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P O E M S

BY THE

Earl of *ROSCOMON*.

To which is added,

*An* ESSAY *on* POETRY,

By the Earl of *MULGRAVE*, now  
Duke of *BUCKINGHAM*.

Together with

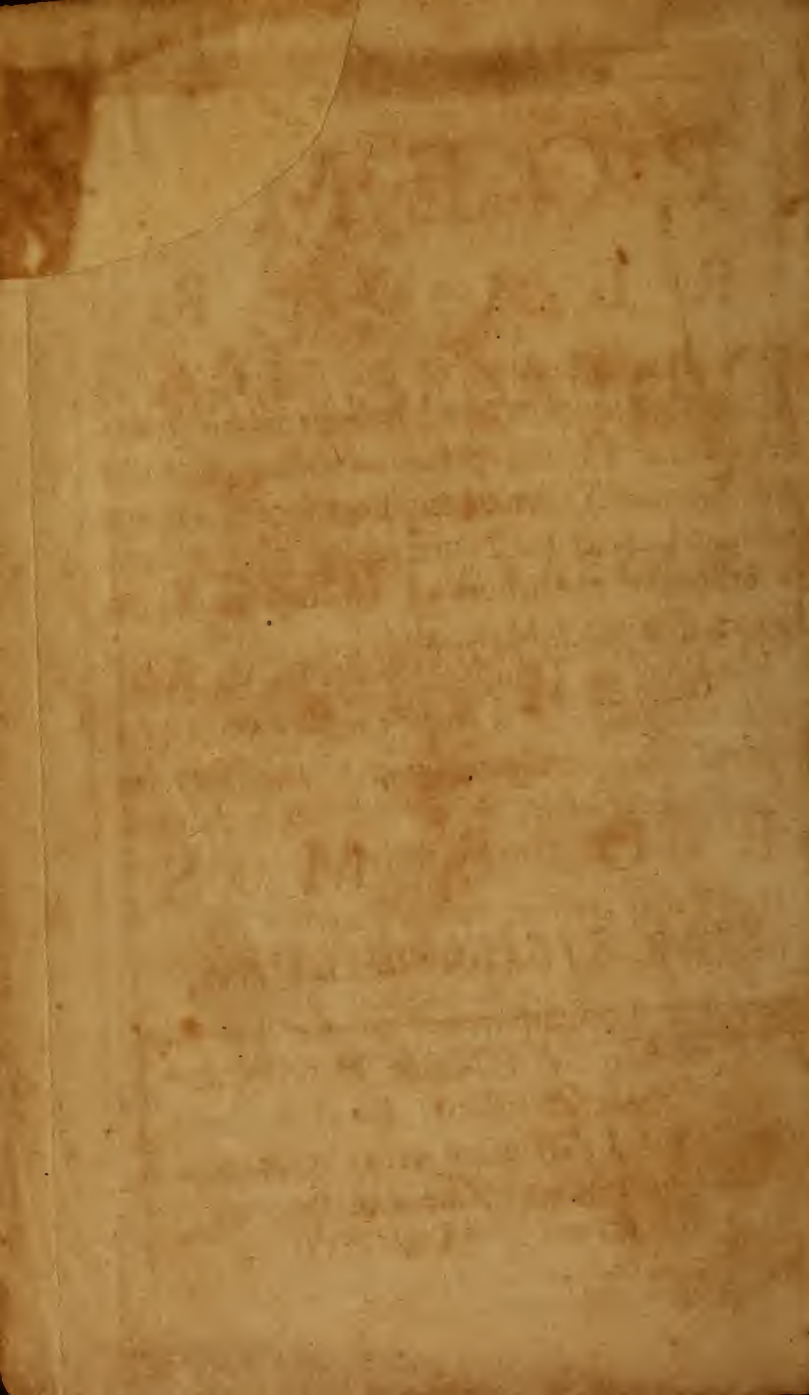
P O E M S

By Mr. *RICHARD DUKE*.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. T O N S O N, at *Shakespear's*  
*Head* over-against *Katharine-street* in  
the *Strand*. M D C C X V I I.





TO THE  
R E A D E R.

**I**N this Collection of the Earl of *Roscomon's* Poems, Care has been taken to insert all that I could possibly procure that are truly Genuine; there have been several Things published under his Name which were written by others, the Authors of which I could set down, if it were Material.

His Essay on Translated Verse has been very much esteem'd; it is from the Ingenious Pen of Mr. *Eusden* of *Cambridge* that you have the Latin Version of it, which was never printed before. That Essay begins with these two Lines:

*Happy that Author, whose correct Essay  
Repairs so well our Old Horatian Way.*

Where his Lordship refers to the Essay on Poetry, written by a Noble Hand; and I have, at the end of my Lord *Roscomon's* Poems, printed that Essay with the Leave and with the Corrections of the Author.

## To the READER.

I was promis'd some Account of the Life and Writings of the Earl of Roscomon by a Gentleman that was very intimately acquainted with his Lordship and his Writings; and but for that Expectation this Collection had been publish'd some Time since.

Besides these Poems, he made, in the Year 1682, a Translation of Dr. *Sherlock's* Discourse of Passive Obedience into *French*, at the Desire of the then Duke of *Ormond*, which is printed in 8vo.

As for the Poems of the late Mr. *Duke*; whatever has not been printed before, I have of his own Hand-Writing, to satisfy any Person that doubts of their being his.

The Beginning of the Poem, call'd the *Review*, he wrote a little after the publishing Mr. *Dryden's Absalom* and *Achitophel*; he was persuaded to undertake it by Mr. *Sheridan*, then Secretary to the Duke of *York*; but Mr. *Duke* finding Mr. *Sheridan* design'd to make use of his Pen to vent his Spleen against several Persons at Court that were of another Party, than that he was engaged in, broke off proceeding in it, and left it as it is now printed.

THE

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T H E

# C O N T E N T S.

<b>A</b> N <i>Essay on Translated Verse.</i>	Page 1
<i>A Paraphrase on the 148th Psalm.</i>	53
<i>Virgil's Sixth Eclogue, Translated.</i>	59
<i>The same Eclogue. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	79
<i>A Prospect of Death.</i>	87
<i>Ode upon Solitude.</i>	100
<i>The 22d Ode of the First Book of Horace.</i>	105
<i>On Mr. Dryden's Religio Laici.</i>	112
<i>Part of the Fifth Scene of the Second Act in</i> <i>Guarini's Pastor Fido.</i>	116
<i>The foregoing Scene translated into English.</i>	120
<i>A Prologue spoken to his Royal Highness the</i> <i>Duke of York, at Edinburgh.</i>	122
<i>The Dream.</i>	124
<i>The Ghost of the old House of Commons, to the new</i> <i>one, appointed to meet at Oxford.</i>	126
<i>On the Death of a Lady's Dog.</i>	130
<i>Song.</i>	131
<i>The Prayer of Jeremy Paraphras'd.</i>	133
<i>Epilogue to Alexander the Great, when acted at</i> <i>the Theatre in Dublin.</i>	140
<i>On the Day of Judgment.</i>	143
<i>Prologue to Pompey, a Tragedy. translated by</i> <i>Mrs. K. Philips, from the French of Monsieur</i>	143
A 3	COR.

The C O N T E N T S.

<i>Corneille, and acted at the Theatre in Dublin.</i>	148
<i>Rofs's Ghost.</i>	150
<i>The Sixth Ode of the Third Book of Horace.</i>	153
<i>Horace's Art of Poetry.</i>	173

---

<i>An Essay on Poetry. By John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Marquess of Normanby, now Duke of Buckingham, and Lord President of the Council.</i>	297
<i>On the Death of Julius Cæsar; design'd for a Chorus in that Play.</i>	318

---

Poems upon several Occasions, by Mr. R. Duke.

<i>The Review, never before printed.</i>	323
<i>The Fifth Elegy of the First Book of Ovid.</i>	341
<i>The Fourth Ode of the Second Book of Horace.</i>	344
<i>The Eighth Ode of the Second Book of Horace.</i>	346
<i>Horace and Lydia, the Ninth Ode of the Third Book.</i>	348
<i>The Cyclops. Theocritus Idyll. XI. Inscib'd to Dr. Short.</i>	351
<i>To Cælia.</i>	359
<i>Spoken to the Queen in Trinity-College New-Court in Cambridge.</i>	362
<i>Floriana, a Pastoral upon the Death of her Grace the Dutchess of Southampton.</i>	364
<i>To</i>	



The CONTENTS.

<i>To the unknown Author of Absalom and Achitophel.</i>	372
<i>An Epithalamium upon the Marriage of Captain William Bedloe.</i>	374
<i>On the Marriage of George Prince of Denmark, and the Lady Anne.</i>	380
<i>On the Death of King Charles the Second. And the Inauguration of King James the Second.</i>	366
<i>Prologue to Lucius Junius Brutus.</i>	393
<i>To the People of England; A Detestation of Civil War, from Horace's 7th Epod.</i>	396
<i>To Mr. Creech on his Translation of Lucretius.</i>	398
<i>Virgil's Fifth Eclogue.</i>	401
<i>By Mr. Waller, on the last Verses in his Poems.</i>	410
<i>To Mr. Waller, upon the Copy of Verses made by himself on the last Copy in his Book.</i>	412
<i>A Song.</i>	414
<i>A Song.</i>	415
<i>A Song.</i>	417
<i>To his Friend Mr. Henry Dickinson, on his Translation of Father Simon's Critical History of the Old Testament.</i>	418
<i>To Mr. Dryden, on his Play, call'd, Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth found too late.</i>	420
<i>Paris to Helena. Translated from Ovid's Epistles.</i>	424
<i>The Epistle of Acontius to Cydippe, translated from Ovid.</i>	449
<i>The Fourth Satyr of Juvenal.</i>	453
<i>Damon and Alexis.</i>	499
<i>A Pastoral to Cælia and Dorinda.</i>	500

The C O N T E N T S.

<i>To Cælia.</i>	502
<i>To some Disbanded Officers upon the late Vote of the House of Commons.</i>	503
<i>To a Roman Catholick upon Marriage.</i>	505
<i>An Imperfect Speech.</i>	ibid.
<i>Epistle from Mr. Otway to Mr. Duke.</i>	507
<i>Answer to the foregoing Epistle.</i>	515
<i>Ad Thomam Otway.</i>	518
<i>Who for Preferment, &amp;c.</i>	520
<i>Epithalamium in Nuptiis Serenissimorum &amp; Il- lustrissimorum Principum Gulielmi Henrici Arausii &amp; Mariæ Britanniarum.</i>	522

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A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
TRANSLATED VERSE.

---

BY THE  
EARL of ROSCOMMON.

---

— — *Fungar vice Cotis, acutum  
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi.*  
Hor. de Art. Poet.

*Cape Dona Extrema Tuorum. V. 3: Æ.*

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The FOURTH EDITION.

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Printed in the Year MDCCXVII.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY  
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CONTAINING THE PERIOD FROM  
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To the Earl of Roscomon, on his Excellent  
Essay on Translated Verse.

**W**Hether the fruitful *Nile*, or *Tyrian* Shore,  
The Seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,  
'Tis sure the noble Plant, translated first,  
Advanc'd its head in *Grecian* Gardens nurst.  
The *Grecians* added Verse, their tuneful Tongue  
Made Nature first, and Nature's God their Song.  
Nor stopt Translation here: For conquering *Rome*  
With *Grecian* Spoils, brought *Grecian* Numbers  
Enrich'd by those *Athenian* Muses more, [home;  
Than all the vanquish'd World cou'd yield before.  
'Till barb'rous Nations and more barb'rous Times  
Debas'd the Majesty of Verse to Rhimes;  
Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling Prose:  
That limp'd along, and tinckl'd in the close:  
But *Italy* reviving from the Trance  
Of *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Monkish* Ignorance,  
With Pauses, Cadence, and well vowell'd Words,  
And all the Graces a good Ear affords,  
Made Rhyme an Art, and *Dante's* polish'd Page  
Restor'd a silver, not a golden Age:  
Then *Petrarch* follow'd, and in him we see,  
What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be; }  
At best a pleasing Sound, and fair Barbarity: }  
The *French* pursu'd their steps; and *Britain* last  
In Manly Sweetness all the rest surpass'd.  
The Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*  
Appear exalted in the *British* Loom;

The

The Muses Empire is restor'd again,  
In *Charles* his Reign, and by *Roscomon's* Pen.  
Yet modestly he does his Work survey,  
And calls a finish'd Poem an *ESSAY*;  
For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here;  
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;  
(So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to appear.)  
Nor need those Rules, to give Translation light;  
His own Example is a Flame so bright;  
That he, who but arrives to copy well,  
Unguided will advance; unknowing will excel.  
Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd such Rules ordain;  
Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler Strain.  
How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,  
How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost!  
Their Island in Revenge has ours reclaim'd,  
The more instructed we, the more we still are  
sham'd.

'Tis well for us his generous Blood did flow  
Deriv'd from *British* Channels long ago,  
That here his conquering Ancestors were nurst;  
And *Ireland* but translated *England* first:  
By this Reprisal we regain our Right,  
Else must the two contending Nations fight,  
A nobler Quarrel for his Native Earth,  
Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer's* Birth.  
To what Perfection will our Tongue arrive,  
How will Invention and Translation thrive,  
When Authors nobly born will bear their Part,  
And not disdain th' inglorious Praise of Art!  
Great Generals thus descending from Command,  
With their own toil provoke the Soldiers hand.  
How

How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost be pleas'd to hear  
 His Fame augmented by an *English* Peer, The E.  
 How he embellishes His *Helen's* Loves, of Mul.  
 Out-does his Softness, and his Sense Improves?  
 When these translate, and teach Translators too,  
 Nor Firstling Kid, nor any vulgar Vow  
 Shou'd at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand;  
*Roscomon* writes, to that auspicious Hand, }  
 Muse feed the Bull that spurns the yellow Sand. }  
*Roscomon* whom both Court and Camps commend,  
 True to his Prince, and faithful to his Friend;  
*Roscomon* first in Fields of Honour known, }  
 First in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown; }  
 Who both *Minerva's* justly makes his own.  
 Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they,  
 Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,  
 On equal Terms with ancient Wit engage,  
 Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's* Page:  
 Our *English* Palace opens wide in State;  
 And without stooping they may pass the Gate.

JOHN DRYDEN.

---

Ad illustrissimum Virum, Dominum Comitem de Roscomon; in Tentamen suum sive Specimen de Poetis transferendis. Carmen Encomiasticum.

**A**nglia si claris pollet fecunda Poetis  
 Mundo præreptos jaçtans in pace triumphos;  
 Pallada nutrit si non minus ubere glebâ;  
 Augusto quam magna tulit sub Cæsare Roma;  
Hoc

Hoc Tibi debetur Comes illustrissime secli:  
Nam postquam per te patuit, populoque refulsit  
Ars Flacci, vatum surrexit vivida proles,  
Divinis instructa modis & carmine puro.  
Jam non sola sequi vestigia sacra Maronis  
Sed transferre datur: Vos O gaudete superbi  
Angligenæ, meritisque virum redimite corollis  
Quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.  
Nam duce Te vatum series æterna sequetur,  
Qui tentare modos ausi immortalis Homeri,  
Heroasque, Deosque canent, plausuque secundo  
Non male ceratis tendent super æthera pennis.  
Et tua, docte Maro, (ni fallor) carmina reddent  
Majestate pari; dum læta vagaberis umbra  
Per sacrum spatiosa nemus: Versuque Britanno  
Æneadas mirata cani, Bellumque, ducesque,  
Et Pastoris Oves, his vocibus ora resolves.  
Quam bene Te poteram patulis amplectier ulnis,  
Magne Comes, nostræ O famæ defensor & hæres!  
Nunc licet insulsi vertant mea scripta Poetæ,  
Mollior ac Elegis Ovidi sonet Ilias, ausit  
Mævius infelix calamo disperdere Versus,  
Cuncta piat Silenus, & haud imitabile carmen  
Prima quod infantis cecinit cunabula mundi,  
Durabit, famamque per omne tuebitur ævum.  
Grandibus ille modis & mirâ pingitur arte:  
Per Te, Dulce decus, nostri viget ille laboris  
Reliquiæ, multum celebrandus in orbe Britanno.  
Tu Genio da fræna tuo, nec voce beatam  
Hâc tristere animam--cape dona extrema Tuorum.  
Carmina adhuc cineri exequias persolve Maronis.  
Pulchrior in tantâ splendet mea gloria musâ.

