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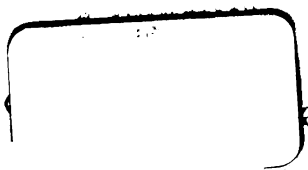
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*The Works of Alexander Pope,*  
*Esq. ...: Satires, &c*  
Alexander Pope













THE  
WORKS  
OF  
Alexander Pope Esq.  
VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING HIS  
SATIRES, &c.

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EPILOGUE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

## ADVERTISEMENT

T O

The first publication of this *Epistle*.

**T**HIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some Persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Person, Morals, and Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this *Epistle*. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious or the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have,

\* B 2

for the most part, spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.

P.

## E P I S T L E

T O

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

An Apology for himself and his Writings.

*Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.*] AT the time of publishing this Epistle, the Poet's patience was quite exhausted by the endless impertinence of Poetafters of all ranks and conditions; as well those who courted his favour, as those who envied his reputation. So that now he had resolved to quit his hands of both together, by the publication of a DUNCIAD. This design he communicated to his excellent Friend Dr. ARBUTHNOT, who, although as a man of Wit and Learning he might not have been displeased to see their common injuries revenged on this pernicious Tribe; yet, as our Author's Friend and Physician, was solicitous of his ease and health; and therefore unwilling he should provoke so large and powerful a party.

Their difference of opinion, in this matter, gives occasion to the following *Dialogue*. Where, in a natural and familiar detail of all his Provocations, both from flatterers and slanderers, our Author has artfully interwoven an Apology for his *moral* and *poetic* Character.

For after having told his case, and humourously applied to his Physician in the manner one would ask for a Receipt to kill Vermin, he strait goes on, in the common Character of Askers of advice, to tell his Doctor that he had already taken his party, and determined of his remedy. But using a preamble, and introducing it (in the way of Poets) with a Simile, in which he names *Kings, Queens, and Ministers of State*, his Friend takes the alarm, begs him to forbear, to stick to his subject, and to be easy under so common a calamity.

To make so light of his disaster provokes the Poet: he breaks the thread of his discourse, which was to lead his Friend gently, and by degrees, into his project; and abruptly tells him the application of his Simile, at once,

*Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass, &c.*



But recollecting the humanity and tenderness of his Friend, which, he apprehends, might be a little shocked at the apparent severity of such a proceeding, he assures him, that his good-nature is alarmed without a cause, for that nothing has less feeling than this sort of Offenders; which he illustrates in the Examples of a *damn'd Poet*, a *detected Slanderer*, a *Table-Parasite*, a *Church-Buffoon*, and a *Party-Writer* [from  $\S$  1 to 100.]

But, in this enumeration, coming again to *Names*, his Friend once more stops him, and bids him consider what hostilities this general attack will set on foot. So much the better, replies the Poet; for, considering *the strong antipathy of bad to good*, enemies they will always be, either open or secret: and it admits of no question, but a Slanderer is less hurtful than a Flatterer. For, says he (in a pleasant Simile addressed to his Friend's profession)

*Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,  
It is the flatterer kills, and not the bite.*

And how object and excessive the flattery of these creatures was, he shews, by observing, that they praised him even for his infirmities; his bad health, and his inconvenient shape [ $\S$  100 to 125.]

But still it might be said, that if he could bear this evil of Authorship no better, he should not have wrote at all. To this he answers, by lamenting the natural bent of his disposition, which, from his very birth, had drawn him so strongly towards *Poetry*, as if it were in execution of some secret decree of Heaven for crimes unknown. But though he offended in becoming an Author, he offended in nothing else. For his early verses were perfectly innocent and harmless,

*Like gentle Fanny's was my flowing theme,  
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.*

Yet even then, he tells us, two enraged and hungry Critics fell upon him, without the least provocation. But this might have been borne, as the common lot of distinction. But it was *his* peculiar ill-fortune to create a Jealousy in One, whom not only many good offices done by our Author to him and his friends, but a similitude of genius and studies might have inclined to a reciprocal affection and support. On the contrary, that otherwise amiable Person, being, by nature, timorous and suspicious; by education a party-man; and, by the circumstances of fortune, beset with flatterers and pick-thanks; regarded our Author as his Rival, set up by a contrary Faction, with views destructive of public liberty, and his friends reputation. And all this, with as

little provocation from Mr. Pope's conduct in his poetic, as in his civil character.

For though he had got a Name (the reputation of which he agreeably rallies in the description he gives of it) yet he never, even when most in fashion, set up for a Patron, or a Dictator amongst the Wits; but still kept in his usual privacy; leaving *the whole Castalian state*, as he calls it, to a Mock-Mecenas, whom he next describes [v 125 to 261.]

And, struck with the sense of that dignity and felicity inseparable from the character of a true Poet, he breaks out into a passionate vow for a continuance of the full Liberty attendant on it. And to shew how well he deserves it, and how safely he might be trusted with it, he concludes his wish with a description of his temper and disposition [v 261 to 271.]

This naturally leads him to complain of his Friends, when they consider him in no other view than that of an *Author*: as if he had neither the same right to the enjoyments of life, the same concern for his highest interests, or the same dispositions of benevolence, with other people.

Besides, he now admonishes them, in his turn, that they do not consider to what they expose him, when they urge him to write on; namely, to the *suspensions* and the *displeasure* of a Court; who are made to believe, he is always writing; or at least to the foolish *criticisms* of court sycophants, who pretend to find him, by his style, in the immoral libels of every idle scribber: though he, in the mean time, be so far from countenancing such worthless trash in others, that he would be ready to execrate even his own best vein of poetry, if made at the expence of Truth or Innocence.

*Curst be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;  
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear.*

(Sentiments, which no efforts of genius, without the concurrence of the heart, could have expressed in strains so exquisitely sublime) that the sole object of his resentment was *vice* and *baseness*. In the detection of which, he artfully takes occasion to speak of *that* by which he himself had been injured and offended: and concludes with the character of one who had wantonly outraged him, and in the most sensible manner [v 271 to 334.]

And here, moved again with fresh indignation at his slanderers, he takes the advice of Horace, *sume superbiam quæstam meritis*, and draws a fine picture of his moral and poetic conduct through life. In which he shews that not *fame*, but VIRTUE was the constant object of his ambition: that for this he opposed himself to all the violence of Cabals, and the treacheries of Courts: the various iniquities of which having distinctly specified, he sums them up in that most atrocious and sensible of all, [§ 334 to 359]

*The whisper, that to greatness still too near,  
Perhaps yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear.  
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:  
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last.*

But here again his Friend interrupts the strains of his divine enthusiasm, and desires him to clear up an objection made to his conduct, at Court. "That it was inhumane to insult the Poor, " and ill-breeding to affront the Great." To which he replies, That indeed, in his pursuit of *Vice*, he rarely considered how Knavery was circumstanced; but followed it, with his Vengeance, indifferently, whether it led to the Pillory, or the Drawing-Room [§ 359 to 368.]

But lest this should give his Reader the idea of a savage intractable Virtue, which could bear with nothing, and would pardon nothing, he takes to himself the shame of owning that he was of so easy a nature, as to be duped by the slenderest appearances, a pretence to *Virtue* in a *witty Woman*: so forgiving, that he had sought out the object of his beneficence in a *personal Enemy*: so humble, that he had submitted to the conversation of *bad Poets*: and so forbearing, that he had curbed in his resentment under the most shocking of all calumnies, *abuses on his Father and Mother* [§ 368 to 388.]

This naturally leads him to give a short account of their births, fortunes, and dispositions; which ends with the tenderest wishes for the happiness of his Friend; intermixed with the most pathetic description of that filial Piety, in the exercise of which he makes his own happiness to consist.

*Me let the tender office long engage  
To rock the Cradle of reposeing Age;  
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,  
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death;  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep a while one Parent from the sky!*





*T. Hayman inv. et del.*

*C. Grignion sculp.*

*Shut, shut the Door, good John! fatigu'd I said  
To the Knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.*

*Ep. to Arbuthnot.*



And now the Poem, which holds so much of the DRAMA, and opens with all the disorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and slander could occasion, concludes with the utmost calmness and serenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of FRIENDSHIP and PIETY [y 388. to the end.]

EPISTLE to Dr. ARBUTHNOT,  
BEING THE  
PROLOGUE  
TO THE  
SATIRES.

P. **S**HUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd  
I said,  
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.  
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,  
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:  
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

NOTES.

VER. I. *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful servant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

VOL. IV.

\* B 5

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?  
 They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,  
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,  
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10  
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,  
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me :  
 Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,  
 Happy ! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in beer, 15  
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,  
 A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,  
 Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross* ?  
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls  
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?  
 All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain 21  
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

## VARIATIONS.

After  $\gamma$  20. in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance ? turn them free,  
 With all their brandish'd reams they run to me :  
 Is there a Prentice, having seen two plays,  
 Who would do something in his Sempstress' praise—

## NOTES.

VER. 12. *Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.*] The beauty of this line arises from the figurative terms of the *predicate* alluding to the *subject*. A secret, in elegant expression, which our Author often practised.

VER. 13. *Mint.*] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,  
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:  
 Poor Cornus fees his frantic wife elope, 25  
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.  
 Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,  
 The world had wanted many an idle song)  
 What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?  
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30  
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,  
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.  
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!  
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye:  
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35  
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.  
 I fit with sad civility, I read  
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 29. in the 1st Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?  
 Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

N O T E S.

VER. 23. *Arthur,*] Arthur Moore, Esq.

VER. 33. *Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge,*] Alluding to the scene in the *Plain-Dealer*, where *Oldfox* gags, and ties down the *Widow*, to hear his *well-pen'd stanzas*.

VER. 38. *honest anguish,*] i. e. undissembled.

*Ibid. an aching head;*] Alluding to the disorder he was then so constantly afflicted with.

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39  
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,  
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,  
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,  
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45  
"I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,  
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,  
"I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50  
Pitholeon libell'd me — "but here's a letter  
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.  
"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,  
"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."

## V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,  
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

## N O T E S.

VER. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes,*] A pleasant allusion to those words of Milton,

*Dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires  
Easy my unpremeditated Verse.*

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. P.

Bless me! a packet.—“ ’Tis a stranger sues, 55  
 “ A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.”  
 If I dislike it, “ Furies, death and rage !”  
 If I approve, “ Commend it to the Stage.”  
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,  
 The Play’rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60  
 Fir’d that the house reject him, “ ’Sdeath I’ll print it,  
 “ And shame the fools—Your int’rest, Sir, with  
 Lintot.”

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:  
 “ Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.”

All my demurs but double his attacks; 65  
 At last he whispers, “ Do; and we go snacks.”  
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,  
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

’Tis sung, when Midas’ Ears began to spring,  
 (Midas, a sacred person and a King) 70

VARIATIONS.

VER. 60. in the former Edd.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

NOTES.

VER. 69. *’Tis sung, when Midas’ Ears*] The Poet means  
 sung by *Perfius*; and the words alluded to are,

*Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle!*

*Auriculas Asini Mida Rex habet.*

The transition is fine, but obscure: for he has here imitated  
 the manner of that mysterious writer, as well as taken up his  
 image. Our Author had been hitherto complaining of the folly



His very Minister who spy'd them first,  
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.  
 And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,

When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.

I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings; 76

Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,

'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?

Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,

That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80

The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)

The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85

Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,

Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

#### NOTES.

and impertunity of *indigent* Scriblers; he now insinuates he suffered as much of both, from Poetasters of *Quality*.

VER. 72. *Queen*] The story is told, by some, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See *Wife of Bath's Tale* in *Dryden's Fables*. P.

VER. 80. *That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:]* i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible.

VER. 88. Alluding to Horace,

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

P.

Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',  
 He spins the flight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90  
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,  
 The creature's at his dirty work again,  
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,  
 Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines!  
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95  
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?  
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?  
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?  
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?  
 Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100  
 Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God-sake—you'll offend,  
 No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:  
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;  
 But foes like these—P. One Flatt'rer's worse than all.

NOTES.

VER. 92. *The creature's at his dirty work again,*] This *metamorphosing*, as it were, the *Scribler* into a *Spider* is much more poetical than a *comparifon* would have been. But Poets should be cautious how they employ this figure; for where the likeness is not very striking, instead of giving force, they become obscure. Here, every thing concurs to make them run into one another. They both *spin*; not from the *head* [reason] but from the *guts* [passions and prejudices] and such a *thread* that can entangle none but creatures weaker than themselves.

VER. 96. *arch'd eye-brow,*] The eye-brow is raised in the expression of insolent contempt.

VER. 98. *free-masons Moor?*] He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions.

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105

It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent :

Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,

And ridicules beyond a hundred foes : 110

One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,

And more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,

And others roar aloud, " Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court: 115

I cough like *Herace*, and, tho' lean, am short,

*Anmon's* great son one shoulder had too high,

Such *Ovid's* nose, and " Sir ! you have an Eye—

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see

All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me. 120

#### VARIATIONS.

VER. III. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe ;

And other roar aloud, " Subscribe, subscribe."

Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave ;

Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

#### NOTES.

VER. 118. *Sir, you have an Eye*] It is remarkable that amongst these compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
 “Just so immortal *Maro* held his head :”  
 And when I die, be sure you let me know  
 Great *Homer* dy’d three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown 125  
 Dipt me in ink, my parents’, or my own ?  
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
 I lisp’d in numbers, for the numbers came.

VARIATIONS.

After ♪ 124. in the MS.

But, Friend, this shape, which You and Curl <sup>a</sup> admire,  
 Came not from Ammon’s son, but from my Sire <sup>b</sup> :  
 And for my head, if you’ll the truth excuse,  
 I had it from my Mother <sup>c</sup>, not the Muse.  
 Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join’d,  
 Had heir’d as well the virtues of the mind.

<sup>a</sup> Curl set up his head for a sign.      <sup>b</sup> His Father was crooked.

<sup>c</sup> His Mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

NOTES.

VER. 127. *As yet a child, &c.*] He used to say, that he began to write verses further back than he could remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby’s *Homer* fell in his way, and delighted him extremely ; it was followed by Sandys’ *Ovid* ; and the raptures these then gave him were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure ever after. About ten, being at school at Hide-park-corner, where he was much neglected, and suffered to go to the Comedy with the greater boys, he turned the transactions of the *Iliad* into a play, made up of a number of speeches from Ogilby’s translation, tacked together with verses of his own. He had the address to persuade the upper boys to act it ; he even prevailed on the Master’s Gardener to represent Ajax ; and contrived to have all the actors dressed after the pictures in his favourite Ogilby. At twelve he went with

\* C

I left no calling for this idle trade,  
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130  
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,  
 To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,  
 To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,  
 And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite, 135  
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;  
 Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,  
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;  
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,  
 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head, 140

## NOTES.

his Father into the Forest: and then got first acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spencer, and Dryden; in the order I have named them. On the first sight of Dryden, he found he had what he wanted. His Poems were never out of his hands; they became his model; and from them alone he learnt the whole magic of his versification. This year he began an epic Poem, the same which Bp. Atterbury, long afterwards, persuaded him to burn. Besides this, he wrote, in those early days, a Comedy and Tragedy, the latter taken from a story in the Legend of *St. Genevieve*. They both deservedly underwent the same fate. As he began his Pastorals soon after, he used to say pleasantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who tells us, *Cum canerem reges & praelia, &c.*

VER. 130. *no father disobey'd.*] When Mr. Pope was yet a Child, his Father, though no Poet, would set him to make English verses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would often send the boy back to new turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would say, *These are good rhymes.*

VER. 139. *Talbot, &c.*] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled,

And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)  
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.  
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!  
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!  
 From these the world will judge of men and books,  
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 146  
 Soft were my numbers; who could take offence  
 While pure Description held the place of Sense?

NOTES.

*Dryden's Satyr to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons, with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following,

*While pure Description held the place of Sense? &c.* P.

VER. 146. *Burnets, &c.*] Authors of secret and scandalous History. P.

Ibid. *Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.*] By no means Authors of the same class, though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes. But if the first offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse.

VER. 148. *While pure Description held the place of Sense?*] He uses *pure* equivocally, to signify either *chaste* or *empty*; and has given in this line what he esteemed the true Character of *descriptive poetry*, as it is called. A composition, in his opinion, as absurd as a feast made up of fauces. The use of a picturesque imagination is to brighten and adorn good sense; so that to employ it only in *description*, is like childrens delighting in a prism for the sake of its gaudy colours; which when frugally

Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,  
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150  
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill ;  
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.  
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret ;  
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.  
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155  
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad ;  
 If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.  
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,  
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160  
 Comma's and points they set exactly right,  
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.  
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,  
 From flashing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds* :

## NOTES.

managed, and artfully disposed, might be made to represent and illustrate the noblest objects in nature.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling stream.* is a verse of Mr. Addison. P.

VER. 163. *these ribalds,*] How deservedly this title is given to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be seen by a short account of the manners of the modern *Scholiasts*.

When in these latter ages, human learning raised its head in the West, and its tail, *verbal criticism*, was, of course, to rise with it ; the madness of Critics soon became so offensive, that the sober stupidity of the monks might appear the more tolerable evil. *J. Argropylos*, a mercenary Greek, who came to teach school in Italy, after the sacking of Constantinople by the Turks,

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,  
Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166

NOTES.

used to maintain that *Cicero* understood neither Philosophy nor Greek: while another of his Countrymen, *J. Lascares* by name, threatened to demonstrate that *Virgil* was no Poet. Countenanced by such great examples, a French Critic afterwards undertook to prove that *Aristotle* did not understand Greek, nor *Titus Livius*, Latin. It was the same discernment of spirit, which has since discovered that *Josephus* was ignorant of Hebrew; and *Erasmus* so pitiful a Linguist, that, *Burman* assures us, were he now alive, he would not deserve to be put at the head of a country school. For though time has strip'd the present race of Pedants of all the real accomplishments of their predecessors, it has conveyed down this spirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much easier to ape their manners, than to imitate their science. However, those earlier Ribalds raised an appetite for the Greek language in the West: insomuch, that *Hermolaus Barbarus*, a passionate admirer of it, and a noted Critic, used to boast, that he had invoked and raised the Devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Aristotelian ENTEAEXEIA. Another, whom *Balzac* speaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations: and was wont to say, that the meaning of such or such a verse, in *Persius*, no one knew but GOD and himself. While the celebrated *Pomponius Lætus*, in excess of Veneration for Antiquity, became a real Pagan, raised altars to Romulus, and sacrificed to the Gods of Latium: in which he was followed by our countryman, *Baxter*, in every thing, but in the expence of his sacrifices.

But if the Greeks cried down *Cicero*, the Italian Critics knew how to support his credit. Every one has heard of the childish excesses into which the ambition of being thought CICERONIANS carried the most celebrated Italians of this time. They abstained from reading the Scriptures for fear of spoiling their style: Cardinal *Bembo* used to call the Epistles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of *Epistolaccias*, great overgrown Epistles. But ERASMUS cured their frenzy in that masterpiece of good sense, his *Ciceronianus*. For which (in the way Lunatics treat their Physicians) the elder *Scaliger* insulted him with all the brutal fury peculiar to his family and profession.



Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,  
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.

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His son *Joseph*, and *Salmasius* had indeed such endowments of nature and art, as might have raised modern learning to a rivalry with the ancient? Yet how did they and their adversaries tear and worry one another. The choicest of *Joseph's* flowers of speech were, *Stercus Diaboli*, and *Lutum stercore maceratum*. It is true, these were lavished upon his enemies: for his friends he had other things in store. In a letter to *Thuanus*, speaking of two of them, *Clavius* and *Lipsius*, he calls the first, a monster of ignorance; and the other, a slave to the Jesuits, and an Idiot. But so great was his love of sacred amity at the same time, that he says, *I still keep up my correspondence with him, notwithstanding his Idiocy, for it is my principle to be constant in my friendships — Je ne cesse de luy escrire, nonobstant son Idioterie, d'autant que je suis constant en amitié.* The character he gives of his *Chronology*, in the same letter, is no less extraordinary: *Vous vous pouvez assurer que nostre Eusebe sera un trésor des merveilles de la doctrine Chronologique.* But this modest account of his own work, is nothing in comparison of the idea the Father gives his Bookseller of his own Person. Who, when he was preparing something of *Julius Scaliger's* for the Press, desired the Author would give him directions concerning his Picture, which was to be set before the book. Whose answer (as it stands in his collection of Letters) is, that if the engraver could collect together the several graces of *Massinissa*, *Xenophon*, and *Plato*, he might then be enabled to give the public some faint and imperfect resemblance of his Person. Nor was *Salmasius's* judgment of his own parts less favourable to himself; as *M. Colomies* tells the story. This Critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, *Mess. Gaulmin* and *Maussac*, in the Royal Library at Paris, *Gaulmin*, in a virtuous consciousness of their importance, told the other two, that he believed, they three could make head against all the learned in Europe: To which the great *Salmasius* fiercely replied, "Do you and *M. Maussac* join yourselves to all that are learned in the world, and you shall find that I alone am a match for you all."

*Vossius* tells us, that when *Laur. Valla* had snarl'd at every name of the first order in antiquity, such as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, and one

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms 169

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !

NOTES.

whom I should have thought, this Critic the likeliest to spare, the redoubtable PRISCIAN, he impiously boasted that he had arms even against *Christ* himself. But *Codrus Urcaus* went further, and actually used those arms the other only threatened with. This man while he was preparing some trifling piece of Criticism for the press, had the misfortune to hear his papers were destroyed by fire : On which he is reported to have broke out—"Quodnam ego tantum scelus concepi, O Christe! quem ego tuorum unquam læsi, ut ita inexpiabili in me odio debacceris ; audi ea quæ tibi mentis compos, et ex animo dicam. Si forte, cum ad ultimum vitæ finem pervenero, supplex accedam ad te oratum, neve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro ; cum Infernis Diis in æternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, says my author, he quitted the converse of men, threw himself into the thickest of a forest, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of despair.

VER. 164. *flashing Bentley*] This great man, tho' with all his faults, deserved to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero describe him not amiss. "Habuit à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendis verbis versutum et sollers : sed sæpe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum."

VER. 169. *Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms, &c.*] Our Poet had the full pleasure of this amusement soon after the publication of his *Shakespear*. Nor has his Friend been less entertained since the appearance of his edition of the same poet. The liquid *Amber* of whose Wit has lately licked up, and en-rolled such a quantity of these *Insects*, and of tribes so grotesque and various, as would have puzzled *Reaumur* to give names to. Two or three of them it may not be amiss to preserve and keep alive. Such as the Rev. Mr. *J. Upton, Thomas Edwards, Esq.* and, to make up the Triumvirate, their learned Coadjutor, that very respectable personage, Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.—As to the poetic imagery of this passage, it has been much and justly admired ; for the most detestable things

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare, 171  
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;  
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.  
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175  
But each man's secret standard in his mind,  
That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,  
This, who can gratify ? for who can *guess* ?  
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,  
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown, 180  
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a  
year ;  
He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,  
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left : 184  
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,  
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :

## NOTES.

in nature, as a *toad*, or a *beetle*, become pleasing when well represented in a work of Art. But it is no less eminent for the beauty of the thought. For though a scribler *exists* by being thus incorporated, yet he *exists intombed*, a lasting monument of the wrath of the Muses.

VER. 173. *Were others angry :*] The Poets.

VER. 180. — *a Persian tale.*] Amb. Philips translated a Book called the *Persian tales*. P.

VER. 184. *Steals much, spends little, and has nothing left :*] A fine improvement of this line of Boileau,

*Qui toujours emprunt, et jamais ne gagne rien.*

And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
It is not Poetry, but prose run mad :  
All these, my modest Satire bad *translate*,  
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 190  
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!  
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there One whose fires  
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires ;

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VER. 186. *Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:*] A case common both to *Poets* and *Critics* of a certain order ; only with this difference, that the *Poet* writes himself out of his *own meaning* ; and the *Critic* never gets into *another man's*. Yet both keep going on, and *blundering round about* their subject, as benighted people are wont to do, who seek for an entrance which they cannot find.

VER. 189. *All these my modest Satire bad translate,*] See their works, in the Translations of classical books by *several hands*.

VER. 192. *And swear, not ADDISON himself is safe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following transition ; and finely obviates what might be thought of the *severity* of the satire, by those who were strangers to the provocation.

VER. 193. *But were there One whose fires &c.*] Our Poet's friendship with Mr. Addison began in the year 1713. It was cultivated, on both sides, with all the marks of mutual esteem and affection, and constant intercourse of good offices. Mr. Addison was always commending moderation, warned his friend against a blind attachment to party, and blamed Steele for his indiscreet zeal. The translation of the *Iliad* being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in pushing the subscription ; but at the same time advised Mr. Pope not to be content with the applause of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's interest his own (see note on v 215, 1 Ep. B. ii. of Hor.) and, when

Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

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*Dennis* so brutally attacked the Tragedy of *Cato*, he wrote that humorous piece called *A narrative of his madness*.

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and superior genius in Poetry gave umbrage to his friend's false delicacy: and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (see his Letters) in their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had assisted in writing the *Examiners*; and, under an affected care for the Government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his disgust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself, first to Mr. Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of Miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the Author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air, which was done by advancing it into a mock-epic Poem. In order to this it was to have its Machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the *Rosycrusian* System. Full of this noble conception, he communicated it to Mr. Addison, who he imagined would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to have his friend receive it coldly; and more, to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem in its original state was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum fal*. Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend; and then first began to open his eyes to his Character.

Soon after this, a translation of the first book of the *Iliad* appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midst of his engagements on the same subject, and by a creature of Mr. Addison's, made him suspect this to be another shaft from the same quiver: And after a diligent enquiry, and laying many odd circumstances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only published with Mr. Addison's participation, but was

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ; 200  
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;

NOTES.

indeed his own performance. Mr. Pope, in his first resentment of this usage, was resolved to expose this new Version in a severe critic upon it. I have now by me the Copy he had marked for this purpose ; in which he has classed the several faults in translation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing splendor of his own work so eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due to it. About this time, Mr. Addison's son in law, the E. of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his Father who was naturally a jealous man ; that Mr. Pope's superior talents in poetry had hurt him, and to such a degree, that he had underhand encouraged *Gildon* to write a thing about Wycherley, in which he had scurrilously abused Mr. Pope and his family ; and for this service he had given *Gildon* ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day Mr. Pope, in a great heat, wrote Mr. Addison a Letter, wherein he told him, he was no stranger to his behaviour ; which, however, he should not imitate : But that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face ; and what deserved praise he would not deny him to the world : and, as a proof of this disposition towards him, he had sent him the inclosed, which was the *Character*, first published separately, and afterwards inserted in this place of the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with justice, from this time to his death, which happened about three years after.

*Ibid.* But were there one whose fires, &c.] The strokes in this *Character* are highly finished. Atterbury so well understood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope he says, " Since you now know where your strength lies, I hope you " will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not ; and, by that means, brought satiric Poetry to its perfection.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;  
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;  
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210  
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise —  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?  
 Who would not weep, if *ATTICUS* were he !

## VARIATIONS.

After † 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,  
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad.

## NOTES.

VER. 208. *And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;*] He was one of those obliging persons who are the *humble Servants* of all Mankind. Mr. Pope therefore did wisely, he soon returned his share in him to the common stock.

VER. 212. *And wonder with a foolish face of praise—*] When men, out of flattery, extol what they are conscious they do not understand, as is sometimes the case of men of education, the fear of praising in the wrong place is likely enough to give a *foolish* turn to the air of an embarrassed countenance.

VER. 213. *Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?*] While a Character is *unapplied*, all the various parts of it will be considered together ; and if the assemblage of them be as in-

What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls,  
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals ? 216  
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,  
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?  
 I fought no homage from the Race that write ;  
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight :  
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long) 221  
 No more than thou, great GEORGE ! a birth-day song.  
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,  
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;

N O T E S.

coherent as in this before us, it cannot fail of being the object of a malignant pleasantry.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he !*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whose more obvious qualities had before gained our love or esteem ; then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation : our old impressions get the better of our new, or, at least, suffer themselves to be no further impaired than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern.

Ibid. ATTICUS] It was a great falsehood, which some of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death ; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory : and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. P.

VER. 216. *claps, in capitals ?*] The bills of Quack-Doctors and Quack Booksellers being usually pasted together on the same posts.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?*] Hopkins, in the civ<sup>th</sup> Psalm. P.



Of all thy blameless life the sole return 259

My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn !

Oh let me live my own, and die so too !

(To live and die is all I have to do :)

Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,

And see what friends, and read what books I please :

Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265

Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.

I was not born for Courts or great affairs ;

I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;

Can sleep without a Poem in my head,

Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?

Heav'ns ! was I born for nothing but to write ?

#### VARIATIONS.

After ✽ 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I fought, and seek them still :

Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.

The World I knew, but made it not my School<sup>a</sup>,

And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

<sup>a</sup> By *not making the World his School* he means, he did not form his system of morality, on the principles or practice of men in business.

#### NOTES.

VER. 265. — *tho' I condescend &c.*] He thought it, and he justly thought it, a condescension in an *honest* Man to accept the friendship of any one, how high soever, whose conduct in life was governed only on *principles of policy* : for of what *ministers* he speaks, may be seen by the character he gives, in the next line, of the *Courts* they belong to.

Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)  
 Have I no friend to serve, no foul to save? 274  
 " I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt  
 " (Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out.  
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.  
 " No, such a Genius never can lie still ;  
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes  
 The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280  
 Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,  
 When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

VARIATIONS.

After ♀ 282. in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?

A. You did so lately, was it understood?

P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,  
 As rumbling D—s or a Norfolk hound ;  
 With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,  
 Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.

A. No — the high task to lift up Kings to Gods  
 Leave to Court-sermons, and to birth-day Odes.

On themes like these, superior far to thine,  
 Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.

P. Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,  
 The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

NOTES.

VER. 271. *Why am I ask'd &c.*] This is intended as a reproof of those impertinent complaints, which were perpetually made to him by those who called themselves his friends, for not entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amusement.—A French writer says well on this occasion—*Dès qu'on est auteur,*

\* D

Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

## NOTES.

il semble qu'on soit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuser leur oisiveté.

VER. 273. — *or, to be grave, &c.*] This important truth, concerning the *Soul*, was always so present with him, that, in his more serious hours, he used to say, *That he was certain of its immortality, that he seemed to feel it, as it were, within him by intuition.*

VER. 282. *When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my Style?*] The discovery of a concealed author by his Style, not only requires a perfect intimacy with his writings, but great skill in the nature of composition. But, in the practice of these Critics, knowing an author by his style, is like judging of a man's whole person from the view of one of his moles.

When Mr. Pope wrote the *Advertisement* to the first Edition of the *new Dunciad*, intimating, that "it was by a different hand from the other, and found in detached pieces, incorrect, and unfinished," I objected to him the affectation of using so unpromising an attempt to mislead his Reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taste; that, most commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in fashion, who took the lead, and who sometimes have obtruded on the Town the dullest performances, for works of Wit: while, at the same time, some true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath passed by the public eye unobserved or neglected: That he once before made the trial I now objected to, with success, in the *Essay on Man*: which was at first given (as he told me) to Dr. Younge, to Dr. Desaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Pagett, and, in short, to every body but to him who was capable of writing it. However, to make him amends, this same Public, when let into the secret, would, for some time after, suffer no poem, with a moral title, to pass for any one's but his. So the *Essay on human Life*, the *Essay on Reason*, and many others of a worse tendency, were very liberally bestowed upon him.

This, and a great deal more he added on the same occasion, and assured me, that his *new Dunciad* would be full as well un-

Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285  
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!  
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,  
 Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,  
 Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,  
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out : 290  
 That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,  
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame :  
 Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,  
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love* ;

NOTES.

derstood. He was not mistaken. This *fourth book*, the most studied and highly finished of all his Poems, was esteemed *obscure* (a name, which, in excess of modesty, the Reader gives to what he does not understand) and but a faint imitation, by some common hand, of the other three. He had, himself, the malicious pleasure to hear this judgment passed on his favourite Work by several of his Acquaintance; a pleasure more to his taste than the flatteries they used to entertain him with, and were then intentionally paying him. Of which he gave me another instance, that afforded him much diversion. While these acquaintance read the *Essay on Man* as the work of an unknown author, they fairly owned they did not understand it: but when the reputation of the poem became secured by the knowledge of the Writer, it soon grew so clear and intelligible, that, on the appearance of the *Comment* on it, they told him, they wondered the Editor should think a large and minute interpretation necessary.

VER. 293. — *selfishy approve,*] Because to deny, or pretend not to see, a well established merit, would impeach his own heart or understanding.

VER. 294. *And show the sense of it without the love;*] i. e. will never suffer the *admiration* of an excellence to produce any *esteem* for him, to whom it belongs.

Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295  
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;  
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray :  
 Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,  
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there ; 300  
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,  
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.  
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
 But all such babling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of filk,  
*Sporus*, that mere white curd of Afs's milk? 306  
 Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?  
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

## NOTES.

VER. 295. *Who has the vanity to call you friend, Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend ;*] When a great Genius, whose writings have afforded the world much pleasure and instruction, happens to be enviously attacked, or falsely accused, it is natural to think, that a sense of gratitude for so agreeable an obligation, or a sense of that honour resulting to our Country from such a Writer, should raise amongst those who *call* themselves his friends, a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience shews us the very contrary. Some take a malignant satisfaction in the attack ; others a foolish pleasure in a literary conflict ; and the far greater part look on with a selfish indifference.

VER. 299. *Who to the Dean, and silver bell, &c.*] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on *Taste*. See Mr. Pope's Letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys, 311  
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.  
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;  
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320  
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.  
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,  
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }  
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. }  
 Amphibious thing ! that acting either part, 326  
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,

NOTES.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv. P.

VER. 320. *Half froth*,] Alluding to those *frothy* excretions, called by the people, *Toad-spits*, seen in summer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young insects which lie hid in the midst of them, for their preservation, while in their helpless state.

Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,  
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.  
*Eve's* tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,  
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest, 331  
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,  
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335  
 Not proud, nor servile ; Be one Poet's praise,  
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways :  
 That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,  
 And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same.  
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340  
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song :

## NOTES.

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris. " I intend to send you two or three poems of Mr. Pope, the  
 " best poet of England, and at present of all the world. I hope  
 " you are acquainted enough with the English tongue, to be  
 " sensible of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look  
 " upon his poem called the *Essay on Criticism* as superior to  
 " the Art of poetry of Horace ; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in  
 " my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Despreaux. I never saw  
 " so amiable an imagination, so gentle graces, so great variety,  
 " so much wit, and so refined knowledge of the world, as in  
 " this little performance." MS. Let. Oct. 15, 1726.

VER. 341. *But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:*] This

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,  
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
 The damning critic, half approving wit,  
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345  
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;  
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;  
 The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, 350  
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;

NOTES.

may be said no less in commendation of his *literary*, than of his *moral* character. And his superior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He soon discovered in what his force lay; and he made the best of that advantage, by a sedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintilian early, this precept did not escape him, *Sunt hæc duo vitanda prorsus: unum ne tentes quod effici non possit; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus est idoneus, transferas.* It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great master, *Dryden*; who, by his *MacFlecno*, his *Abfolom* and *Achitophel*, but chiefly by his *Prologues* and *Epilogues*, appears to have had great talents for this species of moral poetry; but, unluckily, he seem'd neither to understand nor attend to it.

*Ibid. But stoop'd to Truth*] The term is from falconry; and the allusion to one of those untamed birds of spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *stoops* to, its prey.

VER. 350. *the lye so oft o'erthrown*] As, that he received subscriptions for *Shakespear*, that he set his name to *Mr. Broome's verses*, &c. which, tho' publicly disproved were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the *Libels*, and even in that called *the Nobleman's Epistle*. P.



The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,  
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;  
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,  
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead ; 355  
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear —  
 Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue* ! all the past :  
 For thee, fair *Virtue* ! welcome ev'n the *last* !

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state :

#### NOTES.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed trash*] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court-Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his Name by Curl and others. P.

VER. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread.*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Wested, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons. P.

VER. 356. *The whisper, that to greatness still too near,*] By the *whisper* is meant calumniating honest Characters. Shakespear has finely expressed this office of the sycophant of *greatness* in the following line :

*Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear.*

By which is meant the immolating mens reputations to the vice or vanity of his Patron.

VER. 357. *Perhaps, yet vibrates*] What force and elegance of expression ! which, in one word, conveys to us the *physical* effects of sound, and the *moral* effects of an often repeated scandal.

VER. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue ! welcome ev'n the last !*] This line is remarkable for presenting us with the most amiable image of steady *Virtue*, mixed with a modest concern for his

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,  
*Sporus* at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,  
 A hireling scribler, or a hireling peer,  
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365  
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,  
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,  
*Sappho* can tell you how this man was bit :  
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370  
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :  
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,  
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.  
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?  
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welfted's* lye.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,  
 And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit :  
 Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid ;  
 He writ no Libels, but my Lady did :  
 Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,  
 Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.

NOTES.

being forced to undergo the severest proofs of his love for it, which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN.

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was so long after many libels before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. P.

To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life ;      376  
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :  
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,  
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will ;  
 Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse      380  
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.

## NOTES.

VER. 375. *Wellsed's Lye.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and so name a person he never heard of. He also publish'd that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos ; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds* : the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *Any great Man* whatsoever. P.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubstreet Journal* ; a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Author. P.

VER. 379. *except his Will*] Alluding to Tyndall's Will : by which, and other indirect practices, *Budgell*, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of *Curl's* and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a Nobleman (if such a Reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity* : And the following line,

*Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,*  
 had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of Lindsey—His mother

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,  
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:  
 That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore :  
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore* !  
 Unspotted names, and memorable long ! 386  
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,  
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)  
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—  
 P. Their own,  
 And better got, than *Bestia's* from the throne. 391

NOTES.

was the daughter of William Turnor, Esq. of York : She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles ; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75 ; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex.

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. FIG.

QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.

ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILL.

PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.

XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI.

P.

VER. 390. *A. What fortune, pray?*] His friend, who here personates, assuming the impertinent curiosity of *the Town*, adds great spirit to his satire.—Julian has a parallel stroke, in his sarcastic discourse to the people of Antioch, where

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,  
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,  
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,  
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age. 395  
 No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.  
 Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtile art,  
 No language, but the language of the heart.  
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400  
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;  
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,  
 His death was instant, and without a groan.  
 O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die! 404  
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

## V A R I A T I O N S.

After y 405. in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?  
 Take then this verse, the trifle of a day.  
 And if it live, it lives but to commend  
 The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,  
 Or head, an Author: Critic, yet polite  
 And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.

## N O T E S.

he tells them a story out of Plutarch, concerning Cato; who,  
 when he came near their City, found their youth under arms,  
 and the magistrates in their robes of office. On which alighting,  
 in an ill humour with his friends, who he imagined had in-  
 formed them of his approach, the master of the ceremonies came

O Friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !  
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine :  
 Me, let the tender office long engage,  
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,  
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410  
 Make Langour smile, and smooth the bed of Death,  
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
 And keep a while one parent from the sky !  
 On cares like these if length of days attend,  
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,  
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, 416  
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.  
 A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,  
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES.

up, and, advancing before the company, accosted him in this manner ; " Stranger, how far off is Demetrius ? " *Now this Demetrius (says Julian) was one of Pompey's freedmen, and immensely rich. You will ask me what he was worth ; for I know nothing so likely to excite your curiosity. Why, truly, for this, you must consult Demophilus the Bythinian, whose anecdotes turn chiefly upon subjects of this high importance.*

VER. 417. *And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.* ] An honest compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite Physician of Queen Anne.

VER. 418. A. *Whether this blessing, &c.* ] He makes his friend close the Dialogue with a sentiment very expressive of that religious resignation, which was the Character both of his temper, and his piety.





S A T I R E S  
A N D  
E P I S T L E S  
O F  
H O R A C E  
I M I T A T E D.





# Advertisement.

THE Occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the Clamour rais'd on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person ; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, seem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. *Donne* I versifyed, at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Sbrewsbury* who had been Secretary of State ; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller* ; whereas to a *true Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

*Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.* P.

\* E



T H E  
 First Satire of the Second Book  
 O F  
 H O R A C E  
 I M I T A T E D.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient Satirist he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented, with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublime of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius: And what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightening of Juvenal, Horace would content himself in turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Advertisement*. To which we may add, that this sort of Imitations, which are of the nature of *Parodies*, add reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deem'd it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

## S A T I R A P R I M A.

H O R A T I U S. T R E B A T I U S.

H O R A T I U S.

'SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra  
Legem tendere opus; <sup>b</sup> fine nervis altera, quidquid  
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum  
Mille die versus deduci posse. <sup>c</sup> Trebati,  
Quid faciam? praescribe.

T. <sup>d</sup> Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non

Optimum erat: <sup>e</sup> verum nequeo dormire.

## N O T E S.

VER. 3. *Scarce to wile* Peter — Chartres] It has been commonly observed of the English, that a Rogue never goes to the Gallows without the pity of the Spectators, and their parting curses on the rigour of the Laws that brought him thither: and this has been as commonly ascribed to the *good nature* of the people. But it is a mistake. The true cause is their hatred and envy of power. Their compassion for Dunces and Scoundrels (when exposed by great writers to public contempt, either in justice to the age, or in vindication of their own Characters) has the same source. They cover their envy to a superior genius, in lamenting the severity of his Pen.





*F. Hayman inv. et del.*

*Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,  
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*

*C. Grignon sculp.*

*Ep. to Satires, Parta.*

## S A T I R E I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)

<sup>a</sup> There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold :

Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,

And something said of Chartres much too rough.

<sup>b</sup> The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,

<sup>c</sup> I come to Council learned in the Law :

You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,

Advice ; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10

F. <sup>d</sup> I'd write no more.

P. Not write ? but then I think,

<sup>e</sup> And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

## NOTES.

VER. 7. *Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,*] The delicacy of this does not so much lie in the ironical application of it to himself, as in its seriously characterising the Person for whose advice he applies.

VER. 12. *Not write ? &c.*] He has omitted the most humorous part of the answer,

*Peream male, si non*

*Optimum erat,*

and has lost the grace, by not imitating the conciseness, of  
*verum nequeo dormire.*



T. <sup>f</sup> Ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto ;  
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

<sup>s</sup> Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude  
CAESARIS invicti res dicere, <sup>h</sup> multa laborum  
*Praemia* laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires  
Deficiunt : <sup>i</sup> neque enim quivis *borrentia pilis*  
*Agmina*, nec *fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos*,  
Aut *labentis equo* describat vulnera *Parthi*.

#### NOTES.

For conciseness, when it is clear (as in this place) gives the highest grace to elegance of expression.—But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls short of it.

VER. 20. *Hartshorn*] This was intended as a pleasantry on the novelty of the prescription.

VER. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c.*] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our English poets, except Milton* (says he, in a letter to Mr. Locke) *have been mere*

I nod in company, I wake at night,  
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15  
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a Wife :

<sup>f</sup> Or rather truly, if your point be rest,  
Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est*.

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise  
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

<sup>g</sup> Or, if you needs must write, write CAESAR's Praise,

<sup>h</sup> You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What ? like Sir <sup>i</sup> Richard, rumbling, rough;  
and fierce,

With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd  
the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and  
Thunder ?

Or nobly wild, with Budget's fire and force,

Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse ?

#### NOTES.

*ballad-makers in comparison of him.* And Mr. Locke, in answer to this observation, replies, *I find, with pleasure, a strange harmony throughout, between your Thoughts and mine.* Just so a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Historian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But these being judgments made by men out of their own profession, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully pass for Poetaasters to the world's end.

VER. 28. *falling Horse ?*] The horse on which his Majesty

\* E 4 .

T. <sup>k</sup> Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,  
 Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,

Cum res ipsa feret : <sup>1</sup> nisi *dextro tempore*, Flacci  
 Verba per attentam non ibunt *Caesaris* aurem :  
 Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. <sup>m</sup> Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi laedere versu  
 Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem ?  
<sup>n</sup> Cum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est *intactus*,  
 et odit.

H. <sup>o</sup> Quid faciam ? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto  
 Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

#### NOTES.

charged at the battle of Oudenard ; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

VER. 39. *Abuse the City's best good men in metre,*] The *best good Man*, a City phrase for the *richest*. *Metre*—not used here, purely to help the verse, but to shew what it is a Citizen esteems the greatest aggravation of the offence.

VER. 41. *What should ail them ?*] Horace hints at *one* reason, that each fears his own turn may be next ; his imitator gives

F. <sup>k</sup> Then all your Muse's softer art display,  
 Let CAROLINA smoothe the tuneful lay,      30  
 Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,  
 And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. <sup>l</sup> Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;  
 They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;  
 And justly CAESAR scorns the Poet's lays,      35  
 It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. <sup>m</sup> Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,  
 Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,  
 Abuse the City's best good men in metre,  
 And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter. 40  
<sup>n</sup> Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:  
 The fewer still you name, you wound the more;  
 Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. <sup>o</sup> Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45  
 Scarfdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;

#### N O T E S.

*another*, and with more art, a reason which insinuates, that his very lenity, in using feigned names, increases the number of his Enemies.

VER. 46. *Darty his Ham-pye*;] This Lover of Ham-pye own'd the fidelity of the poet's pencil; and said, he had done justice to his taste; but that if, instead of *Ham-pye*, he had given him *Sweet-pye*, he never could have pardoned him.

† Castor gaudet equis ; *ovo prognatus eodem*,  
 Pugnīs. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum  
 Millia. † me pedibus delectat claudere verba,  
 Lucilī ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.  
 Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim  
 Credebat libris ; neque, si male gesserat, usquam  
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene : quo fit, ut omnis  
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella  
 Vita senis. sequor hunc, † Lucanus an Appulus,  
 anceps :

[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,

#### NOTES.

VER. 50. *Like in all else, as one Egg to another.*] This has neither the justness nor elegance of

*ovo prognatus eodem.*

For tho' it may appear odd, that those *who come from the same Egg* should have tempers and pursuits directly contrary ; yet there is nothing strange, that two Brothers, *alike in all things else*, should have different amusements.

VER. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne :*] They had this, indeed, in common, to use great liberties of speech, and to profess saying what they thought. Montagne had *many* qualities, that have gained him the love and esteem of his Readers ; The other had *one*, which always gain'd him the favour-

Ridotta sips and dances, till she see

The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she ;

¶ F— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,  
Like in all else, as one Egg to another.      50

¶ I love to pour out all my self, as plain

As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne :

In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,

The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within ;

In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,      55

Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass, my Muse intends

Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;

Publish the present age ; but where my text

Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next :      60

My foes shall wish my life a longer date,

And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,

¶ Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,

#### NOTES.

able attention of his Hearers. For, as a celebrated Roman Orator observes, “Maledicit INERUDITUS apertius et saepius, cum  
“periculo etiam suo. Affert et ista res OPINIONEM, quia libentissime homines audiunt ea quae dicere *ipsi* noluisse.”

VER. 56. *the medium must be clear.*] Allusion to a fountain of limpid water, thro' which the contents of the bottom are discovered. This thought, tho' not very exact, assisted him in the easy and happy change of the metaphor in the following line.

VER. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing from my quill,*] Inferior to the Original :

Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,  
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis ;  
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum  
 Incuteret violenta.] <sup>s</sup> sed hic stylus haud petet ultro  
 Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis  
 Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,  
 ' Tutus ab infestis latronibus ? ' O pater et rex  
 Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,

## N O T E S.

*Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim  
 Credebat libris, etc.*

Perfius alluded to this idea, when he said,

*Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle ! etc.*

VER. 64. *Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will, Papist or Protestant, etc.*] The original thought (which is very flat, and so ill and awkwardly expressed, as to be taken for a monkish Addition) is here admirably imitated, in a lively character of himself, and his Writings.

VER. 69. *Satire's my Weapon*] In these Words, our Author has happily explained the true Character of Horace's ironical Apology, which is to this purpose : Nature, says he, has given all Creatures the means of *offence* and *defence* : The wolf has teeth, the bull has horns, and my weapon is satire. And, at the same time that he vindicates the claim to his *natural* talent, he shews the moral use of it, by the instances of the like natural talents of Cervius to *inform*, of Canidia to *poison*, and of Turius to *pass sentence*. The turn of this ludicrous argumentation is fine and delicate ; and we find his Imitator saw the whole force of it.

Papist or Protestant, or both between,                    65

Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,

In moderation placing all my glory,

While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

‘ Satire’s my weapon, but I’m too discreet  
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet ;                    70

‘ I only wear it in a land of Hectors,

Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.

‘ Save but our *Army* ! and let Jove incrust

Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust !

#### N O T E S.

VER. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hectors, etc.*] Superior to,  
*tutus ab infestis latronibus,*  
which only carries on the metaphor in

*ensis*

*Vagina tectus,*

whereas the imitation does more ; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the subject, by presenting the reader with the several objects of satire.

VER. 72. *Thieves, Supercargoes,*] The names, at that time, usually bestowed on those whom the trading Companies sent with their Ships, and intrusted with their concerns, abroad.

VER. 73. *Save but our Army ! etc.*] “ Une Maladie nouvelle (says the admirable Author de *L’esprit des Loix*) “ s’est répandue en Europe ; elle a saisi nos Princes, et leur fait entretenir “ un nombre desordonné de Troupes. Elle a ses redoublemens, “ et elle devient *nécessairement contagieuse*. Car si-tot qu’un “ Etat augmente ce qu’il appelle ses Troupes, les autres soudain augmentent les leurs, de façon qu’on ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruïne commune. Chaque Monarque tient sur pied “ toutes les Armées qu’il pourroit avoir, si ses Peuples étoient “ en danger d’être exterminés ; et on nomme *Paix* cet état d’effort “ de tous contre tous. Aussi l’Europe est-elle si ruinée, que les “ particuliers, qui seroient dans la situation où sont les trois



Nec quisquam noceat " cupido mihi pacis ! at ille,  
Qui me commorit, (melius non tangere, clamo)

\* Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

‡ Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam ;

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum ;

Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes :

\* Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque  
Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.

Dente lupo, cornu taurus petit ; unde, nisi intus  
Monstratum ? \* Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti

Matrem ; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum ?

Ut neque calce lupo quemquam, neque dente petit  
bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

#### N O T E S.

“ Puissances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous sommes pauvres avec les Richesses & le commerce de tout l'Univers ; & bientôt à force d'avoir des Soldats, nous n'aurons plus que des Soldats, et nous serons comme des Tartares.”

VER. 81. *Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage, From furious Sappho—*] Two Ladies, who thought themselves aggrieved in these characters, had this satisfaction proposed by Lord Peterborough, To transpose the circumstances, and give the poisoning part to *Sappho*, and the other favour to *Delia*.

\* Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: 75

But touch me, and no Minister so fore.

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

\* Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,

And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

‣ Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,

Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,

P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

\* Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels; 85

Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;

'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;

And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.

\* So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,

They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

#### NOTES.

VER. 81—84. *Slander—libell'd by her hate.*] There seems to be more spirit here than in the original. But it is hard to pronounce with certainty. For tho' one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

*Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;*

yet there might be something, for ought we know, in the Character or History of *Cervius* which might bring up that line to the spirit of poinancy of the 82d verse of the Imitation.

VER. 85.—90. *It's proper power to hurt, etc.*] All, except the two last lines, inferior to the elegance and precision of the Original.

<sup>b</sup> Ne longum faciam : seu me tranquilla senectus  
 Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis ;  
 Dives, inops ; Romae, seu fors ita jufferit, exsul ;  
<sup>c</sup> Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color.

T. <sup>d</sup> O puer, ut sis  
 Vitalis metuo ; et majorum ne quis amicus  
 Frigore te feriat.

H. <sup>e</sup> Quid ? cum est Lucilius ausus  
 Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

## NOTES.

VER. 93,—96. *Whether old age—shade*] The Original is more finished, and even sublime. Besides, the last verse—*To wrap me in the universal shade*, has a languor and redundancy unusual with our author.

VER. 97. *Whether the darken'd room—Or whiten'd wall—*] This is only a wanton joke upon the terms of his Original  
*Quisquis erit vitae color.*

VER. 99. *In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,*] The Poet, in our equal Government, might talk of the disasters incident to wit, at his ease, and with all this levity of style. But it was a serious matter with Horace ; and is so still with our witty Neighbours ; one of whom has well expressed their condition, in the following lines,

Eh ! Que fait-on ? Un simple badinage,  
 Mal entendu d'un Prude, ou d'un Sot,

<sup>b</sup> Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)  
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,  
 Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,  
 Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,  
 Or Death's black wing already be display'd,    95  
 To wrap me in the universal shade ;  
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,  
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write :  
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,  
<sup>c</sup> Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100  
 F. <sup>d</sup> Alas young man ! your days can ne'er be long,  
 In flow'r of age you perish for a song !  
 Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,  
 Will club their Testers, now, to take your life !  
 P. <sup>e</sup> What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,  
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men ; 106

## NOTES.

Peut vous jeter sur un autre rivage :

Pour perdre un Sage, il ne faut qu'un Bigot.

VER. 104. *Will club their Testers, &c.*] The image is exceeding humorous, and at the same time betrays the injustice of their resentment in the very circumstance of their indulging it ; as it shews the Poet had said no more of their avarice, than what was true. Our Author's abundance of Wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his Humour. But the veins are equally rich ; and the one flows with ease, and the other is always placed with propriety.

VER. 105.—120. *What? arm'd for Virtue, etc.*] This is not only superior to any thing in Horace, but equal to any thing in himself.

*Detrabere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora*

*Cederet, introrsum turpis ; num Laelius, et qui*

*Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,*

*Ingenio offensi ? aut laeso doluere Metello,*

*Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus ? atqui*

*Primores populi arripuit populumque tributum ;*

#### NOTES.

VER. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws ?*] Because just *Satire* is an useful supplement to the sanctions of *Law* and *Religion* ; and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of those who preside in the administration of both.

VER. 111. *Could Boileau—Could Dryden*] I believe neither of them would have been suffered to do this, had they not been egregious flatterers of the several Courts to which they belonged.

*Ibid. Could pension'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden*] It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times, and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Laelius ; it was Mr. Pope's, to satirize the present, and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the instances are equally pertinent ; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

*Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis,*  
loses something of its spirit in the imitation ; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Laelius.

VER. 116. *Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave ?*] Mr. Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his *Homers*. Lord

Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car ;  
 Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star* ;  
 Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,  
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws ?  
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain    111  
 Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign ?  
 Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,  
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage ?  
 And I not ' strip the gilding off a Knave,    115  
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave ?  
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause :  
 Hear this, and tremble ! you, who 'scape the Laws.

## NOTES.

Treasurer Oxford affected to discourage that design ; for so great a Genius (he said) ought not to be confined to Translation. He always used Mr. Pope civilly ; and would often express his concern that his religion rendered him incapable of a *place*. At the same time, he never spoke one word of a *pension*. For this offer he was solely indebted to the Whig-Ministers. In the beginning of George I. lord Hallifax, of his own motion, sent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern that so great a Poet had never been distinguished ; that he was glad it was now in his power to serve him ; and, if he cared to accept it, he should have a pension not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and desired time to consider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a letter to repeat his thanks ; in which he took occasion to mention the affair of the *pension* with much indifference. So the thing dropt till Mr. Craggs came into the Ministry. The affair of the *pension* was then resumed. And this minister, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr. Pope, that three hundred pounds a year was then at his service : that he had the ma-

*Scilicet* : UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS  
AMICIS.

<sup>a</sup> *Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant*

*Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,*

Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec

Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis

Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me

<sup>i</sup> *Cum magnis vixisse* invita fatebitur usque

Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,

*Offendet solido:*

#### NOTES.

nagement of the secret-service money, and could pay him such a pension, without its being known, or ever coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without hesitation: only, in return for so friendly a proposal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted money he would draw upon him for 100 or 200 l. which liberty, notwithstanding, he never took. Mr. Craggs more than once pressed him on this head; and urged the conveniency of a Chariot; which Mr. Pope was sensible enough of: But the precariousness of that supply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an equipage, which it was much better never to set up, than not properly to support.

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave  
 Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave. 120  
<sup>2</sup> To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,  
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.  
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,  
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.  
<sup>3</sup> There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125  
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.  
 There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl  
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul :  
 And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,  
 Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,  
 Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain,  
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.  
<sup>4</sup> Envy must own, I live among the Great,  
 No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state,      134

NOTES.

VER. 129. *And HE, whose lightning, etc.*] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following with only 280 horse and 900 foot enterprized and accomplished the Conquest of Valentia. P.

VER. 133. *Envy must own, &c.*] Horace makes the point of honour to consist simply in his living familiarly with the Great,

*Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque  
 Invidia.*

Our poet, more nobly, in his living with them on the footing of an honest man.—He prided himself in this superiority, as ap-



<sup>k</sup> nisi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*

Diffentis.

T. <sup>l</sup> Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum :

<sup>m</sup> “ *Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina,*  
*jus est*

“ *Judiciumque.*”

H. Esto, si quis <sup>n</sup> *mala.* sed *bona* si quis

#### NOTES.

pears from the following words, in a letter to Dr. Swift. “ To  
“ have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise ;  
“ but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased  
“ them, is a greater.” *Let. vii. Jan. 12, 1723.*

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd &c.] Si mala condiderit — A*  
great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. “ L’Aristo-  
“ cratie est le Gouvernement qui proscrit le plus les Ouvrages  
“ fatiriques. Les Magistrats y sont de petits souverains,  
“ qui ne sont pas assez grands pour mépriser les injures. Si  
“ dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le Monarque,  
“ il est si haut que le trait n’arrive point jusqu’ à lui ; un Seig-  
“ neur Aristocratique en est percé de part en part. Aussi les

With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,  
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats ;  
 To help who want, to forward who excel ;  
 This, all who know me, know ; who love me, tell ;  
 And who unknown defame me, let them be  
 Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.      140

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—

<sup>k</sup> What faith my Council, learned in the laws ?

F. <sup>l</sup> Your Plea is good ; but still I say, beware !  
 Laws are explain'd by Men — so have a care.  
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times      145  
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

<sup>m</sup> Consult the Statute: *quart.* I think, it is,  
*Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.*

See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.      149

P. <sup>n</sup> *Libels and Satires* ! lawless things indeed !

#### NOTES.

“ *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une Aristocratie, punirent-ils de mort  
 “ les *Ecrits Satiriques*.” De L'Esprit des Loix, L. xii. c. 13.

VER. 150. *Libels and Satires* ! lawless things indeed ! But  
*grave Epistles, etc.*] The legal objection is here more justly and  
 decently taken off than in the Original. Horace evades the  
 force of it with a quibble,

*Esto, si quis mala ; sed bona si quis.*

But the Imitator's *grave Epistles* shew the *satire* to be a se-  
 rious reproof, and therefore justifiable ; which the *integer ipse*  
 of the Original does not : for however this might plead in mi-  
 tigation of the offence, nothing but their being *grave Epistles*  
 could justify the attack.

Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE ? si quis

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse ?

T. ° Solventur risu tabulae : tu missus abibis.

#### NOTES.

VER. 152. F. *Indeed?*] Hor.

*Solventur risu tabulae.*

Some Critics tell us, it is want of taste to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this censure, by shewing how well the sense of it agrees to his Friend's character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful ; but as soon as SIR ROBERT, the Patron both of Law and Gospel, is mentioned

But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,      151  
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,  
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve —

F. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed;  
° In such a cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd,      155  
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

NOTES.

as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Case is altered*. Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint that Augustus himself supported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his Uncle, to confess *the Case was altered*?



THE  
SECOND SATIRE  
OF THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
HORACE.

## S A T I R A II.

<sup>a</sup> Q U A E virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,  
 (Nec meus hic fermo ; sed quae praecepit  
 Ofellus,

Rusticus, <sup>d</sup> *abnormis* Sapiens, *crassaque Minerva*)

Discite, <sup>e</sup> non inter lances *mensasque nitentes* ;

Cum stupet *insanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum

Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat :

<sup>e</sup> Verum hic *imprans* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc ?

Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis

Corruptus iudex. Leporem sectatus, equove

Lassus ab indomito ; vel (si Romana fatigat

Militia assuetum graecari) seu pila velox,

Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem ;

Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aera disco :

Cum labor extulerit fastidia ; ficcus, inanis,

Sperne *cibum vilem* : nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,

Ne biberis, diluta. <sup>i</sup> foris est promus, et atrum

## N O T E S.

VER. 5. *a gilt Buffet's reflected pride Turns you from sound Philosophy aside ;*] More forcibly and happily expressed than the original, *acclinis falsis* ; tho' that be very elegant.

## S A T I R E II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

<sup>a</sup> **W**HAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art  
To live on little with a chearful heart ;

<sup>b</sup> (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk, my friends, but talk <sup>c</sup> before we dine.

<sup>c</sup> Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride 5

Turns you from sound Philosophy aside ;

Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,

<sup>d</sup> But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

<sup>e</sup> Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)

Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

<sup>f</sup> Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,

Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)

## NOTES.

VER. 9. BETHEL.] The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's Letters are addressed.



Defendens pisces hiemat mare : cum sale panis  
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut  
 Quî partum ? non in caro nidore voluptas  
 Summa, sed in *teipso* est. tu pulmentaria quaere  
 Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,  
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

\* Vix tamen eripiam, posito *pavone*, velis quin  
 Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum ;  
 Corruptus vanis rerum : quia veneat auro  
 Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda :  
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris  
     ista,  
 Quam laudas, pluma ? coctove num adest honor  
     idem ?

Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa ;  
 Imparibus formis deceptum te patet. esto,  
 Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto  
 Captus hiet ? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis  
 Ostia sub Tusci ? <sup>1</sup> laudas, insane, *trilibrem*  
*Mullum*; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.  
 Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo  
*Proceros* odisse *lupos* ? quia scilicet illis  
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.  
 Jejunos raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15  
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

<sup>k</sup> Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men  
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen ;  
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,  
Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20  
    <sup>l</sup> Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,  
(Tho' cut in pieces 'ere my Lord can eat)  
Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess ?  
Because God made these large, the other less.

<sup>m</sup> *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino*  
*Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus, at vos*  
<sup>n</sup> *Praesentes Austri, coquite horum opsonia: quam-*  
*quam*  
*Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando*  
*Aegrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus*  
*Atque acidas mavult inulas. ° necdum omnis abacta*  
*Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis*  
*Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem*  
*Galloni praeconis erat acipensere mensa*  
*Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?*  
<sup>p</sup> *Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,*  
*Donec vos auctor docuit praetorius. ergo*  
<sup>q</sup> *Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit affos,*  
*Parebit pravi docilis Romana juventus.*  
<sup>r</sup> *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello*  
*Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,*

## NOTES.

VER. 25. *Oldfeld*] This eminent Glutton ran thro' a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating.

VER. 26. *a whole Hog barbecu'd!*] The Poet has here given a beauty equivalent to that in the Original,

*Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino,*  
 which, by the slowness of the Syllables, where four spondees follow one another, well expresses the enormous bulk of the fish which the Glutton pray'd for.

*Ibid. Hog barbecu'd, etc.*] A West Indian term of gluttony,

<sup>m</sup> Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25  
Cries " Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd! "  
Oh blast it, <sup>n</sup> South-winds! till a stench exhale  
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,  
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30  
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,  
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,  
He calls for something bitter, something sour,  
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :

<sup>o</sup> Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see ;  
'Thus much is left of old Simplicity! 36

<sup>p</sup> The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,  
And children sacred held a Martin's nest,  
Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear  
To one that was, or would have been a Peer. 40

<sup>q</sup> Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,  
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head ;  
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend;  
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

<sup>r</sup> 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45  
About one vice, and fall into the other :

N O T E S.

a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madera wine. P.

VER. 27. *Oh blast it, South-winds!*] This has not the force, nor gives us the pleasant allusion in the original, *coquite*.

VER. 42. *Bedford-head;*] A famous Eating-house. P.

VER. 43. *Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish]* There is force

\* G

Si te alio pravus de torferis. • Avidienus,  
 ' Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,  
 Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna ;  
 ' Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum* ; et  
 Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit  
 Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aliosque dierum  
 " *Festos* albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri  
*Caulibus* instillat, x *veteris non parcus aceti*.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum  
 Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.  
 ' Mundus erit, qua non offendat fordibus, atque  
 In neutram partem cultus miser. • Hic neque *servis*  
 Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,  
*Saevus* erit ; nec sic ut simplex b Naevius, *unctam*  
 Convivis praebebit *aquam* : vitium hoc quoque  
 magnum.

## NOTES.

and humour in *dixerit* and *parebit*, which the imitation does not reach.

Between Excess and Famine lies a mean ;  
Plain, but not fordid ; tho' not splendid, clean.

' Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,  
For him you'll call a ' dog, and her a bitch) 50

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,

And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :

' One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,  
And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some <sup>w</sup> lucky day (as when they found 55  
A lost Bank bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

At such a feast, <sup>x</sup> old vinegar to spare,

Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear :

Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart, 60  
But fowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

' He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,  
And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;

Nor <sup>a</sup> stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,  
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ; 65

Nor lets, like <sup>b</sup> Nævius, ev'ry error pass,  
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

#### NOTES.

VER. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch*] One cannot but admire the lively turn here given to the Original.

° Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque secum  
 Afferat, ° In primis valeas bene ; nam variae res  
 Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escae,  
 Quae simplex ° *olim* tibi federit. at simul affis  
 Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis ;  
 Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum  
 Lenta feret pituita. ° Vides, ut pallidus omnis  
 Coena defurgat dubia ? quin corpus onustum  
 Hesternis vitiis *animum* quoque praegravat una,  
 Atque affigit humo *divinae particulam aerae*.  
 ° Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori  
 Membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia surgit.

## NOTES.

VER. 80. *The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines To seem but mortal ev'n in sound Divines.*] Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the soul. He therefore describes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the Terms of Plato,

*affigit humo divinae particulam aerae.*

To this his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more sobriety

‘ Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring :  
(Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing)

‘ First Health: The stomach (cramm’d from ev’ry  
dish,      70

A tomb of boil’d and roast, and flesh and fish,  
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,  
And all the man is one intestine war)

Remembers oft ‘ the School-boy’s simple fare,  
The temp’rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.      75

‘ How pale, each Worshipful and Rev’rend guest  
Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast !

What life in all that ample body, say ?

What heav’nly particle inspires the clay ?

The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines      80

To seem but mortal, ev’n in sound Divines.

‘ On morning wings how active springs the Mind  
That leaves the load of yesterday behind ?

How easy ev’ry labour it pursues ?

How coming to the Poet ev’ry Muse ?      85

#### NOTES.

and judgment, has turned the ridicule, from the Doctrine, which he believed, upon those Preachers of it, whose feasts and computations in Taverns did not edify him : and so has added surprizing humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the Original.

VER. 82. *On morning wings etc.*] Much happier and nobler than the original.



<sup>b</sup> Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam ;

Sive *diem* festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus* : ubique

Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius aetas*

*Imbecilla* volet. <sup>i</sup> Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,

Quam puer et validus praesumis, mollitiem ; seu

Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus ?

<sup>k</sup> *Rançidum aprum* antiqui laudabant : non quia  
nasus

Illis nullus erat; sed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hospes

Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam

Integrum edax dominus consumeret. <sup>l</sup> hos utinam  
inter

Heroes natum tellus me prima tulisset.

<sup>m</sup> Das aliquid *famae*, quae *carmine* gratior aurem

Occupet humanam ? grandes rhombi, patinaeque

Grande ferunt una <sup>n</sup> cum *damno dedecus*. adde

° Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,

Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

#### NOTES.

VER. 87. *Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme.*] A  
fine ridicule on the extravagance of human pursuits ; where the

<sup>b</sup> Not but we may exceed, some holy time,  
 Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme ;  
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage,  
 And more the sickness of long life, Old age ;  
<sup>i</sup> For fainting Age what cordial drop remains, 95  
 If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains ?

