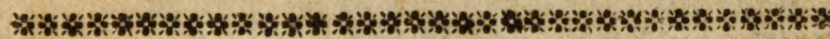


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John Philips:
SPLENDID SHILLING

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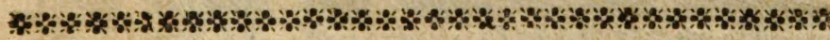
THE
Splendid Shilling.



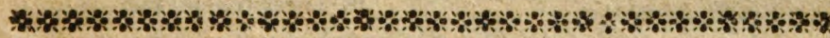
AN
IMITATION
OF
MILTON.



By Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.



The Third Correct Edition.



— Sing, Heavenly Muse,
*Things unattempted yet, in Prose or Rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.*



LONDON: Printed by G. F. for HEN. CLEMENTS
at the *Half-Moon* in S. Paul's Church-Yard. 1719.

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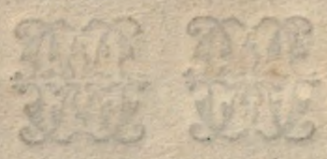


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THE
Splendid Shilling

AN
IMITATION
OF
MILTON.

By Mr. John Philips
The Fifth Edition
LONDON: Printed by W. Baskin, in Pall-mall, 1719.



LONDON: Printed by W. Baskin, in Pall-mall, 1719.

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THE
Splendid Shilling.



APPY the Man, who void of
 Cares and Strife,
 In Silken, or in Leathern Purse
 retains
 A *Splendid Shilling*: He nor
 hears with Pain
 New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs
 for chearful Ale;

But with his Friends, when Nightly Mists arise,
 To *Juniper's-Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:
 Where, mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
 Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames,
 CHLOE, or PHILLIS; he each Circling Glass
 Wishest her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
 Mean while, he smoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,
 Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.

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4 *The Splendid SHILLING.*

But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
(Wretched Repast!) my meagre Corps sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black
As Winter-Chimney, or well-polish'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:
Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, Kings
Full famous in Romantick Tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill, and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
High over-shadowing Rides, with a design
To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the Ancient Town
Yclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil!
Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyless Minutes tedious flow,
With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a *Dun*,
Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
To my Aerial Citadel ascends,
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gate,
With hideous Accent Thrice he calls; I know

The

The Splendid SHILLING. 5

The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound.
What shou'd I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
Of Woodhole; strait my bristling Hairs erect
Thro' sudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews
My shud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
So horrible he seems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and Conic Beard,
And spreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saints,
Disastrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to Mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from Righteous Men!) Behind him stalks
Another Monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of Aspect, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Erit have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, strait his Body, to the Touch
Obsequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To some Incharnted Castle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
In Durance strict detain him, till in form
Of Money, PALLAS sets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken

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The Splendid SHILLING.

This Caitif eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Nook, or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to inchant some inadvertent Wretch
 With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye
 Lies Nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
 Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure Ruin. So her difembowell'd Web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchin spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies: She secret stands
 Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey,
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the Toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their Arts, or Arms, or Shapes of lovely Hue;
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless Resistance make: With eager Strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
 Then, with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World invelop, and th' inclement Air
 Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frosts
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood;

Me

The Splendid SHILLING. 7

Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of loving Friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts.
My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendant on a Willow-Tree.
Mean while, I labour with eternal Drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:
But if a Slumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream,
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled Thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I Live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
Nor *Medlar-Fruit*, delicious in decay:
Afflictions Great! yet Greater still remain:
My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
The Winter's Fury, and incroaching Frosts,
By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!)
An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the Winds

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8 *The Splendid SHILLING.*

Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till Cruising near
The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Crush
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
Resistless, Overwhelming; Horrors seize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears.
They Stare, they Lave, they Pump, they Swear, they Pray:
(Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves rush in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.



BLEIN.

Gaylord
PAMPHLET BINDER
Syracuse, N. Y.

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Philips, J.
Splendid shilling.

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