Combined were by Nature frame'd

[illegible] like founding Waters they assaulte
[illegible] elements, so with bellowing
[illegible]
[illegible] attacks some lofty Digue,
[illegible] have mis'd t' oppose his
[illegible] 670
[illegible] Morning pours,
[illegible] rage, and foam, and roars
[illegible] tide comes on,
[illegible] Mural Inundation.
[illegible] rolls,
[illegible] with fierce bounds,
[illegible] change his martial Roar;
[illegible] sounds the Voice of Fame,
[illegible] they call them on.
[illegible] rages in their breasts, 680
[illegible] they Dusky Deeds appear,
[illegible] Fury! Thus the World
[illegible] more?
[illegible] Shapes,
[illegible] Barrenness

Whom all his Terrors, all his Plagues sustain.
Th' undaunted *English* turn him on the Foe,
He flies *Britannia's* Genius in their Eyes,
And in a dreadful Tone cries out my Friends,
These are my Friends, my Benefactors these, 690
Lead on, ye Race of Demy Gods, lead on,
I follow you, and all your Steps attend,
For we and Fate are on the Conqueror's Side.

Impotent now they with conducting Fate,
To their untiring Fury all things bow,
For what can not submit to Fate or them?
Now every thing against the Foe conspires,
And The and Water to confound them League.
Behind them conqu'ring Death in fiery Cart
Drives on, and urges furiously the Chase, 700
Dishearten'd Lightnings and the vollied Thunder,
Before them the revenging *Danube* swells,
And then he gaping with a hideous Yawn,
Swallows down his impious Prey.

Britannia, Let thy Joy salute the Skies,
And to thy Maker tuneful Praise return,
For he the Valour of thy matchless Sons,
And thy great General's Conduct he inspir'd.
Let the whole Earth enquire of *Blenheim*'s Field,
And that Immortal Field will cry aloud 210
To all enquiring Nations, all enquiring times,
Thy Warriors done no mortal Valour shew'd,
And thy great General's Conduct was Divine.

And Thou too with thy Maker's Praise resound,
Thou Field of *Blenheim*, once obscure accurst,
But now great *Blenheim*'s happy glorious Field!
Thou who wert charm'd with the Transporting Sight,
Who saw'st the Godlike Men, the Godlike Deed,
Who saw'st them thund'ring in the fierce Pursuit,
While *Danube* rising with revenging Flood, 220
Swell'd, and Whole Legions with a hideous Roar,
Immortal *Blenheim*, preordain'd by Fate
To be the Fatal Sport that frees the World;
Raise to the Skies thy Thunding Voice
And for thy mighty Bliss thy Maker praise,

[illegible] to all Posterity art bleſt,
[illegible] Fields o'er which
[illegible] his numerous Arms,
[illegible] thy Glory ſhall deface,
[illegible] Higher Offence, 730
[illegible] ſhall happy call,
[illegible] ſhadows ſhall be Dark,
[illegible] Happy Weinheim Hail!
[illegible] ſo fair!
[illegible] of Men be bleſt!
[illegible] devouring Care,
[illegible] ſhall go,
[illegible] Murders far away!
[illegible] Will be free,
[illegible] Nations free! 740
[illegible] lovely Lay
[illegible] ſmiling Love!
[illegible] Days may crown,
[illegible] Mighty,
[illegible]

[illegible] Pleaſure [illegible]

[illegible] upon thy Blissful Soil
[illegible] of *Gallick* and *Brownier* Blood
[illegible] are the Sacred Ground?