<sup>k</sup> Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose  
 Perhaps, young men ! our fathers had no nose.  
 Not so : a Buck was then a week's repast,  
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last ; 100  
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,  
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

<sup>l</sup> Why had not I in those good times my birth,  
 'Ere coxcomb-pyes or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear, 105  
<sup>m</sup> That sweetest music to an honest ear ;  
 (For 'faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,  
 The world's good word is better than a song)  
 Who has not learn'd, <sup>n</sup> fresh sturgeon and ham-pye  
 Are no rewards for want, and infamy ! 110  
 When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,  
 Curs'd by thy ° neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,

## N O T E S.

most trifling and most important concerns of life succeed one another, indifferently.

¶ As, *laquei* pretium.

¶ Jure, inquit, Traufius istis

Jurgatur verbis : ego vectigalia magna,

Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ¶ Ergo,

Quod *superat*, non est *melius quo* infumere possis ?

Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite ? quare

¶ *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deūm ? *cur*, improbe, carae

Non aliquid *patriae* tanto emetiris acervo ?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res ?

#### NOTES.

VER. 123. *Oh Impudence of wealth ! with all thy store, How dar'jt thou let one worthy man be poor ?*]

*Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite ?*

is here admirably paraphrased. And it is observable in these *Imitations*, that where our Poet keeps to the sentiments of Horace, he rather piques himself in excelling the most finished touches of his Original, than in correcting or improving the more inferior parts. Of this uncommon excellence all his Writings bear such marks, that it gave countenance to an invidious imputation, as if his chief talent lay in copying finely. But if ever there was an inventive genius in Poetry it was Pope's. But his fancy was so corrected by his judgment and his imitation so

To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,  
 Think how posterity will treat thy name;  
 And <sup>p</sup> buy a rope, that future times may tell 115  
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

“ Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need  
 “ To have a Taste is insolence indeed :  
 “ In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,  
 “ My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.”  
 Then, like the Sun, let <sup>r</sup> Bounty spread her ray,  
 And shine that superfluity away. 122  
 Oh Impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,  
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?  
 Shall half the <sup>s</sup> new-built churches round thee fall ?  
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall :  
 Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,  
 As M \* \* o's was, but not at five per cent.

## N O T E S.

spirited by his genius, that what he *improved* struck the vulgar eye more strongly than what he *invented*.

VER. 128. *As M \* \* o's was, etc.*] I think this light stroke of satire ill placed ; and hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very serious, and properly so, when he said,  
*cur, Improbe ! carae*

*Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo.*

He remembered, and hints with just indignation, at those luxurious Patricians of his old party ; who, when they had agreed to establish a fund in the cause of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive pleasures what was sufficient for the support of so great a

\* O magnus posthac inimicis risus ! uterne

\* Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius ? hic, qui

Pluribus affuerit mentem corpusque superbum ;

An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello ?

\* Quo magis his credas : puer hunc ego parvus

*Ofellum*

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc \* *accisis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam, praeter \* *olus* fumosae cum pede pernae.

#### NOTES.

cause. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Augustus :

*quare*  
*Templa ruunt antiqua Deum ?*

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her  
mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind. 130

And " who stands safest ? tell me, is it he  
That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,  
Or blest with little, whose preventing care  
In peace provides fit arms against a war ?

Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his  
thought, 135

And always thinks the very thing he ought:  
His equal mind I copy what I can,  
And as I love, would imitate the Man.  
In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd  
The Lord of Thousands, than if now " *Excis'd* ; 140  
In forest planted by a Father's hand,  
Than in five acres now of rented land.  
Content with little, I can piddle here  
On " brocoli and mutton, round the year ;

#### N O T E S.

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a just stroke of satire.

VER. 139. *In South-sea days not happier, etc.*] Mr. Pope had South-sea stock, which he did not sell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thousand pounds when it fell.

Ac mihi seu <sup>1</sup> *longum post tempus* venerat hospes,  
 Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem  
 Vicinus; bene erat, non *piscibus* urbe petitis,  
 Sed *pullo* atque *boedo* : tum <sup>2</sup> *penfiliis uva* secundas  
 Et *nux* ornabat menfas, cum *duplice ficu*.  
 Post hoc ludus erat <sup>3</sup> *cuppa* potare magistra ;  
 Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo surgeret alto,  
 Explicuit vino contractae seria frontis.  
 Saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus !  
 Quantum hinc imminuet ? quanto *aut ego* parcius,  
 aut *vos*,  
 O pueri, nituistis, ut huc <sup>4</sup> *novus incola* venit ?

## NOTES.

VER. 156. *And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace.*] The  
 pleasantry of this line consists in the supposed rarity of a Poet's  
 having a table of his own ; or a sense of gratitude for the bless-

But <sup>1</sup> ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)  
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.  
 'Tis true, no <sup>2</sup> Turbots dignify my boards,  
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords :  
 To Hounslow-heath I point and Bansted-down,  
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my  
                     own :

150

<sup>a</sup> From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall ;  
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,  
 And figs from standard and espalier join ;  
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine :  
 Then <sup>b</sup>cheerful healths (your Mistress shall have place)  
 And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 156

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast ;  
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost ?  
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,  
 Before, and after <sup>c</sup> Standing Armies came. 160  
 My lands are fold, my father's house is gone ;  
 I'll hire another's ; is not that my own,  
 And yours, my friends ? thro' whose free-opening gate  
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;

## N O T E S.

sings he receives. But it contains, too, a sober reproof of People of Condition, for their unmanly and brutal disuse of so natural a duty.



Nam <sup>d</sup> *propriae telluris* herum natura neque illum,

Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;

Illum aut <sup>e</sup> nequities aut <sup>f</sup> *vafri infeitia juris*,

Postremum expellet certe <sup>g</sup> *vivacior heres*.

<sup>h</sup> Nunc ager *Umbreni sub nomine*, nuper *Ofelli*

Dictus erat : nulli proprius ; sed cedit in usum

#### NOTES.

VER. 171. *Well, if the use be mine, etc.*] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he says, " My Landlady, Mrs. *Vernon*, being dead, this Garden and House are offered me " in sale ; and, I believe (together with the cottages on each " side my grass-plot next the Thames) will come at about a " thousand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend " would be pleased to live in it after my death (for, as it is, it " serves all my purposes as well during life) I would purchase " it ; and more particularly could I hope two things, That

(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best, 165

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)

" Pray heav'n it last ! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on ;

" I wish to God this house had been your own :

" Pity ! to build, without a son or wife :

" Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life." 170

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,

Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?

What's <sup>d</sup> *Property* ? dear Swift ! you see it alter

From you to me, from me to <sup>c</sup> Peter Walter ;

Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share ; 175

Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ;

Or in pure <sup>f</sup> equity (the case not clear)

The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year :

At best, it falls to some <sup>e</sup> ungracious son,

Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own.

<sup>h</sup> Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 181

Become the portion of a booby Lord ;

N O T E S.

" the Friend who should like it, was so much younger and healthier than myself, as to have a prospect of its continuing his some years longer than I can of its continuing mine. But most of those I love are travelling out of the world, not into it ; and unless I have such a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleasure that does not stop short of the Grave."— So that we see, what some of his Friends would not believe, his thoughts in prose and verse were the same.

VER. 175. *Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ;*] The ex-

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. <sup>i</sup> quocirca vivite fortes,

Fortiaque adverfis opponite pectora rebus.

N O T E S.

pression well describes the surprize an heir must be in, to find himself excluded by that Instrument which was made to secure his succession. For Butler humourously defines a *Jointure* to be the act whereby Parents

*turn*  
*Their Childrens Tenants, e're they're born.*

And Hemslley, once proud Buckingham's delight,  
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.

<sup>i</sup> Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,  
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

## NOTES.

VER. 183. *proud Buckingham's etc.*] Villers Duke of Buckingham. P.

VER. 185. *Let lands and houses etc.*] The turn of his imitation, in the concluding part, obliged him to diversify the sentiment. They are equally noble: but Horace's is expressed with the greater force.



THE  
FIRST EPISTLE  
OF THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
HORACE.

VOL. IV.

\*H 2

## E P I S T O L A I.

**P** R I M A dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,  
<sup>b</sup> Spectatum fatis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,  
 Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.  
 Non eadem est aetas, non mens. <sup>c</sup> Veianius, armis  
<sup>d</sup> Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro ;  
 Ne populum <sup>e</sup> extrema toties exoret arena.  
<sup>f</sup> Est mihi purgatam crebro qui perfonet aurem ;  
 Solve <sup>g</sup> senescentem mature sanus equum, ne  
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

## NOTES.

VER. 3. *Sabbath of my days ?*] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the Author.

VER. 8. *Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,*] An

## E P I S T L E I.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

**S**T. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,  
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last !  
 Why <sup>b</sup> will you break the Sabbath of my days ?  
 Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.  
 Public too long, ah let me hide my Age !  
 See Modest <sup>c</sup> Cibber now has left the Stage :  
 Our Gen'als now, <sup>d</sup> retir'd to their Estates,  
 Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,  
 In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,  
 Nor <sup>e</sup> fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.  
 ' <sup>f</sup> A Voice there is, that whispers in my ear,    11  
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)  
 " Friend Pope ! be prudent, let your <sup>g</sup> Muse take  
     " breath,  
 " And never gallop Pegasus to death ;

## NOTES.

occasional stroke of Satire on ill-placed ornaments. He has more openly ridiculed them in his *Epistle on Taste*.

" Load some vain Church with old theatric state,

" Turn *Arcs of Triumph* to a garden gate.

VER. 10. *ev'n in Brunswick's cause.*] In the former Editions it was, *Britain's cause*. But the terms are synonymous.

\* H 3



Nunc itaque et <sup>h</sup> versus, et *caetera ludicra* pono :

Quid <sup>i</sup> verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in  
hoc sum :

<sup>k</sup> Conde, et compono, quae mox depromere possim.

Ac ne forte roges, <sup>i</sup> quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter :

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

<sup>m</sup> Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor *hospes*.

Nunc *agilis* fio, et merfor <sup>n</sup> *civilibus undis*,

Virtutis verae custos, <sup>o</sup> *rigidusque satelles* :

#### NOTES.

VER. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse.*]  
The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the City of London. His versification is here exactly described : stiff, and not strong ; stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor : and therefore here humourously opposed to Pegasus. P.

VER. 26. *And house with Montagne now, and now with Locke,*] i. e. Chuse either an *active* or a *contemplative* life, as is

“ Left stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15

“ You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor’s  
“ horse.”

Farewell then <sup>b</sup> Verse, and Love, and ev’ry Toy,  
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy ;  
What <sup>i</sup> right, what true, what fit we justly call,  
Let this be all my care — for this is All: 20  
To lay this <sup>k</sup> harvest up, and hoard with haste  
What ev’ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what <sup>l</sup> Doctors I apply ?  
Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I :  
As drives the <sup>m</sup> storm, at any door I knock : 25  
And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.  
Sometimes a <sup>n</sup> Patriot, active in debate,  
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,  
Free as young Lyttelton, her Cause pursue,  
Still true to Virtue, <sup>o</sup> and as warm as true : 30

NOTES.

most fitted to the season and circumstances.—For he regarded these Writers as the best Schools to form a man for the world ; or to give him a knowledge of himself : *Montagne* excelling in his observations on social and civil life ; and *Locke*, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind.

VER. 30. *Still true to Virtue—with Aristippus, or St. Paul.*] It was the Poet’s purpose in this place, to give us the picture of his own mind ; not that of Horace’s, who tells us, he sometimes went with *Zeno*, and sometimes with *Aristippus* ; the

Nunc in \* Aristippi *furtim* praecepta relabor,

Et mihi res, non me rebus, subungere conor.

† Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica ; diesque

Lenta videtur *opus debentibus* : ut piger annus

Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum :

Sic mihi tarda<sup>r</sup> fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quae spem

Consiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter † id, quod

Aeque *pauperibus* prodest, *locupletibus* aeque,

Aeque neglectum *pueris, senibusque* nocebit.

\* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res. P.

#### NOTES.

extremes of whose different systems Tully thus justly censures :  
 “ Ut quoniam *Aristippus*, quasi animum nullum habeamus, corpus solum tuetur ; *Zeno*, quasi corporis simus expertes, animum solum complectitur.” But neither truth nor decency would suffer our Poet to say, that, to suit himself to the times, he went into either of these follies. To shew us, therefore, he took no more from the Stoics than their sincerity and warmth for the interests of Virtue, he compares himself to a friend, in whom he observed that warmth. And by joining St. *Paul* with *Aristippus* he would insinuate, that he took no more from the Cyrenaic sect than a charitable compliance to occasions, for the benefit of his neighbour. Thus in serving himself of his friend to temper the rigidity of one sect of philosophy, while the Apostle is employed to rectify the looseness of the other, he brings Mr. *Lyttelton* and St. *Paul* acquainted ; for those who correct opposite extremes must needs meet ; and so we see the *Patriot*

Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,  
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all ;  
Back to my <sup>p</sup> native Moderation slide,  
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

<sup>q</sup> Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,  
Long as the Night to her whose Love's away, 36  
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,  
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one :  
So slow th' <sup>r</sup> unprofitable moments roll,  
That lock up all the Functions of my soul ; 40  
That keep me from myself ; and still delay  
Life's instant business to a future day :  
That <sup>s</sup> task, which as we follow, or despise,  
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wife.

NOTES.

in a new point of view ; which is, in a virtuous accommodation of himself to seasons and circumstances.

VER. 32. *Indulge my candor*—*Back to my native Moderation slide*] An honest and useful insinuation, that, tho' Parties in the State prosecute their ends on never so true principles, and with never so good intentions, yet opposition is apt to make the most scrupulous Leaders of them sometimes violate both *candor* and *moderation*. However, by the expression, of *indulging his candor*, he would insinuate too, that, when he allowed the least to it, he never violated Truth ; and, by *sliding back to his native moderation*, that he always kept within the bounds of Reason.—But the general Sense of the whole passage is, that when he went with the Stoics, who advise a *public* life, the character of his *civil* virtue was *rigid* ; when he went with the Cyrenaics, who encourage a *private*, that of his *social* was *indulgent*.

‘ *Reſtat*, ut his ego me ipſe regam ‘ ſolerque *elementis* :

“ Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus ;

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi :

Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,

Nodoſa corpus nolis prohibere cheragra.

Eſt quadam prodire ‘ tenuis, ſi non datur ultra.

‘ Fervet Avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus ?

Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem

Poſſis, et ‘ magnam morbi deponere partem.

Laudis amore tumes ? ſunt ‘ certa *piacula*, quae te

Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

#### NOTES.

VER. 45. *can no wants endure,*] i. e. Can want nothing. Badly expreſſed.

VER. 51. *I'll do what Mead—*] Mr. Pope highly eſteemed and loved this worthy man, whoſe unaffected humanity and benevolence have ſtifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profeſſion would otherwiſe have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great Phyſician and others of the Faculty, in a Letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he ſays, “ There is no end of my kind treatment from “ the Faculty. They are in general the moſt amiable compa-

Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45  
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

' Late as it is, I put myself to school,  
And feel some ' comfort, not to be a fool.

' Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,  
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50  
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,  
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes,  
Not to ' go back, is somewhat to advance,  
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy ' blood rebel, thy bosom move 55  
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?  
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can con-  
troll

' Between the Fits this Fever of the soul :  
Know, there are Rhymes, which ' fresh and fresh  
apply'd

Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60

NOTES.

" nions, and the best friends, as well as the most learned Men  
" I know."

VER. 58. *Between the fits—*] The sense of  
*magnum morbi deponere partem*  
is here very happily expressed. And  
*Ter pure lecto etc.*

in the following line, as happily varied. But the whole passage,  
which describes the use and efficacy of satire, is admirably imi-  
tated.

<sup>b</sup> Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, <sup>c</sup> *amator*,  
 Nemo <sup>d</sup> adeo *ferus* est, ut non mitescere possit,  
 Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

<sup>e</sup> Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,  
 Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae <sup>f</sup> maxima credis  
 Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,  
 Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore.

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,  
 Per <sup>g</sup> mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:

Ne cures <sup>h</sup> ea, quae *stulte* miraris et optas,  
 Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?

Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax  
 Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,  
 Cui fit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?

“ <sup>i</sup> Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.

#### NOTES.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!*] Tho' this has all the spirit, it has not all the imagery of the Original; where Horace makes Poverty pursue, and keep pace with the Miser in his flight.

*Per mare Pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes.*  
 But what follows,

*Wilt thou do nothing, etc.*  
 far surpasses the Original.

Be <sup>b</sup> furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,  
<sup>c</sup> Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,  
 A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch <sup>d</sup> Bear;  
 All that we ask is but a patient Ear.

<sup>e</sup> 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65  
 And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.  
 But to the world no <sup>f</sup> bugbear is so great,  
 As want of figure, and a small Estate.  
 To either India see the Merchant fly,  
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70  
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,  
 Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!  
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,  
 Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?  
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75  
 And <sup>g</sup> ease thy heart of all that it admires?

Here, Wisdom calls: <sup>i</sup> "Seek Virtue first, be bold!  
 "As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."

## NOTES.

VER. 77. *Here Wisdom calls: etc.*] All from hence to <sup>†</sup> 110, is a pretty close translation: but in general done with so masterly a spirit, that the Original, tho' one of the most finished passages in Horace, looks only like the *imitation* of it.

VER. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This perhaps is the most faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

*Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.*

which only says, *that as Silver is of less value than Gold, so Gold*



“<sup>k</sup> O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum est;

Virtus post nummos : haec<sup>l</sup> *Janus summus* ab imo

Prodocet : haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,

<sup>m</sup> Laevo suspenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Eſt<sup>n</sup> animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua, fidesque :

Sed quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſint,

° *Plebs* eris. <sup>p</sup> at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,

#### NOTES.

*is of leſs value than Virtue* : in which *ſimple inferiority*, and not the *proportion* of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Author's purpoſe, as it is to common ſenſe, to ſuppoſe, that Virtue was but juſt as much better than gold, as gold is better than ſilver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his conſtant object, *conſiſtency*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this meaning. However this, and many other inaccuracies in his works, had been corrected had he lived ; as many, that now firſt appear in this Edition, were actually corrected a little before his death.

And here I cannot but do juſtice to one of his many good qualities, a very rare one indeed, and what none but a truly great genius can attend to indulge ; I mean his extreme readineſs, and unfeigned pleaſure, in acknowledging his miſtakes : this, with an impatience to reform them, he poſſeſſed in a greater degree, and with leſs affectation than any Man I ever knew.

There, London's voice : <sup>k</sup> "Get Money, Money still!

"And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,

From <sup>l</sup> low St. James's up to high St. Paul;

From him whose <sup>m</sup> quills stand quiver'd at his ear,

To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in <sup>n</sup> spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85

"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand  
pounds;

A Pension, or such Harness for a slave

As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.

Barnard, thou art a <sup>o</sup> Cit, with all thy worth;

But Bug and D \* 1, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry <sup>p</sup> child another song will sing,

"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."

#### NOTES.

VER. 82. *From low St. James's up to high St. Paul,*] i. e. This is a doctrine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

VER. 83. *From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,*] They who do not take the delicacy of this satire, may think the figure of *standing quiver'd*, extremely hard and quaint; but it has an exquisite beauty, insinuating that the pen of a Scrivener is as ready as the quill of a porcupine, and as fatal as the shafts of a Parthian.—*Quiver'd at his ear*, which describes the position it is usually found in, alludes to the custom of the American cannibals, who make use of their hair (tied in a knot on the top of their heads) for a quiver for their *poison'd* arrows.

VER. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer Tallies.

VER. 85. *Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds,*] Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpose to say, that this great man (who does so much honour to his Country) had a fine ge-

Si recte facies. Hic <sup>1</sup> *murus abeneus esto*,

Nil *conscire* sibi, nulla pallefcere culpa.

<sup>2</sup> Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est

Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,

Et *maribus* <sup>3</sup> *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis*?

<sup>4</sup> Ifne tibi melius suadet, qui, “ Rem facias ; rem,

“ Si possis, recte ; si non, quocunque modo rem.”

Ut <sup>5</sup> propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupi !

An, <sup>6</sup> qui fortunae te respondere superbae

Liberum et erectum, <sup>7</sup> *praefens* hortatur et aptat ?

#### NOTES.

nius, improved and put in use by a true understanding ; and both, under the guidance of an integrity superior to all the temptations of interest, honours, or any meaner passion. Many events, since the paying this tribute to his virtue, have shewn how much, and how *particularly* it was due to him.

VER. 95. *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass ;]*

*Hic murus abeneus esto.*

Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was scandalized, that the antient Scholiasts had not explained what Horace meant by a *wall of brass* ; for, says Dacier, “ Chacun se fait des difficultez

True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,  
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within;  
 Be this thy <sup>a</sup> Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 95  
 Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.

    ' And say, to which shall our applause belong;  
 This new Court jargon, or the good old song?  
 The modern language of corrupted Peers,  
 Or what was spoke at <sup>s</sup> CRESSY and POITIERS?  
 ' Who counsels best? who whispers, " Be but great,  
 " With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;    102  
 " Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;  
 " If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.  
 For what? to have a <sup>t</sup> Box where Eunuchs sing,  
 And foremost in the Circle eye a King.    106  
 Or " he, who bids thee face with stedd' view  
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro':  
 And, " while he bids thee, sets th' Example too? }

NOTES.

" à la mode, & demande des remarques proportionnées à son  
 " goût:" he then sets himself in good earnest about this im-  
 portant inquiry; and, by a passage in Vegetius, luckily disco-  
 vers, that it signified an *old veteran* armed cap-a-pie in *brass*,  
 and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has hap-  
 pily served himself of this impertinence to convey a very fine  
 stroke of satire.

VER. 97. *And say, etc.*] These four lines greatly superior  
 to any thing in the Original.

7 Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur  
 Non, ut 2 porticibus, sic judiciis fruar iisdem,  
 Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit;  
 Olim quod 2 vulpes aegroto cauta leoni  
 Respondit, referam : Quia me vestigia terrent  
 Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

b *Bellua multorum es capitum.* nam quid sequar,  
 aut quem ?

Pars hominum gestit c conducere *publica* : sunt qui

#### NOTES.

VER. 117. *Full many a Beast goes in,*] This expression is used for the joke's sake ; but it hurts his *moral* ; which is, that *they come out beasts*. He should here have stuck to the terms of his Original, *vestigia omnia te adversum spectantia*.

VER. 118. *Adieu to Virtue, etc.*] These two lines are intended for the application or moral of a fable, which needs no explaining ; and, consequently, they impair the *grace* of it, which at best is inferior to his Original. For Horace speaks of the common people, *Populus Romanus*, to whom one of *Æsop's* Fables was properly addressed : too simple a method of conveying truth to *the well-drest Rabble of St. James's*.

If <sup>y</sup> such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110

Shou'd chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;

If honest S\*<sup>z</sup> take scandal at a Spark,

That less admires the <sup>z</sup> Palace than the Park :

Faith I shall give the answer <sup>a</sup> Reynard gave :

" I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave : 115

" Because I see, by all the tracks about,

" Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out."

Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave :

Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least 120

The <sup>b</sup> People are a many-headed Beast :

Can they direct what measures to pursue,

Who know themselves so little what to do ?

Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,

Just half the land would buy, and half be sold : 125

Their <sup>c</sup> Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,

Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main ;

# NOTES.

VER. 124. *Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold, Just half the land would buy, and half be sold :*] Here the argument suffers a little for the sake of the satire. The reason why the People should not be followed is because

*Bellua multorum est caput. nam quid sequar, aut quem ?* they are so divers in their pursuits (says Horace) that one cannot follow this man without being condemned by that. The imitator says, they all go on one common principle, *the lust of gold*. This inaccuracy, tho' Horace has a little of it, yet he has however artfully disguised it, by speaking of the various ob-

<sup>a</sup> *Crustis et pomis* viduas venentur avaras,

Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant :

<sup>c</sup> *Multis* occulto crescit res fenore. <sup>f</sup> *verum*

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri :

Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes ?

<sup>g</sup> Nullus in orbe sinus *Baiis* praelucet amoenis,

Si dixit *dives* ; <sup>h</sup> lacus et mare sentit amorem

*Festinantis* heri : cui si <sup>i</sup> vitiosa libido

*Fecerit auspiciū* ; cras ferramenta *Teatū*

# NOTES.

jects of this one Passion, *avarice*, as of so many various passions,

*Pars hominum gestit conducere publica : sunt qui, etc.*

*Crustis et pomis*

*Multis occulto, etc.*

but his imitator has unwarily drawn them to a point, by the introductory addition of the two lines above,

*Alike in nothing, etc.*

VER. 126. *Their Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,]*

The undertakers for advancing Loans to the Public on the Funds,

The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;  
 Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;  
 Some <sup>d</sup> with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn;  
 Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;  
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent,  
 In dirt and darkness, <sup>e</sup> hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each <sup>f</sup> pursues his own,  
 Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135  
 But show me one who has it in his pow'r  
 To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job <sup>g</sup> sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,  
 "No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

<sup>h</sup> Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base 140  
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,  
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

Now let some whimsy, or that <sup>i</sup> Dev'l within  
 Which guides all those who know not what they  
 mean,

But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;

#### NOTES.

They have been commonly accused of making it a job. But in so corrupt times, the fault is not always to be imputed to a Ministry: it having been found, on trial, that the wisest and most virtuous citizen of this or any other age, with every requisite knowledge in such matters, and supported by all the weight an honest Administration could afford him, was, they say, unable to abolish this inveterate mystery of iniquity.

VER. 143. *Now let some whimsy, etc.*] This is very spirited,

\* I;



Tolletis, fabri, \* lectus genialis in aula est ?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibae vita ;

! Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

" Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo ?

Quid " *pauper* ? ride ; mutat ° *coenacula*, *lectos*,

*Balnea*, ° *tonfores* ; conducto navigio aequae

Nauseat, ac locuples quem ducit priva, triremis,

° Si curatus *inaequali* tonsore capillos

Occurro ; rides. si forte subucula pexae

Trita subest tunicae, vel si toga *dissidet impar* ;

Rides. quid, ° mea Cum pugnat *sententia* secum ;

Quod petiit, spernit ; repetit quod nuper omisit ;

#### NOTES.

but much inferior to the elegance of the original,

*Cui si vitiosa Libido*

*Fecerit auspiciū*

which no modern imitation can reach.

VER. 155. *They change their weekly Barber, etc.*] These six

“ Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,  
 “ For Snug’s the word: My dear! we’ll live in Town.”

At am’rous Flavio is the <sup>k</sup> stocken thrown?  
 That very night he longs to lie alone.  
<sup>l</sup> The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,  
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151  
 Did ever <sup>m</sup> Proteus, Merlin, any witch,  
 Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich? }  
 Well, but the <sup>n</sup> Poor--The Poor have the same itch; }  
 They change their <sup>o</sup> weekly Barber, weekly News,  
 Prefer a new Japanner, to their shoes, 156  
 Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run  
 (They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;  
 They <sup>p</sup> hire their sculler, and when once aboard,  
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160  
<sup>q</sup> You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,  
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;  
 You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,  
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!  
 But when <sup>r</sup> no Prelate’s Lawn with hair-shirt lin’d,  
 Is half so incoherent as my Mind, 166

NOTES.

lines much more spirited than the original. In Horace, the People’s constancy of temper is satirized only in a simple expo-

! Aestuât, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto ;

‘ Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis ?

’ Infanire putas solennia me, neque rides,

Nec \* *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere

A *praetore* dati ; rerum \* tutela mearum

Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,

Dé te *pendentis*, *te respicientis* amici.

Ad summam, *sapiens* uno ’ minor est *Jove*,  
dives,

’ Liber, ’ honoratus, ’ pulcher, ’ rex denique regum ;

Praecipue sanus, ’ nisi cum pituita molesta est.

#### N O T E S.

sure of the case. Here the ridicule on the folly is heightened by an humorous representation of each circumstance that is the object of it.

VER. 182. *when plunder’d*] i. e. By the Public ; which has

When (each opinion with the next at strife,  
 One <sup>s</sup> ebb and flow of follies all my life)  
 I <sup>t</sup> plant, root up; I build, and then confound;  
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;  
 \* You never change one muscle of your face, 171  
 You think this Madness but a common case;  
 Nor <sup>w</sup> once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;  
 Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!  
 Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175  
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.  
 Is this my <sup>x</sup> Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?  
 This, he who loves me, and who ought to mend?  
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)
 That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;  
 Great without Title, without Fortune bless'd; 181  
 Rich <sup>y</sup> ev'n when plunder'd, <sup>z</sup> honour'd while op-  
     press'd;  
 Lov'd <sup>a</sup> without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;  
 At home, tho' exil'd; <sup>b</sup> free, tho' in the Tower;  
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185  
 Just <sup>c</sup> less than Jove, and <sup>d</sup> much above a King,  
 Nay, half in heav'n—<sup>e</sup> except (what's mighty odd)  
 A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

## NOTES.

rarely her revenge on her plunderers; and when she has, more  
 rarely knows how to use it.





THE  
SIXTH EPISTLE  
OF THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
HORACE.

Vol. IV.

\* 16

## EPISTOLA VI.

**N**IL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,

Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

<sup>b</sup> Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis

Tempora momentis, sunt qui <sup>c</sup> formidine nulla.

## NOTES.

VER. 3. *dear* MURRAY,] This Piece is the most finished of all his imitations, and executed in that high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties to the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmest affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining which, as neither Vanity, Party, nor Fear, had any share; so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true Friendship.

VER. 4. *Creech*] From whose Translation of Horace the two first lines are taken. P.

## E P I S T L E VI.

To Mr. MURRAY.

“NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,  
 “To make men happy, and to keep them so.”

(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of  
 speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

    This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,  
 Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,  
 There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes  
 Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies,  
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,  
 And view this dreadful All without a fear.

## NOTES.

VER. 6. *Stars that rise and fall.*] The original is  
*decidentia certis*

*Tempora momentis*

by which Horace means no more than *the change of seasons*. But  
 as this change is here considered as an object of admiration, his  
 imitator has judiciously expressed it in the more sublime figu-  
 rative terms of

*Stars that rise and fall,*

by whose courses the seasons are marked and distinguished.

VER. 8. *trust the Ruler with the skies, To him commit the  
 hour,*] Our Author, in these imitations, has been all along care-  
 ful to correct the loose morals, and absurd divinity of his Ori-  
 ginal.

VER. 10. *And view this dreadful All without a fear.*] He has  
 added this idea to his text; and it greatly heightens the dignity of



Imbuti spectent. <sup>d</sup> quid censes, munera terrae?

Quid, maris extremos Arabas <sup>e</sup> ditantis et Indos?

Ludicra, quid, <sup>f</sup> plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?

Quo spectanda modo, <sup>g</sup> quo sensu credis et ore?

<sup>h</sup> Qui *timet* his adversa, fere miratur eodem

Quo *cupiens* pacto : pavor est *utrobique* molestus :

Improvisa simul species exterret *utrumque* :

<sup>i</sup> Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne ; quid ad rem,

Si, quidquid videt melius pejusse sua spe,

Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

<sup>k</sup> Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui ;

Ultra quam fatis est, *virtutem* si petat ipsam.

#### NOTES.

the whole thought. He gives it the appellation of a *dreadful All*, because the immensity of God's creation, which modern philosophy has so infinitely enlarged, is apt to affect *narrow* minds, who measure the divine comprehension by their own, with dreadful suspicions of man's being overlooked in this dark and narrower corner of existence, by a Governor occupied and busied with the sum of things.

VER. 21. *In either case, believe me, we admire ;]* i. e. These objects, in either case, affect us, as objects unknown affect the mind, and consequently betray us into false judgments.

Admire we, then what <sup>d</sup> Earth's low entrails hold, }  
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ; }  
 All the mad trade of <sup>e</sup> Fools and Slaves for Gold ? }  
 Or <sup>f</sup> Popularity ? or Stars and Strings ?  
 The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings ? 15  
 Say with what <sup>e</sup> eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,  
 And pay the Great our homage of Amaze ?

If weak the <sup>h</sup> pleasure that from these can spring,  
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing :  
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20  
 In either case, believe me, we admire ;  
 Whether we <sup>i</sup> joy or grieve, the same the curse,  
 Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.  
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray  
 Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away ;  
 For <sup>k</sup> Virtue's self may too much zeal be had ; 25  
 The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

## NOTES.

VER. 22. *Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse, Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.*] The elegance of this is superior to the Original. The *curse* is the *same* (says he) *whether we joy or grieve*. Why so ? Because, in either case, the man is surprized, hurried off, and led away captive.

(*The good or bad to one extreme betray*

*Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away.*)

This happy advantage, in the imitation, arises from the ambiguity of the word *surprize*.

VER. 27. *The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.*] Because

<sup>1</sup> I nunc, argentum et marmor <sup>m</sup> *wetus*, aeraque  
et artes

Suspice : cum gemmis <sup>n</sup> Tyrios mirare colores :

Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem :

Gnavus <sup>p</sup> mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum ;

<sup>q</sup> Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris

Mutus et (indignum ; quod fit pejoribus ortus)

<sup>r</sup> Hic tibi fit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

#### NOTES.

when men are carried away by their passions, as all Madmen are, he, who has joined the *Cause of God* to *his own*, must needs do the most mischief, as this junction gives him additional vigour in the pursuit of his extravagances.

VER. 29. *reflected Plate*] This epithet conveys a fine stroke of satire ; it insinuates, that the enamoured possessor, half ashamed of his passion, obliquely eyes his plate from the *reflecting* mirror, that hangs opposite to his Side-board ; which idea he expresses in another place by

*a gilt Buffet's reflected pride.*

VER. 30. *Procure a TASTE to double the surprize.*] This is one of those delicate touches that most enoble a perfect piece. He

1 Go then, and if you can, admire the state  
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate ;  
 Procure a TASTE to double the surprize, 30  
 And gaze on <sup>m</sup> Parian Charms with learned eyes :  
 Be struck with bright <sup>n</sup> Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,  
 Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.  
 If not so pleas'd, at <sup>o</sup> Council-board rejoice,  
 To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice ; 35  
 From <sup>p</sup> morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,  
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.  
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife ?  
 For <sup>q</sup> Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife ?  
 Shall <sup>r</sup> One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conspir'd  
 To form, not to admire but be admir'd, 41  
 Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth  
 Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth ?

