



Miss Polly Verrin 1755

THE
Progress of Time;
OR, A.V.

Emblematical Representation

of the

Four Seasons and Twelve Months,

As Marching in

PROCESSES

round their

Annual Circle.

In Imitation of

Spencer's Fairy Queen.

W. Dove scr.



Tho. Gardner scul.

London.

Printed for, & Sold by Thomas Gardner, Engraver at N^o. 14,
in King's-Head-Court near Fetter-Lane HOLBORN.
John King Print-seller at the Globe in the Poultry,
And William Reeve Book-seller & Stationer, at Shakespears-
Head, near Serjeants Inn-Gate in FLEET-STREET. 1749
Price One Shilling.

Times Address.

TO Plutus and Cupid; By Way of Introduction

— Post est Occasio calva. —

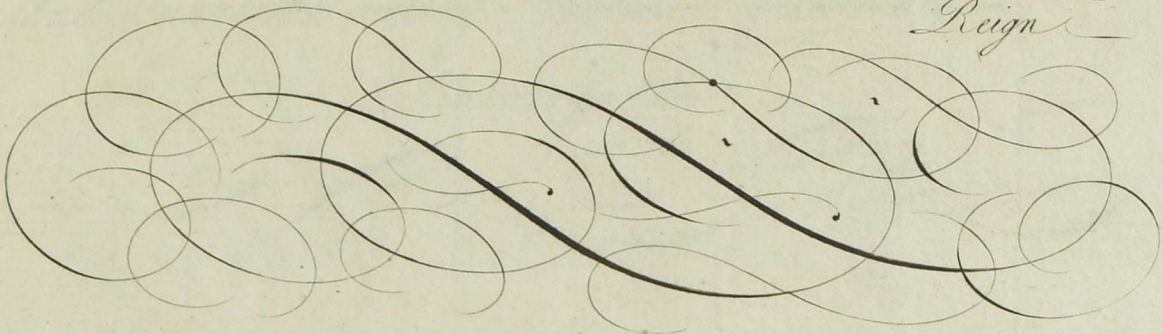
'Tis I who measure Vital Space,
And deal out Years to human Race;
Tho' little priz'd, and Seldom Sought,
Without me Love and Gold are nought.
By me all useful Arts are gain'd
Wealth, Learning, Wisdom is attain'd:
So subtle and So swift I fly
Love's not more fugitive than I.
How heedless then are Mortals grown!
How little is their Interest known!
In ev'ry View they ought to mind me;
For when Once Lost they never find me.



Publ. acc^d to a late Act, 1 July, 1743.

Tho. Gardner sculp^t

The Bloom of Youth upon his Cheek is Seen
 And where he treads fresh Flowrets deck y^e Green;
 His fragrant Breath perfumes the Evening Skies,
 And tun'd to him the Sylvan Strains arise
 A pointed Jav'lin in his Hand he bears
 And on his Head a golden Helmet wears
 For then begins the Stern Bellona's Rage
 And hostile Realms in bloody Wars engage
 His calm Approach revives the peaceful Plain,
 But leads on Death where Discord holds it's
 Reign





Publ. acco^d to a late Act. L. July 1743

Tho. Gardner sculp^t

In Silken Garb array'd of chearful Green
 Was Sportive Summer next advancing. Seen
 A gilded Quiver at his Shoulder hung.
 And in his Hand he trail'd a Bow unbent along.
 His tawny Brow with faded Flowers was crown'd,
 And Studded thick with Drops of Sweat around.
 As if fatigu'd with the Laborious Chace,
 Or faint with Heat in Sultry Titan's Rays:
 He moving Slow, invoc'd the friendly Air:
 And sought the cooling Streams to quench his
 Burnings there.

Wm. D. W.



Publ. accord to a late Act, 1. July, 1743.

Tho. Gardner sculp.

Autumn Succeeds, in flaming Yellow clad, -
 With Fulness Smiling, & with Plenty glad;
 Laden with Sunny Fruits of every Kind.
 He dard the Cold that waited close behind.
 A wreath of ripen'd Corn his Temples bound,
 Enrich'd with Leaves and clustring Grapes around;
 An Harvest-Crook employ'd his better Hand,
 To reap the Grain & ease the burthen'd Land.