[illegible] O Ladylick Day, 750
[illegible] Dead unpiticous Light,
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] Day,
[illegible] Day,
[illegible] remain?
[illegible] Stained thee
[illegible] Year?
[illegible] Tongues refound,
[illegible] it Light?
[illegible] Day Fame, 760
[illegible]
[illegible] Day?
[illegible] Light thy profusely poured
[illegible] Bedew'd?
[illegible]
[illegible]

The Day accomplishing the Joyful Spring
To celebrate thy lovelier Festival.
For Freedom is more joyful than the Spring, 770
Fairer than Light, and lovelier than the Morn.
Let never any Cloud thy Lustre stain
And never any Grief pollute thy Joy!
May Grief and Care and Pain at thy Approach
As from defending Angels disappear!
May'st thou auspicious prove to ev'ry Deed,
Accomplish'd by Me begun on thee!
Thee may great Minds for mighty Actions choose!
By high Foreknowledge, sure O favor'd Day,
Thou wert ordain'd t' accomplish wonderous things, 780
Thy happy Influence once before preserv'd
The Infring World from universal Sway,
At length wrongly delay'd its direful Fate,
Thou rising from the Carthaginian Hills
Bidding the World exulting Triumph yield
Thou with Rome at Cannæ fatal Field

But time was teeming with a nobler Birth,
And *Bleinheim's* Day surpasses *Cannæ's* Field;
At *Cannæ* the contending Rivals strove
Which of them should enslave the vanquish'd World.
790
The great Contention was at *Bleinheim's* Field,
On one side to oppress immortal Liberty,
To make her wing her Flight from Earth to Heav'n,
And there for ever with *Astræa* dwell,
Her divine Sister, on the other side,
Th' Intent was solidly to fix her here
In lasting Peace, and make of Earth a Heav'n
And never two more powerful Armies met,
Than that which strove to drive thee from below,
And that, O Godess, which maintain'd Thy Pow'r.
800

[illegible] the Hostile Fleets
With the *Bourbon* Squadron now were joyn'd
[illegible] were by the two fleets

Hardy and rough, and fit for Bloody Fields,
And Victory had rais'd their Spirits high.
Expert was their perfidious Chief and brave,
And now the Memory of past Succeſs,
And Hope of future Empire fir'd his Soul,
And the wild Proſpect of his flaming Tow'rs
Stung him, till frantick with his Rage he roar'd 810
And call'd on Heav'n and Hell for dire Revenge.

The *French* were all of *Gallick* Troops the Flow'r,
Experienc'd and Victorious were their Chiefs,
Soldiers and Chiefs inur'd to vaſt Succeſs
And claiming Right to Conquer and Renown
From long Poſſeſſion; with their dearest Ale
Reſolv'd their Infly Title to defend.
By long Succeſs preſumptious grown and vain
Aſpiring to the Conquest of the World,
Followed by all the Nations and thousands 820
[illegible] in Arms.
[illegible] with Rout the Foe.

Which they with so much Hazard, so much Toil,
Inspight of all great *Eugene*'s Force atchiev'd;
From which the Empire sure Destruction waits,
And all the Christian World perpetual Bonds.
But O how vain are human Hopes and Fears!
How blind in the poor Providence of Man,
And what a Fool to the Designs of Fate!
The dreadful Moment comes upon the Wing, 830
When they who make this Junction now their Boast,
Their Pride, their Hope, their Joy, their Extasy,
When they whole conquer'd Provinces would give
That this accursed Junction ne'er had been,
When that which now deludes their glorious Minds,
With the vain Hope of Empire and of Fame,
Will prove the gaudy Lure thrown out by Fate
To bring them down from their aspiring Flight,
And leave them in the Dust.

For now the conqu'ring *English* are in view, 840
Inspiriting the whole Confederate Pow'r;
For what to them can be impossible,
After the glorious Event at *Sohellenbourgh*
A Conquest gain'd, when force their March was Check'd;
A March like what great *Philip's* greater Son,
On the full *Scythe*, took to win the World;
A March almost incredible to those,
Who saw at *Sohellenbourgh* its great Effects;
A March so swift that it prevented Fame,
For such Dispatch transcrib'd the Thought; 850
At which their Allies Nations look amazed,
They gazing from the *English* to regard
As if descended to their Aid from Heaven;
And [illegible]
[illegible]
With Confederates the Confederate force compleat
Than a Bright Star that all at once appear,
With new Effulgy in the Hemisphere,