NOTES.

speaks here of *false taste*, as appears by his directions how to get it, and how to use it when got. *Procure a taste*, says he. Of whom ? Of the Virtuosi, to be sure, whose science you are to buy for that purpose : for *true taste*, which is from nature, comes of itself. And how are you to use it ? Not to cure you of that bane of life, *admiration*, but to raise and inflame it, by *doubling your surprize*. And this a *false taste* will always do ; as a *pretended taste* will always affect to do ; there being none so given to raptures as the *Virtuoso-Tribe* : whereas the *Man of true taste* finds but few things to approve ; and those he approves with moderation.

\* K

Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. cum bene notum

Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.

Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

Quaere fugam morbi. vis recte vivere? quis non?

Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis

Hoc age deliciis.

#### NOTES.

VER. 44. *Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line; It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine,*] One of the noblest houses in Europe.—The Original is,

*Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;  
Defodiet, condetque nitentia.*

This wants neither force nor elegance; yet is vastly inferior to the imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great Characters, in the second line, gives dignity and ease to the masterly conciseness of the first.

Yet \* Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;  
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine : 45  
 And what is Fame ? the Meanest have their day,  
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.  
 Grac'd as thou art, ' with all the Pow'r of Words,  
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:  
 Conspicuous Scene ! another yet is nigh, 50  
 (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie ;  
 Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)  
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE !

\* Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,  
 Will any mortal let himself alone ? 55  
 See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,  
 And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.  
 The case is easier in the Mind's disease ;  
 There all Men may be cured, whene'er they please.  
 Would ye be \* blest ? despise low Joys, low Gains ; }  
 Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains ; 61 }  
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

## NOTES.

VER. 53. TULLY, HYDE !] In this, indeed, the Parallel fails, That *Tully's* brightest talents were frequently tarnished by vanity and fear ; and *Hyde's* most virtuous purposes perverted by mistaken speculations concerning the nature of Government and the origine of Society.

VER. 57. *And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.*] There is a prettiness in this expression, which depends upon the *slippery* medicine, by which this Quack rendered himself famous, namely *Quicksilver*.

<sup>y</sup> virtutem verba putes, et

Lucum ligna ? <sup>z</sup> cave ne portus occupet alter :

Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas :

<sup>a</sup> Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et

Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.

Scilicet <sup>b</sup> uxorem *cum dote, fide*que, et <sup>c</sup> amicos,

Et *genus*, et *formam*, regina <sup>d</sup> Pecunia donat ;

Ac bene nummatum decorat Saudela, Venusque.

#### NOTES.

VER. 65. *Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,*] The one appears from his party pamphlets; the other, from his *Rights of the Christian Church*.

VER. 81. *dubb'd a Man of worth,*] Alluding to the City

' But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,  
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,  
 Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,      65  
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?  
 Fly <sup>2</sup> then, on all the wings of wild desire,  
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire;  
 Is Wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,  
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,  
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,      71  
 Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:  
 ' Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;  
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,  
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)  
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.      76  
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score  
 Will gain a <sup>b</sup> Wife with half as many more,  
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,  
 And then such <sup>c</sup> Friends—as cannot fail to last.      80  
 A <sup>d</sup> Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,  
 Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.

## NOTES.

Knighthoods, where wealth and worship go together.

VER. 82. *Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.*] Insinuating, that the door of Honour, as well as of Beauty, stands always open to money.—*Anstis*, King at Arms.



Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris <sup>c</sup> *Cappadocum rex.*

Ne fueris hic tu. <sup>f</sup> chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,

Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,

Quî possum tot ? ait : tamen et quaeram, et quot  
habebo

Mittam : post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque

Esse domi chlamydum : partem, vel tolleret omnes.

<sup>e</sup> Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa *superfunt*,

Et *dominum fallunt*, et *profunt furibus*. <sup>h</sup> ergo,

Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

<sup>i</sup> Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,

<sup>k</sup> *Mercemur* servum, qui dictet nomina, laevum

#### NOTES.

VER. 86. *Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,*] The common reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's sense, or the illustration of his poetry ; even where he is most moral and sublime,

(Believe me, many a German Prince is worse,  
 Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)  
 His Wealth brave <sup>f</sup> Timon gloriously confounds ;  
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds ; 86  
 Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,  
 Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.

<sup>g</sup> Now, in such exigencies not to need,  
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed ;      90  
 A noble superfluity it craves,  
 Not for your self, but for your Fools and Knaves ;  
 Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,  
 And which it much becomes you to forget.

<sup>h</sup> If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95  
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

<sup>i</sup> But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,  
 If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy ;  
 Then <sup>k</sup> hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord 100  
 To do the Honours, and to give the Word ;

NOTES.

But had it been in Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings.

VER. 91. *A noble Superfluity, etc.*] These four lines are an admirable paraphrase on

*Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,  
 Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus.*

VOL. IV.

\* K 4

Qui fodicet latus, et <sup>1</sup> cogat trans pondera dextram

Porrigere : <sup>m</sup> Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina* :

Cui libet, is fasces dabit ; eripietque curule,

Cui volet, *importunus* ebur : <sup>n</sup> Frater, Pater, adde :

Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque <sup>o</sup> *facetus* adopta.

Si <sup>p</sup> bene qui coenat, bene vivit : lucet, eamus

Quo ducit gula : piscemur, venemur, ut <sup>q</sup> olim

Gargilius : qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,

Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,

Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.

#### NOTES.

VER. 110. *Then turn about, and laugh at your own Jest.*] Which is so natural for all Ministers of State to do, that we need not suppose he meant any particular Minister.

VER. 118. *And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.*] The Poet has here, with admirable sense, exposed what he elsewhere calls,

#### THE IMPUDENCE OF WEALTH!

which, in its rage to ingross *all* the blessings of life to itself, without studying to deserve *any*, not only *dares suffer an honest*

Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,  
 To whom<sup>1</sup> to nod, whom take into your Coach,  
 Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,  
 Who<sup>m</sup> rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:

“ This may be troublesome, is near the Chair: 106

“ That makes three Members, this can chuse a  
 “ May’r.”

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,  
 Adopt him<sup>n</sup> Son, or Cousin at the least,  
 Then turn about, and<sup>o</sup> laugh at your own Jest.

Or if your life be one continu’d Treat, 111

If<sup>p</sup> to live well means nothing but to eat;

Up, up! cries Gluttony, ’tis break of day,

Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;

With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite— 115

So<sup>r</sup> Ruffel did, but could not eat at night,

Call’d happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,

And envy’d Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

#### NOTES.

*man to continue poor, but is mean and abject enough to envy him the advantages arising from his very poverty: A degree of corruption not so uncommon as detestable; tho’ it has its root in our nature, if the Poet has not outraged it, in that description of its pride and meanness:*

*What would this man? Now upward will he soar,*

*And little less than Angel, would be more;*

*Now looking downwards, just as griev’d appears*

*To want the strength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.*

Emtum mulus aprum. \* crudi, tumidique lavemur,

Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera

Digni : \* *remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi.*

Cui *potior* \* *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas,

\* Si, Mimnermus uti censet, *sine amore jocisque*

Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

\* Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,

Candidus imperti : si non, his utere mecum.

#### NOTES.

VER. 127. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rochester.

VER. 129. *And SWIFT say wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"*  
Our Poet, speaking in one place of the purpose of his satire, says,

*In this impartial glass, my Muse intends*

*Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends.*

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviser say,

*Laugh at your Friends, and if your Friends be sore,*

*So much the better, you may laugh the more.*

because their impatience under reproof would shew, they had a great deal which wanted to be set right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to see a Friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. *Swift*, (as we may see by some posthumous Volumes, lately published, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory) trifled away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their wit only to shew their parts, to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction; or, in short, to any thing but that for which Nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend, and set off Truth;

Or shall we ' ev'ry Decency confound,  
 Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,  
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do 121  
 ' K—I's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,  
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,  
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,  
 Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 125  
 Renounce our ' Country, and degrade our Name?

If, after all, we must with ' Wilmot own,  
 The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,  
 And SWIFT cry wisely, " Vive la Bagatelle!"  
 The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.  
 " Adieu—if this advice appear the worst, 131  
 E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first :  
 Or better Precepts if you can impart,  
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

## NOTES.

old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned. But the remains of wit, instead of seeking and recovering its proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned: and in which Dr. Swift seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. *I chuse* (says he, in a Letter to Mr. Pope) *my Companions amongst those of the least consequence, and most compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find: and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects.* And again, "I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad prose or worse verses, "either of rage or raillery," *etc.* And again, in a letter to Mr. Gay, *My rule is, Vive la Bagatelle.*





**T H E  
F I R S T E P I S T L E  
O F T H E  
S E C O N D B O O K  
O F  
H O R A C E.**



# Advertisement.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments past in his Epistle to *Augustus*, seem'd so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an *Absolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a *Free People*, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our Neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that *Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolescere*, etc. The other, that this Piece was only a *general Discourse of Poetry*; whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Augustus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cause of his Cotemporaries, first against the Taste of the *Town*, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly against the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the *Emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taste* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the *State*, and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character. P.

## EPISTOLA I.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot<sup>a</sup> sustineas et tanta negotia solus,

Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,

Legibus emendes; in<sup>b</sup> publica commoda peccem,

Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.

<sup>c</sup> Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,

Post ingentia facta, <sup>d</sup> Deorum in templa recepti,

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella

Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;

<sup>e</sup> Ploravere suis non respondere favorem

Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,

Notaque fatali portenta, labore subegit,

Comperit<sup>f</sup> invidiam supremo fine domari.

## NOTES.

*Book ii. Epist. i.]* The Poet always rises with his original; and very often, without. This whole Imitation is extremely noble and sublime.

*VER. 7. Edward and Henry, etc.]* *Romulus, et Liber Pater, etc.* Horace very judiciously praises Augustus for the colonies he founded, not for the victories he won; and therefore compares

## EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

W Hile you, great Patron of Mankind! <sup>a</sup> sustain  
 The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;  
 Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend;  
 At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;  
<sup>b</sup> How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal  
 An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?

<sup>c</sup> Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,  
 And virtuous Alfred, a more <sup>d</sup> sacred Name,  
 After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,  
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10  
 Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,  
 Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;  
<sup>e</sup> Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find  
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!  
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15  
<sup>f</sup> Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.

## NOTES.

him, not to those who desolated, but to those who civilized mankind. The imitation wants this grace: and, for a very obvious reason, could not aim at it.

VER. 13. *Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh,*] The expression is extremely beautiful; and the *ploravere* judiciously placed.

VER. 16. *Finds envy never conquer'd, etc.*] It hath been the

\* L

<sup>6</sup> Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes

Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.

<sup>b</sup> Praesenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,

<sup>i</sup> Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

<sup>k</sup> *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,

<sup>\*</sup> *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,

#### NOTES.

common practice of those amongst us, who have distinguished themselves in the learned world, to ascribe the ill treatment they meet with, from those they endeavour to oblige, to so bad a cause as *envy*. But surely without reason ; for we find our Countrymen of the same candid disposition which Socrates, in the *Euthyphro* of Plato, ascribes to the Athenians of his time, *They are well content* (says he) *to allow the Pretensions of reputed eminence ; it is only when a man will write, and presume to give a proof of it, that they begin to grow angry.* And how readily do we allow the reputation of eminence, in all the Arts, to those whose modesty has made them decline giving us a specimen of it in any. A temper surely very distant from envy. We ought not then to ascribe that violent ferment good men are apt to work themselves into, and the struggle they make to suppress the reputation of him who pretends to give a proof of what they are so willing to take for granted, to any thing but an eager

The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,  
Had still this Monster to subdue at last.

<sup>s</sup> Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray  
Each star of meaner merit fades away !            20

Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,  
Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.

To thee, the World its present homage pays,  
The Harvest early, <sup>h</sup> but mature the praise :  
Great Friend of LIBERTY ! in *Kings* a Name    25  
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame\* :  
Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,  
<sup>i</sup> As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.  
Wonder of Kings ! like whom, to mortal eyes  
<sup>k</sup> None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.    30

## NOTES.

concern for the public welfare. This, nothing better secure<sup>s</sup> than the early damping that dangerous thing, Popularity ; which when jointed to what is as easily abused, great Talents, may be productive of, one does not know what, mischief. SCRIBL.

VER. 17. *The great Alcides,*] This instance has not the same grace here as in the original, where it comes in well after those of Romulus, Bacchus, Castor, and Pollux, tho' awkwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for the sake of the beautiful thought in the next line ; which, yet, does not equal the force of his original.

VER. 21. *Oppress'd we feel, etc.*] “ Les hommes, nez ingrats  
“ et jaloux (says an ingenious French Writer with becoming  
“ indignation) ne pardonnent pas à qui prétend à leur admira-  
“ tion : de la mériter ils en font un crime, qu'ils punissent par  
“ des calomnies, des critiques ameres, et des mépris affectez. La  
“ Postérité le vengera de ses oppresseurs, en le comblant de lou-

\* L 2

Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque  
 Aestimât; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque  
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:

<sup>1</sup> Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes  
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,  
 Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,  
 Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,  
<sup>m</sup> Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia <sup>n</sup> Graecorum sunt antiquissima quaeque  
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem  
 Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:  
 Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.  
 Venimus ad summum fortunae: *pingimus*, atque  
 ° *Pfallimus*, et <sup>p</sup> *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis*.

## N O T E S.

“ anges, tandis que ses imbécilles detracteurs, ces hommes *vils*,  
 “ qui pour être oubliés, n’ont pas besoin de cesser d’être, res-  
 “ teront pour jamais plongés dans l’oubli.”

VER. 38. *And beastly Skelton, etc.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to  
 Hen. VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted,  
 consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous  
 language. P.

Just in one instance, be it yet confess  
 Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest :  
 Foes to all living worth except your own,  
 And Advocates for folly dead and gone.      34  
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ;  
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,  
 And beastly Skelton Heads of houses quote :  
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen ;      39  
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green ;  
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,  
<sup>2</sup> He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly <sup>3</sup> Greece her eldest sons admires,  
 Why should not We be wiser than our fires ?  
 In ev'ry Public virtue we excell ;      45  
 We build, we paint, ° we sing, we dance as well,  
 And <sup>4</sup> learned Athens to our art must stoop,  
 Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

## NOTES.

VER. 40. *Christ's Kirk o' the Green* ;] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland. P.

VER. 42. *The Muses met him*] This instance of the People's ill taste was well chosen. Johnson's talents were learning, judgment, and industry, rather than wit, or natural genius.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club. P.



Si <sup>q</sup> meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;  
 Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.  
 Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decedit, inter  
 Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter  
 Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.  
 Est vetus atque probus, <sup>r</sup> centum qui perficit annos.  
 Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense vel anno,  
 Inter quos referendus erit? <sup>s</sup> veteresne poetas,  
 An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas?  
 Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur <sup>t</sup> honeste,  
 Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permisso, caudaeque pilos ut <sup>u</sup> equinae  
 Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;  
 Dum cadat elusus ratione <sup>w</sup> ruentis acervi,  
 Qui redit in <sup>x</sup> fastos, et virtutem aestimat annis,  
 Miraturque nihil, nisi quod <sup>y</sup> Libitina sacrauit.

## NOTES.

VER. 68. *Bestow a Garland only on a Bier.*] The thought is beautiful, and alludes to the old practice of our Ancestors, of covering the *Bier* (on which the dead were carried to their in-

If<sup>a</sup> Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,  
Say at what age a Poet grows divine ?            50

Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,  
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago ?  
End all dispute ; and fix the year precise  
When British bards begin t' immortalize ?

“ Who lasts a<sup>r</sup> century can have no flaw,            55  
“ I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law.

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound ?  
And shall we deem him<sup>s</sup> Ancient, right and sound,  
Or damn to all eternity at once,  
At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce ?            60

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;  
“ By<sup>t</sup> courtesy of England, he may do.

Then, by the rule that made the<sup>n</sup> Horse-tail bare,  
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,  
And melt<sup>w</sup> down Ancients like a heap of snow : 65  
While you, to measure merits, look in<sup>x</sup> Stowe,  
And estimating authors by the year,  
Bestow a Garland only on a<sup>y</sup> Bier.

#### NOTES.

terment) with Garlands. A manly and pious custom, which arose from the most ancient practice of rewarding victors ; and from thence was brought into the Church, and applied to those who had *fought the good fight*.

“ Ennius et *sapiens*, et *fortis*, et alter *Homerus*,

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

Quo *promissa* cadant, et *somnia Pythagorea*.

Naevius in manibus non est ; at *mentibus* haeret

#### NOTES.

VER. 69. *Shakespear*.] Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage ; the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* call'd his *Dotages*. P.

Ibid. *Shakespear* — *For gain, not glory, etc.*] SHAKESPEAR knew perfectly well what belonged to a true composition, as appears from *the Tempest*, and *the Merry Wives of Windsor*. But he generally complied with the ignorance, and the ill taste of his Audience. However, in his most irregular plays his wit and sublimity make amends for his transgression of the rules of art, and support him in it. But, happily for the improvement of the Drama, he had a competitor in JOHNSON ; who, with a greater temptation to comply with the bad taste of the age, yet had not the same force of genius to support an irregular composition. Johnson, therefore, borrowed all he could from art ; and like an experienced general, when he could not depend on his natural strength, never ventured from behind his lines. The consequence was, that Shakespear having once tried to reform the taste [See *Hamlet*] and, on failing, had complied with it, became the favourite Poet of the People ; while Johnson, who, for the reason given

<sup>a</sup> Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill  
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70  
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,  
And grew Immortal in his own despight.  
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed  
<sup>a</sup> The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.  
Who now reads <sup>b</sup> Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75  
His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;  
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,  
But still <sup>c</sup> I love the language of his heart.

NOTES.

above, could not be so complaisant, was all his life long in a state of war with them. This, and not (as is commonly imagined) the ignorance of one, and the superior knowledge of the other, was the true cause of that difference which we find between these two Capital Writers, in the art and construction of their pieces. So that here, we see, a want of sufficient natural genius accidentally contributed to the refinement of the English stage.

Ibid. and ev'ry Playhouse bill] A ridicule on those who talk of Shakespear, because he is in fashion; who, if they dared to do justice, either to their taste or their conscience, would own they liked *Dursey* better.

VER. 74. *The life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

*Quo promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.*

The beauty of this arises from a circumstance in Ennius's story. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it; and has succeeded.

VER. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar. P.

Pene recens : <sup>d</sup> adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.

Ambigitur <sup>e</sup> quoties, uter utro sit prior ; aufert

Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti :

Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro ;

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi

Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte.

Hos edificit, et hos arcto stipata theatro

Spectat Roma potens ; <sup>f</sup> habet hos numeratque poetas

Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab aevo.

<sup>g</sup> Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat.

Si <sup>h</sup> veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,

#### NOTES.

VER. 81. *In all debates etc.*] The Poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his Original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed.

VER. 85. *Wycherly*] The chief ground of this writer's reputation was his famous comedy of the *Plain Dealer* ; which is taken from Moliere's *Misanthrope*. But it has so happen'd that while Moliere's *Misanthrope* is but a *Plain Dealer*, Wycherly's *Plain Dealer* is a downright *Misanthrope*. Whether this was owing to the different genius of the Nations, or to the different judgments of the Poets, is left for the Critics to determine.

Ibid. *Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own

“ Yet surely, <sup>d</sup> surely, these were famous men!  
 “ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80  
 “ In all <sup>e</sup> debates where Critics bear a part,  
 “ Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson’s Art,  
 “ Of Shakespear’s Nature, and of Cowley’s Wit;  
 “ How Beaumont’s judgment check’d what Fletcher  
     “ writ;  
 “ How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow; 85  
 “ But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.  
 “ These, <sup>f</sup> only these, support the crouded stage,  
 “ From eldest Heywood down to Cibber’s age.

All this may be; the People’s Voice is odd,  
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90  
 To <sup>h</sup> Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,  
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

# NOTES.

Judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his answer,

*Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.* P.

— *hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherly*, is a line of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; the sense of which seems to have been generally mistaken. It gives to each his epithet, not to design the difference of their talents, but the number of their productions.

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries. P.

*Ibid.* *To Gammer Gurton, And yet deny, etc.*] i. e. If they give the bays to one play because it is *old*, and deny it to another as good, because it is *new*; why then, I say, the Public acts a very foolish part.

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet ; errat :

Si quaedam nimis<sup>1</sup> *antique*, si pleraque<sup>2</sup> *dure*

Dicere cedit eos, <sup>1</sup> *ignave* multa fatetur ;

Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.

<sup>m</sup> Non equidem insector, *delendaque carmina* Livî

#### NOTES.

VER. 97. *Spencer himself affects the Obsolete,*] This is certainly true ; he extended, beyond all reason, that precept of Horace,

*Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque*

*Proferat in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum. etc.*

VER. 98. *And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet :*] Sir Philip Sidney. He attempted to introduce the Roman hexameter and pentameter measure into English verse. *Baif*, a french poet in the time of their Hen. II. had attempted the same thing before him, and with the same success.

VER. 102. *And God the Father turns a School-divine.*] Ben Johnson ridicules the humour of his age, when the audience chose to take their knowledge of English history from Shakespear's plays. The present fashion for Milton makes us as ready to learn our religion from the *Paradise lost* : tho' it be certain, he was as *poor and fanciful* a Divine, as Shakespear was a *licentious* Historian. This appears from many places of that admirable Poem. As he here degrades the *Father* by making him follow the *School-systems* ; so, in his *Paradise regained*, he dis-

Or say our Fathers never broke a rule ;  
 Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.  
 But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95  
 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.  
 Spenser himself affects the<sup>i</sup> Obsolete,  
 And Sydney's verse halts ill on<sup>k</sup> Roman feet:  
 Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,  
 Now Serpent-like, in<sup>l</sup> prose he sweeps the ground,  
 In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join, 101  
 And God the Father turns a School-divine.  
<sup>m</sup> Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,  
 Like<sup>n</sup> flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,

## NOTES.

honours the *Son*, by making him Author of the MAHOMETAN  
 Oeconomy of grace

“ Victorious deeds

- “ Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
- “ To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke ;
- “ Then to subdue and quell o'er all the Earth
- “ Brute violence, and proud tyrannic pow'r,
- “ Till truth was freed and equity restor'd :
- “ Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, FIRST
- “ By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
- “ And make persuasion do the work of fear ;
- “ At least to try, and teach the erring soul
- “ Not willingly misdoing, but unaware
- “ Misled ; the stubborn only to destroy.

VER. 104. *Bentley*] This excellent critic, who had the fortune to be extravagantly despised and ridiculed by two of the greatest wits, and as extravagantly feared and flattered by two of the greatest Scholars of his time, will deserve to have that justice done him now, which he never met with while alive.



Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror :

Inter quae <sup>P</sup> *verbum emicuit* si forte *decorum*,

Si <sup>1</sup> *versus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter ;

Injuste *totum* ducit venitque poema.

<sup>1</sup> Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse

Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper ;

Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.

<sup>1</sup> Recte necne *crocum floresque* perambulet *Attæ*

*Fabula*, si dubitem; clamant periisse pudorem

Cuncti pene *patres* : ea cum reprehendere coner,

Quae <sup>1</sup> *gravis Aesopus*, quae doctus *Roscius* egit.

#### NOTES.

VER. 109. *Sprat*,] Rightly put at the head of the small wits. He is now known to most advantage as the friend of Mr. Cowley. His Learning was comprised in the well rounding a period : For, as Seneca said of Triarius, "Compositione verborum belle cadentium multos *Scholasticos* delectabat, omnes decipiebat." As to the turn of his piety and genius, it is best seen by his last Will and Testament, where he gives God thanks, that he, who had been bred neither at Eaton nor Westminster, but at a little country school by the Church-yard side, should at last come to be a Bishop.—But the honour of being a Westminster-School-boy some have at one age, and some at another, and some all their life long. Our grateful bishop, tho' he had it not in his youth, yet it came upon him in his old age.

VER. 113. *gleams thro' many a page*,] The image is taken from half-formed unripe lightening, which streams along the

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,  
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er)      110

One Simile, that <sup>P</sup> solitary shines  
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,  
Or <sup>a</sup> lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many  
a page,

Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.

<sup>r</sup> I lose my patience, and I own it too,      115

When works are censur'd, not as bad but new ;

While if our Elders break all reason's laws,

These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

<sup>s</sup> On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,

If I but ask, if any weed can grow?      120

One Tragic sentence if I dare deride

Which <sup>t</sup> Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

#### NOTES.

sky, and is just sufficient to shew the deformity of those black vapours to which it serves (as Milton expresses it) for a silver lining.

VER. 119. *On Avon's bank,*] At Stratford in Warwickshire, where Shakespear had his birth. The thought of the Original is here infinitely improved. *Perambulet* is a low allusion to the name and imperfections of *Atta*.

VER. 121. *One Tragic sentence if I dare deride,*] When writers of our Author's rank have once effectually exposed *turgid expression*, and reduced it to its just value, which, hitherto, the small critics had mistaken for the *sublime*, these latter are now apt to suspect all they do not understand, to be bombast: like the Idiot in Cervantes, who having been beat for not distinguishing between a Cur and a Greyhound, imagined every dog he

\* M

Vel quia nil \* rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quae

Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

#### NOTES.

met, to be a Cur-dog. So our respectable Laureat will needs imitate his betters, and *dare to deride* too with the best. "In what raptures (says he) have I seen an audience, at the furious fustian and turgid rants of Nat. Lee's *Alexander the Great*. Let me give you a sample. Alexander, in a full croud of courtiers, says,

"When Glory, like the dazzling *Eagle*, stood  
 "Perch'd on my Beaver in the Granic flood;  
 "When *Fortune's* self my standard trembling bore,  
 "And the pale *Fates* stood frightened on the shore;  
 "When the *Immortals on the billows* rode,  
 "And I myself appear'd the leading God.

"If this passage has merit, let us see what figure it would make upon canvas; what sort of picture would arise from it. If Le Brun had seen this lofty description, what one image could he have possibly taken from it? In what colours could he have shewn us *Glory perch'd upon a beaver*? How could he have drawn *Fortune* trembling? Or indeed what use could he have made of *pale Fates*, or *Immortals riding upon billows*, with this blustering God of his own making at the head of them?" *Apol. for his life*, p. 88. Ed. oct.—If the *Audience were in raptures* I admire their good taste: for, I think, these six lines are as truly sublime as any thing we have in the English Language. But the Critic is for having the images they convey painted. And, it must be owned, this is no ill test of distinguishing *sound* from *substance*. He is indeed a little mistaken in his Painter, as the Connoisseurs will tell him. For this subject demands the genius of Rubens rather than Le Brun. And, from such a one, he might have a very good picture for his money. He seems not to have reflected that *Fortune* and the

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,  
 ('Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)  
 How will our Fathers rise up in a rage,      125  
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!  
 You'd think ' no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,  
 Did not some grave Examples yet remain,

## NOTES.

*Fates* tho' imaginary, are yet personified Beings. And *Glory*, here, is something more substantial; for by the line,

*When Glory like the dazzling Eagle stood, etc.*

is meant that *Glory* appear'd in the shape of an Eagle on his crest.

The truth is, these six lines, unluckily for the Laureate's criticism, contain not only the most *sublime* but the most *judicious* imagery that poetry could conceive or paint. The *first* line alludes to the tradition of an Eagle's hovering over Alexander's head, at the battle of Arbela, as a presage of Victory; *Lee*, I suppose, might think himself at liberty to transfer it to the passage of the Granicus; and this the poet has made the ground of his fine imagination, of *Glory* in the shape of an *Eagle*, in the style of Homer, who represents Terror, Affright, and a number of such fantastic Beings, swarming on the crests of his heroes.

The representing *Fortune*, in the *third* line, as his standard-bearer, is very happy. It is not only in the true spirit of poetry, but it gives us a right idea of the nature of his Asiatic expedition; and the making her *tremble*, as she displayed it, in the passage of the Granicus, the justest notion of the exceeding rashness of that adventure.

The *fourth* line greatly heightens all these images, by making the *Fates* themselves (who had destined the Persian empire to destruction, and called Alexander out of Greece to execute their

Jam *" Saliare Numae carmen* qui laudat, et illud,

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri ;

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,

Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

#### NOTES.

decrees) as half afraid that this desperate Madman would frustrate their purpose.

But the sublime of the *two last* verses exceeds all the rest. They are a beautiful allusion to the battle of Scamander in Homer, where Achilles led on the Gods themselves to the destruction of Troy, thro' the billows of that River, which opposed their passage. And the exquisite judgment of the Poet in this allusion is seen by those who have heard that Achilles was Alexander's model of Heroism, and Homer his favourite Historian. Lastly, as to the propriety of Alexander's thus extolling his own actions, the Poet is justified by Q. Curtius, from whom we learn that it was his custom.

From what has been said, we may collect how dangerous it is for a writer to give his opinion out of his own Profession, how well soever he may succeed within it. For this justice is due to the Laureate, that that part of his book, where he has drawn the characters of the set of Players on whom he formed himself, or whom he emulated, and that, with a performance equal to the most perfect of theirs, is indeed (bating the singularity of his phrase) a Master-piece in its kind. So necessary was that ancient direction

*Quam quisque norit artem, in hac se exerceat.*

Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,  
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130  
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,  
 Extols old Bards, w or Merlin's Prophecy,  
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,  
 And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.

NOTES.

VER. 122. *Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd, Or well-mouth'd Booth*] The epithet *gravis*, when applied to a Tragedian, signifies dignity of gesture and action; and in this sense the imitator uses the word *grave*: nothing being more destructive of his character than *ranting*, the common vice of Stage-Heroes, from which this admirable Actor was entirely free. The epithet *well-mouth'd*, a term of the *chace*, here applied to his successor, was not given without a particular design, and to insinuate, that there was as wide a difference between their performances, as there is between scientific music, and the harmony of brute sounds, between elocution and vociferation. This compliment was paid to *Betterton*, as the earliest of our Author's friends; whom he did not more esteem for the excellence of his dramatic performance, than for the integrity of his life and manners.

VER. 124. *A muster roll of Names,*] An absurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the meer *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player. P.

VER. 129—130.] Inferior to the original: as VER. 133—4. excel it.

\* Quod si tam Graecis *novitas* invisâ fuisset,

Quam nobis ; quid nunc esset vetus ? aut quid haberet,

Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus ?

† Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis

Coepit, et in *vitium fortuna labier aequa* ;

Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit \* *equorum*.

#### NOTES.

VER. 138. *By learned Critics of the mighty Dead?*] A ridicule on the tribe of *learned Critics*, who think all writers but the ancient unworthy their care and attention. This came properly into a satire, whose subject is the unreasonable fondness for antiquity in general.

VER. 140. *with Charles restor'd ;*] He says *restor'd*, because the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that practised in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather.

VER. 143. *In Horsemanship t' excell, And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship : the Romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*. P.

VER. 146. *And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The rise and progress of the several branches of literary Science is one of the most curious parts of the history of the human mind, and yet is that which amongst us is least attended to. This of fictitious history is not below our notice. The close connexion which every individual has with all that relates to MAN in ge-

\* Had ancient times conspir'd to dis-allow      135

What then was new, what had been ancient now?

Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read

By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?

      ' In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword

Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd;

In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,      141

“ All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd.”

Then Peers grew proud in ' Horsemanship t' excell,

New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;

The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,

And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.      146

#### NOTES.

neral strongly inclines us to turn our observation upon human affairs, in preference to other attentions, and eagerly to wait the progress and issue of them. But as the course of human actions is too slow to gratify our curiosity, observant men very early contrived to satisfy its impatience by the invention of *history*. Which by recording the principal circumstances of past Facts, and laying them close together, in a continued narration, kept the mind from languishing, and gave constant exercise to its reflections.

But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our satisfactions, the Procurers to our pleasures run into excess; so it happened here. Strict matters of fact, however delicately dressed up, soon grew too simple and insipid to a taste stimulated by the *luxury* of art: They wanted something of more poignancy to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the *politer* ages those feigned histories relating the quick turns of capricious Fortune; and, in the more *barbarous*, the ROMANCES, abounding with the false provocative of enchantment and miraculous adventures.



• Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit ;

Suspendit <sup>b</sup> picta vultum mentemque tabella ;

Nunc <sup>c</sup> tūbicinibus, nunc est gavisā tragoedis :

• Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,

Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.

#### NOTES.

But satiety, in things unnatural, brings on disgust. And the reader at length began to see that too eager a pursuit after *adventures* had drawn him from, what first engaged his attention, MAN and *his ways*, into the Fairy walks of Monsters and Chimera's. And now those who had run farthest after these delusions, were the first that recovered themselves. For the next species of fiction, which took its name from its NOVELTY, was of *Spanish* invention. These presented us with something of humanity ; but in a forced unnatural state. For as every thing before was conducted by Necromancy, so all now was managed by *intrigue*. And tho' it had indeed a kind of *life*, it had yet, as in its infancy, nothing of *manners*. On which account those who could not penetrate into the ill constitution of its plan, yet grew disgusted at the dryness of the *Conduct*, and want of ease in the *Catastrophe*.

The avoiding these defects gave rise to the HEROICAL ROMANCES of the *French*, here ridiculed by our Poet ; in which some celebrated story of antiquity was so polluted by modern fable and invention, as was just enough to shew that the contrivers of them neither knew how to lye nor speak truth. In these voluminous extravagances, *Love* and *Honour* supplied the place of *Life* and *Manners*. But the over-refinement of *Pla-*

Then <sup>a</sup>Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,  
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :  
 Lely on <sup>b</sup>animated Canvas stole  
 The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150  
 No wonder then, when all was Love and sport,  
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court :  
 On <sup>c</sup>each enervate string they taught the note  
 To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.

But <sup>d</sup>Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155  
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.

#### NOTES.

*tonic* sentiments always sinks into the dregs of the *gentle passion*. Thus in attempting a more natural representation of it in the little AMATORY NOVELS which succeeded those heavier volumes, tho' the writers avoided the dryness of the *Spanish Intrigue*, and the extravagance of the *French Heroism*, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their subject, they introduced a worse evil than a corruption of *Taste*, and that was a corruption of *Heart*.