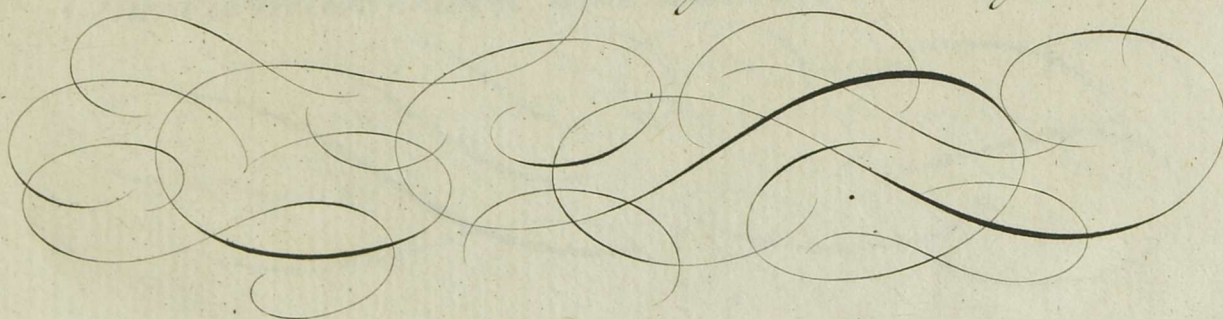




Publ. acco^d. to a late Act, 1. July, 1743.

Tho. Gardner sculp.

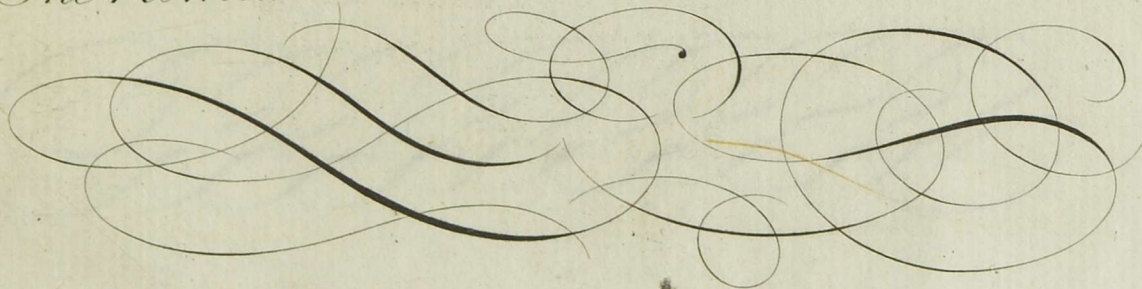
Winter was last in Woolly Robes array'd
 And bent with feeble Age his hoary Head:
 Shrunk in himself he wrapp'd his Garments close,
 And only trembled as the Tempest rose
 His Length of Beard, & deep indented Brow
 Were whitend o'er with an eternal Snow:
 Prone to the Earth his bending Back declin'd
 And almost froze, he Shiver'd in the Wind:
 Propp'd on a Staff, he Slowly mov'd along,
 And round him loud insulting Boreas rung.



A large, intricate decorative flourish consisting of many overlapping loops and swirls, framing the word "January".

January.

*Then came the Month from Janus nam'd of Old,
Numb'd with the Rigours of the Wintry Cold,
And ceaseless Shuddring at the Stormy Sweep,
Of raging Boreas o'er the boisterous Deep;
Yet in his Hand he wav'd an Axe on high,
And bar'd the Wood-Land to th'invading sky:
Down from his huge capacious Urn he pour'd
The Roman Flood, and loud the Waters roard.*





