

The GOLDEN AGE.

Globe of Light, breaking out on every side. And if in this Character I have only discover'd one Beam of it, 'tis not that the *Light* falls unequally, or that Your Majesty did not know that all these Vertues adorn Your Royal Son and Daughter, &c. but because the Body which receives it is of unequal parts, and all your Subjects might know how truly the *Golden Age* is exemplified in every Branch of Your Illustrious House.

Having shewn how far the *Golden Age* is exemplified in Your Majesties *Royal Offspring* (and as they are a part of Your Royal Self, I hope the Excursion will be the more excusable) I shall now return to my Essay upon your Majesties Royal Verues, as they are a *Pattern for our Imitation*.

We may well call this present Year, 1714 *The Year of Wonders, and the Birthday of England's Happiness*, or rather the GOLDEN AGE, as we have now Nothing further to ASK (or to WISH, to use the Word of that *Loyal and Excellent Prelate* the Bishop of *Sarum*) but the continuance of those invaluable Blessings, which we ourselves enjoy under your Majesties Glorious Reign, and which we hope *our Childr*

The GOLDEN AGE.

and Childrens Children will live to possess
in the Reign of Your Royal Son and most
Illustrious House to the World's End. Then
were I am, that Day, in which King George
was proclaim'd our *rightful Sovereign*, ought
to be registred in the *Kalendar* of all Loyal
Hearts, as long as the *Sun and Moon* shall
endure ; and I hope to present the World
with a *Vision* of England's *Happiness* for as
long a Time under the *Glorious Reigns* of
Your Majesty and Your *Illustrious House*.

methinks I see already on the *Loom*,
revolving Years of the 3d *Edward* come ;
I see the *Martial'd Britons* all advance,
and in their *Helmaets* quaff the *Bloud* of
France :

While *George's* Health goes round in spark-
ling Wine,
and *Visions* of his *House* to th' End of Time,
proclaim 'em *rightful Kings*, and all their
Race *Divine* :

I see their Pow'r thro' the won Realm diffuse,
Now *Gallia* yields, and *Boileau* damns his
Muse.

He now on *Lewis* pleads an Irony,
So you *Great George* the transfer'd Praises flie;

No

The GOLDEN AGE.

No trivial Statue shall thy Fame suffice,
We'll raise *Colossi* to th' endanger'd Skies,
And shew the Gods how *GEORGE's* Vertues rise.

But I'll stop here; for to enumerate *Thy shining Merits*, Mighty Prince, would be to write the History of thy Glorious Reign fit only for *the Pen of an Angel* (or at least of a *Walpole*, *Steel*, or *Addison*) who can penetrate into the *very Recesses of Thy Soul*, and communicate to us, thy Faithful Subjects, the *Beauties of it*.

'Twill exceed the Limits of a *Panegyric* to dwell upon this Glorious Theme, which wou'd soon *swell into a Volume*; 'tis so transporting, 'tis all *Golden Age*. The Subject it self warms and delights all Loyal Grateful Hearts, that are sensible, what our rightful and glorious Sovereign is and will do for us; he will out-go the fam'd *Henries* and brave *Edwards* too! Those Gallant Princes, that stand so fair in *English Annals* that carried their victorious Arms into the very Heart of *France*, and receiv'd the *Gallick Crown* at *Paris*; methinks I see already that *Bloudy Crown* begin to totter

The GOLDEN AGE.

And *Lewis* shake in's Throne ; amaz'd to
think that all his *Perjuries, his Rapines* and
Oppressions are now like to be accounted for.
The just Reward of all his *Barbarous Acts*
near at Hand, almost within his View.
He must for ever lose Hopes of *Universal*
Empire ; All his Glory, and his flattering
honour, are now envelop'd in the Clouds :
The *RISING SUN* no more shall be
his Motto.

Four Crowns the *British* Empire claims,

Which were at once lost by unhappy *James*,

Whilst thou in Grateful *England* art ador'd,

And *Scotland's* proud to own thee for her
Lord ;

And *Ireland* subdu'd, doth now her Crown resign.

One yet remains ; pursue, and *France* is
thine.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

In Hope of this (*Great Prince*) all the *Protestant Part of the World* admire and love you, and all the rest *fear and dread you*, and sure that must needs be a *Golden Age* to England, when a *Protestant King* holds the *Ballance of Europe*, and the *Prince or Subject* is only happy or safe, that obtains his *Friendship*, and all will have that have either *Goodness or Honour* enough to deserve it. Thy *very Enemies* own thy *Merit*, and even *unborn Babes* will be oblig'd to thy *Sword*, when it has cut out *more Safe and Honourable Peace* than we yet enjoy. How happy are those *Subjects* that are blest with such a *Prince*; A *Prince* that always rewards his *Friends*, does *Justice to his Enemies*, and is so truly *Great and Good*, that he fears no *Man*. These are *Blessings* fit only to adorn thy *God-like Reign*, and for which we all huzza, *Live King GEORGE*, (and his ever victorious *General, John, Duke of Marlborough*) as firmly believing, 'tis only the total *Conquest* of that bloody and perfidious *Tyrant the French King*, that can secure to us the *Golden Age* we enjoy.

The GOLDEN AGE.

But let me correct my self, when I assert
my Power on Earth (and much less that of
the *French King*) is able to put an End to
that *Golden Age* that we and our Posterity
are like to enjoy under Your Majesty, and
our Illustrious House, to the World's End:
O, *Great Sir*, 'tis not possible that the *Gold-*
Age shou'd ever end, or that the Tyrant
of *France* shou'd be suffer'd to insult *Eng-*
land (as he now does at *Dunkirk* and *Mar-*
tyke, tho' a conquer'd and despis'd Enemy,
all the *Late Jacobite Ministry* retriev'd his
glory by a *Separate Peace*) so long as Your
Majesty and Your Royal Son sits on the *Brit-*
ish Throne, or Your Army is commanded
by that Great and ever Victorious General,
John Duke of *Marlborough*; for this *In-*
vincible Brave Commander has an Antipa-
thy by Nature against *Popery* and *Arbitrary*
Government, and seems made for that very
purpose, to fight a *Frenchman*. Were the
Blood of the Illustrious *Marlborough* poured
into the same Bowl with a *Frenchman's*,
you'd certainly refuse to mingle with it;
it either swim uppermost like Oil, or like
some Chymical Extractions, when mix'd with
other Liquors, Drive it all about the Room:

The GOLDEN AGE.

