



THE
FEMALE REIGN:

AN
O D E.

By Mr. COBB.

I.

WHAT can the British senate give,
To make the name of ANNA live,
By future people to be sung,
The labour of each grateful tongue?
Can faithful registers, or rhyme,
In charming eloquence, or sprightly wit,
The wonders of her reign transmit
To th' unborn children of succeeding time?
Can painters' oil, or statuaries' art,
Eternity to her impart?
No! titled statues are but empty things,
Inscrib'd to royal vanity,
'The sacrifice of flattery
To lawless Neros, or Bourbonian kings.

True virtue to her kindred stars aspires,
 Does all our pomp of stone and verse surpass,
 And mingling with etherial fires,
 No useless ornament requires
 From speaking colours, or from breathing bras.

II.

Greatest of princes ! where the wand'ring sun
 Does o'er earth's habitable regions roll,
 From th' eastern barriers to the western goal,
 And sees thy race of glory run
 With swiftness equal to his own :
 Thee on the banks of Flandrian Scaldis sings
 The jocund swain releas'd from Gallic fear :
 The English voice unus'd to hear,
 Thee the repeating banks, thee ev'ry valley rings.

III.

The sword of heav'n how pious ANNA wields,
 And heav'nly vengeance on the guilty deals,
 Let the twice fugitive Bavarian tell ;
 Who, from his airy hope of better state,
 By lust of sway irregularly great,
 Like an apostate angel fell :
 Who, by imperial favour rais'd,
 I' th' highest rank of glory blaz'd :
 And had till now unrivall'd shone,
 More than a king contented with his own ;
 But Lucifer's bold steps he trod,
 Who durst assault the throne of God ;

And for contented realms of blifsful light,
 Gain'd the sad privilege to be
 The first in folid misery,
 Monarch of hell, and woes, and everlasting night.
 Corruption of the best is always worſt ;
 And foul ambition like an evil wind,
 Blights the fair bloſſoms of a noble mind ;
 And if a ſeraph fall, he's doubly curſt.

IV.

Had guile, and pride, and envy grown
 In the black groves of Styx alone,
 Nor ever had on earth the baleful crop been ſown :
 The ſwain without amaze, had till'd
 The Flandrian glebe, a guiltleſs field :
 Nor had he wonder'd, when he found
 The bones of heroes in the ground :
 No crimſon ſtreams had lately ſwell'd
 The Dyle, the Danube, and the Scheld.
 But evils are of neceſſary growth,
 To rouze the brave, and baniſh floth ;
 And ſome are born to win the ſtars,
 By ſweat and blood, and worthy ſcars.
 Heroick virtue is by action ſeen,
 And vices ſerve to make it keen ;
 And as gigantick tyrants riſe,
 NASSAUS and CHURCHILLS leave the ſkies,
 The earth-born monſters to chaſtiſe.

V.

If, heav'nly Muse, you burn with a desire
 To praise the man whom all admire ;
 Come from thy learn'd Castalian springs,
 And stretch aloft thy Pegasean wings :
 Strike the loud Pindarick strings,
 Like the lark who soars and sings ;
 And as you sail the liquid skies,
 Cast on ^a Menapian fields your weeping eyes :
 For weep they surely must,
 To see the bloody annual sacrifice ;
 To think how the neglected dust,
 Which with contempt is basely trod,
 Was once the limbs of captains, brave and just,
 The mortal part of some great demi-god ;
 Who for thrice fifty years of stubborn war,
 With slaughter'd arms, the gun and sword,
 Have dug the mighty sepulchre,
 And fell as martyrs on record,
 Of tyranny aveng'd, and liberty restor'd.

VI.

See, where at Audenard, with heaps of slain,
 Th' heroick man inspir'dly brave,
 Mowing across, bestrews the plain,
 And with new tenants crowds the wealthy grave.

^a *The Menapii were the ancient inhabitants of Flanders.*

His mind unshaken at the frightful scene,

His looks as chearfully serene,

The routed battle to pursue,

As once adorn'd the Paphian queen,

When to her Thracian paramour she flew.

The gath'ring troops he kens from far,

And with a bridegroom's passion and delight,

Courting the war, and glowing for the fight,

The new Salmoneus meets the Celtic thunderer.

Ah, cursed pride! infernal dream!

Which drove him to this wild extream,

That dust a deity should seem;

Be thought, as through the wondering streets he rode,

A man immortal, or a god:

With rattling brags, and trampling horse,

Should counterfeit th' inimitable force

Of divine thunder: horrid crime!

