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GIFT OF

Charles Campbell, Jr.

T H E
W O R K S
O F
Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING HIS

IMITATIONS, MORAL ESSAYS,
SATIRES, etc.



L O N D O N :

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IMITATIONS
OF
ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

Vol. II.

B

I M I T A T I O N S

O F

E N G L I S H P O E T S.

I.

CHAUCE R.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
 Yet fwinken nat sans secrecie.
 Thilke moral shall ye understond,
 From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Ireland:
 Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
 To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
 Right then, there passen by the Way
 His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
 Ducke in his Trowfes hath he hent,
 Not to be spied of Ladies gent. 10
 " But oh! our Nephew, (crieth one)
 " Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;"
 And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
 This filly Clerk full low doth lout:
 They asken that, and talken this, 15
 " Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss."
 But, as he glozeth with speeches foote,
 The Ducke fore tickleth his Erse roote:
 Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
 Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest. 20
 Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought spake:
 Miss star'd; and gray Ducke cryeth Quake.
 " O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
 " Be thilke same thing Maids longen a'ter?
 " Bette is to pine on coals and chalke, 25
 " Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talke."

II.

SPENSER.

The ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
 A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low;
 Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
 And many a Boat, soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe, 5
 The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall:
 How can ye, Mothers, vex your children so?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
 And here a failor's jacket hangs to dry.
 At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen, 15
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
 Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
 Scolds answer foul mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood
 I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies; 20
 The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
 Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries;
 The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,

And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ; 25
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bafe are
 drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
 Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
 Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch, 30
 God, whiting, oyfter, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
 Slander beside her, like a Magpie, chatters ;
 With Envy, (spitting Cat) dread foe to peace ;
 Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
 And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
 Her mouth was black as bulldogs at the stall :
 She scratch'd, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all ; 40
 Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call :
 Yea, when she pass'd by or lane or nook,
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch ;
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch. 50
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
 Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry
 pride.

IMITATIONS OF

III.

WALLER.

Of a LADY singing to her LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
 A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes :
 Well might, alas ! that threat'ned vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too blest with these enchanting lays, 5
 Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays :
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
 Lest heav'nly musick should be heard alive.
 Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he : 10
 A Poet made the silent wood pursue,
 This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN of the Author's design, in which
 was painted the story of CEPHALUS and
 PROCRIS, with the Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air ! th' Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the secret shade ;
 Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
 Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play !
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound :
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove ;
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
 Yet guileless too this bright destroyer lives,
 At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives :
 She views the story with attentive eyes,
 And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

The GARDEN.

FAIN would my muse the flow'ry Treasure sing,
 And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
 Where opening Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
 And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dews;
 Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white, 5
 The thin undress of superficial Light,
 And vary'd Tulips show so dazling gay,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.
 Each painted flouret in the lake below
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10
 And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.
 Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
 And mount the hill in venerable rows;
 There the green Infants in their beds are laid, 15
 The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
 Here Orange trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join;
 Exceed their promise in their ripen'd store,
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20
 There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
 By Laurels shielded from the piercing day:
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream,
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
 Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
 And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays. 30

IMITATIONS OF

W E E P I N G.

WHILE Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the Ocean first did rise:
And thus thro' Mists we see the Sun, 35
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Fortell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away. 40
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that sunny Sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare, 45
Thought fit to drown him in her Tears:
Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

On S I L E N C E.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
Lost in the maze of Words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess;
 Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
 And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
 The only honour of the wishing dame;
 The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
 How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee?
 At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be?

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
 What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
 The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
 Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

TH O' Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock. 5

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state. 10

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride. 15

So have I seen, in-black and white
A prating thing, a Magpye hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk. 20

P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade ;
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And Agents from each foreign state,
 Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
 Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
 Spaniards or French came to her :
 To all obliging she'd appear :
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynbeer*,
 'Twas *S' il vous plait, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a Bride :
 In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare)
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new Titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

VII.

DR. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY
PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need :
October store, and best Virginia, 5
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea :
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd ;
A large Concordance, bound long since ;
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince : 10
A Chronicle of ancient standing ;
A Chrysofom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next.
Lo here the Sepruagint,—and Paul, 15
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his Wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill ;
And fast on Fridays—if he will ; 20
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

AN
ESSAY
ON
SATIRE,

Occasioned by the Death of
Mr. POPE.

Inscribed to
Mr. WARBURTON,
By J. BROWN, A.M.

C O N T E N T S.

P A R T I.

OF the End and Efficacy of Satire. *The Love of Glory and Fear of Shame universal*, ver. 29. *This Passion, implanted in Man as a Spur to Virtue, is generally perverted*, ver. 41. *And thus becomes the Occasion of the greatest Follies, Vices, and Miseries*, ver. 61. *It is the Work of Satire to rectify this Passion, to reduce it to its proper Channel, and to convert it into an Incentive to Wisdom and Virtue*, ver. 89. *Hence it appears that Satire may influence those who defy all Laws Human and Divine*, ver. 99. *An objection answered*, ver. 131.

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P A R T I.

FA T E gave the word: the cruel arrow sped ;
 And **POPE** lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
 Resign'd he fell ; superior to the dart,
 That quench'd its rage in **YOURS** and **BRITAIN'S** Heart:
 You mourn: but **BRITAIN**, lull'd in rest profound, 5
 (Unconscious **BRITAIN** !) slumbers o'er her wound.
 Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting Light,
 And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
 Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
 And counts the Triumphs of her growing reign: 10
 With inextinguishable rage they burn ;
 And Snake-hung **ENVY** hisses o'er his Urn :
 Th' envenom'd Monsters spit their deadly foam,
 To blast the Laurel that surrounds his Tomb.

But **YOU**, O **WARBURTON** ! whose eye refin'd 15
 Can see the greatness of an honest mind ;
 Can see each Virtue and each Grace unite,
 And taste the Raptures of a *pure* Delight ;
 You visit oft his awful Page with Care,
 And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there; 20
 You trace the Chain that links his deep design,
 And pour new lustre on the glowing Line.
 Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
 Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues :
 Intent from this great Archetype to draw 25
SATIRE'S bright Form, and fix her equal Law ;
 Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
 And rev'rence **HIS** and **SATIRE'S** gen'rous End.

In ev'ry Breast there burns an active flame,
 The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame: 30
 The Passion ONE, tho' various it appear,
 As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
 The lisping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
 And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
 The Charms of Praise the Coy, the Modest woo, 35
 And only fly, that Glory may pursue:
 She, Pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great;
 Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
 Haunts the proud City, and the lowly shade,
 And sways alike the Sceptre and the Spade. 40

Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
 To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
 But Man, vain Man, in folly only wise,
 Rejects the Manna sent him from the Skies:
 With raptures hears corrupted Passion's call, 45
 Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
 As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
 He for the *imag'd* Substance quits the *true*;
 Eager to catch the visionary Prize,
 In quest of Glory plunges deep in Vice; 50
 'Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
 He forfeits ev'ry Praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious NATURE plies her part;
 And still her Dictates work in ev'ry heart,
 Each Pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy, 55
 Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er destroy.
 Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
 The Passions rage, obstructed in their course;
 Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
 And drown those Virtues which they sed before. 60

And sure, the deadliest Foe to Virtue's flame,
 Our worst of Evils, is *perverted Shame*.
 Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
 Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
 Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd, 65
 We seek our Virtues in each other's breast;
 Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,
 Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
 Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
 That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
 Tir'd in the treach'rous Chase, would nobly yield,
 And, but for shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
 The Dæmon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
 And whispers close, "*the World will call you Fool.*"

Behold yon Wretch, by impious fashion driv'n, 75
 Believes and trembles, while he scoffs at Heav'n.
 By weakness strong, and bold thro' fear alone,
 He dreads the sneer by shallow Coxcombs thrown;
 Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod;
 To man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God. 80

Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself now quit their hold,
 When to false Fame the captiv'd Heart is sold:
 Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* dy'd;
 Nought could subdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
 Hence chaste *Lucretia's* Innocence betray'd 85
 Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
 Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
 When Passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

IMITATIONS.

VII. 80. *To man a Coward, etc.*]

Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
 Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans son Ame il croit?
 Il irait embrasser la Verité, qu'il voit;
 Mais de ses faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
 Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par Poltronnerie.

Boileau, Ep. iii.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r : 'Tis her corrective part,
 To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90
 She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
 And teaches mad Ambition to be wise :
 In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
 Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire :
 Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise, 95
 And bids the Hag in native horror rise ;
 Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
 And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd Pow'r,
 Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure. 100
 The Worthy court her, and the Worthless fear ;
 Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
 Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
 And ev'ry foe to Wisdom feels her sway.
 Smarts, Pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain ; 105
 Desponding Fops resign the *clouded cane* :
 Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
 And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
 Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true,
 From pois'nous Voice she draws a healing dew : 110
 Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
 To quell the ferment of the tainted mind :
 Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles ;
 And Force strong-sinew'd rends th' unequal toils :
 The stream of Vice impetuous drives along, 115
 Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.
 Ev'n Fair Religion, Native of the skies,
 Scorn'd by the Crowd, seeks refuge with the Wise ;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 110.] *From pois'nous Vice, etc.*] Alluding to these Lines of Mr. Pope;

In the nice Bee what Art so subtly true,
 From pois'nous Herbs extracts a healing dew ?

The Crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain, 120
But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast :
She plays a *ruling Passion* on the rest :
Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground ;
Swift to redress an injur'd People's groan,
Bold SATIRE shakes the Tyrant on her throne ;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants furround in vain. 130

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is Spleen ; all just reproof, Ill-nature,

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill ;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill :
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's spear, 135
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear :
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral shapes,
Turns Duchesses to strumpets, Beaux to apes ;
Drags the vile Whisperer from his dark abode,
'Till all the Demon starts up from the toad. 140

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile !
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of Virtue wakes her scorn of Vice :
Where Justice calls, 'tis Cruelty to save ; 145
And 'tis the Law's good nature hangs the Knave,
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend ;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end :
To Guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind. 150

Scarce more the friend of Man, the wife must own,
 Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown :
 This to chastise, as That to bless was giv'n ;
 Alike the faithful Ministers of Heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent: 155
 Tho' strong th' example, weak the punishment.
 They least are paid, who merit Satire most :
 Folly the *Laureat's*, Vice was *Chartres'* boast:
 Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
 Of Fools and Knaves already dead to shame ? 160
 Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
 Gen'rous and kind tho' painful is her art :
 With caution bold, she only strikes to heal:
 Tho' folly raves to break the friendly steel.
 Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows, 165
 Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
 Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs ;
 The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

P A R T II.

DARE nobly then : But conscious of your trust,
 As ever warm and bold be ever just : 170
 Nor court applause in these degen'rate days :
 'The Villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
 And shew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend,
 'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write, 175
 As Foplings grin to shew their teeth are white :
 To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
 Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile :
 'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
 You fix an arrow in a blameless heart. 180
 O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
 Thou Fiend accurst, thou Murderer of Fame !
 Fell Ravisher, from Innocence to tear
 That name, than liberty, than life more dear !
 Where shall thy baseness meet its just return, 185
 Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn ?
 And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil :
 Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil :
 With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart ;
 And empty all its poison in thy heart. 190

With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply ;
 An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye :
 Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
 And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
 Nor fondly deem the real fool confess, 195
 Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest :

Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
 And oft a destin'd victim shall be led:
 Lo *Sbaft/b'ry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
 And loads the Slave with honours not her own: 200
 Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
 Prophaneness spawns, pert Dances nurse the joke!
 Come, let us join a while this tatt'ring crew,
 And own the *Ideat Guide* for once is true;
 Deride our weak forefathers' *musty* rule, 205
 Who *therefore* smil'd, *because* they saw a Fool;
 Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
 We *therefore* see a Fool, *because* we smile.
 Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
 Lo gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek: 210
 Contemns each surly Academic foe,
 And courts the spruce Freethinker and the Beau,
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
 But all can read the language of grimace.
 Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand 215
 Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the Land:
 Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
 You, mighty *WARBURTON*, shall rage in vain,
 In vain the trackless maze of Truth you scan,
 And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man: 220
 No more shall Reason boast her pow'r divine,
 Her Base eternal shook by Polly's mine!
 Truth's sacred Fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
 And Coxcombs vanquish *BERKLEY* by a grin.

But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule, 225
 That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
 On truth, on falsehood let her colours fall,
 She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
 As the gay Prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
 And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye. 230

Beware the mad Advent'rer : bold and blind
 She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind ;
 Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
 Nor heeds a Friend's destruction, or her own.
 Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside, 235
 Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide ;
 Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
 This point the way, that waft us glad to shore.

Tho' distant Times may rise in SATIRE's page,
 Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the *present Age* : 240
 With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
 And judge the reigning Manners by the past :
 Bid *Britain's* Heroes (awful Shades !) arise,
 And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice :
 Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair, 245
 Till the Sons blush at what their Fathers were :
 Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust ;
 Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just ;
 When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lye,
 Or falsify'd the Card, or cogg'd the Dye ; 250
 Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
 Or Chastity was carted for the Whore ;
 Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dress'd ;
 Or public Spirit was the public jest.

Be ever, in a just expression, bold, 255
 Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold :
 Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
 But let her smile, and let her frown with grace :
 In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen ;
 Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260
 Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
 Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a — :
 The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
 When wrapt in *Irony's* transparent veil :

Her beauties half-conceal'd the more surprise, 265
 And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
 Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd :
 Style *Clodius* honourable, *Busa* chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye :
 Who e'er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly : 270
 Deride not Vice: Absurd the thought and vain,
 To bind the Tiger in so weak a chain.
 Nay more : when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
 The Knave exults : to smile is to approve.
 The Muse's labour then success shall crown, 275
 When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what measures to each Theme belong,
 And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song :
 On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
 And swoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
 Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
 Free the expression, simple be the verse.
 In artless numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
 That mounts the box, and shines a Charioteer :
 In strains familiar sing the midnight toil 285
 Of Camps and Senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle* ;
 Patriots and Chiefs, whose deep design invades,
 And carries off the captive King—of *Spades* !
 Let SATIRE here in milder vigour shine,
 And gayly graceful sport along the line ; 290
 Bid courtly Fashion quit her thin pretence,
 And smile each Affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her Guards betray'd
 Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muse's aid ;
 When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay, 295
 Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day ;

Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
 And white rob'd Chastity with tears retires;
 When rank Adultery on the genial bed
 Hot from *Cecytus* rears her baleful head: 300
 When private Faith and public Trust are sold,
 And Traitors barter Liberty for gold:
 When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
 Saps the foundation of a sinking State:
 When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise, 305
 On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the Skies:
 Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
 And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
 On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus*' height,
 Not lofty *Epic* soars a nobler flight: 310
 Then keener indignation fires her eye;
 Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
 Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
 'Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien, 315
 And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene:
 She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
 Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
 But chief, when *Virtue*, *Learning*, *Arts* decline,
 She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine; 320
 Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
 True Genius gilds the close of Britain's Day:
 With joys she sees the stream of Roman art
 From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:
 Sees YORKE to Fame, ere yet to Manhood known, 325
 And just to ev'ry virtue, but his own;
 Hears unstain'd CAM with gen'rous pride proclaim
 A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
 Beholds, where WIDCOMB's happy hills ascend,
 Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend: 330

To HAGLEY's honour'd shade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r to form a Wreath for You.

But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round:
Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call; 335
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine*;
The Poet can but *set it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold? 340
Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,
For Shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart. 344

Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's Law confin'd:
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the Landscape may design,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man. 350
And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the art, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolsey* or a *Cromwell* rise;
Now with a touch more sacred and refin'd, 355
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.
Here sweet or strong may ev'ry Colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvass glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life. 360

PART III.

THRO' Ages thus has SATIRE keenly shin'd,
 The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind:
 Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprang,
 And Man was guilty ere the Poet sang.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better Age, 365
 Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage:
 Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
 And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
 First on the Sons of Greece she prov'd her art,
 And Sparta felt the fierce IAMBIC dart.^a 370
 To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
 The flaming falchion rough LUCILIUS^b drew;
 With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
 And conscious Villains trembled as he rag'd. 374

Then sportive HORACE^c caught the gen'rous fire;
 For SATIRE's bow resign'd the sounding lyre:
 Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
 And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
 His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
 Politely sly, cajol'd the foes of sense: 380
 He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
 But while he sported, drove it to the heart.

- ^a Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo,
^b Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
 Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
 Criminibus, tacita sedant præcordia culpa.
^c Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, et admittus circum præcordia ludit,
 Calidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Hen

Juv. S. i.

Pers. S. i.

In graver strains majestic *PERSIUS* wrote,
 Big with a ripe exuberance of thought :
 Greatly sedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
 And lash'd Corruption with a calm disdain. 385

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
 In flame bold *JUVENAL*'s exalted page,
 His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*,
 And swept audacious Greatness to its doom ; 390
 The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
 Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But lo ! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
 Swol'n *Luxury* !—pale *Ruin* stalks behind !
 As countless Insects from the north-east pour,
 To blast the Spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r : 395
 So barb'rous Millions spread contagious death :
 The sick'ning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
 Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
 Beneath whose baleful dews the Poppy sprung. 400
 No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
 But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove :
 Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the sole offence,
 Nor aught was held so dangerous as Sense.

At length, again fair Science shot her ray, 405
 Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.]
 Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
 Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow !
 'Tis done—See great *ERASMUS* breaks the spell,
 And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell ! 410
 (In vain the solemn Cowl surrounds her face,
 Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace)
 With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
 And own the force of Reason urg'd by Wit. 414

'Twas then plain *DONNE* in honest vengeance rose,
 His Wit harmonious, tho' his Rhyme was prose :
 He 'midst an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
 With genuine sense, and *Roman* strength of thought.

Yet scarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
 (With grief the Muse records her Country's shame) 420
 Ere *Britain* saw the foul revolt commence,
 And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.
 Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
 Whom latest Time shall view with just disdain :
 A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line 425
 Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine :
 Wit's shatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
 Reflects not Nature, but confounds the sight.
 Dry *Morals* the Court-Poet blush'd to sing ;
 'Twas all his praise to say, "*the oddest thing.*" 430
 Proud for a jest obscene, a Patron's nod,
 To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Mis-fated DRYDEN ! who unmov'd can see
 Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in Thee !
 Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,
 Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice : 436
 A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
 The Pimp of Pow'r, the Prostitute to Gain :
 Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
 To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown : 440
 Unrival'd Parts, the scorn of honest fame ;
 And Genius rise, a Monument of shame !

More happy *France* : immortal BOILEAU there
 Supported Genius with a Sage's care :
 Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest, 445
 And breath'd her airs divine into his breast :

Fancy and Sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless Judgment guides the purest Fire.

But see, at length, the British Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd Isle: 450
Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry Poet's pow'r in *one*:
Each *Roman's* force adorns his various page;
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight, 455
As Spectres vanish at approaching light:
In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each Image justly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, drag'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity; 460
While self seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joys surveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the Poet's mind!
Who yonder Stars effulgence can display, 465
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy Genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 470
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' *ITALIAN* grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her Bard majestic Wisdom came; 475
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taste superiour scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale: 480

Sublimar views *thy* darling Spirit bound;
 Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
 Intent new Worlds of Wisdom to explore,
 And bless Mankind with Virtue's sacred store;
 A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart: 485
 And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
 Fantastic Wit shoots momentary fires,
 And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
 Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of Vice,
 Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys: 490
 But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
 Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
 Like this its beam prolific and refin'd,
 Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
 Mildly dispels each wintry Passion's gloom, 495
 And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
 This praise, immortal Poet, to thee he giv'n
 Thy Genius was indeed a Gift from Heav'n.
 Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
 Reason and wit with strength collected shine; 500
 Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
 Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
 Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse?
 That Friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse:
 That sacred Friendship which inspir'd thy Song, 505
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
 Error like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove;
 'Tis almost Virtue when it flows from Love.

Ye deathless Names, ye Sons of endless praise,
 By Virtue crown'd with never fading bays! 510
 Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
 Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?

Or if, O WARBURTON, inspir'd by You,
The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
By You inspir'd, on trembling pinions soar, 515
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's glory* fire her page:
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end: 520
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline 525
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking Censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed Bards may see
That guilt is doom'd to sink in Infamy. 530

A N
E S S A Y
O N
M A N:

T O
H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

T H E D E S I G N.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my lord Bacon's expression) *come home to Mens Business and Bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the abstract, his *Nature* and his *State*; since, to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verses and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: The other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions, depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

[41]

A N

ESSAY on MAN,

I N

FOUR EPISTLES,

T O

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT OF

E P I S T L E I.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to
the UNIVERSE.*

Of Man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17. etc. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver. 35, etc. III. That it is partly upon his Ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77. etc. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and

judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, etc. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, etc. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, etc. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone counterweights all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, etc. to the end.

E P I S T L E I.

A WAKE, my ST. JOHN ! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
 Let us (since Life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man ; 5
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
 A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot :
 Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ! 10
 The latent trafts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the Manners living as they rise :
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ; 15
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know ?
 Of Man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer ? 20

The exordium of this poem relates to the whole work, of which the *Essay on Man* was only the first book. The 6th, 7th, and 8th lines allude to the subjects of this *Essay*, viz. the general Order and Design of Providence ; the Constitution of the human Mind ; the origin, use, and end of the Passions and Affections, both selfish and social ; and the wrong pursuits of Power, Pleasure, and Happiness. The 10th, 11th, 12th, etc. have relation to the subjects of the books intended to follow, viz. the Characters and Capacities of Men, and the Limits of Science, which once transgressed, ignorance begins, and error follows. The 13th and 14th, to the Knowledge of Mankind, and the various Manners of the age.

Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns.

25

What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

30

Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

II. Presumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst thou
find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made

Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade ;

40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,

Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove ?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess,

That Wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be,

45

And all that rises, rise in due degree ;

Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,

There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man :

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

50

VER. 21. *Thro' worlds unnumber'd, etc.*] Hunc cognoscimus
solummodo per Proprietates suas et Attributa, et per sapientissimas
et optimas rerum structuras et causas finales. *Newtoni Prin. Schol.*
Gen. sub fin.



HOPE humbly then; with trembling Pinions soar:
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore!
Gray on Man, Ep. I

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
 In God's, one single can its end produce ; 55
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
 When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God :
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
 Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought : 70
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
 'The blest to-day is as completely so, 75
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :

VARIATIONS.

In the former Editions, ver. 64.

Now wears a garland an Ægyptian God.

After ver. 68. the following lines in the first Edition.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there ?
 The blest to-day is as completely so
 As who began ten thousand years ago.

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer Being here below ; 80
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n, 85
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90
 Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast : 95
 Man never Is, but always To be blest :
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
 Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ; 100
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
 Some happier island in the watry waste,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 88. in the MS.

No great, no little ; 'tis as much decreed
 That Virgil's Gnat should die as Cæsar bleed.

In the first Folio and Quarto.

What bliss *above* he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy bliss *below*.

Where ~~slaves~~ once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire; 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such, 115
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or goss,
 Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If Man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re judge his justice, be the God of God.
 In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, 125
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of ORDER, fins against th' Eternal Cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the first Edition;

But does he say the Maker is not good,
 Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd;
 Himself alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
 Alone make happy when he will, and where?