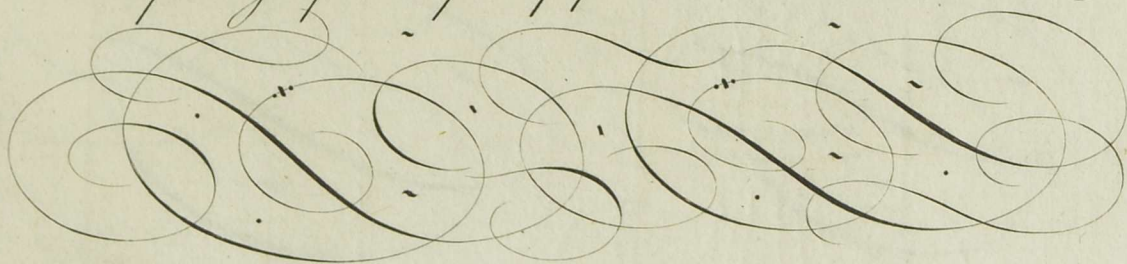
*Lastly afloat, and down the raging Tides,
The Month which fills the Years great Circle rides
Thro' the cold Waves by Fishes drawn away; —
Yet by his side the sharpined Plough Share lay,
To break the clotted Glebe when Heav'n allows, —
And pruning Tools to fell the Useless Boughs:
Wither'd with Age he Scarcely seem'd to breathe;
And look'd as hovering on the Verge of Death.*



Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side. The text appears to be organized into several paragraphs, with some lines being more distinct than others. The ink is light and the paper is aged and yellowed.

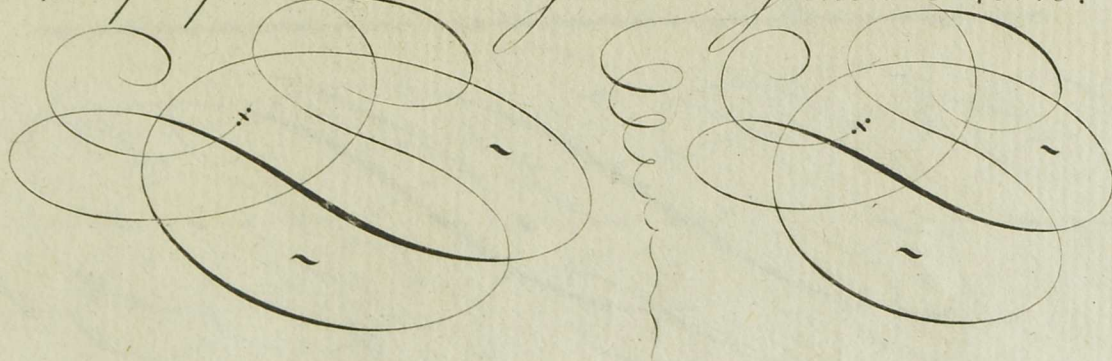


*First March, tempestuous, mounted on a Ram,
With bended Brows, and lowering Aspect came;
He, shuddring, gaz'd at Winter's cold Remains,
The icy Torrents, and the harden'd Plains;
For chilling Gales still rush'd impetuous forth,
From the bleak Chambers of the freezing North:
Yet in his Hand he held the useful Spade,
The timely Seed along the Furrows laid }
And y^e delightful Hopes of future Harvests made.*