Pluri-



*Plurimus Angligenum manibus versabere, plebi  
Sordebunt excusa ducum simulacra tabellis ;  
Te melius vivo pingentem carmine cernent.  
Dum translatorum sudant ignobile vulgus,  
Ut captent oculos phaleris, & imagine falsâ  
Lactent lectorem, & vanâ dulcedine pascant ;  
Me mihi restituis versu, sensusque latentes  
Eruis, & duplicem reddit tua charta Maronem.*

E Collegio S. S. & In-  
dividuæ Trin. Cant.

Carolus Dryden.

---

*To the Earl of Roscomon, on his Excellent Poem.*

**A**S when by labouring Stars new Kingdoms rise,  
The mighty *Moss* in rude Confusion lies,  
A Court unform'd, disorder'd at the Bar,  
And even in Peace the rugged Mein of War,  
'Till some wise Statesman into *Method* draws  
The Parts, and *Animates* the Frame with *Laws* ;  
Such was the Case when *Chaucer's* early Toil  
Founded the *Muses* Empire in our Soil.  
*Spencer* improv'd it with his painful Hand,  
But lost a Noble Muse in *Fairy-land*.  
*Shakespear* said all that *Nature* cou'd impart,  
And *Johnson* added *Industry* and *Art*.  
*Cowley*, and *Denham* gain'd Immortal Praise ;  
And some who merit, as they wear, the Bays,  
Search'd all the *Treasuries* of *Greece* and *Rome*,  
And brought the *precious Spoils* in Triumph home.  
But still our Language had some ancient rust,  
Our Flights were often high, but seldom just.

There

There wanted one who *License* cou'd restrain,  
Make *Civil Laws* o'er *Barbarous Usage* reign:  
One *worthy* in *Apollo's Chair* to sit,  
To hold the *Scales*, and give the *Stamp* of Wit.  
In whom *ripe Judgment* and *young Fancy* meet,  
And *force* the *Poets Rage* to be *discreet*.  
Who grows not *nauseous* whilst he strives to *please*;  
But marks the *Shelves* in the *Poetic Seas*.  
Who *knows*, and *teaches* what our *Clime* can bear,  
And makes the *barren Ground* obey the labourers  
Care.

Few cou'd *conceive*, none the *great work* cou'd do,  
'Tis a *fresh Province*, and resery'd for *You*.

Those *Talents* all are *yours*; of which but *One*,  
Were a *Fair Fortune* for a *Muses Son*.  
*Wit, Reading, Judgment, Conversation, Art,*  
A *Head* well *ballanc'd*, and a *generous Heart*.  
While *insect Rhymes* cloud the *polluted Skie*,  
Created to *molest* the world, and *die*,  
*Your File* do's *polish*, what your *Fancy cast*;  
Works are *long forming*, which must *always last*.  
*Rough iron-sense*, and *stubborn to the Mould*  
*Touch'd* by your *Chymic Hand* is *turn'd to Gold*:  
A *secret Grace* fashions the *flowing Lines*,  
And *Inspiration thro' the Labour* shines.  
Writers, in *spight* of all their *Paint and Art*,  
*Betray* the *darling Passion* of their *Heart*.  
No *Fame* you *wound*, give no *chast Ears* Offence;  
Still true to *Friendship, Modesty, and Sense*.

So

So *Saints* from Heaven for our *Example* sent,  
*Live* to their *Rules*, having nothing to *repent*.  
*Horace*, if *living*, by exchange of *Fate*,  
Wou'd give no *Laws*, but only *yours* translate.

Hoist *Sail*, bold *Writers*, *search*, *discover* far,  
You have a *Compass* for a *Polar-Star*.  
*Tune Orpheus* Harp, and with *enchanting* *Rhymes*  
*Soften* the *savage* *Humour* of the *Times*.

Tell all those *untouch'd Wonders* which appear'd,  
When *Fate* it self for our *Great Monarch* fear'd:  
*Securely* thro' the *dangerous* *Forrest* led  
By *Guards* of *Angels*, when his *own* were fled.  
Heaven *kindly* *exercis'd* his *Youth* with *Cares*,  
To crown with *unmix'd* *Joys* his *riper* *Years*.

Make *Warlike* *James's* *peaceful* *Virtues* known,  
The *second* *Hope* and *Genius* of the *Throne*.  
Heaven in *Compassion* brought *him* on *our* *Stage*,  
To *tame* the *fury* of a *monstrous* *Age*.

But what *blest* *Voice* shall *your* *Maria* sing ?  
Or a *fit* *Offering* to *her* *Altars* bring ?

In *Joys*, in *Grief*, in *Triumphs*, in *Retreat*,  
Great *always*, without aiming to be *Great*.

*Beauty* and *Love* fit *awful* in *her* *Face* ;  
And *every* *Gesture* form'd by *every* *Grace*.

*Her* *Glories* are too *heavenly* and *refin'd*,  
For the *gross* *Senses* of a *vulgar* *Mind*.

It is your *Part*, (*you* *Poets* can *divine*)

To *prophecy* how *she* by *Heaven's* *Design*  
Shall give an *Heir* to the *Great* *British* *Line*,  
Who over all the *Western* *Isles* shall *reign*,  
Both *awe* the *Continent*, and *rule* the *Main*,

It is *Your Place* to wait upon *her Name*  
Thro' the *vast Regions* of *Eternal Fame*.

*True Poets Souls* to *Princes* are *ally'd*,  
And the *World's Empire* with its *Kings* divide:  
Heaven *trusts* the *present Time* to *Monarchs Care*,  
*Eternity* is the *Good Writer's Share*.

*Knightly Chetwood.*

---

To the *Earl of Roscomon*, on his *Excellent*  
*Essay on Translated Verse*.

WHILE *Satyr* pleas'd, and nothing else was writ,  
But pure ill-nature pass'd for noblest Wit,  
Some privileg'd Climes the poisonous Weeds re-  
But when a generous understanding Muse [fuse:  
Does richer Fruits from happier Soils translate,  
W'are sent to *Ireland*, by reverse of Fate.  
Yet you, I know, with *Plato* would disdain  
To write and equal the *Mæonian Strain*;  
If 'twould debauch your Humour so far forth,  
To think so mean a Thing enhanc'd your Worth.  
For were that Praise, and only that your due,  
Which *Virgil* too might claim no less than *you*;  
Tho' that had merited my bare Esteem,  
I'd leave to other Pens the single Theme.  
But when I saw the Candor of your Mind,  
A Muse inur'd to Camps, in Courts refin'd,  
A Soul ev'n capable of being a *Friend*,  
Free from those Follies which the Great attend;

I grant such Excellence my Soul did fire,  
Unable to commend, I will admire.

‘ Happy the Man, when no Concern is nigh,  
‘ But Nature’s wanton, and his Blood runs high,  
‘ Who free from Cares enjoys without controul  
‘ His Muse, the darling Mistress of his Soul;  
‘ No tedious Court his Appetite destroys,  
‘ Nor thoughts of Gain pollute the rapturous Joys.  
‘ The Dear *Minerva*’s form’d without a Pain,  
‘ And nothing less, could spring from such a Brain.  
‘ And yet his God-like Pity he imparts  
‘ To those that drudge at duty’gainst their hearts, }  
‘ And to illiberal Uses wrest the Liberal Arts--- }

When I observe the Wonders you explain,  
Too much the Ancients you commend---in vain,  
In vain you would endeavour to perswade  
That all our Laws were in those Archives laid:  
That Poetry must ever stand unmov’d,  
The only Art Experience han’t improv’d.  
But grant their Rites were to Religion grown,  
Sure they concern no Countries but their own:  
For let *Aeneid* pass through others Hands,  
The *Aeneid*’s self a *Third-rate* Poet stands:  
Unfit to reach the Heights that he has flown,  
We wisely to our Level bring him down,  
Himself had writ less sweet, and less sublime,  
In any other Tongue or other Time.

And now, my Lord, on this account I grieve,  
To think how different from your self you’ll live.

When

When this inimitable Piece is shown,  
In Languages and Empires yet unknown,  
It will be Learning *then* to know and hear  
Not only what you wrote, but what you *were*.

*J. Amberst.*

---

Cum Opus suum Manuscriptum, una cum  
eleganti Carmine Latino sibi mitteret Il-  
lustrissimus Author, ita respondit devotissi-  
mus suus: *K. C.*

**A** *Ula dulce decus, quem culta Britannia vellet,  
Scotia seque sibi vix peperisse putat;  
Quid, mihi dum nunquam peritura volumina mittis,  
Me, nisi mirari, dulcis amice, velis?  
Scripta tua in melius qui fingere possit, Apellis  
Is Venerem, Phidiæ possit & ille Jovem:  
Consilio ille juvet miscentem elementa Tonantem,  
Rectius & Soli scribere possit iter.  
Res sancta est, surgens vestra ad fastigia, vates,  
Cui præsens semper pectora numen habet.  
Quantum est victuris victuras condere leges,  
In litem lauros & revocare novam!  
Extinctis vitam dare res est quanta! sed ipse  
Quantus! pars minima est Musa diserta Tui.*

**A N**

---

A N

E S S A Y

O N

Translated Verse.

---



# Tentamen, sive Specimen

D E

## Poetis Transferendis

Latinè redditum.

**F***Elix ille operis, digno qui carmine leges  
Restituit, sacrae quas fixit Horatius arti.  
Vos quoque felices, quibus indulgentia fati  
Militiam tanto primam tolerare Magistro,  
Vexillumque dedit sacratum attollere Phœbi.  
Egregiè instructi miris Ducis artibus, arma  
Exercere prius nôstis, quàm ad prælia ventum est  
At nunc cùm prælum, cùm pulpita, cùmq; theatrum  
Stultitiam sæcli rident, & stultiùs augent,*





A N

E S S A Y

O N

Translated Verse.

**H** Appy that Author, whose correct \*Essay  
*Repairs* so well our Old *Horatian* way;  
And happy you, who (by propitious Fate)  
On great *Apollo's* sacred Standard wait,  
And with strict Discipline instructed right,  
Have learn'd to *use* your Arms before you *fight*.  
But since the *Press*, the *Pulpit* and the *Stage*,  
Conspire to censure and expose our Age:

B 2

Pro-

\* *Essay on Poetry, Written by the E. of M. now D. of B.*

*Sepe laceffitis sumenda audacia; nobis  
 Virtutes pauca; fas fit defendere paucas.  
 Qui nostris cupidi magis, aut qui plura ferendo  
 Certârunt vastas Romæ perquirere gazas,  
 Purius aut Graiis aurum exhaurire fodinis?  
 Translatus nostris fructus pulcherrimus oris  
 Spes det maturas, & amœnis floribus balat.  
 Dulcè fluens Naso teneros inspirat amores,  
 Et quodcunque petit, sequitur natura petentem.  
 Nostra Syracosium referunt jam carmina Vatem,  
 Illius agrestem rupes sonat Anglica musam.  
 Quis nescit, quanto felicior Itala tellus  
 Medorum sylvis, gemmisque Oriente superbo?  
 Aut quæ cantavit Gallus mollissima, cantus  
 Redditur En! qualem immoto nec corde Lycoris  
 Ipsa legat: vel cùm lugent tua funera, Daphni,  
 Nymphæ, quis siccis lugentes cernat ocellis?*

*En!*

Provok'd, Too far, we resolutely must,  
 To the few Virtues that we have, be just.  
 For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more  
 To search the Treasures of the *Roman* Store;  
 Or dig in *Grecian Mines* for purer Ore;  
 The noblest Fruits Transplanted in our Isle  
 With early Hope, and fragrant Blossoms smile.  
 Familiar *Ovid* tender Thoughts inspires,  
 And *Nature* seconds all his soft *Desires*:  
*Theocritus* does now to *Us* belong;  
 And *Albion's Rocks* repeat his *Rural Song*.  
 Who has not heard how *Italy* was blest,  
 Above the *Medes*, above the wealthy *East*?  
 Or *Gallus* Song, so tender, and so true,  
 As ev'n *Lycoris* might with Pity view!  
 When *Mourning Nymphs* attend their *Daphni's* [*Herse*,  
 Who does not *Weep*, that *Reads* the moving *Versè*!

*En! verò numeris en! quàm sublimibus arva  
 Fortunata per hæc Siculæ Saturnia Mufæ  
 Tempora jam résonant; noster jam regnat Apollo.*

*Libera civili requiescere Gallia bello  
 Ut cæpit, pacemque domi palmasque labores  
 Externi peperere, illic doctrina vigeat  
 Regali nutrita manu, latèque beabat  
 Omnia diffundens sese: tum Græcia quicquid,  
 Aut quicquid Latium jactaret amabile, solers,  
 Dum dignè vertit, proprium sibi Gallia fecit.  
 Et quòd adhuc nostro, tu jure fateberis, orbi  
 Multùm operæ illius, multùm exemplaria prosint.  
 Hinc ille illustris nobis, hinc æmulus ardor;  
 Rem libuit tentare, & quæ tentata placebat,  
 Sortita eventum votis successit amicè.  
 At nunc nobilior monstratur semita, verso  
 Carmine præstamus nos, quod nec Gallia præstet.  
 Hic, numerosè, nites sine nube serenus, Horati,  
 Nil perit hic, numeris & iisdem redderis idem.  
 Vim nemo hanc dulcem speret sermone soluto.*

*Vulgaris*

But hear, oh hear, in what exalted Strains  
*Sicilian Muses* through these happy Plains,  
 Proclaim *Saturnian* Times, our own *Apollo* <sup>[reigns.]</sup>

When *France* had breath'd, after intestine Broils,  
 And Peace and Conquest crown'd her foreign  
 There (cultivated by a Royal Hand) <sup>[Toils,</sup>  
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the Land;  
 The choicest Books, that *Rome*, or *Greece* have  
 Her excellent *Translators* made her own: <sup>[known,</sup>  
 And *Europe* still considerably gains,  
 Both by their good *Example* and their *Pains*.  
 From hence our gen'rous Emulation came,  
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.  
 But now, *We* shew the World a nobler Way,  
 And in *Translated Verse*, do more than *They*.  
 Serene, and clear, harmonious *Horace* flows,  
 With Sweetness not to be exprest in *Prose*.

*Vulgaris sermo Vatis nudè edere sensum*  
*Iste valet; tibi materiam, non explicat ingens*  
*Artis opus: colui multos quem sedulus annis*  
*Ipse Ego, qualis ibi legitur mutatus in ora*  
*Planè aliena, meum jam vix agnosco Magistrum.*  
*Frustrà Finitimi tendunt, frustràque laborant,*  
*Des linguæ vitio, haud illis: hæc culta videtur,*  
*Florida, verborumque ferax, quæ fortè tenellas*  
*Titillent levioire sono, quàm possumus, aures.*  
*Esto; at quis nobis ostendat Gallicus autor*  
*Angliacæ nervos simul, & compendia linguæ?*  
*Carminis unius nitidus cum pondere sensus*  
*Deductus tenui per tota pœmata filo*  
*Ornaret Gallos: quæ sit sententia nobis*  
*(Æqua licèt privata) libet veram edere apertè,*  
*Nec cuiquam nocuisse velim, nam dicta retracto,*  
*Si brevitate pari sensus includere nòrint*  
*Tam crebros, acresque, & molli stringere nodo.*  
*Pulchrior illa quidem est fœcundo pectore primùm*  
*Rem tibi vis promens, felicique ubere vena,*

*Sed*

Degrading *Prose* explains his Meaning ill,  
 And shews the *Stuff*, but not the Workman's Skill.

I (who have serv'd him more than twenty Years)  
 Scarce know my Master as he there appears.

*Vain* are our *Neighbours Hopes*, and *Vain* their  
 The *Fault* is more their *Languages*, than theirs. <sup>[Cares,</sup>

'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in Words;  
 Of softer Sound than ours perhaps affords.

But who did ever in *French Authors* see  
 The Comprehensive, *English Energy*?

The weighty *Bullion* of *One Sterling Line*,  
 Drawn to *French Wire*, would thro' whole *Pages*  
 I speak my *private*, but *impartial Sense*, <sup>[shine.</sup>

With *Freedom*, and (I hope) without *Offence*:  
 For I'll recant, when *France* can shew me *Wit*,  
 As strong as *Ours*, and as *succinctly writ*.