VER. 131. *Ask for what end, etc.*] If there be any fault in these lines, it is not in the general sentiment, but a want of exactness in expressing it.—It is the highest absurdity to think that *Earth* is man's *foot-stool*, his *canopy* the *Skies*, and the *blavenly bodies* lighted up principally for his use; yet not so, to suppose fruits and minerals given for this end.

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r ;
 " Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;
 " Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135
 " The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
 " For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
 " For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
 " Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
 " My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?
 " No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause 145
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;
 " Th' exceptions few ; some change since all began :
 " And what created perfect ?"—Why then Man ?
 If the great end be human Happiness,
 Then Nature deviates ; and can Man do less ? 150
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires ;
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ? 156
 Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms ;
 Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ? 160

VER. 150. *Then Nature deviates, etc.*] "While comets move in
 " very eccentric orbs, in all manner of positions, blind Fate could
 " never make all the planets move one and the same way in orbs
 " concentric ; some inconsiderable irregularities excepted, which
 " may have risen from the mutual actions of comets and pla-
 " nets upon one another, and which will be apt to increase,
 " 'till this system wants a reformation." Sir Isaac Newton's
Optics, Quest. ult.

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things :
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit ?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of Life. 170
The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. 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 175
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears,
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all ?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ; 180
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own : 185
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all ?

VER. 169. *But all subsists, etc.*] See this subject extended in Ep. ii. from ver. 90, to 112, 155, etc.

VER. 174. *And little less than Angel, etc.*] *Thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.* Psalm viii. 9.

VER. 182. *Here with degrees of swiftness, etc.*] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that, in proportion as they are armed for strength, their swiftness is lessened ; or as they are armed for swiftness, their strength is abated.

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
 No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, 195
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
 VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
 Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass; 210
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 'The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
 Of smell, the headlong lions between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green:

VER. 202. *Stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,*] This instance is poetical and even sublime, but misplaced. He is arguing philosophically in a case that required him to employ the *real* objects of sense only: and, what is worse, he speaks of this as a *real* object.—If NATURE thunder'd, etc. The case is different where (in ver. 253.) he speaks of the motion of the heavenly bodies under the sublime imagery of *ruling Angels*: For whether there be *ruling Angels* or no, there is *real motion*, which was all his argument wanted; but if there be no *music of the spheres*, there was no real sound, which his argument was obliged to find.

VER. 213. *The headlong lions*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the Deserts of Africa is this: At their first going

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine?
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew: 220
 How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier?
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd; 225
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide?
 And Middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go! 235
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee, 240
 From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;

out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable that the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 238. Ed. 1st.

Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man,

D 2

Or in the full Creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
 Tenth, or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the Whole must fall. 250
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky ;
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world ;
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom ? for thee ?
 Vile worm !—oh Madness ! Pride ! Impiety !

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head ? 260
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind ?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame ;
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains 265
 The great directing MIND of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;

VER. 253. *Let ruling Angels, etc.*] The poet, throughout this poem, with great art uses an advantage, which his employing a Platonic principle for the foundation of his Essay had afforded him ; and that is the expressing himself (as here) in Platonic notions ; which, luckily for his purpose, are highly poetical, at the same time that they add a grace to the uniformity of his reasoning.

VER. 265. *Just as absurd, etc.*] See the prosecution and application of this in Ep. iv.

VER. 266. *The great directing Mind, etc.*] " Veneramur autem
 " et colimus ob dominium. Deus enim sine dominio, providentia,
 " et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam FATUM et NATURA."
Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. sub finem.

That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
 Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame; 270
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent;
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere, 285
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see; 290
 All Discord, Harmony not understood:
 All partial Evil, universal Good.
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reason, to think of God, when she pretends,
 Begins a Canor, an Adorer ends.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to
Himself, as an Individual.*

- I. *THE business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His Middle Nature: his Powers and Frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The Limits of his Capacity, ver. 19, etc.*
- II. *The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, ver. 53, etc. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, etc. Their end the same, ver. 81, etc.*
- III. *The PASSIONS, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The Predominant Passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its Necessity, in directing Men to different purposes, ver. 165, etc. Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue, ver. 177.*
- IV. *Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the Office of Reason, ver. 202 to 216.*
- V. *How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217.*
- VI. *That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections, ver. 238, etc. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men, ver. 241. How useful they are to Society, ver. 251. And to Individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, etc.*



*Self-Love still stronger, as its Object's nigh,
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie;
That sees immediate Good by present Sense,
Reason the future, and the Consequence.*

Etc. on Man Ep. II.

E P I S T L E II.

I. **K**NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
 Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
 Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20

VER. 2. *The proper study, etc.*] The poet having shewn, in the *first* epistle, that the *ways of God* are too high for our comprehension, rightly draws this conclusion: and methodically makes it the subject of his Introduction to the *second*, which treats of the *Nature of Man*.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 2. Ed. 1st.

The only science of Mankind is Man.

After ver. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear
 In vain we sigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
 As wisely sure a modest Ape might aim
 To be like Man, whose faculties and frame
 He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
 An Angel thing we neither know nor see.

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet biad, 35
 Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?

VER. 22. *Correct old Time,*] This alludes to Sir Isaac Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on those two sublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the position of the colures of the equinoxes and solstices at the time of the Argonautic expedition.

VARIATIONS.

Observe how near he edges on our race;
 What human tricks! how risible of face!
 It must be so—why else have I the sense
 Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
 Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
 And why this ardent longing for a maid?
 So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind
 'Till set on end, and married to his mind.
 Go, reasoning Thing! assume the Doctor's chair,
 As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
 Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
 Then drop into thyself, etc.

VER. 21. Edit. 4th and 5th.

Shew by what rules the wand'ring planets stray,
 Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his Way.

VER. 35. Ed. first.

Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,
 Describe or fix one movement of the Soul?
 Who mark'd their points to rise or to descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end ;
 Alas what wonder ! Man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art ; 40
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide ;
 First strip off all her equipage of Pride ;
 Deduct but what is Vanity or Dress, 45
 Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness ;
 Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ;

VER. 37. *Who saw its fires here rise, etc.*] Sir Isaac Newton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's motion, and the course it describes, when it becomes visible in its descent to, and ascent from the Sun, conjectured, with the highest appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipses vastly eccentric, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in observing between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities.

VER. 45.—*Vanity or Dress.*] These are the first parts of what the Poet, in the preceding line, calls the scholar's *equipage of Pride*. By *vanity*, is meant that luxuriancy of thought and expression in which a writer indulges himself, to shew the fruitfulness of his fancy or invention. By *dress*, is to be understood a lower degree of that practice, in amplification of thought and ornamental expression, to give force to what the writer would convey: but even this, the poet, in a severe search after truth, condemns; and with great judgment. Conciseness of thought and simplicity of expression, being as well the best *instruments*, as the best *vehicles* of Truth.

VER. 46. *Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness.*] The *Luxury of Learning* consists in dressing up and disguising old notions in a new way, so as to make them more fashionable and palatable; instead of examining and scrutinizing their truth. As this is often done for pomp and shew, it is called *luxury*; as it is often done too to save pains and labour, it is called *idleness*.

VER. 47. *Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain.*] Such as the mathematical demonstrations concerning the *small quantity* of matter, the *endless divisibility* of it, etc.

VER. 48. *Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain.*] That is, when *Admiration* sets the mind on the rack.

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our Vices have created Arts; 50
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 35
 Each works its end, to move or govern all:
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all Good, to their improper Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end:
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void, 65
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
 That sees immediate good by present sense;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 'T hicker than arguments, temptations throng. 75
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The Action of the stronger to suspend
 Reason still use, to Reason still attend.

VER. 49. *Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts—Of all our Vices have created Arts;*] i. e. Those parts of Natural Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, etc. that administer to luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, etc.

VER. 74. *Reason, the future and the consequence.*] i. e. By experience Reason collects the future; and by argumentation, the consequence.

Attention, habit and experience gains ;
 Each strengthens Reason, and Self love restrains. 80
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite;
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.
 Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name, 85
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
 Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
 But greedy That, its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: 90
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call:
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95
 And Reason bids us for our own provide:
 Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
 Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name. 100

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
 Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
 But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

V A R I A T I O N S .

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frightened Fools,
 Of good and evil Reason puzzled Schools,
 Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy ?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 115
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind : 120
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Give all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise :
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On diff'rent senses, diff'rent objects strike ;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ; 130
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how useless lies
The compass, if no pow'ful gusts arise?

After ver. 112. in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite ;
The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

EP. II. ESSAY ON MAN.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came ;
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul : 140
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse ; 145
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse ;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r ;
 As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sow'r.

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
 In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey : 150
 Ah ! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
 What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
 Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
 The choice we make, or justify it made ;
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong :
 So, when small humours gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be prefer'd ;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard ;

VER. 133. *A Man, perhaps, etc.*] “ Antipater Sidonius! Poeta
 “ omnibus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo
 “ consumptus est satis longa senectū.” Plin. lib. vii. *Nat. Hist.*
 This *Antipater* was in the times of Crassus, and is celebrated for
 the quickness of his parts by Cicero.

'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe ;
 A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
 And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends :
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ; 170
 Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence ;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill, 175
 Grafts on this Passion our best principle :
 'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd ;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted learn to bear ;
 The surest virtues thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
 From spleen, from oblinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ; 190
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
 Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with Passion, Virtue points her Charms !
 Then shines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride) 105

The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd :

Reason the byas turns to good from ill,

And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.

The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,

In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine: 200

The same ambition can destroy or save,

And makes a patriot as it makes a knave,

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,

What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, 205

In man they join to some mysterious use ;

Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,

As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,

VER. 204. *The God within the mind.*] A Platonic phrase for Conscience; and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For Conscience either signifies, speculatively, the judgment we pass of things upon whatever principles we chance to have; and then it is only Opinion, a very unable judge and divider. Or else it signifies, practically, the application of the eternal rule of right (received by us as the law of God) to the regulations of our actions; and then it is properly Conscience, *the God* (or the law of God) *within the mind*, of power to divide the light from the darkness in this chaos of the passions.

VARIATIONS.

Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,

Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none ?

But Virtues opposite to make agree,

That, Reason ! is thy task, and worthy Thee.

Hard task, cries Bibulus, and Reason weak.

—Make it a point, dear Marquess, or a pique.

Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay

A debt to reason, like a debt at play.

For right or wrong, have mortals suffer'd more ?

B— for his Prince, or * * for his Whore ?

Whose self-denials nature most controul ?

His, who would save a Sixpence, or his Soul ?

Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,

Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin ?

What we resolve, we can : but here's the fault,

We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice. 210

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 215
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 220. in the first Edition followed these,

A Cheat! a Whore! who starts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel swears the Agent is a dog,
The Scrij'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
Against the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,
For whose ten pound the County twenty pays.
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
And dying, mourns small Villains hang'd by great.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ; 235
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still ;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ; *but some*
 But HEAV'N's great view, is One, and that the Whole.
 That counter works each folly and caprice ;
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice ; 240
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd :
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :
 That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise ;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master or a servant, or a friend, 250
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 'Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign ;
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf, *261*
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;

The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse. 270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law, 275
Locke Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw: ** flatter*
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age: 280
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.

Mean while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:

VER. 270. — *the poet in his Muse.*] The author having said, That no one would change his profession or views for those of another, intended to carry his observation still further, and shew that Men were unwilling to exchange their own acquirements even for those of the same kind, confessedly larger, and infinitely more eminent, in another. To this end he wrote,

What partly pleases, totally will shock:
I question much, if Toland would be Locke.

but wanting another proper instance of this truth, when he published his last Edition of the Essay, he reserved the lines above for some following one.

VER. 286. *And each vacuity of sense by Pride:*] An eminent Casuist, Father Francis Garasse, in his *Somme Theologique*, has drawn a very charitable conclusion from this principle. "Selon la Justice (says this equitable Divine) tout travail honnête doit être récompensé de louange ou de satisfaction. Quand les bons esprits font un ouvrage excellent, ils sont justement recompensez par les suffrages du Public. Quand un pauvre esprit travaille beaucoup, pour faire un mauvais ouvrage, il n'est pas juste ni raisonnable, qu'il attende des louanges publiques: car elles ne lui sont pas dues. Mais afin que ses travaux ne demeurent pas sans récompense, Dieu lui donne une satisfaction personnelle, que personne ne lui peut envier sans une injustice plus que barbare; tout ainsi

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ; 290
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.
See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

“ que Dieu, qui est juste, donne de la satisfaction aux Grenouilles
“ de leur chant. Autrement la blâme public, joint à leur mécon-
“ tentement, seroit suffisant pour les réduire au desespoir.”

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

- I. *THE whole Universe one system of Society, ver. 7, etc. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of Animals mutual, ver. 49.*
- II. *Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each Individual, ver. 79. Reason or Instinct operate also to Society in all animals, ver. 109.*
- III. *How far Society carried by instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by Reason, ver. 128.*
- IV. *Of that which is called the State of Nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts, ver. 166. and in the Forms of Society, ver. 176.*
- V. *Origin of Political Societies, ver. 196. Origin of monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal Government, ver. 212.*
- VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love, 231, etc. Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle of Fear, ver. 237, etc. The Influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good, ver. 266. Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixt Government, ver. 288. Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, etc.*



*See some fit Passion every Age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.*

Chaucer on Man Ep. III.

E P I S T L E III.

HERE then we rest ; “ *Is the Universal Cause*
“ Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.”
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day ; 5
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World ; behold the chain of Love
 Combining all below and all above.
 See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend, 10
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
 Press to one center still, the Gen'ral Good.
 See dying Vegetables life sustain, 15
 See life dissolving vegetate again :
 All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)

WE are now come to the third epistle of the Essay on Man. It having been shewn, in explaining the origin, use, and end of the Passions, in the second epistle, that Man hath social as well as selfish passions, that doctrine naturally introduceth the third, which treats of Man as a SOCIAL animal ; and connects it with the second, which considered him as an INDIVIDUAL.

VER. 12. *Form'd and impell'd, etc.*] To make Matter so cohere as to fit it for the uses intended by its Creator, a proper *configuration* of its insensible parts, is as necessary as that quality so equally and universally conferred upon it, called *Attraction*. To express the first part of this thought, our Author says *form'd* ; and to express the latter, *impell'd*.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 1. In several Edit. in 4to.

Learn, Dulness, learn ! “ The Universal Cause,” etc.

Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
 Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
 All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone; 25
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
 Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn: 30
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays, and justly the deserving steer: 40
 The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
 Know, Nature's children shall divide her care;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

VER. 22. *One all-extending, all-preserving Soul*] Which, in the language of Sir Isaac Newton, is, "Deus omnipræsens est, non per virtutem solam, sed etiam per substantiam: nam virtus sine substantia subsistere non potest." *Newt. Princ. schol. gen. sub finem.*

VER. 23. *Greatest with the least*]; as acting more strongly and immediately in beasts, whose instinct is plainly an external reason; which made an old school-man say, with great elegance, "Deus est anima brutorum:"

In this 'tis God directs——

While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!" 45
 "See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
 And just as short of reason He must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
 Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole: 50

Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55

Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
 Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure. yet for more his pride: 60

All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury,
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65

And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70

VER. 45. *See all things for my use!*] On the contrary, the wise man hath said, *The Lord hath made all things for himself*, Prov. xvi. 4.

VER. 68. *Than favour'd Man, etc.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 46. in the former Editions.

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
 All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
 As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right;
 But as to Man, mistook the matter quite.

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useleſs knowledge of its end :
 To Man imparts it ; but with ſuch a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
 The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear, 75
 Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
 Great ſtanding miracle ! that Heav'n aſſign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt ; 80
 To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beſide ?
 Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt, 85
 Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
 Stays 'till we call, and then not often near ;
 But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'erſhoot, but juſt to hit ;
 While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit ; 90
 Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
 Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
 This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long ;
 One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the aſting and comparing pow'rs 95
 One in their nature, which are two in ours !
 And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food ? 100

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways
 Conſounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays :
 Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
 One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

Prescient, the ties or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line? *+ Cygare*
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
 But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
 On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness:
 So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
 Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps, 115
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love:
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 135
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;

And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those : 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
 Still spread the int'rest and preserv'd the kind.

IV Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod ;
 The State of Nature was the reign of God :
 Self-love and Social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
 Pride then was not ; nor Arts, that Pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
 Heav'n's Attribute was Universal Care,
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare. 160
 Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ; *infanter*
 The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art !
 To copy instinct then was reason's part ; 170
 Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
 " Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take :

- " Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 " Learn from the beasts the phyfic of the field ;
 " Thy arts of building from the bee receive ; 175
 " Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
 " Learn of the little Nautilus to fail,
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 " Here too all forms of social union find,
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind : 180
 " Here subterranean works and cities see ;
 " There towns ærial on the waving tree.
 " Learn each small People's genius, policies,
 " The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees ;
 " How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
 " And Anarchy without confusion know ;
 " And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 190
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.

VER. 173. *Learn from the birds, etc.*] It is a caution commonly practised among Navigators, when thrown upon a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been touched by the Birds ; and to venture on these without further hesitation.

VER. 174. *Learn from the beasts, etc.*] See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* l. viii. c. 27. where several instances are given of Animals discovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own use of them ; and pointing out to some operations in the art of healing, by their own practice.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus*] Oppian. *Halieut.* l. i. describes this fish in the following manner : " They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship ; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail ; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean."

“ Yet go! and thus o’er all the creatures sway, 195
 “ Thus let the wiser make the rest obey :
 “ And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 “ Be crown’d as Monarchs, or as Gods ador’d.”

V. Great Nature spoke ; observant Man obey’d ;
 Cities were built, Societies were made : 200
 Here rose one little state ; another near
 Grow by like means, and join’d, thro’ love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow, 205
 And he return’d a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
 Thus States were form’d ; the name of King unknown,
 ‘Till common int’rest plac’d the sway in one. 210
 ‘Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a fire the Sons obey’d,
 A Prince the Father of a People made.

VER. 208. *When Love was Liberty,*] i. e. When Men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governors by civil passions; the love which each master of a family had for those under his care being their best security.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the first Editions,

Who for those Arts they learn’d of brutes before,
 As Kings shall crown them, or as Gods adore.

VER. 201. *Here rose one little state, etc.*] In the MS. thus,

The Neighbours leagu’d to guard the common spot :
 And Love was Nature’s dictate, Murder, not.
 For want alone each animal contends ;
 Tigers with Tigers, that remov’d are friends.
 Plain Nature’s wants the common mother crown’d,
 She pour’d her acorns, herbs, and streams around.
 No Treasure then for rapine to invade,
 What need to fight for sun-shine or for shade ?
 And half the cause of contest was remov’d,
 When beauty could be kind to all who lov’d.

VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
fate, 215

King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
On him their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' æreal eagle to the ground.

'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man :
Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225

One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son ;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one : 230

Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ; 235

For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God ; and understood
A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,

That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cause ?
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law ;
'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe, 246

VER. 231, *Ere Wit oblique, etc.*] A beautiful allusion to the effects of the prismatic glass on the rays of light.

Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
 She 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's-sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
 ground, 250

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes: 255
 Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
 Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with gore:
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food; 265
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust,
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust: 270
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain:
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus, by Self defence,
 Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God, or friend of human kind,
 Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore 285
 The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before ;
 Resum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
 If not God's Image, yet his shadow drew :
 Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too ;
 'Till jarring int'rest, of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs 295
 From Order, Union, full Consent of things :
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ; 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best a Minister'd is best :
 For Modes of Faith, let graceless zealots fight ; 305
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right ;

VER. 283. *'Twas then, etc.*] The poet seemeth here to mean the polite and flourishing age of Greece ; and those benefactors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, were Socrates and Aristotle ; who, of all the pagan world, spoke best of God, and wrote best of Government.

VER. 303. *For Forms of Government let fools contest ;*] The author of these lines was far from meaning that no one form of Government is, in itself, better than another (as, that mixed or limited Monarchy, for example, is not preferable to absolute) but that no form of Government, however excellent or preferable, in itself, can be sufficient to make a people happy, unless it be administered with integrity. On the contrary, the best sort of Government, when the *form* of it is preserved, and the *administration* corrupt, is most dangerous.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity :
All must be false that thwart this One great End :
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend. 310
Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives :
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun ;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul ; 315
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to
Happiness.*

I. FALSE Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from ver. 19 to 77. II. It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular Laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear, ver. 70. III. What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the Good Man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, etc. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Instanced in Riches, ver. 185. Ho-

ARGUMENT.

nours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior Talents, ver. 259, etc. *With pictures of human infelicity in Men, possessed of them all*, ver. 269, etc. VII. *That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal*, ver. 309. *That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter*, ver. 326, etc.

E P I S T L E IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name!
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, St. JOHN! dwells with thee.

THE two foregoing epistles having considered Man with regard to the *Means* (that is, in all his relations, whether as an Individual or a Member of Society) this last comes to consider him with regard to the *End*, that is, HAPPINESS.

VER. 6. *O'erlook'd, seen double,*] *O'erlook'd* by those who place Happiness in any thing exclusive of Virtue; *seen double* by those who admit any thing else to have a share with Virtue in procuring Happiness; these being the two general mistakes that this epistle is employed in confuting.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 1. *O Happiness! etc.*] in the MS. thus,

Oh Happiness, to which we all aspire,
 Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
 That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
 That ease, for which we labour and we die.

Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind:
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
 Some sunk to Beasts, find Pleasure end in Pain;
 Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain;
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; 30
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.
 Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause 35
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
 And makes what Happiness we justly call
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

VER. 21. *Some place the bliss in action,—Some sunk to Beasts, etc.*] 1. Those who place Happiness, or the *summum bonum*, in Pleasure, *ἡδονή*, such as the Cyrenaic sect, called on that account the Hedonists. 2. Those who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmness of mind, which they call *εὐθυμία*, such as the Democritic sect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was *πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον*, *the measure of all things*; for that all things which appear to him *are*, and those things which appear not to any Man *are not*; so that every imagination or opinion of every man was true. 6. The Sceptic: Whose absolute Doubt is with great judgment said to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the absolute trust of the Protagorean; For the same dread of labour attending the search of truth, which makes the Protagorean presume it to be always at hand, makes the Sceptic conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the laziness of the one is desponding, and the laziness of the other sanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it Happiness.

VER. 23. *Some sunk to Beasts, etc.*] These four lines added in the last Edition, as necessary to complete the summary of the false pursuits after happiness amongst the Greek philosophers.



*Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happiness below.*

Gray on Man Ep. II.

There's not a blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind : 40
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd :
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :
 Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :
 Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first Law ; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50
 More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, stocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their Happiness:
 But mutual wants this Happiness increase ; 55
 All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance is not the thing ;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend : 60
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul,
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
 And each were equal, must not all contest ?
 If then to all Men Happiness was meant, 65
 God in Externals could not place Content.

VARIATIONS:

After ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,
 "And for one Monarch makes a thousand slaves."
 You'll find, when Causes and their ends are known,
 'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.

After ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay :
 The rest mad Fortune gives or takes away.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear : 70
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
 But Health consists with Temperance alone ; 81
 And Peace, oh Virtue ! Peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain ;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain,
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right ?
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?
 Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains : 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
 Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!

VARIATIONS.