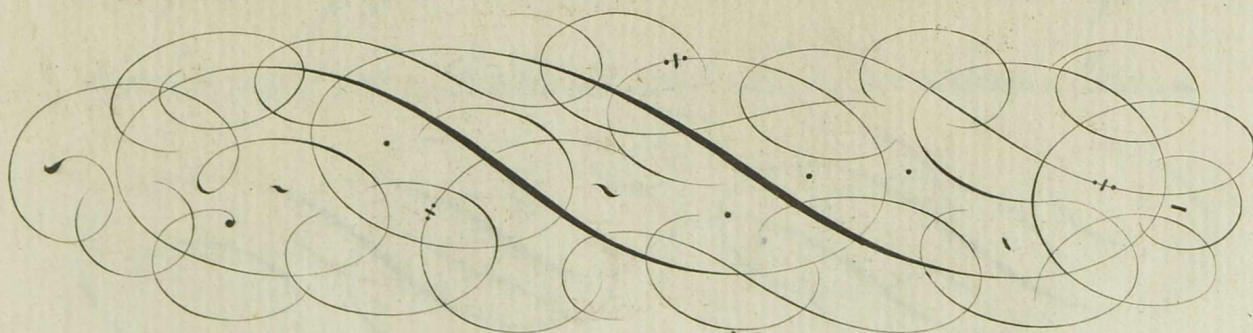


Next wanton April (frolick as a Lamb,
That frisks in Sunny Pastures round his Dam)
With Blossoms deck'd, and ev'ry early-Bud,
Rais'd on a lordly Bull exulting rode:
The fairest Flowers that waft their Sweets on high
When Spring returns, and wantons in the Sky,
His haughty Brow in circling wreaths adorn,
And purple Streamers grace his gilded Horn.





Then May approach'd, Queen of y^e rowling Year,
And fairest Nymph, among ten thousand fair,
A flow'ry Garland round her Temples twind,
And fum'd with od'rous Scents the balmy wind,
Bright Leda's Twins sustain'd the Heavenly Maid,
And on her Snowy Breast was wanton Cupid laid:
The Whole Creation joy'd her Sweets among,
And hymn'd her Praises as She mov'd along.