Amazes all the planatary Worlds,
Who gazing cry 'tis sent express from Heav'n, 860
To change the Fortune of the Universe.
The Nations in the *British* Squadrons Eyes
Divine Presage of Victory behold.
Full of their Islands noble Pride they march,
Full of their fierce Forefathers conqu'ring Fire,
And while they deathless Vigour in them feel,
Esteem themselves invincible alone;
Believing firmly that to conquer *France*
Is but their old Hereditary Right,
Which from remote Progenitors descends; 870
Who then were wont to triumph over *France*,
Ev'n when they were a People fierce and free;
When for their Country and their Friends they fought,
Fought for their dear Relations and themselves:
How much they then disdain to yield to those,
Who to support a Grizzly Tyrants Pride
Against their Country and their Friends contend,
Against their dear Relations and themselves.

That for their Parts they fight for Justice, Truth,
For God, and for Celestial Liberty. 880
That Fate the first Occasion now presents,
When they the Foe may in the Field surprize
Without oppressing Numbers on their Side;
Whom they resolve like *Englishmen* t' attack,
That is like Men resolv'd to o'ercome or die.
That now the Eyes of all the Christian World
Are on this great decisive Action bent;
That all the Christian World expects from them
Deeds worthy of the Champions of Mankind
Against oppressing Tyrants, Beasts more wild 890
Than *Africk* e'er produc'd, and which proceed
To render *Europe* yet more waste than here;
That they must fight like Heroes who support
The Glory of their conqu'ring Ancestors,
Who great *Britannia's* Liberties assert,
And Those of other Nations rescue;
Who vindicate their own undoubted Rights,
And Slaves of all Authority defend.

With Godlike Sentiments like these inflam'd,
They under their heroick Leader march 900
T' attack the Foe encamp'd on *Blenheim*'s Field:
The rest to deathless Lyres ye Angels sing!
To such a Height no mortal Force can soar,
And now the Inspiration leaves my Soul.
Or if I rash with feeble Wings essay
The Etherial Flight, assist ye Ethereal Pow'rs!
And thou the brightest Angel of the Sky,
With whose enchanting Beauties all the Host
Of Heav'n above, all Heav'nly Minds below
Are charm'd, with whom the great Creator
charm'd! 910
Eternal Fame! Thee Goddess I invoke,
For nothing without thy Aid was ever good:
Or great or fair in Earth or Heav'n above,
Go the great Maker will'd, and made it Force
[illegible] Aid, [illegible]
[illegible] Fire
[illegible] Soul, [illegible] inspiration [illegible]

If with thy Beauties all my Soul is fill'd,
If all that wretched Mortals here call great,
I sacrifice to Liberty and thee ;
Instruct me, Goddess, for thou only knowst,
For thou with all thy Hundred Eyes were by
When stooping on thy azure Wings thou lefst
The Fields of Light for *Blenheim*'s glorious Field ;
Thou Goddess with thy own Celestial Trump
Dist sound the Charge through all th' Ætherial Vaults,
When at th' Immortal Blast the Pow'rs above,
Look'd wond'ring from the Battlements of Heaven.
Thou saw'st how all the Host of Heav'n look'd down,
And shouting fill'd the eternal Realms with Joy,
To see bold Man the Cause of Heaven maintain ;
The Souls of *British* Heroes from the Sky
Upon the Glories of that Field look'd down,
Thither their Eyes the Conq'ring *Edmunds* bent
On the unmoulmous *Mary* wond'ring gazed,
All [illegible] in her Face shine of Gold return,

All charm'd to see bright Victory descend,
And perch upon an *English* General's Plume.
There the blest Patron of *Brunswick* Knights,
The Red Cross Champion look'd transported down
To see the Honour of his Order rais'd,
And there look'd down the blissful Souls of those
Who in the same immortal Cause expir'd
At *Fleury* and at *Lauden's* fatal Plain.
And Godlike *William* look'd with Rapture down
To see great *Marlborough* do what he had done,
Had but the false *Bavarian* been his Foe.
The preexisting Souls of future Kings
On that important Field look'd down, on which
Their future Right and future Pow'r depends.
Mean while the Sun, the World's great Eye and Soul,
With all his Pow'r seren'd th' Ætherial Space,
That no invidious Cloud might interrupt
The cleared Parade of *Heinsheim's* wood-crown'd Dome,
Which form'd a nobler Sight than all the World
Ever saw, the Spoils humanize than rich are Kings.