All other bliss by accident's debar'd ;
 But Virtue's, in the instant, a reward ;
 In hardest Trials operates the best,
 And more is relish'd as the more distressed.

After ver. 92. in the MS.

Let sober Moralists correct their speech,
 No bad man's happy : he is great, or rich.

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See goodlike TURENNE prostrate on the dust! 100
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their Virtue, or contempt of Life?
 Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire, 105
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110
 What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
 God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial Ill is universal Good,

VER. 100. *See godlike Turenne*] This epithet has a peculiar justness; the great man to whom it is applied not being distinguished, from other generals, for any of his superior qualities so much as for his providential care of those whom he led to war; which was so uncommon, that his chief purpose in taking on himself the command of armies, seems to have been the Preservation of Mankind. In this *godlike* care he was more distinguishably employed throughout the whole course of that famous campaign in which he lost his life.

VER. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent, etc.*] This last instance of the poet's illustration of the ways of Providence, the reader sees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in a return of thanks to, and made subservient to his vindication of the Great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the Author, a person of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finished, viz. 1733.

Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115
Short, and but race, 'till Man improv'd it all.

We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease

When his lowd father gave the dire disease. 120

Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

On air or sea new motions be impress, 125

Oh blameless *Boeth!* to relieve thy breast?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,

For Chartres' head reserve the hanging walk? 130

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?

A kingdom of the just then let it be:

But first consider how those Just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care! 135

But who, but God, can tell us who they are?

One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell;

Another deems him instrument of hell;

If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,

This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140

VER. 123. *Shall burning Ætna, etc.*] Alluding to the fate of those two great Naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perish'd by too near an approach to *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
The real source is not in God, but man.

What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too; 146
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose Virtue figh'd to lose a day?

“ But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread? 150

That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
“ No—shall the good want Health, the good want
“ Pow'r?”

Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
“ Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no
“ king?” 160

Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand; 165
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun shine, and the heart-felt joy,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 142. in some Editions,

Give each a System, all must be at strife;
What diff'rent Systems for a man and wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore struck out
of the text.

Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and fix, 170
 Justice a Conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The Boy and Man an individual makes, 175
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind. 180
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust, 185
 Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
 Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind. 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

VER. 177. *Go, like the Indian, etc.*] Alluding to the example of the Indian, in Epist. i. ver. 99. and shewing, that that example was not given to discredit any rational hopes of future happiness, but only to reprove the folly of separating them from charity: as when

—Zeal, not Charity, became the guide,
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
 Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

Honour and shame from no Condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made, 195
 One flaunts in rags, ^{haillons} one flutters in brocade ;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd. *in a blue habit*
 " What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ? *in a purple*
 I'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool. 200
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow :
 The rest is all but leather or prunella. 204
 Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :
 But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who where good and great. 210
 Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,

VER. 193. *Honour and shame from no Condition rise ; Act well your part, there all the honour lies.*] What power then has Fortune over the Man ? None at all ; for as her favours can confer neither worth nor wisdom ; so neither can her displeasure cure him of any of his follies. On his Garb indeed she hath some little influence ; but his Heart still remains the same.

Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

But this *difference* extends no further than to the habit ; the pride of heart is the same both in the *flaunter* and *flutterer*, as it is the poet's intention to insinuate by the use of those terms.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. *Boast the pure blood, etc.*] in the MS. thus,

The richest blood, right-honourably old,
 Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
 May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
 Without one dash of usher or of priest :
 Thy pride as much despise all other pride,
 As Christ-Church once all colleges beside.

Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards? 215
 Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies—
 “Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?
 Heroes are much the same, the point’s agreed,
 From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede; 220
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
 Not ~~one~~ looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne’er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the Politic and wife; 225
 All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 ’Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great: 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
 Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What’s Fame? a fancy’d life in others breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev’n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what’s unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully’s, or your own. 240
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade:
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike or when, or where they shone, or ~~time~~, 245
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod ;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave ; 250
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 255
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In Parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ? 260
'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
To see all others faults, and feel our own :
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge :
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ? 265
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful preheminance ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount : 270
How much of other each is sure to cost ;
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :
Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall ?
To fight for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ;
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
 Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame !
 If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient ſtory, learn to ſcorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
 See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete !
 In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray. 290

VER. 281, 283. *If parts allure thee, — Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] Theſe two inſtances are choſen with great judgment; the world, perhaps, doth not afford two other ſuch, Bacon diſcovered and laid down thoſe principles, by whoſe aſſiſtance, Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no leſs eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightneſs of his conceptions, and the force of his expreſſion: yet being legally convicted for bribery and corruption in the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, while he preſided in the ſupreme Court of Equity, he endeavour'd to repair his ruined fortunes by the moſt profligate flattery to the Court: Which, from his very firſt entrance into it, he had accuſtomed himſelf to praſtiſe with a proſtitution that diſgraceth the very profeſſion of letters.

Cromwell ſeemeth to be diſtinguiſhed in the moſt eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the Liberties of their Country. The times, in which others ſucceeded in this attempt, were ſuch as ſaw the ſpirit of Liberty ſuppreſſed and ſtified, by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell ſubdued his country, when this ſpirit was at its height, by a ſucceſſful ſtruggle againſt court-oppreſſion; and while it was conducted and ſupported by a ſet of the greateſt Geniuſes for government the world ever ſaw embarked together in one common cauſe.

VER. 283. *Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] And even this fantaſtic glory ſometimes ſuffers a terrible reverſe.—*Sacheverel*, in his *Voyage to Iſcolombkill*, deſcribing the church there, tells us, that “ In one corner is a peculiar incloſure, in which “ were the monuments of the kings of many different nations, “ as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the *Iſle of Man*. THIS “ (ſaid the perſon who ſhewed me the place, pointing to a plain “ ſtone) was the monument of the Great TEAGUE, king of Ire- “ land. I had never heard of him, and could not but reflect of “ how little value is *Greatneſs*, that has barely left a *name* ſcan- “ dalous to a nation, and a grave which the meanest of mankind “ would never envy.”

Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man :
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold :
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame ! 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame !
 Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
 " Virtue alone is happiness below." 310
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
 And chequers all the good Man's joys with woes,
 'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
 With patience this, with moderation that ;
 And raise his base on that one solid joy,
 Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

These lines are extremely finish'd. In which there is such a soothing sweetness in the melancholy harmony of the versification, as if the poet was then in that tender office in which he was most officious, and in which all his Soul came out, the condoling with some good man in affliction.

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears : 320
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find ; 330
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God :
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know, 335
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN. 340
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, etc.]*
 PLATO, in his first book of a Republic, hath a remarkable passage to this purpose. " He whose conscience does not reproach
 " him, has cheerful *Hope* for his companion, and the support and
 " comfort of his old age, according to Pindar. For this great poet,
 " O Socrates, very elegantly says, that he who leads a just and
 " holy life has always amiable *Hope* for his companion, which
 " fills his heart with joy, and is the support and comfort of his
 " old age. *Hope*, the most powerful of the Divinities, in govern-
 " ing the ever-changing and inconstant temper of mortal men."
 τῷ δὲ μὲνδιν ἐαυτῷ ἀδίκον ἐννοῶσιν ἡδίστα ἐλπὶς δὲ πάρεστι, ἣ ἀγαθὴ
 παρέρχεται, ὡς ἔν Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαρίεντις γάρ τοι, ἀΣπικράτης,

'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the blifs that fills up all the mind.
 He fees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known blifs, and Faith in blifs unknown :
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wife is her present ; she connects in this
 His greateft Virtue with his greateft Blifs ; 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Givesthee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ? 355
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence :
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of Blifs but height of Charity. 360

God loves from Whole to Parts : but human soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, 365
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
 His country next ; and next all human race ;

τῆς ἐκείνης εἶπεν, ὅτι ὁ ἀνδραγαθὸς καὶ ὁ δίκαιος τὸν βίον διαγαγὼν, γλυκεῖα
 αἰ κατέλειπεν ἀτάλαστα γυναιρὶ φρονέουσι ἰππας, ἃ μέγιστα θνητῶν
 πολυτρόφον γυνάμει κεῖνται. In the same manner Euripides speaks
 in his *Hercules furens*,

Οἷτο δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος ὅστις ἐλπίζει
 Πάποιθεν αἰεὶ. τὸ δ' ἀπ' αὐτῶν, αἰδρεῖς καὶ κτλ.

ver. 105.

“ He is the good man in whose breast Hope springs eternally : But to
 “ be without Hope in the world is the portion of the wicked.”

Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind; 370
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
 Oh master of the poet, and the song!
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend! etc.*] In the MS. thus,
 And now transported o'er so vast a plain,
 While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
 While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing she feels,
 Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
 Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her course in fight,
 Confine her fury, and assist her flight?

NOTES.

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend! etc.*] This noble Apostrophe, by which the Poet concludes the Essay in an address to his friend, will furnish a Critic with examples of every one of those *free* Species of Elocution, from which, as from its Sources, Longinus deduceth the *SUBLIME* ^a.

1. The first and chief is a *Grandeur and Sublimity of Conceptions*.
 Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
 Oh master of the Poet, and the Song!
 And while the Muse now stoops, and now ascends,
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends.

2. The *Second*, that *Pathetic Entbusiasm*, which, at the same time, melts and inflames:

Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.

^a ——— πέντε πηγαί τινές εἰσιν τ' ὑψηλοῦς. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν καὶ κράτιστον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεως ἀρετὴν βελόν. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ ἁφροδῆν καὶ ενθουσιαστικὸν πάθος. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν συγκριμάτων πλάσεις. 4. Ἡ γυναικῶν φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μεγέθους αἰτία, καὶ συγκληίσσα τὰ πρὸ ἐαυτῆς ἀπαντα, ἢ ἐν ἀξίωματι καὶ διάσειε συνέσεις.

Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe; 380
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please,
 Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes; kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;

3. A certain elegant Formation and Ordonnance of Figures :

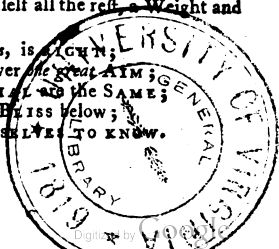
Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?

4. A splendid Diction :

When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;

5. And *fiftly*, which includes in itself all the rest, a Weight and Dignity in the Composition :

Shew'd erring Pride, whatever is, is RIGHT;
 That REASON, PASSION, answer the great AIM;
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
 That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below;
 And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.



ESSAY ON MAN. EP. IV.

That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim; 395
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 397. *That Virtue only etc.*] In the MS. thus,
That just to find a God is all we can,
And all the Study of Mankind is Man.

**THE
UNIVERSAL
PRAYER.
DEO OPT. MAX.**

T H E
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.
D E O O P T. M A X.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

Universal Prayer.] It may be proper to observe, that some passages, in the preceding *Essay*, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturalism*, the author composed this Prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in *free will*, and terminated in piety: That the first cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the Universe as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the *Essay*) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of *Hope* and *Immortality*. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which, of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to his Paraphrase.

104 UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see ;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'ned by thy Breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

MORAL ESSAYS
IN
FOUR EPISTLES
TO
SEVERAL PERSONS.

*Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque,
Extenuantis eas consultò.*

HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ESSAY ON MAN was intended to have been comprised in Four Books:

The *First* of which, the Author has given us under that title, in four Epistles.

The *Second* was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human Reason, 2. Of those Arts and Sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Use and Application of the different Capacities of Men. 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World; and of Wit; concluding with a Satire against a Misapplication of them, illustrated by Pictures, Characters, and Examples.

The *Third* Book regarded Civil Regimen, or the Science of Politics, in which the several forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several Modes of Religious Worship, as far forth as they affect Society; between which the Author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connection; so that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The *Fourth* and last Book concerned private Ethics, or practical Morality, considered in all the Circumstances, Orders, Professions, and Stations of human Life.

The Scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper Years: but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, which more exactly reflected the Image of his strong capacious Mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra Poetæ* that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The FIRST, as it treats of Man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the *three* following ; so that

The SECOND Book was to take up again the *First* and *Second* Epistles of the *First* Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual Capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a Satire against the misapplication of Wit and Learning) may be found in the *Fourth* Book of the *Dunciad*, and up and down, occasionally, in the other *three*.

The THIRD Book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the *Third* Epistle of the *First*, which treats of Man in his Social, Political, and Religious Capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an EPIC POEM ; as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable less invidious ; in which all the great Principles of true and false Governments and Religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned Examples.

The FOURTH and last Book was to pursue the subject of the *Fourth* Epistle of the *First*, and treats of *Ethics*, or practical Morality ; and would have consisted of many members ; of which the four following Epistles were detached Portions : the *two first*, on the *Characters of Men and Women*, being the introductory part of this concluding Book.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

I. THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider *Man in the Abstract*: Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own Experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some Peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, etc. ver. 31. The shortness of Life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37, etc. Our own Principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimagisable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 70, etc. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the Motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. **II.** Yet to form Characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a

man's life, and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the Nature, or at least Character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature from ver. 158. to ver. 172. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his RULING PASSION: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, etc.

E P I S T L E I.

YES, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
 Who from his study rails at human kind ;
 Tho' what he learns he speaks, and 'may advance
 Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
 Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as Books too much. 10
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake ;
 To written Wisdom, as another's, less :
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, these from Guess.
 There's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein :
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross ?
 Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss.

That each from other differs, first confess ;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less ; 20
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
 And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds ?
 On human actions reason tho' you can, 25
 It may be Reason, but it is not Man :
 His Principle of action once explore,
 That instant 'tis his Principle no more.

VER. 26. *It may be Reason, but it is not Man :*] i. e. The Philosopher may invent a *rational hypothesis* that shall account for the appearances he would investigate ; and yet that *hypothesis* be all the while very wide of truth and the nature of things.

Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. 30

Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, 35
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will Life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. 40
Oft in the Passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
When sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious CHANDOS is lov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul 55
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:

VER. 33. *All Manners take a tincture from our own;—Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown.*] These two lines are remarkable for the exactness and propriety of expression. The word *tincture*, which implies a weak colour given by degrees, well describes the influence of the *Manners*; and the word *discolour*, which implies a quicker change by a deeper dye, denotes as well the operation of the *Passions*.



*Boastful and rough your first Son is a Squire;
 The next a Tradesman meek, and much a Liar;
 Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold and Brave;
 Will sneaks a Scrivener, an exceeding Knave.*

(Char. of Men.)

When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60

When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain Characters we rarely find:
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole; 65
Or Affectations quite reverse the soul.

The Dull, flat Falsehood serves, for policy:
And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a lye:
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wise;
The Fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball; 75
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all Int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe fav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette, 85
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

VER. 81. *Patricio*] Lord G——n.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now save a people, and now save a groat.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?

A perjur'd Prince a leaden faint revere,

A godless Regent tremble at a Star?

90

The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithless thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?

Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,

And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same: 95

In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game;

A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,

Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,

Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,

Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew, 101

That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do,

VER. 89. *A perjur'd Prince*] Louis XI. of France wore in his Hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.

VER. 90. *A godless Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

VER. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death.

VER. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule—And just her wisest monarch made a fool?*] The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the abovementioned King of Sardinia.

VER. 95. *Know God and Nature, etc.*] By Nature is not here meant any imaginary substitute of God, called a *Plastic nature*; but his *moral laws*: And this observation was inserted with great propriety and discretion, in the conclusion of a long detail of the various characters of men: For, from this circumstance, *Montagne* and others have been bold enough to insinuate, that morality is founded more in custom and fashion than in the nature of things. The speaking therefore of a moral law of God as having all the constancy and durability of his Essence, had an high expediency in this place.

Behold if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
 Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns :
 To ease the Soul of one oppressive weight, 105
 This quits an Empire, that embroils a State :
 The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

Not always Actions shew the man : we find
 Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind : 110
 Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
 Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East :
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can. 120
 The few that glare, each character must mark,
 You balance not the many in the dark.
 What will you do with such as disagree ?
 Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
 Must then at once (the character to save) 125
 The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave ?
 Alas ! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.

VER. 107. *The same adust complexion has impell'd—Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.*] The atrabilaire complexion of Philip II. is well known, but not so well that he derived it from his father Charles V. whose health, the historians of his life tell us, was frequently disordered by bilious fevers. But what the author meant principally to observe here was, that this humour made both these princes act contrary to their Character ; Charles, who was an active man, when he retired into a Convent ; Philip, who was a Man of the Closet, when he gave the battle of St. Quintin.

VER. 117. *Who reason wisely, etc.*] By reasoning is not here meant *speculating* ; but deliberating and resolving in public councils ; for this instance is given as *one*, of a variety of *actions*.

Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
 Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat. 130
 Why risk the World's great empire for a Punk?
 Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
 But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
 One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.
 'Tis from high Life high characters are drawn; 135
 A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
 A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;
 A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
 Wise, if a Minister; but, if a King,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
 Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate, 141
 Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:

VER. 130. *Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.*] Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries*, in imitation of the Greek Generals, for the entertainment of the world: But had his friends asked him, in his ear, the reason of his sudden retreat from Britain, after so many pretended victories, we have cause to suspect, even from his own public relation of the matter, that he would have *whisper'd* he was beat.

VER. 131. *Why risk the World's great empire for a Punk?*] After the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pursued his enemy to Alexandria, where he became infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra, and instead of pushing his advantages, and dispersing the relicks of the Pharsalian quarrel, (after narrowly escaping the violence of an enraged populace) brought upon himself an unnecessary war, at a time his arms were most wanted elsewhere.

VER. 141. *Court-virtues bear, like Gems, etc.*] This whole reflection, and the similitude brought to support it, have a great delicacy of ridicule.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 129. in the former Editions:

Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?
 Cæsar himself would tell you he was beat.
 The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
 The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, because Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries* of this war, and does not tell you he was beat. As Cæsar too afforded an instance of both cases, it was thought better to make him the single example.

In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays
 145 Blush in the rose, and in the Di'mond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
 And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.

'Tis Education forms the common mind,
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. 159
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'Squire;
 The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
 Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold and brave;
 Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave: 154
 Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
 A Quaker? sly: A Presbyterian? sow'r:
 A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour. }

Ask mens Opinions: Scoto now shall tell
 How Trade increases, and the world goes well;
 Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun, 160
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
 Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found;
 Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd. 165

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
 By Actions? those Uncertainty divides:
 By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:
 Opinions? they still take a wider range: 170
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

VER. 164, 165. *Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found;—Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd.*] Disasters the most unlook'd for, as they were what the Free-thinker's *Speculations* and *Practice* were principally directed to avoid.—The poet here alludes to the ancient classical opinion, that the sudden vision of a God was supposed to strike the irreverend observer speechless. He has only a little extended the conceit, and supposed, that the terrors of a Court-God might have the like effect on a very devoted worshipper.

Don't mind Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

Search then the RULING PASSION: There, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere; 176
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.

fil This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180

Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wife,
Women and Fools must like him or he dies:
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke. 185

Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire 190
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Frier.

VER. 172, 173. *Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,—Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.*] The poet had hitherto reckoned up the several *simple* causes that hinder our knowledge of the natural characters of men. In these two fine lines he describes the *complicated* causes. *Humours* bear the same relation to *Manners*, that *Principles* do to *Tenets*: that is, the former are *modes* of the latter; our *Manners* (says the Poet) are warped from nature by our *Fortunes* or *Stations*; our *Tenets*, by our *Books* or *Professions*: and then each drawn still more oblique, into *humour* and *political principles*, by the temperature of the *climate*, and the constitution of the *government*.

VER. 174. *Search then the ruling Passion:*] See Essay on Man, Ep. ii. ver. 133. et seq.

VER. 181. *The Lust of Praise:*] This very well expresses the *grossness* of his appetite for it; where the *strength* of the Passion had destroyed all the *delicacy* of the Sensation.

VER. 187. John Wilmot, E. of Rochester, famous for his Wit and Extravagances in the time of Charles II.

VER. 189. *With the same spirit,*] *Spirit* for principle, not passion.

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt ; 195
 His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
 A constant Bounty which no friend has made ;
 An Angel Tongue, which no man can persuade ;
 A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind, 200
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd :
 A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
 A Rebel to the very king he loves ;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great. 205
 Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule ?
 'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.

VER. 200. *A Fool, with more of Wit*] *Folly*, joined with much *Wit*, produces that behaviour which we call *Absurdity* ; and this absurdity the poet has here admirably described in these words,

Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd,

by which we are made to understand, that the person described gave a loose to his *Fancy* when he should have used his *Judgment* ; and pursued his *Speculations* when he should have trusted to his *Experience*.

VER. 207. *'Twas all for fear, etc.*] To understand this, we must observe, that the *Lust of general praise* made the person, whose character is here so admirably drawn, both *extravagant* and *flagitious* ; his *Madness* was to please the *Fools*,

Women and *Fools* must like him, or he dies.

And his *Crimes* to avoid the censure of the Knaves,

'Twas all for fear the *Knaves* should call him Fool.

Prudence and *Honesty* being the two qualities that Fools and Knaves are most interested, and consequently most industrious, to misrepresent,

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
If second qualities for first they take.

When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store ;

When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore ;

In this the Lust, in that the Avarice

Were means, not ends ; Ambition was the vice. 215

That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,

Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity, at praise.

Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,

Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.

In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220

But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

VER. 209. *Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.*] This illustration has an exquisite beauty, arising from the exactness of the analogy : For, as the appearance of irregularity, in a Comet's motion, is occasioned by the greatness of the force which pushes it round a very eccentric orb ; so it is the violence of the Ruling Passion, that, impatient for its object, in the impetuosity of its course towards it, is frequently hurried to an immense distance from it, which occasions all that puzzling inconsistency of conduct we observe in it.

VER. 213. — *A noble dame a whore ;*] The sister of Cato, and mother of Brutus.

VER. 215. *Ambition was the vice.*] *Pride, Vanity, and Ambition* are such bordering and neighbouring vices, and hold so much in common, that we generally find them going together, and therefore, as generally mistake them for one another. This does not a little contribute to our confounding Characters ; for they are, in reality, very different and distinct ; so much so, that 'tis remarkable, the three greatest Men in Rome, and cotemporaries, possessed each of these separately, without the least mixture of the other two : The Men I mean were Cæsar, Cato, and Cicero : For Cæsar had *Ambition* without either vanity or pride ; Cato had *Pride* without ambition or vanity ; and Cicero had *Vanity* without pride or ambition.

VARIATIONS.

In the former Editions, ver. 208.

Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.

Alter'd, as above, for very obvious reasons.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand. 225
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past, ^{† rummer}
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last ;
 As weak, as earnest ; and as gravely out, 230
 As sober Lane'sb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend fire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race.
 Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unblest'd : 235
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late :
 " Mercy ! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul ! 240
 " Is there no hope ?—Alas !—then bring the jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
 Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires. 245

VER. 227. *Here honest Nature ends as she begins.*] Hum in nature is here humorously called *honest*, as the impulse of the *ruling passion* (which she gives and cherishes) makes her more and more impatient of disguise.

VER. 231. *Lane'sb'row*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health, and dispel her grief, by *Dancing*.

VER. 242. *The frugal Crone,*] A fact told him, of a Lady at Paris.