'Tis true, *Composing* is the *Nobler Part*,  
 But good *Translation* is no *easy Art*,

*Sed Genio haud caret & bene vertere; nam tibi quam-  
Tradita materies aliunde hæc suppetat, extrà [vis  
Libera non ponis vestigia, cogaris arcto  
Limite, dum circa patulum versaberis orbem;  
Dumque studes augere, tibi quæ tradita res est,  
Quò minùs ingenium hìc sudat, fæcundaque vena,  
Tantò judicii magis exercetur acumen.*

*Exossare solum, cui semen credere tendis  
Pierium, saxis primùm salebrisque decebit,  
Vellere & urticas Criticorum turpiter hirtas.  
Avertit Phœbus, trepidat Parnassia rupes,  
Cùm strepitu horrifono Baralipton vulnerat aures.  
Dignus nemo legi, atque diu retinere legentes,  
Ni bene moratas doctus qui possidet artes.*

*Difficilis labor, & paucis superabilis hic est;  
Fallere te ut nolis ipsum: procul absit iniqua  
Gratia, sperne dolos, probitas spectetur, & imas  
Pande animi latebras, atque omnes excute nervos.  
Qui vanè propriis confidere viribus audet,  
Prodeat ille Maro forsàn, sed Mævius exit;*

*Infelix!*



For tho' *Materials* have long since been found,  
 Yet both your *Fancy*, and your *Hands* are bound;  
 And by *improving* what was writ *before*;  
*Invention* Labours *less*, but *Judgment*, *more*.

The Soil intended for *Pierian Seeds*  
 Must be well *purg'd*, from *rank Pedantick Weeds*.  
*Apollo* starts, and all *Parnassus* shakes,  
 At the rude rumbling *Baralipton* makes.  
 For none have been with *Admiration*, read,  
 But who (beside their *Learning*) were *Well-bred*.

The first great Work, (a Task perform'd by few)  
 Is, that *your self* may to *your self* be true:  
 No *Masque*, no *Tricks*, no *Favour*, no *Reserve*;  
*Dissect* your Mind, examine ev'ry *Nerve*.  
 Whoever *vainly* on his *Strength* depends,  
*Begins* like *Virgil*, but like *Mævius*, ends.

That

*Infelix! cujus, postquam data carmina scombris,  
 Damnatur vitâ post scripta superstite nomen,  
 Pœnam immortalem mortali ex carmine pendens:  
 Is tumidis ruptus buccis, vacuoque bœatu  
 Torva Mimalloneis implevit cornua bombis.  
 Si bene lapsa memor repetat mihi sæcula Musa,  
 Mævius ille fuit vano promissor hiatu  
 Contemptus meritò, cùm parturientibus altis  
 Montibus, (horrendum!)— mox prodiit exiguus mus.*

*Discite, jam magnâ conclamans voce per umbras  
 Ille lacertosus, clarus pugil ille Crotonis,  
 Milo jubet sua fata docens, temerarius olim  
 Viribus ipse suis nodosum in robur adaëtus,  
 Findere quod primò nimis est feliciter ausus.*

*Diversi scribunt diverso numine vates,  
 Laudibus hic pollet, salibus tu, moribus alter.  
 Non Epicas ausus Flaccus sibi poscere Lauros,  
 Ipse nec ad Lyricum celsus descendere carmen*

*Digna-*

That Wretch (in spite of his forgotten Rhimes)  
 Condemn'd to live to all succeeding Times,  
 With *pompous Nonsense* and a *bellowing Sound*  
 Sung *lofty Illium*, tumbling to the Ground.  
 And (if my Muse can through past Ages see)  
 That *noisie, nauseous, gaping Fool* was he;  
 Exploded, when with universal Scorn,  
 The *Mountains labour'd* and a *Mouse* was born.

Learn, learn, *Crotona's* brawny Wrestler cries,  
 Audacious Mortals, and be *timely* wise!  
 'Tis I that call, remember *Milo's End*,  
*Wedg'd* in that Timber, which he strove to *rend*.

*Each Poet* with a *different Talent* writes,  
 One *Praises*, one *Instructs*, another *Bites*.  
*Horace* did ne'er aspire to *Epick Bays*,  
 Nor lofty *Maro* stoop to *Lyrick Lays*.

Examine

*Dignatus Maro: tu, quàm mens iter ipsa frequentat.  
 Quæ primùm, explores, rapit ultrò pectora flamma  
 Tum tibi cognatum, qui tramite vergit eodem,  
 Autoremque legas, tanquam legeretur amicus;  
 Dumque pari stringunt vos vincula mutua nexu,  
 Mirus erit consensus, amabis, amaberis idem.  
 Mens eadem, similis sententia, vox & utrique,  
 Interpres jam tu non illius, alter at ille.*

*Circumstant cunas quàm prona pericula Musæ  
 Virginis! intactæ quàm lubrica fama Puellæ!  
 Commendat sese Patris indulgentia primùm,  
 Molle lutum casto si fingas pollice; forma  
 Vultûs prima manet, fingatur & optima prima.  
 Ne premat ingenium, libertatemque decoram  
 Austeri servus timor, imperiumque Magistrî;  
 Nec verba intereâ violent lasciva pudicam.*

Examine how your *Humour* is inclin'd,  
 And which the *ruling Passion* of your Mind;  
 Then, seek a *Poet* who *your Way* does bend,  
 And chuse an *Author* as you chuse a *Friend*.  
 United by this *Sympathetick Bond*,  
 You grow *familiar, intimate, and fond*;  
 Your *Thoughts, your Words, your Stiles, your Souls*  
 No longer his *Interpreter*, but *He*. [agree,

With how much *Ease* is a *young Muse* betray'd,  
 How *nice* the *Reputation* of the *Maid*?  
 Your *early, kind, paternal* Care appears,  
 By *chast Instruction* of her *tender Years*.  
 The *first Impression* in her *Infant Breast*  
 Will be the *deepest*, and should be the *best*.  
 Let not *Austerity* breed servile *Fear*,  
 No *wanton Sound* offend her *Virgin-Ear*.

*Non illa ætatis ventoso turgida fastu  
 Addicat pronas assentatoribus aures,  
 Nec nimis illa procis pateat laudantibus ultrò.  
 Sic decor ingenuus mentem huic sine fraudibus ornet,  
 Sed culpa arguitur tua, siquid nescia peccat.*

*Fas nunquam obscænis veniam concedere dictis;  
 Communi sensu planè caret horridus ille,  
 Quid deceat, quid non, pravè, aut securus ineptè.  
 Ecquis enim sapiens mediocriter, usque profusus  
 Æris, & usque adeò nugator splendidus, inter  
 Libera cui Nymphas commercia dentur honestas,  
 Solicitare velit plebem, & de fæce lupanar?  
 Ergò tuum eligerè est dignè, cùm suppetat ingens,  
 Dignaue materies, & rerum copia prægnans,  
 Quam veritas etiam dignè, quæ viribus apta est;  
 Sit grandis, magnùmque sonans, morataque rectè.  
 Materiem sapiens sectantes spernit inanem;  
 Hi sperent plausus, quales per compita pictor  
 Excipit ille, artis qui stultæ prodigus Urso,  
 Exprimit, & Tauros, & siquod pensile signum  
 Attonito ad vappæ fæces trahit ore popellum.*

*Nec*

Secure from *foolish Pride's affected State,*  
 And *specious Flatt'ry's more pernicious Bait,*  
*Habitual Innocence* adorns her *Thoughts,*  
 But your *Neglect* must answer for her *Faults.*

*Immodest Words* admit of no *Defence;*  
 For want of *Decency,* is want of *Sense.*  
 What mod'rate *Fop* wou'd rake the *Park,* or *Stews,*  
 Who among *Troops of faultless Nymphs* may  
*Variety of such* is to be found; [chuse?  
 Take then a *Subject, proper* to expound:  
 But *Moral, Great,* and worth a *Poet's Voice,*  
 For Men of *Sense* despise a *trivial Choice:*  
 And such *Applause* it must expect to meet,  
 As wou'd some *Painter,* busie in a *Street,*  
 To Copy *Bulls* and *Bears,* and ev'ry *Sign*  
 That calls the *staring Sots* to *nasty Wine.*

*Nec tamen hoc satis est sic elegisse potenter  
 Materiem, nisi & hæc demum intellecta placebit.  
 Objicit ante oculos mihi qui deformia visu,  
 (Quod multi e priscis, multi fecere recentes)  
 Averſandâ animum malè torquet imagine, qualis  
 Pharmaca gustantùm gravis oscula torquet amaror.  
 Te duce, Virgilium attonitus latè audiat orbis,  
 Ut cecinit sublime! ut miscuit utile dolci!  
 Omnibus hinc verè formosa orietur imago,  
 Devinctosque habeas, non tantùm laudibus æquos;  
 Te laudâsse parum est, meritis ni præmia donent.  
 At non arridet describens turpia, vitam  
 Si bene pingat, idem est; si pravè: nam quis iniquæ  
 Tam patiens cœnæ, ut fastidia ferre culinæ  
 Mæoniæ immotus sibi temperet? hinc sua Divi  
 Vulnera dum plorant, & dum rixatur Achilles,  
 Non modò dormitat, vereor, sed stertit Homerus.*

*Parciùs*



Yet 'tis not all to have a Subject Good,  
It must *Delight* us when 'tis understood.  
He that brings *fulsome Objects* to my View,  
(As many *Old* have done, and many *New*)  
With *nauseous Images* my Fancy fills,  
And all goes down like *Oxymel of Squils*.  
Instruct the list'ning World how *Maro* sings  
Of *useful Subjects*, and of *lofty Things*.  
These will such true, such bright *Idea's* raise,  
As merit *Gratitude*, as well as *Praise*:  
But *foul Descriptions* are *offensive* still,  
Either for being *Like*, or being *Ill*.  
For who, without a *Qualm*, hath ever look'd  
On *Holy Garbage*, tho' by *Homer* Cook'd?  
Whose *rayling Heroes*, and whose *wounded Gods*,  
Make some suspect, He *Snores*, as well as *Nods*.

*Parciùs ista: — Maro cælo indignatus ab alto  
Avertit, Flaccusque oculos: mea Musa recedit  
Tincta rubore genas, & quem par nobile Fratrum  
Vindicat, obsequio probat, & miratur in illis.*

*Mansurâ fundata basi se fabrica tollat,  
Ut videam plenum gratæ, stupeamque videndo  
Majestatis opus: miserâ non splendeat arte  
Fucatum, sed sit simplex duntaxat, & unum,  
Corpore compacto robustum, & partibus aptis.  
Hinc pura, hinc velox, hinc felicissima flamma  
Lumine divino (donum est divinitus ortum)  
Per varias tacitè partes labatur, & intus  
Totam animet molem, foveatque caloribus almis.  
Heu tamen, heu! pauci, (quos Jupiter æquus amavit)  
Pulchra Deum soboles, mirum tetigère cacumen.  
Non novus huc Titan accedere crimine possit  
Sacrilego, montes iterum si montibus addat.*

*Squal-*

But I offend—*Virgil* begins to frown,  
 And *Horace* looks with *Indignation* down;  
 My blushing *Muse* with *conscious Fear* retires,  
 And whom *They like*, *Implicitly Admires*.

On *sure Foundations* let your *Fabrick Rise*,  
 And with attractive *Majesty* surprize,  
 Not by affected, *meritricious Arts*,  
 But strict *harmonious Symetry* of *Parts*.  
 Which through the *Whole* insensibly must pass,  
 With vital *Heat* to animate the *Mass*.  
 A *pure*, an *active*, an *auspicious Flame*,  
 And *bright* as *Heav'n*, from whence the *Blessing* [came;  
 But few, oh few *Souls*, *præordain'd* by *Fate*,  
 The *Race of Gods*, have reach'd that *envy'd Height*.  
 No *Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious Crime*,  
 By heaping *Hills* on *Hills* can *thither climb*.

*Squallidus, haud visâ primùm Duce, portitor Orci  
Dardanio Herôi cymbamque, aditumque negavit,  
Nec nisi monstratâ potuit mitescere Virgâ.*

*Quo non jare ruent Nostrorum crimina, fastu  
Qui vetito Cælum arripiunt, & non sua captant?*

*Fastus, quo vitium non perniciosius ullum,  
Arguit aut celeres animos, curâque carentes,  
Aut turpis parit hunc inscitia, crassus & error.  
Nam siqui sudant impensius, atque laborant,  
Desperare magis, quàm sunt jactare parati.  
Sic si contineat sensus tuus Ille profundos,  
Sæpe stylum vertis, limaëque incumbere totus  
Cogeris, exprimere ut valeas, & reddere purum.  
Sæc'lorum en! retrò quàm fluxit plurimus ordo,  
Ex quo Virgilius legitur! sed pars quota Vatem  
Lectorum assequitur vulgò! tu pronus ad aras  
Relligione pavens procumbe, habitat Deus intus,  
Nec de plebe Deus: nutu Jovis altus Olympus  
Si quatitur, trepidare Andina ad Numina turbam  
Fas pariter Vatum, atque suum placare Tonantem.*

*Salve*

The grizly *Ferry-man of Hell* deny'd  
*Æneas Entrance*, 'till he knew his *Guide*;  
 How justly then will Impious Mortals fall,  
 Whose *Pride* wou'd soar to *Heav'n* without a *Call*?

*Pride* (of all others the most *dang'rous* Fault,)  
 Proceeds from want of *Sense*, or want of *Thought*.  
 The Men, who *labour* and *digest* things *most*,  
 Will be much apter to *despond*, than *boast*.  
 For if your Author be *profoundly good*,  
 'Twill cost you *dear* before he's *understood*.  
 How many Ages since has *Virgil* writ?  
 How few are they who understand him *yet*?  
 Approach his Altars with *religious Fear*,  
 No *vulgar Deity* inhabits *there*:  
*Heav'n* shakes not more at *Jove's Imperial Nod*,  
 Than *Poets* shou'd before their *Mantuan God*.

*Salve magne Maro! sanctum, & venerabile Nomen,  
 Nostra tuâ accendas cœlesti pectora flammâ.  
 Hinc O! res liceat, vivas hinc ducere voces,  
 Musa mihi inspiret cantus, sed Tu rege Musam.*

*Jamque Ego de summo dixi quodcunque Poetâ,  
 Id quoque de reliquis poteras dixisse gradatim.  
 Sit primò proprium tibi curæ exquirere sensum,  
 Fortiter hoc contende, & totas exere vires.  
 Omnes ne pigeat Criticorum evolvere chartas,  
 Forsitan hîc ille, & rectè alter judicet illic.  
 At cave, ne turbam malesuada libido sequendi  
 Te teneat; semper præceps it vulgus, & errat.  
 Si quædam dura, & nimium detorta putabis,  
 Autorem sibi componens modò consule; quis scit,  
 Felici annuerit dexter si Cynthius auso,  
 Quantum sera tui ditârint sæc'la labores?*

*Hæc*

Hail mighty *Maro!* may that Sacred Name  
 Kindle *my Breast* with *thy cælestial Flame*;  
*Sublime Ideas*, and *apt Words* infuse.  
 The *Muse* instruct *my Voice*, and *Thou* inspire the [*Muse!*]

What I have instanc'd only in the *best*,  
 Is, in proportion true of All the *rest*.  
 Take Pains the *genuine* Meaning to explore;  
 There *sweat*, there *strain*, tug the laborious *Oar*:  
 Search *ev'ry Comment* that your Care can find,  
 Some here, some there, may hit the Poet's *Mind*;  
 Yet be not blindly guided by the *Throng*;  
 The Multitude is always in the *Wrong*.  
 When Things appear *unnatural* or *hard*,  
 Consult your *Author*, with *Himself* compar'd;  
 Who knows what Blessing *Phæbus* may bestow,  
 And future Ages to your Labour owe?

Such

70/1

*Hæc arcana quidem non cuilibet obvia curæ,  
Sed simul ut patuere, error fugit antè, metusque:  
Intima pertentat solidum tibi pectora Verum,  
Et pace æternâ cumulat te candidus hospes.*

*Simplex est Verum, & divinâ luce coruscum,  
Nec premit ingenuos vultus dubitabilis error.  
Hoc certum est, tibi in ambiguo dum sensus adhæret,  
Perplexum turbare magis, sed vertere nunquam  
Sincerum dabitur: falsos per mille colores  
Te prodet stylus ipse cavâ sub imagine ludens.  
Nemo etenim verbis rem clariùs explicat, antè  
Pectore quàm concepit; & is concepit acutè,  
Qui nil obscurum verborum in nube relinquit.  
Interpres fidus, nimiùm qui nomina curat,  
Inducit potiùs tenebras, quàm dissipat; & fit  
Fure adedè ex summo summè idem injurius: odit  
Cæca superstitio, stultè quem diligit: Ipsa  
Sponte suâ in vitium Virtus delabitur, ultrâ  
Quàm par est textûsque tenax, & mordicùs hærens.*



Such Secrets are not easily found out,  
But once Discover'd, leave no Room for Doubt.  
*Truth* stamps *Conviction* in your Ravish'd Breast,  
And *Peace* and *Joy* attend the glorious Guest.