He views, could all afford him, when it shew'd
So many Myriads of Heroick Souls
Resolve to conquer or devove themselves
In the great Cause of Liberty and Truth. 960
The Nations here below had all their Eyes
Intent upon that Field, on whose Event
Depended all their Freedom, all their Peace.
The very Elements attend in Truce
The dreadful Issue, silent were the Winds,
And hush'd the Voice of *Danube*'s angry Roar.
All Nature in all others Parts had Peace,
Discord had now no Leisure to attend
Inferiour Strife, for *Blenheim* claim'd her all.
For there were all her *Stygian* Snakes employ'd, 970
There were the Fates and all the Furies there;
Who shep'd like Faulcons waiting for their Prey.
[illegible] on beleiful Eagles by *Danube*'s Stream
[illegible] Earth, and Heav'n, and Hell below,
[illegible] Pace and Stature, all appear'd
To be concern'd on that important Day:

But hearkt! The Goddess gives the dreadful Charge,

I hear th' enchanting Sound, I feel its Magick Pow'r,

That Sound can like the last Angelick Trump,

From their eternal Mansions rouze the Dead; 980

That Magick Sound brings future times in view

And makes the past return, that mighty Sound

Swift as the Movement of quick Thought, transports

The Hearer to the World's remotest Ends.

I feel, I feel ev'n now that I am rapt

O'er Lands and Seas to *Bleinheim's* wonderous Field!

Do you see how the tempestuous Squadrons move,

Like Clouds with Thunder charg'd along the Plain!

Oh the transporting Sight! The noble Scene!

The sprightly Neighing of the Warlike Steed 990

And the impatient Champions eager Shouts!

The Trumpets roar! The Thunder on the Drum

How *Danube* rears his heavy Head aghast!

Th' adjacent Forrest frightfully surveys,
Th' adjacent Forrests darts a dreadful Gloom,
And on his Flood with double Horror frowns.
On to th' Attack the thund'ring Squadrons move,
The very Heav'ns above them seem to smoak,
And the resounding Earth beneath them shakes;
The noble Rage of Battel fires the Plain: 1000
Me too the noble Fury has inspir'd
Of Registring in Fame's Eternal Roll
Their Actions worthy the recording Muse,
The Daughter of Celestial Memory,
And th' immortal Mother of Renown.
Eternal Fame, thy Summons I obey,
Like them thy Charge, great Goddess, I obey.
But while the Verse which thou inspir'st I sing,
Do thou, great Goddess, thou my numerous Song
Accompany with that Angelick Trump, 1010
Whose Sound by all the lift'ning Globe is heard
And to the World's remotest times descends.

But now the Trumpet's Clangor's heard no more;
No more th' impatient Warriors eager Shouts.
For now the Cannon thunders thro' the Plain,
And drowns all dreadful Noises in its own;
The moving Squadrons are no longer seen,
The very Earth and Heavens are seen no more.
For Earth and Heav'ns seem all involv'd in Night,
A Night of Dust and of tumultuous Smoak; 1020
Or hid in Brightness of tempestuous Flame
Too dazling to be pierc'd by mortal Eyes.
But now the Goddess with Celestial Light
Dispells the Mist that veil'd these mortal Eyes
And now thro' Clouds of stormy Dust & fe
Thro' curling Smoak, thro' dazling Flames
Say, Goddess, what heroic Forms are these
Who the bold *Britons* lead in [illegible]
Who between them and Danger interpose,
And shield them with their very breasts from
Fate:

1030

At once in Danger foremost and Renown;
Esteeming Glory cheaply bought with Life,
And frankly off'ring up their noble Hearts
A great unblemish'd Sacrifice to thee.
How each looks worthy of his high Command,
Each looks as if on his heroick Deeds
The Fate depended of this dreadful Day.
Ay, now their Shapes distinctly I discern,
Ay, now I know the heroick Leaders well!
And thou eternal Goddess knowst them well, 1040
And thou with all thy Hundred Tongues wilt spread
Their deathless Actions, and extend their Praise
Wherever thou expand'st thy sounding Wings.
Hail Race of Heroes! *British* Worthies Hail!
Hail noble *Churchill*, *Lumley*, *Villars*, *Wood*!
And thou great *Ingolsby*, great *Orkney* thou!
Hail thou, the foremost in the dire Assault,
Brave *Cats*, the Lightning of the *British* Thunder
Great Favourites of Deathless Fame, All Hail.
These are th' immortal Heroes whose Commands 1050

The freeborn *English* joyfully obey;
The Pride and Flow'r of *Britain*'s Godlike Sons.
Upon their Eyes the fierce Batallions gaze,
And from their Beams derive a glorious Fire,
And the Remembrance of great *Henry*'s Days.

Now after them they move impatient on.
Impatient for the horrid Shock they earn;
Now meet the *French* and we with hideous Noise,
In Thunder, Lightning, and in Iron Hail.
Ye Immortal Pow'rs assist *Britannia*'s Cause! 1060
Assist ye bright Spectators of the Sky!
The Cause of Justice and of Truth support!
The Cause of all the Christian World defend!
Ah miserable me! Th' immortal Pow'rs
Rather against their own great Cause declare
Or th' blind Fortune governs all below.
For lo th' unnumbered Hosts [illegible]
[illegible]
And th' Australian swine, O dismal Sight!
O dire Calamity! Surpassing Fate! That such 1070

As fought like these should ever know repulse!
Can they from such Heroick Chiefs retire!
O can they poorly yield in such a Cause!
No, see they Rally with a noble Fire,
And Shame grown Fury to the Charge returns.
But to the Valour of the Foe I hate,
I must do Justice here, a braver Foe
By *Britain*'s Godlike Sons was never charg'd.
The *French* undaunted all their Fury meet,
And all with double Fury they repel, 1080
And drive the *English* Horse like Lightning back.
See how once more confounded they retire!
O cursed Fate! O Fortune! O Despair!
Aloud methinks I hear all Nature groan,
Aloud methinks I hear th' immortal Powers
Lament the Honour of *Britannia* lost.
The wretched Fate of Liberty lament.
O fond Imagination! Vain Conceit!
Immortal is the Dove of Liberty,
And *Britain's* Honour never can be lost. 1090
For see where now Heroick *Marlborough* comes
Comes to maintain them, to revenge them come-

See where the dusky Squadrons he collects
As *Homer's Jove* convenes the threatning Cloud
That with his dire Artillery are fraught!
With what exalted Air he leads them on,
Terror before him marches, Fame behind,
And Conquest like the *Austrian* Eagle shap'd,
Over his Head flies tow'ring to the Skies.
With such Majestick Air in Ancient Days 1100
Philips or great *Euphraxor* form'd his *Jove*;
But warring *Jove* preparing to discharge
Vindictive Thunder on the impious Work,
Death his August Appearance sees from far,
And sees him worthy all his direful Rage
T' attack him mounts upon a fiery Globe,
But as more near the Grizly Monarch draws,
He knows the Hero doom'd t' overcome by Fate:
And then his fiery Thunderbolt he hurls
Into the Earth, and all its Entrails scatter 1110
About the Plain raises a Mount of Clay;
And buries Man almost alive with Haste,
To force him forced to eternal Fame.

The Squadrons all with shudd'ring Horror fraze,
And Ruin from that dreadful Moment wait,
He in that dreadful Moment is alone,
Fearless and calmly of them all takes Care.