And had he one Drop left in his own Veins,
which he thought came from that insulting
Nation, *he'd go near to let it out, tho' his
Heart had not enough behind for one Pulse
more.*

While for a Righteous Cause he arms,
The wondrous Hero 'scapes
From Death in Thousand Shapes ;
Still safe, still foremost in Alarms.

Let *H---ly's* *G---* shun the Field,
The Active Part to others yield ;
In Person Triumph, but by Proxy fight,
'Tis *Marlborough* alone can Dangers slight

Notwithstanding all which, he neither De-
spises his Enemy before he Conquers, nor in-
sults him after ; both infallible Indications
of a base Temper.

The Knowledge of *Warfare* is throw-
away on a General who dares not make use
of what he knows : I commend it only in
Man of Courage and of Resolution ; in him
~~it~~ will direct his *Martial Spirit*, and tea-
~~him~~ the way to the best Victories, which are
those that are least Bloody, and which, d

The GOLDEN AGE.

Atchiev'd by the *Hand*, are Manag'd by the *Head*. *Pity* never looks so *Bright* as when it shines in *Steel*; and therefore the Generous *Marlborough* grants his Enemy all the Advantages that the *Art of VVar* can afford; besides a *new Martial Genius* running thro' the Nation; so that they seem all Mad to be *Knock'd o'th' Head*, or to serve others so. His Grace believes, that *Lewis XIV.* is the *bravest Villain*, since *Lucifer*; and as far out-shines a puny *Nero*, *Julian*, or *Dioclesian*, in *Glorious VVickedness*, as they the rest of Mankind; on which Account he thinks him well worthy the *Thunder of Heaven*, and the Arms of those Brave Men that imbark with him. How many Valiant Souldiers does such a Couragious Leader make, as the Duke of *Marlborough* always was: Which gives us Hopes, that the *Wild Beast* of *France* all this while keeps the World at a Bay, only to bring more *Glory* to the English *Mastives*, in tearing him to the Ground.

For it may well be inferr'd from Your Majesties *Royal Valour and Conduct*, and the matchless Success in Arms of Your ever Victorious Generals, (*Marlborough, Argile,*

The GOLDEN AGE.

Cadogan, Stanhope, and Cobham, &c.) what was said of *Great Alexander*, and his Father *Philip*, *That one had a Soul fit to Conquer a World, and the other to Govern it*; This is the least that is said of Your Sacred Majesty, and Your *Glorious Generals*, who are not more proud to command under Your Majesty, than all Your *Whigg-Subjects* are ready to stand by You with their Lives and Fortunes, as believing the *Sacheverelite* (or *Jacobite*) *Faction* will never be wholly suppressed in *England*, or the *Golden Age* secured from *Popery* and *Slavery*, 'till the *French Tyrant* is no longer in any Capacity either to Protect the *Pretender* at *Bar-le-duc*, or to Bribe such, that (like *Dr. Sacheverell*) drink his Health in *England* upon their bare Knees

Then (most *ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE*)

Honour and Glory call;

Haste, Arm, the Trumpets sound!

Humble the haughty *GAUL*,

Return with Lawrels crown'd:

None can Your Arms oppose,

Great *MARLB'RO'* with you goes.

The GOLDEN AGE.

The ever Victorious *Marlborough*, who has a Life at the Service of his *King*, his *Country*, and all *Mankind*, whose common Cause he now esteems it, and thinks he can never lay his Bones more Honourably, than in those Places where his Valiant Ancestors lay before him: The very Names of *Cressy*, *Agincourt*, Charm him; and he'd much rather be buried there in the *Bed of Honour*, than tamely Die at Home in his own: Not would it be an easie Choice, if he was either to Die himself, or see his *Royal General King George* hazard his Sacred Life, whom he loves more than Life, or Honour, would not exchange for an *Alexander*, or a *Cesar*, and thinks 'tis impossible for him to be Beaten, whilst he follows his *Royal Commands*.

Then LORD OF HOSTS!

Preserve *Great GEORGE*, while he doth advance,

His shining Arms against encroaching *France*,

Guide thou the pious Hero's Fate;

And help the Prop, the Glory of our State!

Preserve

Preserve our War-like Prince, the Prince that
must

Break ROME's STONE-GODS, and crush
her into Dust.

What a *Golden Age* of Piety, Learning
Honour and pure-reform'd Religion wou'd the
whole World then enjoy, but more especially
those that are so *Truly Blest*, as to be the
Subjects of King *George*; neither do we
doubt but to see Your Majesty and the
Kingdoms you govern thus happy; for what
can't a Royal General do, who has the very
Hearts of his Souldiers by his Valour and
Generous Nature; but I shan't need to enlarge
on the Greatness of Your Majesties Soul to
all such that fight under Your Royal Com-
mand; for 'tis so much in your Nature to do
Good, that *Your Majesties Life is but one
continued Act of placing Benefits* on such as
deserve it, as the Sun is always carrying his
Light to some part or other of the World
so that our Glorious *George* is come to the
transcendent Altitude, that he seems to be
mounted above the Reach of Fear, or En-
vy, and I had almost said, of *Imitation*.

When you unknown to th' World, brave
 Prince didst sit,
 Skillful in Eloquence, Manners, Arts, and
 Wit ;
 The highest Pitch of Honour was Your
 Due ;

and now advanc'd, if like your self you
 prove,
 What shall I say, you equal Gods above :
 For sure no Man can equal you.

Except those, who (like the ever Victo-
 rious *Marlborough*) make their Valour and
 Conduct the Example of *Your matchless*
Prowess, which his *Grace* has done in so
 spotless and Glorious a Manner for Ten
 Campaigns, that when he chac'd Bright Fame
 with the Roaring of Cannon, he was still
 foremost ; and where'er goes in Search of the
 Enemy he can feel Nothing, he wants No-
 thing : *Hardship* is Ease, *Hunger* a Ban-
 quet, and a *Steel-Corslet* as easie as Beds of
 Down, and (I had almost said) his Soldiers
 are as Brave as He ; for there's not a Man
 in his whole Army knows what 'tis to mur-
 mur at, or dispute his Commands, any more
 than

The GOLDEN AGE.

than to flee, while he in Person leads the *Battle*; which he will (if the Enemy will stand long enough to be Kill'd) thro' a Sea of *Bloud*. For he is patient of all Hardships, and Fatigues, if he mayn't be said rather to enjoy, than endure 'em. He knows his *Business in War* is not so much to Eat as to Fight; and 'tis not Money, but Honour, that he ventures his Life for.