At length this great People (to whom, it must be owned, every branch of Science has been infinitely indebted) hit upon the true secret, by which alone a deviation from strict fact, in the commerce of *Man*, could be really amusing to an improved mind, or useful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaste copy of real LIFE AND MANNERS.

In this species of writing, Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. FIELDING in England stand the foremost. And by enriching it with the best part of the *Comic* art, may be said to have brought it to its perfection.

VER. 142. A Verse of the Lord Lansdown. P.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas stole The sleepy Eye, etc.* This was the Characteristic of this excellent Colourist's expression; who was an excessive Maniereft.

VER. 153. *On each enervate string etc.* The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England. P.

Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?

Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

• Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa

Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;

Scriptos <sup>s</sup> nominibus rectis expendere nummos;

<sup>f</sup> *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quae

Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

Mutavit mentem populus levis, <sup>h</sup> et calet uno

*Scribendi* studio : puerique patresque severi

Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.

#### NOTES.

VER. 158. *Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;*] The first half of Charles the Second's Reign was passed in an abandoned dissoluteness of manners; the other half, in factious disputes about popish plots and French prerogative.

VER. 160. *Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause.*] i. e. The love of Liberty.—Mr. Voltaire, while in England, writes thus to a friend in Paris—"I had a mind at first to print our poor "*Henry* at my own expences in London; but the loss of my "money is a sad stop to my design. I question if I shall try the "way of Subscriptions by the favour of the Court. I am weary "of Courts. All that is King or belongs to a King frights my "republican Philosophy. I wont drink the least draught of "Slavery in the Land of Liberty. I have written freely to—

Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;  
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;  
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;  
 Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause,                    160  
     " Time was, a sober Englishman wou'd knock  
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,  
 Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,  
 And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.  
 To <sup>f</sup> worship like his Fathers, was his care;                    165  
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;  
 To prove, that Luxury could never hold;  
 And place, on good <sup>s</sup> Security, his Gold.  
 Now times are chang'd, and one <sup>h</sup> Poetic Itch  
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich: 170  
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the bays,  
 Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,

## NOTES.

" and I will always do so, having no reason to lay myself under  
 " any restraint. I fear, I hope nothing from *your* Country: all  
 " that I wish for, is to see you one day here. I am entertain-  
 " ing myself with this pleasant hope. If it is but a dream let  
 " me enjoy it: don't undeceive me: let me believe I shall have  
 " the pleasure to see you in London, drawing up the strong spi-  
 " rit of this unaccountable Nation. You will translate their  
 " thoughts better when you live amongst them. You will see  
 " a Nation fond of their Liberty, learned, witty, despising Life  
 " and Death, a nation of Philosophers. Not but that there  
 " are some fools in England. Every Country has its madmen.  
 " It may be, French folly is pleasanter than English madness,

Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,

Invenior<sup>i</sup> Parthis *mendacior*; et prius orto

Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

\* Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum aegro

Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* est,

Promittunt<sup>l</sup> medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:

<sup>m</sup> Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

#### NOTES.

“but by—English wisdom and English honesty is above *yours*.”  
MS. Eng. Let. OEE. 15, 1726.

VER. 180. *to shew our Wit.*] The force of this consists in the ambiguity.—To shew how constant we are to our resolutions—or, to shew what fine verses we can make.

VER. 181. *He serv'd etc.*] To the simple elegance of the original, the Poet has here added great spirit and vivacity, without departing from the fidelity of a translation.

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprizing effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. P.

Ibid. *Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;*] It was the Poet's purpose to do Mr. Ward honour in assigning to

To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,  
 And all our Grace at table is a Song.  
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses, <sup>i</sup> lye,            175  
 Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;  
 When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,  
 And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;  
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,  
 And call for pen and ink to show our Wit.    180  
     <sup>k</sup> He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;  
 Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;  
 Ev'n <sup>l</sup> Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,  
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.  
 Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?    185  
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)  
 But <sup>m</sup> those who cannot write, and those who can,  
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

N O T E S.

him that medical Aphorism of regular practice,

*periculum faciamus in corpore vili.*

SCRIBL.

VER. 183. *Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France, Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.*] By no means an insinuation as if these travelling Doctors had mispent their time. *Radcliff* had sent them on a medicinal mission, to examine the produce of each Country, and see in what it might be made subservient to the art of healing. The native commodity of France is DANCING. Mercurialis gives the *Gymnastics*, of which this is part, a necessary place amongst the *non-naturals* (by which term the Physicians mean air, exercise, diet, *etc.* as if the *natural* way of living in health was by physic) and the

ⁿ Hic error tamen et levis haec infania, quantas

Virtutes habeat, sic collige : vatis ° *avarus*

Non temere est animus : ⁱ versus amat, hoc studet  
unum ;

Detrimenta, ¹ *fugas servorum, incendia* ridet ;

Non ² *fraudem socio*, puerove incogitat ullam

*Pupillo* ; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo ³ ;

⁴ *Militiae* quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi* ;

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.

⁵ Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat :

#### NOTES.

dignity and eminence of this part of the *Gymnastics* is learnedly and elaborately explained in that curious *Dissertation on dancing*, in the 13th chap. of the 2d Vol. of the *Life of King David*.

SCRIBL.

VER. 201. *Of little use, etc.*] There is a poignancy in the following verses, which the original did not aim at, nor affect.

VER. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity. (*non bene relieta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to

Yet, Sir, <sup>n</sup> reflect, the mischief is not great;  
 These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:  
 Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;      191  
 And rarely <sup>o</sup> Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.  
 Allow him but his <sup>p</sup> plaything of a Pen,  
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:  
<sup>q</sup> Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;  
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.  
 To <sup>r</sup> cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;  
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,  
 Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;  
 And then — a perfect Hermit in his <sup>s</sup> diet.      202

Of little use the Man you may suppose,  
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;  
 Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,  
 And ('tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.  
<sup>v</sup> What will a Child learn sooner than a song? 205  
 What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?

## N O T E S.

himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows, *Torquet ab obscœnis—Mox etiam peccatus—Recte facta refert*, etc. which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212<sup>th</sup> Verses. P.



Torquet \* ab *obſcoenis* jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;

Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,

*Aſperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;*

#### NOTES.

VER. 213. *Unhappy Dryden—In all Charles's days, Rescommon only boasts unspotted bays;*] The break in the first line has a great beauty. The Poet's *tenderneſs* for his Maſter is expreſſed in making his *caſe general*; and his *honour* for him, in making his *caſe particular*, and the only one that deſerved pity.

VER. 215. *excuse ſome Courtly ſtrains*] We are not to underſtand this as a diſapprobation of Mr. Addiſon for celebrating the virtues of the preſent Royal Family. It relates to a particular fact, in which he thought that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addiſon, in the year 1713, had finiſhed his *Cato*, he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our Poet, who thought the ſentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly, and told him that he had better not bring it upon the Stage, but print it like a clafſical performance, which would perfectly answer his deſign. Mr. Addiſon approved of this advice; and ſeemed diſpoſed to follow it. But ſoon after he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that ſome friends, whom he could not diſoblige, inſiſted on his hav-

What's long or short, each accent where to place,  
 And speak in public with some sort of grace.  
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,  
 Unless he praise some Monster of a King;      210  
 Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,  
 To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.  
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,  
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;  
 And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains)      215  
 No whiter page than Addison remains.  
 He, \* from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,  
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,

## N O T E S.

ing it acted. However he assured Mr. Pope that it was with no *Party* views, and desired him to satisfy the Treasurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the same time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their perusal. Our Poet executed his commission in the most friendly manner; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the Stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addison was so exceedingly afraid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his request wrote the famous prologue to it, and had said,

“ Britons, *ARISE*, be worth like this approv'd,

“ And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.

he was much troubled, said it would be called, stirring the people to rebellion; and earnestly begg'd he would soften it into some thing less obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now stands, to —*Britons, attend*,— though at the expence both of the sense and spirit. Notwithstanding this, the very next year, when the present illustrious Family came to the Succession, Mr. Addison thought fit to make a merit

\* N

Recte facta refert ; \* orientia tempora notis

Instruit exemplis ; † *inopem* solatur et *aegrum*.

Castis cum \* pueris ignara puella mariti

#### NOTES.

of CATO, as purposely and directly written to oppose to the schemes of a faction. His poem, to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, beginning in this manner,

“ The Muse, that oft with sacred raptures fir’d

“ Has gen’rous thoughts of Liberty inspir’d ;

“ And, boldly rising for Britannia’s Laws,

“ Ingag’d great Cato in her country’s cause ;

“ On you submissive waits

VER. 216. *No whiter page than Addison remains,*] Mr. Addison’s literary character is much mistaken, as characters generally are when taken (as his has been) in the gross. He was but an ordinary poet, and a worse critic. His verses are heavy, and his judgment of Men and Books superficial. But in the pleasantry of comic action, and in the dignity of moral allegories, he is imitable. Nature having joined in him, as she had done once be-

Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,  
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220  
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,  
 Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws;  
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse ingrav'd,  
 The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd.  
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,  
 Stretch'd to <sup>v</sup> relieve the Idiot and the Poor, 226  
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,  
 And <sup>x</sup> stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.  
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;  
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with <sup>z</sup> Psalms:  
 The <sup>a</sup> Boys and Girls whom charity maintains, 231  
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:

## NOTES.

fore in *Lucian*, (who wanted the other's wisdom to make a good use of it) the sublime of Plato to the humour of Menander.

VER. 217. *He from the taste obscene, etc.*] This, in imitation of his Original, refers to the true Poet,

*torquet ab obscenis,*

and likewise to Mr. Addison's papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*; the character of which is given in the preceding note. But their excellence may be best gathered from their having given so long a vogue to that vast heap of crude and indigested things with which they are intermixed.

VER. 226. *the Idiot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand. P.

VER. 229. *Not but there are, etc.*] Nothing can be more truly humorous or witty than all that follows to *† 240*. Yet the noble sobriety of the original, or, at least, the appearance of

Disceret unde <sup>b</sup> *preces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset ?  
 Poscit opem chorus, et *praesentia numina* sentit ;  
 Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus ;  
 Avertit morbos, <sup>c</sup> *metuenda pericula* pellit ;  
 Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.  
 ‡ Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.

<sup>e</sup> Agricolae prisca, fortes, parvoque beati,  
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo  
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,  
 Cum fociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,  
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,  
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.  
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem  
 § Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit ;  
 Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos

## NOTES.

sobriety, which is the same thing here, is of a taste vastly superior to it.

VER. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in

How could Devotion<sup>b</sup> touch the country pews,  
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?  
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,  
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down<sup>c</sup> Pope and  
     Turk.      236

The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,  
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;  
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,  
 And<sup>d</sup> Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.      240

Our<sup>e</sup> rural Ancestors, with little blest,  
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,  
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,  
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:  
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,  
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care: 246  
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,  
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:  
 With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,  
 And<sup>f</sup> Taunts alternate innocently flew.      250

## NOTES.

his *Church History*, says he was esteemed an *excellent Poet*.

VER. 241. *Our rural Ancestors, etc.*] This is almost literal;  
 and shews, that the beauty and spirit, so much admired in these  
 Poems, owe less to the liberty of imitating, than to the superior  
 genius of the imitator.

Lusit amabiliter : <sup>c</sup> donec jam saevus apertam

In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas

Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento

Dente laceffiti : fuit intactis quoque cura

Conditione super communi : <sup>b</sup> quin etiam lex

Pœnaque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quem-  
quam

Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis

Ad <sup>i</sup> bene dicendum, *delectandumque* redacti.

<sup>k</sup> Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes

Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille

*Defluxit* <sup>l</sup> *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus

*Munditiae* pepulere : sed in longum tamen aevum

#### NOTES.

VER. 259. *Most warp'd to Flattery's side, etc.*] These two lines (notwithstanding the reference) are an addition to the Original. They seemed necessary to compleat the History of the rise and progress of Wit; and, if attended to, will be seen to make much for the argument the Poet is upon, viz. the *recommendation of Poetry to the protection of the Magistrate*. And is, therefore, what Horace would have chosen to say, had he reflected on it.

But Times corrupt, and <sup>s</sup> Nature, ill-inclin'd,  
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind ;  
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,  
 Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.  
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,  
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.    256  
 At length, by wholesome <sup>h</sup> dread of statutes bound,  
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :  
 Most warp'd to <sup>i</sup> Flatt'ry's side ; but some, more nice,  
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.    260  
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,  
 And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

<sup>k</sup> We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's  
    charms ;

Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms ;  
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe,                    265  
 Wit grew polite, and <sup>l</sup> Numbers learn'd to flow.

N O T E S.

VER. 263. *We conquer'd France, etc.*] The instance the Poet here gives, to answer that in the *Original*, is not so happy. However, it might be said with truth, that our Intrigues on the Continent brought us acquainted with the *provincial* Poets, and produced *Chaucer*. Only I wonder, when he had such an example before him, of a Bard who so greatly polished the rusticity of his age, he did not use it to paraphrase the sense of

*Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus  
 Munditiæ pepulere :*

\* N 4



Manferunt, hodieque manent, <sup>m</sup> *vestigia ruris*.

Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis ;

Et post<sup>n</sup> *Punica bella* quietus quaerere coepit,

Quid ° Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile  
ferrent :

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset :

Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer :

Nam<sup>p</sup> spirat tragicum fatis, et feliciter audet :

Sed<sup>s</sup> turpem putat infcite metuitque *lituram*.

Creditur, ex<sup>r</sup> *medio* quia res arcessit, habere

Sudoris minimum ; sed habet *Comoedia* tanto

#### N O T E S.

VER. 267. *Waller was smooth* ;] Mr. Waller, about this time with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille ; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation. P.

VER. 280. *Ev'n copious Dryden*—] *copious* aggravated the fault. For when a writer has great stores, he is inexcusable not to discharge the easy task of chusing from the best.

VER. 282. *Some doubt, etc.*] In Tragedy it is the *action*, and in Comedy it is the *manners*, which most engage our attention. But it is easier to direct and conduct an action than to draw and colour manners. Besides, our ignorance of high life makes

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join }  
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,        }  
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine.        }  
 Tho' still some traces of our <sup>m</sup> rustic vein                    270  
 And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.  
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,  
 When the tir'd Nation <sup>n</sup> breath'd from civil war.  
 Exact <sup>o</sup> Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,  
 Show'd us that France had something to admire.  
 Not but the <sup>p</sup> Tragic spirit was our own,                    276  
 And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone :  
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,  
 And <sup>q</sup> fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.  
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,                    280  
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.  
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire  
 The <sup>r</sup> humbler Muse of Comedy require.

## N O T E S.

false manners in Tragedy escape unobserved ; but unnatural action in Comedy lies hid from no body. Hence it is, that the difficulty of succeeding lies on the side of the comic writer. To support these observations, let me ask, from whence arises our disgust, when the scene in Comedy is laid abroad, and that of Tragedy at home. It appears, at first sight, whimsical and capricious, but has its foundation in nature. What we chiefly seek in Comedy is a true image of life and *manners*, but we are not easily brought to think we have it given us, when dressed in foreign modes and fashions. And yet a good writer must follow his scene and observe decorum. On the contrary, 'tis

Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. \* aspice, Plautus

Quo pacto <sup>†</sup> *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,

Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiofi :

Quantus fit Doffennus <sup>‡</sup> *edacibus in parasitis* ;

Quam <sup>§</sup> *non astricto* percurrat pulpita *secco*.

Gessit enim <sup>¶</sup> nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc

Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam <sup>‡</sup> ventoso gloria curru,

Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat :

#### NOTES.

the *action* in Tragedy which most engages our attention. But to fit a domestic occurrence for the stage we must take greater liberties with the action than a well known story will allow. Not but perhaps another reason might be given for our disapprobation of this state of the scene. Comedy deals much in satire, Tragedy in panegyric: and our natural malignity will more easily suffer us to find the *ridiculous* at home, than the *heroic*.

VER. 290. *Astræa*,] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, etc. P.

Ibid. *The stage how loosely does Astræa tread*,] The fine metaphor of *non astricto*, greatly improved by the happy ambiguity of the word *loosely*.

VER. 296. O you! *whom Vanity's light bark conveys*,] The

But in known Images of life, I guess  
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less \*.      285  
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed :  
 Tell me if ' Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed ?  
 What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ !  
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !  
 The stage how " loosely does Astræa tread,      290  
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed !  
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,  
 To make poor Pinky " eat with vast applause !  
 But fill their \* purse, our Poet's work is done,  
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.      295

O you ! whom ' Vanity's light bark conveys  
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,  
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,  
 For ever sunk too low, or born too high !

## N O T E S.

metaphor is fine, but inferior to the Original, in many respects.

*ventoso gloria curru,*

has a happy air of ridicule heightened by its allusion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more serious light, as representing the Poet a *Slave* to Fame or *Glory*,

*Quem tulit ad scenam—Gloria.*

as was the custom in their triumphs. In other respects it has the preference. It is more just. For a Poet makes his first entrance on the stage not, immediately, to *Triumph*, but to *try his Fortune*. However,

*Who pants for Glory, etc.*

is much superior to the Original.

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum

Subruit, ac reficit : <sup>a</sup> valeat res ludicra, si me

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

<sup>a</sup> Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam ;

Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,

Indocti, stolidique, et <sup>b</sup> depugnare parati

Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt

Aut <sup>c</sup> *ursum* aut *pugiles* : his nam plebecula gaudet.

Verum <sup>d</sup> *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* vo-  
luptas

Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.

Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas ;

Dum fugiunt <sup>e</sup> *equitum* turmae, peditumque catervae :

Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis ;

Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves ;

#### NOTES.

VER. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.*  
From Plays to Operas, and from Operas to *Pantomines*.

VER. 319. *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.*  
The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,      300

A breath revives him; or a breath o'erthrows.

<sup>z</sup> Farewell the stage ! if just as thrives the play,

The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

<sup>a</sup> There still remains, to mortify a Wit,

The many-headed Monster of the Pit :      305

A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud ;

Who, <sup>b</sup> to disturb their betters mighty proud,

Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,

Call for the Farce, <sup>c</sup> the Bear, or the Black-joke.

What dear delight to Britons Farce affords !      310

Ever the taste of Mobs, but now <sup>d</sup> of Lords ;

(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies

From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

The Play stands still ; damn action and discourse,

Back fly the scenes, and enter foot <sup>e</sup> and horse ;      315

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,

Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn ;

The Champion too ! and, to complete the jest,

Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.

#### NOTES.

of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion.      P.

Ibid. *Old Edward's Armour, etc.*] Descriptive poetry is the lowest work of a Genius. Therefore when Mr. Pope employs himself in it, he never fails, as here, to enoble it with some moral stroke or other.

Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

<sup>f</sup> Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus ; seu

Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,

Sive <sup>g</sup> *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.

Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,

Ut sibi praeponentem mimo spectacula plura :

Scriptores autem <sup>h</sup> narrare putaret *asello*

*Fabellam furdo*. nam quae <sup>i</sup> pervincere voces

Evalueret sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra ?

<sup>k</sup> *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuscum*.

Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,

<sup>l</sup> *Divitiaeque peregrinae* : quibus <sup>m</sup> *oblitus aëtor*

Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.

Dixit adhuc aliquid ? nil fane. Quid placet ergo ?

<sup>n</sup> Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusem,

Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne ;

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

With <sup>f</sup> laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,      320  
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.  
 Let Bear or <sup>s</sup> Elephant be e'er so white,  
 The people, sure, the people are the sight !  
 Ah luckless <sup>b</sup> Poet ! stretch thy lungs and roar,  
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more ;      325  
 While all its <sup>i</sup> throats the Gallery extends,  
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends !  
 Loud as the Wolves, on <sup>k</sup> 'Orcas' stormy steep,  
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.  
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,      330  
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's <sup>l</sup> petticoat ;  
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,  
 Sinks the <sup>m</sup> lost Actor in the tawdry load.  
 Booth enters — hark ! the Universal peal !  
 “ But has he spoken ? ” Not a syllable.      335  
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare ?  
 “ Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.  
     Yet lest you think I railly more than teach,  
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,  
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,      340  
 To know the Poet from the Man of rhymes :

NOTES.

VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades. P.



Ire poeta ; ° meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

¶ Verum age, et his, qui se *lectori* credere malunt,

Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,

Curam impende brevem : si <sup>a</sup> munus Apolline dig-  
num

Vis *complere libris* ; et vatibus addere calcar,

Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

† Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,

(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum

° *Solcito* damus, aut *fesso* : cum laedimur, † *unum*

#### NOTES.

VER. 347. *To Thebes, to Athens, etc.*] i. e. is equally knowing in the manners of the most different people ; and has the skill to employ those manners with decorum.

'Tis he, ° who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns ;  
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,  
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345  
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,  
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

° But not this part of the Poetic state  
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great :  
 Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350  
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.  
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?  
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?  
 How shall we fill ° a Library with Wit,  
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355  
 My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,  
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault :  
 We ° Poets are (upon a Poet's word)  
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :  
 The ° season, when to come, and when to go, 360  
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;

## NOTES.

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum*. The Palatine Library then building by Augustus. P.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books. P.

Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprehendere *versum* :

Cum loca jam <sup>v</sup> recitata revolvimus *irrevocati* :

Cum <sup>w</sup> lamentamur non *apparere* labores

Nostros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo*;

Cum <sup>x</sup> speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque

*Carmina* rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro

*Arcessas*, et egere vetes, et *scribere* cogas.

Sed tamen est <sup>y</sup> *operae* *precium* cognoscere, *quales*

Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique

Virtus, <sup>z</sup> *indigno* non committenda *poetae*.

<sup>a</sup> Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille

Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis

Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.

Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt

Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo

Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema

Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,

Edicto vetuit, ne quis *se* praeter Apellem

*Pingeret*, aut alius Lyfippo duceret aera

*Fortis* <sup>b</sup> *Alexandri* vultum *simulantia*. quod si

#### NOTES.

VER. 385. But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.]  
This is not much to be wondered at since the Sacerdotal Cha-

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,  
 You lose your patience, just like other men.  
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend  
 A <sup>c</sup> single verse, we quarrel with a friend ;      365  
 Repeat <sup>v</sup> unask'd ; lament, the <sup>w</sup> Wit's too fine  
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.  
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,  
 We needs will write Epistles to the King ;  
 And <sup>x</sup> from the moment we oblige the town,      370  
 Expect a place, or pension from the Crown ;  
 Or dubb'd Historians by express command,  
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,  
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,  
 As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine.      375

Yet <sup>y</sup> think, great Sir ! (so many Virtues shown)  
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known ?  
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,  
 Fit to bestow the <sup>z</sup> Laureat's weighty place.

<sup>a</sup> Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,  
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care ;      381  
 And great <sup>b</sup> Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed  
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed ;  
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit :  
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.      385

N O T E S.

racter has been separated from the *Regal*. This *discerning* of  
*Spirits* now seems to be the allotment of the ecclesiastical branch,

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud  
 Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares;  
 ' Boeotum in crasso jurares aere natum.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque  
 Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,  
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetae;*]

Nec magis expressi<sup>d</sup> vultus per ahenea signa,  
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum

#### NOTES.

which the following instance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, some how or other, surprized the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbishop Abbot was not the dupe of dazzling appearances. In one of his *Rescripts* to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmasks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been sent over to England by the States. "You must take heed  
 " how you trust DOCTOR GROTIUS too far, for I perceive  
 " him to be so ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN  
 " THOSE PARTS, THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT  
 " MAY SERVE A TURN. At his first coming to the King, by  
 " reason of his good Latin tongue, he was so tedious and full of  
 " tittle-tattle, that the KING's judgment was of him that he was  
 " some PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDG-  
 " MENT. And I myself discovering that to be his habit, as if  
 " he did imagine that every man was bound to hear him so long  
 " as he would talk, did privately give him notice thereof, that  
 " he should plainly and directly deliver his mind, or else he  
 " would make the King weary of him. This did not take place  
 " but that afterwards he fell to it again, as was especially observed  
 " one night at supper at the Lord Bishop of Ely's, whither being  
 " brought by Mr. Casaubon (as I think) my Lord intreated him  
 " to stay to supper, which he did. There was present Dr.  
 " Steward and another Civilian, unto whom he flings out some  
 " question of that profession, and was so full of words, that Dr.  
 " Steward afterwards told my Lord, *That he did perceive by him,*

The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,  
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;  
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,  
"No Lord's anointed, but a ' Russian Bear.

Not with such <sup>d</sup> majesty, such bold relief,    390  
The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,  
E'er swell'd on marble ; as in verse have shin'd  
(In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.

NOTES.

" *that, like a SMATTERER, he had studied some two or three*  
" *questions, whereof when he came in company he must be talking*  
" *to vindicate his skill; but, if he were put from those, he would*  
" *shew himself but a SIMPLE FELLOW.* There was present also  
" Dr. Richardson, the King's professor of Divinity in Cam-  
" bridge, and another Doctor in that Faculty, with whom he  
" falleth in also about some of those questions, which are now  
" controverted amongst the Ministers in Holland. And be-  
" ing matters wherein he was studied, he uttered all his skill  
" concerning them. MY LORD OF ELY SITTING STILL AT  
" THE SUPPER ALL THE WHILE, AND WONDERING what  
" a man he had there, who never being in the place or company  
" before could overwhelm them so with talk for so long a time.  
" I write this unto you so largely that you may know the dispo-  
" sition of the man : and HOW KINDLY HE USED MY LORD  
" OF ELY FOR HIS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT." *Winwood's*  
*Memorials*, Vol. iii. p. 459.      SCRIBL.

Seriously, *my Lord of Ely* was to be pitied. But this was an extraordinary case; for as exposed as their Lordships may be to these kind of insults, happy is it that the men are not always at hand that can offer them. A second *Grotius*, for ought I know, may be as far off as a second Century of *my Lords of Ely*.—But it was enough that this *simple fellow* was an Arminian and Republican, to be despised by Abbot and his master. For in the opinion of these great judges of Merit, Religion and Society could not subsist without Predestination and Arbitrary power.

Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallet  
 Repentes per humum, <sup>e</sup> quam *res* componere *gestas*,  
 Terrarumque <sup>f</sup> situs et flumina dicere, et arces  
 Montibus impositas, et <sup>g</sup> *barbara regna*, tuisque  
 Auspiciis *totum* <sup>h</sup> *confecta duella* per orbem,  
 Claustraque <sup>h</sup> custodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,  
 Et <sup>i</sup> formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:  
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque  
 parvum

<sup>k</sup> Carmen *majestas* recipit *tua* ; nec meus audet  
 Rem tentare pudor, quem vires ferre recusant.  
 Sedulitas autem <sup>l</sup> *stulte*, quem *diligit*, urget ;  
 Praecipue cum se *numeris* commendat et arte.

## NOTES.

VER. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains;*] Archbishop Tillotson hath said, " That satire and invective were the easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it will serve to abuse and find fault. For wit (says he) is a keen instrument, and every one can cut and gash with it. But to carve a beautiful image and polish it, requires great art and dexterity. To praise any thing well, is an argument of much more wit than to abuse ; a little wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for satire, but the greatest instance of wit is to commend well." Thus far this candid Prelate. And I, in my turn, might as well say, that Satire was the most difficult, and Panegyric the easiest thing in nature ; for that any barber-

Oh ! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,  
 Your ° Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing !  
 What † seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought !  
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought !  
 How ‡ barb'rous rage subfided at your word,  
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the  
    sword !

399

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,  
 † Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep ;  
 'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,  
 And ‡ Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—  
 But † Verse, alas ! your Majesty disdains ;  
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains :  
 The Zeal of † Fools offends at any time,  
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.

405

## N O T E S.

surgeon can curl and shave, and give cosmetic-washes for the skin ; but it requires the abilities of an Anatomist to dissect and lay open the whole interior of the human frame. But the truth is, these similitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy, or the ill judgment of the user. The one is just as easy to do *ill*, and as difficult to do *well* as the other. In our Author's *Essay on the Characters of Men*, the Encomium on Lord Cobham, and the satire on Lord Wharton, are the equal efforts of the same great genius. There is one advantage indeed in Satire over Panegyric, which every body has taken notice of, that it is more *readily received* ; but this does not shew that it is more *easily written*.



Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud

Quod quis<sup>m</sup> *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.

Nil moror<sup>n</sup> officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *ficto*

*In* ° *pejus* vultu proponi cereus usquam,

Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto :

Ne<sup>p</sup> rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una

Cum<sup>a</sup> scriptore meo capsâ porrectus aperta,

Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,

Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,  
That when I aim at praise, they say <sup>m</sup> I bite.  
A vile <sup>n</sup> Encomium doubly ridicules :      410  
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.  
If true, a <sup>o</sup> woful likeness ; and if lyes,  
“ Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise :”  
Well may he <sup>p</sup> blush, who gives it, or receives ;  
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves      415  
(Like <sup>q</sup> Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things  
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)  
Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,  
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.



**T H E**  
**SECOND EPISTLE**  
**OF THE**  
**SECOND BOOK**  
**O F**  
**H O R A C E.**

**Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.**

## EPISTOLA II.

**F**LORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,  
<sup>b</sup> Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum  
 Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat : “ Hic et  
 “ Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,  
 “ Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;  
 “ Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;  
 “ Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti  
 “ Quilibet : argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:  
 “ Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.  
 “ Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo  
 “ Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.  
 “ Res urget me nulla : meo sum pauper in aere.

## NOTES.

VER. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:]* A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.

VER. 15. *But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part ?]*

# E P I S T L E II.

**D**EAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's  
Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

<sup>b</sup> A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,

Bows and begins—" This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:

" Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!

" My only son, I'd have him see the world: 6

" His French is pure; his Voice too--you shall hear.

" Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.

" Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

" Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please:

" A perfect genius at an Opera-song — 11

" To say too much, might do my honour wrong.

" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;

" His whole ambition was to serve a Lord ;

" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15

" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.

" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,

" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:

## NOTES.

The numbers well express the unwillingness of parting with what one can ill spare.

" Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi : non temere

" a me

" Quivis ferret idem : semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)

" In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae :

" Des nummos, excepta nihil te si *fuga* laedit.

• Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.

Prudens emisisti vitiosum : dicta tibi est lex.

Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

• Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi

Talibus officiis prope mancum : ne mea saevus

Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.

Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura

Si tamen attentas ? quereris super hoc etiam, quod

Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

• Luculli miles collecta viatica multis

Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem

Perdiderat : post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,

#### N O T E S.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. P. Sir Godfrey Kneller.

VER. 33. *In Anna's Wars, etc.*] Many parts of this story are well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the original.

“ The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,

“ (Cou’d you o’erlook but that) it is, to steal.

• If, after this, you took the graceless lad, 21

Cou’d you complain, my Friend, he prov’d so bad?

Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,

I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;

Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away, 25

And punish’d him that put it in his way.

• Consider then, and judge me in this light;

I told you when I went, I could not write;

You said the same; and are you discontent

With Laws, to which you gave your own assent?

Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time! 31

D’ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

• In ANNA’S Wars, a Soldier poor and old

Had dearly earn’d a little purse of gold:

Tir’d with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35

He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.

This put the man in such a desp’rate mind,

Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join’d

Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,

• NOTES.

VER. 37. *This put the man, etc.*] Greatly below the Original,

*Post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti*

*Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer.*

The last words are particularly elegant and humorous.



Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,  
 Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.  
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,  
 Accipit et bis dena super festertia nummum.  
 Forte sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere praetor  
*Nescio quod* cupiens, hortari coepit eundem  
 Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere mentem:  
 I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,  
 Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid stas?  
 Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,  
 "Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.  
 'Romae nutuiri mihi contigit, atque doceri,  
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.

## NOTES.

VER. 43. *Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.*] For the sake of a stroke of satire, he has here weakened that circumstance, on which the turn of the story depends. Horace avoided it, tho' the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occasion to indulge his raillery.

VER. 51. *Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.*] This has neither the force nor the justness of the original. Horace makes his Soldier say,

*Ibit,*

*Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit.*

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loss*, that pushed him upon danger; many being equal to the first, who cannot bear the other. What betray'd our poet into this inaccuracy of expression was it's suiting better with the *application*. But in a great writer we pardon nothing. And such an one should never forget, that the

He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall,      40

Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.

"Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd,

Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter ;

(Its name I know not, and it's no great matter)      45

"Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder walls!

"Advance and conquer ! go where glory calls !

"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."

Don't you remember what reply he gave ?

"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot ?      50

"Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

'Bred up at home, full early I begun

To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.

#### NOTES.

expression is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application* : for so, they reflect a mutual light upon one another.

VER. 52. *Bred up at home, etc.*] The Reader may possibly have a curiosity to know something more of Mr. Pope's education than what this verse tells him ; and tho' much more would be too trifling to enter into a just volume of his life, it may do no dishonour to one of these cursory notes. He was taught his letters very early by an Aunt ; and, from thence, to his eighth year, he took great delight in reading. He learn'd to write of himself by copying after printed books, whose characters he brought himself to imitate in great perfection. At eight, he was put under one *Taverner*, a Priest, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, together : From him, in a little time, he was sent to a private school at Twiford near

Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae :

Scilicet ut possem *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*,

Atque inter filvas Academi *quaerere* verum.

Dura fed emovere loco me tempora grato ;

#### NOTES.

Winchester. Here, he continued about a year, and was then removed to another, near Hyde-park Corner. Under these two last Masters he lost the little he had got under the Priest. At Twelve, he went with his Father into the Forest ; where he was, for a few months, under another Priest, and with as little success as before. For, as he used to say, he never could learn any thing which he did not pursue with pleasure. And these miserable pedants had not the art of making his studies an amusement to him. Upon the remnants, therefore, of this small stock, so hardly picked up, so easily lost, and recovered (as we shall see) with so much labour, he at length thought fit to become his own master. And now the only method of study he prescribed to himself was reading those classic writers, who afforded him most entertainment. So that while he was intent upon the subject, with a strong appetite for Knowledge, and an equal passion for Poetry, he insensibly got Latin and Greek. And, what was extraordinary, his impatience of restraint, in the usual forms, did not hinder his subjecting himself, now he was his own master, to all the drudgery and fatigue of perpetually recurring to his Grammar and Lexicon. By the time he was fifteen he had acquired a very ready habit in the learned languages ; when a strong fancy came into his head to remove to London, to learn French and Italian. His Family (whose only object was the preservation of his miserably infirm body) regarded it as a very wild project. But he persisted in it, and they gave way : to town he went ; and mastered those two languages with surprizing dispatch. The whole treasure of Parnassus now lay open to him ; and, between this and his twentieth year, his constant employment was read-

Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,  
 The better art to know the good from bad :    55  
 (And little sure imported to remove,  
 To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)  
 But knottier points we knew not half so well,  
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell ;  
 And certain Laws, by sufferers thought unjust,    60  
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :

## NOTES.

ing the most considerable poets and critics in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English languages. But, all this, without much order, as chance threw them in his way, or the caprice of desultory reading directed his choice. This being one continued indulgence of his curiosity or amusement, made him always speak of these four or five years as the most pleasurable part of his life.