*Truth* still is *One*; *Truth* is Divinely bright,  
No cloudy *Doubts* obscure her *Native Light*;  
While in your *Thoughts* you find the *least* Debate,  
You may *Confound*, but *never* can *Translate*.  
Your *Stile* will this thro' all *Disguises* show,  
For none *Explain*, more clearly than they *Know*.  
He only proves he *Understands* a *Text*,  
Whose *Exposition* leaves it *unperplex'd*.  
They who too faithfully on *Names* insist,  
Rather *Create* than *Dissipate* the *Mist*;  
And grow *Unjust* by being *over nice*,  
(For *Superstitious Virtue* turns to *Vice*.)

*Ut bis Romanas Parthi fregére Phalanges,  
 Aut, Labiene, tua, aut Crassi hoc edisserat umbra ;  
 Quando ita consuluit fame pia Roma suorum,  
 Ut Pacorum vix nostra, agnoscant vix sæc'la Mo-  
 [næsen.*

*Quæ verba alterius linguæ splendore nitescunt,  
 Fortè carent veniâ, si vis transferre; nec olim,  
 Omnia, quæ fovére Augusti tempora, nostro  
 Conveniunt Genio, nec honore ferentur eodem  
 Reddita: sed propriè sensus, quos continet autor,  
 Qui docet, hic interpretes erit consultus, & audax.*

*Longè a proposito nullis lustranda piac'lis  
 Culpa recedendi: nihil addas, siquid omittas  
 Tutius est, verbis cultum patientibus ægrè.  
 Mystica si Vatum quandoque arcana resolves,  
 Lima tibi facilem curam mentita labore,  
 Nativa ut videatur; amat splendescere Verum*

*Simplex*

Let \* *Crassus's* Ghost, and *Labienuſ* tell  
 How twice in *Parthian* Plains their *Legions* fell.  
 Since *Rome* hath been ſo Jealous of her Fame,  
 That few know *Pacorus* or *Monæſes* Name.

Words in One Language Elegantly us'd,  
 Will hardly in another be excus'd.  
 And ſome that *Rome* admir'd in *Cæſar's* Time,  
 May neither ſuit *Our* Genius nor our *Clime*.  
 The *Genuine* Senſe, intelligibly told,  
 Shews a *Translator* both *Diſcreet* and *Bold*.

*Excursions* are inexpiably Bad;  
 And 'tis much ſafer to leave out than *Add*.  
 Abſtruſe and Myſtick Thoughts you muſt expreſs }  
 With painful Care, but ſeeming Eaſineſs; }  
 For Truth ſhines brighteſt thro' the plaineſt Dreſs. }

\* *Hor. l. 3. Od. 6.*

*Simplex munditiis: cùm sese Ænèia Musa*  
*Inferat incessu magno, Jovis æmula cingit*  
*Flamma latus, fulmenque: interdum mollia scribit,*  
*Quæ, Philomela, canas, quæ Tu, Cytheræa, loquaris.*  
*Consilium dabit ipse autor, rectèque monebit,*  
*Cumque cadente cadas, & cum surgente resurgas.*  
*Crede mihi, nugas miserum affectare canoras:*  
*Nil aliud premit inferiùs per inania raptos.*  
*Syllaba nam modò par cadat omnis, & ultima semper,*  
*(Quæ levis est cura) & propriis accentibus aures*  
*Ordo petat numerosus, habebunt verba sonos, &*  
*Justum adeò modulamen inania plurima rerum.*  
*Hæc modò vera pari de carmine dicere fas est,*  
*Notùm aliis quoniam magis, & quia dulcius; at si*  
*Forsan inæquales numeros tentare libebit,*  
*Quà cadit accentus, cave, syllaba quæq; sit impar.*  
*E doctâ Aonidum turbâ quæcunque Sororum*  
*Arridens precibus surdam non admovet aurem,*

Uttere

Th' *Aenean Muse*, when she appears in *State*,  
Makes all *Jove's Thunder* on her *Verses* wait,  
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving Things  
As *Venus* speaks, or *Philomela* sings.  
Your Author always will the best advise,  
*Fall* when *He falls*, and when *He Rises*, *Rise*.  
Affected *Noise* is the most wretched Thing,  
That to *Contempt* can *Empty Scriblers* bring.  
*Vowels* and *Accents*, regularly plac'd,  
On *even Syllables* (and still the *Last*)  
Tho' gross innumerable *Faults* abound,  
In spite of *Nonsense*, never fail of *Sound*.  
But this is meant of *even Verse* alone,  
As being most harmonious and most known:  
For if you will unequal Numbers try,  
There *Accents* on odd *Syllables* must lye.  
Whatever Sister of the *Learned Nine*  
Does to your Suit a willing Ear incline,

Utere sorte tuâ, decus immortale mereri  
 Nunc aude; flammæ Musa immemor esse fidelis  
 Non ingrata solet: quòd si tibi mobile pectus  
 Fluctuat, & facili quòvis impellitur aurâ,  
 Præteritus sordescet honos, mæstusque videbis  
 Spem meritò ereptam tibi cum mercede laborum.

Ille, ferunt, (prohibent sed multa opprobria no-<sup>[men]</sup>  
 Obstetricis erat functus dum munere, Agyrta  
 Et famam, & nummos peperit: quasi non memor  
 Ilithyia suæ, fer opem Tu certior, inquit <sup>[artis]</sup>  
 Parturiens, Vir doctæ, Uxor: recreantur aniles  
 Multâ face animi, & media inter pocula, Agyrtæ  
 Facta salutiferi resonant: si copia verbis  
 Desit, facundos oculis litat ebria rores. <sup>[corpus!]</sup>  
 Ast homo quàm brutum est (prò Dii!) sine pectore  
 Quàm sibimet promptâ molitur fraude ruinam!  
 Nam Medicorum avidè dum mercenarius aurum  
 Appetit,

Urge your Success, deserve a lasting Name,  
 She'll Crown a *Grateful* and a *Constant Flame*.  
 But if a wild *Uncertainty* prevail,  
 And turn your *veering Heart* with *ev'ry Gale*,  
 You lose the *Fruit* of all your *former Care*,  
 For the sad *Prospect* of a *just Despair*.

A *Quack* (too scandalously mean to name)  
 Had, by *Man-Midwifry*, got *Wealth*, and *Fame*;  
 As if *Lucina* had forgot her *Trade*,  
 The *Lab'ring Wife* invokes his *surer Aid*.  
 Well-season'd Bows the Gossips Spirits raise,  
 Who while she Guzzles, chats the *Doctor's Praise*.  
 And largely, what she wants in *Words*, supplies,  
 With *Maudlin-Eloquence* of *trickling Eyes*.  
 But what a thoughtless *Animal* is *Man*,  
 (How very *Active* in his own *Trepan*!)

Appetit, en! pariter doctam sibi vendicat artem  
 Syrmate non licito mirantia compita verrens;  
 Judice quod Vetulâ medicus saepe audiit, ultrò  
 Prodiit & Medicus, desertâque arte tuendi  
 Uxorum vitas, properat jugulare Maritos.  
 Huic alter geminus (talis si fortè fuisset  
 In Terris) sexum jam nostrum abolere nefandis  
 Artibus, artis inops valuisset, tot licèt edens  
 In lucem Natos: telorum haud ferreus imber  
 Densior emitti solet, hinc quàm emissa volabant  
 Pharmaca, quàque cadunt, similem traxère ruinam,  
 Nec certam minùs, ac quondam sublimis ab arce  
 Ille Syracosius Romanis undique castris  
 Spargebat Geometra; novus vel nomine solo  
 Dat stragem Medicus: sic defervesce fastus  
 Paulatim cæpit; stultos sua damna remordent  
 Supplicio edoctos tandem: factum dolet; at quid  
 Serò dolere juvat, si Gratia victa ferendo est,  
 Jamque oculos si macra Famis turbavit Imago?  
 Sapiùs optavit sponsas placare relictas,  
 Sed non Sponsus erat, proles quem agnoscere posset.  
 Ipse etiam cecidit medicinâ extinctus eâdem  
 Furtivus Pater: En! quò nunc se proripit ille  
Accisis



For greedy of *Physicians* frequent *Fees*,  
From *Female Mellow Praise* He takes *Degrees*;  
Struts in a new *Unlicens'd Gown*, and then,  
From *saving Women* falls to *killing Men*.

*Another Such* had left the *Nation Thin*,  
In spite of all the *Children* he brought in.  
His *Pills* as thick as *Hand Granadoes* flew,  
And where they *fell*, as certainly they *slew*.  
His *Name* struck ev'ry where as great a *Damp*  
As *Archimedes* through the *Roman Camp*.

With this, the *Doctor's Pride* began to *Cool*;  
For *Smarting soundly* may convince a *Fool*.  
But now *Repentance* came too late, for *Grace*;  
And meagre *Famine* star'd him in the *Face*.  
Fain wou'd he to the *Wives* be reconcil'd,  
But found no *Husband* left to own a *Child*.  
The *Friends*, that got the *Brats*, were poison'd too;  
In this sad case what cou'd our *Vermin* do?

*Accisis pennis, multo & gravis ære, nec usquam  
Spes Vadis? ergò miser nulli miserabilis imo  
Carcere putrescit, vitam vix asse rogato  
Sustentans, tristisque monet, quæ fata meretur;  
Qui ruit ingenium contra, & temerarius errat:*

*Illius ipse vicem sincero ex pectore acerbam  
Ingemo, qui Laribus durè compressus iniquis  
Prostituit Calamos, & conditione malignâ  
Scribendo quæstum meritorius urget, ut Actor  
Causarum, non, quid pulchrum, quid turpe, requirit,  
At, dictante gulâ, rapit imperiosior Auri  
Majestas cum voce fidem: sed Vos, quibus ingens  
Luxuries rerum, Patriæ quos cuncta saluti  
Consecrare decet, Vos, Pompiliana propago,  
Ne vanæ illecebræ captent, & pectora fallant;  
Namque malis simul, & locupletibus esse Poëtis  
Non Homines, non Dii, non concessere Columnæ.  
Extremum discrimen adis, illudere dives  
Qui chartis audes; nimis alea luditur impar  
Hæc tibi: committis totum, dum quærere pauca  
Vix tandem poteris sudans. Feliciter ortus  
Quamvis fortè tuos cognatæ carmina venæ  
Illustrent, clarum inficiunt tibi stemma vicissim*  
Dege-

Worry'd with *Debts* and past all *Hope* of *Bail*,  
Th'unpity'd Wretch lyes *Rotting* in a *Jail*.  
And there with *Basket-Alms*, scarce kept *Alive*,  
Shews how *mistaken Talents* ought to *Thrive*.

I pity, from my Soul, Unhappy Men,  
Compell'd by *Want* to *prostitute* their *Pen*;  
Who must, like *Lawyers*, either *starve* or *plead*,  
And *follow*, right or wrong, where *Guineas* lead;  
But you, *Pompilian*, *wealthy*, *pamper'd Heirs*,  
Who to your *Country* owe your *Swords* and *Cares*,  
Let no vain *Hope* your easie *Mind* seduce,  
For *Rich Ill Poets* are without *Excuse*.  
'Tis very Dang'rous, *Tampring* with a *Muse*,  
The *Profit's* *small*, and you have *much* to *lose*;  
For, tho' *true Wit* adorns your *Birth*, or *Place*,  
*Degen'rate Lines* degrade th' *attainted Race*.

*Degeneres versus, ultrò accersitus & error.*  
*Jam frustrà stimulis animum mihi tangis inestem,*  
*Scribentis nisi mens affectibus aestuat iisdem,*  
*Ni rabie fera corda tument, & sanguinis undis.*  
*Tùne per Euböicæ deductus Virginis antrum*  
*Sensisti Vatem violento numine ferri,*  
*Cùm Phœbi impatiens bacchatur? Ego audio, circùm*  
*Dissectos Ego cerno oculos, & pectus anhelum,*  
*Et Deus, Ecce Deus, clamat: jam non sua verba,*  
*Nec mortale sonans, pallentes undique Manes*  
*Elicit, éque imis trepidos jubet ire sepulcris.*  
*His licèt imperiis parendum haud mollibus ultrò est,*  
*Atque homines magnum furiato corde laborant*  
*Excussisse Deum frustrà; at qui sæviat intùs*  
*Spiritus, intererit multùm; fortè unus, & alter*  
*Phœbo agitur, falsis dum Mille furoribus acti.*  
*Affectu sic, si sapias, utroque fruaris*  
*Pectoris, extremo licèt hinc, atque inde remoto,*  
*Bile canens calidâ, frigenti carmina limans.*  
*Ut nimis illa volant celeri cùm tempora lapsu,*  
*Plena coronato rident ubi spumea Baccho*  
*Pocula, dant monitus venæ, motuque frequenti*  
*Subsultant, canit & toto tuba corde recessum.*

Musa

No Poet any *Passion* can Excite;  
 But what they feel transport them when they write.  
 Have you been led through the *Cumæan Cave*,  
 And heard th'Impatient Maid *Divinely Rave*?  
 I hear her now; I see her Rowling Eyes;  
 And panting; *Lo!* the *God*, the *God* she cries;  
 With Words, not *Hers*, and more than *human Sound*;  
 She makes th'obedient *Ghosts* peep trembling thro'  
 [the Ground.  
 But tho' we *must obey* when *Heav'n commands*,  
 And Man in vain the *Sacred Call withstands*,  
 Beware *what Spirit* rages in your Breast;  
*For ten Inspir'd ten thousand are possest*.  
 Thus make the *proper Use* of each *Extream*,  
 And *write* with *Fury*, but *correct* with *Phleam*.  
 As when the chearful Hours too freely pass,  
 And sparkling Wine smiles in the tempting Glass,  
 Your *Pulse* advises, and begins to beat  
 Thro' ev'ry swelling Vein a *loud Retreat*:

*Musa ubi te auspiciis, pronisque furoribus urget,  
 Utere muneribus, nec celsa sub astra volatus  
 Compesce ardentis, sed cum tibi deficit ardor  
 Pectoris, inceptos praesens in tempus Iambos  
 Deponas, meliora & te ad momenta reserves.  
 Non magis ad Phœbi radiatum lumen hebescit  
 Fax tremulum splendens, aut distant ære Lupini,  
 Quàm sonat humanâ carmen triviale monetâ  
 Percussum, si divinis componitur inde  
 Carminibus, verum quæ spirant Enthea Phœbum.  
 Hic vires, animique, ibi stagnat frigidus humor,  
 Aut natat in labris delumbis, ut oscula libat  
 Casta Parens puero: sed in his furor omnis amantùm.  
 Haud aliter quondam magno cum murmure vidi  
 Per medium ire Ararim, & tacitum distinguere flumen  
 Æstu præcipiti Rhodanum: stagnantibus undis  
 Miratur patiens Araris, dum spumeus amnis  
 Urget iter, fervensque fretis petit æquora torrens.*

*Libertas, prisca sibi quam arripuere Poetæ,  
 (Nomine jam nimium quæ dicta licentia justo)  
 Famæ securo scriptori propria soli est,  
 Quam parcè veniam tamen Is, sumetque pudenter.*

*Absurdi*

So when a *Muse propitiously invites,*  
*Improve* her Favours, and *indulge* her Flights;  
 But when you find that vigorous Heat *abate,*  
*Leave off,* and for *another Summons* wait.