Then can any *Loyal Subject* doubt of the Revival of a *Martial Golden Age* in *Great Britain*, when our Army has such a Wise and Invincible Monarch to lead it as *Glorious George*, and such an Experienc'd and Victorious General as the Duke of *Marlborough* always ready to obey his Commands: *Marlborough!* the Brave, Couragious *Marlborough!* that had rather get new Wounds (which he wears as Great-men Stars) than boast of his old; and be in a new *Battle* than talk of those he has formerly seen. Nature it self he can fight with, tho' perhaps not Overcome; *Rocks, Mountains, Rivers, Deluges*, and *Winter*, never make him afraid; tho' he wou'd sooner with an Enemy that gave him leave to exercise something else than *Passive Valour*. However, in such

Case

The GOLDEN AGE.

Cases as these, he maintains his own Ground, tho' he can't perhaps gain another ; or at least quits it, not loses it ; may Retire, but *never Runs away*, and his Retreat is like a Ram's, to come on, with greater Vengeance ; or the Sun, which mounts so low in Winter, only to take the Advantage of wheeling about, and rising again in Summer, when the sawcy Fogs and Mists must all flie before him. The illustrious *Marlborough* rises in the Spring, like a Snake that has lost his Cloathing, all fresh, sprightly, and vigorous, calls for new *Hochstets*, new *Armies*, new *Kingdoms* to Conquer, and an Enemy that dare Fight him. His Excellency lies in *Standing*, not *Running* ; since in a Battle he expects to have a Tryal of Strength of his *Hands*, and not the Agility of his *Feet* ; and if he Falls in *A New VVar with France* (the only Thing that can secure that *Golden Age* that we now enjoy) he knows his Cause is well worth it, and desires no better an Epitaph than these few Words :

Here lies an ENGLISHMAN.

The GOLDEN AGE.

But I shall not here recite all those Heroick Actions of this great General, which all *Europe* have Celebrated, and none have Equall'd; they are too many for a short Character, and only fit for *solid, lasting History*, which certainly must do his Grace that Right to Enrole him in the foremost *Rank of Fame*: Nor can we doubt, but the Memory of his Great Actions will last, when Time shall have devour'd the Places where they were perform'd; when *Hochstet, Blenheim, Lisle* and *Doway* shall be a Heap of Rubbish, and the Names might otherwise be swallow'd in the Ruine, it will be remembred by the *Greatest Actions in the World*, done there by the *Greatest and the Earliest Hero*.

Thus we find in the Victorious *Marlborough* the true Spirit and Bravery of Old *Rome*, that despises all Dangers, nor can the Manly Roughness of his Natural Temper (*Fierce to none but his Countries Foes*) destroy the engaging *Sweetness* his Agreeable Conversation abounds with; which, heightened with a large Share of *Valour* and *Judgment*, improves as well as delights. His Grace reconciles *the Lamb and the Lion exactly*; in the Field, he seems made only for *War*

The GOLDEN AGE.

War ; and any where else for Nothing but *Love* : For (notwithstanding all his *Fierceness of Courage*) he has that Gentleness to Mankind, that he thinks that Day lost, in which he does not Oblige.

Neither do these Excellencies puff him up: For (to compleat his Character) he is that Brave *Marlborough* I have here describ'd, without the least Tincture of Pride, or Vanity. Vanity has always been the Refuge of Little Souls, that place their Value in *Pomptuous Living, and Big Titles* : The meer Man of Quality wou'd (cheaply) purchase Respect by such Toys as these ; but were there any Merit in such *GREATNESS*, the Duke of *Marlborough* wou'd be ador'd ; for he has such a Noble Seat at *Woodstock*, as may properly be call'd the *Elisium* of *England* ; and were not his Grace better inclin'd than to forget Heaven for the sake of a perishing Glory, he'd little think of Mansions hereafter, who has such a *Paradise* as this to Dwell in. But the Generous Man (like the Illustrious *Marlborough*) is little Affected with *Empty Greatness*, but fixes himself in the Hearts of the *most valuable Part of Mankind*, where proper Merit only is esteem'd :

The GOLDEN AGE.

steem'd ; and the Man, not his Equipage and Accidental Appurtenances, respected. But I find I must stop here ; for the most I can say of this *Great General*, is the least of what he merits : For, (to conclude his Character) He is justly honour'd with being CAPTAIN-GENERAL to all Your Majesties Forces ; which being Your Majesties voluntary Choice is the highest Flight can be made in his Praise, as the advancing the Duke of *Marlborough* to that High *Military Post* sufficiently shews your Majesty thinks him the fittest *Guard* for the *Golden Age*, as he is in Reality the greatest General (King *George* and his Royal Highness excepted) that ever *entred the Field of Battle*.

The Noblest Purple swells his gen'rous Veins,
Which yet he bravely spends in long Campaigns ;
A Thirst of Fame his gallant Breast inspires,
And only *Alicion's* Peace can quench the Fire,
I mean that *Peace* that all but JACKS * admire ;

* Jacobites.

The GOLDEN AGE.

For 'tis no *Peace* patch'd up by *Luidore*,
No *White-Staff-Peace*, that different ways
did soar ;
No *Diamond-Peace*, * that made the Na-
tion Poor ;
No *Popish Peace* to make Young *Perkin*
King,
And save **TWO NECKS**, that must in Hal-
fswing ;
No ! 'twas that *Peace* which all true Patriots
seek ;
'twas Just and Lasting, 'twas no *Separate*
Trick :
'twas that Good *Peace* which our Allies
wou'd have,
What *Marlborough* fought for, and wou'd
England save.

And it must be own'd to the Eternal Ho-
our of the Duke of *Marlborough*, that his
matchless Conduct and Success in Arms made
Queen Anne's Character shine both at Home

* Alluding to that *Rich Diamond*, that the *French*
King presented to Viscount *Bolingbroke*, when Lord
Harley sent him to *France* to patch up a *Separate*
Peace.

The GOLDEN AGE.

and Abroad for the First Eight Years of her
Reign beyond any of her Predecessors (the
Glorious WILLIAM and MARY only ex-
cepted) And tho' of late Queen *Anne* had
the Misfortune to be wholly govern'd by the
Earl of *Oxford* (who for that Reason is ju-
ly call'd QUEEN ROBIN) yet was she
truly Pious and Good to her last *Breath* tho'
the very worst *her Enemies* can say of her
is,

In Post Queen *Anne* is gone to Heav'n,
To get past (when there) the *Bill of Schism*
That needless Trouble she might spare,
No *Tory-Senate's* fitting there :
Who are the Tools that cannot see,
The Bill's 'gainst just Heav'n's Decree ;
Mercy the Gospel always meant,
To *persecute's* not Heav'n's Intent :
Howe'er it be, it's well she's gone
To Introduce BRAVE GEORGE O
BRUM.