An Intrepidity so like their own
Charms all the bright Spectators of the Sky;
The Squadrons now redouble all their Rage, 1120
And catch Heroick Fortitude from him.
Their Flame rekindled rages in their Breasts,
And sparkling in their fatal Eyes it rowls,
Unanimous they to the Charge return.
With Resolution never seen before;
Each Champions with the Fate of Nations [illegible],
All, All resolve to conquer or to die,
Ay now, e'en now, the dreadful Moment [illegible]
On which the Destiny of Men depends;
Their raging Blood like fery Torrents roll, 1130
Their Hearts e'en burst with Rage, [illegible] Hearts
That utterly disdain, that utterly abhor.

Th' inglorious Thoughts of Flight or foul Retreat.
Again with dreadful Shouts they rend the Skies,
And now their murd'ring Carabiftes they fling,
With matchlefs Rage their flaming Swords they draw;
In miffionary Death they truft no more,
But in their Hands they carry hideous Fate.
Now, now, with all their Might, with all their Souls
They rush on Death and Wounds, their dismal Way 1140
With their protended bloody Points they plough.
Or brandifhing aloft the horrid Edge,
Like ripen'd Corn the adverfe Squadrons mow,
Extending them in Heaps upon the Plain,
The adverfe Squadrons can no longer bear
Their fatal Weapons or their fatal Eyes,
Or their victorious Cries, but Slaughter fome.
Some Pain and Anguifh feize, Confufion all.
And now in Heaps they fall, in Crowds they fly.
They fly, fair *Europe's* proud Oppreffors fly! 1150
And Godlike Liberty's for ever fixt,

And to the Stars is *England's* Glory raiſe.
Victoria the tranſported *Britons* cry,
With Rapture *Bleinheim's* bliſsful Plain reſounds,
To *Bleinheim's* Field the ravith'd Heav'ns reply;
And with victorious Shouts the *Welkin* rings,
Both Heav'n and Earth, and Gods, and Men are charm'd,
And *Phebus* with redoubled Glory ſhines,
And on the bleſt Event all ravith'd Nature ſmiles.
Danube tranſported drives his rapid Flood 1160
With double Fury by his eccholing Shores,
And to the *Euxin* ſends th' enchanting Sound;
Adown his Shores the Acclamation runs,
That Godlike Liberty's for ever fix'd.
And to the Stars is *England's* Glory raiſ'd.
Oh Joy! oh Rapture never to be born!
They fly! Fair *Europe's* proud Oppreſſors fly!
The Victors ruſhing, tear their trembling Prey,
Shouting they ſeize, and ruſhing they purſue:
A diſtract Joy ſo ye Antipodes Tongues 1170
Fate in their Arms, and Fear in their Eyes.

Now Discord stalking with Gigantick Stride
Wades through a Crimson Stream of torrent Gore
And hideous is the Face of Slaughter now,
And yet e'en now when all the conq'ring Troop
Soldiers and Chiefs are all e'en wild with Joy,
All frantick with the Transport of their Rage.
Their great Commanders calm, he who before
In his own Danger dauntless was alone
Lord of himself in universal Joy, 1180
Serenely doubts for all; yet his the Praise,
The Glory of th' immortal Day is his,
He to a Pitch of human Glory rais'd,
To which no Subject ever rose before;
And by this great deciding Moment made
Darling of Nations, and Mankinds Delight,
Britannia's second Pride, *Britain's* Hope;
The *Roman* Empires Ornament and Fame,
The everlasting Blessing of the Good,
And constant Panegyrick of the Brave: 1190
E'n in this great deciding Moment he
Th' impetuous Movements of his Soul commanded.

Con-

Commands himself with more superious Sway
Than e'en the meanest Warrior of his Troops;
To no unruly Transport he gives way,
To all Attacks remains invincible,
And stands the noble Conqueror of himself;
For now his Genius whispers him within
That while the Day is doubtless on his Side
Heroick *Eugene* is severely prest, 1200
And by the false *Bavaria*'s Pow'r distrest,
And wants the Succour of the Conq'ring Wing.
Then as great *Virgil's Neptune* with his Voice
Tames the wild Horrors of his frantick Waves
And flatters within Breath the refractory Main
So mighty *Marlborough* with a Word, a Nod
The Fury of his Conq'ring Troops restrain
E'n raging Madness hears that awful Voice,
And in a Moment sinks into a Calm;
Then Thus the Prince Kings of Terror cries 1210
He hears the Voice, and in mid-way arrest
His furious Arm descending to destroy.
And as the Hero with a Breath can calm