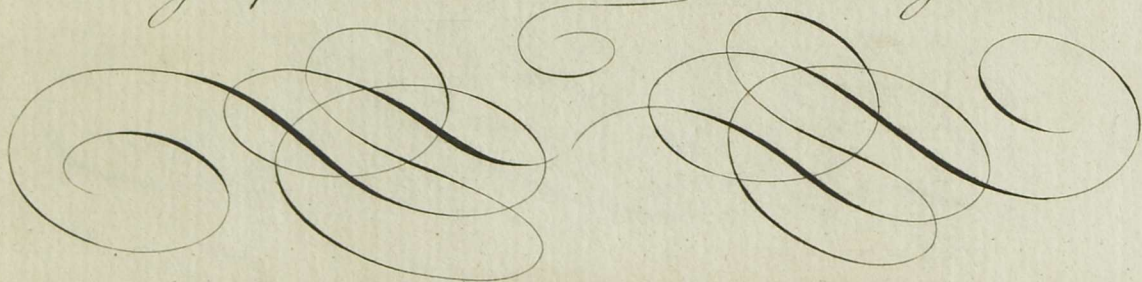


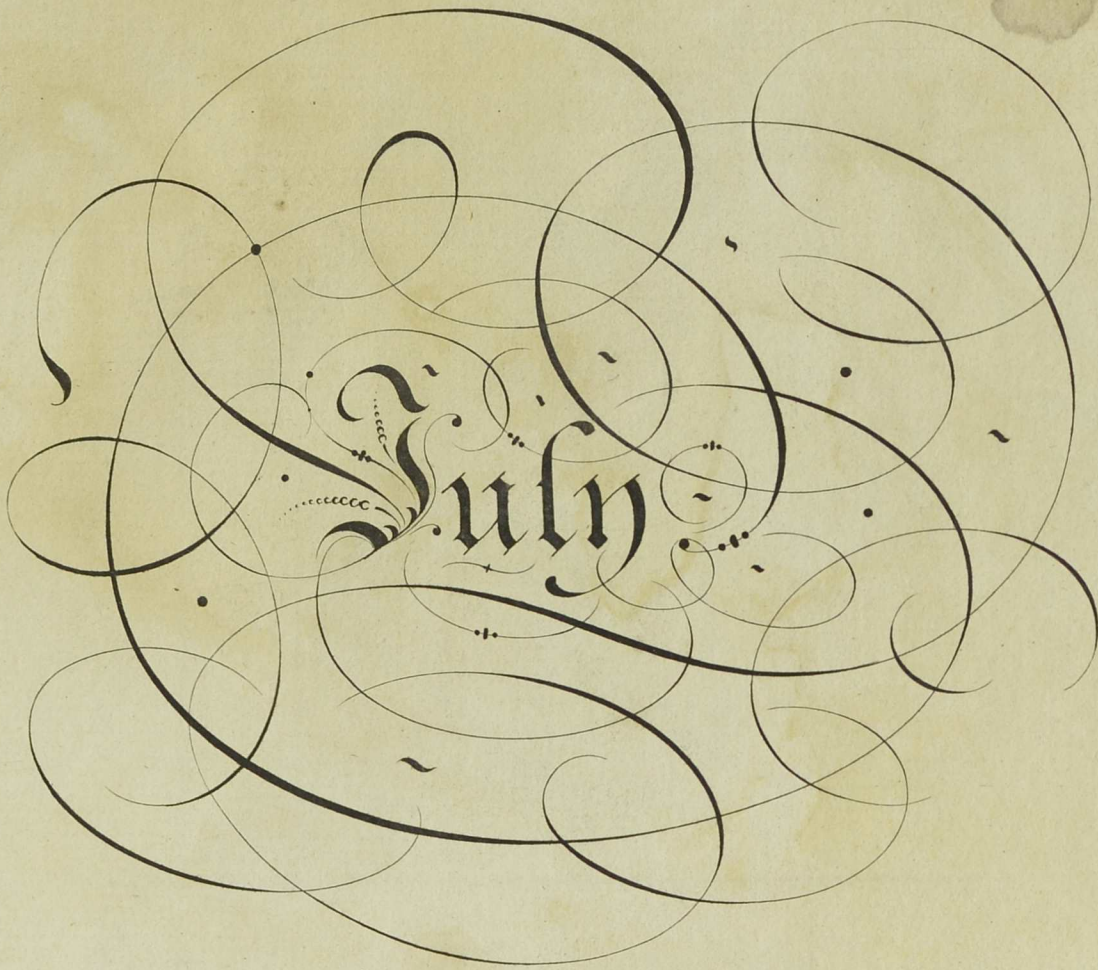
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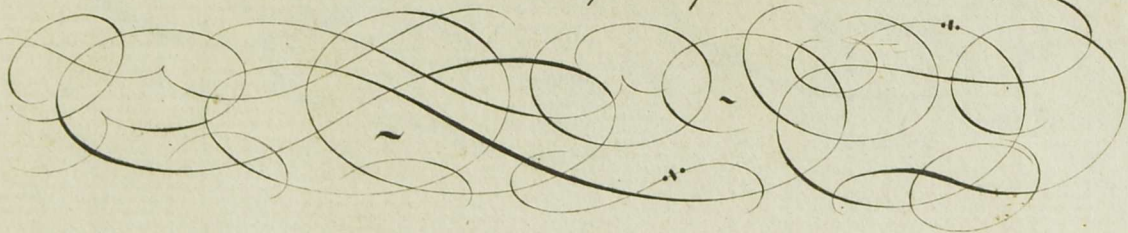


*Next Sprightly JUNE advanced in chearful Green,
And crown'd with Leaves, and Roses ty'd between;
Sportive he Seem'd, and fond of glad some Play—
Yet held a Scythe to cut the Grass away—
As grown mature; and in his Footstep trod
A Crab, with Look reverse, the backward Road:
He panting glow'd with Summer's Heat begun,
And sought for Shades to cool the Scorching Sun.*