Yet his true understanding would not suffer him to continue long the dupe of so defective an education. For a vast memory, and an accurate judgment, which remedied many of its inconveniences, made him but the more sensible of them all. So that, at twenty, when the impetuosity of his spirits began to suffer his genius to be put under restraint, he went over all the parts of his education a-new, from the very beginning, and in a regular, and more artful manner. He penetrated into the general grounds and reasons of speech ; he learnt to distinguish the several species of style ; he studied the peculiar genius and character of each language ; he reduced his natural talent for poetry to a science, and mastered those parts of philosophy that would most contribute to enrich his vein. And all this, with such continued attention, labour, and severity, that he used to say, he had been seven years (that is, from twenty to twenty-seven) in unlearning all he had been acquiring for twice seven.

VER. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.*] This circumstance has a happier application in the *imitation* than in the *original* ; and properly introduces the 68<sup>th</sup> verse.

Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,

*Caesaris Augusti* non responsura lacertis.

Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,

Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*

Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax

Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem,

Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare *cicutae*,

Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus ?

\* Singula de nobis anni *praedantur* euntes ;

Eripuere *jocos*, *venerem*, *convivia*, *ludum* ;

#### NOTES.

VER. 65. *He fluck to poverty with peace of mind,*] There was something very singular in the Oeconomy of Mr. Pope's father. He was a Merchant, and lived in London. At the Revolution he left off trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to between fifteen and twenty thousand pounds, with which he retired into the country. As he was a Papist he could not purchase, nor put his money to interest on real security ; and as he adhered to the interests of King James, he made a point of conscience not to lend it to the new Government : so he kept it in his chest, and lived upon the Principal ; till, by that time his son came to the succession, it was almost all fairly spent.

VER. 68. *But (thanks to Homer) etc.*] He began the *Iliad* at twenty-five, and finished it in five years. It was published for his own benefit by subscription. He sold it to Lintot the Book-seller, on the following terms, Twelve hundred pounds paid

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,  
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm pre-  
vail'd.

For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,  
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;      65  
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;  
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.

But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,  
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,  
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,      70  
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day,  
At last they steal us from ourselves away;  
In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,  
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend:      75

N O T E S.

down, and all the Books for his Subscribers. The *Odyssey* was published in the same manner, and sold on the same conditions; except only that instead of Twelve, he had but Six hundred pounds. He was assisted in this latter work by *Broome* and *Fenton*, to the first of whom he gave Six hundred pounds; and to the other, Three hundred.

VER. 69. *Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,*] For it would be very hard upon Authors, if the subscribing for a Book, which does honour to one's Age and Country, and consequently reflects back part of it on the *Subscribers*, should be esteemed a debt or obligation.

VER. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital. P.

VER. 73. *At last they steal us from ourselves away;*] i. e. Time changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations.

Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

<sup>b</sup> Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.

Carminē tu gaudes : hic delectatur iambis ;

Ille Bionēis sermonibus, et sale nigro.

Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Quid dem ? quid non dem ? renuis quod tu, jubet  
alter :

Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus,

<sup>i</sup> Praeter caetera me *Romaene* poemata censes

Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores ?

Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis

Omnibus officiis : cubat hic in colle Quirini,

#### NOTES.

VER. 83. *and that Pindaric lays ?*] Of our modern Lyric poetry, the English is *Pindaric*, and the Latin *Horatian*. The first is like boiled meats, of different tastes and flavours, but all insipid : The other, like the same meats, potted, all of one spicy taste, and equally high flavour'd. The reason is, the English Ode-makers only imitate Pindar's *sense* ; whereas the Latin employ the *very words* of Horace.

This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,  
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?  
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill  
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still.

<sup>h</sup> But after all, what wou'd you have me do? 80  
 When out of twenty I can please not two;  
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,  
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?  
 One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg; 85  
 Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,  
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.

<sup>i</sup> But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,  
 Again to rhyme; can London be the place?  
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90  
 In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and  
 friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:  
 A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:

## NOTES.

VER. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated Gluttons.—  
 This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as intimating  
 that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury.

VER. 90. *or self, or soul*] *Self* is here used for *body* (in the  
 language of men of the world, who, at best, regard their *souls*  
 but as a kind of *second self*) and means the care of the health.

VER. 93. *A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:*] Our Author



Hic extremo in Aventino ; visendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. “ Verum

“ Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstet.”

Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor :

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum :

Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris :

Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit fus.

\* I nunc, et versus *tecum* meditare canoros.

Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes,*

Rite cliens Bacchi, fomno gaudentis et umbra.

#### NOTES.

intended a joke under the ambiguity of this cant phrase, of *bearing him read*.

VER. 104. *Have you not seen, etc.*] The satirical pleasantry of this image, and the humorous manner of representing it, raises the imitation, in this place, far above the original.

VER. 113. *Would drink and doze, etc.*] This has not the delicacy, or elegant ambiguity of,

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there —  
 At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square —  
 Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on —  
 There's a Rehearfal, Sir, exact at one. —

“ Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,  
 “ And raise his mind above the mob he meets.”

Not quite so well however as one ought ; 100  
 A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought ;  
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,  
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.  
 Have you not seen, at Guild-hall's narrow pass,  
 Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass ? 105

And Peers give way, exalted as they are,  
 Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Car ?

\* Go, lofty Poet ! and in such a croud,  
 Sing thy sonorous verse — but not aloud.  
 Alas ! to Grotto's and to Groves we run, 110  
 To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son :  
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,  
 Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.

NOTES.

*Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.*  
 where the intemperance of Poets is not the obvious, but the  
 secret meaning. For Bacchus was the patron of the Drama as  
 well as of the Bottle ; and sleep was courted for inspiration, as  
 well as to relieve a debauch.

*Ibid.* Tooting—Earl's-Court.] Two villages within a few  
 miles of London. P.

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum ?

<sup>1</sup> Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas defumfit *Athenas*,

Et studiis annos *septem* dedit, insenuitque

Libris et curis, *statua taciturnius exit*

Plerumque, et risu populum quatit : hic ego rerum

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,

Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner ?

<sup>m</sup> Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor ; ut alter

Alterius fermone meros audiret honores :

Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille,

#### NOTES.

VER. 124. *With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors ;*] The licence, luxury, and mutiny of an opulent city are not ill described.

VER. 131. *And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.*] It is the silly consolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excell, does it not by his superiour know-

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar ?

How match the bards whom none e'er match'd  
before ?

<sup>1</sup> The Man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat, 116

To books and study gives sev'n years compleat,

See ! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,

He walks, an object new beneath the sun !

The boys flock round him, and the people stare :

So stiff, so mute ! some statue you would swear, }  
Stept from its pedestal to take the air ! }

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,

With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors ;

Shall I, in London, act this idle part ? 125

Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart ?

<sup>m</sup> The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,

Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law ;

With equal talents, these congenial souls

One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the

Rolls ; 130

Each had a gravity would make you split,

And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.

#### NOTES.

Jedge, but his wit ; and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *out-witted*.—The miserable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade, Mr. de Voltaire has well exposed, where he says, speaking of a great *French Lawyer*, “ Il faisoit ressouvenir la France de ces tems, où les plus

Qui minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas ?

*Carmina* compono, hic *elegos*; mirabile visu,  
Caelatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,  
Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-  
spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem*.

Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et *procul* audi,  
Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Caedimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,  
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius ; ille meo quis ?

Quis, nisi Callimachus ? si plus adposcere visus ;

Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.

#### NOTES.

“ austères Magistrats consommez comme lui dans l'étude des  
“ Loix, se delassoient des fatigues de leur état, dans les travaux  
“ de la littérature. Que ceux qui méprisent ces travaux aima-  
“ bles ; que ceux qui mettent je ne sai quelle misérable grandeur  
“ à se renfermer dans le cercle étroit de leurs emplois, sont à  
“ plaindre ! ignorent-ils que Cicéron, après avoir rempli la pré-  
“ mière place du monde, plaidoit encore les causes des Cito-  
“ yens, écrivoit sur la nature des Dieux, conféroit avec des Phi-  
“ losophes ; qu'il alloit au Théâtre ; qu'il daignoit cultiver l'ami-

“ ‘Twas, Sir, your law” --and “Sir, your eloquence”  
 “ Yours, Cowper’s manner—and yours, Talbot’s  
 “ sense.

“ Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 155  
 Yours Milton’s genius, and mine Homer’s spirit.  
 Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he’ll swear the Nine,  
 Dear Cibber ! never match’d one Ode of thine,  
 Lord ! how we strut thro’ Merlin’s Cave, to see  
 No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140  
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease  
 Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we  
 please.

“ My dear Tibullus !” if that will not do,  
 “ Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :  
 “ Or, I’m content, allow me Dryden’s strains, 145  
 “ And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.”  
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace  
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhiming race ;

NOTES.

“ *tié d’Esopus et de Roscius, et laissoit aux petits esprits, leur  
 “ constante gravité, qui n’est que la masque de la mediocrité ?*

VER. 139. *Merlin’s Cave,*] In the Royal Gardens at Richmond. By this it should seem as if the collection of poetry, in that place, was not to our Author’s taste.

VER. 140. *But Stephen*] Mr. *Stephen Duck*, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope.

Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,  
 Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto :  
 Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,  
 Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.  
 • Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina : verum  
 Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,  
 Si taceas, laudant ; quidquid scripsere, beati.  
 At qui *legitimum* cupiet fecisse poema,  
 Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti :  
 Audebit quaecunque parem splendoris habebunt,  
 Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,  
 Verba movere loco ; quamvis *invita* recedant,  
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae :  
 † *Obscurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque

## NOTES.

VER. 159. *not a word they spare, That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,]* Force and light respect *figurative expression* ; and signify, that it be such as strikes the imagination, and be taken from obvious subjects ; for without the first quality it will want *force* ; without the other, *light*.

*Weight and care* respect *literal expression*, the first marking out the character of the verb ; the other of the noun ; and signify, that, in every proposition, the *attribute* should be important, and the *subject* precise.

VER. 164. *In downright charity revive the dead ;]* This is very happily expressed, and means, that it is the Poet's office to re-

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite  
 To court applause by printing what I write : 150  
 But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,  
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

° In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind reject,  
 They treat themselves with most profound respect ;  
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,  
 Each prais'd within, is happy all day long, 156  
 But how severely with themselves proceed  
 The men, who write such Verse as we can read ?  
 Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare  
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,  
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place, 161  
 Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace :  
 Such they'll degrade ; and sometimes, in its stead,  
 ° In downright charity revive the dead ;

## N O T E S.

lieve the poverty of the present language with the useless stores  
 of the past ; not out of *charity* to the *dead* but to the living.  
 “ The riches of a language (says a very fine writer and most  
 “ judicious critic) are actually increased by retaining its old  
 “ words ; and besides they have often a greater real weight and  
 “ dignity than those of a more fashionable cast, which succeed  
 “ to them. This needs no proof to such as are versed in the  
 “ earlier writings of any language.” And again, “ From these  
 “ testimonies we learn, the extreme value which these great  
 “ masters of composition set upon their old writers ; and as the  
 “ reason of the thing justifies their opinions, we may further see



Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,  
 Quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,  
 Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas :  
 Adsciscet nova, quae genitor produxerit usus :  
 Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,  
 Fruadet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua :  
 Luxuriantia compescet : nimis aspera sano  
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet :

## NOTES.

“ the important use of some late attempts to restore a better  
 “ knowledge of our own. Which I observe with pleasure, as  
 “ the growing prevalency of a different humour, first caught,  
 “ as it should seem, from our commerce with the French mo-  
 “ dels, and countenanced by the too scrupulous delicacy of some  
 “ good writers amongst ourselves, had gone far towards unnerv-  
 “ ing the noblest modern language, and effeminating the pub-  
 “ lic taste. This was not a little forwarded by what gene-  
 “ rally makes its appearance at the same time, a kind of femi-  
 “ nine curiosity in the choice of words ; cautiously avoiding and  
 “ reprobating all such (which were not seldom the most expre-  
 “ sive) as had been prophaned by a too vulgar use, or had suf-  
 “ fered the touch of some other accidental taint. This ran us  
 “ into periphrasis and general expression ; the peculiar bane of  
 “ every polished language.” *Eng. Commentary and Notes on the*  
*Ars poetica of Horace*, p. 43, 44.

VER. 167. *Command old words, that long have slept, to wake*  
 The imagery is here very sublime. It turns the Poet to a Ma-  
 gician evoking the dead from their sepulchres,

Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165  
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;  
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,  
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake;  
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,  
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170  
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,  
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,  
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;  
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,  
 But show no mercy to an empty line: 175

NOTES.

*Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.*  
 Horace has not the same force,

*Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum.*

VER. 170. *For Use will father what's begot by Sense*] A very fine and happy improvement on the *expression*, if not on the *thought*, of his original.

VER. 174. *Prune the luxuriant, etc.*] Our Poet, at about fifteen, got acquainted with *Walsb*, whose candor and judgment he has celebrated in his *Essay on Criticism*. Walsb encouraged him much, and used to tell him, there was one road still open for distinction, in which he might excell the rest of his countrymen, and that was by *correctness*, in which the English poets had been remarkably deficient. For tho' we have had several great *Genius's*, yet not one of them knew how to *prune his luxuriancies*. This therefore, as he had talents that seemed capable of things worthy improving, should be his principal study. Our young Author followed his advice, till habit made correcting the most agreeable, as well as useful, of all his poetical exercises. And the delight he took in it produced the effect he speaks of in the following lines,

\* Q

*Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur, ut qui*

*Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.*

#### NOTES.

*Then polish all with so much life and ease,  
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please.*

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect from correction; and it has been observed oftener to produce a heavy stiffness, which by another image the ancients called *smelling of the lamp*. And without doubt this will, most an end, be the consequence, when it is discharged with pain, and merely, as a task. But when it becomes an exercise of pleasure, the judgment will lie no harder on the fancy than to direct its sallies; which will preserve the *spirit*; and the fancy will so lighten the judgment as to produce *ease*.

VER. 175. *But show no mercy to an empty line;*] To such, our Poet was always inexorable. Unless it was once, when in the full blaze of his glory, he chose to sacrifice to envy, in that devoted and execrable line, in one of the best translated books of the *Odyssey*,

“Close to the Cliff with both his hands he clung,

“*And stuck adherent, and suspended hung.*

The small critics could never have supported themselves without the consolation of such a verse; to which indeed ever since the whole tribe of Scriblers

*with both their hands have clung,*

*And stuck adherent, and suspended hung.*

But there is a set of still lower Creatures than these, at the tail of which is one EDWARDS, who can make shift to subsist even on a Printer's blunder. The late Editor of Shakespear gave order to the corrector of the press, that all Mr. Pope's notes should be printed in their places. In one of these there was mention made, as they say, of some Italian novels (I forget whose) in which *Dec.* and *Nov.* were printed thus contractedly. But the printers of the late edition lengthen'd them into *December* and *November*, and, in this condition, they are charged upon the Editor by this *Edwards*. Now, was the man such a Dunce to make his criticism with good faith, he is much to be pitied; was he

Then polish all, with so much life and ease,  
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please :  
 " But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance;  
 " As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

NOTES.

such a Knave to make it without, he is much more to be pitied.

VER. 176. *Then polish all, etc.*] A celebrated French writer says—" L'art d'être eloquent en vers est de tous les arts le plus difficile, et le plus rare. On trouvera mille Genies qui sçauront arranger un Ouvrage, et le versifier d'une maniere commune; mais le traiter en vrai Poete c'est un Talent qui est donné à trois ou quatre hommes sur la Terre.

VER. 177. *You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please :*] The reason is because we are wont to give to nature every thing that is plain, easy, and simple; without reflecting, that that artificial ordonance of words and expression, from whence this ease arises, is the effect of much study and application. It is true, that study is commonly observed to destroy this very ease, which, we say, arises from it. It may, and will do so in a common writer; but never, in a Genius. The precisely right expression is but *one*, while the meaning required may be tolerably conveyed in one *hundred*. But in such a croud, the search requires labour; and when you have hit upon the right, unless you have *taste* as well as judgment, you will never know, for certain, that it is the very thing you seek; so you go on till you be tired; and then the first that offers is received. Whereas a genius seizes it as soon as found, and never suffers the change to be put upon him by its counterfeit.

VER. 178. *But ease in writing, etc.*] That species of writers, which our Poet elsewhere calls

*The mob of Gentlemen who wrote with ease*, understood this quality of a poem to belong only to such as (a certain wit says) were *easily written*; whereas he supposes it to be the last and most difficultly-attained perfection of a laboured work. But the *Gentleman-writing*, laughed at in the line above, and its opposite, which he somewhere calls *prose run mad*, are

Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,  
 Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,  
 Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit *baud ignobilis* Argus,  
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,  
 In vacuo laetus sessor plauforque *theatro*:  
 Caetera qui vitae fervaret munia recto  
 More; bonus sane vicinus, *amabilis* hospes,  
*Comis* in uxorem; *posset* qui ignoscere fervis,  
 Et signo laeso *non insanire* lagenae :  
*Posset* qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.

## NOTES.

the two extremes of that perfect work, the idea of which he has here so well described from his own practice. As *ease* was the mode of the last age, which took *Suckling* for its pattern; so an affected imitation of *Milton* has introduced a pompous hardness into the writings of the present. Which last Character *Quintilian* describes very justly, and accounts well for its success,—“Evenit nonnunquam ut aliquid grande inveniatur, qui semper quaerit quod nimium est; verum et raro evenit, et caetera vitia non pensat.” I remember once, on reading a poem of this kind with Mr. Pope, where the Poet was always on the strain, and labouring for expression, he said pleasantly: *This is a strange man: he seems to think with the Apothecaries, that Album grecum is better than an ordinary stool.* He himself was never pompous; and if ever he inclined to hardness, it was not from attempting to say a common thing with magnificence, but from saying a great deal in a little room.

VER. 184. *There liv'd in primo Georgii, etc.*] The imitation of this story of the *Madman* is as much superior to his original, in the fine and easy manner of telling, as that of *Lucul-*

' If such the plague and pains to write by rule,  
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;    181  
 Call, if you will, bad rhiming a disease,  
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.  
 There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)  
 A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;    185  
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,  
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate :  
 In all but this, a man of sober life,  
 Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife ;  
 Not quite a mad-man, tho' a pasty fell,    190  
 And much too wise to walk into a well.

## NOTES.

lus's Soldier comes short of it. It is true the turn Horace's madman took, agrees better with the subject of his Epistle, which is *Poetry*; and doubtless there were other beauties in it, which time has deprived us of. For it is in poetry as in painting, the most delicate touches go *first*; and, what is worse, they agree in this too, that they are *last* observed. So that, what between time and ill taste, the greatest beauties are the shortest lived. But we need not wonder that ancient satirists should feel the effects of this fatal union, when those noble ones of so modern a date as Rabelais and Cervantes are so little understood. One of the finest strokes in the latter is in the plan of his famous Romance, which makes a Spanish Gentleman of fifty run mad with reading books of Chivalry. But we see little of its beauty, because we do not know that a disordered understanding is a common malady amongst Spanish Gentlemen in the decline of life. A fact which Thuanus occasionally informs us of, "Men-  
 "doza étoit un fort habile homme, il avoit été employé en de  
 "grandes Ambassades—sur la fin de ses jours il devint furieux,  
 "comme d'ordinaire les Espagnols." *Thuanus.*

Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque relictus,

Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

Et redit ad sese : Pol me occidistis, amici,

Non servastis, ait ; cui sic extorta voluptas,

Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error,

<sup>r</sup> Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempestivum *pueris* concedere ludum ;

<sup>s</sup> Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,

Sed *verae numerosque modosque* ediscere *vitae*.

Quocirca *mecum* loquor haec, tacitusque recordor :

<sup>t</sup> Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphae,

Narrares medicis : quod quanto plura parasti,

Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,  
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they  
cur'd:

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—  
My Friends? he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!  
That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,  
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

' Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate;  
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.

There is a time when Poets will grow dull:      200

I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:

To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,

I learn to smoothe and harmonize my Mind,

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,

And keep the equal measure of the Soul.      205

' Soon as I enter at my country door,

My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;

Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,

Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot.

There all alone, and compliments apart,      210

I ask these sober questions of my heart.

' If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,  
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,



Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes ?

° Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba

Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba

Proficiente nihil curarier : audieras, cui

Rem Dī donarint, illi decedere pravam

Stultitiam ; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo

Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem ?

At si divitiae prudentem reddere possent,

Si cupidum timidumque minus te ; nempe ruberes,

Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

° Si *proprium* est, quod quis libra mercatus et  
aere est,

Quaedam (si credis *consultis*) mancipat *usus* ;

Qui te pascit ager, tuus est ; et villicus Orbī,

Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,

Te dominum sentit.

#### NOTES.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels, etc.*] This illustration is much happier than that employed in his original ; as by raising pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illustrate.

The more you want, why not with equal ease  
Confess as well your Folly, as Disease?      215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,  
“ Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice.”

“ When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,  
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:  
When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place  
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace, 220  
Look in that breast, most dirty D— ! be fair,  
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?  
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,  
You go to church to hear these Flatt’ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,  
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,  
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,  
If D\*\*\* lov’d sixpence, more than he.

“ If there be truth in Law, and Use can give  
A Property, that’s yours on which you live.      231  
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford  
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :

NOTES.

VER. 220. *When servile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Ken—t.

VER. 229. *lov’d sixpence,*] Avarice, and the contempt of it, is well expressed in these words.

VER. 232. *delightful Abs-court*] A farm over-against Hampton-Court.

\* das nummos; accipis uvam,

Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo isto

Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,

Aut etiam supra nummorum millibus emtum.

Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim*?

¶ Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,

Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis

Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.

Sed *vocat* usque suum, qua populus adsita certis

Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam

² Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte suprema,

Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, et hæres

Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:

#### NOTES.

VER. 248. hang in Fortune's pow'r, Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here

All \* Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,  
 His Ven'son too, a guinea makes your own : 235  
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit  
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit ;  
 Now, or long since, what difference will be found ?  
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

    ' Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,  
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,      241  
 Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,  
 Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.

Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own  
 Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.  
 The Laws of God, as well as of the land,      246  
 Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand :

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r  
 \* Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,  
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord,      250  
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.  
*Man?* and *for ever?* wretch ! what wou'dst thou  
     have ?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.

N O T E S.

supplied the Imitator with expression much superior to his Original.

Quid *vici* profunt, aut *borrea*? quidve Calabris

Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

‘ *Gemmas*, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla, tabellas,

Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

‘ Cur alter fratrum *cessare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*

Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter

*Dives* et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu

Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:

#### NOTES.

VER. 273. *All Townshend's Turnips*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused himself in Hus-

All vast possessions (just the same the case  
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace) 255  
 Alas, my BATHURST ! what will they avail ?  
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,  
 Let rising Granaries and Temples here,  
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,  
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260  
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke !  
 Inexorable Death shall level all,  
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

<sup>a</sup> Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,  
 Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,  
 There are who have not--and thank heav'n there are,  
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

<sup>b</sup> Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll  
         find,

Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.  
 Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270  
 Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun ;  
 The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,  
 All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grovenor's mines:

NOTES.

<sup>a</sup>bandry ; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips ; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum :

NATURAE DEUS HUMANAЕ, mortalis in unum-

Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

• Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo

Tollam : nec metuum, quid de me judicet *baeres*,

Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem

Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti

Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.

Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sum-  
tum

Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores ;

Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,

#### NOTES.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia.

VER. 280. *That God of Nature, etc.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illustrating his own Philosophy ; and thereby giving a much better sense to his Original ; and correcting both the

Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,  
 Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ; 275  
 One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,  
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole :  
 Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,  
 Who forms the Genius in the natal hour ;  
 That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280  
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will ;  
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,  
 Each individual : His great End the same.

° Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,  
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285  
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace  
 A man so poor would live without a place :  
 But sure no statute in his favour says,  
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :  
 I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290  
 Divided between carelessness and care.  
 'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store ;  
 Another, not to heed to treasure more ;

## N O T E S.

*naturalism* and the *fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in these words,

*Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,*

NATURAE DEUS HUMANAÆ.

VER. 288. *But sure no statute*] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succession of Papists, etc.



*Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.*

‘Pauperies immunda procul procul abſit: ego, utrum

Nave ferar *magna* an *parva*; ferar *unus et idem*.

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:

Non ~~tamen~~ adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.

Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,

Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.

• Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam ſimul iſto

Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani

Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,

Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?

#### NOTES.

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is obſervable with what ſobriety he has corrected the licentiouſneſs of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that ſuperſti-

Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,  
And pleas'd, if fordid want be far away.      295

' What is't to me (a passenger God wot)  
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?  
The Ship itself may make a better figure,  
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.  
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,      300  
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.  
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd  
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

“ But why all this of Av'rice? I have none.”  
I wish' you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;      305  
But does no other lord it at this hour,  
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?  
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?  
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?  
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,  
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?  
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,  
In spight of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?  
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,  
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?

NOTES.

tion, he would explode; whereas his Imitator is only for removing the false terrors from the world of spirits, such as the *diablerie* of witchcraft and purgatory.

\* R

Natales grate numeras ? ignoscis amicis ?

Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta ?

Quid te exemta levat spinis de pluribus una ?

‡ Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.

Lufisti fatis, edisti fatis, atque bibisti :

Tempus abire tibi est : ne potum largius aequo

Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end? 316

Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?

Has age but melted the rough parts away,

As winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?

Or will you think, my friend, your business done,

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

<sup>h</sup> Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;

You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your  
fill:

Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age 324

Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,

Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.



T H E  
S A T I R E S  
O F  
Dr. J O H N D O N N E,  
Dean of S T. P A U L's,  
V E R S I F I E D.

---

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes  
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit  
Verficulos natura magis factos, et euntes  
Mollius ?

---

H O R.



T H E

## SATIRES of Dr. DONNE.

THE *manly Wit* of Donne, which was the Character of his genius, suited best with *Satire*; and in this he excelled, tho' he wrote but little; six short poems being all we find amongst his writings of this sort. Mr. Pope has embellished two of them with his wit and harmony. He called it *versifying* them, because indeed the lines have nothing more of numbers than their being composed of a certain quantity of syllables. This is the more to be admired, because, as appears by his other poems, and especially from that fine one called the *Progress of the Soul*, his Verse did not want harmony. But, I suppose, he took the *sermoni propiora* of Horace too seriously, and so would imitate it literally, or rather was content with the character his master gave of Lucilius,

*Emunctæ naris durus componere versus.*

Having spoken of his *Progress of the Soul*, let me add, that Poetry never lost more than by his not pursuing and finishing that noble Design; of which he has only given us the Introduction. With regard to his Satires, it is almost as much to be lamented that Mr. Pope did not give us a Paraphrase, in his manner, of the *Third*, the noblest Work not only of This, but perhaps of any satiric Poet. To supply this loss in some small degree, I have here inserted it, in the versification of Dr. Parnell. It will at least serve to shew the force of Dr. Donne's genius, and of Mr. Pope's; by removing all that was rustic and shocking in the former, and not being able to reach one single grace of the other.

Compassion checks my spleen, yet Scorn denies  
The tears a passage thro' my swelling eyes;  
To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show  
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.  
*Satire!* arise, and try thy sharper ways,  
If ever Satire cur'd an old disease.

5

\* R 4



Is not *Religion* (Heav'n-descended dame)  
 As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,  
 As Moral Virtue in her early sway,  
 When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day? 10  
 Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,  
 As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,  
 As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,  
 As all rewards their virtue found below?  
 Alas! Religion proper means prepares, 15  
 These means are ours, and must its *End* be theirs?  
 And shall thy Father's spirit meet the sight  
 Of Heathen Sages cloath'd in heav'nly light,  
 Whose Merit of strict life, severely suited  
 To Reason's dictates, may be *faith* imputed? 20  
 Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,  
 Art ever banish'd from the blest'd abode.

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,  
 This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire, 25  
 Thy *Maker's* Vengeance, and thy *Monarch's* Ire?  
 Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,  
 Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea?  
 In search of *pearl*, in depth of ocean breathe,  
 Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath? 30  
 Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,  
 Attempt a passage by the Northern pole?  
 Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of *Spain*,  
 Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?

Or for some *Idol* of thy *Fancy* draw,      35

Some loose-gown'd dame; O courage made of straw!

Thus, desp'rate Coward! would'st thou bold appear,

Yet when thy God has plac'd thee Centry here,

To thy own foes, to *his*, ignobly yield,

And leave, for wars forbid, the appointed field?      40

Know thy own foes; th' *Apostate Angel*, he

You strive to please, the foremost of the Three;

He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,

But can *he* give for *Love*, that acts in *Hate*?

The *World's* thy second Love, thy second Foe,      45

The *World*, whose beauties perish as they blow,

They fly, she fades herself, and at the best

You grasp a wither'd trumpet to your breast.

The *Flesh* is next, which in fruition wastes,

High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes,      50

While men the fair, the goodly *Soul* destroy,

From whence the *flesh* has pow'r to taste a joy.

Seek thou Religion, primitively found —

Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?

By Faith *Implicite* blind *Ignaro* led,      55

Thinks the bright Seraph from *his* Country fled,

And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know

She there was seen a thousand years ago;

And loves her Relick rags, as men obey

The *foot-cloth* where the Prince sat yesterday.      60

These pageant Forms are whining *Obed's* scorn,

Who seeks Religion at *Geneva* born,

A fullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd,  
 Tho' young, unhandsome ; tho' unhandsome, proud :  
 Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge 65  
 All girls unhealthy but the Country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy *Cepio* roam,  
 The man contented takes his Church at home ;  
 Nay should some Preachers, servile bawds of gain,  
 Should some new Laws, which like new-fashions reign,  
 Command his faith to count *Salvation* ty'd 71  
 To visit *his*, and visit *none* beside,  
 He grants Salvation centers in his own,  
 And grants it centers but in his *alone* :  
 From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame, 75  
 And *they* confer his *Faith*, who give his *Name* :  
 So from the Guardian's hands, the Wards who live  
 Enthrall'd to Guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless *Airy* flies,  
 For, *all* professions can't be good, he cries, 80  
 And here a fault, and there another views,  
 And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse :  
 So men, who know what *some* loose girls have done,  
 For fear of marrying *such*, will marry *none*.

The Charms of *all*, obsequious *Courtly* strike ; 85  
 On each he doats, on each attends alike ;  
 And thinks, as diff'rent countries deck the dame,  
 The dresses altering, and the sex the same ;  
 So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,  
 But 'tis Religion still, where'er we go : 90

This blindness springs from an excess of light,  
And men embrace the *wrong* to chuse the *right*.

But *thou* of force must *one* Religion own,  
And only *one*, and that the *Right* alone.  
To find that *Right one*, ask thy Rev'rend Sire ;      95  
Let him of his, and him of *his* enquire ;

Tho' *Truth* and *Falshood* seem as twins ally'd,  
There's Eldership on *Truth's* delightful side,  
*Her* seek with heed—who seeks the foundest *First*  
Is not of *No* Religion, nor the *worst*.      100

T'*adore*, or *scorn* an Image, or *protest*,  
May *all* be bad : doubt wisely for the best ;  
'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray ;  
It is not wand'ring, to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the Basis wide,      105  
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,  
Sits sacred *Truth* enthron'd ; and he, who means  
To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,  
Winds round and round, and every turn essays  
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.      110

Yet labour so, that, e're faint age arrive,  
Thy searching soul possess her Rest alive ;  
To work by twilight were to work too late,  
And *Age* is twilight to the night of *fate*.  
To *will* alone, is but to mean delay ;      115  
To work at *present* is the use of day :  
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,  
High *Thoughts* the *Soul*, hard *deeds* the *body* strain :

And *Myſtries* ask believing, which to View  
Like the fair *Sun*, are plain, but dazzling too. 120

Be *Truth*, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,  
Not *Kings* have pow'r to tear it from thy breaſt,  
By no blank Charters harm they where they hate,  
Nor are they *Vicars*, but the *bands* of Fate.  
Ah! fool and wretch, who let'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd 125  
To *human* Laws! Or muſt it ſo be try'd?  
Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,  
When Judgment ſits, and Juſtice aſks thy plea,  
That *Philip* that, or *Greg'ry* taught thee this,  
Or *John* or *Martin*? *All* may teach amiſs: 130  
For, every contrary in each extream  
*This* hold alike, and each may plead the ſame.

Would'ſt thou to *Pow'r* a proper duty ſhew?  
'Tis thy firſt taſk the bounds of pow'r to know;  
The *bounds* once paſt, it holds the name no more, 135  
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,  
Nor were ſubmiſſion humbleneſs expreſt,  
But all a low *Idolatry* at beſt.

Pow'r, from above ſubordinately ſpread,  
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head; 140  
*There*, calm and pure the living waters flow,  
But roar a Torrent or a Flood *below*;  
Each flow'r, ordain'd the Margins to adorn,  
Each native Beauty, from its roots is torn,  
And left on Deſerts, Rocks, and Sands, or toſt 145  
All the long travel, and in Ocean loſt;

So fares the foul, which more that Pow'r reveres  
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

This noble Similitude, with which the Satire concludes, Dr. Parnell did not seem to understand, and so was not able to express, in its original force. Dr. Donne says,

“ As streams are, power is, those blest flowers that dwell

“ At the rough streams calm head, thrive, and do well;

“ But having left their roots, and themselves given

“ To the streams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven

“ Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost

“ Consum'd in going, in the Sea are lost.

“ So perish Souls, etc.