Before the *Radiant Sun,* a *Glimmering Lamp;*  
*Adult'rate Metals* to the *Sterling Stamp,*  
 Appear not *meaner,* than *meer human Lines,*  
 Compar'd with those whose *Inspiration shines:*  
*These, nervous, bold; those, languid and remis;*  
*There, Cold salutes; but here, a Lover's Kiss.*  
 Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong Tide,  
 With foaming Waves the *Passive Soan* divide,  
 Whose lazy Waters without Motion lay, [Way.  
 While he, with eager Force, urg'd his Impetuous

The *Privilege* that Ancient Poets claim,  
 Now turn'd to *License* by too *just* a Name,  
*Belongs* to none but an *Establish'd Fame,*  
 Which *scorns* to *Take* it—

Ab-

*Absurdi sensus, cruda, imperfectaque vocum  
 Progenies, malè nata cohors, & Apolline lævo  
 Affectare proterva diem, se hoc jure tuetur:  
 Defendit numerus quia scilicet improbus, & plebs,  
 Jam Phœbum impunè, & rident Parnassia jura.  
 Non sic Heroes, quos sæc'la priora tulerunt,  
 Æternùm virides Lauros fecère merendo.  
 Fallor enim, vel quæ multis incuria visa est,  
 Artis opus summum fuit; ut cùm fortè videtur  
 Ludere Virgilius vulgari in carmine, signum hoc  
 Præmittit, jubet huc totas intendere curas,  
 Huc geminas acies, oculo surgentis ut acri  
 Insolitos valeas nisus æquare sequendo.  
 Ast Ego jam bili non impero, nam quis iniqui  
 Tam patiens fastûs, quis ferreus, ut teneat se?  
 Omnia jam sunt præpostera! quippe ubi sanæ  
 Plebs rationis inops, imitatrix turba novorum,  
 Improba sollicitat divini scripta Maronis:  
 Cùm sacrum exemplar, leges qui condidit ipsas,  
 Ad trutinam revocant Tyrones lege soluti;  
 Et prædulce melos, statuit quod maximus autor,  
 Vocibus, & linguâ violat Schola rauca profanâ.*



*Absurd Expressions, crude, abortive Thoughts,*  
All the lewd *Legion of Exploded Faults,*  
*Base Fugitives* to that *Asylum* fly,  
And Sacred *Laws* with *Insolence* defy.  
Not thus our *Heroes* of the former Days,  
*Deserv'd* and *Gain'd* their never-fading *Bays*;  
For I mistake, or far the greatest Part  
Of what some call *Neglect*, was *study'd Art*.  
When *Virgil* seems to *Trifle* in a Line,  
'Tis like a *Warning-piece*, which gives the *Sign*  
To wake your *Fancy*, and prepare your *Sight*,  
To reach the noble Height of some *unusual Flight*.  
I lose my *Patience*, when, with *sawcy Pride*,  
By *untun'd Ears* I hear *His Numbers* try'd.  
*Reverse* of *Nature*! shall *such Copies* then  
Arraign th' *Originals* of *Maro's Pen*!  
And the *rude Notions* of *Pedantick Schools*  
*Blaspheme* the Sacred *Founder* of *Our Rules*!

*Cuncta licet Judex digitis, & callidus aure  
Suspendat, nihil hic durum reprehendere possit,  
Nil incompositum; sive is sublimia tentat,  
Seu modò deductus, lenis, seu tensus, & acer,  
Ipse aperit sensum sonus, & commendat in aurem.*

*De numeris litem dirimat solertior auris,  
Judicijmque istâ ferat irrevocabile causâ.  
Illud Roma vetus, seniores illud Athenæ  
Expertæ, cum non titubarent carmina punctis  
Pravè dispositis, quæ contiguos malè sensus,  
Nativosque sonos intempestiva premebant.*

*Impellente Deo cecinit cum carmina quondam  
Tyrtæus, subiit nova victi pectora virtus  
Militis, immotam in medio se turbine belli  
Sparta reviviscens tenuit, Vatesque redemit  
Unicus a gemino amissos Ductore triumphos.  
Sic arcana jubet placidi indulgentia Fati,  
Surgat ut Imperium, surgit cum dia Poësis.*

*Regno-*

The Delicacy of the nicest Ear

Finds nothing *harsh*, or out of *Order* There:

*Sublime* or *Low*, *Unbended* or *Intense*,

The *Sound* is still a *Comment* to the *Sense*.

A skilful *Ear*, in *Numbers* thou'd preside,

And all *Disputes* without *Appeal* decide.

*This Ancient Rome*, and *Elder Athens* found,

Before *mistaken Stops* *debauch'd* the *Sound*.

When, by Impulse from Heav'n, *Tyrtæus* Sung,

In drooping Soldiers a new Courage sprung;

*Reviving Sparta* now the Fight maintain'd,

And what *Two Gen'ral's* Lost, a *Poet* Gain'd.

By secret Influence of Indulgent Skies,

*Empire* and *Poesie* Together rise.

*True*

*Regnorum servant sacro sub pectore Vates  
 Palladium, pariterque ruunt cum Vatibus Illa,  
 Aut nutant ruitura brevi: qui subdidit olim  
 Romæ animi vires, tantoque accendit amore  
 Lauri, non Vestalis erat, sed Delius Ignis.  
 Munera conjungunt Superi; vergentia sæc'la  
 Gaudia Pierii nunquam sensere furoris.*

*Fortè mali caput est dominans sub fine sonorum  
 Rhythmus; qui Rhythmo paret, meliora relinquit  
 Turpe jugum subiens; Latium hunc, nec Græcia nõ-  
 Diluvies prius in linguas quàm fluxerat ambas<sup>[rat,</sup>  
 Barbara, cùm victi tandem cessere, suasque  
 Mutavere vias Victoris jura sequuti.*

*Muscosâ, fateor, Vodinus ab ilice noster,  
 Et Thorus pede bis percusso oracula fudit  
 Auribus ingeminans agrestibus: hinc mala porro  
 Fluxit in ætatem obscuram prurigo sonandi,  
 Pulsâruntq; Greges Monachorum, Helicone relicto,  
 Pulsârant primi quæ tintinnabula Bardi.*

*At*

True Poets are the Guardians of a State,  
 And when *They fail*, portend approaching *Fate*.  
 For that which *Rome* to *Conquest* did Inspire,  
 Was not the *Vestal*, but the *Muses Fire*;  
*Heav'n joins* the *Blessings*: No declining Age  
 E'er felt the *Raptures* of *Poetick Rage*.

Of many Faults, *Rhyme* is (perhaps) the *Cause*;  
 Too strict to *Rhyme*, we slight more useful *Laws*.  
 For *That*, in *Greece* or *Rome*, was never *known*;  
 Till by *Barbarian Deluges* o'erflown:  
*Subdu'd*, *Undone*, They did at last *Obey*,  
 And change their *Own* for their *Invaders* way.

I grant that from some *Mossie*, *Idol Oak*,  
 In *Double Rhymes* our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke;  
 And by Succession of unlearned Times,  
 As *Bards* began, so *Monks Rung* on the *Chimes*.

But

*At cùm Castalides Divæ, & Thymbræus Apollo  
Jam pleno Britonum redeuntès lumine terras  
Illustrant, liceat Phœbi, ritusque Sororum  
Instaurare, iterum hìc Roma, atque legantur A-*  
[thenæ:

‘ Ergòne Miltoni numerosa oratio lapsa est  
‘ Pectoribus, nostras cùm per cœlestia castra  
‘ Sublimes animàs rapuit, campumque notavit,  
‘ Quò demente tumens fastu, Procerumque rebellis  
‘ Explicuit se multa cohors, ipsumque Tonantem  
‘ Solicitare ausa est armis! hìc, inter utramque  
[vallum)  
‘ Ecce! Aciem (horrendum visu, breve at inter-  
‘ Arduus, arma tenens nimbosâ in fronte phalangum  
‘ Lucifer exultat, saltuque ingente superbus  
‘ Prorumpit rapidè, galeâ spectabilis aureâ,  
‘ Munitusque humeros latos solido Adamante.  
‘ Rauco illic fremitu tormenta vomentia flammam  
‘ Ætherias sternunt formas, & turbine vasto  
‘ Undique cernere erat magni per inania Cœli  
‘ Agmina mille simul super agmina mille voluta.  
‘ Ut rediére animi, colles petiére volatu

‘ Præ-

But now that *Phæbus* and the *sacred Nine*,  
 With all their *Beams* on our blest *Island* shine,  
 Why should not *We* their *ancient Rites* restore,  
 And be, what *Rome* or *Athens* were *Before*?

\* *Have we forgot how Raphael's Num'rous Prose*  
*Led our exalted Souls thro' heav'nly Camps,*  
*And mark'd the ground where proud Apostate Thrones*  
*Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt Host and Host,*  
*(A narrow but a dreadful Interval)*  
*Portentous Sight! before the Cloudy Van*  
*Satan with vast and haughty Strides advanc'd,*  
*Came tow'ring arm'd in Adamant and Gold.*  
*There bellowing Engines, with their fiery Tubes,*  
*Dispers'd Æthereal Forms, and down they fell*  
*By thousands, Angels on Arch-Angels rowl'd;*  
*Recover'd, to the Hills they ran, they flew,*

\* An Essay on Blanc Verse, out of *Paradise Lost*, Book VI.

E

Which

- ‘ Præcipiti, subitò quos ex radicibus altis,  
 ‘ Rupesque, fluviisque, immensaq; pondera, sylvas,  
 ‘ Avellunt unà, latèque per aëra torquent  
 ‘ Pro clypeis, vel cùm rabies magis arsit, in hostem  
 ‘ Ipsas vi rapidâ ex alto misère ruinas.  
 ‘ Jam Chaos omnia erant; totus fundamine ab ipso  
 ‘ Æther contremuit, dirum promittere visus  
 ‘ Naturæ exitium: Michäel nam sedibus imis  
 ‘ Tota vibrat solus jam promontoria dextrâ  
 ‘ Extorquens, totas vitiis, & crimine fractas  
 ‘ Obruit ille acies, sed nec spirare superbi  
 ‘ Cessavère minas, & adhuc fremuère jacentes;  
 ‘ Dum Christi effulgens vexillum apparuit altè,  
 ‘ Ingens, terribilique incumbens hostibus umbrâ,  
 ‘ Ultricemque ferens pœnam invictissima proles  
 ‘ Numinis æterni (quantum Patris instar in ipso!)  
 ‘ Miscet agens telis, & vivo sulphure fixos  
 ‘ Dextrâ præcipitans Barathrum deturbat adimum.

O! mihi tam longæ superet pars ultima vitæ,  
 Spiritus, & quantum sat erit plaudentibus inter-

Esse



Which (with their pond'rous load, Rocks, Waters,  
 From their firm Seats torn by the shaggy Tops,  
 [Woods])  
 They bore like Shields before them thro' the Air,  
 'Till more incens'd they hurl'd 'em at their Foes.  
 All was Confusion, Heav'n's Foundations shook,  
 Threatning no less than 'Universal Wrack,  
 For Michael's Arm main Promontories flung,  
 And over-prest whole Legions weak with Sin;  
 Yet they Blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,  
 'Till the great Ensign of Messiah blaz'd,  
 And (arm'd with Vengeance) God's Victorious Son  
 (Effulgence of Paternal Deity)  
 Grasping ten thousand Thunders in his Hand  
 Drove th' old Original Rebels headlong down,  
 And sent them flaming to the vast Abyss.

O may I live to hail the Glorious Day,  
 And sing loud Pæans thro' the crowded Way,

*Esse, triumphali cùm Musa Britannica pompâ  
Per densas hominum læto Pœane catervas  
Procedet verâ facie, non barbara cultu,  
Ipsa suis opibus pollens, atque æmula Romæ,  
Majestate pari, & nativo lumine fulgens,  
Juncta Duci, claudensq; latus, quam nulla recentâ  
Callet Musa magis, sequitur nec passibus æquis.*



When in Triumphant State the *British* Muse,  
True to her self, shall barb'rous Aid refuse,  
And in the *Roman* Majesty appear,  
Which none know better, and none come so near.

---

A

P A R A P H R A S E

O N T H E

CXLVIII<sup>th</sup> P S A L M.

O Azure Vaults! O Crystal Sky!  
The World's transparent Canopy,  
Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know  
With what Contempt you look on Things below.

E 3

Wing'd

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,  
Who conquer wherefoe'er you are,  
Let Ecchoing Anthems make his Praifes known  
On Earth, his Foot-ftool, as in Heav'n his Throne.

Great Eye of All, whose Glorious Ray  
Rules the bright Empire of the Day,  
O praise his Name, without whose purer Light  
Thou hadst been hid in an Abyfs of Night.

Ye Moon and Planets, who difpence,  
By God's Command, your Influence;  
Relign to him, as your Creator due,  
That Veneration which Men pay to you.

Faireft, as well as Firft, of Things  
From whom all Joy, all Beauty fprings,  
O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the Globe,  
Who ufeth thee for his Empyrean Robe.

Praise him ye loud harmonious Spheres,  
Whose Sacred Stamp all Nature bears,  
Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,  
And whose Command is th' universal Law:

Ye wat'ry Mountains of the Sky,  
And you so far above our Eye,  
Vast ever-moving Orbs, Exalt his Name,  
Who gave its Being to your Glorious Frame:

Ye Dragons, whose contagious Breath  
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,  
Change your fierce Hissing into joyful Song,  
And praise your Maker with your forked Tongue.

Praise him ye Monsters of the Deep,  
That in the Seas vast Bosoms sleep,  
At whose Command the foaming Billows roar,  
Yet know their Limits, Tremble and Adore.

Ye Mists and Vapours, Hail and Snow,  
 And you who through the Concave blow,  
 Swift Executors of his holy Word,  
 Whirlwinds and Tempest, praise th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's View  
 Seem less than Mole-Hills do to you,  
 Remember how, when first *Jehovah* spoke,  
 All Heav'n was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoak.

Praise him, sweet Off-spring of the Ground,  
 With Heav'nly Nectar yearly Crown'd;  
 And ye tall Cedars, celebrate his Praise,  
 That in his Temple Sacred Altars raise.

Idle Musicians of the Spring,  
 Whose only Care's to Love and Sing,  
 Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling Throat  
 Praise your Creator with the sweetest Note.

Praise him each Salvage Furious Beast,  
That on his Stores do daily feast:  
And you tame Slaves of the laborious Plow,  
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.

Majestick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,  
Whose Pow'r hath here no Periods,  
May all Attempts against your Crowns be vain;  
But still remember by whose Pow'r you Reign.

Let the wide World his Praises sing,  
Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* spring,  
And from the *Danube's* frosty Banks, to those  
Where from an unknown Head great *Nilus* flows.

You that dispose of all our Lives,  
Praise him from whom your Pow'r derives:  
Be True and Just, like him, and fear his Word,  
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praise him, old Monuments of Time;  
 O praise him in your Youthful Prime:  
 Praise him fair Idols of our greedy Sense;  
 Exalt his Name, sweet Age of Innocence.

*Jehovah's* Name shall only last,  
 When Heav'n, and Earth, and all is past:  
 Nothing, Great God, is to be found in Thee,  
 But Unconceivable Eternity.

Exalt, O *Jacob's* Sacred Race,  
 The God of Gods, the God of Grace;  
 Who will above the Stars your Empire raise,  
 And with his Glory recompence your Praise.



## Virgil's Sixth Eclogue.

S I L E N U S.

TRANSLATED.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Two young Shepherds, Chromis and Mnafylus, having been often promis'd a Song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him Hand and Foot, and then claim his Promise. Silenus finding they wou'd be put off no longer, begins his Song; in which he describes the Formation of the Universe, and the Original of Animals, according to the Epicurean Philosophy; and then runs through the most surprizing Transformations which have happen'd in Nature since her Birth. This Eclogue was design'd as a Complement to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the Principles of that Philosophy. Silenus acts as Tutor, Chromis and Mnafylus as the two Pupils.*

*My Aim being only to have Virgil understood by such who do not understand Latin, and cannot (probably) be acquainted with some Names and Passages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by Figures to the Postscript, where they will find the best account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.*

The

## S I L E N U S,

## E C L O G A VI.

FAUNORUM, SATYRORUM ET SYLVANORUM  
DELECTATIO.

**P** *PRIMA* Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,  
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.

Cùm canerem reges, & praelia, Cynthius aurem  
Vellit, & admonuit: Pastorem, Tityre, pingues  
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.

Nunc ego (namque supèr tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,  
Vare, tuas cupiant, & tristia condere bella)  
Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam.

*Non*

*The Sixth Eclogue.*

## S I L E N U S.

I First of *Romans* stoop'd to Rural Strains,  
Nor blush'd to dwell among' *Sicilian* Swains,  
When my *Thalia* rais'd her bolder Voice,  
And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice,  
*Phæbus* did kindly humbler Thoughts infuse,  
And with this Whisper check th' aspiring Muse.  
A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flock should feed,  
And chuse a Subject suited to his Reed.  
Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares  
To write thy Praifes, *Varus*, and thy Wars)  
My Past'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,  
And though I once presum'd, I only now obey

*Non injussa cano. si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis*

*Captus amore leget; te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,*

*Te nemus omne canet. nec Phæbo gratior ulla est,*

*Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

*Pergite, Pierides. Chromis & Mnasyllus in antro*

*Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem,*

*Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho,*

*Serta procul tantùm capiti delapsa jacebant:*

*Et gravis attritâ pendeat cantharus ansâ.*

*Aggressi*

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes  
 Can look on this, and such a Trifle prize)  
 Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains shall sing,  
 And ev'ry Grove and ev'ry Eccho ring.  
*Phæbus* delights in *Varus* Fav'rite Name,  
 And none who under that Protection came  
 Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of Fame.

Proceed my Muse.