To save the Nation twice she try'd,
First when she *Fought*, and when she *Dy'd*.

The GOLDEN AGE.

5

Neither can any Loyal Subject, that either loves his Country, or English Liberties, doubt this being the deplorable Condition of the British Nation at the very Time our Pious and Excellent Queen exchange'd her earthly for an Heavenly Crown. The great danger the Kingdom was then in from the Pretender, Popery and Slavery, being plainly prov'd by the following Address to Your Majesty from the Borough of *New-Malton* in *Yorkshire* :

Most Gracious Sovereign,

THE just Fears and Jealousies we have lately laid under of having a Popish Pretender introduc'd into this Kingdom by a Ministry so bold, that durst advise her late Majesty to deny his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, then Duke of Cambridge, coming to England to take his Seat in the House of Peers, are now, God be Prais'd, vanish'd by Your Majesty and his Royal Highnesses arrival in Great Britain, and by Your Choice Ministers of State, who formerly in that Station made a Reign Glorious, 'till a Faction Remove of them, and a Dissolution of a
good

The GOLDEN AGE.

good Parliament had very near reduc'd us
Ruine, by putting the most Flourishing King-
dom into the Power of a Prince often
clar'd both by Crown and Parliament
greatest Enemy and Oppressor of Euro-
Now, Great Sir, that our Fears are over
we take Liberty to end this Your Trouble
assuring Your Majesty, that Nothing in Our
Duty shall be wanting to assist You against
all Pretenders whatsoever to Your Crown
and Dignity, and shall always rejoyce in
Encrease of Your Royal Line, which we
upon to be the only Support of the Protestant
Religion and the Liberty of Christendome
and that Your Majesty may long live to see
the Scepter of Your Kingdoms, and that
Your Royal Issue may ever enjoy not only
Your Crown but Your Vertues, is the Con-
stant Prayer of Your Majesties most De-
ful and Loyal Subjects.

As this Loyal Address from Malton gives
Your Majesty a Faithful Account of the
IRON AGE of Jacobitism, Bribery, and
Profaneness, that afflicted every true Friend
to the House of Hanover for the last Fifty
Years, so that Excellent Address from New-
tingham

The GOLDEN AGE.

ingham (as I shall shew anon) as plainly discovers that *Golden Age* of Justice, Honour, and Reformation, with which all Your Majesties Subjects are now blest, and we have good Reason to hope, will continue to be so, in their Childrens Children to *the VVorld's End*; for as the *Malton-Address* fairly proves, the *Golden Age* had ne'er been reviv'd in *England*, but by the displacing of the *Late Ministry*; so 'tis now apparent the same is fully exemplified in Your Majesties Royal Person and Issue; and therefore, tho' we have lost a very Pious and Excellent Queen by the Death of Royal *Anne*, yet as the *Late Ministry* basely betray'd their Sovereign and Native Country by a *Separate Peace* (and other *Jacobite-Practices* mention'd in the *Malton-Address*) as I ventur'd *Neck or Nothing* to discover their Treason, shall still call *A Spade a Spade*, by *Paraphrasing* upon Your Majesties so seasonably displacing the *Late Ministry* in these Words.

When Princes fall, some think that *Justice* flies,
and that with *Anna* all Religion dyes:

The GOLDEN AGE.

I the Reverse, that hers and *Oxford's* Fate
(From whence we may our happy *Æra*
date)

Give to both drooping the most Vig'rous
State.

The one (tho' Good) yet melting like the
Wax,

Took all Impressions owing to her Sex ;
The other such a *Doubler* in his Trade,
Religion, Honour, (ALL) a Handle made
For the WHITE STAFF, and *B-----brok*
by Wh---g,

Did both abhor, what they were just RE
STORING. *

So that QUEEN ROBIN was a *Janua*
Prince,

To BRUNSWICK he look'd, but Row'd
direct for *France* ;

Thrice Happy Britons ! Now a *Hero* Reigns
With *British* Bloud, and Courage in his
Veins,

* As is largely prov'd by that truly Learned and
most Ingenious Gentleman, Mr. *John Toland*, in
his late Seasonable and Excellent Treatise, intituled
The Art of Restoring.

The GOLDEN AGE.

Hence all Effeminate Sobs, all Slavish Fear,
Our *GEORGE* for *England*, and a *MARLBRO'*
here :

Great Things presage to the Autumnal Year:
Great Things indeed ! The least they do pre-
sage,

Is War with *France*, and then a *GOLDEN*
AGE.

And how wellcome must the Revival of
the *Golden Age* needs be to a Protestant
Kingdom upon the very Brink of Ruin (i. e.
that was meerly sold to France and Rome
by a Jacobite Ministry that were just making
Good their Bargain) 'tis true this *Golden*
Age of a Reformation is not yet so *General*,
but a few Hereditary Passive Canters, finding
Nature to Rebel against Principle, had so con-
verted their New Measures with the *Preten-*
der, as to raise *MOBS* and *RIOTS* all the
Kingdom over upon that Blessed and Ever-
glorious Day upon which Your Majesty was
Crown'd King, but that the *Sacheverelite* (or
High-Church) Rebels may be all brought to
open and Condign Punishment, I have sent
General Hue and Cry after them, and re-
solve to publish their Black and Villainous

The GOLDEN AGE.

History ; and tho' I shall run the Hazard of my Life and Fortune a second Time by thus exposing your Majesties MOB-ENEMIES ; yet as the Discovery of *Jacobite-Plots* against your Crown and Dignity is the indispensable Duty of every Loyal Subject, had I a Million of *NECKS*, I'd venture 'em all in making, — *A Search after the Jacobite Rioters* ; which Search (if I live to compleat it) shall entitle, “ The Secret History of the Mob
“ Plot : Or a General Hue and Cry after Paf-
“ sive-Obediente and Non-Resistance, to all
“ those Cities, Towns and Villages of Great
“ Britain and Ireland, where the *Sacheverell*
“ *relive* Faction have either wounded or mur-
“ der'd the Loyal *Whiggs* for that, extraor-
“ dinary Joy they expect at the Coronation
“ of King George.”