But vengeance is the child of time,

And will too surely be repaid

On his profane devoted head,

Who durst affront the powers above,

And their eternal flames disgrace,

Too fatal, brandish'd by the real Jove,

Or ^a Pallas, who assumes and fills his awful place:

^a VICEM GERIT ILLA TONANTIS.

VII.

The British Pallas ! who, as ^b Homer's did
 For her lov'd Diomedes,
 Her hero's mind with wisdom fills,
 And heav'nly courage in his heart instils.
 Hence thro' the thickest squadrons does he ride,
 With ANNA's angels by his side.
 With what uncommon speed
 He spurs his foaming, fiery steed,
 And pushes on thro' midmost fires,
 Where France's fortune, with her sons, retires !
 Now here, now there, the sweeping ruin flies ;
 ' As when the Pleiades arise,
 The southern wind afflicts the skies,
 Then, mutt'ring o'er the deep, buffets th' unruly brine,
 'Till clouds and water seem to join.

^b Homer, in his fifth Iliad, because his hero is to do wonders beyond the power of man, premises, in the beginning, that Pallas had peculiarly fitted him for that day's exploits.

^c *Indomitas prope qualis undas
 Exercit auster, pleiadum choro
 Scindente nubes, impiger hostium
 Vexare turmas, & frementem
 Mittere equum medios per ignes.
 Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
 Qui regna Dauni præfuit Appuli,
 Cum sævit, horrendam quo cultis
 Diluviem meditatur agris.*

Or

Or as a dyke cut by malicious hands,
 O'erflows the fertile Netherlands ;
 Thro' the wide yawn, th' impetuous sea,
 Lavish of his new liberty,
 Bestrides the vale, and, with tumultuous noise,
 Bellows along the delug'd plain
 Pernicious to the rip'ning grain ;
 Far as th' horizon he destroys :
 The weeping shepherd from an hill bewails the wat'ry reign.

VIII.

So rapid flows the unimprison'd stream !
 So strong the force of MINDELHEIM !
 In vain the woods of Audenard
 Would shield the Gaul, a fenceless guard.
 As soon may whirl-winds be with-held,
 As MARLB'ROUGH's footsteps o'er the foaming Scheld.
 In vain the torrent would oppose,
 In vain arm'd banks, and hosts of foes :
 The foes with coward-haste retire,
 Fly faster than the river flows,
 And swifter than our fire.
 Vendosme from far upbraids their shame,
 And pleads his royal master's fame.
 " By Condè's mighty ghost, " he cries,
 " By Turenne, Luxemburgh, and all
 " Those noble souls, who fell a sacrifice

" At

“ At ^d Lens, at Fleurus, and at Landen fight,

“ Stop, I conjure, your ignominious flight.”

But Fear is deaf to Honour's call.

Each frowning threat and soothing pray'r

Is lost in the regardless air :

As well he may

The billows of the ocean stay ;

While CHURCHILL like a driving wind,

Or high spring-tide, pursues behind,

And with redoubled speed urges their forward way.

IX.

Nor less, EUGENIUS, thy important care,

Thou second thunder-bolt of war !

Partner in danger and in fame,

The wind, with MARLBOROUGH's, shall bear

To distant colonies thy conqu'ring name.

Nor shall my Muse forget to sing

From harmony what blessings spring :

To tell how Death did enviously repine,

To see a friendship so divine ;

When in a ball's destroying form she past,

And mark'd thy threaten'd brow at last,

But durst not touch that sacred brain,

Where Europe's mightiest counsels reign ;

For strait she bow'd her ghastly head,

She saw the mark of heav'n, and fled,

^a Near this place the prince of Condè gave the Spaniards
a very great overthrow, 1648.

As

As cruel Brennus once, insulting Gaul,
 When he, at Allia's fatal flood,
 Had fill'd the plains with Roman blood,
 With conscious awe forsook the capitol,
 Where Jove, revenger of profaneness, stood.

X.

But where the good and brave command,
 What capitol, what bulwark can withstand?
 Virtue, approv'd of heav'n, can pass
 Thro' walls, thro' tow'rs, and gates of brass.
 Lisle, like a mistress, had been courted long,
 By all the valiant and the young,
 The fairest progeny of Vauban's art;
 'Till SAVOY's warlike prince withstood
 Her frowning terrors, and thro' seas of blood
 Tore the bright darling from th' old tyrant's heart.
 Such ^e Buda saw him, when proud ^f Apti fell,
 Unhappy, valiant infidel!
 Who, vanquish'd by superior strength,
 Surrender'd up his haughty breath,
 Upon the breach measuring his manly length,
 And shun'd the bow-string by a nobler death.

