

A

Second Epistle to Mr. *TICKELL*,
Author of the Incomparable Ode, call'd
A Voyage to France, &c.

In tempore veni, quod omnium rerum est primum.

Lilly's Gram.

O *Tickell*, greatly fated to inherit
Thy Master *Joseph's* Vertues with his Spirit!
Thou Second-fighted Bard, who canst forebode
Events of State, in Epick or in Ode;
Foretell us now when *Europe* shall be free
From *Utrecht's* Peace, so early sung by Thee:
Foresay what Pow'r above shall break the Spell,
Thy Pious Patron might have brought from Hell;
When shall divided *Englishmen* unite;
And who shall daring *Alberoni* fight.

In loud Hexameters bring *England's* Boast
In *Windsor's* Daughter from the *Gallic* Coast.
As they return, bespeak the *Rebel* Waves,
Or bluster and chastise the brackish Slaves;
The Waves shall freshen and renounce their Salt,
That they might mix with honest *Hux's* Malt.
Long since, alas! has *Royal Orleans* prest
With open Arms (a Princely Hug!) his Guest;
The *Whigs* impatient with the Worthy back,
While all the *Jacobites* cry out, Alack!
Alack! the Brokers in *Change-Alley* cry,
And bearded *Jews* deride thy Prophecy.

This Task performed, in *Lyrick* Numbers say
How *Addison* employs the live-long Day;

His