“ Odious ! in woollen ! ’twould a faint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
 “ No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace
 “ Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
 “ One would not, sure, be frightful when one’s dead—
 “ And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red.” 251

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin’d
 An humble servant to all human-kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
 “ If—where I’m going—I could serve you, Sir ?” 255

“ I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
 (And sigh’d) “ my lands and tenements to Ned.”
 Your money, Sir ?—“ My money, Sir, what all ?
 “ Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.”
 The manor, Sir ?—“ The manor ! hold, he cry’d. 260
 “ Not that,—I cannot part with that”—and dy’d.

And you ! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath,
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :
 Such in those moments as in all the past,
 “ Oh, save my Country, Heav’n !” shall be your last.

VER. 247.—*the last words that poor Narcissa spoke*] This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness, not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath.



In Men, we various ruling Passions find,
In Women, two almost divide the Kind;
Those only fixed, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.

Char. of Women

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO

A L A D Y.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 "Most Women have no Characters at all."
 Matter too soft, a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

Of the Characters of Women.] There is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finished than this *Epistle*: Yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for the small attention given to it. He said, that *no one character in it was drawn from the life*. The public believed him on his word, and expressed little curiosity about a Satire, in which there was nothing personal.

VER. I. Nothing so true, etc.] The reader perhaps may be disappointed to find that this *Epistle*, which proposes the same subject with the preceding, is conducted on very different rules of method: for, instead of being disposed in the same logical connection, and filled with the like philosophical remarks, it is wholly taken up in drawing a great variety of capital characters: But if he would reflect, that the *two Sexes* make but *one Species*, and consequently, that the Characters of both must be studied and explained on the same principles, he would see that when the poet had done this in the preceding *Epistle*, his business here was, not to repeat what he had already delivered, but only to verify and illustrate his doctrine, by every *view* of that perplexity of Nature, which *his philosophy* only can explain. If the reader therefore will but be at the pains to study these Characters with any degree

How many pictures of one Nymph we view, 5
All how unlike each other, all how true!

of attention, as they are here masterly drawn, one important particular (for which the poet has artfully prepared him by the introduction) will very forcibly strike his observation; and that is, that all the great strokes in the several Characters of *Women* are not only infinitely perplexed and discordant, like those in *Men*, but absolutely inconsistent, and in a much higher degree *contradictory*. As strange as this may appear, yet he will see that the poet has all the while strictly followed Nature, whose ways, we find by the former Epistle, are not a little mysterious; and a mystery this might have remained, had not our author explained it at ver. 207. where he shuts up his *Characters* with this philosophical reflection;

In Men, we various ruling Passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind:
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of Pleasure, and the love of Sway.

If this account be true, we see the perpetual necessity (which is not the case in *Men*) that *Women* lie under of *disguising* their ruling *Passion*. Now the variety of arts employed to this purpose, must needs draw them into infinite contradictions in those *Actions* from whence their general and obvious Character is denominated: to verify this observation, let the reader examine all the Characters here drawn, and try whether with this key he cannot discover that all their Contradictions arise from a desire to hide the ruling *Passion*.

But this is not the worst. The Poet afterwards (from ver. 218. to 249) takes notice of another mischief arising from this necessity of hiding their ruling Passions; which is, that generally the end of each is defeated, even there where they are most violently pursued: For the necessity of hiding them inducing an habitual dissipation of mind, Reason, whose office it is to regulate the ruling *Passion*, loses all its force and direction; and these unhappy victims to their principles, tho' with their attention still fixed upon them, are ever prosecuting the means destructive of their end, and thus become ridiculous in youth, and miserable in old age.

Let me not omit to observe the great beauty of the conclusion: It is an Encomium on an imaginary Lady, to whom the Epistle is addressed, and artfully turns upon the fact which makes the subject of the Epistle, the *contradiction of a Woman's Character*, in which contradiction he shews that all the lustre even of the best Character consists:

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a *Contradiction* still, etc.

VER. 5. *How many pictures*] The poet's purpose here is to shew, that the Characters of *Women* are generally inconsistent with

Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a Swan. 10
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,
 Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
 If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
 Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the Park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task, 25
 With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Mask:
 So morning Insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly blow in the setting-sun.

themselves; and this he illustrates by so happy a *Similitude*, that we see the folly, described in it, arises from that very principle which gives birth to this inconsistency of Character.

VER. 7, 8, 10, etc. *Arcadia's Countess—Pastora by a fountain—Leda with a swan—Magdalene—Cecilia—*] Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all.—The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that, whereas in the *Characters of Men*, he has sometimes made use of real names, in the *Characters of Women*, always fictitious.

VER. 20. *Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.*] Alluding to the precept of *Fresnoy*,

formæ veneres captando fugaces.

VER. 21. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such Characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent: As, I. In the *Affected*, ver. 21, etc.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice ;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure ; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
 All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—" How charming is a Park !"
 A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
 All bath'd in tears—" Oh odious, odious Trees !" 40

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show,
 'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe ;
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45
 Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd ;
 Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
 Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise ;
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ; 50
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child ;
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r, 55
 And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare ;

VER. 29, and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured*.

VER. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning and Artful*.

VER. 52. *As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate*] Her charms consisted in the singular turn of her vivacity ; consequently the stronger she exerted this vivacity, the more forcible must be her attraction. But the point, where it came to excess, would destroy all the delicacy, and expose all the coarseness of sensuality.

VER. 53. IV. In the *Whimsical*.

Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
 And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
 Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne? 60
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns; 65
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in State, majestically drunk;
 Proud as a Peerefs, prouder as a Punk; 70
 Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming mistress, but a barren Bride.
 What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
 Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75
 She sins with Poets thro' pure love of Wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
 As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
 The Nose of Haut-gout, and the Tip of Taste, 80
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
 So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
 On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,

VER. 57.—*in a Christian trim,*] This is finely expressed, implying that her very charity was as much an exterior of Religion, as the ceremonies of the season. It was not even in a *Christian humour*, it was only in a *Christian trim*.

VER. 69. V. In the *Lewd* and *Vicious*.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *What has not fir'd, etc.*] In the MS.

In whose mad brain the mixt ideas roll,
 Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.

Th' Address, the Delicacy—sloops at once, 85
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live." 90
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
Wife Wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please; 95
With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much Quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common Thought:
You purchase pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live. 100

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Ass so meek, no Ass so obdurate.
Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of Friends.
Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share, 105
For ever in a Passion, or a Pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears, 110
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill those foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

VER. 87. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refined*.

VER. 89. *Nor asks of God, but of her Stars.*—*Death, that Opiate of the soul!*] See note on ver. 90. of Ep. to Lord Cobham.

VER. 107. *Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)—Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"*] i. e. *Her who affects to laugh out of fashion, and strives to disbelieve out of fear.*

But what are these to great Atossa's mind? 115
 Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
 Shines, in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
 No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
 The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125
 No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage,
 So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,
 The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
 Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,
 Nor more a storm her Hate than gratitude:
 To that each Passion turns, or soon or late;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
 Superiors? death! and Equals? what a Curse! 135
 But an Inferior not dependant? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
 But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust
 And Temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140
 Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
 A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
 Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
 By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
 One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

By Wealth of Follow'rs ! without one distress 145
 Sick of herself, thro' very selfishness !
 Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
 Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir.
 To Heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
 Or wanders, Heav'n directed, to the Poor. 150
 Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
 Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line ;
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right :
 For how should equal Colours do the knack ? 155
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

VER. 150. *Or wanders, Heav'n directed, etc.*] Alluding and referring to the great principle of his Philosophy, which he never loses sight of, and which teaches, that Providence is incessantly turning the evils arising from the follies and vices of men to general good.

VER. 156. *Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?*] There is one thing that does a very distinguished honour to the accuracy of our poet's judgment, of which, in the course of these observations, I have given many instances, and shall here explain in what it consists; it is this, that the *Similitudes* in his didactic poems, of which he is not sparing, and which are all highly poetical, are always chosen with such exquisite discernment of Nature, as not only to illustrate the particular point he is upon, but to establish the general principles he would enforce; so, in the instance before us, he compares the inconstancy and contradiction in the Characters of Women, to the change of colours in the Chameleon: yet 'tis nevertheless the great principle of this poem to shew, that the general Characteristic of the Sex, as to the Ruling Passions, which they all have, is more uniform than that in Man: Now for this purpose, all Nature could not have supplied such another illustration as this of the Chameleon; for though it instantaneously assumes much of the colour of every subject on which it chances to be placed, yet, as the most accurate *Virtuosi* have ob-

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the blessing fall
 On any one she hates, but on them all.
 Curs'd chance ! this only could afflict her more,
 If any part should wander to the poor.

“ Yet Chloe sure was form’d without a spot.”—
 Nature in her then err’d not, but forgot.
 “ With ev’ry pleasing, ev’ry prudent part,
 “ Say, what can Chloe want ?”—She wants a Heart.
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought, 161
 But never, never, reach’d one gen’rous Thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
 So very reasonable, so unmov’d, 165
 As never yet to love, or to be lov’d.
 She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;
 And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair. 170
 Forbid it Heav’n a Favour or a Debt
 She e’er should cancel—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe’s ear ;
 But none of Chloe’s shall you ever hear.
 Of all her Dears she never slander’d one, 175
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you’re alive or dead ?
 She bids her Footman put it in her head,
 Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise ?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 180

served, it has ~~two~~ native colours of its own, which (like the ~~two~~ ruling passions in the Sex) amidst all these changes are never totally discharged, but, though often discoloured by the neighbourhood of adventitious ones, still make the foundation, and give a tincture to all those which, from thence, it occasionally assumes.

VER. 157. “ Yet Chloe sure, etc.” The purpose of the poet in this Character is important: It is to shew that the politic or prudent government of the passions is not enough to make a Character amiable, nor even to secure it from being ridiculous, if the end of that government be not pursued, which is the free exercise of the social appetites after the selfish ones have been subdued ; for that if, though reason govern, the heart be never consulted, we interest ourselves as little in the fortune of such a Character as in any of the foregoing, which passions of caprice drive up and down at random.

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen* :
 THE SAME FOR EVER ! and describ'd by all
 With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball.
 Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will, 185
 And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, Artists ! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight. *+ gonfles*
 That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,
 None see what Parts of Nature it conceals : 190
 Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
 To draw the man who loves his God, or King :
 Alas ! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
 From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.
 But grant, in Publick Men sometimes are shown,
 A Woman's seen in Private life alone : 200

VER. 181. *One certain Portrait,—the same for ever !—*] This is entirely ironical, and conveys under it this general moral truth, that there is, in life, no such thing as a perfect Character ; so that the satire falls not on any particular *Character*, or Station, but on the *Character maker* only. See Note on ver. 78. I. Dialogue 1738.

VER. 198. *Mab'met*, servant to the late King.

VER. 199. *But grant, in Public, etc.*] In the former Editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of Connexion might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain *Examples* and

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender Wife ;
 I cannot prove it on her for my life :
 And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
 Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
 Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
 (As * and H* *y preach) for queens and kings,
 The Nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty Line,
 May, if she love, and merit verse, have mine.

Our bolder Talents in full light display'd;
 Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
 Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice, 205
 That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men we various Ruling Passions find;
 In Women, two almost divide the kind;
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway. 210
 That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
 Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?
 Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take; 215
 But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:
 Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
 But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.

Illustrations to the Maxims laid down; and though some of these have since been found, viz. the Characters of *Philomede*, *Atossa*, *Chloe*, and some verses following, others are still wanting, nor can we answer that these are exactly inserted.

VER. 207. The former part having shewn, that the *particular* Characters of Women are more various than those of Men, it is nevertheless observed, that the *general* Characteristic of the sex, as to the *ruling Passion*, is more uniform.

VER. 211. This is occasioned partly by their *Nature*, partly their *Education*, and in some degree by *Necessity*.

VER. 216. *But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:*] "Some men" (says the Poet) take to business, some to pleasure, but every "woman" would willingly make *pleasure her business*:" which being the peculiar characteristic of a *Rake*, we must needs think that he includes (in his use of the word here) no more of the *Rake's* ill qualities than are implied in this definition, of *one who makes pleasure his business*.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the first Edition,

In sev'ral Men we sev'ral passions find;
 In Women, two almost divide the kind.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
 Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means: 220
 In Youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But Wisdom's triumph is well tim'd Retreat, 225
 As hard a science to the Fair as Great!
 Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
 Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures the sex, as children Birds, pursue,
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost:
 At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend, 235
 It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
 Atham'd to own they gave delight before,
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
 As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
 So these their merry, miserable Night; 240
 Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
 A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245
 Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
 A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
 To raise the thought, and touch the Heart be thine! 250

VER. 219. What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this Sex.—
 I. As to *Power*.

VER. 231.—II. As to *Pleasure*.

VER. 249. Advice for their true Interest.

That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :
 So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
 All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
 Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines, 255
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh ! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day :
 She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear ; 260
 She who ne'er answers 'till a Husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules ;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
 Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will ; 265
 Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille ;
 Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox above them all,
 And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270

VER. 253. *So when the Sun's broad beam, etc.*] One of the great beauties observable in the poet's management of his *Similitudes*, is the ceremonious preparation he makes for them, in gradually raising the imagery of the similitude in the lines preceding, by the use of metaphors taken from the subject of it :

— while what *fatigues* the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.

And the civil dismissal he gives them by the continuance of the same metaphor, in the lines following, whereby the traces of the imagery gradually decay, and give place to others, and the reader is never offended with the sudden or abrupt disappearance of it,

Oh ! blest with Temper, whose *unclouded ray, etc.*

Another instance of the same kind we have in this epistle, in the following lines,

Chuse a firm *cloud* before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she *change*, the *Cynthia* of this minute.
 Ruse, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay *Meteor* of a *Spark, etc.*

Heav'n when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last best work, but forms a softer Man ;
 Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
 Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest :
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules, 275
 Your taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools :
 Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride ;
 Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new ;
 Shakes all together, and produces—You. 280
 Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unblest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest. *rise*
 This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
 Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 285
 Averted half your Parents' simple Pray'r ;
 And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf *bien*
 That buys your sex a Tyrant o'er itself.
 The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
 And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines. 290
 Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
 To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

VER. 285, etc. *Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that Hour with Care.—Averted half your Parents' simple Pray'r ;—And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf.* The Poet concludes his Epistle with a fine *Moral*, that deserves the serious attention of the public: It is this, that all the extravagances of these *vicious* Characters here described, are much inflam'd by a wrong Education, hinted at in ver. 203 ; and that even the *best* are rather secured by a *good natural* than by the prudence and providence of parents ; which observation is conveyed under the sublime classical machinery of Phœbus in the ascendant, watching the natal hour of his favourite, and averting the ill effects of her parents mistaken fondness: For Phœbus, as the god of Wit, confers Genius ; and, as one of the astronomical Influences, defeats the adventitious bias of education.

In conclusion, the great Moral from both these Epistles together is, that the two rarest things in all Nature are a DISINTERESTED MAN, and a REASONABLE WOMAN.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, ver. 1, etc. *The Point discussed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessaries, ver. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose, ver. 113, etc. 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due Medium, and true use of Riches, ver. 219. The Man of Rags, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in Life and in Death, ver. 300, etc. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.*

E P I S T L E III.

P. **W**HO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
 And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me ?
 You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
 That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n :
 And Gold but sent to keep the Fools in play,
 For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
 (And surely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
 Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground : 10
 But when by Man's audacious labour won,
 Flam'd forth this rival too, its Sire, the Sun,
 Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of Men,
 To squander These, and Those to hide agen.

EPISTLE III.] This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our Author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous: and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

VER. 3. *Momus giv'n,*] Amongst the earliest abuses of reason, one of the first was to cavil at the ways of Providence. But as, in those times, every Vice as well as Virtue, had its Patron-God, Momus came to be at the head of the old *Freetinkers*. Him, the Mythologists very ingeniously made the Son of *Sleep* and *Night*, and so, consequently, half-brother to *Dulness*. But having been much employed, in after-ages, by the *Greek* Satirists, he came, at last, to pass for a *Wit*; and under this idea he is to be considered in the place before us.



Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his Store,
Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor;
This Year a Reservoir, to keep and spare,
The next a Fountain, spouting thro' his Heir.
Ep on Riches.

Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past, 15
 We find our tenets just the same at last.
 Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
 No grace of Heav'n or token of th' Elect;
 Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil. 20
 B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows,
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

VER. 20. JOHN WARD, of Hackney, Esq; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Dukes of Buckingham; and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the house, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the South-Sea company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several æras of his life: At his standing in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds*; at his commitment to prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand*: but has been so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man by fifty or sixty thousand*.

FR. CHARTRES, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual Bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned: but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, *etc.* into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
 'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve :
 What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25
 Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust :

HERE continueth to rot
 The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
 Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
 and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
 PERSISTED,
 In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
 In the PRACTICE of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
 Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY :
 His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
 His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
 Nor was he more singular
 the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
 Than successful
 In *Accumulating WEALTH*;
 For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
 Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
 And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
 HE acquired, or more properly created,
 A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
 He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
 Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
 When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
 And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
 Was at last condemned to it for what he *could not do*.
 Oh indignant Reader !
 Think not his Life useless to Mankind !
 PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Designs,
 To give to After-ages
 A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
 Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
 in the Sight of GOD,
 By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This gentleman was *worth seven thousand pounds a year* estate in Land, and about *one hundred thousand* in Money.

MR. WATERS, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly.

Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires:

B. Trade it may help, Society extend:

P. But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend. 30

B. It raises Armies in a Nation's aid:

P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.

In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;

If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 35

From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,

And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,

"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!

That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly! 40

Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,

Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;

A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,

Or ship off Senates to some distant Shore;

VER. 34. *If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.*] The expression is fine, and gives us the image of a place invested, where the approaches are made by communications which support each other; as the connections among knaves, after they have been taken in by a state engineer, serve to screen and encourage one another's private corruptions.

VER. 35.—*beneath the Patriot's cloak,*] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

VER. 42.—*fetch or carry Kings;*] In our author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a King for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

VER. 44. *Or ship off Senates to some distant shore;*] Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT OF PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the Year 1720.

A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro 45
 Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow :
 Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh ! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy ! 50
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines ?
 What could they more than Knights and 'Squires
 confound,

Or water all the Quorum ten miles round ?
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil ! 55
 " Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil ;
 " Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door ;
 " A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find ;
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind. 60
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet :
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
 Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.

VER. 47. *Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,*] This imagery is very sublime, and alludes to the course of a destroying Pestilence: The Psalmist, in his expression of *the Pestilence that walketh in darkness*, supplied him with the grandeur of his idea.

VER. 63. Some Misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an Association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these Misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a year.

V A R I A T I O N S.

After ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
 Peter ! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs, 65
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
 His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.
 To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
 Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames. 70
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home fix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious Skill, 75
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
 Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall;
 What say you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
 P. What Riches give us, let us then inquire?
 Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,
 Cloaths, and Fire. 80
 Is this too little? would you more than live?
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!

VER. 65. *Colepepper*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart. a Person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the Gaming-table, pass the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a Post in the army which was offered him.

VER. 82. *Turner*] One, who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his Coach, because interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both cloaths and all other expences.

VER. 84. *Unhappy Wharton*,] A Nobleman of great qualities,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *Since then, etc.*] In the former Ed.

Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,

Come take it, as we find it, Gold and all,

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs; 15
 To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Nose and Ears?
 Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
 Or heal, old Narses, thy obscurer ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail? 90
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a Friend;
 Or find some Doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's Wife:
 But thousands die, without or this or that, 95
 Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
 To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
 T' enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part,
 Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:

but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the first Epistle.

VER. 85. *Hopkins,*] A Citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died *worth three hundred thousand pounds*, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

VER. 86. *Japhet, Nose and Ears &c.*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he possessed another considerable Estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was *worth* a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

VER. 96. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat,*] A famous Duchess of R. in her last Will left considerable legacies and annuities to her Cats.

VER. 110. *Bond damns the Poor, etc.*] This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule 101
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool :

" God cannot love (says Blunt; with tearless eyes)

" The wretch he starves"—and piously denies :

But the good Bishop with a meeker air, 105
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself :
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides. 110

B. Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own,
Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.

P. Some War, some Plague, or Famine they foresee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found, 115
He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made Directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on Ven'son when it sold so dear.

money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation* ; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expelled. By the report of the Committee, appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor*. That " God hates the poor," and, " That every man in want is knave " or fool," etc. were the genuine apophthegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

VER. 102. *That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool :*] None are more subject to be deluded by this vain mistake, *that prudence does all in human Affairs*, than those who have been most befriended by Fortune. The reason is, that, in this situation, *Prudence* has never been brought to the test, nor *Vanity* ever mortified. So that *Prudence* will be always ready to take to herself what Fortune encourages *Vanity* to call her due. And then want of success will of course be imputed to want of wit.

VER. 118. *To live on Ven'son*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of Venison was from three to five pounds,

Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys ?
Phryne foresees a general Excise. 120

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?

Alas ! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wife Peter sees the World's respect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold :
Glorious Ambition ! Peter, swell thy song, 125
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold. 130
Congenial souls ; whose life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines.

Much-injur'd Blunt ! why bears he Britain's hate ?
A wizard told him in these words our fate :

VER. 120.—*General Excise.*] Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.

VER. 123. *Wife Peter*] PETER WALTER, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dexterous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his wealth was never seen, and his bounty was never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

VER. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman Lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

VER. 127. *The Crown of Poland, etc.*] The two persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above three hundred thousand pounds ; the Gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.

VER. 133. *Much-injur'd Blunt !*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the

" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood, 135
 " (So long by watchful Ministers withstood)
 " Shall deluge all ; and Av'rice creeping on,
 " Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun ;
 " Statesman and Patriot ply alike the Stocks,
 " Peerefs and Butler share alike the Box, 140
 " And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,
 " And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
 " See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
 " And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
 " arms !"

'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner, fir'd thy brain,
 Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain : 146
 No, 'twas thy righteous end, aham'd to see
 Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree,
 And nobly wishing Party-rage to cease,
 To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace. 150

" All this is madness," cries a sober sage :
 But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?
 " The Ruling Passion, be it what it will,
 " The Ruling Passion conquers reason still."
 Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame, 155
 Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no Aim ;
 For tho' such motives Folly you may call,
 The Folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth : 'Tis Heav'n each Passion sends,
 " And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends. 160

famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *Avarice* in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732.

"Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

"Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use."

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?

That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain, 165

Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the Poor;

This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare;

The next, a Fountain, spouting thro' his Heir,
In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst, 175

And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,

Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:

What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)

His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot? 180

His court with nettles, ^{his} moats with cresses stor'd,

With soups unbought and fallads blest'd his board?

mem. If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more

Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;

To cram the rich was prodigal expence, 185

And who would take the Poor from Providence?

Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,

Silence without, and fasts within the wall;

No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,

No noontide bell invites the country round: 190

IMITATIONS.

VER. 182. *With soups unbought*]

—dapibus menfas onerabat inemptis.

Virg.

Tenants with fighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way :
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door ;
Decharm While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate, *Decharm* 195
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his Son, he mark'd this oversight, *careless*
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed) 200
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine !
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws, 205
His oxen perish in his country's cause ;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The Sylvens groan—no matter—for the Fleet : 210
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils ?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 200. Here I found two lines in the Poet's MS.

“ Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
“ More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.”

which, as they seem to be necessary to do justice to the general Character going to be described, I advis'd him to insert in their place.

In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart, 220
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;
To balance Fortune by a just expence,
Join with Economy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health; 225
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n; 230
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergris, a stink it lies, 235
But well dispers'd, is incense to the Skies.

P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats:
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon? 240

V A R I A T I O N S.

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
In lavish Curio blaz'd a while and dy'd;
There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
And shewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The secret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find:
Still mis'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
By G—'s goodness, or by S—'s wit,

Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
 Un-elbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Play'r ?
 Who copies Your's, or OXFORD's better part,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart ?
 Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene, 245
 And Angels guard him in the golden Mean !
 There, English Bounty yet a while may stand,
 And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross ?
 Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the MAN of ROSS : 250
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow ?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose Causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
 Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose ? 260

VER. 243. OXFORD's *better part*,] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble Libraries in Europe.

VER. 250. *The MAN of ROSS* :] The person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
 Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more !

Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 "The MAN of ROSS," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the Market place with poor o'erspread!
 The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives. 270
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile Attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
 This man possess—five hundred pounds a year. 280
 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your
 blaze!

Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his Name: 286
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;

VER. 281. *Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze! etc.*] In this sublime apostrophe, they are not bid to *blush* because *outripped* in virtue, for no such contention is supposed: but for being *outshined* in their own proper pretensions to Splendor and Magnificence.

VER. 287. *Go, search it there,*] The parish register.

Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between ;
 Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been. 290
 When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end ;
 Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
 Belies his features, nay extends his hands ;
 That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. 296
 Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend !
 And see, what comfort it affords our end.
 In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300
 On once a flock bed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villers lies—alas ! how chang'd from him, 305
 That life of Pleasure, and that soul of whim !

VER. 293. *Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,—Belies his features, nay extends his hands ;*] The description is inimitable. We see him *should'ring the altar* like one who impiously affected to draw off the reverence of God's worshippers, from the sacred table, upon himself ; whose *Features* too the sculptor *had belied* by giving them the traces of humanity : And, what was a still more impudent flattery, had insinuated, *by extending his hands*, as if that humanity had been, some time or other, put into act.

VER. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.*] The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on bustos, off which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster, and elsewhere.

VER. 305. *Great Villers lies—*] This Lord yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50,000*l.* a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 287. Thus in the MS.

The Register inrolls him with his Poor,
 Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
 Just as he ought, he fill'd the Space between ;
 Then stole to rest unheeded and unseen.

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
 Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
 Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King. 310
 No Wit to flatter, left of all his store !
 No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame ; this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, " Live like me."
 As well his Grace reply'd, " Like you, Sir John ?
 " That I can do, when all I have is gone."

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320

Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd ?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want ; he could not build a wall.

His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
 For very want ; he could not pay a dow'r.

A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.

VER. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham.

VER. 308. *Shrewsbury*] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel ; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page.

VER. 312. *No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.*] That is, he liked disguised flattery better than the more direct and avowed. And no wonder a man of wit should have this taste. For the taking pleasure in fools, for the sake of *laughing at them*, is nothing else but the complaisance of *flattering ourselves*, by an advantageous comparison, which the mind makes between itself and the object laughed at. Hence too we may see the Reason of men's preferring this to other kinds of flattery. For we are always inclined to think that work best done, which we do ourselves.

What ev'n deny'd a coffin at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 130
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad;
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
 Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
 "Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd? 335
 Or are they both, in this their own reward?
 A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
 But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies; 340
 There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal afford, 345
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
 Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old: 350
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355
 And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

VER. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the papists.

VER. 355. *Cornish*] The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that

VARIATIONS.

VER. 337. In the former Editions,

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
 Or tell a tale?—A Tale.—It follows thus.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :
 " Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word ;
 And lo ! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
 An honest factor stole a Gem away :
 He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
 So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
 Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365
 " I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
 " Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
 " And am so clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time ; the work he ply'd ;
 Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370
 'Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent
 In one abundant show'r of Cent per Cent,
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit, 375
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
 What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
 And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn :
 His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn : 380
 Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life)
 But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
 My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight ; 385
 He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite :

coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives ; when a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off ; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people : Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.

Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the Fair)
 The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :
 First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies: 390
 His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
 She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
 In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
 And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.
 My Lady falls to play : so bad her chance, 395
 He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;
 The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues ;
 The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs ;
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown : 400
 The Devil and the King divide the prize,
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

VER. 401. *The Devil and the King divide the prize,*] This is to be understood in a very sober and decent sense ; as a Satire only on such Ministers of State which History informs us have been found, who aided the *Devil* in his *temptations*, in order to foment, if not to make, Plots for the sake of confiscations. So sure always, and just is our author's satire, even in those places where he seems most to have indulged himself only in an elegant badinage. But this Satire on the *abuse* of the general Laws of forfeiture for high-treason, which all well-policed communities have found expedient to provide themselves withal, is by no means to be understood as a reflection on the Laws themselves, whose necessity, equity, and even lenity have been excellently well vindicated in that very learned and elegant discourse intitled, *Some Considerations on the Law of Forfeiture for high Treason*. Third Edition, London, 1748.

Ver. ult.—*curses God and dies.*] i. e. Fell under the Temptation ; alluding to the story of Job referred to above.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 394. *And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.*]

—atque unum civem donare Sibylla,

Juv.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THE Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensve undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will be but perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous, ver. 65, etc. to 92. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, ver. 97. and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling,

or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, etc. A word or two of false Taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, ver. 133, etc. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the first Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, etc.] What are the proper Objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of Great Men, ver. 177, etc. and finally the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, ver. 191, to the end.

E P I S T L E IV.

TIS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
 Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ; 5
 Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats :
 He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs,
 For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins ;
 Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane. 10
 Think we all these are for himself? no more
 Than his fine Wife, alas! a finer Whore.

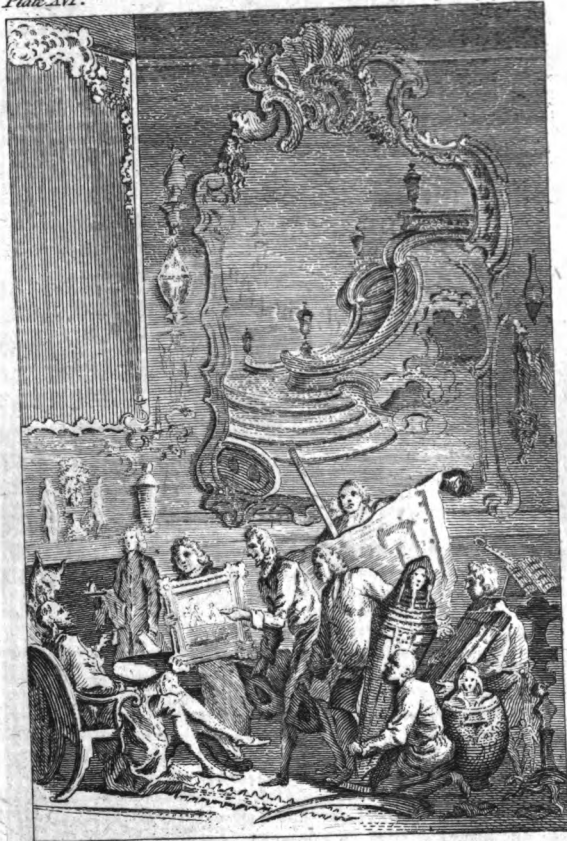
EPISTLE IV.] The extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion* being treated of in the foregoing Epistle ; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the *Vanity of Expence* in people of wealth and quality ; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, just as the epistle on the *Characters of Women* is to that of the *Knowledge and Characters of Men*. It is equally remarkable for exactness of method with the rest. But the nature of the subject, which is less philosophical, makes it capable of being analyzed in a much narrower compass.

VER. 7. *Topham,*] A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings.

VER. 8. *For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins ;*] The Author speaks here not as a Philosopher or Divine, but as a *Connoisseur* and Antiquary ; consequently the *dirty* attributè here assigned these Gods of old renown, is not in disparagement of their worth, but in high commendation of their genuine pretensions.

VER. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane,*] Two eminent Physicians ; the one had an excellent Library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities ; both men of great learning and humanity.

VER. 12. *Than his fine Wife, alas ! or finer Whore.*] By the Author's manner of putting together these two different Utensils of *false Magnificence*, it appears, that, properly speaking, neither the *Wife* nor the *Whore* is the real object of *modern taste*, but the *Finery* only : and whoever wears it, whether the Wife or the Whore, it matters not ; any further than that the *latter* is thought



*What brought S.^r Visto's ill got Wealth to waste?
Some Damon whisper'd Visto! have a Taste.
cp. on Taste.*

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?
 Only to shew, how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ? 15
 Some Dæmon whisper'd " Visto ! have a Taste."
 Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,
 And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
 See ! sportive Fate, to punish aukward pride,
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a Guide : 20
 A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
 That never Coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompous buildings once were things of Use.
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules 25
 Fill half the land with imitating Fools ;
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make ;
 Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
 Turn Arts of triumph to a Garden-gate ; 30
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall ;
 Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
 That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.

to deserve it best, as appears from her having most of it ; and so indeed becomes, by accident, the more fashionable Thing of the wo.

VER. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first Minister, who raised him to an Architect, without any genius in the art : and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of works.

VER. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Must Bishops, Lawyers, Statesmen, have the skill
 To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will ?
 Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
 Bridgman explain the Gospel, Gibbs the Law ?

Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar, 35
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;
 Conscious they ast a true Palladian part,
 And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear : 40
 Something there is more needful than Expençe,
 And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense :
 Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
 And tho' no Science, fairly worth the seven :
 A Light, which in yourself you must perceive ; 45
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the Column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot ;
 In all, let Nature never be forgot. 50
 But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare ;
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55
 Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all ;
 That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall ;
 Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to scale,
 Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale ; 60

VER. 46. *Inigo Jones*, the celebrated Architect ; and *M. Le Nôtre*, the designer of the best Gardens in France.

VER. 57. *Consult the Genius of the Place, etc.*—to *design*, ver. 64.] The personalizing or rather *deifying* the *Genius of the place*, in order to be consulted as an *Oracle*, has produced one of the noblest and most sublime descriptions of *Design*, that poetry could express. Where this *Genius*, while presiding over the work, is represented by little and little, as advancing from a simple *adviser*, to a *creator of all the beauties of improved Nature*, in a variety of bold metaphors and allusions, all rising one above another, till they complete the *unity* of the general idea.

First the *Genius of the place* tells the waters, or only simply gives directions : Then he helps th' ambitious hill, or is a fellow-labourer :

Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow *Sense*, of ev'ry Art the Soul, 65
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a *Stow*. 70

Without it, proud *Versailles*! thy glory falls;
And *Nero's Terraces* desert their walls:
The vast *Parterres* a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! *COBHAM* comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the Plain, 75
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an *Hermitage* set *Dr. Clarke*.

Then again he *scoops the circling Theatre*, or works alone, or in chief.
Afterwards, rising fast in our idea of dignity, he *calls in the country*,
alluding to the orders of princes in their progress, when accustomed
to display all their state and magnificence: His character then
grows sacred, he *joins willing woods*, a metaphor taken from one
of the offices of the priesthood; 'till at length, he becomes a *Di-*
vinity, and creates and presides over the whole:

Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines,
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Much in the same manner as the *plastic Nature* is supposed to do, in
the work of human generation.

VER. 70. The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham
in Buckinghamshire.

VER. 75, 76. Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,—
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.] This was done in Hert-
fordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000*l.* by
which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-
wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and
defended by beautiful woods.

VER. 78. — set *Dr. Clarke*.] *Dr. S. Clarke's* busto placed by the
Queen in the *Hermitage*, while the *Dr.* duly frequented the *Court*. *P.*
But he should have added—with the innocence and disinterestedness
of a *Hermit*.

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete ;
 His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet; 80
 The wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of Shade contends with strength of Light ;
 A waving Glow the bloomy beds display,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er— 85
 Enjoy them, you ! Villario, can no more ;
 Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
 Or fate delighted in the thick'ning shade, 90
 With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet !
 His Son's fine Taste an op'ner Vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves ;
 One boundless Green, or flourish'd carpet views, 95
 With all the mournful family of Yews ; *ifs*
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, " What sums are thrown away !" 101
 So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air,
 Soft and Agreeable come never there.

VER. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty: a *boundless Green*, large and naked as a Field, or a *flourish'd carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

VER. 96.—*mournful family of Yews* ;] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of Evergreens (particularly Yews, which are the most tonsile) as to destroy the nobler Forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as Pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral procession.

VER. 99. *At Timon's Villa*] This description is intended to comprize the principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but Good Sense can attain it.

Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
 To compass this, his Building is a Town, 105
 His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down :
 Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze !
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !
 The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground, 110
 Two Cupids squirt before : a Lake behind ^{+ jets} ^{can}
 Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
 His Gardens next your admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall !
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene, 115
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
 Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees ; 120
 With here a Fountain, never to be play'd ;
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade ;

VER. 104. —all Brobdignag] A region of giants, in the satire of *Gulliver*.

VER. 117, 118. *Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,—And half the platform just reflects the other.*] This is exactly the two puddings of the citizen in the foregoing fable, only served up a little more magnificently : But both on the same absurd principle of wrong taste, viz. that one can never have too much of a good thing.

Ibid. *Grove nods at grove, etc.*] The exquisite humour of this expression arises solely from its significancy. These *groves* that have no meaning, but very near relationship, can express themselves only like twin-idiots by *nods* ;

— nutant ad mutua Palmæ

Fœdera—

as the Poet says, which just serves to let us understand, that they know one another, as having been nursed, and brought up by one common parent.

Here Amphitrite fails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
 There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
 First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat; 130
 And when up ten steep slopes you've drag'd your thighs,
 Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd?
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
 To all their dated backs he turns you round; 135
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
 Lo some are Vellom, and the rest as good
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons-you to all the Pride of Pray'r:

VER. 124. The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens*.

VER. 130. The *Approaches* and *Communications* of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill judged, and inconvenient.

VER. 133. *His Study, etc.*] The false taste in Books; a satire on the vanity of collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.

VER. 141. The false taste in *Music*, improper to the subject, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organists, etc.

VER. 142. *That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:*] This absurdity is very happily expressed; *Pride*, of all human follies, being the first we should leave behind us when we approach the sacred altar. But he who could take Meanness for Magnificence, might easily mistake Humility for Meanness.

Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.
 On painted Cielings you devoutly stare, 145
 Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
 Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.
 To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite, *joy an*
 Who never mentions Hell to ears polite. 150

But hark ! the chiming Clocks to dinner call ;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall :
 The rich Buffet well colour'd Serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face. *+ vomit*
 Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ? 155
 No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
 A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.

VER. 145.—And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in Churches, *etc.* which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.

VER. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre,*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, *etc.* at Windsor, Hampton-Court, *etc.* and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places.

VER. 150. *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatened the sinner with punishment in a "a place which he thought it not decent to name" in so polite an assembly."

VER. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments* (though sometimes practised by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, *etc.* are introduced in Grottoes or Buffets.

VER. 153. *The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,*] The circumstance of being *well-colour'd* shews this ornament not only to be very absurd, but very odious too; and has a peculiar beauty, as, in one instance of false Taste, viz. *an injudicious choice in imitation*, he gives (in the epithet employed) the suggestion of another, which is the *injudicious manner of it*.

VER. 155. *Is this a dinner ? etc.*) The proud Festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there. 160
 Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God blefs the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, carcs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave, 165
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
 I curse fuch lavish cost, and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed;
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread 170
 The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
 His charitable Vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden Ear
 Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
 Deep Harvest bury all his pride has plann'd, 175
 And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil?
 Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
 'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expencc,
 And Splendor borrows all her rays from Sense. 180

VER. 160. *Sancho's dread Doctor*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii.

VER. 169. *Yet hence the Poor, etc.*] The *Moral* of the whole, where PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad Taste employs more hands, and diffuses Expencc more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. ver. 230—7, and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 161, etc.

VER. 176. *And laughing Ceres reassume the land.*] The great beauty of this line is an instance of the art peculiar to our poet; by which he has so disposed a trite classical figure, as not only to make it do its vulgar office, of representing a very *plentiful harvest*, but also to assume the *Image of Nature*, re-establishing herself in her rights, and *mocking* the vain efforts of false magnificence, which would keep her out of them.

VER. 179, 180. *'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expencc—And Splendor borrows all her rays from Sense.*] Here the poet, to make the examples of good Taste the better understood, introduces them

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase:
 Whose chearful Tenants bless their yearly toil,
 Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;
 Whose ample Lawns are not ashamed to feed 185
 The milky heifer and deserving steed; + *quartie*
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
 But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a Country, and then raise a Town. 190

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
 'Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind, 195
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
 Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
 Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend;

with a summary of his *Precepts* in these two sublime lines: for, the consulting *Use* is *beginning with Sense*; and the making *Splendor* or *Taste* borrow all its rays from thence, is *going on with Sense*, after she has led us up to *Taste*. The art of this can never be sufficiently admired. But the Expression is equal to the Thought. This *sanctifying* of expence gives us the idea of something consecrated and set apart for sacred uses; and indeed, it is the idea under which it may be properly considered: For wealth employed according to the *intention* of Providence, is its true consecration; and the real uses of humanity were certainly *first* in its *intention*.

Vxx. 195. 197, etc. *'Till Kings—Bid Harbours open, etc.*] The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This Poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall)
 others very vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, etc. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly

*signe
jeter*
 Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
 The Mole projected break the roaring Main; 200
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
 And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land;
 These Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
 These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

passable; and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself: The proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge passed through both houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in these lines,

Who builds a Bridge that never drowns a pile?
 Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.

See the notes on that place.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. ADDISON,

Occasioned by his Dialogues on MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waste of all devouring years !
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches broken temples spread !
 The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead !
 Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd,
 Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd :

EPISTLE V.] This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr. Tickell's Edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion*; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that *Vanity*, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins: and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

VER. 6. *Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd :*] The inattentive reader might wonder how this circumstance came to find a place here. But let him compare it with ver. 13, 14. and he will see the reason,

*Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.*

For the *Slaves* mentioned in the 6th line were of the same nation with the *Barbarians* in the 13th; and the *Christian* in the 13th, the *Successors* of the *Martyrs* in the 16th; Providence ordaining that *these* should ruin what *those* were so injuriously employed in rearing; for the poet never loseth sight of his great principle.

Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods:
 Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
 Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they! 10
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
 Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
 That Name the Learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due:

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
 The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust: 20
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
 Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin.
 A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps, 25
 Beneath her Palm here sad Judea weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
 A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
 And little Eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
 In one short view subjected to our eye
 Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, 35
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore. *nonille*
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
 To gain Pescennius one employs his Schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams. 40
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scourg'd:

And Curio, restless by the Fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Their's is the Vanity, the Learning thine : 45
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her Gods, and godlike Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a new.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage: 50
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;
There, Warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; ●
Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;

VER. 49. *Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;*] A senseless affectation which some writers of eminence have betrayed; who when fortune, or their talents, have raised them to a condition to do without those arts, for which only they gained our esteem, have pretended to think letters below their Character. This false shame Mr. Voltaire has very well, and with proper indignation, exposed in his account of Mr. Congreve: "He had one defect, which was his entertaining too mean an Idea of his first Profession, (that of a Writer) though it was to this he owed his Fame and Fortune. He spoke of his Works as of Trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me in our first Conversation, that I should visit him upon no other foot than that of a Gentleman, who led a Life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, that, had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere Gentleman, I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity." *Letters concerning the English Nation*, xix.

With aspect open shall erect his head, 65
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,

“ Statesman, yet friend to Truth ! of soul sincere,
“ In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
“ Who broke no promise, served no private end,
“ Who gain’d no title, and who lost no friend ; 70
“ Ennobled by himself, by all approv’d,
“ And prais’d, unenvy’d, by the Muse he lov’d.”

ADVERTISEMENT

T O

The first publication of this *Epistle*.

THIS 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 aukward 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, 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*.



*Shut, shut the Door good John, fatigued I said
Tye up the Knocker, say I'm sick I'm dead.*

Ex. to the End of the Act.

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,

BEING THE

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

S A T I R E S.

P SHUT, 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.
 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 bemus'd in beer, 15
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,

VER. 1. *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Seatl, his old and faithful servant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will;

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.

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? 20
 All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus sees 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 *Nosstrum* 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;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years." 40

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:

V A R I A T I O N S.

After ver. 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—

VER. 29. in the 1st Ed.

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

"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."

Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,

"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse." 55

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 players 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, strait 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

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.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

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

VER. 60. in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

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 sorer 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, 83

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.

Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',

He spins the slight, self pleasing thread anew: 90

Destroy his fib or fopistry, in vain,

The creature's at his dirty work again,

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.

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.

VER. 92. *The creature's at his dirty work again,*] This *metamorphosing*, as it were, the *Scribbler* into a *Spider*, is much more poetical than a comparison 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.

Thron'd on the center 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 eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henly, 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.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 If 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
 Enough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short.

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

VARIATIONS;

VER. 111. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe:
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
 Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
 Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

Ammon'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
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal *Mars* 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.
 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 jays;

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.

V A R I A T I O N S.

After ver. 124. in the MS.

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

^a Curl set up his head for a sign. ^b His Father was crooked.

^c His Mother was much afflicted with headaches.

The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
 Ev'n mitred *Rockefter* would nod the head, 140
 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 below'd !
 From these the world will judge of men and books, 145
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.

Soft were my numbers ; who could take offence
 While pure Description held the place of Sense ?
 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 kill.
 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, 154
 I wag'd no war with *Brilliant* or the *Minst*.

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
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.

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

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

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From flashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds* :
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166
 Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakspear's* name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170
 The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
 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;

VER. 164. *flashing Bentley*] This great man, 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 solers: sed sæpe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum."

VER. 169. *Pretty! in amber, etc.*] The wit and imagery of this passage has been much and justly admired. The most detestable things 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 scribber *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. 174.—*I gave them but their due.*] Our Author always found those he commended less *sensible* than those he reproved. The reason is plain. He gave the latter *but their due*; and the other thought they had no more.

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

He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
 And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 185
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
 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 fame, and stamp, and roar, and chase !
 And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

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

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. 190. — *nine such Poets, etc.*] Alluding, not to the nine Muses, but to nine Tailors.

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

Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Like *Cato*, gave 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 !
 What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls, 211
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals ?
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?

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 incoherent 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.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?*] Hopkins in the sixth Psalm.

V A R I A T I O N S.

After ver. 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.

I sought no homage from the Race that write ;
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their fight : 220
 Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great GEORGE ! a birthday song.
 I ne'er with wits or wittlings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
 Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill ;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in song.
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead 235
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat : 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder ?) came not nigh, 245
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :

VER. 236.—*a true Pindar stood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for *Plato*, *Homer*, *Pindar*, etc. Vide *Fulu. Urfin*, etc.

VARIATIONS.