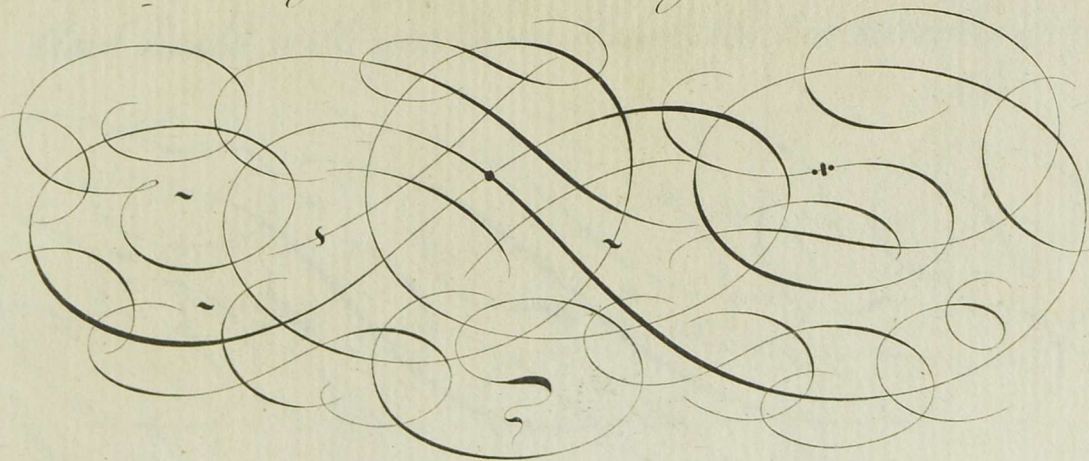


Then July, hot with burning Fury, came. —
His Bosom scorched, his Visage all aflame: —
Unable to endure the Sultry Day, —
His Sweltring Raiment he had hurl'd away, —
Yet o'er his Back a Reaper's Crook he hung, —
And from the Harvest near reluctant stalk'd along:
A furious Lion waited his Command, —
And couch'd obedient to his powerful Hand. —



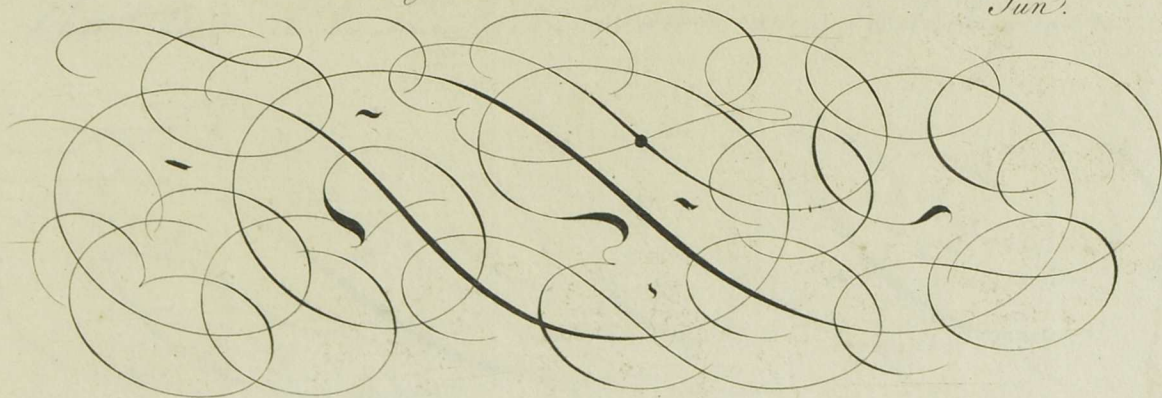


*August Succeeds in golden Robes attird,
And with the Sweets of peace and plenty fir'd,
Elate with Sparkling Joy, a lovely Maid,
Along the Yellow Fields, he Smiling led,
Whose lilly Hand a Cornucopia held,
With ripen'd Grain, and Sunny Fruitage fill'd.*



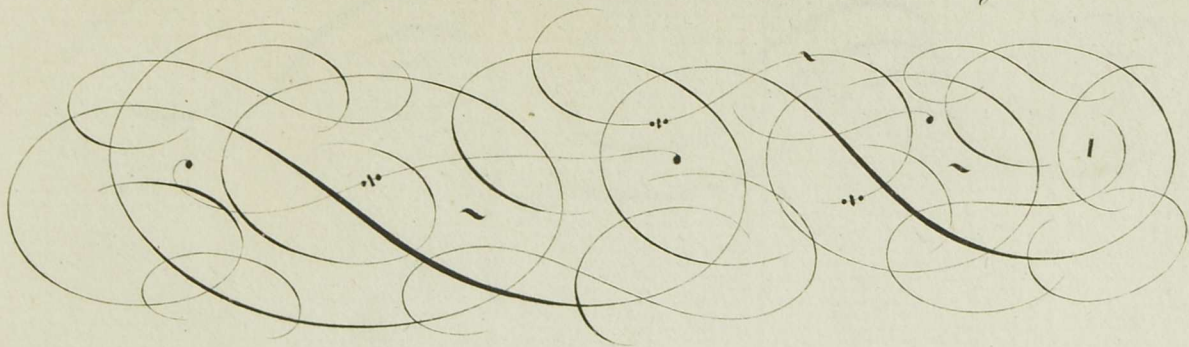


*September, bent beneath the Reaper's Toil, &
And the rich Product of the fertile Soil, &
The next advanc'd, and in his equal Hand, &
A fraudless pair of even Scales sustain'd;
Joyous he view'd his Length of Labour done,
And hail'd with glad som Heart, the low retreating
Sun.*



