

## Winter.

A POEM BY CHARLES COTTON.

CONTRIBUTED BY W. BEMROSE.



IT is believed that the following poem, in the autograph of Charles Cotton, here reproduced in fac-simile, has never been published. The great intimacy which existed between Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, and the connection of the former with Derbyshire, are sufficient reasons for the insertion of the poem in the Society's Journal. Grainger says of Charles Cotton—"This ingenious and accomplished gentleman was son of that Charles Cotton whose portrait is so finely drawn by Lord Clarendon, in the excellent group of his friends, in the memoirs of his own life. He was educated at Cambridge, where he was esteemed one of the ornaments of that University. He was a great master of the modern languages, particularly of the French, from which, among other things, he has translated the "Horace" of Corneille, the "Life of the Duke of Epernon," and Montaigne's "Essays." The last of these translations was deservedly applauded. He also translated several of Lucian's dialogues into English, and some poems from Horace, Catullus, etc. He was author of a poem on "The Wonders of the Peak," and other original pieces. The most celebrated of his works is his "Virgil Travestie," in which he so far succeeded as to be deemed next to Butler in burlesque; but the reader, upon comparing these two authors, will find a very great disparity in their characters. He was sociable, hospitable, and generous; but as he was far from being an economist, he, in the latter part of his life, was much involved in debt, and perpetually harassed with duns, attornies, and bailiffs."

Winter  
Quadrains.

Hark, hark I hear y<sup>t</sup> Northwind roar  
See how he riots on y<sup>t</sup> shoart!  
And with expanded wings at stretch  
Ruffles ye billows on ye beach.

2  
Hark how y<sup>t</sup> roused warts complain,  
And call for succour to y<sup>t</sup> main.  
Flying y<sup>t</sup> storm, as if they met  
To creep into y<sup>t</sup> Continent.

3  
Surely all Eole's suffering brood  
Are met to war against y<sup>t</sup> flood;  
With groans surarist'd, & hath not yet  
Had time, his bravets to complat.

4  
The batt'n bark (her rudder lost)  
Is on y<sup>t</sup> roiling billows tost;  
Her keel now plows y<sup>t</sup> Duff, & boord  
Her Topmast bites against y<sup>t</sup> moon.

5  
His strang<sup>r</sup> y<sup>t</sup> Pilot drops his seat  
His bounding ship doth so curvate:  
Whilst ye poor Passengers are found  
In thow own<sup>r</sup> seas already drown'd.

6  
Now Birds dot swut for wings & brand  
Ye lealy Squadrons through ye airt.  
Whilst ye airts Inhabitants dot start  
Shewt gamoy plumage in y<sup>t</sup> main.

7

Now Stars (conceal'd in Clouds) do not  
 Into y<sup>e</sup> secrets of y<sup>e</sup> Drops  
 And Lobsters (spring up from y<sup>e</sup> Brim)  
 With Canes, Constellations shew

8

Sweet Neptune's watry Kingdoms, y<sup>e</sup>  
 Sweet fish shew Corall grooves where wot;  
 Wood w<sup>o</sup>d shew'd with such alarms,  
 Nor had such tryall of their arms.

9

See where a liquid Mountain ride  
 Made of innumerable Hydres;  
 & Mountains headlong to y<sup>e</sup> Strand,  
 As if y<sup>e</sup> Sea would come to Land.

10

A Sayl! a Sayl! I plainly spy  
 Betwixt y<sup>e</sup> Ocean and y<sup>e</sup> Skie  
 And Argosy a sail full ship  
 With all her pregnant Sayls arip.

11

Nearer, & nearer she makes way  
 With Canoy wings into y<sup>e</sup> Bay.  
 & now upon y<sup>e</sup> Dock appears  
 A crowd of busy Mariners.

12

methinks I hear her woodaft creak  
 With furrowching Rumpes fawning backs  
 who wounded, and nowing full, roars  
 his fury to y<sup>e</sup> neighbouring shores.

13

With mazy hidings high to head  
 Her sliding keels about y<sup>e</sup> waves.  
 Opening his liquid arms to take  
 The bold Invader in his wreck.

14.

So how she darts into his chest!  
 Whilst raising up his floating barge  
 To charge her in; he makes her rest  
 Beyond y<sup>e</sup> reach of his surprise.

15

Nearer she comes, & still doth sweep  
 The ocean surface of y<sup>e</sup> Deep;  
 & now (at last) y<sup>e</sup> waves have thrown  
 Their rider on o<sup>r</sup> E. African.

16

Nearer y<sup>e</sup> chalky cliffs spawny bays  
 She wasick hath her freight displays:  
 And as she wallows on y<sup>e</sup> l<sup>o</sup> sand  
 Vomits her burthen to y<sup>e</sup> land.

17

With heads erect, & plying oars  
 She shipwreck's water made to get shears;  
 And dreadless of their danger climb  
 The floating mountains of y<sup>e</sup> Brine.

18

Hard, hard y<sup>e</sup> noise their Echo's make  
 The Islands' silver walls to shake;  
 First, with these thunders, the labring main  
 Is whirled of our Giant's hand.

And now, ye has becalmed be hind,  
 Not stirr'd with any swoop of wind:  
 Tho' Jove's self hath forsooke ye wave,  
 And on ye land begins his bravey.

20

Harsh parts: their voices higher rise,  
 They wait ye within with their cries.  
 Tho' cragg'd rocks their fury foot  
 And like rich drunkards, nod & stoop.

21

Louder & louder fill they come.  
 Niles, cataracts to th' top are dumb;  
 The by-laps, to those blades are still  
 whose anvills shalt ye burning hull.