4 Young *Chromis* and *Mnasylus* chanc'd to stray  
 Where (sleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay,  
 Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,  
 And always boil in each extended Vein;  
 His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,  
 Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Use;  
 Drop'd from his Head, a wreath lay on the Ground;  
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they 'bound;

Eager,

*Aggressi (nam sæpe senex spe carminis ambo  
Luserat) injiciunt ipsis ex vincula fertis.*

*Addit se fociam, timidisque supervenit Ægle:*

*Ægle Naiadum pulcherrima. jamque videnti*

*Sanguineis frontem moris, & tempora pingit.*

*Ille dolum ridens, Quò vincula neçtitis? inquit.*

*Solvite me, pueri. satis est potuisse videri.*

*Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite: carmina vobis;*

*Huic aliud mercedis erit. simul incipit ipse.*

*Tum verò in numerum Faunòsque feràsque videres*

*Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.*

*Nec tantùm Phæbo gaudet Parnassia rupes:*

*Nec tantùm Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphea.*

*Nam-*

Eager, for both had been deluded long  
 With fruitless hope of his instructive Song:  
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,  
*Ægle*, the fairest<sup>6</sup> *Nais* of the Flood,  
 With a<sup>7</sup> *Virmilion* Dye his Temples stain'd.  
 Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?  
 Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find  
 And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.  
 The promis'd Verse no longer I'll delay,  
 (She shall be satisfy'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful Voice aloud,  
 The knotty Oaks their listning Branches bow'd,  
 And Savage Beasts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd;

For lo! he sung the World's stupendious Birth,  
 How scatter'd Seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,

*Namque canebat, uti magnum par inane coacta*

*Semina terrarumque, animæque, marisve fuissent,*

*Et liquidi simul ignis: ut his exordia primis*

*Omnia, & ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.*

*Tum durare solum, & discludere Nerea ponto*

*Cæperit, & rerum paulatim sumere formas.*

*Jamque novum ut terræ stupeant lucefcere solem,*

*Altiùs atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres:*

*Incipiant sylvæ cum primùm surgere, cumque*

*Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.*

*Hinc lapides Pyrrhæ jactos, Saturnia regna,*

*Cau-*



And purer Fire, through univerfal Night  
And empty Space, did fruitfully unite ;  
From whence th' innumerable Race of things,  
By circular fucceffive Order fprings.

By what degrees this Earth's compacted Sphere  
Was hardned, Woods and Rocks and Towns to bear ;  
How finking Waters (the firm Land to drain)  
Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,  
While from above, adorn'd with radiant Light,  
A new-born Sun furpriz'd the dazled Sight ;  
How Vapours turn'd to Clouds abfcure the Sky,  
And Clouds diffolv'd the thirfty Ground fupply ;  
How the firft Foreft rais'd its fhady Head,  
Till when, few wandring Beafts on unknown  
[ Mountains fed.

Then *Pyrrha's* ftony Race rofe from the Ground,  
Old *Saturn* reign'd with golden Plenty crown'd,

*Caucasiâsque refert volucres, furtûmque Promethei.*

*His adjungit, Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum*

*Clamâssent: ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.*

*Et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuissent,*

*Pasiphaën nivei solatur amore juvenci.*

*Ab, virgo infelix, quæ te dementia cepit?*

*Prætides implérunt falsis mugitibus agros:*

*At non tam turpes pecudum tamen ulla secuta est*

*Concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum,*

*Et sepe in lævi quæsisset cornua fronte.*

*Ab, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras!*

*Ille, latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,*

*Ilice sub nigrâ pallentes ruminat herbas,*

*Aut*

And bold *Prometheus* (whose untam'd Desire  
<sup>s</sup> Rival'd the Sun with his own heav'nly Fire)  
 Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vultures endless Prey,  
 Severely pays for animating Clay.  
 He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods cou'd tell?)  
 Into whose Arms the lovely *Hylas* fell;  
*Alcides* wept in vain for *Hylas* lost,  
*Hylas* in vain refounds through all the Coast.

He with Compassion told *Pasiphae's* Fault,  
 Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty  
 The <sup>[Thought?</sup> <sup>10</sup> Maids of *Argos*, who, with frantick Cries  
 And imitated lowings fill'd the Skies,  
 (Though metamorphos'd in their wild Concéit)  
 Did never burn with such unnat'ral Heat.  
 Ah! wretched Queen! while you on Mountains <sup>[stray,</sup>  
 He on soft Flow'rs his snowy Side does lay;

*Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. claudite*  
*[nymphae,*

*Diætæ nymphae, nemorum jam claudite saltus:*

*Si quâ fortè ferant oculis sese obvia nostris*

*Errabunda bovis vestigia. forsitan illum.*

*Aut herbâ captum viridi, aut armenta secutum,*

*Perducant aliquæ stabula ad Gortynia vaccæ.*

*Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam:*

*Tum Phaëthontidas musco circumdat amaræ*

*Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit alnos.*

*Tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum*

*Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum;*

*Utque viro Phæbi chorus adsurrexerit omnis;*

Or seeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love:  
 Surround, my Nymphs, she cries, <sup>[Grove;</sup> surround the  
 Perhaps some Footsteps printed in the Clay,  
 Will to my Love direct your wandring way;  
 Perhaps, while thus in search of him I come,  
 My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He sung how *Atalanta* was betray'd  
 By those *Hesperian* Baits her Lover laid,  
 And the sad Sisters who to Trees were turn'd,  
 While with the World th'ambitious Brother burn'd.  
 All he describ'd was present to their Eyes,  
 And as he rais'd his Verse, the Poplars seem'd to  
 [rise.

He taught which Muse did by *Apollo's* Will  
 Guide wand'ring " *Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill:  
 (Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)  
 With deep respect the learned Senate rose,

*Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,  
 Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,  
 Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) Musæ,  
 Aseræo quos antè seni: quibus ille solebat  
 Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.  
 His tibi Grynæi nemoris dicatur origo:  
 Nequis sit lucus, quo se plùs jaçlet Apollo.*

*Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est,  
 Candida succinçtam latrantibus inguina monstribus  
 Dulichias vexâsse rates, & gurgite in alto  
 Ab timidos nautas canibus lacerâsse marinis:  
 Aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus?*

*Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona parârit?*

And <sup>12</sup> *Linus* thus (deputed by the rest)  
 The Hero's welcome, and their thanks express'd :  
 This Harp of old to *Hesiod* did belong,  
 To this, the Muses Gift, join thy harmonious Song;  
 Charm'd by these Strings, Trees starting from the  
 Have follow'd with delight the pow'rful Sound. <sup>[Ground,</sup>  
 Thus consecrated, thy <sup>13</sup> *Grynean* Grove  
 Shall have no Equal in *Apollo's* Love.

Why shou'd I speak of the <sup>14</sup> *Megarian* Maid,  
 For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd?  
 And <sup>15</sup> her, who round with barking Monsters <sup>[arm'd,</sup>  
 The wandring *Greeks* (ah frighted Men) alarm'd ;  
<sup>16</sup> Whose only Hope on shatter'd Ships depends,  
 While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled Friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd Shape,  
 And dire Revenge of *Philomela's* Rape,

Who

*Quo cursu deserta petiverit, & quibus antè  
Infelix sua tecta supervolitaverit alis?*

*Omnia quæ, Phæbo quondam meditante, beatus*

*Audit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros,*

*Ille canit. pulsæ referunt ad sidera valles.*

*Cogere donec oves stabulis, numerúmque referre*

*Fussit, & invito processit vesper Olympo.*





Who to those Woods directs her mournful course,  
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous Force,  
While loth to leave the Palace too well known,  
*Progne* flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her  
[own?

Whatever near <sup>17</sup> *Eurota's* happy Stream  
With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo's* Theam,  
*Silenus* sings; the neighbouring Rocks reply,  
And send his Mystick Numbers through the Sky;  
Till Night began to spread her gloomy Veil,  
And call'd the counted Sheep from ev'ry Dale;  
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,  
And to prevailing Shades the murm'ring World  
[resign'd.

P O S T-

# POSTSCRIPT.

1. **S**icilian — Virgil, in his Eclogue, imitates Theocritus, a Sicilian Poet.
2. **Thalia** — The name of the Rural Muse.
3. **Varus** — A great Favourite of Augustus, the same that was kill'd in Germany, and lost the Roman Legions.
4. **Chromis and Mnafylus** — Some Interpreters think these were young Satyrs, others will have them Shepherds: I rather take them for Satyrs, because of their Names, which are never used for Shepherds; or any where (that I remember) but here.
5. **They bound** — Proteus, Pan, and Silenus would never tell what was desired, till they were bound.
6. **Nais** — The Latin word for a Water-Nymph.
7. **Vermilion Dye** — The Colour that Pan and Silenus lov'd best.
8. **Rival'd the Sun** — Minerva delighted with the Art and Industry of Prometheus (who had made an Image of Clay so perfect that it wanted nothing but Life,) carried him up to Heav'n, where he lighted a Wand at the Chariot of the Sun, with which Fire he animated his Image. Ovid. 2. M.

9. Hylas

9. Hylas — *Favourite of Hercules, who was drown'd in a Well, which made the Poets say that a Nymph had stole him away. I use the word refounds (in the present Tense) because Strabo (who lived at the same time as Virgil) seems to intimate, that the Prusians continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his Name with loud Cries.*
10. The Maids of Argos — *Daughters of Prætis King of Argus, who presum'd so much upon their Beauty, that they prefer'd it to Juno's, who in revenge struck them with such Madness that they thought themselves Cows. They were at last cured by Melampodes with Helebore, and for that reason, black Helebore is called Melampodion.*
11. Gallus — *An excellent Poet and great Friend of Virgil, he was afterwards Prætor of Ægypt, and being accused of some Conspiracy, or rather called upon for some Monies, of which he could give no good account, he kill'd himself. It is the same Gallus you read of in the last Eclogue: And Suidas says, that Virgil means him by Aristæus, in the divine Conclusion of his Georgicks.*
12. Linus, Son of Apollo and Calliope.
13. The Grynæan Grove — *Consecrated to Apollo; by this he means some Poem writ upon that Subject by Gallus.*
14. The Megarian Maid — *Sylla, Daughter of Nifus King of Megara, who falling in Love with*  
Minos,

Minos, *betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treason, rejected her.*

15. Her who round — *Another Sylla, Daughter of Phorcis, whose lower Parts were turned into Dogs by Circe; and she, in despair, flung herself into the Sea.*
16. Whose only Hope — *Ulysses's Ships were not lost, though Scylla devoured several of his Men.*
17. Eurotas — *a River in Greece whose Banks were shaded with Laurels; Apollo retired thither to lament the Death of his dear Hyacinthus, whom he had accidentally killed.*
- 

Mr. *Dryden* having Translated the foregoing Eclogue, it is here Printed, that the Reader may, if he pleases, compare the several Versions.

# Virgil's Sixth Eclogue.

O R,

S I L E N U S.

---

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

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**I** *First transferr'd to Rome Sicilian Strains:*  
*Nor blush'd the Dorick Muse to dwell on Mantu-*  
*But when I try'd her tender Voice, too young,*  
*And fighting Kings, and bloody Battels sung;*  
*Apollo check'd my Pride; and bade me feed*  
*My fatning Flocks, nor dare beyond the Reed.*  
*Admonish'd thus, while ev'ry Pen prepares*  
*To write thy Praises, Varus, and thy Wars,*

*My*

My Past'ral Muse her humble Tribute brings;  
 And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings.  
 For all who read, and reading, not disdain  
 These rural Poems, and their lowly Strain,  
 The Name of Varus, oft inscrib'd shall see,  
 In ev'ry Grove, and ev'ry vocal Tree;  
 And all the Silvan Reign shall sing of thee:  
 Thy Name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,  
 Shall in the front of ev'ry Page be shown;  
 For he who sings thy Praise, secures his own.  
 Proceed, my Muse: Two Satyrs, on the Ground,  
 Stretch'd at his Ease, their Syre Silenus found.  
 Dos'd with his Fumes, and heavy with his Load,  
 They found him snoaring in his dark Abode;  
 And seiz'd with youthful Arms the drunken God.  
 His rosie Wreath was dropt not long before,  
 Born by the tide of Wine, and floating on the Floor.

His

*His empty Can, with Ears half worn away,  
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.  
Invaded thus, for want of better Bands,  
His Garland they unstring, and bind his Hands:  
For by the fraudulent God deluded long,  
They now resolve to have their promis'd Song.  
Ægle came in, to make their Party good;  
The fairest Nais of the Neighb'ring Flood,  
And, while he stares around, with stupid Eyes,  
His Brows with Berries, and his Temples dies.  
He finds the Fraud, and, with a Smile, demands  
On what design the Boys had bound his Hands.  
Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas Impudence to find  
A sleeping God, 'tis Sacrilege to bind.  
To you the promis'd Poem I will pay,  
The Nymph shall be rewarded in her way.  
He rais'd his Voice; and soon a num'rous Throng  
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the Song.*

*And Sylvan Fauns, and Savage Beasts advanc'd,  
And nodding Forests to the Numbers danc'd.*

*Not by Hæmonian Hills the Thracian Bard,  
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard  
With deeper silence, or with more regard.*

*He sung the secret Seeds of Nature's Frame;  
How Seas, and Earth, and Air, and active Flame,  
Fell through the mighty Void; and in their fall  
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball.*

*The tender Soil then stiffning by degrees,  
Shut from the bounded Earth, the bounding Seas.  
Then Earth and Ocean various Forms disclose;  
And a new Sun to the new World arose.*

*And Mists condens'd to Clouds obscure the Sky;  
And Clouds dissolv'd, the thirsty Ground supply.*

*The rising Trees the lofty Mountains grace:  
The lofty Mountains feed the Savage Race,  
Yet few, and Strangers, in th' unpeopl'd Place.*

*From*



*From thence the Birth of Man the Song pursu'd,  
 And how the World was lost, and how renew'd.  
 The Reign of Saturn, and the Golden Age;  
 Prometheus Theft, and Jove's avenging Rage.  
 The Cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd;  
 With whose repeated Name the Shoars resound.  
 Then mourns the Madness of the Cretan Queen;  
 Happy for her if Herds had never been.  
 What fury, wretched Woman, seiz'd thy Breast!  
 The Maids of Argos (tho' with rage possess'd,  
 Their imitated lowings fill'd the Grove)  
 Yet shun'd the guilt of thy prepost'rous Love.  
 Nor sought the Youthful Husband of the Herd,  
 Tho' lab'ring Yokes on their own Necks they fear'd;  
 And felt for budding Horns on their smooth foreheads }  
 [rear'd.]  
 Ah, wretched Queen! you range the pathless Wood;  
 While on a flowry Bank he chaws the Cud:*

*Or sleeps in Shades, or thro' the Forest roves;  
And roars with anguish for his absent Loves.  
Ye Nymphs, with toils, his Forest-walk surround;  
And trace his wandring Footsteps on the ground.  
But, ah! perhaps my Passion he disdains;  
And courts the milky Mothers of the Plains.  
We search th' ungrateful Fugitive abroad;  
While they at home sustain his happy load.  
He sung the Lover's fraud; the longing Maid,  
With golden Fruit, like all the Sex, betray'd.  
The Sisters mourning for their Brother's loss;  
Their Bodies hid in Barks, and furr'd with Moss.  
How each a rising Alder now appears;  
And o'er the Po distils her Gummy Tears.  
Then sung, how Gallus by a Muses hand,  
Was led and welcom'd to the sacred Strand.  
The Senate rising to salute their Guest;  
And Linus thus their gratitude express'd.*

*Receive*

*Receive this Present, by the Muses made;  
The Pipe on which th' Aſcræan Paſtor play'd:  
With which of old he charm'd the Savage Train:  
And call'd the Mountain Aſhes to the Plain.  
Sing thou on this, thy Phœbus; and the Wood  
Where once his Fane of Parian Marble ſtood.  
On this his ancient Oracles rehearſe;  
And with new Numbers grace the God of Verſe.  
Why ſhou'd I ſing the double Scylla's Fate,  
The firſt by Love transform'd, the laſt by Hate.  
A beauteous Maid above, but Magick Arts,  
With barking Dogs deform'd her neather parts.  
What Vengeance on the paſſing Fleet ſhe pour'd,  
The Maſter frighted, and the Mates devour'd.  
Then raviſh'd Philomel the Song expreſt;  
The Crime reveal'd; the Siſters cruel Feaſt;  
And how in Fields the Lapwing Tereus reigns,  
The warbling Nightingale in Woods complains.*

*While Progne makes on Chymneytops her Moan;  
 And hovers o'er the Palace once her own.  
 Whatever Songs besides, the Delphian God  
 Had taught the Laurels, and the Spartan Flood,  
 Silenus sung: the Vales his Voice rebound;  
 And carry to the Skies the sacred Sound.  
 And now the setting Sun had warn'd the Swain  
 To call his counted Cattle from the Plain:  
 Yet still th'unweary'd Syre pursues the tuneful <sup>[Strain.]</sup>  
 Till unperceiv'd the Heav'ns with Stars were hung;  
 And sudden Night surpris'd the yet unfinish'd Song.*



A  
P R O S P E C T  
O F  
*D E A T H.*

I.