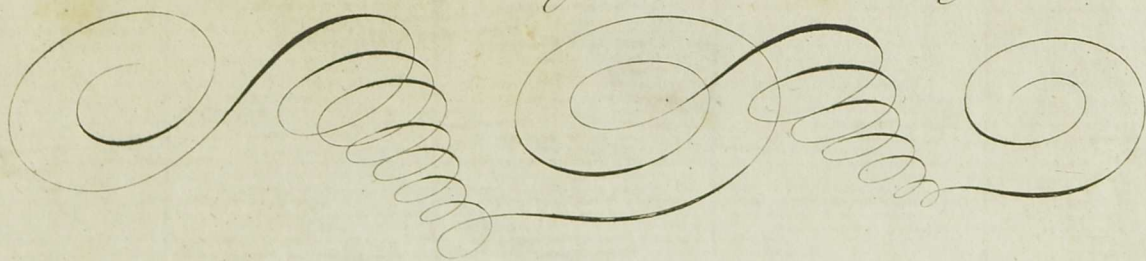


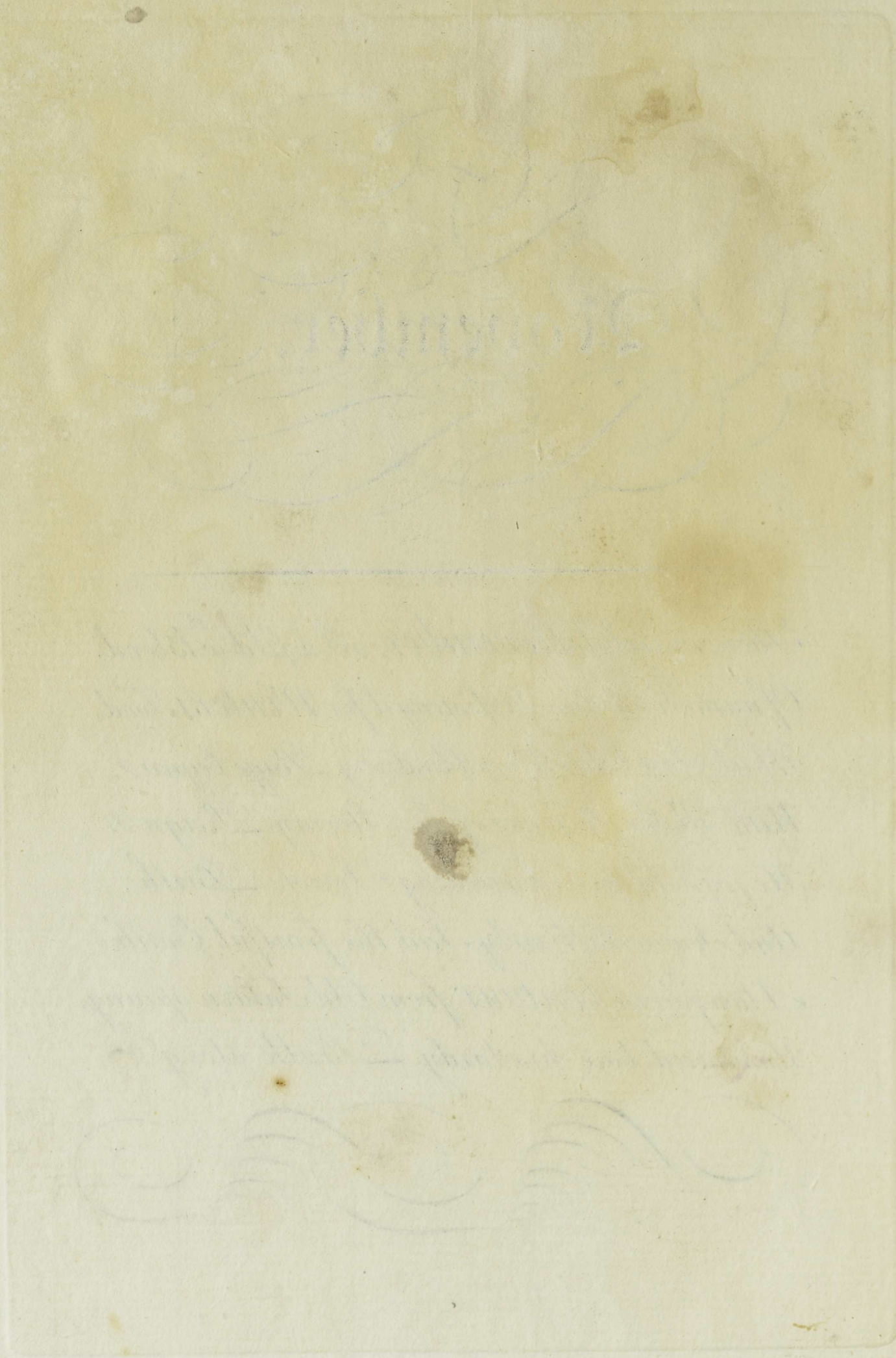
*October now came reeling from the Press, —
With drunken Splendor Shining in his Face;
For he had newly eas'd the pregnant Vine, —
And quaff'd the luscious Must of purple Wine.
The nodding clusters twin'd around his Head,
And dy'd his Garments with a crimson Red;
A lurking Scorpion at his side was Seen,
And turn'd to Russet Brown the faded Green.*