Dr. Donne compares *Power* or Authority to Streams; and *Souls* to Flowers; but not being so explicite in the latter, Dr. Parnell overlooked that part of the Simile, and so has hurt the whole thought, by making the Flowers *passive*; whereas the Original says *they leave their roots, and give themselves to the stream*: that is, wilfully prefer human Authority to divine; and this makes them the object of his Satire; which they would not have been, were they irresistibly carried away, as the Imitation supposes.

## S A T I R E II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate  
 Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state  
 In all ill things so excellently best,  
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.  
 Though Poetry, indeed, be such a fin,  
 As, I think, that brings *dearth* and *Spaniards* in:  
 Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,  
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove  
 Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state  
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,  
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,  
 And faves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,  
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.  
 As in some Organs, Puppits dance above  
 And bellows pant bellow, which them do move.

## S A T I R E , II.

**Y**ES; thank my stars! as early as I knew  
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too :  
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still  
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,  
That all beside, one pities, not abhors ; 5  
As who knows Sapho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin ;  
It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in :  
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows  
how,

But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10  
Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,  
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give  
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live :  
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15  
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.  
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,  
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.  
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow :  
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20



One would move love by rythmes ; but witchcraft's  
charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;  
Rams, and slings now are filly battery,  
Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,  
Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?  
And they who write, because all write, have still  
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw  
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw  
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,  
As his own things ; and they're his own, 'tis true,  
For if one eat my meat, though it be known,  
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,  
. . . . . to out-usure Jews,  
T' out-drink the sea, t'out-swear the Letanie,  
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be  
As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake  
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;

## NOTES.

VER. 38. *Irishmen outswear*] The Original says,  
*outswear the Letanie.*  
improved by the Imitator to a just stroke of Satire. Dr. Donne's  
is a low allusion to a licentious quibble used, at that time, by the

One sings the Fair ; but songs no longer move ;  
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love :  
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,  
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,  
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat,      26  
 Those write because all write, and so have still  
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet  
 Is he who makes his meal on others wit :      30  
 'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,  
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more :  
 Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same ;  
 For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs,      35  
 Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,  
 Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,  
 Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;  
 Wicked as Pages, who in early years  
 Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears.      40  
 Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake  
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;

NOTES.

Enemies of the English Liturgy, who disliking the frequent invocations in the *Letanie*, called them the *taking God's Name in vain*, which is the Scripture periphrasis for *swearing*.

\* S

258 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. II.

Whose strange fins Canonists could hardly tell  
In which Commandments large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence  
Of *Cofcus*, only, breeds my just offence,  
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,  
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)  
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;  
But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,  
Than are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws  
Like nets or lime-twigs wheresoe'er he goes  
His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,  
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.\*\*

Words, words which would tear  
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear:  
More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more  
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.

NOTES.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*]  
The Original is more humourous,

*In what Commandments large receipt they dwell.*

As if the *Ten Commandments* were so wide, as to stand ready to

Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell  
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence ; 45  
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impudence :

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,  
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,  
And brings all natural events to pass,  
Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50

No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be  
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.  
What further could I wish the fop to do,  
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too ;  
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55

With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year* ?  
Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,  
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts ;  
Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,  
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench ? 60  
Language, which Boreas might to Aufter hold  
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

#### NOTES.

receive every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature* or the *Gospel commands*. A just ridicule on those *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious Duties within them. Whereas their true original sense.

Then sick with Poetry, and possest with Muse

Thou wast, and mad I hop'd ; but men which chuse

Law practice for meer gain ; bold soul repute

Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute\*.

Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,

His hand still at a bill ; now he must talk

Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,

That only suretyship hath brought them there,

And to every suitor lye in every thing,

Like a King's Favourite — or like a King.

#### NOTES.

is much more confined, being a short summary of duty fitted for a single People, upon a particular occasion, and to serve transitory ends.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas—*] The Original has here an exceeding fine stroke of satire,

*Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.*

The frauds with which that work, so necessary for the welfare of the state, was begun ; the rapine with which it was carried on ; and the dissoluteness in which the plunder arising from it was wasted, had scandalized all sober men ; and disposed the best Protestants to wish, that some part of that immense wealth, arising from the suppression of the Monasteries, had been reserved

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain :  
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.  
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known,      65  
 If PETER deigns to help you to your *own*:  
 What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies,  
 And what a solemn face if he denies !  
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear  
 'Twas only Suretiship that brought 'em there.      70  
 His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,  
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire ;  
 For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,  
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust ;  
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws,  
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,      75  
 And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,  
 Like a King's Favourite — or like a King.

## NOTES.

for Charity, Hospitality, and even for the public service of Religion.

\* He speaks here of those illiberal Advocates who frequent the Bar for mere gain, without any purpose of promoting or advancing civil justice ; the consequence of which, he tells us, is a *flavish* attendance, together with the *degradation* of their parts and abilities. So that when they undertake to excuse the bad conduct of their client, they talk as idly, and are heard with the same contempt, as debtors, whose common cant is, that they were undone by *Suretiship*. The Imitator did not seem to take the fineness of the satire, or he would not have neglected an abuse of this importance, to fall upon such *poultry things* as *Peter*, and those whom he considered and so used as his *patrimony*.

Like a wedge in a block <sup>b</sup>, wring to the barre,  
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre  
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for  
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor  
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,  
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.  
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,  
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.  
 And spying heirs melting with Luxury,  
*Satan* will not joy at their sins as he:  
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,  
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe  
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,  
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)  
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time  
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.  
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws  
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,  
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)  
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.

## NOTES.

<sup>b</sup> His comparing Advocates enforcing the Law to the Bench, to a *wedge in a block*, our Author justly thought too licentious to be imitated.

These are the talents that adorn them all,  
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly \* \*  
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,      80  
 Nor more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns.  
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;  
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;  
 Till, like the Sea, they compass all the land,      84  
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand :  
 And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,  
 Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,  
 Or City-heir in mortgage melts away ;  
*Satan* himself feels far less joy than they.  
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,      90  
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.  
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,  
 Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,  
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far  
 Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are ;      95  
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,  
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.



These he writes not; nor for these written payes,  
 Therefore spares no length, (as in those first dayes  
 When *Luther* was profest, he did desire  
 Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a Fryer  
 Each day his Beads; but having left those laws,  
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause)  
 But when he sells or changes land, h'impaires  
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses beires*,  
 As sily as any Commenter goes by  
 Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinity  
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out  
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the  
 doubt.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd  
 heretofore

Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.

## NOTES.

VER. 104. *So Luther etc.*] Our Poet, by judiciously transposing this fine similitude, has given new lustre to his Author's thought. The Lawyer (says Dr. Donne) enlarges the legal instruments for conveying property to the bigness of *gloss'd civil Laws*, when it is to secure his own ill-got wealth. But let the same Lawyer convey property for you, and he then omits even the necessary words; and becomes as concise and hasty as the loose postils of a modern Divine. So *Luther* while a Monk, and, by his Institution, obliged to say Mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his *Pater-noster* too long. But when he set up for a Governor in the Church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new Model; he then lengthened the *Pater-noster* by a new clause. This

But let them write for you, each rogue impairs.  
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses beires* :  
 No Commentator can more slyly pass.      100  
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place ;  
 Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out  
 Those words, that would against them clear the  
 doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,  
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even song ; 105  
 But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,  
 Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *Pow'r and Glory* clause.

The lands are bought ; but where are to be found  
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground ?  
 We see no new-built palaces aspire,      110  
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.

#### N O T E S.

representation of the first part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion ; as the other, where he tells us, that the *addition* was the *power and glory clause*, was to satirize his ambition ; and both together to insinuate that, from a Monk, he was become totally *secularized*. — About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a strong propensity to Popery, which appears from several strokes in these satires. We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare books*, one article of which is intitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicæ*, which shews he was fond of the joke. As his putting Erasmus and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa shews what were then his sentiments of Reformation. I will only observe, that this Catalogue was written in imitation of Rabelais's

Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls

Carthusian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals

Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes

I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;

None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow

Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,

Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws

Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jaws.

#### NOTES.

famous *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor*. It is one of the fineſt ſtrokes in that extravagant ſatire (which was then the *Manual of the Wits*) and ſo became the ſubject of much imitation; the beſt of which are this of Dr. Donne's and one of Sir Thomas Brown's.

VER. 120. *Theſe as good works, etc.*] Dr. Donne ſays,

*But (oh) we allow*

*Good works as good, but out of faſhion now.*

The popiſh Doctrine of *good works* was one of thoſe abuſes of

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore  
The good old landlord's hospitable door?

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes  
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hetacombs;  
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,  
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals ;  
And all mankind might that just Mean observe,  
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.  
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow ; 120  
But oh ! these works are not in fashion now :  
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,  
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence ;  
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense, 125  
Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw  
Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

#### NOTES.

Religion which the Church of England condemns in its Articles. To this the Poet's words satirically allude. And having throughout this satire had several flings at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then very dangerous, to accuse, he had reason to bespeak the Reader's candor, in the concluding words,

*But my words none draws*

*Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.*

VER. 127. *Treason, or the Law.*] By the *Law* is here meant the *Lawyers*.



## S A T I R E     I V.

**W**ELL; I may now receive, and die. My fin

Indeed is great, but yet I have been in

A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is

A recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been

Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,

I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,

Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go

## N O T E S.

VER. 1. *Well, if it be etc.*] Donne says,

*Well; I may now receive and die.*

which is very indecent language on so ludicrous an occasion.

VER. 3. *I die in charity with fool and knave,*] We verily think he did. But of the immediate cause of his departure hence there is some small difference between his Friends and Enemies. His family suggests that a general decay of nature, which had been long coming on, ended with a Dropsy in the breast, enough to have killed Hercules. The *Gentlemen of the Dunciad* maintain, that he fell by the keen pen of our redoubtable Laureat. We ourselves should be inclined to this latter opinion, for the sake of ornamenting his story; for it would be a fine thing for his Historian to be able to say, that he died, like his immortal namesake, *Alexander the Great*, by a drug of so deadly cold a nature, that,

## S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,  
Adieu to all the follies of the age!

I die in charity with fool and knave,

Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

I've had my Purgatory here betimes, 5

And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.

The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,

To this were trifles, toys and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,

Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd; 10

I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;

I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;

Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;

Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it so.

## NOTES.

-as Plutarch and other grave writers tell us, it could be contained in nothing but the Skull of an Ass. SCRIBL.

VER. 7. *The Poet's hell*] He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expression of his Original.

VER. 10. *Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;*] *Courtiers* have the same pride in admiring that *Poets* have in being admired. For Vanity is as often gratified in paying our court to our superiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors.

VER. 13. *Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;*] Insinuating that Poetry and new clothes only come to Court, in honour of the Sovereign, and only serve to supply a day's conversation.

To Mafs in jest, catch'd, was fain to difburfe  
 Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curfe,  
 Before he fcap'd ; fo it pleas'd my destiny  
 (Guilty of my fin of going) to think me  
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-  
 full, as proud, luftfull, and as much in debt,  
 As vain, as witlefs, and as false, as they  
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I fuffer'd this ; towards me did run  
 A thing more ftrange, than on Nile's flime the Sun  
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came :  
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name :  
 Stranger than feven Antiquaries ftudies,  
 Than Africk Monfters, Guianaes rarities,  
 Stranger than ftangers<sup>a</sup> : one who, for a Dane,  
 In the Danes Maffacre had fure been flain,  
 If he had liv'd then ; and without help dies,  
 When next the Prentices 'gainft ftangers rife ;  
 One whom the watch at noon lets fcarce go by ;  
 One, to whom the examining Juftice fure would cry,  
 Sir, by your Priefthood tell me what you are ?

His cloaths were ftrange, tho' coarfe, and black,  
 though bare,

## NOTES.

<sup>a</sup> This is ill expreffed, for it only means, he would be more  
 red at than Strangers are.

Sat. IV.      V E R S I F I E D.      271

But, as the Fool that in reforming days      15

Wou'd go to Mass in jest (as story says)

Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,

Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;

So was I punish'd, as if full as proud

As prone to ill, as negligent of good,      20

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,

As vain, as idle, and as false, as they

Who live at Court, for going once that way !

Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold ! there came

A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name ; 25

Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,

Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark :

A verier monster, than on Africk's shore

The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,

Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,

Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.      31

The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,

At night, wou'd swear him dropt out of the Moon.

One whom the mob, when next we find or make

A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,      35

And the wise Justice starting from his chair

Cry, By your Priesthood tell me what you are ?

Such was the wight : Th' apparel on his back

Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:



Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been  
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)  
 Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall  
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all  
 tongues,

And only knoweth what to all States belongs,  
 Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,  
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,  
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my fast;  
 But pedants motly tongue, fouldiers bumbast,  
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,  
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw  
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content  
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:  
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,  
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,  
 Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either  
 Jovius, or Surius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,  
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,

The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,      40  
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Beſs*,  
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;  
 So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!  
 Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,  
 Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.      45

    This thing has travel'd, ſpeaks each language too,  
 And knows what's fit for every ſtate to do;  
 Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,  
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.  
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear; *Motteux* I knew,  
*Henley* himſelf I've heard, and *Budgel* too.  
 The Doctor's *Wormwood* ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues  
 A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of *Gonſon's* lungs,  
 The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,  
 And (all thoſe plague in one) the bawling Bar:      55  
 Theſe I cou'd bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,  
 Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil.  
 A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel ſcores,  
 Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,  
 With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,      60  
 And *Oldmixon* and *Burnet* both out-lie.

    He ſpies me out, I whiſper, Gracious God!  
 What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?  
 That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be  
 From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!      65

\* T

This fellow, chuseth me ! He saith, Sir,  
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer  
 For the best Linguist ? and I feelily  
 Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.  
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir ? Beza then,  
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men  
 Of our two academies I nam'd : here  
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were  
 Good pretty Linguists ; so Panurgus was,  
 Yet a poor Gentleman ; all these may pass  
 By travail. Then, as if he would have sold  
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,  
 That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,  
 Time enough to have been Interpreter  
 To Babels Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.  
 He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,

## NOTES.

VER. 73. *a period of a mile.*] *A stadium of Euripides* was a standing joke amongst the Greeks. By the same kind of pleasantry, Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long* ; which, because the humour, as well as the measure of the expression was excessive, all his translators have judiciously agreed to omit.

Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame  
 To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name.  
 What *Speech* esteem you most? "The *King's*, said I."  
 But the best *words*?—"O Sir, the *Dictionary*."  
 You miss my aim; I mean the most acute      70  
 And perfect *Speaker*?—"Onflow, past dispute."  
 But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for closer style,  
 "But Ho\*\*y for a period of a mile."  
 Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:  
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75  
 Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)  
 Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:  
 Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare  
 Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.  
 Thus others talents having nicely shown,      80  
 He came by sure transition to his own:  
 Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,  
 Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;  
 For had they found a linguist half so good,  
 I make no question but the Tow'r had stood.

## NOTES.

VER. 78. *Yet these were all poor Gentlemen!*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his original. Donne makes his thread-bare Traveller content himself under his poverty with the reflection that Panurge himself, the great Traveller and Linguist in Rabelais, went a begging.

You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone  
 My loneness is ; but Spartanes fashion  
 To teach by painting drunkards doth not last  
 Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste ;  
 No more can Princes Courts (though there be few  
 Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeaks,  
 O Sir,

'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,  
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs, \*  
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes  
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,  
 From King to King, and all their kin can walk :  
 Your ears shall hear nought but Kings ; your eyes  
 meet

Kings only : The way to it is Kings-street.

#### NOTES.

VER. 104. *He ev'ry day from King to King can walk,*] There is something humourous enough in the words of the Original. *The way to it is Kings-street.* But the Imitator has given us more

“ Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made :  
 “ Why then for ever bury’d in the shade ?  
 “ Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,  
 “ The King would smile on you—at least the Queen.  
 Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajol us—      90  
 But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :  
 And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say  
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way :  
 Tho’ in his pictures Lust be full display’d,  
 Few are the Converts Aretine has made ;      95  
 And tho’ the Court show Vice exceeding clear,  
 None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc’d, he lifts his hands and eyes,  
 Squeaks like a high-stretch’d lutestring, and replies:  
 “ Oh ’tis the sweetest of all earthly things      100  
 “ To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings !  
 Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs ! said I,  
 He dwells amidst the royal Family ;  
 He ev’ry day, from King to King can walk,  
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,      105  
 And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,  
 What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.

N O T E S.

than an equivalent in that fine stroke of moral satire in the  
 106 and 107<sup>th</sup> lines.

He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic,  
course,

So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,

I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.

Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,

Your only wearing is your Grogaram.

Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch

He would not fly; I chaf'd him: but as Itch

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron groun'd

Into an edge, hurts worfe: So, I (fool) found,

Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullennes,

He to another key his style doth dress;

And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,

He takes my hand, and as a Still which staves

A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,

As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.

More than ten Hollenheads, or Halls, or Stows,

Of trivial household trash: He know, he knows

“ Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic ! strangely low,  
“ And coarſe of phraſe,—your Engliſh all are ſo.  
“ How elegant your Frenchmen?” Mine, d’ye mean?  
I have but one, I hope the fellow’s clean.      111  
“ Oh ! Sir, politely ſo ! nay, let me die,  
“ Your only wearing is your Padua-ſoy.”  
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,  
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille —      115  
Wild to get looſe, his Patience I provoke,  
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.  
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen’d, mangles more,  
And itch moſt hurts when anger’d to a fore ;  
So when you plague a fool, ’tis ſtill the curſe, 120  
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.

He paſt it o’er ; affects an eaſy ſmile  
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.  
He aſks, “ What News ? I tell him of new Plays,  
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.      125  
He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it  
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,  
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,  
By little, and by little, drops his lies.  
Meer houſhold traſh ! of birth-nights, balls, and  
ſhows,  
More than ten Hollingsheads, or Halls, or Stows.



When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows.  
what

A subtle Statesman may gather of that ;

He knows who loves whom ; and who by poison

Hasts to an Offices reverſion ;

Who waſtes in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes,

Who loveth whores . . . . .

He knows who hath fold his land, and now doth beg

A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-

Shells to tranſport ;

#### NOTES.

VER. 145. *Why Turnpikes*] In this recapitulation of modern abuſes, he has imitated his original with great ſpirit. Amongſt thoſe which Dr. Donne mentions is

*A Licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-  
Shells to tranſport.*

by this he means *Monopolies*, the moſt unpopular abuſe of power of his time. It continued down thro' the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year 1633 the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court with a magnificent Maſk. And one of their *Anti-maſks* was an ingenious ridicule on the abuſe of Monopolies ; which Mr. Whitlock thus deſcribes : “ In this Anti-maſque of Projectors (ſays he) came a Fellow with a bunch of Carrots on his head, and a

When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and  
what

A subtle Minister may make of that:

Who sins with whom: who got his Pension-rug,  
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug:      135

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,  
And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore:

Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,  
Is therefore fit to have a Government:

Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure,      140  
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:

Who makes a Trust or Charity a Job,  
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:

Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor clown  
Can gratis see the country, or the town:      145

#### NOTES.

“Capon upon his fist, describing a Projector who begg'd a patent of Monopoly as the first inventor of the art to feed Capons fat with Carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention, etc. Several other projectors were in like manner personated in this Anti masque; and it pleased the spectators the more, because by it an information was covertly given to the king of the unsuitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the Law; and the Attorney *Nay*, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this Anti masque of the *Projectors*.” This exorbitancy was become so common and fashionable, that Ben Johnson makes a cheating Procurer of Monopolies the chief character in one of his plays; just as he had done a cheating Alchymist in another.

shortly boys shall not play  
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay  
 Toll to some Courtier ; and wiser than all us,  
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus  
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,  
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet  
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,  
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,  
 Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since  
 The Spaniards came to th' los of Amyens.  
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,  
 Ready to travail : so I sigh, and sweat  
 To hear this \* Makaron talk : in vain, for yet,  
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,  
 He like a priveledg'd spie, whom nothing can  
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.  
 He names the price of ev'ry office paid ;  
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid ;

## NOTES.

\* Whom we call an Ass, the Italians style *Maccheroni*.

VER. 151. *What Lady's face etc.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of scandal concludes thus,

*And wiser than all us*

*He knows what Lady*

the reader expects it will conclude, — *what Lady is painted*.  
 No, just the contrary,

*what Lady is not painted,*

satirically insinuating, that that is a better Proof of the goodness

Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,  
 But some excising Courtier will have toll.  
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,  
 What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife :  
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all)  
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall.      151

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and fore,  
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more :  
 Trim's Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,  
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart.  
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat  
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.  
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can  
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man ;  
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160  
 In sure succession to the day of doom :  
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,  
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd :

## N O T E S.

of his intelligence than the other. The Reader sees there is greater force in the use of these plain words, than in those which the Imitator employs. And the reason is, because the satire does not turn upon the *odiousness* of painting ; in which case the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expression ; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the simple mention of the thing.

VER. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders.

That Offices are intail'd, and that there are  
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far  
 As the last day; and that great Officers  
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when  
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then  
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw  
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw,  
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found  
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow found  
 By giving others their sores, I might grow  
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show  
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,  
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin  
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power  
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower  
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring  
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing,  
 And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly;  
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I  
 Gave it, as ransom; but as fidlers, still,  
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will  
 Thrust one more jig upon you: so did he  
 With his long complimental thanks vex me.

## NOTES.

VER. 167. *fall endlong*] The sudden effect of the transformation is strongly and finely painted to the imagination, not in

Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court, 164  
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port.  
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,  
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,  
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wife  
 Already half turn'd traytor by surprize.  
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170  
 As in the pox, some give it to get free ;  
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw  
 One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lye  
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. 175  
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,  
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.  
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,  
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.  
 I quak'd at heart ; and still afraid, to see  
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,  
 Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail  
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God ! oh quickly bear me hence  
 To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense : 185

## N O T E S.

the sound, but in the sense of these two words.

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] These four lines are wonderfully sub-

But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,  
 And the Prerogative of my Crown; scant  
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see  
 All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)  
 Ran from thence with such, or more haſt than one  
 Who fears more actions, doth haſt from priſon.

At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs  
 My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs  
 Of ſuiters at court to mourn, and a trance  
 Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance  
 It ſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there  
 I ſaw at court, and worſe and more. Low fear  
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: Then,  
 Shall I, none's ſlave, of high-born or rais'd men  
 Fear frowns; and my miſtreſs truth, betray thee  
 For th' huffing, bragart, puſt nobility?  
 No, no, thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been,  
 Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,  
 O fun, in all thy journey, vanity,  
 Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I

## NOTES.

lime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil, in the region of *heat*. They both call out as if they were half ſtifled by the ſulphury air of the place,

*O qui me gelidis —*

*O quickly bear me hence.*

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,  
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings !  
 There sober thought purfu'd th' amusing theme,  
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.  
 A Vision hermits can to Hell transport,      190  
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.  
 Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,  
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.  
 Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free ;  
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me :      195  
 Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,  
 Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown ?  
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,  
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man ?  
 O my fair mistress, Truth ! shall I quit thee      200  
 For huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility ?  
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all  
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,  
 Hast thou, oh Sun ! beheld an emptier sort,  
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court ?      205

## N O T E S.

VER. 188. *There sober thought*] These two lines are remarkable for the delicacy and propriety of the expression.

VER. 194. *Base Fear*] These four admirable lines become the high office he had assumed, and so nobly sustained.



Think he which made your <sup>b</sup> Waxen garden, and  
 Transported it from Italy, to stand  
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers ; for  
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor  
 Taste have in them, ours are ; and natural  
 Some of the stocks <sup>c</sup> are ; their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten a Clock and past ; all whom the mues,  
 Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews  
 Had all the morning held, now the second  
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found  
 In the *Presence*, and I (God pardon me)  
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be  
 Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king  
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers : and bring  
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.  
 Wants reach all states : me seems they do as well

## NOTES.

<sup>b</sup> A show of the Italian Gardens in Waxwork, in the time of King James the First. P.

<sup>c</sup> That is, of wood.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous show of the Court of France, in Wax-work. P.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gam-

Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax* !  
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs :  
 Such painted puppets ! such a varnish'd race  
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only drefs and face !  
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things — 210  
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See ! where the British youth, engag'd no more  
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,  
 Pay their last duty to the Court, and come  
 All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room ; 215  
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,  
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.  
 " That's velvet for a King ! " the flatt'rer swears ;  
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.  
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220  
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.  
 And why not players strut in courtiers cloaths ?  
 For these are actors too, as well as those :  
 Wants reach all states ; they beg but better drest,  
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

## N O T E S.

ing-house : Fig's, a Prize fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility receiv'd instruction in those days : It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate. P.

VER. 220. *our stage give rules,*] Alluding to the Chamberlain's Authority.

At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks  
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,  
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now

The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know  
That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel)  
The men board them; and praise (as they think)  
well,

Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.  
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns<sup>d</sup>, I thought  
This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,  
And women buy all red which scarlets dye.

He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:  
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set<sup>e</sup>.

Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine  
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,  
As if the Presence were a Mosch: and lift  
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to thrift,  
Making them confess not only mortal  
Great stains and holes in them, but venial  
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:  
And then by Durer's rules survey the state

#### NOTES.

<sup>d</sup> i. e. Arrive to worship and magistracy. The reason he gives is, that those who have wit are forced to sell their stock, instead of trading with it. This thought, tho' not amiss, our Poet has not paraphrased. It is obscurely expressed, and possibly it escaped him.

<sup>e</sup> i. e. Conscious that both her complexion and her hair are

Painted for fight, and essenc'd for the smell,  
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,  
 Sail in the Ladies : how each pyrate eyes  
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize !  
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,      230  
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him :  
 " Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"  
 And " Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"  
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,  
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought.      235  
 'Twou'd burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,  
 To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin :  
 The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,  
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.  
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,      240  
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools !  
 Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw  
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;

N O T E S.

borrowed, she suspects that, when, in the common cant of flatterers, he calls her *beauty lime-twigs*, and her *hair a net* to catch lovers, he means to insinuate that her colours are coarsely laid on, and her borrowed hair loosely woven.

VER. 240. *Durer's rules,*] Albert Durer.

Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries  
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.  
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry  
 Perfect as Circles<sup>f</sup>, with such nicety  
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes  
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes  
 Him not so much as good will, he arrests,  
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,  
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown  
 Ten Cardinals into the *Inquisition*;  
 And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a  
 Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away  
 For saying our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit  
 That they each other plague, they merit it.  
 But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,  
 Who in the other extreme only doth  
 Call a rough carelessness, good fashion :  
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,  
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm  
 To him ; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,  
 He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill  
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still

## NOTES.

<sup>f</sup> Because all the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference are equal.

But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul  
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ;      245  
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread  
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head.  
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,  
 They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.  
 So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,  
 With band of Lilly, and with cheek of Rose,  
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,  
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.  
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest :  
 Prodigious ! how the things *protest, protest* :      255  
 Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,  
 If once he catch you at your *Jesu ! Jesu !*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,  
 Just as one Beauty mortifies another.  
 But here's the Captain that will plague them both,  
 Whose air cries Arm ! whose very look's an oath :  
 The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,  
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.  
 He spits fore-right ; his haughty chest before,  
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door :      265  
 And with a face as red, and as awry,  
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,

He strives to look worfe ; he keeps all in awe ;  
 Jefts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so  
 As men from gaols to execution go,  
 Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung  
 With the seven deadly fins?) being among  
 Those *Askaparts*<sup>b</sup>, men big enough to throw  
*Charing-Cross* for a bar, men that do know  
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine  
 Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.  
 I shooke like a spied Spic—Preachers which are  
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,  
 Drown the fins of this place, but as for me  
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be  
 To wash the stains away : Although I yet  
 (With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit  
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,  
 I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

## NOTES.

- <sup>b</sup> A Giant famous in Romances. P.

Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curfe,  
Has yet a strange ambition to look worfe ;  
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,  
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law. 270

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so  
As men from Jayls to execution go ;  
For hung with deadly fins I see the wall,  
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all : 275  
Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to tofs  
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.  
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,  
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine :  
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine !  
From such alone the Great rebukes endure,  
Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure :  
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs  
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285  
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,  
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

N O T E S.

VER. 274. *For hung with deadly fins*] The Room hung with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins. P.





EPILOGUE  
TO THE  
SATIRES.  
In Two Dialogues.

---

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

---







J. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignon Sculp.

O Sacred Weapon, left for Truth's Defence,  
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Insolence!  
To all but Heaven-directed Hands denied,  
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.

Ep. 2. to J. Satire.

# EPILOGUE

## TO THE

# SATIRE S.

Written in M DCC XXXVIII.

## DIALOGUE I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelve-month you appear  
in Print,

And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.

### VARIATIONS.

After ♪ 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,  
Because you think your reputation made :

Like good \*\* of whom so much was said,  
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.

Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,  
Or like \*\* you'll lie a-bed too long.

### NOTES.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth etc.*] These two lines are from Horace ; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem ; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer,

*'Tis all from Horace ; etc.* P.

VER. 2. *the Court see nothing in't.*] He chose this expression for the sake of its elegant and satiric ambiguity. His writings abound in them.

You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,  
And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.

Decay of Parts, alas ! we all must feel --- 5

Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal ?

'Tis all from Horace ; Horace long before ye  
Said, " Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory ;"  
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,  
" To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice ; 11  
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice* :  
Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*,  
Blunt could *do Bus'ness*, H-ggins *knew the Town* ;

#### VARIATIONS.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct ! 'tis what no genius can admit.

Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

#### NOTES.

VER. 9. *And taught his Romans, in much better metre, " To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."*] The general turn of the thought is from Boileau,

*Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,*

*Qu'on est assis à l'aise aux sermons de Cotin.*

But the irony in the first line, and the satirical equivoque in the second, mark them for his own. His making the objector say, that Horace excelled him in writing verse, is pleasant. And the ambiguity of *putting their trust in Peter*, insinuates that Horace and he had frequently laughed at that specific folly, arising from indolence, which still disposes men to intrust their spiritual and temporal concerns to the absolute disposal of any sanctified or un sanctified cheat, bearing the name of PETER.

VER. 12. *Bubo observes,*] Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation. P.

In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*, 15  
 In rev'rend Bishops note some *small Neglects*,  
 And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,  
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.  
 His sly, polite, insinuating style  
 Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:  
 An artful Manager, that crept between 21  
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*.  
 But 'faith your very Friends will soon be fore ;  
*Patriots* there are, who wish you'd jest no more ---  
 And where's the Glory ? 'twill be only thought 25  
 The Great man never offer'd you a groat.  
 Go see Sir ROBERT ---

## NOTES.

VER. 14. *H—ggins*] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. P.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears*,] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins a Captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master. P.

VER. 22. *Screen*.]

*Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico*

*Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.* Perf. P.

*Ibid. Screen*.] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power. P.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are*, &c.] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name. P.

VER. 26. *The Great man*] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first minister. P.



P. See Sir ROBERT ! — hum —

And never laugh — for all my life to come?  
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour  
 Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r ; 30  
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,  
 Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.

#### NOTES.

VER. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] This and other strokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his forbearing him on all occasions, were in acknowledgement of a certain service the Minister had done a Priest at Mr. Pope's solicitation. Our Poet, when he was about seventeen, had a very ill fever in the country, which, it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition, he wrote to Southcot, a Priest of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his last leave of him. Southcot with great affection and sollicitude applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down post, to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions ; which had the desired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an interest in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English Court, to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the case, he immediately wrote to Sir Robert Walpole about it ; begged that this embargo might be taken off ; and acquainted him with the grounds of his solicitation : He told him he was indebted to Southcot for his life, and that more than his life was engaged for the discharge of his obligation, for he was certainly to satisfy it in purgatory, if he could not do it here. The Minister received it favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove this obstruction. In consequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of this favour.

VER. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] These two verses were

Would he oblige me? let me only find,  
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.  
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt ;  
 The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out. 36

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free ;  
 A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty* ;  
 A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*  
 Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig: 40

NOTES.

originally in the poem, though omitted in all the first editions. P.

VER. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This request seems somewhat absurd : but not more so than the principle it refers to. That great Minister, it seems, thought all mankind Rogues ; and that every one had his price. It was usually given as a proof of his penetration, and extensive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it an instance of a narrow contracted understanding, that, from a few of Rochefaucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the Character of his species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who should make the same conclusion, would be heartily laughed at.

VER. 37. *Why yes : with Scripture &c.*] A scribler, whose only chance for reputation is the falling in with the fashion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preservation of his momentary existence. But a true Genius could not do a foolish thing to defeat his own aim. The great Boileau used to say on this occasion, " Une ouvrage severe peut bien plaire aux libertins ; mais un ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux personnes severes."

Ibid. *Why yes : with Scripture still you may be free ;*] Thus the Man commonly called *Mother Osborn*, who was in the Minister's pay, and wrote Journals ; for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two against J. C.

VER. 39. *A Joke on Jekyl,*] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost

A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,  
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage :  
 These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,  
 And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, " Who's the Man, so near 45  
 " His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"  
 Why, answer, *LYTTELTON*, and I'll engage  
 The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage :  
 But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,  
 You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case. 50  
*Sejanus*, *Wolfey*, hurt not honest *FLEURY*,  
 But well may put some Statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes ;  
 These you but anger, and you mend not those.

#### NOTES.

probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem. P.

VER. 43. *These nothing hurts* ;] i. e. offends.

VER. 47. *Why, answer, Lyttelton,*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of Liberty. P.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolfey,*] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction; and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. § 137. P.

*Ibid. Fleury,*] Cardinal : and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. P.

Laugh at your friends, and, if your Friends are sore,  
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,  
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest ;  
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men  
At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen. 60  
Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,  
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth :  
Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth !  
Come, harmless Characters that no one hit, 65  
Come, Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit !  
The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,  
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y--ng !  
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,  
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense, 70  
That First was H--vy's, F---'s next, and then  
The S---te's, and then H---vy's once agen.

NOTES.

VER. 56. *So much the better, you may laugh the more.*] Their *foreness* being a clear indication of their wanting the frequent repetition of this discipline.

VER. 66. *Henley — Osborn,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. P.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyric speeches ; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries ; which afterwards got into an address in

O come, that easy Ciceronian style,  
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,  
 As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75  
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!  
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,  
 And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense* ;  
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,  
 Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80

## NOTES.

the same pretty style ; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author. P.