22

Were all ye star enlighten'd Skyes  
 As full of ears as sparkling eyes,  
 This rattle in ye cristall ball  
 would be enough to deaf them all

23

What monstrous dare is tither foist  
 thus to alarme ye British coast.  
 With our cries, such as never yet  
 wave or confusion could bright

24

Oh, now I know them! let us home  
 or mortall enemy is come,  
 Winter, & all his blustering train  
 Have made a voyage o're ye maine.

25  
 Banished ye countreys of ye Sun,  
 The fugitive is hither run;  
 To ravish from o<sup>r</sup> fruitfull fields  
 All ye coming season yields.

26  
 Like an Invader, not a guest  
 He comes to rest not to feast.  
 And in wild fury overthrows  
 Where'er doth his march oppose.

27  
 With blak, & with ungenial winds  
 The East in strengthening gives his finds  
 And still as he doth farther passe,  
 Quarries his way with liquid glasse.

28  
 Hark how ye blusters of ye Boare  
 Shew gibbous cheeks in triumph feare  
 And with continued shouts doe ring  
 The entrance of thom' paly'd King.

29  
 The Squadron now up to ye eye,  
 Is his forlorne of Infantery,  
 Bowmen of unsoftning minds,  
 Whose shafts are feather'd with ye winds.

30  
 Now you may see his vanguard rise  
 Above ye brachy precipice:  
 Bod his on, on blackst mountains bod  
 With hail in stead of poyant fied.

31.

Their laurels, as ye pointed locks,  
 Doe come from ye brows of frozen rocks,  
 Their Shields are Crystal & their Swords  
 The Steele ye crused Rock affords affords.

32

See, ye maine body now appary;  
 And hardly y<sup>e</sup> Tholian Trumpeters  
 By their hoary frosts doe declare  
 That ye both Generall sides there.

33

And looke when mantled up in white,  
 He stands it, like ye Muscovite.  
 I know him by ye port he bears,  
 & his life-guard of mountaineers.

34.

Their caps are furred with hoary frosts,  
 the bravery their wote bingdome boasts.  
 Their spungy plads, are milke white friere  
 Spun from ye snowy mountain's fleece.

35.

Their particans are fine carved glass  
 fringed with ye mornings spangled grass.  
 And pendent by their brawny thighs,  
 Many simlars of burnished ice.

36.

Lo, lo, ye Rescward now hath won  
 ye promontories from the Crowne  
 whilst at their numerous feet, ye ground  
 Jones out an hollow murmuring sound.

37  
 Now y<sup>e</sup> forlorne, halts for y<sup>e</sup> Day  
 The Ruoqnerd, drew up to y<sup>e</sup> maine.  
 And now they altogether crowd  
 Their troops into a ~~breath~~<sup>ring</sup> cloud.

38  
 Fly! fly! y<sup>e</sup> foe advance with fast,  
 Unto o<sup>r</sup> fortiffs let us huff;  
 Where all y<sup>e</sup> hoarts of y<sup>e</sup> North  
 Can neither storme, nor shrow us forth.

39  
 There underground a magazine  
 Of soutrasne juic is cellard on;  
 Liqueur of will y<sup>e</sup> soigl maintaine,  
 Should phabus next returne ayaine.

40.  
 Sis y<sup>e</sup> of quies y<sup>e</sup> pet rage,  
 & thaws y<sup>e</sup> Jolged blood of Age;  
 Matures y<sup>e</sup> yony, restores y<sup>e</sup> old,  
 & makes y<sup>e</sup> fatutny coward bold.

41  
 It lages y<sup>e</sup> castfull head to soft;  
 cures palpitations of y<sup>e</sup> breast,  
 renders us o<sup>r</sup> lives and fortunes, loose,  
 & Vovus frolick in y<sup>e</sup> sheet.

42.  
 Then, let y<sup>e</sup> chill Scirocco blow  
 And gird us round with hills of snow;  
 Or els go whistle to y<sup>e</sup> shoar,  
 & make y<sup>e</sup> hollow mountains roare.



43

Whilpe we togather joviall, sit  
 Cawles, & croud with misth and wit.  
 where the bleate winds convice us home,  
 or fancyes through ye world shall roame.

44

We'll thimle of all the friends we know  
 & drinke to all worth drinking to;  
 when having drunk all thone, and more  
 we sooner shall want health, then wine.

45.

But where friends faile us we'll supply  
 or Friendship with o' charity.  
 Men of remorse in sorrows here  
 shall by o' lusty firmers thrive.

46.

We'll drinke ye wanting into wealth  
 And those ye languish into health;  
 Th'affected into joy, the opprest  
 Into security and rest.

47.

The worthy in disgrace, shall find  
 Favours returne againe more kind;  
 And in restraint who erst fled by,  
 shall taste ye awe of liberty.

48.

The brave, shall triumph in success,  
 The Lover, shall have mistresses.  
 Poor, unguarded vistul, praise;  
 And ye moybrused poet, Bayes.

49.  
 Thus shall o' health doe others good;  
 whilst wee o' selves have all we ~~would~~  
 For, freed from Envy and from env;  
 what woud we bee but, w<sup>t</sup> we use?

50

Is ye plump grapes in o' tall juic,  
 that doth this nappins produce.  
 It will preserve us fro' together  
 Manyn' mischance, or win', or waether

51

Then let old winter take his course,  
 & houle abroad till he be hoarse:  
 though his lungs crack in frostles air  
 It shall but serve to blow o' fire,

52.

Let him o' little Castle ply  
 with all his loud artillery,  
 whilst sack & claret man ye fort  
 His fury shall becomt o' sport.

53.

Or let him Scotland take, & then  
 Confine ye plotting p<sup>r</sup>isbiter;  
 His zeal may fire, whilst w<sup>t</sup> ~~is~~ warm  
 By love & wine can take no harm.

Ch. Cotton.