^e *He bore a considerable share in the glory of that day on which Buda was taken.*

^f *He was Bassau of the city, and lost his life on the breach.*

XI.

Such ^s Harfcam's field beheld him in his bloom,
When Victory bespoke him for her own.

Her favourite, immortal son,
And told of better years revolving on the loom :
How he should make the Turkish crescent wane,
And choak ⁿ Tibiscus with the slain ;
While Viziers lay beneath the lofty pile
Of slaughter'd Bassaus, who o'er Bassaus roll'd ;
And all his num'rous acts she told,
From Latian Carpi down to Flandrian Lisle.

XII.

Honour, with open arms, receives at last
The heroes who thro' Virtue's temple past ;
And show'rs down laurels from above,
On those whom heav'n and ANNA love.

^s *This was the fatal battle to the Turks in the year 1687. Prince Eugene, with the regiments of his brigade, was the first that entered the trenches ; and for that reason had the honour to be the first messenger of this happy news to the emperor.*

ⁿ *This battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697, where Prince Eugene commanded in chief ; like which there never happened so great and so terrible a destruction to the Ottoman army, which fell upon the principal commanders more than the common soldiers ; for no less than fifteen Bassaus (five of which had been Viziers of the bench) were killed, besides the supreme Vizier.*

And

And some, not sparingly, she throws
 For the young eagles, who could try
 The faith and judgment of the sky,
 And dare the sun with steady eye;
 For Hanover's and Prussia's brows,
 Eugenes in bloom, and future Marlboroughs:
 To Hanover, to Brunswick's second grace,
 Descendent from a long imperial race,
 The Muse directs her honourable flight,
 And prophecies, from so serene a morn,
 To what clear glories he is born,
 When blazing with a full meridian light,
 He shall the British hemisphere adorn;
 When Mars shall lay his batter'd target down,
 And he, (since Death will never spare
 The good, the pious, and the fair)
 In his ripe harvest of renown,
 Shall after his great father sit,
 (If heav'n so long a life permit)
 And having swell'd the flowing tide
 Of fame, which he in arms shall get,
 The purchase of an honest sweat,
 Shall safe in stormy seas Britannia's vessel guide.

XIII.

Britannia's vessel, which in ANNA's reign,
 And prudent pilotry, enjoys
 The tempest which the world destroys,
 And rides triumphant o'er the subject main.
 O may she soon a quiet harbour gain !
 And sure the promis'd hour is come,
 When in soft notes the peaceful lyre
 Shall still the trumpet and the drum,
 Shall play what gods and men desire,
 And strike Bellona's musick dumb :
 When War, by parents curs'd, shall quit the field,
 Unbuckle his bright helmet, and, to rest
 His weary'd limbs, sit on his idle shield,
 With scars of honour plow'd upon his breast. .
 But if the Gallic Pharaoh's stubborn heart
 Grows fresh for punishment, and hardens still ;
 Prepar'd for th' irrecoverable ill,
 And forc'd th' unwilling skies to act the last ungrateful part :
 Thy forces, ANNA, like a flood, shall overwhelm
 (If heav'n does scepter'd innocence maintain)
 His famish'd desolated realm ;
 And all the sons of Pharamond in vain
 (Who with dishonest envy see
 The sweet forbidden fruits of distant liberty)
 Shall curse their Salic law, and wish a female reign.

XIV. A female

XIV.

A female reign like thine,
 O ANNA, British heroine!
 To thee afflicted empires fly for aid,
 Where'er tyrannick standards are display'd,
 From the wrong'd Iber to the threaten'd Rhine.
 Thee, where the golden-fanded Tagus flows
 Beneath fair ⁱ Ulyssippo's walls,
 The frighted Lusitanian calls;
 Thee they who drink the Seine, with those
 Who plow Iberian fields, implore,
 To give the lab'ring world repose,
 And universal peace restore:
 Thee, Gallia; mournful to survive the fate
 Of her fall'n grandeur and departed state;
 By sad experience taught to own,
 That virtue is a noble way to rise,
 A surer passage to the skies,
 Than Pelion upon Ossa thrown:
 For they, who impiously presume
 To grasp at heav'n, by Jove's eternal doom,
 A prey to thunder shall become;
 Or, sent in ^k Ætna's fiery caves to groan,
 Gain but an higher fall, a mountain for their tomb.

ⁱ *The old name of Lisbon, said to be built by Ulysses.*

^k *One of the mountains where Jupiter lodged the giants.*