This *HUE and CRY* has been on the Search for the Rioters, ever since Your Majesties Proclamation for taking of them, and are here all Detected, Arraign'd, and Characteriz'd, and the whole Search Dedicated to that Arch-Jacobite, Dr. *Sacheverell* ; as to his *False Brethren* Drinking the Pretender's Health, and Seditious Progress thro' several Counties, that we owe all those

The GOLDEN AGE.

visions and **MOBBINGS** that have been in *England* for these last Four Years ; so that 'tis plain from the Traiterous Practices of *Dr. Sacheverel*, and the Mobbs he has rais'd to blemish the *Glorious Day* of Your Majesties Coronation, that the *Jacobite* Faction, that call themselves *High-Church*, are in Reality a Scandal to that *Golden Age* that Your Majesty has reviv'd by Your Royal Vertues of *Charity, Temperance, and Moderation*: These *High-Church* Mobbers (if in *Holy Orders*) are a Sort of **DIVINITY-METEORS**, that run whisking up and down to misguide the wandering People, and vent their undigested Conceits as the Wind of their *airy Fancies* agitates 'em ; one cannot perceive 'em to be *Cripples*, and yet there is not one of 'em but hats most conspicuously between **GOD** and **BAAL** : These *High-Church* Mobbers pretend to be Protestants, but with an extraordinary Inclination to Popery, that they may have Two Strings to their Bow, and be ready upon the Return of their *Idol* (*King Perkin*) to fall down and worship his Will and Pleasure. They are credulous Bigots that never think, and for that reason are perfect Enemies to a *Gold-*

The Golden Age.

en Age of Charity and Brotherly Love
Your Majesty desires Perfect Peace and Un
on amongst all Your Protestant Subjects, but
these Fiery *Mad-Caps* do now fling about
their Bombs and their Granadoes, as if they
were storming a *Conventicle*; every Word
is a Snap-Dragon, or a Flash of Lightning
enough to singe all the Perriwigs in the Con
gregation — Strange! — That such
ery Priests shou'd be for *Passive Obedience*
But that's a Vertue: (as is seen by Dr. Sack
terrell's late Mobbing Progress through sever
al Counties) which they only Preach to
others, never Practice themselves: Such *Pa
ssive Doctor* (or rather *Mobbers*) has the
if they happen to be advanc'd near the Per
son of their Prince; instead of putting him
in Mind of his *Coronation Oath*; and
the Duties of his High Station, they tell him
That Kings breath not the same Brea
th with other Men; that they are not of the
Race of *Adam*, but the Sons of *Jupiter*
and *Minomon*, &c. descended from Heav'n
booted and spur'd to guide their Vassals the
People. Moreover, that they are no mo
re oblig'd by any *Coronation Oaths*, than
Lovers by their Oaths to their Mistress

The GOLDEN AGE.

but may dispense with the Establish'd Con-
stitutions of the Kingdom at their own
Will and Pleasure, and that they are ac-
countable to none but God; that *Arbitra-
ry Power* is the *Golden Age* by Divine
Appointment, and that no Subjects are tru-
ly Loyal but such that (like *Mobbing Sa-
cheverelites*) will prostitute both Law and
Conscience to oblige their Prince; for these
good Services, and many more of the same
Nature, they prevail with a *Party-King* to
inlarge their Encroachments upon the Civil
Jurisdiction, and having gotten an unjusti-
fiable Power into their Hands, they call it
the CHURCH, which they think is no
longer Safe than they are care's'd and pre-
ferr'd; so that whatever the *Lay-Mobbers*
may be, 'tis evident, that the *Pulpit In-
cendiaries* are the perfect Reverse of the
Golden Age; and I the rather affirm this,
as the greatest Part of these Mobbing (or
Persecuting) *Levites* were of King *James's*
Promotion, or by his Interest, when Duke
of *York*; and fearing therefore to be laid
aside, they wou'd make the World believe,
that the Church of *England* will fall, shou'd
they be discarded; when others *more dig-
nified,*

The GOLDEN AGE.

• *nised, more conscientious, more Religious*
• *more Learned, more fore-seeing, apprehend*
• *no such Danger. They wou'd make*
• *the World believe the Reformation of the*
• *Clergy to be the Down-fall of the Church*
• *Hence such a Bustle, such a Clutter, such a*
• *Hurry; hence so much Canvassing at Elections,*
• *such bawling out Sacheverell and the*
• *Church; as if all lay at Stake when nothing*
• *is in Danger.*

In these Reflections * I shall always except those worthy Divines of the Church of England, that have either *Piety, Learning* or *Temper*; for no such were ever yet led to encourage *MOB S*, or to foment Divisions, as Dr. *S---*, Dr. *H---*, and Dr. *W---*, have often done by their *Pulpit Railery, Drinking the Pretender's Health* and *False Cry of the Church's Danger*. 'Tis true, I can't prove that Dr. *H---* ever drank the Pretender's Health, as Dr. *S---* and Dr. *W---* frequently did in Que-

* Which I have largely prov'd to be matter of Fact in a Treatise I call, *Plain French, or a Satire upon the Tackers*.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Ann's Reign) but he *out-roar'd* 'em both
in the *False Cry of the Church's Danger* :
And another *Mobbing-Priest* (a Great Crea-
ture of Lord H---ly's, tho' otherwise a Man
of Learning and Sense) has had the Assurance
to declare in the open Pulpit, *That the Dis-*
senters are worse than the Papists, that the
Lutherans are worse than the Dissenters, and
that the Church of England is now in greater
Danger than ever ; and therefore 'tis hoped
these Four *Jacobite* Priests will be always *his-*
sed from the Royal Presence by those very
Mobs they have lately rais'd by their incon-
sistent and trait'rous Notions of *Hereditary*
Right and Passive Obedience ; for if Men of
their *Jacobite* Character be again advanc'd
either in Church or State, neither the *Golden*
Age, nor indeed scarce the *Shew* of Religion
or Loyalty will continue amongst us any lon-
ger, than 'till they have finish'd that *Art of*
Restoring that *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* had
begun with such great Success ; and which
the *Sacheverelite* and *Weltonian Rioters*
have promoted with such matchless Impu-
dence, that the truly Pious and Reverend
Mr. *Joseph Acres* had like to have been
Mobb'd (i. e. pull'd to Pieces) in *White-*

The GOLDEN AGE.

Chappel Pulpit, for only shewing to his *Jacobite* Hearers, *The True Method of Propagating Religion and Loyalty*; — Dr. *Welton's* Hearers cou'd so little bear to hear such *Seasonable* and *Loyal* Doctrine as this, where *Jacobite* Principles had been so often broach'd that Mr. *Acres* himself assures the World * That violent Hands were laid upon him a soon as he came out of the Church, and that he narrowly escap'd with his Life; and this *Weltonian Mob* (for in *White-Chaple*, tis like Priest, like People) was spirited up against him for no other Reason but for preaching against the persecuting Temper of the Papist, Reviving the Glorious Memory of King *William*, Giving Your Majesty and the Branches of Your Royal Family their just Character, and mentioning our *Great General*, (the Duke of *Marlborough*) who by the Blessing of God on his wise Conduct was the happy Instrument of reducing the exorbitant Power of *France*.