The raging Storm in forty thousand Breasts,
So with a Breath he reinflames them all.
Again like stormy Seas they waving rowl,
And rise, and foam with far resounding Roar,
And tenfold Joy, and tenfold Rage succeeds.
For on the Spur the blissful News arrives,
That happy *Eugene* no Support requires; 1220
That conqu'ring *Eugene* making vast Efforts,
Efforts which ne'er will be forgot by Fame,
A Third time rallied his disorder'd Troops,
And turn'd Confusion back upon the Foe.

Again great *Marlborough* gives the fatal Word,
Again the Goddess gives the dreadful Charge.
And the victorious Squadrons of the left
Again fall on with terrifying Cries.
Conquest before, now great Revenge they seek.
The *French* astonish'd, all Resistance loose, 1230
All Resolution, Courage, Order, Thought
Their Squadrons now confounded, all disjoyn'd
Each for himself takes sordid Cave alone,

Such

Sure Ruin both to Armies and to States.
The Victors with immortal Rage purſue,
And ſmite th' affrighted *French*, like Wrath divine
That ſweeps whole People, and lays Nations waſte.
See this ye proud aſpiring Tyrants, ſee,
And let the Face of *Bleinheim's* dreadful Field
Teach you to tremble at the Wrath of Heav'n, 1240
And the juſt Judgments of th' avenging God!
Do you ſee that Heap of abject Wretches there,
That fall by Hundreds, and by Thouſands fly.
How is Ambition ſain! How in his Turn
The inſolent Oppreſſor faints and dies!
Are theſe the Brave, th' Invincible? Are theſe
The Royal Houſhold of th' immortal King?
Are theſe the Bands ſo proud of Triumphs paſt,
So vain upon the Hopes of thoſe to come?
And with the Spoils of conquer'd Nations big? 1260
Are theſe the Gyants who their Tyrant ſwell'd
With the fond Hope of univerſal Sway?
How they fly! How they fall! How they tremble! How they die!

An Iron Tempest galls them in the Flank,
And the fierce Victor with ten thousand Swords
Insulting hangs upon their broken Rear.
Before them *Danube* rises on their Flight,
And loudly for Revenge, Revenge he roars,
Arresting their precipitated Flight,
He strikes them backward with his stormy Brow, 1260
Or with his angry Voice their guilty Souls he scares.
But tenfold Horror drives them headlong on!
Down, down ten thousand take the fatal Leap,
And plunge among the Waves; the *Danube* saves
And calls his stormy Billows to the Spoil,
His stormy Billows to the mighty Spoil
Drive on, advancing with a hideous Roar.
Ten thousand Warriors rowling in the Flood,
Horse and Men reversd midst scatter'd Arms,
And floating Ensigns on each other Plunge, 1270
Drive one another drowning to th' Abyss,
And with tremendous Prospect strike the Eye.
The very Victors grow with Horror chill,
Shake at the dire Catastrophe they cause,
And tremble at the Terrors of a Scene.

Such as no no Nation of the World, no Age
Since the great *Hebrews* wond'rous Passage saw.
Here Heavenly Goddess couldst thou but impart
To my weak Mind the Force, th' immortal Force,
To paint with lively Strokes the dismal Scene, 1280
To paint the Cries, the Shrieks, the dying Groans,
The Chase, the Rage, the Fury of their Fear,
And all the Horrors of their baleful Eyes,
And all th' Astonishment, th' Amazement of their Souls,
With ev'ry dreadful ghastful Circumstance;
Not *Milton's* wond'rous Piece should mine transcend
In which *Messiah* with his Thunders arm'd
Drove down th' infernal Tyrants warring Host
With Terrors and with Furies thro' th' Abyss.
Not *Michael* Angelo's stupendous Work; 1290
Where the last dreadful Doom sends guilty Souls
Down to eternal Punishments in Hell;
Hell follows them, Hell meets them on the Way,
Not in their Air and in their Looks is Hell,
And endless Torments in their baleful Eyes.

