

# REMAINS

OF

*Mr. John Oldham*

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

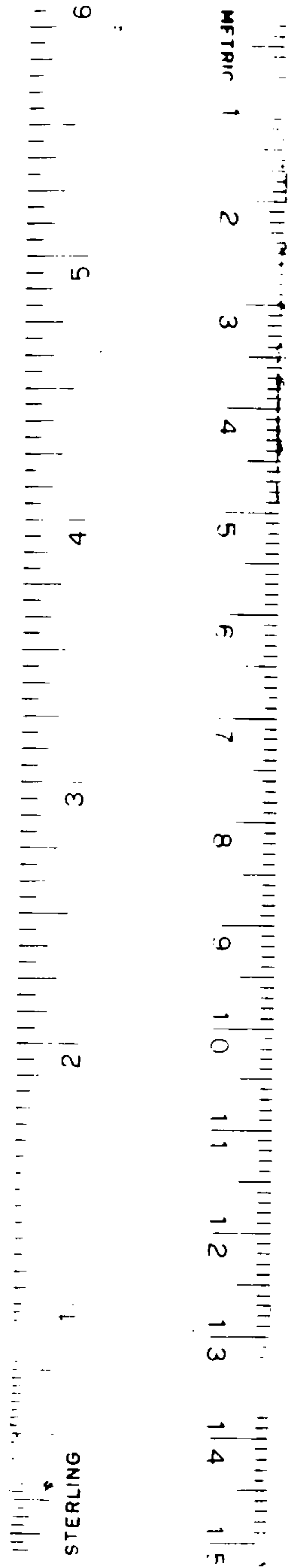
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LONDON:

Printed for *To. Handmarsh*; Bookseller to his Royal Highness, at the Black Bull in *Cornhill*, 1684.



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## Advertisement.

**T**He Author of these following Poems being dead, the Publisher thought fit to acquaint the World, that the reason why he exposed them now in Print, was not so much for his own Interest (tho a Bookseller that disclaims Interest for a pretence, will no more be believed now adays, than a thorough-paced Phanatick, that pretends he makes a journey to New England purely for conscience sake) but for securing the reputation of Mr. Oldham; which might otherwise have suffered from worse hands, and out of a desire he has to print the last Remains of his friend since he had the good fortune to publish his first Pieces.



## Advertisement.

He confesses that it is the greatest piece of injustice to publish the posthumous works of Authors, especially such, that we may suppose they had brought to the file and sent out with more advantages into the World, had they not been prevented by untimely death; and therefore assures you he had never presumed to print these following Miscellanies, had they not already been countenanced by men of unquestionable repute and esteem.

He is not of the same persuasion with several others of his own profession, that never care how much they lessen the reputation of the Poet, if they can but enhance the value of the Book; that ransack the Studies of the deceased, and print all that passed under the Author's hands, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards: and (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley has  
expressed

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expressed it) think a rude heap of ill placed Stones a better Monument than a neat Tomb of Marble.

For the Description of the Country P— (the only part in this Book that he judges liable to exception) he makes you no Apology at all; For to men of candor and judgment any thing that comes from Mr. Oldham will certainly be acceptable; to others that are resolved to damn at first sight he thinks a defence of this nature signifies no more than a Plaintiffs persuasions to a hungry Judge after twelve. However he is very confident that the rest of Mr. Oldham's pieces will abundantly atone for one unfinished draught, and that no man of sense and reason will quarrel at one bad half Crown, in a good, round, substantial lump of Money.

To

To the MEMORY of  
Mr. O L D H A M.

Farewel, too little and too lately known,  
Whom I began to think and call my own;  
For sure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine  
Cast in the same Poetick mould with mine.  
One common Note on either Lyre did strike,  
And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike:  
To the same Goal did both our Studies drive,  
The last set out the soonest did arrive.  
Thus *Nisus* fell upon the slippery place, (Race.  
While his young Friend perform'd and won the  
O early ripe! to thy abundant store  
What could advancing Age have added more?  
It might (what Nature never gives the young)  
Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue.  
But Satyr needs not those, and Wit will shine  
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.  
A noble Error, and but seldom made,  
When Poets are by too much force betray'd,  
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their  
prime  
Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing time  
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of  
Rime.

Once more, hail and farewell; farewell thou young,  
But ah too short, *Marcellus* of our Tongue;  
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;  
But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee a-  
round.

JOHN DRYDEN.