VER. 73. *that easy Ciceronian style,*] A joke upon absurd Imitators ; who in light and familiar compositions, which require *ease*, affect a *Ciceronian style*, which is highly laboured, solemn, and pompous.

VER. 75. *As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland,*] I am led by justice, as well as inclination, to explain the obscurity of this line, as far as it relates to the respectable person first named in it. The Poet had heard, amongst the numberless false reports, which the heat of party contests, at that time, produced, that Dr. Middleton highly approved of the Latinity and composition of the piece in question, and had expressed himself in those common terms of approbation, that he should have been *proud* to be the Author of it. It was of little importance to enquire into the truth or falshood of the report, since what the Poet intended to say, on this occasion, was not to reflect on Dr. Middleton, whom he esteemed and had a personal regard for ; but, on the contrary, to own the excellence of his judgment, in general, in words that only amount to this, *though so able a judge as Dr. Middleton himself should approve the Latinity, I say it is bad and barbarous.* In which he uses no greater freedom with this learned Man than he sometimes did with those he most valued, as Dr. Swift and others.

VER. 76. *All Boys may read, and Girls may understand !*] i. e. full of school-book *phrases* and *Anglicisms*.

VER. 78. *Nation's Sense* ;] The cant of Politics at that time.

VER. 80. *Carolina*] Queen consort to King George II. She

And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,  
 All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children blest!  
 So --- Satire is no more --- I feel it die ---  
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I ---  
 And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85  
 Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,  
 You still may lash the greatest --- in Disgrace:

## NOTES.

died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution. P.

How highly our Poet thought of that truly great personage may be seen by one of his letters to Mr. *Allen*, written at that time; in which, amongst others, equally respectful, are the following words: "The Queen shewed, by the confession of  
 " all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last mo-  
 " ments, and through the course of great torments. What  
 " character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all  
 " her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the  
 " best testimony, that of sincere tears."

VER. 84. *No Gazetteer more innocent than I.*] The *Gazetteer* is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office, to write the government's news-paper, published by Authority. Sir Richard Steele had once this post. And he describes the condition of it very well, in *the Apology for himself and his writings*: "My next appearance as a writer was in the quali-  
 " ty of the lowest minister of state, to wit, in the Office of  
 " *Gazetteer*; where I worked faithfully, according to order,  
 " without ever erring against the rule observed by all ministers, to  
 " keep that paper very innocent and very insipid. It was to the  
 " reproaches I heard every Gazette day against the writer of it,  
 " that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of  
 " what people say which I do not deserve."

For Merit will by turns forsake them all ;  
 Would you know when ? exactly when they fall.  
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare 91  
 Immortal S---k, and grave De-----re.  
 Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,  
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,  
 These may some gentle ministerial Wing 95  
 Receive, and place for ever near a King !  
 There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,  
 Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court ;

## N O T E S.

VER. 92. *Immortal S---k, and grave De---re !*] A title given that Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William ; he was so to King George I. he was so to King George II. This Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. P.

VER. 93. *Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,*] The simile is here employed only to let his reader into his thought : which is a beautiful parody of the poetical descriptions of dying saints, wafted to paradise, on the wings of angels.

VER. 97. *There, where no Passion, etc.*] The excellent writer *De l'Esprit des Loix* gives the following character of the Spirit of Courts, and the Principle of Monarchies : “ Qu'on  
 “ life ce que les Historiens de tous les tems ont dit sur la  
 “ Cour des Monarques ; qu'on se rapelle les conversations des  
 “ hommes de tous les Païs sur le miserable caractère des  
 “ COURTISANS ; ce ne sont point des choses de speculation,  
 “ mais d'une triste expérience. L'ambition dans l'oïveté, la  
 “ bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'enrichir sans travail,  
 “ l'aversion pour la vérité ; la flatterie, la trahison, la perfidie,  
 “ l'abandon de tous ses engagemens, le mepris des devoirs  
 “ du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'esperance  
 “ de ses foibleesses, et plus, que tout cela, LE RIDICULE  
 “ PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, sont, je crois,

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace  
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:  
 But past the Sense of human Miseries, 101  
 All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;  
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,  
 Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their  
 glory, 105

Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,  
 And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vex't,  
 Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.  
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things  
 As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings; 110

## NOTES.

“ le Caractère de la plupart des Courtisans marqué dans tous  
 “ les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il est très mal-aisé que les  
 “ Principaux d'un Etat soient malhonnêtes-gens, et que les in-  
 “ férieurs soient gens-de-bien, que ceux-là soient trompeurs,  
 “ & que ceux-ci consentent à n'être que dupes. Que si dans  
 “ le Peuple il se trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme,  
 “ le Cardinal de Richelieu dans son *Testament politique* insinue,  
 “ qu'un Monarque doit se garder de s'en servir. Tant-il est  
 “ vrai que la Vertu n'est pas le ressort de ce Gouvernement.”

VER. 106. *Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,*] He must have thought them alike, while he represents them as equally ready to receive any body who will do their jobs.

VER. 108. *gracious Prince*] The style of Addresses on an accession.

VER. 109. *Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;*] He makes a wonder of what surely was none. *Pride* comes from the ignorance of ourselves; and who can know themselves less than such as are



And at a Peer, or Peerefs, shall I fret,  
 Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt ?  
*Virtue*, I grant you, is an empty boast ;  
 But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost ? 114  
 Ye Gods ! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,  
 Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke ?  
 A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,  
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie ?  
 Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill ?  
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will ? 120  
 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)  
 To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings ?

## V A R I A T I O N S.

Ver. 112. in some editions,  
 Who starves a Mother,

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the property of others ? Love rises in proportion to the value of its object : and who should love money so well as those who best know what it is able to do ? SCRIBL.

VER. 113. *Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast ;*] A satirical ambiguity — either that those *starve who have it*, or that those who *boast of it, have it not* : and both together (he insinuates) make up the present state of *modern virtue*.

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son, — Rich*] Two Players : look for them in the Dunciad. P.

VER. 116. *Swear like a Lord — or out-whore a Duke ?*] Elegance demands that these should be two proverbial expressions. *To swear like a Lord*, is so. But to *out-whore a Duke* certainly is not. However this shews that the continence and conjugal virtues of the higher nobility must needs be very exemplary, SCRIBL.

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,  
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran !  
 But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 125  
 Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife ?  
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear ;  
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care :

## NOTES.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious and foolish book called *the Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died. P.

VER. 124. *Passeran !*] Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A philosophical discourse on death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts ; of which there went a pleasant story about that time. Amongst his pupils, it seems, to whom he read in moral philosophy, was a noted *Gamester*, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into his master's bed-chamber, with two loaded pistols. And, as Englishmen do not understand raillery in a case of this nature, told the philosopher, on presenting him with one of his pistols, that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice : that as to himself having lost his last stake he was become an *useless* member in society, and so was resolved to quit his *station* ; and that, as to him, his *guide, philosopher, and friend*, surrounded with miseries, the outcast of government, and the sport even of that *Chance* which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company. All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out Murder, which brought in Company to his relief.— This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

VER. 125. *But shall a Printer, etc.*] A Fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him

This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,  
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*. 130

Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell  
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well ;  
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,  
Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,— yea in Life ;  
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,  
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.

#### NOTES.

a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors. P.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Alluding to the *forms of prayer*, composed in the times of public calamity ; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the People till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. P.

VER. 131. *Let modest FOSTER,*] This confirms an observation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That *there be very few Bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers Presbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do*. Hist. of Civ. Wars, p. 62. SCRIBL.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied. P.

VER. 135. *Let humble ALLEN with an aukward Shame, Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.*] The true Character of our Author's moral pieces, considered as a *supplement to human laws* (the force of which they have deservedly obtained) is, that his praise is always *delicate*, and his reproof *never misplaced*: and therefore the *first* not reaching the *head*, and the *latter* too sensibly touching the *heart* of his vulgar readers, have made him censured as a cold Panegyrist, and a caustic Satirist ; whereas, indeed, he was the warmest friend, and the most placable enemy.

The lines above have been commonly given as an instance of this ungenerous backwardness in doing justice to merit. And,

*Virtue* may chuse the high or low Degree,

'Tis just alike to *Virtue*, and to me;

#### NOTES.

indeed, if fairly given, would bear hard upon the Author, who believed the person here celebrated to be one of the greatest characters in private life that ever was; and known by him to be, *in fact*, all, and much more than he had feigned in the imaginary virtues of *the man of Ross*. One, who, whether he be considered in his civil, social, domestic, or religious character, is, in all these views, an ornament to human nature.

And, indeed, we shall see, that what is here said of him agrees only with such a Character. But as both the thought and the expression have been censured, we shall consider them in their order.

*Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,*

*Do good by stealth —*

This encomium has been called *obscure* (as well as *penurious*.) It may be so; not from any defect in the conception, but from the deepness of the sense; and, what may seem more strange, (as we shall see afterwards) from the elegance of phrase, and exactness of expression. We are so absolutely governed by custom, that to act contrary to it, creates even in virtuous men, who are ever modest, a kind of diffidence, which is the parent of *Shame*. But when, to this, there is joined a consciousness that, in forsaking custom, you follow truth and reason, the indignation arising from such a conscious virtue, mixing with *shame*, produces that amiable *aukwardness*, in going out of the fashion, which the Poet, here, celebrates.

*and blush to find it Fame.*

i. e. He blushed at the degeneracy of his times, which, at best, gave his goodness its due commendation (the thing he never aimed at) instead of following and imitating his example, which was the reason why some acts of it were not done by *stealth*, but more openly.

So far as to the *thought*: but it will be said,

*tantamne rem tam negligenter?*

And this will lead us to say something concerning the expression, which will clear up what remains of the difficulty. In

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,  
 She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing. 140  
*Vice* is undone, if she forgets her Birth,  
 And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:  
 But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore ;  
 Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more,

## NOTES.

these lines, and in those which precede and follow them, are contained an ironical *neglect* of Virtue, and an ironical concern and *care* for Vice. So that the Poet's elegant correctness of composition required, that his language, in the first case, should present something of negligence and censure; which is admirably implied in the *expression* of the thought.

VER. 138. *'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;*] He gives the reason for it, in the line that presently follows,

*She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing.*

So that the sense of the text is this, "It is all one to *Virtue* on whom her influence falls, whether on high or low, because it still produces the same effect, *their content*; and it is all one to *me*, because it still produces the same effect, *my love*."

VER. 144. *Let Greatness own her, and she's mean no more,*] The Poet, in this whole passage, would be understood to allude to a very extraordinary story told by *Procopius* in his *Secret history*: the sum of which is as follows.

The Empress THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beasts, which the *Green faction* kept for the entertainment of the people. For the Empire was, at that time, divided between the two Factions of the *Green* and *Blue*. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora, and her two Sisters, his place of *Master of the Bears* was disposed of to a stranger; and his widow had no other way of supporting herself than by prostituting her three Daughters, who were all very pretty, on the public Theatre. Thither she brought them in their turns as they came to years of puberty. Theodora first attended her Sisters in the habit and quality of a

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confefs,  
Chafte Matrons praise her, and grave Bifhops blefs;

## NOTES.

flave. And when it came to her turn to mount the ftage, as ſhe could neither dance, nor play on the flute, ſhe was put into the loweſt claſs of Buffoons to make diverſion for the Rabble; which ſhe did in ſo arch a manner, and complained of the indignities ſhe ſuffered in ſo ridiculous a tone, that ſhe became the abſolute favourite of the people. After a complete courſe of infamy and prostitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and diſtreſs: from whence (as it was no wonder) ſhe was willing to remove. And to Conſtantinople ſhe came, but after a large circuit thro' the Eaſt, where ſhe worked her way, by a free courſe of prostitution. JUSTINIAN was at this time conſort in the Empire with his Uncle *Juſtin*, and the management of affairs entirely in his hands. He no ſooner ſaw Theodora than he fell deſperately in love with her, and would have married her immediately, but that the Empreſs *Euphemia*, a barbarian, and unpolite, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And ſhe, altho' ſhe reſuſed him nothing elſe, yet obſtinately reſuſed giving him this inſtance of her complaiſance. But ſhe did not live long: and then, nothing but the ancient Laws, which forbade a ſenator to marry with a common prostitute, hindered Juſtinian from executing this extraordinary project. Theſe, he obliged Juſtin to revoke; and then, in the face of the ſun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (ſays the Hiſtorian) and an encouragement to the moſt ſhameleſs licence. And now no ſooner was THEODORA (in the Poet's phraſe) *owned by Greatneſs*, than ſhe, whom not long before it was thought *unlucky* to meet, and a *pollution* to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a ſingle Magiſtrate (ſays Procopius) that expreſſed the leaſt indignation at the ſhame and diſhonour brought upon the ſtate; not a ſingle Prelate that ſhewed the leaſt deſolation for the public ſcandal. They all drove to court ſo precipitately, as if they were ſtriving to prevent one another in her good graces. Nay, the *very ſoldiers* were emulous of the honour of becoming the Champions of her Virtue. As for the common people, who had ſo long been the ſpectators of her ſervility, her Buffoonry,

In golden Chains the willing World she draws,  
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,  
 Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,  
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150  
 Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,  
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,  
 Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,  
 His Flag inverted trails along the ground!  
 Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold,  
 Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!  
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,  
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!  
 Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,  
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.

## NOTES.

and her Prostitution, they all in a body threw themselves at her feet, as slaves at the footstool of their Mistress. In a word, there was no man, of what condition soever, that shewed the least dislike of so monstrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's first care was to fill her Coffers, which she soon did, with immense wealth. To this end, Justinian and she pretended to differ in their principles. The one protected the *blue*, and the other, the *green* faction; till in a long course of intrigue, by sometimes giving up the one to plunder and confiscation, and sometimes the other, they left nothing to either party. See *Procop. Anec.* c. ix.—x.

VER. 148. *And her's the Gospel is, and hers the Laws*] i. e. She disposed of the honours of both.

VER. 149. *scarlet head*] Alluding to the *scarlet Whore* of the *Apocalypse*.

In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,  
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more !  
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves !  
 See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves !  
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165  
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore :  
 All, all look up, with reverential Awe,  
 At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law :  
 While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—  
 “ Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy.” 170  
 Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)  
 Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

## NOTES.

VER. 164. *See all our fools aspiring to be Knaves !*] This will always be the case when *knavery* is in fashion, because fools always dread the being *unfashionable*; and with good reason, because nothing but the fashion could make them supportable.

VER. 165. *The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, Are what ten thousand envy and adore :]* And no wonder, for the *wit of Cheats* being the evasion of Justice, and the *Courage of a Whore* the contempt for reputation; these emancipate men from the two tyrannical restraints upon *free spirits*, fear of punishment, and dread of shame. SCRIBL.



# EPILOGUE

## TO THE

# SATIRE S.

Written in M DCC XXXVIII.

### DIALOGUE II.

FR.

'TIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my Friend ! to morrow 'faith  
it may;

And for that very cause I print to day.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,

In rev'ence to the Sins of *Thirty nine* !

Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain ;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising Genius fins up to my Song.

### NOTES.

VER. 1. *Paxton*] Late solicitor to the Treasury.

VER. 8. *Feign what I will, etc.*] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himself with great art. You attack personal characters, say his enemies. No, replies he, so far from that, I paint from my invention ; and to prevent a likeness, I exaggerate every feature. But alas ! the growth of vice

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash;  
 Ev'n Guthry faves half Newgate by a Dash. 11  
 Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?  
 Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,  
 Spread thy broad wing, and sowze on all the kind.  
 Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!  
 Ye Tradesmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!  
 Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.  
 Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20  
 I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.  
 The pois'ning Dame -- F. You mean -- P. I don't.

F. You do,

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!

# NOTES.

is so monstrous quick, that it rises up to a resemblance before I can get from the press.

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. P.

VER. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?*] The liveliness of the reply may excuse the bad reasoning; otherwise *the dice*, tho' they rhyme to *vice*, can never stand for it, which his argument requires they should do. For *the dice* are only the *instruments* of fraud; but the question is not, whether the *instrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, should be exposed, instead of the person.

The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;  
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?  
Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,  
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?  
Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30  
As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?

#### NOTES.

VER. 26. *I fain would please you, if I knew with what; Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?*] I have observed, that our author has invented, and introduced into his writings, a new species of the *sublime*, by heightening it with *wit*. There is a species of *elegance* in his works (of which these lines are an instance) almost as peculiar to him, which he has produced by employing the *simplest* and *tritest* phrases to prevent stiffness, and yet, by a supreme effort of his art, giving them the *dignity* of the choicest. Quintilian was so sensible of the lustre which this throws upon true eloquence under a masterly direction, and of the prejudices against it from the difficulty of succeeding in it; that he says, *Utinam—et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus*.

VER. 28. *Must great Offenders, etc.*] The case is archly put. Those who escape public justice being the particular property of the Satirist.

VER. 29. *like Royal Harts, etc.*] Alluding to the old Laws of the game, when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in Woods and Forests.

VER. 31. *As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?*] The expression is rough, like the subject, but no reflection: For if *beasts of Nature*, then not beasts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country Squires. However, the Latin is nobler, *Ferae naturae*, *Things uncivilized*, and free. *Ferae*,

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean —  
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,  
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to day,  
Much less the 'Prentice who to morrow may.  
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,  
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;  
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40  
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)  
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;  
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,  
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45  
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe  
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.

# NOTES.

as the Critics say, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, *Afinus silvestris*. SCRIBL.

VER. 32. *You know what I mean,*] Considering the subject, it is not easy to know what he means.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.*] For, as the reasonable *De la Bruyere* observes, “*Qui ne fait être un*” ERASME, doit penser à être *Evêque*.” SCRIBL.

VER. 39. *wretched Wild,*] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged. P.

VER. 42. *for the love of Vice*] We must consider the Poet

\* Y

Then better sure it Charity becomes

To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;  
Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing 50  
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?  
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:  
Who now that obsolete Example fears? 56  
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,  
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad:

#### NOTES.

as here directing his discourse to a follower of the new system of Politics, That *private vices are public benefits*. SCRIBL.

VER. 51. *why lay it on a King.*] He is serious in the foregoing subjects of satire; but ironical here, and only alludes to the common practice of Ministers, in laying their own miscarriages on their masters.

VER. 55. *Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:*] The line is exquisitely beautiful. The high humour of it, in the unexpected turn, is but it's second praise. It finely carries on the argument, which exposes the false rules and measures of satire, his *Court Friend* would inculcate for his practice, Ver. 28. insinuates, that he is to avoid the proper object of satire, *great offenders*, who have escaped public justice; and this, that he is to seize, in their stead, the little rogues, who have submitted to it.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears,*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery: and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. P.

Else might he take to Virtue some years hence —

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.

When I confess, there is who feels for Fame, 64

And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name?

Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful Grove

(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)

The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,

I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert;

70

*Secker* is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,

# NOTES.

VER. 64. *feels for Fame, And melts to Goodness*] This is a fine compliment; the expression shewing, that *fame* was but his *second* passion.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of; and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. P.

VER. 66. *Esher's peaceful grove,*] The house and gardens of Escher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, Brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. P.

VER. 67. *Kent and Nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this consists the compliment to the Artist.

VER. 71. *Secker is decent*] These words (like those † 135. of the first Dialogue) are another instance of the malignity of

Manners with Candour are to *Bensön* giv'n,  
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?  
That instant, I declare, he has my Love :      75  
I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline ;  
Thus *SOMMERS* once, and *HALIFAX*, were mine.

## N O T E S.

the public judgment. The Poet thought, and not without reason, that they conveyed a very high idea of the worthy person to whom they are applied ; to be *DECENT* (or to become every station of life in which a man is placed) being the noblest encomium on his wisdom and virtue. It is the very topic he employs in speaking of a favourite friend, one he most esteemed and loved,

*Noble and young, who strikes the heart,  
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry DECENT part.*

The word in both places implying *every endowment of the heart*. As in that celebrated verse of Horace, from whence the expression was taken, and which no one has a better right to apply to himself than this excellent prelate :

*Quid verum atque DECENS curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.*  
So that to be *decent* is to excell in the moral character.

VER. 76. *But does the court a worthy Man remove?*] The poet means, *remove* him for his *worth* : not that he esteemed the being *in* or *out* a proof either of corruption, or virtue. " I had a glympse of a letter of yours lately (says he to Dr. Swift) by which I find you are, *like the vulgar*, apter to think well of people *out* of power, than of people *in* power. Perhaps 'tis a mistake ; but, however, there is something in it generous." *Lett. xvii. Sept. 3, 1726.*

VER. 77. *Sommers*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister ; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of Learning and Politeness. P.

Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,  
 I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wife and great :  
 CARLETON's calm Sense, and STANHOPE's noble  
 Flame, 80  
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same:  
 How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour !  
 How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r !  
 How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,  
 While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit: 85  
 ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,  
 And shake alike the Senate and the Field :  
 Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,  
 The Master of our Passions, and his own. 89

NOTES.

VER. 77. *Halifax*] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the Change of Q. Anne's ministry. P.

VER. 79. *Shrewsbury*,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of state, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. P.

VER. 80. *Carleton*] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of state under William III. and President of the Council under Q. Anne. P.

*Ibid. Stanhope*] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of state. P.

VER. 84. *Chesterfield*] Philip Earl of Chesterfield, commonly given by Writers of all Parties for an EXAMPLE to the Age he lives in, of *superior talents*, and *public Virtue*.

VER. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of



Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,  
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their  
Train ;

And if yet higher the proud Lift should end,  
Still let me say ! No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays ;  
I follow *Virtue* ; where she shines, I praise : 95  
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,  
Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory,  
I never (to my sorrow I declare)  
Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.  
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay look not grave)  
Have still a secret Byass to a Knave : 101  
To find an honest man I beat about,  
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

## NOTES.

the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure ; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. P.

VER. 92. *And if yet higher, etc.*] He was at this time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince.

VER. 93. *Still let me say ! No Follower, but a Friend.*] i. e. Unrelated to their parties, and attached only to their persons.

VER. 99. *my Lord May'r.*] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A Citizen eminent for his virtue, public Spirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magistrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his Country, erected a Statue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man.

F. Then why so few commended ?

P. Not so fierce ;

Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse. 105

But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done ;

Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,

Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,

For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.

Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground ; 110

The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

Enough for half the Greatest of these days,

To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.

Are they not rich ? what more can they pretend ?

Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend ? 115

What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,

And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.

#### NOTES.

VER. 102. *To find an honest man, etc.*] In this search, in which he was very sincere, it would have been well if he had not sometimes trusted to the reports of others, who had *less penetration, but more passions* to gratify.

VER. 116. *What Richlieu wanted, etc.*] The thing here insinuated is, that the greatest character for *Politics, Munificence, or Conquests*, when separate from virtue, would never gain the praises of the *true Poet*. But *munificence* approaching nearer to Virtue than the other two qualities, he says, *Louis scarce could gain*; while *Richlieu* and *young Ammon* went without.

*Ibid. Louis scarce could gain,*] By this expression finely insinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himself in those passages where he flatters his Master. Of which flattery he gives

\* Y 4

No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;  
 No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:  
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line; 120  
 O let my Country's Friends illumin mine!  
 — What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's  
 no sin,

I think your Friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,  
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—  
 Spirit of *Arnall*! aid me while I lye.

#### NOTES.

an instance in † 231. where the topic of adulation is exceeding childish and extravagant.

VER. 120. *To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line.*] It is in the *ÆN.*

*His dansem jura Catonem.*

*Ibid. Virgil paid one honest line,*] i. e. If Virgil, who was a Courtier, paid *one* honest line, how *many* are due from me, who am none?

VER. 121. *O let my Country's friends illumin mine!*] A pretty expression, alluding to the old practice of illuminating MSS. with gold and vermillion.

VER. 127. *I only call those Knaves who are so now.*] He left it to Time to tell them,

*Cato is as great a Rogue as you.*

not the *Cato* of Virgil, but the *Cato* of Mr. Pope. See the *Ep. on Riches.*

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place. Dunc. B. ii. † 315.

COBHAM'S a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,  
 And LYTTLETON a dark, designing Knave,  
 ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—  
 But let me add, Sir ROBERT'S mighty dull,  
 Has never made a Friend in private life,  
 And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?  
 Call Verres, Wolfsey, any odious name?  
 Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,  
 Oh All-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day,  
 When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay, 141  
 Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend  
 To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?  
 Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,  
 But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?

NOTES.

VER. 130. *Polwarth.*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. P.

VER. 136. *do I blame? Call Verres, Wolfsey, any odious name?*] The Leaders of Parties, be they as florid as they will, generally do their business by compendium: A single rule of Rhetoric, which they may have learnt of Quintilian, or perhaps of a much older Sophist, does their business, *Si nihil, quod nos adjuvet, erit, quæramus quid Adversarium lædat.* SCRIB.

VER. 141. *When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,*] If this band of Pensioners were so offensive while embodied and under discipline, what must we think of their disorders since they were disbanded and become free-booters? No virtue nor merit hath escaped them. They have made a great City in the South,  
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Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules  
 Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools ;  
 Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said  
 His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchet's Lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150  
 To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay :  
 But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,  
 Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave ;  
 The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest, 154  
 And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest:  
 Which not at present having time to do—  
 F. Hold Sir ! for God's-sake where's th' Affront  
 to you ?

Against your worship when had S—k writ ?  
 Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit ?  
 Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend 160  
 [*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend*]  
 To W—le guilty of some venial sin ;  
 What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in ?

The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,  
 How hurt he you ? he only stain'd the Gown,

#### NOTES.

too much resemble another in the North, where the products of night and darkness are discharged from *Garrets* on every honest man that comes within their reach.

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. P.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 331

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend, 166

Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came, }  
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame, }

Since the whole House did afterwards the same. }

Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply, 171

As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;

If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,

Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,

From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175

As pure a mess almost as it came in;

The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;

From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse;

The last full fairly gives it to the House. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line

Quite turns my stomach ---

P. So does Flatt'ry mine; &c.

And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,

Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.

#### NOTES.

VER. 164. *The Priest, etc.*] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests. P.

VER. 166. *And how did, etc.*] This seems to allude to a complaint made \* 71. of the preceding Dialogue. P.

But hear me further --- Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185  
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,  
 In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;  
 But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;  
 And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,  
 Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own?  
 Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin, 191  
 Unless, good man ! he has been fairly in ?  
 No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,  
 Without a staring Reason on his brows ?  
 And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195  
 Because the insult's not on Man, but God ?

Ask you what Provocation I have had ?  
 The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.  
 When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,  
 Th'Affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.  
 Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence, 201  
 Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense ;

## V A R I A T I O N S .

VER. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir ; and further, 'tis agreed,  
 Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

## N O T E S .

VER. 185. *Japhet — Chartres*] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst. P.

Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind ;  
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave :

So impudent, I own myself no Knave : 206

So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud ; I must be proud to see

Men not afraid of God, afraid of me :

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,

Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone. 211

O sacred weapon ! left for Truth's defence,

Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence !

To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,

The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide :

# NOTES.

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.*] From Terence : " Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto." P.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud ; etc.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet insinuates a subject of the deepest humiliation.

VER. 211. *Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The Passions are given us to awake and support Virtue. But they frequently betray their trust, and go over to the interests of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cause of Virtue, shames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the use and importance of *Satire*.

VER. 214. *To all but Heav'n-directed hands*] " The Citizen " (says *Plato*, in his fifth book of *Laws*) who does no injury to " any one, without question, merits our esteem. He, who, " not content with being barely just himself, opposes the " course of injustice, by prosecuting it before the Magistrate, " merits our esteem vastly more. The *first* discharges the du-



Rev'rent I touch thee ! but with honest zeal ;  
 To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal,  
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,  
 And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall. .  
 Ye tinsel Insects ! whom a Court maintains, 220  
 That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,

## NOTES.

" ty of a single Citizen ; but the *other* does the office of a  
 " Body. But he whose zeal stops not here, but proceeds to  
 " ASSIST THE MAGISTRATE IN PUNISHING is the most  
 " precious blessing of Society. This is the PERFECT CITI-  
 " ZEN, to whom we should adjudge the prize of Virtue."

VER. 219. *And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.*] The good *Eusebius*, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the *Ox* and the Christian *Priesthood*. Hence the dignified Clergy, out of mere humility, have ever since called their *thronus* by the name of *Stalls*. To which a great Prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modestly alluding, (who otherwise had been long since forgotten) has rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical aphorism, *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger*. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of those here condemned, who *slumber in their stalls*. SCRIBL.

VER. 220. *Ye tinsel Insects ! whom a Court maintains, That counts your Beauties only by your Stains, Spin all your Cobwebs}* And again, to the same purpose, in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*,

*Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?*

*Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,*

*This painted child of Dirt, that stinks and stings.*

These, it is objected, are Insects not of Nature's creating, but the Poet's, and therefore such compound images are to be condemned. One would think, by this, that *mixed qualities* troubled the sense, as much as *mixed metaphors* do the style. But whoever thinks so, is mistaken. The fault of *mixed meta-*

Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day !  
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away :  
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,  
 All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.

## NOTES.

*phors* is, that they call the *imagination* from image to image, when it is the writer's purpose to fix it upon one. On the contrary, *mixed qualities* do their office rightly, and inform the *understanding* of what the author would insinuate, that the *moral insect* is a more worthless creature than the *physical*, as he collects together, in one individual, many bad or trifling qualities, which nature had dispersed in several. And when, in fact, we see them so collected ; as venom, sophistry, and in-fiduousness, in a *Court-Butterfly*, the giving it the *bite* of the bug, and the *web* of the spider, makes it a *monster* indeed, but a monster of nature's producing, and not the poet's,

*cujus velut ægri somnia vana*

*Fingentur species.*

VER. 223. *Ye Insects* — *The Muse's wing shall brush you all away :*] This it did very effectually ; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miserable Being. There is now in his library a complete collection of all the horrid Libels written and published against him ;

*The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown,  
 Th'imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;  
 The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'scape,  
 The libell'd Person, and the pictur'd shape.*

These he had bound up in several volumes, according to their various sizes, from folios down to duodecimos ; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job :

*Behold, my desire is, that mine adversary should write a book.  
 Surely I should take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me.* Ch. xxxi. † 35, 36.

VER. 224. *Cobwebs*] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun. P.

All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,  
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address. 227

When black Ambition stains a public Cause,  
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,  
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,  
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star. 231

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,  
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's*  
Shrine,  
Her Priestess Muse forbids the Good to die,  
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*. 235

## V A R I A T I O N S .

After ♪ 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?  
—With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.  
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,  
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?  
Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low  
As to the regal-touch, and papal-toe;  
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,  
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

## N O T E S .

VER. 228. *When black Ambition etc.*] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (♪ 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries. P.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) “il a fait un  
“*Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement*  
“*à son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espece de Comete,*  
“ *fatale à nos ennemis.*” P.

There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,  
 Than such as *Anstis* casts into the Grave;  
 Far other Stars than \* and \*\* wear,  
 And may descend to Mordington from STAIR:  
 (Such as on HOUGH's unsully'd Mitre shine, 240  
 Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine)  
 Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,  
 And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;  
 Let *Flatt'ry* sickening see the Incense rise,  
 Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:  
 Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line, 246  
 And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,  
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law;

## NOTES.

VER. 237. *Anstis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. P.

VER. 239. *Stair* ;] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Embassador in France. P.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr. John Hough Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

VER. 249. *on the edge of Law* :] From the summit of law is a dreadful precipice, which may well make Truth herself tremble. And from thence came the common proverb, *Summum jus, summa injuria*. SCRIBL.

\* Z

Here, Last of Britons! let your Names be read;  
 Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead,  
 And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,  
 Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,  
 And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 255, in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes, and write *Essays on Man*.

## NOTES.

VER. *ult.*] This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience. P.

ON

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH and TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th'Athenian Queen  
Descend in all her sober charms ;  
“ And take (she said, and smil'd serene)  
“ Take at this hand celestial arms :  
“ Secure the radiant weapons wield ;  
“ This golden lance shall guard Desert,  
“ And if a Vice dares keep the field,  
“ This steel shall stab it to the heart.”

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,  
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky ;  
And dipt them in the fable Well,  
The fount of Fame or Infamy.

*The Lady Frances Shirley*] a Lady whose great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating.

- “ What *well?* what *weapon?* (Flavia cries)  
“ A standish, steel and golden pen ;  
“ It came from Bertrand's <sup>a</sup>, not the skies ;  
“ I gave it you to write again.
- “ But, Friend, take heed whom you attack ;  
“ You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)  
“ Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,  
“ L----- and all about your ears.
- “ You'd write as smooth again on glass,  
“ And run, on ivory, so glib,  
“ As not to stick at fool or ass <sup>b</sup>,  
“ Nor stop at Flattery or Fib <sup>c</sup>.
- “ *Athenian Queen!* and *sober charms!*  
“ I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't :  
“ 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms ;  
“ In Dryden's Virgil see the print <sup>e</sup>.

NOTES.

- <sup>a</sup> A famous toy-shop at Bath.
- <sup>b</sup> The *Dunciad*.
- <sup>c</sup> The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.
- <sup>d</sup> Such toys being the usual presents from lovers to their mistresses.
- <sup>e</sup> When she delivers Æneas a suit of heavenly armour.

“ Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,  
“ That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies <sup>f</sup>,  
“ I'll list you in the harmless roll  
“ Of those that sing of these poor eyes.”

NOTES.

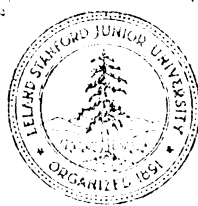
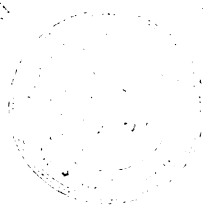
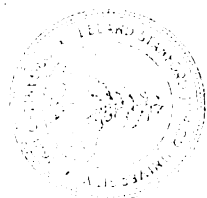
<sup>f</sup> i. e. If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic* poem. — He was then meditating on such a work.

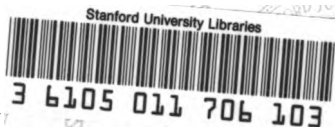












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