* In his Sermon intit'led, *The True Method of Propagating Religion and Loyalty*. Printed for Captain *Philips* at the Bull in *Cornhill*.

The GOLDEN AGE.

I humbly assure your Majesty (for I saw it with my own Eyes) that the Pious *Acres* merely for preaching this Orthodox Doctrine in *White-Chappel* Church was basely mobb'd and very near being *De-VVitted* by Dr. *W---n's* Hearers (the same *W---n* that profan'd his Church by a spiteful Altar piece, and that often drinks a Health to the *Fatherless Child and the VVidow* *) and therefore I don't wonder that the Loyal *Acres* so narrowly escap'd with his Life for endeavouring to propagate Religion and Loyalty in Dr. *W---n's* Pulpit; for tho' all the shining Qualities of the *Golden Age* is found in the pious Life of that Excellent Divine, Mr. *Joseph Acres*, yet as he is no *Jacobite*, but has always maintain'd the Necessity and Justice of the *Revolution*, it can't be expected but Dr. *W---n* (and his Favourite Hearers the stupid *Jacobites*) shou'd perfectly hate him; for 'tis well known, that the *Sacheverelite* Faction are now grown so impudent (as if they had some *Mob-Plot* to put in Execution at the Choice of the next Parliament) that

* Meaning the Pretender and his Popish Mother.

The GOLDEN AGE.

they dare hiss at our best Patriots in Church and State ; but let 'em hiss as much as they please ; for we thank God they have lost their Sting, and will ever do so, whilst such Glorious Patriots as Marlborough, Somers, Bolton, Montross, Argile, Wharton, Halifax, Nottingham, Sunderland, Warrington, Townsend, Cobham, Godolphin, Canterbury, York, Salisbury, Lincoln, Norwich, Ely, Roxborough, Cadogan, Stanhope, Lechmere, King, Parker, Onslow, Heathcote, Ward, Scawen, Humphreys, Godfrey, &c. are Fast Friends to that Golden Age that does now flourish (in Spight of Jacobite Noise and Rattle) in the Illustrious House of Hanover, and we don't doubt but this Golden Age will continue as Bright and Glorious as it now shines to the World's End.

Tho' it can't be deny'd, but all Your Majesties Protestant Subjects are miraculously delivered from the Popish Scheme concerted by Oxford and Bolingbroke to restore the Pretender, and that they are in as remarkable a manner preserv'd from the Ruin design'd to their Persons and Houses by those Most Plots that have been encourag'd by the Sacheverelite Faction in a False Cry of the Church

The GOLDEN AGE.

6.

Church's Danger : Yet this Deliverance is so surprizing and great, that we shou'd still fear all is but a Dream of Happiness, did not Your Majesties *Royal Presence* convince us, that our *Golden Age* is a real Thing ; which I shall now call,

[The *Cælestial Coronation.*]

For what a Blessed *Golden Age* is that,
Where *Royal Vertues* always rule the State,
Where *Mobbing the WHIGGS* an't counted
Loyalty,
Where they an't thought to serve their King,
that God despise,
Where they that rail at Meetings or at Church,
are *Mobbers* call'd, for they that break the
Peace are such.
For *Charity* is that diffusive Thing,
That makes a *Saint*, nay more that Glorious
King,
That from your Royal Loins will ever spring.
This Blessing by *Cælestial Bounty* given,
Makes happy *England* seem a SECOND
HEAVEN.

A

8. **THE GOLDEN AGE.**

A *Golden Age* then is too poor a Thing,
To paint that Glorious Reign I now would
sing,

~~Angelic~~ Transports wou'd in all be shown,
Had we the happy Art to make 'em known
But when our Blessings we wou'd fain re-
hearfe,

We find the Theme above the Pow'r of
Verse:

No Flight of Fancy can to that pretend,
Which does our most exalted Thoughts tran-
scend;

Blest with the Transports of a *Golden Age*,
And with a King that does even HEAVEN
prefage:

Too weak our Art, our Words are all to
mean,

To tell our Joys; or paint the Radiant Scene

Say, *Painter*, say, what Method must we
chuse,

What Artful Turns invent, what Language
use?

Draw rising Suns and Streams of new-born
Light,

After the Horrors of a stormy Night,

A

The GOLDEN AGE.

6

Or paint the Spring, when *Flora* spreads her
Charms,

Just freed from Winter Winds and ruffling
Storms :

Yet all will be too short ! —

Like Drooping Flowers, oppress'd with pon-
derous Pain,

We hung our Heads, and fear'd our Sighs
were vain ;

No Night with Peace, no Day with Mirth
was Crown'd ;

But in their stead perplexing Cares went
round :

The *Jacks* * well-pleas'd, a spiteful Joy ex-
press'd,

Supposing we shou'd ne'er again be Blest :

Our *Golden Age* was then conceiv'd a Jest.

Then Hail, *Great George*, the Guardian
of our Isle,

Whose Presence makes reviving Nature smile,
And all her Sorrows fleet in haste away,

Like airy Phantoms, at the Rise of Day ;

* Jacobites.

The GOLDEN AGE.

At your Approach, the Season does renew,
And all its Pleasures stay to wait on you:
For you *Old Time* retards the flying Hour
For you gay *Flora* keeps her choicest Flower
For you his loaded Baskets *Autumn* fills,
The Harvest Crowns the Fields, and Flocks
the Hills.

For you the Joyful Shepherds tune the
Lays, (Bay

For you the *Muse* and *Daphne* wreath the
Whilst the past Spring looks back, and sees
to mourn,

Because he cou'd not stay, and can't return
Howe'er it be, the *Golden Age* does spring
In ev'ry Loyal Breast, for *George* is now a
King.

All hail! and welcome to our longing Sight
As *Liberty, or Peace, or Life, or Light,*
For *Light, Life, Peace, and Liberty* we gave
With you, *Great Sir*, but wish'd for 'em
vain;

'Till you arriv'd; 'till then our Joys were fit
But now the *Iron Age* is vanished:

Then come ye *Nymphs* in all your Flow'ring
Pride, (provid

Garlands and Wreaths, and Verdant Crowns

The GOLDEN AGE.

Flie to the East, and rob the *Blooming* Spring,
And hither all his brightest Glories bring :
The Ways with Roses, and with Violets strow,
Whilst *Zephyrs* thro' the Air their Odours
blow.

For all's too little to adorn that Reign,
That makes a *Golden Age*, and blesses ev'ry
Swain.