**S**INCE We can dye but once, and after Death  
Our State no Alteration knows;  
But when we have resign'd our Breath,  
Th'Immortal Spirit goes  
To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes:  
Wise is that Man, who labours to secure  
That mighty, and important Stake;  
And by all Methods strives to make  
His Passage safe, and his Reception sure.

Meerly to dye, no Man of Reason fears;

For certainly we must,

As we are Born, return to Dust:

'Tis the last Point of many lingring Years.

But whither then we go,

Whither, we fain wou'd know:

But Human Understanding cannot show.

This makes us Tremble, and creates

Strange Apprehensions in the Mind,

Fills it with restless Doubts, and wild Debates,

Concerning what, we, living, cannot find.

None know what Death is, but the Dead:

Therefore we all, by Nature, Dying dread,

As a strange, doubtful Way, we know not how to  
[tread.

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,

And scarce have one black painful Hour to live,

No Hopes, no Prospect of a kind Reprieve,

To stop our speedy Passage to the Tomb,

How moving, and how mournful, is the  
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad,  
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be  
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,  
To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing  
Feeble, and languishing, in Bed we lye,  
Despairing to recover, void of Rest,  
Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to dye;  
Terroures and Doubts distract our Breast,  
With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains, oppress.

III.

Cur Face is moisten'd with a clammy Sweat:  
Faint and irregular the Pulses beat.  
The Blood unactive grows,  
And thickens as it flows:  
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its Vital Heat.  
Our dying Eyes rowl heavily about,  
Their Lights just going out;  
And

And for some kind Assistance call;  
But Pity, uselefs Pity's all

Our Weeping Friends can give,

Or we receive:

Tho' their Desires are great, their Pow'rs are [small.

The Tongue's unable to declare

The Pains, the Griefs, the Miseries we bear:

How insupportable our Torments are.

Musick no more delights our deafning Ears,

Restores our Joys, or dissipates our Fears.

But all is Melancholly, all is Sad,

In Robes of deepest Mourning clad.

For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sense

Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

#### IV.

Then we are sensible, too late,

'Tis no advantage to be rich, or great:

For all the fulsom Pride, and Pageantry of State



No Consolation brings.

Riches, and Honours, then, are uselefs things,

Tastelefs or bitter all,

And like the Book, which the Apostle eat,

To their ill-judging Pallate sweet:

But turn, at last, to Nauseousness, and Gall.

Nothing will then our drooping Spirits cheer,

But the Remembrance of good Actions past.

Virtue's a Joy that will for ever last,

And make pale Death less terrible appear;

Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our

In the dark *Anti-Chamber* of the Grave, <sup>[Fear.</sup>

What wou'd we give, ev'nall we have,

All that our Care and Industry had gain'd,

All that our Fraud, our Policy, or Art obtain'd;

Cou'd we recall those fatal Hours again,

Which we consum'd in senselefs Vanities,

Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Ease;

For then they urge our Terrors, and increase our <sup>[Pain.</sup>

## V.

Our Friends, and Relatives stand weeping by  
 Dissolv'd in Tears to see us dye,  
 And plunge into the deep Abyfs of wide Eter-<sup>[nity.</sup>  
 In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,  
 Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve.  
 They pity our deplorable Estate,  
 But what, alas, can Pity do  
 To soften the Decrees of Fate?  
 Besides, the Sentence is Irrevocable too.  
 All their Endeavours to preserve our Breath,  
 Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,  
 Shew us how much, how tenderly they Love;  
 But cannot cut off the Entail of Death.  
 Mournful they look, and croud about our  
 One, with officious haste, <sup>(Bed</sup>  
 Brings us a Cordial we want Sense to taste;  
 Another softly raises up our Head,

This

This wipes away the Sweat, that sighing cries,  
See what Convulsions, what strong Agonies  
Both Soul and Body undergo,  
His Pains no Intermiſſion know:

For ev'ry gasp of Air he draws returns in Sighs.

Each wou'd his kind aſſiſtance lend,  
To ſerve his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend,  
But ſtill in vain with Deſtiny they all contend.

## VI.

Our Father, pale with Grief and Watching  
Takes our cold Hand in his, and cries <sup>[grown,</sup> adieu,  
Adieu, my Child, now I muſt follow you;

Then Weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our Sons, who in their tender Years  
Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,  
Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry,  
Bleſs us, O Father! now before you dye;  
Bleſs us, and be you Bleſs'd to all Eternity.

Our

Our Friend, whom equal to our selves we love,  
 Compassionate, and kind,  
 Cries, will you leave me here behind,  
 Without me fly to the blest Seats above?  
 Without me did I say? Ah, no!  
 Without thy Friend thou can't not go;  
 For tho' thou leav'st me groveling here below,  
 My Soul with thee shall upward fly,  
 And bear thy Spirit Company  
 Thro' the bright Passage of the yielding Sky.  
 Ev'n Death that parts thee from thy self, shall be  
 Incapable to separate  
 (For 'tis not in the power of Fate)  
 My Friend, my best, my dearest Friend and me,  
 But since it must be so, Farewel,  
 For ever? No, for we shall meet again,  
 And live like Gods, tho' now we dye like Men,  
 In the eternal Regions where Just Spirits dwell.

## VII.

The Soul, unable longer to maintain  
The fruitless and unequal Strife,  
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,  
To keep the Counterscarp of Life;  
By slow degrees retires more near the Heart,  
And fortifies that little Fort,  
With all the kind Artilleries of Art;  
*Botanick Legions* Guarding ev'ry Port.  
But *Death*, whose Arms no Mortal can repel,  
A formal Siege disdains to lay;  
Summons his fierce Battalions to the Fray,  
And in a Minute Storms the feeble Cittadel,  
Sometimes We may Capitulate, and he  
Pretends to make a solid Peace,  
But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice,  
That we may Negligent and Careless be:

For

For if his Armies are withdrawn to day,  
And we believe no Danger near,  
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,  
His Troops return some unsuspected way ;  
While in the soft Embrace of Sleep we lye,  
The Secret Murderers Stab us, and we dye.  
Since our First Parents Fall,  
Inevitable Death descends on all,  
A Portion none of Human Race can miss ;  
But that which makes it sweet, or bitter, is  
The fears of Misery, or certain hope of Bliss :  
For when th' Impenitent, and Wicked dye,  
Loaded with Crimes and Infamy ;  
If any Sense at that sad Time remains,  
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains ;  
The Earnest of that vast stupendious Woe,  
Which they to all Eternity must undergo ;  
Confin'd in Hell with everlasting Chains.

Infernal

Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,  
Like rav'nous Wolves to seize upon their Prey,  
And hurry the departed Souls away  
To the dark Receptacles of Despair; [Day,  
Where they must dwell till that Tremendous  
When the loud Trumpet calls them to appear  
Before a Judge most Terrible, and most Severe:  
By whose just Sentence they must go  
To Everlasting Pains, and Endless Woe;  
Which always are Extream, and always will be so.

## VIII.

But the Good Man, whose Soul is Pure,  
Unspotted, Regular, and Free  
From all the ugly Stains of Lust, and Villany;  
Of Mercy and of Pardon sure,  
Looks thro' the Darkness of the gloomy Night,  
And sees the Dawning of a glorious Day;  
Sees Crouds of Angels ready to convey

H

His

His Soul, whene'er she takes her Flight,  
To the surprizing Mansions of Immortal Light :  
Then the Cœlestial Guards around him stand ;  
Nor suffer the black Demons of the Air  
T'oppose his Passage to the promis'd Land ;  
Or terrifie his Thoughts with wild Despair ;  
But all is Calm within, and all without is Fair.  
His Pray'rs, his Charity, his Virtues press  
To plead for Mercy when he wants it most ;  
Not one of all the happy Number's lost :  
And those bright Advocates ne'er want Success.  
But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,  
She passes up in Triumph thro' the Sky,  
Where She's united to a glorious Throng  
Of Angels, who, with a Cœlestial Song,  
Congratulate her Conquest as She flies along.

## IX.

If therefore all must quit the Stage,  
When, or how soon, we cannot know ;



But late or early, we are sure to go,  
 In the fresh blood of Youth, or wither'd Age:  
 We cannot take too sedulous a Care  
     In this Important, Grand Affair:  
     For as we dye, we must remain,  
     Hereafter all our Hopes are vain [again.  
 To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return  
 The *Heatben*, who no better understood,  
 Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd  
 No future Miseries cou'd be prepar'd  
 For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good;  
     But if there was a State of Rest,  
 They shou'd with the same Happiness be blest,  
 As the Immortal Gods, if Gods there were, [less'd. pos-  
 We have the Promise of Eternal Truth,  
 Those who live well, and pious Paths pursue,  
     To Man, and to their Maker true,  
 Let them expire in Age or Youth,

Can never miss

Their way to Everlasting Blifs:  
 But from a World of Misery and Care,  
 To Mansions of Eternal Ease repair:  
 Where Joy in full Perfection flows,  
 No Interruption, no Cessation knows;  
 But in a Mighty Circle round for ever goes.

---

O D E

U P O N

S O L I T U D E:

I.

**H**Ail, Sacred *Solitude*! from this calm Bay,  
 I view the World's Tempestuous Sea,  
 And with wise Pride despise  
 All those senseless Vanities:  
 With Pity mov'd for others, cast away

On Rocks of Hopes and Fears, I see 'em toss'd

On Rocks of Folly, and of Vice I see 'em lost:

Some the prevailing Malice of the Great,

Unhappy Men, or Adverse Fate,

Sunk deep into the Gulphs of an afflicted State.

But more, far more, a numberless prodigious Train,

Whilst Virtue courts 'em, but alas in vain,

Fly from her kind embracing Arms, [Charms,

Deaf to her fondest Call, blind to her greatest

And sunk in Pleasures, and in brutish Ease,

They in their Shipwreck'd State themselves ob-  
[durate please.

II.

Hail, Sacred *Solitude*, Soul of my Soul,

It is by thee I truly live,

Thou dost a better Life and nobler Vigour give;

Dost each unruly Appetite controul:

Thy constant Quiet fills my peaceful Breast,

With unmix'd Joy, uninterrupted Rest.

Prefuming Love does ne'er invade  
 This private Solitary Shade;  
 And, with fantastick Wounds by Beauty made,  
 The Joy has no Allay of Jealousy, Hope, and Fear,  
 The Solid Comforts of this happy Sphere;  
 Yet I exalted Love admire,  
 Friendship, abhorring fordid Gain,  
 And purify'd from Lust's dishonest Stain:  
 Not is it for my Solitude unfit,  
 For I am with my Friend alone,  
 As if we were but one;  
 'Tis the polluted Love that multiplies,  
 But Friendship does two Souls in one comprise.

## III:

Here in a full and constant Tide doth flow  
 All Blessings Man can hope to know;  
 Here in a deep Recess of Thought we find <sup>[Mind;</sup>  
 Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the  
 Pleasures

Pleasures which do from Friendship and from  
Which make us happy, as they make us wise: <sup>[Knowledge rise,</sup>  
Here may I always on this downy Grass,  
Unknown, unseen, my easy Minutes pass:  
'Till with a gentle Force Victorious Death  
My *Solitude* invade,  
And, stopping for a-while my Breath,  
With Ease convey me to a better Shade.



A D

## A R I S T I U M.

## O D E XXII.

Vitæ integritatem & innocentiam ubiq; est tutam.

**I**Nteger vitæ, scelerisque purus  
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,  
 Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,

*Fusce, pharetrâ:*

*Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,*

5

*Sive facturus per inhospitalem*

*Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus*

*Lambit Hydaspes.*

*Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,*

*Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra*

10

Ter-

T H E

Twenty Second O D E

O F T H E

FIRST BOOK of *Horace*.

Virtue, Dear Friend, needs no Defence,  
The surest Guard is Innocence :

None knew, 'till Guilt created Fear,  
What Darts or poison'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes  
Through *Libyan* Sands or *Scythian* Snows,  
Or where *Hydaspes* wealthy side  
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* Pride.

For as (by am'rous Thoughts betray'd)  
Careless in *Sabin* Woods I stray'd,

*Terminum curis vagor expeditis,*

*Fugit inermem.*

*Quale portentum neque militaris*

*Daunia in latis alit esculetis:*

*Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum*

15

*Arida nutrix.*

*Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis*

*Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ:*

*Quod latus mundi, nebula, malûsque*

*Jupiter urget:*

20

*Pone sub curru nimiùm propinqui*

*Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ:*

*Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,*

*Dulcè loquentem.*





A grisly foaming Wolf unfed,  
Met me unarm'd, yet, trembling, fled.

No Beast of more portentous Size  
In the *Hercinian* Forest lies;  
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,  
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,  
That *Neptune's* frozen Arms embrace;  
Where angry *Jove* did never spare  
One Breath of kind and temp'rate Air.

Set me where on some pathless Plain  
The swarthy *Africans* complain,  
To see the Chariot of the Sun  
So near their scorching Country run.

The burning Zone, the frozen Isles,  
Shall hear me sing of *Cælia's* Smiles:  
All Cold but in her Breast I will despise,  
And dare all Heat but that in *Cælia's* Eyes.

REMARKS on the foregoing  
O D E,

TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

**H**ORACE writes to the same Aristius Fuscus, to whom he address'd the Tenth Epistle of the First Book. He was a Rhetorician, Grammarian and Poet. There is not any thing in this Ode by which one may make a Conjecture in what time it was made; but if this Lalage is the same with her in the Fifth Ode in the Second Book, of which I make no Doubt, it must have been written much later than the other. No one has hitherto given any Light to this Passage, let us see what Conjecture can be made of it.

Fuscus Aristius was in Love with Lalage: Horace, who was in a strict League of Friendship with him, and who also lov'd Lalage, but rather as the Friend of Aristius than as his Rival, writes him an Account of an Adventure that happen'd to him, in which Lalage had preserv'd him from an eminent Danger, upon the account of his having sung her Praises. He attributes his Safety to this Mistress, whom he looks upon as a Goddess coming to his Succour, in reward for those Sentiments, as respectful as passionate, which he had for her. This is the Reason he begins the Ode with describing his being innocent, and free from any vicious Intentions. This is making a great Compliment to Lalage, and at the same time confirming the Friendship of his Rival, by preventing his being jealous of him.

This Ode is so Polite and Gallant, as never to be sufficiently commended.

- Lin. 1. Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus. *These are Greek Phrases, in which the Preposition in is to be understood; for let the Grammarians say what they will, integer and purus can never govern a Genitive Case.*
- Lin. 2. Mauri jaculis. *He speaks of the Darts of the Moors, by reason those People shot wonderfully from the Bow.*
- Lin. 3. Venenatis sagittis. *The Moors were obliged to poison their Arrows, to defend themselves from wild Beasts, which their Country was full of.*
- Lin. 5. Per Syrtes æstuosas. *It is not to be understood here that which is properly call'd the Syrtes of Africk, but all sorts of Places, Sandy and Burning, as those Countries are over-against the Syrtes.*
- Lin. 6. Inhospitalem Caucasum. *The Greeks called Caucasus, Abaton axenous apanthropon: Horace has express'd it all by this one Word inhospitalis. Caucasus is between the Port Euxine and the Hircanian Sea, and signifies perhaps The Rampart of Scythia.*
- Lin. 7. Fabulosus Hydaspes. *Hydaspes is a River in India; it is now called Lobchan. Fabulosus does not signify Fabulous, but Renown'd, Famous. Pliny has call'd Atlas after the same manner, Fabulosissimum Africæ Montem, The most celebrated Mountain of Africk.*
- Lin. 9. Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ. *He speaks upon another Occasion after the same manner, That being one Day asleep in a very retir'd Place the Doves cover'd him with Leaves of Laurel and Myrtle, and that he slept there safely in the midst of Vipers and Bears.*
- Lin. 13. Militaris Daunia. *Daunia is properly that Part of the Poüille which juts out into the Adriatick Sea, where is Sipontus and Mount Gargan, now call'd Mount St. Angelo: But all Poüille, from the Samnites even to Calabria, was also called Daunia, as is all Italy.*
- Horace

- Horace uses it here in the second Signification, and calls it Warlike, by reason it produces very good Soldiers.
- Lin. 14. In latis æsculetis. Poëlle is much over-run with Wood, it is that which is named by the Greeks Daunia, from the Word  $\Delta\alpha\upsilon\lambda\alpha$ ,  $\Delta\alpha\upsilon\alpha$ , which signifies Covert, Thick, Thicket, Hesych:  $\Delta\alpha\upsilon\lambda\alpha$   $\delta\alpha\upsilon\alpha$ , Daunia Terra is then properly  $\gamma\eta$   $\delta\alpha\upsilon\alpha$ , a Land of much under-woody Covert. Mr. Guget had written this Remarque on the Margin of his Horace, which the Learned Mr. Menage lent me.
- Lin. 15. Nec Jubaë tellus. Mauritania is a Part of Numidia, which was under the Government of Juba, who had there so great a number of Lions and Tygers, that the People were at last forc'd to abandon their Dwellings, and the tilling of their Ground.
- Lin. 17. Pone me pigris. He means, There is no Place so savage, nor so hideous, that the Thoughts of his Mistress wou'd not render agreeable to him, and where that Goddess, whose powerful Protection he has already experienc'd, could not send him Succour, and draw him out of all those Dangers which shou'd threaten his Life. 'Tis on this Account he is resolv'd always to love her, and this Love will be a certain Refuge for him in every Danger. In all the Books of Chivalry there is nothing more gallant.
- Pigris campis. These four Verses admirably design the two Polar Zones, which are always environ'd by Ice and killing Frosts. Barren Grounds wonderfully express Countries condemned to a perpetual Sterility, and in a manner depriv'd of the Motion of Life.
- Lin. 19. Quod latus mundi. Latus is a very proper Word, the two Zones being the two Sides of the World.
- Malusque Jupiter urget. This Expression is extremely fine and very Poetical. He looks upon those Plants as deform'd by Jupiter as a Mark of his Anger: Nothing cou'd

could better paint the Inclemency of a Climate: Jupiter, for the Air.