Thus fell the *French* before the Victor's Wrath,
They who had stood so many Storms of War,
Yet still unshaken kept their Ground in all.
Thus of tall Oaks I've known a goodly Row,
That grac'd the winding Margin of the Flood, 2000
Defy the Rage of many a wintry Blast,
The Tempest saw their Strength, and sigh'd, and past them by.
But when a Hurrican by Wrath divine
Came lately bellowing o'er the Western Main,
That with immortal Fury on them fell,
That made them tremble at impending Fate;
And rent at once their sturdy Trunks in twain,
Or twisted up their Roots, and whirl'd them in the Air.
That tore their lofty Branches down from Heaven,
And brought to light their Serpent Roots from Hell. 2010
Down they came rushing with a fatal Groan,
And strew'd the River with their scatter'd Limbs,
And with their mangled Trunks his Channel pil'd,
Till Devastation choak'd the incumber'd Streams.

O Conqu'ring Death, like *Sampson*, blind tho' strong,

Hadst thou the glorious Hecatombs foreseen,
Which noble *Marlborough* was ordain'd by Fate
To offer up to thy insatiate Pow'r,
Thou surely then hadst sav'd one Godlike Youth,
And to th' Heroick Father giv'n the Son. 2020
But *Blanford* in his early Bloom was snatch'd
To make the Glory of the Sire compleat;
Had noble *Blandford* still remain'd below,
He was good, so charming and so great,
So worthy all the Fathers fond Desire;
Th' invidious World might have pretended then
That *Marlboro'* had atchiev'd his Godlike Deeds,
For private Ends to make his Offspring great;
How clearly for his Country and his Queen,
For Liberty, and for the World he acts. 2030

Thou too great Queen by whose auspicious Care
And Wisdom these astonishing Events
Were brought to Light, thou for thy Country act'st
And for the World, for Children thou hast more.

Yet

Too rigid Fate has ravish'd all away.
Oh Royal *Glouceſter* had but cruel Death
Permitted thee to ſee this wond'rous Day,
How had great *Marlbro's* Actions rais'd thy Blood,
And rouz'd the Hero in thy Blooming Breaſt!
Till grown impatient thou hadſt call'd to Arms, 2040
Hadſt like young *Edward* croſt the ambient Main
Attended with the Flow'r of *Britiſh* Youth,
Diſplay'd thy Enſigns in the *Gallick* Plains,
While *France* had trembled at thy conq'ring Arms;
Once more had *France* an *Engliſh* Sovereign own'd,
Once more had *Spain* its rightful Monarch ſeen,
Plac'd by a *Britiſh* Hero on his Throne.

But thou art gone, *Britannia's* Hope is gone.
For thee *Britannia* mourns like Royal *Anne*;
Thy Fate thy Mother's Happineſs impair'd, 2050
But it has rais'd her Glory to the Stars;
The Wonders which ſhe ev'ry Day performs
Mov'd by the nobleſt Motives ſhe performs.
How for her Country and the World ſhe ſuffs,

For Liberty the Darling Cause of Earth,
For sacred Faith the darling Cause of Heav'n,
Her Children all were stretch'd away in thee,
O Royal Pair! to Whatever the best of Queens
Performs [illegible] for her Children all,
Her [illegible] shall be Her Children now. 2060
And [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] is she
So tender of their Happiness and Fame,
So watchful o'er their Rights, so studious of their Peace,
To all extending her impartial Care;
So grateful and so dutiful are they,
Such Honour and such awful Love return,
Such Love as Heav'n of Human Hearts requires;
That Fame is doubtful which the most shall praise,
The Childrens Duty or the Mother's Care.
The Dutiful'st of Children sure are they, 2070
The very Best of tender Mothers she.
And not the Ancient Mother of the Gods,
Great Queen, could boast a more Heroick Race;
And as that Ancient Mother of the Gods
Was crowned at Sight of her immortal Sons

2080

2090

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