See ! see ! what Angel comes on yonder
Cloud !

A *Golden Age* does in his Glories shroud ;
Like a descending Star, he leaves the Skie,
And his Attendants form a *Galaxie* :

A thousand Cherubs round your Chariot play,
And Seraphs spread their Garments in your
Way :

A *Golden Mist*'s your Canopy of State,
And in your Train the Saints by thousands
wait.

Had *Cyprus* so much Grace in *Venus* seen,
They well might make a Goddess of their
Queen.

Heaven by Visits makes a *Golden Age*,
We now *Great Britain* is that happy
Stage ;

The GOLDEN AGE.

For since *Great George* appear'd, ev'n Day
increas'd its Light,
And Heaven 'till now was never seen so bright;
The *Royal Entry* was a Glorious Sight.
For now the glowing Sun in Beams of Splen-
dor danc'd,
And flashing Rays from burning Planets glanc'd.
The spangled Roof of Heaven, from both the
Poles,
In *Gilded Scaffolds* held surveying Souls.
The Enamell'd Plains of Happiness out-shone
The Gold and Azure of the Lazule-Stone.

This was the *Royal Entry* grac'd, and when
King George was Crown'd, all *Heav'n* adorn'd
the Scene ;

This was the *Iron Age*, as Mobbers sing,
For all but *High-Church* Steeples now did ring
The *Coronation* was so Just and Bright,
That all but * *Jacks* did now appear in White
Whole *Heav'n* appear'd to grace the Joyful
Sight.

Machines of Air from the Bright Zenith hung
Where Angels sat and play'd, and Cherubs sung

* *Jaculites.*

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Wanton (in Clusters) Seraphs flew on high,
And seem'd to make the *Fretwork* of the Skie.
On yielding Clouds whole Fleeces curl'd along,
To view the Triumph Infant-Angels cling.

The *Gaudiest Rainbows* were the Arches rais'd,
On which bright Spoils and flaming Trophies
blaz'd.

Troops of Arch-Angel Guards in bright Array,
Were rank'd on either Side the *Milky Way*.
On shining Pavements the Procession march'd,
And Heav'n it self seem'd for the Triumph
arch'd ;

With Court above this Glorious Sight was seen,
For there the *Golden Age* has ever been)
When Royal *George* was Crown'd our Right-
ful King.

Jehovah's choicest Musick led the Van ;
Each *Orpheus* mov'd upon a Silver Swan ;
But *Purcell* drawn by Nightingales advanc'd,
His Notes were play'd, and *Heav'n* lay all in-
tranc'd :

The *Souls* of Men, whom *Jove* himself in-
spir'd

With sacred Skill, came gorgeously attir'd ;
Here *Poetry* assum'd the formost Place
With easy Movement, and Majestick Grace ;

The GOLDEN AGE.

Her pompous Sister *Painting* charm'd the
Sight,
In Party-colour'd Robes of various Light :
Cowley and *VValler* here were wreath'd
with Bays,
The Ravish'd Saints held their alternate Lays,
Cowley sung *David's* Fame, and *VValler*
George's Praife.

Next follow'd *Truth*, her Cloathing rich
tho' plain,
Solemn yet pleasing, Artful yet serene ;
A Band of Champions round the Matron
clos'd,
Who, by defending her, themselves expos'd
Here *Wickliff* like a Comet on a Cloud,
The Emblem of the Age he liv'd in, stood
Calvin, *Melancthon*, *Luther*, did appear,
Like Stars that rose to tell *Rome's* Fall was near
Or like that Light that led wise Kings the way
To th' humble Place, where Great *Messiah* lay
O'er their grave Heads protecting Angels glide
And *Guardian Cherubs* range on ev'ry Side ;
All join'd their Transports, for all *Heav'n* di-
ring, tain's King
When *Royal George* was Crown'd Great Br
This *Golden Age* made *Heav'n* and *Earth*
sing. Te

The GOLDEN AGE.

Ten thousand *Vertues* next by Couples
came

in Fiery Chariots, and in Robes of Flame,
Too Glorious to describe, too Num'rous to
name,

Each had a modest Air, a lovely Mien,
But all these Beauties may on Earth be seen,
They meet and shine in our Illustrious King.

Next Venerable *Tillotson* approach'd,
The Saints in Throngs his sacred Mantle
touch'd ;

Learning, and *Eloquence*, and *Rhet'rick* strow'd
Their choicest Flow'rs in his embellish'd Road,
Wisdom and *Piety* the Patriarch led,

and *Moderation* crown'd his peaceful Head ;
Lawful as Shade, yet like a Comet bright,

Where e'er he past, he shed a Stream of Light ;

yet was so pleas'd with our *Great George's*
Reign ;

As 'twas from *William* he his Title gain'd)

he leaves his Seat to see the Glorious Scene.

Next came a Troop of *Martyr'd Inno-*
cents,

might blush'd to see their fairer Ornaments.

In

The GOLDEN AGE.

In Iv'ry Chariots flam'd with Gold they rode
Gay as the *Milky Path* on which they trod
These all had heard, King *George's* pious
Reign

Had rais'd on Earth the *Golden Age* again,
And therefore went to see that *Glorious Man*

Here *Gaunt*, as if she burnt once more, in
bright,

Not in *Terrestrial Fire*, but *Heav'nly Light*
Lisle does no more the Barbarous *Hatch*
dread,

But Lambent Glory glides about her Head;
What diverse Fates their *Charity* has found
Below 'twas punish'd; and above 'tis Crown'd
Like *Sisters* they lov'd, and now went both
to see, (thee

The *Golden Age* that shin'd *Great George* in

Essex was wafted on the Wings of Fame,
Himself no longer bloody, nor his Name:
To excuse his Murth'ers, he's of Murthe
blam'd,

But Saints his Fall and Innocence proclaim'd
Tho' none but *One*-by Suff'ring merits Bliss,
Sure Heav'n was due to Injuries like his;
The *Golden Age* was written on his Phiz.

The GOLDEN AGE.

He view'd Our King with such transporting
Voice, (with Joys.
Had he been still on Earth, he'd dy'd again

Cornish approach'd dismember'd, but in
vain! (gain.

God and his Faith have made him whole a-
bove, while they triumph'd in his Blood be-
low, (Show :

turn'd his fierce Eyes from the affronting
his Innocence at his Demand was known,

in Trumpets of resounding *Thunder* blown.

Heaven back to Earth hot Exhalations hurl'd,

to break all Converse with th' abandon'd
World ;

like the *Centurion*, then his Foes began

to own too late he was a Righteous Man ;

to own had *Withers* hang'd, when *Gaunt*
and *Cornish* died,

the *Golden Age* would then in Triumph ride.

howe'er it be, *Cornish* thro' *Heaven* went,

to view Brave *George* that guards the Inno-
cent.