November.

Then march'd November, all defild wth Blood,
Of numerous Beasts destroy'd for Winter's Food,
Which close behind his blustering Rage began,
With all the Rigours of his Stormy Reign:
He joy'd to give Succeeding Forests Birth,
And sow with timely Seed the fruitful Earth;
A two-form'd Centaur, from Old Saturn sprung,
Unwearied bore his tardy Bulk along.

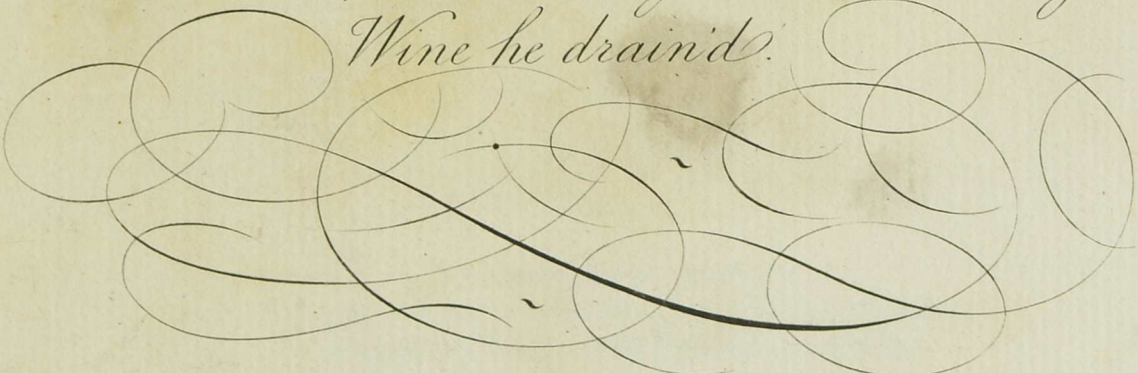






December.

Next chill December pass'd, in Furs array'd,
By frequent Bowls both warm, & sprightly made:
Tho' feeble Age his Vigorous Prime impair'd,
And hoary Frosts had Silver'd o'er his beard;
On a rough Mountain Goat he blithly rode,
Which nurtur'd Jove, while yet an Infant God:
And held a Goblet in his lifted hand,
From whence repeated Draughts of Sparkling
Wine he drain'd.



P
DOVE, N.
PROGRESS...
1749



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