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P O E M

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Prince EUGENE.

— *Totos infusa per artus*  
*Major in exiguo regnabat corpore Virtus.*

S O *Tydens* look'd, when, single, He oppos'd  
The *Perjur'd Brother*, with his Guards inclos'd;  
When Fifty Traytors by his Valour slain,  
Their Length had measur'd on the *Theban Plain*;  
Of Stature low, but of a Soul so high,  
It Tower'd from whence it came, and reach'd the Skie.  
Heroic Spirits are of Heavenly Birth,  
Gyants alone are Off-springs of the Earth:  
Whose Figures may surprize, but are no Odds  
Oppos'd to Heaven, and Adversary-Gods.  
Their Heigth exceeds the Level of Mankind,  
But lesser Bodies share a larger Mind.  
As in a Glafs the crowding Sun-Beams meet,  
Small is the Point, but violent the Heat.

Such is the Man, whom *Germany* has lent  
To bridle *France*, and curb the Continent:

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To