Next *Sidney* in his inlaid Chariot row'd,

Sidney the Good, the Noble, and the Bold ;

Sidney,

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Sidney, whose Christian Exit did deride
The *Romans* Courage, and the *Stoicks* Pride
Sidney, who, if no *Bloudy Furies* e'er had
been,

Had made a *Golden Age* of *Charles's* Reign
He therefore long'd to see King *George*
Crown,

By whom that *Heav'n* to the World is shown

Ruffel in Pomp rid o'er the *Di'mond Road*
And all around him having Splendor glow'd
His *Chariot-Wheels* appear'd like *Fiery Globes*
And *Comets* weav'd their Hair to make his
Robes.

God-like he liv'd, so like a God he died;
Not much more Glorious, now he's glorified
In costly Gems from Heaven's best Wardrobe
drest;

At length the Saint *Increase of Light* confest
Stress, in the Skies to which she fled,
Wept, when on Earth the pious *Ruffel* blest
She wept such Tears as his own Confes-
sion shed:

Alike they mourn'd, and as they both de-
sired,

To see such Sights no more, they wept
Both were Blind.

The GOLDEN AGE.

Then what a *Golden Age* had he secur'd,
Had the * *Exclusion-Bill* but been endur'd
By *High-Church* Prelates that by † *York* were
dur'd ;

For we with Tears of Bloud remember still
And well we may as 'twas the Church's Knell)
When *Passive Bishops* flung out *Russell's* Bill.
No wonder then this *Hero* strives to see
That *Legal Crown* that's fix'd, *Great George*,
on thee.

For to secure a Royal Protestant Line,
He died a *Martyr*, and will ever shine.

Next march'd in Armour that out-blaz'd
The Sun, (Bon,
The Chiefs that fell at *Blenheim*, *Liege*, and
Woe, *Mordaunt*, *Forbs*, and *VVentworth*
led them on.

For these Great Men having all desir'd to see
The *Golden Age* reviv'd in *Brittany*,

* This Bill of Exclusion was first brought into the House of Commons by William, Lord Russell, for which he lost his Life.

† Brother to Charles II. and succeeded him in the British Throne, 'till he had establish'd Popery in Great Britain.

The GOLDEN AGE.

Thought such a Blessing we cou'd ne'er obtain
Till *George* was King of *England*, *France*
and *Spain*.

Next Troops of Good and Warlike Pri
ces go

From *Constantine* the Great to Great *Nassa*
Each Monarch was attended by a Train
Of all the first-rank'd Worthies of his Reign
For tho' in Heav'n the *Golden Age* does shine
Yet *George's Coronation* was so fine,

That Monarchs in Bliss were proud to gaze
him. (Crowns)

The Skies amaz'd admir'd their sparkli
And thought at first they saw so many Sun.

Now Acclamations thro' the Poles resound
Whilst *Warrington* does on a Courser bound
A Troop of *Daz'ling-Angels* rid before,
Some his * *Fam'd Work*, some his Plum'd H
met bore :

* Which I had the Honour to Print in the Year
1689, with this Title, The Works of the Right
nourable *Henry*, Lord *Delamere*, with his Advice
his Son.

The GOLDEN AGE.

There's *Revolution* written on his Brow,
To shew Heav'n lik'd the *Coronation-
Show*.

Which *VVarrington* did so desire to Grace,
He drest his Soul with *Heaven's* brightest Rays,
To stand and view King *George's* Royal Face.

Serubs aloft look'd down to see him march,
And twisting form'd themselves into an Arch.
Graphs his Brows with Blossoms did adorn,
And cloath'd him with the Dawning of the
Morn. (Sight,

his Peer's transcendent Lustre struck their
Sights could not see him for Excess of Light.
Or as the *Revolution* he did join,

this Great Lustre proves that Act Divine.
It's made of Charms, the Choir of *Heav'n*
ne'er sung

such Harmony, as dwells upon his Tongue.

His *Famous Tryal* will be ever Rare,

Whilst there's a Loyal Peer, or Rogue to
swear.

His Noble Peer, and his yet living Son,

Crown'd with Glory which themselves
have won;

At first by fixing that Crown on *William's*
Head,

Which he, Immortal Prince, so well deserv'd.

The GOLDEN AGE.

The last by thinking Nought on Earth to
dear,

To fix and guard the Rights of *Hanover*.

Ten't Gold but Honour makes a *Hero* shine

The *Golden Age* can never be Divine,

But when like * *Speke* we love our Coun-
much above our Coin.

That's act Lord *Warrington* in all we do

Be Loyal, Honest, Brave, and Grateful to

The *Whiggish* Cause is most divinely bright

Did we not starve its Friends that do us Right

But shou'd the *Golden Age* be lost again,

We still shou'd find it in Lord *Warrington*

Who loves us, (tho' in *Heaven*) and let

us in his Son.

Nassau (while Light'ning sweeps his St
Way)

Comes Blazing in the Chariot of the Day

Twelve flaming Steeds all led by Angels pra

And trembling Beams on their Gold T

pings danc'd :

* That this is the true Character of Mr. Hugh
is evident to any Impartial Person that reads his
Essay, intituled, *Arcana Anni Mirabilis*, or the
History of the Revolution, Dedicated to his Ma

The *Sun* himself in his best Liv'ry drove,
 And 'twas the Opinion of the Bless'd above :
 He rul'd that Day more steady than before,
 Taught how to Govern by the Prince he bore :
 His Golden Wheels on Silver Axles turn'd,
 His Chrystal Coach in Di'mond Sparkles
 burn'd :

On the cut *Gems* reflected Lustre plaid,
 And Light in all its Colours was array'd :
Michael attends him with *Heaven's Body*
 Guard,

The same with whom the Beaten Angels warr'd,
Jove at the Triumph wou'd himself appear,
 But that he had decreed none shou'd be there,
 Of greater *Glory* than the Triumpher.

Oh how it pleas'd King *William* now to see !
 (And other Saints rejoyc'd as much as he)
 The *British* Crown set on *Great George's*
 Head.

By *Tenison*, that Aged Mitred Lord ;
 He cry'd aloud ! Oh where, Oh where is
 Loyal *Gynn*, *

Sure he's plac'd first i'th' *Coronation-Train*.

* That *Illustrious Patriot*, Sir Rowland Gynn
 who first advis'd King William to settle the *British*
 Crown upon the *Illustrious House of Hanover*, is here
 meant.