After ver 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
 And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god,

But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill?
May ev'ry *Barvius* have his *Buso* still! 250

So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Bless be the *Great*! for those they take away, 255

And those they left me; for they left me *GAY*;
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and *QUEENSB'RY* weeping o'er thy urn! 260

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;

VER. 248.—*help'd to bury*] Mr. Dryden, after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality.

VER. 251. *So when a Statesman, etc.*] Notwithstanding this ridicule on the public necessities of the Great, our Poet was candid enough to confess that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their *private* may. For (when uninfected by the *neighbourhood of Party*) he speaks of those distresses much more dispassionately.

Our Ministers like Gladiators live,
'Tis half their bus'ness blows to ward, or give;
The good their Virtue would effect, or Sense,
Dies between Exigents and Self-defence.

MS.

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?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul 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*?

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

Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285

Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a Tear!

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 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^a,
And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

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

A. You did so lately, was it understood?

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.

P. 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.

Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,

The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

^a 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.

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 *laws* ;
 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 babbling blockheads in his stead.

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

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 ; 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 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. 325 }
 Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,
 The trifling head ! or the corrupted heart,
 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 express'd, 330
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
 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,
 Not proud, nor servile ; be one Poet's Praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways :

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv.

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.

That Flattery, 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 :
 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 ;

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. Oth.* 15, 1726.

VER. 341. *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 Shakespeare, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, etc. which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle*.

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

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 :
 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 :

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. Welsted, Tho. Bently, and other obscure persons.

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

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.

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 *Gibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welfed's* lye. 375
 To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life;
 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.

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.

VER. 375. *Welfed's lye*.] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a Person he never heard of. He also published 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.

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.

VER. 379. *except his Will*.] Alluding to *Tindal's Will*: by which, and other indirect practices, *Budgel*, 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, etc.*] In some of *Curl's* and other pamphlet, 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 call'd an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,

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!* 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 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, 390
 And better got, than *Bessia's* from the throne.

had fallen from a like *Courthy* 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 was the daughter of William Turner, 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. PIO.

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

ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPA BILI.

PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.

XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

WARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI.

VER. 390. A. *What fortune, pray?* P] His friends personating *th^e* Town in this place, and assuming its impertinent curiosity, gives great spirit to the ridicule of the question.—Julian has a parallel stroke, in his sarcastic discourse to the people of Antioch, where 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 informed them of his approach, the master of the ceremonies came up, and, advancing before the company, accosted him in this manner; “Stranger, how far off is Demetrius?” *Now this Demetrius* (says

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.
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle 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.
 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 Languor 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,

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 Bithynian, whose anecdotes turn chiefly upon subjects of this high importance.

V A R I A T I O N S.

After ver. 403. 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.

Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,
 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.

416

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.

K 5

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

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 versified, at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Sbrensbury*, 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.

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 sublimity 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 lightning 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*, adds reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed 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 E I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
^a There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold:
 Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
 And something said of Chartres much too rough.
^b 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,
^c 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

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

^a **S**UNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
 Legem tendere opus; ^b sine nervis altera, quidquid
 Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
 Mille die versus deduci posse. ^c Trebati,
 Quid faciam? praecribe.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Scarce to wife 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.



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

Ep. to Gualtero Part 2.



F. ^d I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
^e And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
 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:

^f 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

^g Or, if you needs must write, write CÆSAR'S Praise,

^h You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

T. ^d Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,

Omnino verus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non

Optimum erat: ^e verum nequeo dormire.

T. ^f Ter uncti

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

^g Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
 CÆSARIS invicti res dicere, ^h multa laborum
Praemia laturus.

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. 11. *Not write? etc.*] 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.

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.

P. What ? like Sir ⁱ 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 ?
 F. ^k 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. ⁱ Alas ! few verses touch their nicer ear ;
 They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year ;

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
 Deficiunt : ⁱ neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*.
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspidē Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.

T. ^k Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,
 Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,
 Cum res ipsa feret : ⁱ nisi *dextro tempore*, Flacci

NOTES.

VER. 23. *What ? like Sir Richard, etc.*] 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 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 Poetasters to the world's end.

VER. 28. *falling Horse ?*] The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard ; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

And justly CÆSAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35
It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. ^m 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
ⁿ 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. ^o Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny 45
Scarfdale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-pye ;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she ;
^p F— loves the Senate, Hockleyhole his brother,
Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50

Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem :
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. ^m Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem ?
ⁿ Cum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est *intactus*, et odit.

H. ^o Quid faciam ? saltat Milonius, ut semel ictu
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

^p Castor gaudet equis ; *ovo prognatus eodem*,
Pugnis, quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

NOTES.

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

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

* I love to pour out all myself, 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.

Millia. * me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
 Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.
 Ille velut fidis arcana fodalibus olim
 Credebat libris ; neque, si male gesserat, usquam,
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene ; qua sit, ut omnis
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

NOTES.

For though 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 had gained him the love and esteem of his Readers: The other had one, which always gained him the favourable attention of his Hearers. For as a celebrated Roman Orator observes " Male-
 " dicit ENERUDITUS apertius et sapius, cum periculo etiam sum.
 " Affert et ista res OPINIONEM, quia libentissime homines audi-
 " unt ea quas dicere ipsi noluisse."

VER. 56. *the Medium must be clear.*] Allusion to a fountain of limpid water, through which the contents of the bottom are discovered. This thought assisted him in the easy and happy change of the metaphor in the following line.

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
 ' Verseman or Proseman, term me which you will,
 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

Vita senis. sequor hunc, * Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
 [Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabelis ;
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis ;
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
 Incuteret violenta] * sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
 Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis
 Vagina testus, quem cur desstringere consr,

NOTES.

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

Ille velut fidis arcana fodalibus olim

Credebat libris, etc.

Perfius alluded to this idea when he said,

Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle! etc.

VER. 64. *Verseman or Proseman, 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 I have a talent for satire. And, at the same time that he vindicates his claim to this his *natural* weapon, *Satire*, he shews its moral use; it was to oppose the noxious qualities which nature had given Cervius for *informing* Canidia for *poisoning*, and Turius, for *passing sentence*. The turn of this ludicrous argumentation is fine and delicate; and we find his Imitator saw the whole force of it.

' 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!
 " Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: 75
 But touch me, and no minister so sore.
 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

' Tutus ab infectis latronibus? " O pater et rex
 Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubiginè telum,
 Nec quisquam noceat " cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
 Qui me commòrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
 " Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

N O T E S.

VER. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hectors, etc.*] Superior t^o
 tutus ab infectis 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 de 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 aug-
 " mentent 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 le trois Puissances de cette partie du
 " monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous
 " sommes pauvres avec les Richesses et le commerce de tout l'Uni-
 " vers; & bientôt, à force d'avoir des Soldats, nous n'aurons plus
 " que des Soldats, et nous serons comme des Tartares."

1 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.
 2 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.
 3 So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
 They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90
 4 Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,

1 Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
 Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
 Grande malum Turius, si quid se iudice certes:
 2 Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
 Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
 Dente lupo, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus
 Monstratum; 3 Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
 Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextra (mirum?)
 Ut neque calce lupo quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
 Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
 4 Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
 Exspectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;

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 though one may be confident there is more force in the 83^d and 84th lines than in

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum; yet there might be something, for aught we know, in the Character or History of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the spirit and poignancy of the 82^d verse of the Imitation.

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

Whether Old age, with faint but cheerful 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.

‘ Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. ‘ 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. ‘ What ? arm’d for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men ; 106

Dives, inops ; Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul ;

‘ Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color.

T. ‘ O puer, ut sis

Vitalis metuo ; et majorum ne quis amicus

Frigore te feriat.

H. ‘ 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. 104. *Will club their Testers, etc.*] 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 talent for 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 Horace, but equal to any thing in himself.

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 Law? 110
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatt'ers and Bigots even 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.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave. 120
 & TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND.
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.

*f Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
 Cederet introrsum turpis; num Laelius, et qui
 Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthaginæ nomen,
 Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello,
 Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
 Primores populi aripuit populumque tributim;
 Scilicet & UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.*

NOTE.

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 either of church or state.

VER. 111. *Could pension'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden*]
 It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times, and there-
 fore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Lælius; it was
 Mr. Pope's, to satirize the present, and therefore he gives the vi-
 cious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the in-
 stances are equally pertinent; but in the latter they have rather
 greater force. Only the line,

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,
 loses something of its spirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, re-
 ferred to, were Scipio and Lælius.

Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.

^b 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, 131
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

ⁱ Envy must own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats, 135
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;

^b Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remôrant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
ⁱ Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendat solido:

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 Valencia.

VER. 133. *Envy must own, etc.*] 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 appears 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.*

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—

^k What faith my Council, learned in the laws?

F. ^l 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;

^m Consult the Statute, *quart.* I think, it is,

Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

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

P. ⁿ *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed! 150

^k nisi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*

Dissentis.

T. ^l Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inciticia legum:

“^m Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
 “*Judiciumque.*”

H. Esto, si quis ⁿ *mala*, sed *bona* si quis

NOTES.

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd, etc.*] *Si mala condiderit.*—A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. “L' Aristocratie est le Gouvernement qui proscriit les plus les Ouvrages satiriques. 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 Seigneur Aristocratique en est percé de part en part. Aussi les *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 grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,
 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.

Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE? si quis
 Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse?
 T. ° Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.

NOTES.

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

VER. 153. 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 named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Case is alter'd*. 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 alter'd*?

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

L 2

S A T I R E II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

^a **W**HAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
 To live on little with a cheerful heart;
^b (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
 Let's talk, my friends, but talk ^c before we dine.
^c Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride 5
 Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;
 Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
 Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
^d But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10
^e Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
 Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

S A T I R A II.

^a **Q**UAE virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
 (Nec meus hic sermo: sed qua praecepit Ofellus,
 Rusticus, ^d *abnormis* Sapiens, *crassa*que *Minerva*)
 Discite, ^e non inter lances *mensasque nitentes*;
 Cum stupet *insanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum
 Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
^c Verum hic *imprans* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
 Dicam, si potero, male verum examinat omnis
 Corruptus iudex. ^b Leporum sectatus, equove
 Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat

NOTES.

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.

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

ⁱ Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or fish deny'd (the river yet unhaw'd)
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

^k 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
ⁱ Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)

Militia assuetum graecari) seu pila velox,
 Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem ;
 Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco :
 Cum labor extulerit fastidia ; siccus, inanis,
 Sperne *cibum vilem* : nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
 Ne biberis, diluta. ⁱ foris est promus, et atrum
 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 vitis albumque neque ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoib.

^k Vix tamen eripiam, posito *pavone*, velis quia
 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 ? ⁱ laudas, insane, *trilibrem*
Mullum ; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.

Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.
 " Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
 Cries " Send me, God's! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"
 Oh blast it, " South-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what Criterion do you 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:
 ° Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see; 35
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse *lupos*? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
 Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

" Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
Villem, ait *Harpyis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
 " Præsentés *Aurri*, coquite horum opsonia; quamquam
 Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Aegrum sollicitat stomachum; cum *rapula* plenus
 Atque acidus mavult *inulas* ° necdum *omnis* abacta
I auferies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*
 Nigrisque est *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
 Galloni praeconis erat accipensere mensa
 - Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant?

NOTES.

VER. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, etc.*] A West-Indian term of gluttony, a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine.

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

¶ The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
Till Beccaficos fold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40

¶ 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.

¶ 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; 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.

¶ *Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit praetorius. ergo*

¶ *Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit affos,
Parebit parvi docilis Romana juventus.*

¶ *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravus detorseris.* ¶ *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*

N O T E S.

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

VER. 43. *Or ev'n to crack live Craw-fish;*] There is force and humour in *edixerit* and *parebit*, which the imitation does not reach.

VER. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch,*] Our Poet had the art of giving wit and dignity to his Billingsgate, which Horace seems not to have learnt.

But on some ^w lucky day (as when they found 55
 A lost Bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, ^x old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear :
 Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

^y He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;
 Nor ^z stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ;
 Nor lets, like ^b Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

^c Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring :
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
^d First Health : The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft ^e the School-boy's simple fare,
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum
^w *Fessos albatuſ celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri*
Caulibus inſtillat ^x veteris non parcuſ aceti.

Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur ? hac urget lupus, hac cania, aiunt,
^y *Mundus erit, qua non offendat ſordibus, atque*
In neutram partem cultuſ miſer. ^z Hic neque ſeruis
Albuti ſeniſ exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævuſ erit : nec ſic ut ſimplex ^b Næviuſ, unctam
Conviviſ præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

^c *Accipe nunc, victuſ tenuiſ quæ quantaque ſecum*
Afferat. ^d In primis valeaſ bene ; nam variaſ reſ
Ut noceant homini, credaſ, memor illiuſ eſcæ,
Quæ ſimplex ^e olim tibi federit at ſimul aſſiæ
Miſcueriſ elixa, ſimul conchyliâ turdiſ ;

^f 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

To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines. 80

^g 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?

^h Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85

Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;

Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum

Lenta feret pituita. ^f Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Cœna desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum

Hesternis vitiis *animum* quoque praegravat una,

Atque affigit humo *divinae particulam aurae*.

^g Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori

Membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia surgit.

^h Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;

Sive *diem* festum rediens advexerit annus,

NOTES.

VER. 79, 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 aurae.

To *this* his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more sobriety and judgment, has turned the ridicule, from the Doctrine, which he believed, upon those Preachers of it, whose feasts and compositions in Taverns did not edify him; and so has added surprising humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the Original.

VER. 81. *On morning wings, etc.*] Much happier and nobler than the original.

VER. 86. *Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;*] A fine ridicule on the extravagance of human pursuits; where the most trifling and most important concerns of life succeed one another, indifferently.

Ill-health some just indulgence may engage ;
 And more the sickness of long life, Old Age ;
 † For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
 If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains ? 90

* 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 ; 94
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

† 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,
 † That sweetest music to an honest ear ; 100
 (For 'faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a song)
 Who has not learn'd, † fresh surgeon and ham-pye
 Are no rewards for want, and infamy !
 When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
 Curs'd be thy ° neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,

Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus* : ubique
 Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius aetas*
Imbecilla volet. † Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,
 Quam puer et validus praesumis, mollietiem ; seu
 Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus ?

* *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant : non quia nasus
 Illis nullus erat ; sed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hospes
 Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
 Integram edax dominus consumeret. † hos utinam inter
 Heroas natum tellus prima tulisset.

† Das aliquid *famae*, quae *carmine gravior* aurem
 Occupet humanam ? grandes rhombi, patinaeque
 Grande ferunt una † cum *damno dedecus*. adde
 ° Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,

To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name ;
 And ^p buy a rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110
^q " 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, ^r and my heap too great."
 Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray, 115
 And shine that superfluity away.
 Oh Impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?
 Shall half the ^s new-built churches round thee fall ?
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall : 120

Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

^p As, *laquei pretium.*

^q Jure, inquit, Trausius istis

Jurgatur verbis: ego vestigalia magna,

Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ^r Ergo,

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

Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite ? quare

^s *Templa ruunt antiqui Deum ? cur improbe, carae*

NOTES.

VER. 117, 118. *Oh Impudence of Wealth ! with all thy store,—
 How dar'st 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 elegance of ambition 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 spirited by his genius, that what he *improved* struck the vulgar eye more strongly than what he *invented*.

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M^{*o}'s was, but not at five per cent.

^t Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And " who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125
That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

^w Thus BETHEL spoke who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.

Non aliquid *patriae* tanto emetiris acervo?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

^t O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne

^u Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus assuecit mentem corpusque superbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

^w Quomagis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus *Osellum*
Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

NOTES.

VER. 122. *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 pleasure what was sufficient for the support of so great a 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?

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

In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd
 The Lord of thousands, than if now ^x *Excis'd*;
 In forest planted by a Father's hand, 135
 Than in five acres now of rented land.
 Content with little I can piddle here
 On ^y brocoli and mutton, round the year;
 But ^z ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140
 'Tis true, no ^a 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;
^b From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 145
 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 ^c chearful healths (your Mistress shall have place)
 And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 150
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost!

Quam nunc ^x *accisis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,
 Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
 Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
 Quidquam, praeter ^y *olus* fumosae cum pede pernae.
 Ac mihi seu ^z *longum post tempus* venerat hospes,
 Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
 Vicinus; bene erat, non *piscibus* urbe petitis,
 Sed *pullo* atque *boedo*: tum ^a *pensilis uva* secundas
 Et *nux* ornatat mensas, cum *duplice* *ficu*.
 Post hoc ludus erat ^b *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, 6

My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after ^d Standing Armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ; 155
 I'll hire another's ; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends? thro' whose free op'ning gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160
 " 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."
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?
 What's ^e *Property* ? dear Swift ! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to ^f Peter Walter ;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share ;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ; 170
 Or in pure ^g equity (the case not clear)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year :
 At best, it falls to some ^h ungracious son,
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
ⁱ Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford, 175
 Become the portion of a booby Lord ;

O pueri, nituistis, ut hoc ^d *novus incola* venit ?
 Nam ^e *propriae telluris* herum natura neque illum,
 Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille ;
 Illum aut ^f nequities aut ^g *vasfri inscitia juris*,
 Postremum expellet certe ^h *vivacior heres*,
ⁱ Nunc ager *Umbreni sub nomine*, nuper *Ofelli*
 Dictus erat : nulli proprius ; sed cedit in usum

And Hemfley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a City Knight,
* Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. * quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

N O T E S.

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham's, etc.*] Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

VER. 179. *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.

E P I S T L E I.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
 Why ^b 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! 5
 See modest ^c Cibber now has left the Stage:
 Our Gen'als now, ^d retired to their Estates,
 Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
 In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
 Nor ^e fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.
^f 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 ^g Muse take
 " breath,
 " And never gallop Pegasus to death;

E P I S T O L A I.

P R I M A dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
^b Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
 Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
 Non eadem est aetas, non mens. ^c Veianius, armis
^d Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
 Ne populum ^e extrema toties exoret arena.
^f Est mihi purgatam crebo qui personet aurem;
 Solve ^g senescentem mature sanus equum, ne

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

" You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse."

Farewell then ^h Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Tõy,

The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy ;

What ⁱ right, what true, what fit we justly call,

Let this be all my care—for this is All : 20

To lay this ^k harvest up, and hoard with haste,

What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what ^l Doctors I apply ?

Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I :

As drives the ^m storm, at any door I knock : 25

And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke,

Sometimes a ⁿ Patriot, active in debate,

Mix with the World, and battle for the State,

Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,

Still true to Virtue, ^o and as warm as true : 30

Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,

Indulge my candor, and grow all to all ;

Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

Nunc itaque et ^h versus, et caetera ludicra pōno :

*Quid ^l verum atque ~~deceat~~, curo et rogo, et omnis in
hoc sum :*

^k Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.

Ac ne forte roges, ^l quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter :

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

ⁿ Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor *hospes*.

Nunc *agilis* fio, et merfor ⁿ *civilibus undis*,

Virtutis verae custos, ^o *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 humorously opposed to Pegasus.

Back to my ^p native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

^q Long, as to him who works for debt, the day, 35
Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' ^r 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 ^s task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
^t Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some ^u comfort, not to be a fool.
^w Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50

Nunc in ^{*} Aristippi ^p *furtim praecepta relabor*
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subungere conor.

^q Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque
Lenta videtur *opus d. lentibus*: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda ^r fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quae spem
Consiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter ^s id, quod
Aeque *pauperibus* prodest, *lo-upletibus* aeque,
Aeque neglectum *pueris senibusque* nocebit.

^t *Resat*, ut his ego me ipse regam ^u *solerque elemenis*:
^w Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contempnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,

^{*} Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.

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 ^y blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?

Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can control
* Between the Fits this Fever of the soul:

Know, there are Rhymes, which ^a fresh and fresh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60

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

^e 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor: 65
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no ^f bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate.

Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.

Est quadam prodire * tenus, si non datur ultra.

^y Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?

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

Possis, et ^z magnam morbi deponere partem.

Laudis amore tumes? 'sunt ^a certa *piacula*, quae te

'Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

^b Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ^c amator;

Nemo ^d adeo *ferus* est, ut non mitescere possit,

Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

^e Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,

Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae ^f maxima credis

NOTES.

VER. 58. *Between the Fits*—] The sense of
magnam 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 imitated.

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 noble end,
 Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
^h Here Wisdom calls: ⁱ "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
 "As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."

Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
 Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
 Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
 Per ^h mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
 Ne cures ^h 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 sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?
 " ⁱ Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!*] Though 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.

VER. 77. *Here, Wisdom calls, etc.*] All from hence to ver. 110. is a pretty close translation: but in general done with so masterly a spirit, that the Original, though 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 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 Au-

There, I ondon's voice, ^k "Get Money, Money still!
 "And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
 From ^l low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
 From him whose ^m quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in ⁿ 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 ^o Cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D'l, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry ^p child another song will sing,
 "Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King"

"^k O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum est;
 Virtus post nummos:" haec ⁱ *Janus summus* ab imo
 Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
^m Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Est ⁿ animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque:
 Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desunt.

* *Plebs* eris. ^p at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,

NOTES.

thor'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, *conciseness*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this absurd meaning.

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 canibals, 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.

True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
 Be this thy ¹ Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 9
 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 ² CRESSY or POITIERS? 100
 Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
 "With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;
 "Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;
 "If not, by any means, get Wealth and Place."
 For what? to have a ³ Box where Eunuchs sing, 105
 And foremost in the Circle eye a King.

*Si recte facies. Hic ¹ murus aheneus esto,
 Nil confire sibi, nulla palefcere culpa.*

² Roscia, dic fodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
 Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
 Et *maribus* ³ Curiis et decantata Camillis?
 Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, "Rem facias: rem,
 "Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."
 Ut ⁴ propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupi!

NOTES.

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

Hic murus aheneus 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 à sa mode, et demande des remarques proportionnés à son goût;" he then sets himself in good earnest about this important inquiry; and, by a passage in Vegetius, luckily discovers, that it signified an *old veteran* armed cap-a-pee in *brass*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily 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.

Or ^w he, who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro':
 And, ^x while he bids thee, sets th' Example too? }
 If ^y such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
 Shou'd chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;
 In honest S^{*z} take scandal at a Spark,
 That less admires the ^z Palace than the Park:
 Faith I shall give the answer ^a 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 ^b People are a many-headed Beast:

An, ^w qui fortunae te respondere superbae
 Liberum et erectum, ^x *praesens* hortatur et aptat?
^y Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
 Non, ut ^z porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem:
 Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit;
 Olim quod ^a vulpes aegroto cauta leoni
 Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent
 Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.
^b *Bellua multorum est capitum*. nam quid sequar, aut
 quem?

NOTES.

VER. 117. *Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out.*] 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 needed no explaining; so that they impair the *grace* of it, at best, inferior to his Original. For Horace speaks of the common people, *Populus Romanus*, to whom one of Æsop's Fables was properly addressed: but this is too simple a method of conveying truth to the *well-drest Rabble of St. James's*.

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 ^c Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main ;
 The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews ;
 Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews ;
 Some ^d with fat Bucks on childless dotards fawn ; 130
 Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn ;
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
 In dirt and darkness, ^e hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ^f pursues his own,
 Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone : 135

Pars hominum gessit ^c conducere publica: sunt qui.

^d *Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,*

Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant :

^e *Multis occulto crescit res fenore. ^f verum.*

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri :

lidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes ?

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

Pars hominum gessit 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.

But show me one who has it in his pow'r
 To act consistent with himself an hour.
 Sir Job ^z sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
 "No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
^b 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 ¹ Dev'l within }
 Which guides all those who know not what they mean, }
 But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen; 145 }
 "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 ^k stocking thrown?
 That very night he longs to lie alone.
¹ The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151
 Did ever ^m Proteus, Merlin, any witch, }
 Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich? }
 Well, but the ⁿ Poor—The Poor have the same itch; }

^z Nullus in orbe finus *Baiis* praelucet amoenis,
 Si dixit *dives*; ^b laeus et mare *semit* amorem
Festinantis heri: cui si ¹ vitiosa *libido*
Fecerit auspiciu; cras ferramenta *Teanum*.
 Tolletis, *fabri*. ^k lectus genialis in aula est?
 Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibae vita:
¹ Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.
^m Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodes?
 Quid ⁿ pauper? ride: mutat ^o coenacula, lectos,

NOTES.

VER. 143. *Now let some whimsy, etc.*] This is very spirited,
 but much inferior to the elegance of the Original,

Cui si vitiosa Libido

Fecerit auspiciu;

which alluding to the religious manners of th^t time, no modern
 imitation can reach.

They change their ^o weekly Barber, weekly News, 155
 Prefer a new Japanner, to their shoes,
 Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whether) in a Chaise and one;
 They ^p hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160

^q 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 ^r no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd, 165
 Is half so incoherent as my Mind,
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ^s ebb and flow of Follies all my life)
 I ^t plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round; 170
^u You never change one muscle of your face,
 You think this Madness but a common case,

*Balnea, ^p tonfores; conducto navigio aequè
 Nauseat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.*

^q Si curatus *inaequali* tonfore capillos
 Occurro; rides. si forte subucula pexae
 Trita subest tunicae, vel si toga *diffidet impar*;
 Rides. quid, ^r mea cum pugnat *sententia* secum;
 Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;
^s Aestuât, et virae disconvenit ordine toto;
^t Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
^u Infanire putas solennia me, neque rides,

NOTES.

VER. 155. *They change their weekly Barber, etc.*] These six lines much more spirited than the Original. In Horace, the people's inconstancy of temper is satirized only in a simple exposure of the case. Here the ridicule on the folly is heightened by an humorous picture of the various objects of that inconstancy.

Nor ^w 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 ^x 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; 180
 Great without Title, without Fortune blest'd;
 Rich ^y ev'n when plunder'd, ^z honour'd while oppress'd;
 Lov'd ^a without youth, and follow'd without power;
 At home, tho' exil'd, ^b free, tho' in the Tower;
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185
 Just ^c less than Jove, and ^d much above a King,
 Nay, half in heav'n—^e except (what's mighty odd)
 A fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-god?

Nec ^w *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere
 A *praetore* dati; rerum ^x tutela mearum
 Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,
 De te *pendentis*, te *respicientis* amici.

Ad summam, *sapiens* uno ^c minor est *Jove*, ^y dives,
^b Liber, ^z honoratus, ^a pulcher, ^d rex denique regum;
 Praecipue sanus, ^e nisi cum pituita molesta est.

NOTES.

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

M 4

EPISTLE 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)

^b This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
 Self-center’d Sun, and Stars that run and fall,

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,
 Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

^b Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis

NOTES.

VER. 3. *dear MURRAY,*] This Piece is the most finished of all his imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of 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 of 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.

VER. 6. *Stars that rise and fall,*] The Original is,
 decedentia certis

Tempora momentis,

which words simply and literally signify, *the change of seasons*. But this change being considered as an object of admiration, his imitator has judiciously expressed it in the more sublime figurative terms of

Stars that rise and fall;

by whose courses the seasons are marked and distinguished.

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 ^c this dreadful All without a fear. 10

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

If weak the ^h 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 ⁱ joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.

Tempora momentis, sunt qui ^c formidine nulla
 Imbuti spectent. ^d quid censes, munera terrae ?
 Quid, maris extremos Arabas ^e ditantis et Indos ?
 Ludicra, quid, ^f plausus, et amici dona Quiritis ?
 Quo spectanda modo, ^g quo sensu credis et ore ?
^h Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem
 Quo cupiens pacto : pavor est utrobique molestus :
 Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque :
ⁱ Gaudeat, an doleat ; cupiat metuatne ; quid ad rem,

NOTES.

VER. 8. *trust the Ruler with his skies—To him commit the hour.* Our Author, in these imitations, has been all along careful to correct the loose morals, and absurd divinity of his Original.

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.

Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away ; 25
 For ^k Virtue's self may too much zeal he had ;
 The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
^l 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 ^m Parian Charms with learned eyes :
 Be struck with bright ⁿ Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
 Our Birthday Nobles' splendid Livery.
 If not so pleas'd, at ^o Council-board rejoice,
 To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice ; 35

Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,
 Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet ?

^k Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui ;
 Ultra quam satis est, *virtutem* si petat ipsam.

^l I nunc, argentum et marmor ^m *vetus*, aeraque et artes
 Suspice : cum gemmis ⁿ Tyrios mirare colores :
 Gaude, quod spectant oculi te ^o mille loquentem :

NOTES.

(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. 30. *Procure a TASTE to double the surprize.*] This is one of those superior touches that most ennoble a perfect piece. He 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. That is, of the *Virtuosi*; 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; 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.

From ⁷ 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 ⁹ Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall ¹ 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 Daintiness of some Son of earth?
Yet ² 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, ³ 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;
⁴ Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!

Gnavas ⁵ mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;
⁶ Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus oras)
⁷ Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
⁸ Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;
Defodiet condetque nitentia. ⁹ cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;
Ire tamen restat, Numa ¹⁰ quo devenit et Ancus.

NOTES.

VER. 53. TULLY, HYDE,] Equal to either, in the ministry of his profession; and superior to both where the parallel fails: TULLY's brightest talents were frequently tarnished by *Vanity and Fear*; and HYDE's most virtuous purposes perverted and defeated by superstitious notions concerning the divine origin of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People.

* 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 cur'd, 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.
 * 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 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, 70
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
 Prevent the greedy, or outbid 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) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.

* Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
 Quare fugam morbi. * vis recte vivere? quis non?
 Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omis
 Hoc age *deliciis*.

* virtutem verba putes, et
 Lucum ligna? * cave ne portus occupet alter;
 Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
 * Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro
 Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.

For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
 Will gain a ^b Wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such ^c Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 A ^d Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
 Venus shall give him Form, and Antis Birth.
 (Believe me, many a ^e German Prince is worse,
 Who, proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)
 His Wealth brave ^f Timon gloriously confounds; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
 Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
 Take the whole House upon the Poet's day.
 * Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves;
 Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.
^b If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

Scilicet ^b uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et ^c amicos,
 Et genus, et formam, regina ^d Pecunia donat;
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.
 Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris ^e Capadocum Rex:
 Ne fueris hic tu. ^f chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
 Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,
 Qui possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot habebo
 Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
 Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
 * Exilis domus est, ubi non et mul a *superfunt*,
 Et *dominum fallunt*, et *profunt furibus*. ^h ergo,
 Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,
 Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

¹ But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,
 If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;
 Then ^k hire a Slave, or (as you will) a Lord 100
 To do the offices, and to give the Word;
 Tell at your Levee, as the Clouds approach,
 To whom ^l to nod, whom take into your Coach,
 Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
 Who ^m rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks: 105
 " This may be troublesome, is near the Chair:
 " That makes three Members, this can chuse a May'r.
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him ⁿ Son, or Cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and ^o laugh at your own Jest. 110 }

Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
 If ^p 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 ^q 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.

¹ Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,
^k Mercemur servum, qui distet nomina, laevum
 Qui sodicet latus, et ^l cogat trans pondera dextram
 Porrigere: ^m Hic multum in Fabia, ille *Velina*:
 Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,
 Cui volet, *importunus* ebur: ⁿ Frater, Pater, adde:
 Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque ^o *facetus* adopta.
 Si ^p bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet: eamus
 Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut ^q olim
 Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
 Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
 Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.

Or shall we 'ev'ry Decency confound,
 Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round,
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo 121
 'K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,
 Return'd 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. 130

Emtum malus 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.

NOTES.

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

VER. 129. *And SWIFT cry 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 are 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 pub-
 lished, 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

W Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
 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.

W Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,
 Candidus imperti : si non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

bestowed it, namely, to recommend, and set off Truth; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned. But the remains of wit, instead of seeking and recovering their 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*.”

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

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 Increase 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 obsoleri*, 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 Contemporaries, first against the Taste of the *Towns*, 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 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 extravagances 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.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHile you, great Patron of Mankind ! ^a 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 ;
^b How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal 5
 An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal ?
^c Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more ^d sacred Name,
 After a Life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot ^a sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
 Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
 Legibus emendes ; in ^b publica commoda, peccem,
 Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.
^c Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, ^d Deorum in templa recepti,

NOTES.

Book ii. Epist. 1.] 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 had won ; and therefore compares him, not to those who desolated, but to those who civilized mankind. The imitation wants this grace ; and, for a very obvious reason, should not have aimed at it, as he has done in the mention of *Alfred*.

Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
 Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
 ° Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15
 † Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
 The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
 Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
 ‡ 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, ^h 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,
 † As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;
 ° Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit † invidiam supremo fine domari,
 ‡ Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes
 Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.

^h Praesenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,
 † Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

NOTES.

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, though 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.

Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes.

* None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

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.

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old: 35

It is the rust we value, not the gold.

† Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,

And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:

One likes no language but the Faery Queen;

A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green: 40

And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,

▪ He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

* *Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.*

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,

* *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis antefereudo,*

Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque

Aestimât; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque

Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:

† Sic fautor *veterum*, et tabulas peccare vetantes

Quas his quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,

Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,

Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,

▪ Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

N O T E S.

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

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

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil.*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club.

Tho' justly ^a Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not We be wiser than our fires?
 In ev'ry Publick Virtue we excell;
 We build, we paint, ^o we sing, we dance as well,
 And ^p learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

45

If ^a Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,
 Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
 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?

50

" Who lasts a ^r century can have no flaw,
 " I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law.

55

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
 And shall we deem him ^a Ancient, right and sound,
 Or damn to all eternity at once,
 At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce?

60

Si, quia ^a Graiorum sunt antiquissima quaeque
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem:
 Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
 Nil intra est oleum, nil extra est in nuce duri.
 Venimus ad summum fortunae: *pingimus*, atque
^o *Psallimus*, et ^p *luctamur Achivis doctius undis*.
 Si ^a meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
 Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
 Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
 Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
 Viles atque novos? excludat iurgia finis.
 Est vetus atque probus, ^r centum qui perficit annos.
 Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense vel anno,
 Inter quos referendus erit? ^a veteresne poetas,
 An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas?

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;
 “ By ^t courtesy of England, he may do.”

Then, by the rule that made the ^u Horfe-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt ^w down Ancients like a heap of snow : 65
 While you, to ^m measure merits, look in ^x Stowe,
 And estimating authors by the year,
 Bestow a Garland only on a ^y Bier.

^z Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry Playhouse 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
^a The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
 Who now reads ^b Cowley ? if he pleases yet, 75
 His ^l Moral pleases, not his pointed wit ;

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur ! boneſte.

Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.

Utor permiſſo, caudaeque pilos ut ^u equinae
 Paulatim vello : et demo unum, demo etiam unum ;
 Dum cadat eluſus ratione ^w ruentis acervi,
 Qui redit in ^x faſtos, et virtutem aeſtimat annis,
 Miraturque nihil, niſi quod ^y Libitina ſacravit.

^z Ennius et *ſapiens*, et *fortis*, et alter *Homerus*,
 Ut critici dicunt, levitur curare videtur

Quo ^a *promiſſa* cadant, et *ſomnia Pythagorea*.

^b Naeſius in manibus non eſt ; at ^c 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* called his *Dotages*.

VER. 74. *The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

Quo *promiſſa* cadant, et *ſomnia Pythagorea*.

Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But still ^c I love the language of his heart.

“ Yet surely, ^d surely, these were famous men!
“ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80
“ In all ^e 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, ^f only these, support the crowded stage,
“ From eldest Heywood down to Cibber’s age.

Pene recens: ^d adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.
Ambigitur ^e 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 ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; ^f habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab aevo.

NOTES.

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.

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. *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 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.

All this may be ; * the People's Voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90
 To ^b Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 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 ^l Obsolete,
 And Sydney's verse Kaits ill on ^k Roman feet :
 Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
 Now Serpent-like, in ^l prose he sweeps the ground, 100
 In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
 And God the Father turns a School-divine.
 = Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
 Like ^a flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
 Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool 105
 At court, who hates whate'er he ^o read at school.
 But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
 The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease ;

* Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat.
 Si ^b veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet ; errat :
 Si quaedam nimis ^l antique, si pleraque ^k dure
 Dicere credit eos, ^l ignave multa fatetur ;
 Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.
 = Non equidem infector, delendaque carmina Livî
 Esse reor, memini quae ⁿ plagosum ^o mibi parvo
 Orbilius dictare ;

fed emendata videri

NOTES.

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.

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110
 One Simile, that ^P solitary shines
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 Or ^t lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a
 page,
 Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
^t 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.
^t 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 ^t Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror :
 Inter quae ^P *verbum* emicuit si forte *decorum*,
 Si ^t *versus* paulo *concinrior* unus et alter ;
 Injuste *totum* ducit venditque poema.

^t Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
 Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper ;
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.

^t Recte necne *crocum* *floresque* perambulet *Attas*
Fabula, si dubitem ; clamant periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene *patres* : ea cum reprehendere coner,
 Quae ^t *gravis Aesopus*, quae doctus *Roscius* egit.

NOTES.

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. 124. *A muster-roll of Names*] An absurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere *Proper Names* of

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,
 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, " or Merlin's Prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
 * Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 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; 140
 In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
 " All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."

Vel quia nil " rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
 Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae
 Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
 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.

* Quod si tam Graecis *novitas* invisa fuisset,
 Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
 Quod legeret tereretque viritum publicus usus?

† Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis
 Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa;

NOTES.

Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) fill the mouth of the Player.

VER. 129—130.] Inferior to the original: as VER. 133—4. excel it.

VER. 142. A verse of the Lord Lansdown.

Then Peers grew proud in ^a Horsemanship t' excel,
 Newmarket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
 The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145
 And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.

Then ^a Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :
 Lely on ^b 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 ^c each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.

But ^d Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;

Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit ^a *equorum*
^a Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit ;
 Suspendit ^b picta vultum mentemque tabella ;
 Nunc ^c tibicinibus, nunc est gavia tragoedis :

^d Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
 Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
 Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas ?
 Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

NOTES.

VER. 143. *In Horsemanship t' excel,—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*.

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 Manierist.

VER. 153. *On each enervate string, etc.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England.

Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause. 160

• Time was, a sober Englishman would 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 ^f 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 & Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one ^b 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,
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, ⁱ lye, 175
Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibbs* 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

• Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos ^f nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
^g *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quae
Crescere res possit, minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, ^h et calet uno
Scribendi studio: pueri patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina distant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior ⁱ Parthis *mendacior*; et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

^k He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop ;
 Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop ;
 Ev'n ^l 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 ^m those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, ⁿ reflect, the mischief is not great ;
 These Madmen never hurt the Church or State ; 190
 Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind ;

And rarely ^o Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.

Allow him but his ^p plaything of a Pen,

He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men :

^q Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind ; 195

And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.

To ^r cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter ;

The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,

^k Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet : abrotonum aegro
 Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare : quod *medicorum* est,
 Promittunt ^l medici : tractant *fabrilia* fabri :

^m Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

ⁿ Hic error tamen et levis haec infania, quantas
 Virtutes habeat, sic collige : vatis ^o *avarus*

Non temere est animus : ^p *versus* amat, hoc studet unum ;

Detrimenta, ^q *fugas* servorum, *incendia* ridet ;

Non ^r *fraudem* socio, puerove incogitat ullam

NOTES.

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 surprising Effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet ;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his diet. 200

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.

▪ What will a Child learn sooner than a song ? 205

What better teach a Foreigner the tongue ?
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 ;

Pupillo ; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo ;

▪ *Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi ;*

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari ;

▪ *Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat :*

NOTES.

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 himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character : but with an intermixture of irony : *Vivit filiquis et pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism ; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule : The nobler office of a Poet follows : *Torquet ab obscenis—Mox etiam pectus—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 212th Verses.

VER. 213. *Unhappy Dryden !—In all Charles's days—Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays ;*] The sudden stop after mentioning the name of Dryden has a great beauty. The Poet's tenderness for his master is expressed in the second line by making his *case general* ;

And in our own (excuse from 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,
 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 engrav'd,
 " The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, 225
 Stretch'd to * relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And † stretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms: 230

Torquet * ab *obscœnis* jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
 Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;
 Recte facta refert; * orientia tempora notis
 Instruit exemplis; † *inopem* solatur et *aegrum*.

NOTES.

and his *honour* for him, in the first line, by making his *case particular*, as the only one that deserved pity.

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.

VER. 229. *Not but there are, etc.*] Nothing can be more truly humorous or witty than all that follows to ver. 240. Yet the noble sobriety of the original, or, at least, the appearance of 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 his *Church-History*, says he was esteemed an excellent Poet.

The ^z Boys and Girls whom charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains :
 How could Devotion ^b touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work, 235
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down ^c Pope and Turk.
 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 ^d Heav'n is won by Violence of Song. 240

Our ^e 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, 245
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care :
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul :

Castis cum ^z pueris ignara puella mariti
 Disceret unde ^b *preces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
 Poscit opem chorus, et *praesentia numina* sentit ;
 Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus ;
 Avertit morbos, ^c *metuenda pericula* pellit ;
 Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.

^d Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.

^e Agricolae prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.

NOTES.

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.

With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
 And Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But Times corrupt, and ^z 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, 255
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome ^h dread of statutes bound,
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :
 Most warp'd to ⁱ 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.

Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit ;
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Ludit amabiliter : ^z 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 : ^h quin etiam lex
 Poenaeque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
 Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
 Ad ⁱ bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.

NOTES.

V. 259. *Most warp'd to flatt'ry's sides, etc.*] These two lines (notwithstanding the reference) are an addition to the original. They seemed necessary to complete 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.

* We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms ;

Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms ;
 Britain to soft refinements le's a foe, 265.
 Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.
 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 ^m rustic vein 270.
 And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation ^a breath'd from civil war.
 Exact ^o Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275

* Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
 Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
 Defluxit ^l numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
 Munditiae pepulere : sed in longum tamen aevum
 Manserunt, hodieque manent, ^m vestigia ruris.
 Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis ;
 Et post ⁿ Punica bella quietus quaerere coepit,
 Quid ^o Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile ferrent :

NOTES.

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*. I, only, 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

Defluit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
 Munditiae pepulere :

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.

Not but the ^p Tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone :
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And ^a 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 ^r humbler Muse of Comedy require.
 But in known Images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less ^r. 285
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed :
 Tell me if ^t 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 ^u does *Astræa* tread, 390
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed !
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinkey ^w eat with vast applause !

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset :
 Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer :
 Nam ^p spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet :
 Sed ^a turpem putat incite metuitque *lituram*.

Creditur, ex ^r *medio* quia res arcessit, habere
 Sudoris minimum ; sed habet *Comœdia* tanto
 Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. ^s aspice, Plautus.
 Quo pacto ^t *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
 Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi :
 Quantus sit Dossennus ^u *edacibus in parasitis* ;
 Quam ^w *non ascripto* percurrat pulpita *socco*.

NOTES.

^v VER. 290. *Astræa*] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, etc.

ⁱ Ibid. *The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,*] The fine metaphor of *non ascripto*, greatly improved by the happy ambiguity of the word *loosely*.

But fill their * purse, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pen.

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 borne too high!

Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

* Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

† There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit; 305

Gessit enim * nummum in loculos demittere : post hoc
Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam † ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat :
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit : * valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
† Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores

NOTES.

VER. 296. *O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys*] The 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 the Imitation 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.

A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd ;
 Who, ^b to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the Farce, ^c the Bear, or the Black-joke.
 What dear delight to Britons Farce affords ! 310
 Ever the Taste of Mobs, but now ^d 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 ^e 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.

Indocti, stolidique, et ^b depugnare parati
 Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscant
 Aut ^c *ursum* aut *pugiles* : his nam plebecula gaudet.
 Verum ^d *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
 Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
 Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas ;
 Dum fugiunt ^e *equitum* turmae, peditumque catervae :
 Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis ;
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves ;
 Captivum portatur ebur, eaptiva Corinthus.

NOTES.

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 of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion.

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 ennoble it with some moral stroke or other.

With ^f laugh'ter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
 Let Bear or ^g Elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the fight!
 Ah luckless ^h Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more; 325
 While all its ⁱ throats the gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
 Loud as the Wolves, on ^k Orcas' stormy sleep,
 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 ^l petticoat;
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the ^m 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?
ⁿ Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

^f Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
 Sive ^g *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
 Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,
 Ut sibi prae bentem mimo spectacula plura:
 Scriptores autem ^h narrare putaret *asello*
Fale lam furdo. nam quae ⁱ pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
^k *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuscum*.
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
^l *Divitiaeque peregrinae*: quibus ^m oblitus actor
 Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera laevae.
 Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
ⁿ Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

NOTES.

VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy sleep*,] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite the Orcades,

Yet lest you think I rally 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:
 '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.

P 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

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusem,
 Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne ;
 Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
 Ire poeta ; ° meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
 Ut magus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis,
 P Varum age, et his, qui se *lector* credere malunt,
 Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,
 Curam impende brevem : si q munus Apolline dignum
 Vis *complevere libris* ; et vatibus addere calcar,
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

NOTES.

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library then building by Augustus.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books.

My Liege ! why Writers little claim your thought,
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault :
 We ^r Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :
 The ^s season, when to come, and when to go, 360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;
 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 ^t single verse, we quarrel with a friend ; 365
 Repeat ^u unask'd ; lament, the ^w 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 ^x 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 ^y think, great Sir ! (so many Virtues shown)
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known ?

^r Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,
 (Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum
^s Solicito damus, aut fesso : cum laedimur, ^t unum
 Si quis amicorum est, ausus reprehendere versum :
 Cum loca jam ^u recitata revolvimus irrevocati :
 Cum ^w lamentamur non apparere labores
 Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo ;
 Cum ^x speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
 Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus altro
 Arcessas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.
 Sed tamen est ^y operae pretium cognoscere, quales

Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the ² Laureat's weighty place.

^a Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great ^b 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
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 ^c Russian Bear."

Not with such ^d majesty, such bold relief, 390
The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,

Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, ^a indigno non committenda poetar.

^a 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 Lysippo duceret aera
Fortis ^b *Alexandri vultum simulantia*. quod si
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares;
^c Boeotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetae;*]

Nec magis expressi ^d vultus per aenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum

E'er swell'd on marble ; as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
 Oh ! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your ^a Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing ! 395
 What ^f seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought !
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought !
 How ^g barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword !
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
^b Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep ;
 'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And ⁱ Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
 But ^k Verse, alas ! your Majesty disdains ;
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains : 405

Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallet
 Repentes per humum, ^a quam *res* componere *gestas*,
 Terrarumque ^f situs et flumina dicere, et arces
 Montibus impositas, et ^g *barbara regna*, tuisque
 Auspiciis totum ^b *confecta duella* per orbem,
 Claustraque ^h custodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
 Et ⁱ formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam :
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque parvum
^k Carmen *majestas* recipit *tua* ; nec meus audet
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.

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 would 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 a 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 sa-
 " tire, 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 most

The Zeal of ¹ Fools offends at any time.
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say ^m I bite.
 A vile ⁿ Encomium doubly ridicules: 410
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a ^o woful likeness; and if lyes,
 "Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
 Well may he ^p blush, who gives it, or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
 (Like ^q 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.

Sedulitas autem ¹ *stulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;
 Praecipue cum se *numeris* commendat et arte.
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod *quis* ^m *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.
 Nil moror ⁿ officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *fictis*
 In ^o *pejus* vultu proponi cereus usquam,
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
 Ne ^p rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
 Cum ^q scriptore meo capsa porrectus aperta,
 Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
 Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

easy thing in nature; for that any barber-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 Cotham, 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*.

THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, CGBHAM's and your country's
Friend !

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

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 Qp'ra 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 :

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,

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

" Cuilibet : argilla quidvis imitaberis uda :

" Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.

" Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo

NOTES.

VER. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois :*] A Town in Beauce, where
the French tongue is spoke in great purity.

" 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:
 " The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 " (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal." 20
 " If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could 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? 30

" Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
 " Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in aere.
 " Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
 " Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)
 " In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
 " Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga laedit.
 " Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.
 Prudens emisti 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

NOTES.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha.—Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time !
D'y'e 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, 25
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, }
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.

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
Iratu pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Praesidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.
Forte sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere praetor

NOTES.

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.

VER. 37. *This put the man, etc.*] Greatly below the original,
Post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
Iratu pariter, jejunis dentibus acer.

The last words are particularly elegant and humorous.

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.

Next, pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis 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.
 Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad: 55

*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 nutrir mihi contigit, atque doceri,
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles,
 Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:
 Scilicet ut possem *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*,

NOTES.

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 one, who cannot bear the other. What betrayed our poet into this inaccuracy of expression was its suiting better with the *application*. But in a great writer we pardon nothing. And such should never forget, that the expression is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application*: for then they reflect mutual light upon one another.

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 68th verse.

(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 suff'rers thought unjust, 60
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'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.
 5 Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away;

Atque inter filvas Academi *quaerere* verum.
 Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;
 Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,
Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
 Unde simul primum me demisere 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?
 5 Singula de nobis anni *praedantur* euntes;

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Monroes*,] Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.

VER. 73. *At last they steal us from ourselves away*;] i. e. Time changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations.

In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
 In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend : 75
 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 ?
^b But after all, what would 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.
ⁱ 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.

Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivium, ludum ;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis ?
^b Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes : hic delectatur iambis ;
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivae 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.
ⁱ 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,

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square— 95
 Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
 There's a Rehearsal, 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 Guildhall'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 Grottoes and to Groves we run, 110
 To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:
 Blackmore himself, for any ~~good~~ effort,
~~Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.~~

Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.
 Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum
 " Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstat."
 Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor:
 Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
 Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
 Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.
 * I nunc, et versus *tecum* meditare canoros.
 Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes,*
 Rite cliens Bacchi, fomno gaudentis et umbra.

NOTES.

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, for it wants the elegant ambiguity, of

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

¹ 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 nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun! 119

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?

^m The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls, 129
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?

¹ 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?

^m Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:

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.

Each had a gravity would make you split,
 And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
 'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence."
 "Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's sense."
 "Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
 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."

Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille.
 Quî minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?
 "Carmina compono, hic *eleges*; 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.

VER. 132. *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 excel, does it not by his superior knowledge, but his wit: and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *outwitted*.

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
 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 Rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
 Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:
 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, 160

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 parum splendoris habebunt,
 Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,

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 awakes 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.

Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace :
 Such they'll degrade ; and sometimes, in its stead,
 * In downright charity revive the dead ;
 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 Rawleigh 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
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please :

Verba movere loco ; quamvis *invita* recedant,
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ :
 * *Obscurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque
 Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
 Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
 Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas :
 Adsciscet *nova*, quæ genitor *produxerit usus* :
Vehemens et *liquidus*, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua :
 Luxuriantia comescet : nimis aspera sano
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet :

NOTES.

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.

“ But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance ;
 “ As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.”

¶ If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool ;
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming 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 madman, tho' a pasty fell, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.

*Laudentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur, ut qui
 Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
 ¶ Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
 Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
 Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,
 In vacuo laetus sessor plausorque theatro :
 Caetera qui vitae servaret munia recto
 More ; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
 Comis in uxorem ? posset qui agnoscere servis,
 Et signo laeso non insanire lagenae :
 Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.*

NOTES.

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 Lucullus'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.

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 ! 195
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'll learn to smooth 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.

Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese : Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait ; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

' Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum *pueris* concedere ludum ;
' Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed *verae numerusque modosque* ediscere *vitae*.
Quocirca *mecum* loquor haec, tacitusque recordor :

‘ If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor ; when the more you have,
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

220

Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,

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.

225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,

A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,

‘ Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis : quod quanto plura parasti,
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 Di donarint, illi decedere pravam

Stultitiam ; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo

Pleniores, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem ?

At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,

Si cupidum timidumque minus te ; nempe ruberes,

NOTES.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels, etc.*] This illustration is much happier than what is employed in his original ; as by raising pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illustrate.

VER. 220. *When servile Chaplains cry, etc.*] Dr. Ken—t.

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 230
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :
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 diff'rence will be found ?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

† Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men, 240
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat ;
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.

Viveret in terris, te si quis avarior uno.

* Si *proprium* est, quod quis libra mercatus et acre,
Quaedam (si credis *consultis*) mancipat *usus* :
Qui te pascit ager, tuus est ; et villicus Orbi,
Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturus,
Te dominum sentit.

‡ das nummos ; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti : nempe modo isto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
Aut etiam supra nummorum millibus entum.
Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim* ?

† Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat ; emtis

NOTES.

VER. 232. *delightful Abs-court*,] A farm over-against Hampton-Court.

Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245
 The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor a Perpetuity should stand :
 Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
 2 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.
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase) 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.

Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
 Sed *vocat* usque suum, qua populus adfita certis
 Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia : tanquam
 2 Sit *proprium* cuiquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,
 Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc forte suprema,
 Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, et haeres
 Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam :
 Quid *vici* profunt, aut *barrea* ? quidve Calabris
 Saltibus adjecti Lucani ; si metit Orcus
 Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro ?

NOTES.

VER. 242. *hang in Fortune's pow'r*—*Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here supplied the Imitator with expression much superior to his original.

* Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265
There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

* 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 Grosvenor's mines:
Why one like Eu— 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;

* Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

^b Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi
Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Diues et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum:

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 Husbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

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

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 sometimes 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;
Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away. 295

† What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first rate or not?

NATURAE DEUS HUMANAЕ, mortalis in unum.

Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

° Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo

Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet haeres,

Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem

Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti

Discrepet, et quantum discordet parvus avaro.

Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum.

Invitus facias, nec *plura* parare labores;

Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,

Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim*.

† Pauperies immunda domûs procul absit: ego, utrum

Nave ferar *magna* an *parva*; ferar *unus et idem*.

NOTES.

a much better sense to his original; and correcting both the *naturalism* and the *fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in these words,

Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum,

NATURAE DEUS HUMANAЕ.

VER. 288. But *sure no statute*] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succession of Papists, etc.

The ship itself may make a better figure,
 But I that fail, 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.

“ Bet 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, 310
 Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
 In spite 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? 315

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo:
 Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus Austris.
 Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
 Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

“ Non es avarus: abi. quid? caeter jam simul isto
 Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
 Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
 Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, fagas,
 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 would a part of that superstition he would explore; whereas his Imitator is only for removing the false terrors from the world of spirits, such as the *diablerie* of witchcraft and purgatory.

Has life no fountains, drawn so near its end ;
Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend ?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay ?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one ? 321
 ^b 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
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage :
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease, 326
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

*Natales grate numeras ? ignoscis amicis ?
Lenior et melior sis accedente senecta ?
Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una ?
 ^b Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti :
Tempus abire tibi est : ne potum largius aequo
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.*

T H E
S A T I R E S
O F

Dr. J O H N D O N N E,
DEAN of ST. PAUL's,
V E R S I F I E D.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius ?

HOR.

S A T I R E II.

YES; 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 Sappho, 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 Ador live :

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 sin,
 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,

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 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, 25
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
 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 :

And saves 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 below, which them do move.
 One would move love by rhymes ; but witchcraft's
 charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms ;
 Rams and flings now are silly battery,
 Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like singers 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

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—t—n, or who die like Chartres,
 Outcant old Esdras, or outdrink his heir,
 Outsure Jews, or Irishmen outswear;
 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;
 Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
 In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

Rankly digested, doth these things outspue,
 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 outsure Jews,
 To' outdrink the sea, t' outswear the Letanie,
 Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
 As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
 Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.

NOTES.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell,*] The original is more humorous.

In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.
 As if the *Ten Commandments* were so wide, as to stand ready to 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 is much more confined, being a short summary of duty fitted for a single People, upon a particular occasion, and to serve transitory ends.

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

But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of *Coscus*, 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 wherefoe'er he goes
 His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
 And wooes 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 Abbeys roar.
 Then sick with Poetry, and possess'd with Muse
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse

Language, which Boreas might to Aufter hold
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

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 Suretyship 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, 75

Takes God to witness he affects your cause,

Law practice for meer gain : bold soul reputè

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.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas—*] The Original has here a very fine stroke of satire.

Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.

The frauds with which that work (so necessary for the welfare both of religion and 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 for Charity, Hospitality, and even for the public service of Religion.

And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * 80
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Not 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, 85
 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. 90
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill got wealth by law,
 Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,

Like a wedge in a block, 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 Churchmen'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.

Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are;
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dext'rously omits, *ses beires* : 100
 No Commentator can more sily pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place:
 Or, in quotation, shroud Divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
 So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even-song;
 But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *Power and Glory* clause.

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.
 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 Commentator 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.

NOTES.

VER. 105. *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

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground? 110
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
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 115
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals

NOTES.

conveying property to the bigness of *glor'd civil Laws*, when it is
to secure his own ill-got wealth. But the same Lawy^r con-
vey property for you, and he then omits even the necessary words;
and becomes as concise and hasty as the loose possils of a modern
Divine. So *Lutber* 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 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. Lutberus de abbreviatiōe Orationis Dominicæ*,
alluding to Luther's omission of the concluding *Doxology*, in his
two Catechisms, which shews he was fond of the joke: and, in
the first instance, (for the sake of his moral) at the expence of
truth. As his putting Erasmus and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully
and Agrippa, shews what were then his sentiments of Reformation.

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, 121
 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; 125
 Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense,
 Nor fly Informer watch these words to draw
 Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

Equally I hate. Means 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.

VER. 128. *Treason, or 'the Law.*] By the *Law* is here meant
 the *Lawyers*.

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.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
 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. 10. *Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;*] Courtiers have the same pride in admiring, that Poets have in being admir'd. For Vanity is as often gratified in paying our court to our superiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors.

But, as the Fool that in reforming days 15
 Would 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

To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 Two hundred marks which is the Statutes curse,
 Before he scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 ful, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime 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 seven Antiquaries studies,
 Than Africk Monsters, Guianae rarities,
 'Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,

The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would 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 :
 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 whar's fit for ev'ry state to do ;
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.

If he had liv'd then ; and without help dies,
 When next the Prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;
 One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by ;
 One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your Priesthood, tell me what you are ?

His cloaths were strange, tho' coarse, and black,
 though bare,

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,

Talkers I've learn'd to bear ; Motteux I knew, 50
 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 Plagues in one) the bawling Bar ; 55
 These I could 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 outlie.

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
 Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame.
 To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.

Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast ;
 But pedants motly tongue, soldiers bumbast,
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms 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,
 Outflatter favourites, or outlie 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,
 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.

What *Speech* esteem you most? "The *King's*," said I.
 But the best *words*?—"O Sir, the *Dictionary*."
 You misg my aim; I mean the most acute 70
 And perfect *Speaker*?—"Onslow, 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. 85
 "Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made:
 "Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?

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 Babel's Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.
 He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,

" 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.

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 Lutestring squeaks, O Sir,

'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,

Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-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.

“ Lord, Sir, a mere 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 Paduasoy.”
 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,

He smack’d, and cry’d, He’s base, mechanic, coarse,
 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 cloth’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 chaff’d him : but as itch
 Scratch’d into smart, and as blunt Iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse : So, I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my fulleanness,
 He to another key his style doth dress ;
 And asks what news ; I tell him of new plays,
 He takes my hand, and as a Still, which stays

Loth to enrich me with too quick replies
 By little, and by little, drops his lies.
 Mere household trash ! of birthnights, balls, and shows,
 More than ten Hollinheads, or Halls, or Stows. 131
 When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what
 A subtle Minister may make of that :
 Who fins 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 of 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

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 knows, he knows
 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
 Halts to an officers reversion ;
 Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
 Who loveth whores
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 Shells to transport ;

shortly boys shall not play

At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay

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 :
 At last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more :
 Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart. 155
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.

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' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail : so I sigh, and sweat

NOTES.

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 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 name.

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 :
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine to find a subject slay'd and wise
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
 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.

To hear this Makaron talk : in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a priviledg'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 ;
 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 Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw,
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw.

NOTES.

VER. 167. *fall endlong*] The sudden effect of the transformation
 is strongly and finely painted to the imagination, not in the sound,
 but in the sense of these two words.

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 Priate's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and ſtill afraid, to ſee 180
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.

To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and be 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 fiddlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you: ſo did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
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.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of Sense : 185
 Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!
 There sober thought pursu'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?

At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 Itself 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 highborn or rais'd men

NOTES.

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] These four lines are wonderfully sublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil, in the region of *beat*. They both call out as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place,

O qui me gelidis———
 Oh quickly bear me hence.

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.

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 fort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court? 205
 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 gewgaws, only dress and face!
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

Fear frowns: and my mistress Truth, betray thee
 For th' huffing, bragart, puffed nobility?
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Think he which made your^a 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^b are; their fruits bastard all.
 'Tis ten a Clock and past; all whom the mutes,
 Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stew

NOTES.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous show of the Court of France, in wax-work.

^a A show of the Italian Garden in wax-work, in the time of King James the First.

^b That is, of wood.

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 clothes?
 For these are actors too, as well as those:
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225
 Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineil,

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
 At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheap-side books,
 Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
 The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know

NOTES.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's*] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility received instruction in those days: It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

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 draw;

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, 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.
 Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the Presence were a Mosque: and list
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,

NOTES.

VER. 240. *Durer's rules.*] Albert Durer.

c. i. e. Conscious that both her complexion and her hair are borrow'd, 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.

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, 250
 With band of Lily, 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. 259

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
 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, 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 Lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.

But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
 Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath:
 The Captain's honest, Sins, 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 hangdogs in old Tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
 Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from jails to execution go;
 For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all; 275

But here comes Glorious that will plague 'em 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
 He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
 Tir'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 sins?) being among

NOTES.

VER. 274. *For hung with deadly sins*] The Room hung with old
 Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.

Each Man an *Askapart*, of strength to toss
 For quoits, both Temple bar and Charing-cross.
 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 : 280
 Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine !
 From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
 Whose Satire's sacred, and who 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.

Those *Askaparts*^a, 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 shook like a spied Spie—Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins 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.

^a A Giant famous in Romances.



O Sacred Weapon left for Truths 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.
End to the Verse.

EPILOGUE

TO THE
SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
 And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
 You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
 And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.
 Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—
 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;"

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.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
 Because you think your reputation made:
 Like good Sir Paul, 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 Sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.
 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.

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
 "To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter." 10

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice ;
 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 ;
 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.

VER. 12. *Bubo observes*,] Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation.

VER. 14. *H-ggins*] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet-prison, enrich'd himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

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.

VER. 22. *Screen*.]

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit. Perf.

Ibid. *Screen*.] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, etc.*] 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.

VER. 26. *The Great man*] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first Minister.

Go see Sir ROBERT—

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 a Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.

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 ; 35
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

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

VER. 31. *Seen him uncumber'd*] These two verses were originally in the Poem, though omitted in all the first editions.

VER. 32. *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 understanding, that, from a few of Rochefoucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of a 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, etc.*] 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 fleeting existence. But a true Genius could not do a foolisher thing, or sooner defeat his own aim. The sage 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."

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 probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which draw 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.

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, *Wolsey*, 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, 54
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 !

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.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolsey,*] 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. ver. 137.

Ibid. *Fleury,*] Cardinal : and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that crime, to cry up his wisdom and honesty.

VER. 66. *Henley—Osborn.*] See them in their places in the *Dunciad*.

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.

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
 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;
 For Merit will by turns forsake them all;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.

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 the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author.

VER. 78. *Nation's Sense*;) The cant of Politics at that time.

VER. 80. *Carolina*.] Queen-consort of King George II. She 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.

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

Silent and soft, as Saints remov'd to Heaven,
 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 Nephenthe of a Court,
 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, 105
 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,
 Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory, 106

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.

V. 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 lise 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 Pays
 “ sur le miserable caractère des COURTISANS ; ce ne sont point
 “ des choses de speculation, mais d'une triste expérience. L'am-
 “ bition dans l'oisiveté, la bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'en-
 “ richir sans travail, l'aversion pour la verité ; la flatterie, la tra-
 “ hison, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ses engagements, le mépris
 “ des devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'espe-
 “ rance de ses foiblesses, et plus, que tout cela, LE RIDICULE
 “ PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, sont, je crois, le Ca-
 “ ractere 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 inferieurs soient
 “ gens-de-bien, que ceux-la soient trompeurs, et que ceux-ci
 “ consentent à n'être que dupes. Que si dans les 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.”

And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vext,
 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
 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 ?
 Ye Gods ! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115
 Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore 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 ?
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran !

VER. 108. *gracious Prince*] The style of Addressees on an accession.

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.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious 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.

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.——This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. in some editions,

Who starves a Mother—

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;
 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,
 Outdo Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
 Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame,
Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,
 'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;

VER. 125. *But shall a Printer, etc.*] A Fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors.

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.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied.

VER. 135. *Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,—Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.*] 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.

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.

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, 144
 Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,
 Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless ;
 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 liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
 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. 160
 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 :

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. 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 ty-
 rannical restraints upon free spirits, fear of punishment, and dread
 of shame.

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.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. **T**IS 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'rence 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 sins up to my Song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash ;

Ev'n Guthry says half Newgate by a Dash.

Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir ! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice ?

VER. 1. Paxton] Late Solicitor to the Treasury.

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.

VER. 13. How, Sir ! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice ?] The liveliness of the reply may excuse the bad reasoning ; otherwise the dice, though 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.

Come on then, Satire ! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
 Spread thy broad wing, and sounce on all the kind. 15
 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 !
 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 ; 26
 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 ?
 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* ;
 Oe, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40
 Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, etc.*] Alluding to the old Game-laws, when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in Woods and Forests.

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."

VER. 39. *wretched Wild ;*] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged.

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.
 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, ner 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 :
 Else might he take to Virtue some years hence— 60

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,
 And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name ? 65

VER. 42. *for the love of Vice !*] We must consider the Poet 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 practices of Ministers, in laying their own miscarriages on their masters.

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.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his steady adherence

Pleas'd let me own, in *Ether'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,
 Manners with Candour are to *Benson* 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.
 Oft, in the clear, still Mirror of Retreat,
 I study'd *SHREWSBURY*, the wise and great:

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.

VER. 66. *Ether's peaceful Grove*,] The house and gardens of *Ether* in *Surry*, belonging to the Honourable Mr. *Pelham*, Brother to the Duke of *Newcastle*. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr. *Craggs*.

VER. 74. *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 glimpse 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." *Lat. xvii. Sept. 3. 1726.*

VER. 77. *Somers*] John Lord *Somers* 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.

Ibid. Halifax] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1719, on the charge of Queen Anne's ministry.

VER. 79. *Shrewsbury*,] Charles Talbot, Duke of *Shrewsbury*, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieute-

CARLETON's calm Sense, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same : 81
 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
 ARGYLE, 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.
 Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
 Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their
 Train ; 91

And if yet higher the proud List 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 :
 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.

nant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He
 several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled.
 He died in 1718.

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.

Ibid. *Stanhope*] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal
 courage, spirit and learning. General in Spain and Secretary of
 State.

VER. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of 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.

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, for 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 RICHELIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,

And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.

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 illumine 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 lie.

COBHAM's a Coward, POLWART is a Slave, 130

And LYTTLETON a dark, designing Knave,

ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool——

But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull.

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall* !] Look for him in his place. Dunc.
B. ii. ver. 315.

VER. 130. *Polwarth*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty.

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, Wolfey, 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 spur gall'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? 145

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 Hatchets 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,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155
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 bedropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown. 165

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verse taken out of a Poem to Sir R. W.

VER. 164. *The Priest, etc.*] Spoken not of any particular priest,
but of many priests.

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
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 Flattery mine:
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
Writ not, and Chartres scarce would 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? 190
Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?

VER. 166. *And how did, etc.*] This seems to allude to a complaint made ver. 71. of the preceding Dialogue.

VER. 185. *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further it is agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

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, 204
 Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense ;
 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, 210
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

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 :

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.*] From Terence : " Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto."

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 awaken 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 in-

Rev'rent I touch thee ! but with honest zeal ; 216
 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,
 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, 224
 All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
 All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
 Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

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 230
 Not Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.

" justice, by prosecuting it before the Magistrate, merits our esteem
 " vastly more. The *first* discharges the duty of a single Citizen :
 " 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 valuable blessing of Society. This is the PERFECT
 " CITIZEN, to whom we should adjudge the prize of Virtue."

VER. 222. *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.

VER. 228. *When black Ambition, etc.*] The case of Cromwell in
 the civil war of England ; and (ver. 229) of Louis XIV. in his
 conquest of the Low Countries.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 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 !

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

There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis cast 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 conferr'd by Kings ;
Let *Flatt'ry* sick'ning see the Incense rise,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies : 245
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
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 ;
Here, last of Britons ! let your Names be read ; 250
Are none, none living ? let me praise the Dead,
And for that Cause which made your Father shine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

on Namur ; where (to use his own words) “ il a fait un Astre de
“ la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement a son Chapeau
“ et qui est en effet une espece de Comete, fatale a nos ennemis.”

VER. 137, *Anstis*] The chief Herald at arms. It is the custom,
at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken
saves and ensigns of honour.

VER. 239, *Stair* ;] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of
the Thistle ; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlbo-
rough ; and afterwards as Ambassador in France.

VER. 240, 451. *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.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

VER. 255.] 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.

VARIATIONS.

VER. ult. in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes, and write *Essays on Man*.

O N

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.

“ What *Well* ? what *Weapon* ? (Flavia cries)

“ A standish, steel and golden pen !

“ It came from Bertrand's, not the skies ;

“ I gave it you to write again.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whose great Merit Mr. Pope
took a real pleasure in celebrating.

“ 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,
 “ Nor stop at Flattery or Fib.

“ *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.

“ Come, if you’ll be a quiet soul,
 “ That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,
 “ I’ll lift you in the harmless roll
 “ Of those that sing of these poor eyes.”

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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