Lin. 21. Pone sub curru. Under the Torrid Zone, between the two Tropicks.

Lin. 22. In terrâ domibus negatâ. The Ancients believ'd the Torrid Zone to be intirely uninhabitable, but now every one knows that it is not only inhabited, but also very temperate thro' the happy Mixture of Warmth by Day, and the fresh Breezes of the Night.

Lin. 23. Dulcè ridentem, dulcè loquentem. Horace has here join'd two the most considerable Alurements, the grace of making her laugh, and speak, agreeably. He has translated word for word this fine Passage of Sapho.

—Καὶ πλάσιον ἀδὺ φωνῆσας ὑπάλλει

Καὶ γελῶσας ἱμερόν.

Who hears you speak with so much Pleasure,  
And is charm'd whene'er you smile.

O N

Mr. *D R Y D E N*'S*R E L I G I O L A I C I.*

**B**Egon you Slaves, you idle Vermin go,  
Fly from the Scourges, and your Master know;

Let free, impartial Men from *Dryden* learn

Mysterious Secrets of a high Concern,

And weighty Truths, solid convincing Sense,

Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?

Men still had Faults, and Men will have them still;

He that hath none, and lives as Angels do,

Must be an Angel; but what's that to you?

While

While mighty *Lewis* finds the Pope too great,  
 And dreads the Yoke of his imposing Seat,  
 Our Sects a more Tyrannick Pow'r assume,  
 And wou'd for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*;  
 That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine;  
 Fanaticks cast the Pearls of Heav'n to Swine:  
 What then have honest thinking Men to do,  
 But chuse a Mean between th' Usurping two?

Nor can th' *Ægyptian* Patriarch blame my Muse,  
 Which for his Firmness does his Heat excuse;  
 Whatever Councils have approv'd his Creed,  
 The *PREFACE* sure was his own Act and Deed.  
 Our Church will have that Preface read (you'll say)  
 'Tis true, But so she will th' *Apocrypha*;  
 And such as can believe them freely may.

But did that *God* (so little understood)  
 Whose darling Attribute is being good,  
 From the dark Womb of the rude Chaos bring  
 Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;  
 Yet leave his *Fav'rite*, Man, his chiefest Care,  
 More wretched than the vilest Insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?  
 If helpless Millions must be doom'd a Prey  
 To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn  
 In that sad Place from whence is no Return,  
 For Unbelief in one they never knew,  
 Or for not doing what they cou'd not do!  
 The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,  
 (And so do all their Followers that Rebel:)  
 If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* stray,  
 Shall the great Gulph be show'd him for the Way:

For



For better Ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,  
 Or the fall'n Angels Rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That *Christ*, who at the great deciding Day  
 (For He declares what He resolves to say)  
 Will Damn the Goats, for their *Ill-natur'd Faults*,  
 And save the Sheep, for *Actions* not for Thoughts,  
 Hath too much Mercy to send Men to Hell,  
 For humble Charity, and hoping well.

To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,  
 Whose Inhumanity profusely shown  
 In Damning Crowds of Souls, may Damn their  
 I'll err at least on the securer Side,  
 A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.

[own. }  
 }

Part of the Fifth SCENE of the Second  
ACT in Guarini's

PASTOR FIDO.

AMARILLI.

**C** Are selue beate,  
E voi solinghi, e taciturni horrori.

Di riposo, e di pace alberghi veri.

O quanto volentieri

Ariuederui i torno, e se le stelle

M'hauesser dato insorte

Di viuer à me stessa, e di far vita

Conforme à le mie voglie;

Io già co campi Elisi

Fortunato giardin de semidei

La vostr'ombra gentil non cangerei.

“ Che se ben dritto miro

“ Questi beni mortali

“ Altro non son chemali:

“ Men'

- “ *Men' hà, chi più n' abbonda,*  
“ *E posseduto è più, che non possede,*  
“ *Ricchezze nò, ma lacci*  
“ *De l' altrui libertate.*  
“ *Che val ne più verdi anni*  
“ *Titolo di bellezza,*  
“ *O fama d' honestate,*  
“ *E' n mortal sangue nobiltà celeste:*  
“ *Tante grazie del Cielo, e de la terra.*  
“ *Qui larghi, e lieti campi*  
“ *E là felici piagge,*  
“ *Fecondi paschi, e più fecondo armento,*  
“ *Se' n tanti benì il cor non è contento ?*

*Felice pastorella,*  
*Cui cinge à pena il fiance*  
*Pouera sì, ma schietta,*  
*E candida gonnella.*  
*Ricca sol di se stessa,*

*E de le grazie di Natura adorna,  
Che'n dolce pouertate  
Nè pouertà conofce, nè i difagi  
De le ricchezze fente,  
Ma tutto quel possiede  
Per cui defio d'hauer non la tormenta;  
Nuda sì, ma contenta.  
Co doni di natura  
I doni di natura anco nudrica;  
Col latte, il latte auuiua,  
E col dolce de l'api  
Condisce il mel de le natie dolcezze.  
Quel fonte ond'ella bene,  
Quel folo anco la bagna, e la configlia;  
Paga lei, pago il mondo:  
Per lei di nembi il ciel s'ofcura indarno,  
E di grandine s'arma,  
Che la fua pouertà nulla pauenta:*

Nuda sì, ma contenta.

*Sola una dolce, e d'ogn' affanno sgombra*

*Cura le sta nel core.*

*Pasce le verdi herbette*

*La greggia à lei commessa, ed ella pasce*

*De suo' begli occhi il pastorello amante,*

*Non qual le destinaro*

*O gli huomini, o le stelle,*

*Ma qual le diede Amore.*

*E tra l'ombrose piante*

*D'un favorito lor Mirteto adorno*

*Vagheggiata il vagheggia, nè per lui*

*Sente foco d'amor, che non gli scopra,*

*Ned'ella scopre ardor, ch'egli non senta,*

Nuda sì, ma contenta.

*O vera vita, che non sà che sia*

*Morire innanzi morte.*

*The foregoing SCENE Translated into  
English.*

A H happy Grove! dark and secure Retreat  
Of sacred Silence, Rest's Eternal Seat;  
How well your cool and unfrequented Shade  
Suits with the chaste Retirements of a Maid;  
Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,  
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;  
All my Ambition I wou'd here confine,  
And only this *Elizyum* shou'd be mine:  
Fond Men by Passion wilfully betray'd,  
Adore those Idols which their Fancy made;  
Purchasing Riches, with our Time and Care,  
We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare;  
And having all, all to our selves refuse,  
Opprest with Blessings which we fear to use.  
Fame is at best but an inconstant Good,  
Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood;

We

We soonest lose what we most highly prize,  
And with our Youth our short-liv'd Beauty dies;  
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,  
If our Abundance makes us wish for more;  
How happy is the harmless Country Maid;  
Who rich by Nature scorns superfluous Aid!  
Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,  
But like her Soul preserves the Native White;  
Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does  
Nor pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton  
Who free from Storms, which on the great ones  
Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all;  
No Care but Love can discompose her Breast,  
Love, of all Cares the sweetest and the best;  
While on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lye,  
Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye;  
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impose,  
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose,

Under

Under some fav'rite Mirtle's shady Boughs,  
 They speak their Passions in repeated Vows,  
 And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,  
 His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns ;  
 Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lye,  
 And while they Live, their Flames can never dye.

---

A

## P R O L O G U E

Spoken to

*His Royal Highness the DUKE of  
 YORK, at Edinburgh.*

Folly and Vice are easie to Describe,  
 The common Subjects of our Scribling Tribe ;  
 But when true Virtues, with unclouded Light,  
 All Great, all Royal, shine divinely Bright,

Our



Our Eyes are dazl'd, and our Voice is weak ;  
Let *England, Flanders*, let all *Europe* speak,  
Let *France* acknowledge that her shaken Throne  
Was once supported, Sir, by you alone :  
Banish'd from thence for an Usurper's Sake,  
Yet trusted then with her last Desp'rate Stake :  
When Wealthy Neighbours strove with us for  
Let the Sea tell, how in their fatal Hour, <sup>[Pow'r,</sup>  
Swift as an Eagle, our Victorious Prince,  
*Great Britain's* Genius, flew to her Defence ;  
His Name strook Fear, his Conduct won the Day,  
He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling Prey,  
And while the Heav'ns were Fire and th' Ocean  
Confirm'd our Empire o'er the Conquer'd Flood. <sup>[Blood,</sup>

Oh happy Islands, if you knew your Bliss!  
Strong by the Sea's Protection, safe by His,

Express

Express your Gratitude the only Way,  
 And humbly own a Debt too vast to pay:  
 Let Fame aloud to future Ages tell  
 None e'er Commanded, none Obey'd so well;  
 While this high Courage, this undaunted Mind,  
 So Loyal, so submissively Resign'd,  
 Proclaim that such a Hero never springs  
 But from the Uncorrupted Blood of Kings.

---

T H E  
 D R E A M.

**T**O the pale Tyrant, who to Horrid Graves  
 Condemns so many thousand helpless Slaves,  
 Ungrateful we do gentle Sleep compare,  
 Who, tho' his Victories as num'rous are,

Yet

Yet from his Slaves no Tribute does he take,  
But woful Cares that load Men while they wake.  
When his soft Charms had eas'd my weary Sight  
Of all the baneful Troubles of the Light,  
*Dorinda* came, divested of the Scorn  
Which the unequall'd Maid so long had worn;  
How oft, in vain, had Love's great God essay'd  
To tame the stubborn Heart of that bright Maid?  
Yet spight of all the Pride that swells her Mind,  
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.  
A rising Blush increas'd the Native Store  
Of Charms, that but too fatal were before.  
Once more present the Vision to my View,  
The sweet Illusion, gentle Fate, renew!  
How kind, how lovely She, how ravish'd I!  
Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me dye.

THE  
G H O S T  
O F T H E

*Old House of Commons,*

T O

*The New One, appointed to meet at*

O X F O R D .

**F**rom deepest Dungeons of Eternal Night,  
The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains, and Spite,

I have been sent to tell you, tender Youth,

A seasonable and important Truth.

I feel (but, Oh! too late) that no Disease

Is like a Surfeit of Luxurious Ease:

And of all other, the most tempting Things

Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent Kings.

None ever was superlatively ill,  
But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill:  
And some, whose Meaning hath at first been fair,  
Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by Despair.  
My Time is past, and yours will soon begin,  
Keep the first Blossoms from the Blast of Sin;  
And by the Fate of my Tumultuous Ways,  
Preserve your selves, and bring serener Days.  
The busie, subtile Serpents of the Law,  
Did first my Mind from true Obedience draw:  
While I did Limits to the King prescribe,  
And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe,  
I chang'd true Freedom for the Name of Free,  
And grew seditious for Variety:  
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,  
And by the Laws Illegally abus'd,  
The Robe was summon'd, *Maynard* in the Head,  
In Legal Murder none so deeply read;

I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood  
 Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) Blood  
 Of the brave *Strafford*, when three Kingdoms rung  
 With his Accumulative *Hackney*-Tongue;  
 Pris'ners and Witnesses were waiting by,  
 These had been taught to swear, and those to dye,  
 And to expect their arbitrary Fates,  
 Some for ill Faces, some for good Estates.  
 To fright the People, and alarm the Town,  
*B*—— and *Oates* employ'd the Reverend Gown.  
 But while the Triple Mitre bore the Blame,  
 The King's three Crowns were their rebellious Aim:  
 I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,  
 And took for mine the *Bethels* and the *Wards*:  
 Anti-Monarchick Hereticks of State,  
 Immoral Atheists, Rich and Reprobate:  
 But above all I got a little Guide,  
 Who ev'ry Foard of Villany had try'd:

None

None knew so well the Old Pernicious Way,  
To ruin Subjects, and make Kings obey;  
And my small *Jehu*, at a furious Rate,  
Was driving *Eighty*, back to *Forty Eight*.  
This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear,  
But I mistook his Patience for his Fear.  
All that this happy Island cou'd afford,  
Was sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.  
In his whole Paradise, one only Tree  
He had excepted by a strict Decree;  
A Sacred Tree, which Royal Fruit did bear,  
Yet it in Pieces I conspir'd to tear;  
Beware, my Child! Divinity is there. }  
This so undid all I had done before,  
I cou'd attempt, and he endure no more.  
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting Breath  
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death;

And I, with all my Sins about me, hurl'd  
 To th' Utter Darknefs of the lower World:  
 A dreadful Place! which you too ſoon will ſee,  
 If you believe Seducers more than me.

---

O N T H E  
 D E A T H  
 O F A  
 L A D Y ' S D O G .

**T**HOU, happy Creature, art ſecure  
 From all the Torments we endure:  
 Deſpair, Ambition, Jealouſie,  
 Loſt Friends, nor Love, diſquiet thee;  
 A ſullen Prudence drew thee hence  
 From Noiſe, Fraud, and Impertinence,

Tho'



Tho' Life essay'd the surest Wile,  
 Gilding it self with *Laura's* Smile.  
 How didst thou scorn Life's meaner Charms,  
 Thou who cou'dst break from *Laura's* Arms!  
 Poor Cynick! still methinks I hear  
 Thy awful Murmurs in my Ear;  
 As when on *Laura's* Lap you lay,  
 Chiding the worthless Crowd away.  
 How fondly Human Passions turn!  
 What we then Envy'd, now we Mourn!

---

S O N G.

**W**inter, thy Cruelty extend,  
 'Till fatal Tempests swell the Sea,  
 In vain let sinking Pilots pray,  
 Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend,

Let piercing Frost and lasting Snow  
Thro' Woods and Fields Destruction sow!

Yet we Unmov'd will sit and smile,  
While you these lesser Ills create,  
These we can bear; but gentle Fate,  
And thou blest Genius of our Isle,  
From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,  
At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

May that Celestial Sound each Day  
With Extacy transport our Souls,  
Whilst all our Passions it controuls,  
And kindly drives our Cares away;  
Let no ungentle Cold destroy,  
All Taste we have of Heav'nly Joy.

T H E  
P R A Y E R of J E R E M Y

P A R A P H R A S ' D .

*Prophetically representing the Passionate Grief  
of the Jewish People, for the Loss of their  
Town and Sanctuary.*

I.

**S**Tand, Sun of Justice! Sovereign God Most  
In *Libra* fix thy Bench of Equity, [High!  
And weigh our Case —  
Look down on Earth, nay look as low again,  
As we're inferior to the rest of Men ;  
We Wretched, once, like thy Archangels, Bright,  
Are cast down headlong with diminish'd Light.  
So Meteors fall, and as they downwards fly,  
Leave a long Train of less'ning Light, and die.

K 3

II. Then

## II.

Then let that other smoother Face of thine,  
 The Sun of Justice, take its Turn and shine.  
 If not alone, at least to mix Allays,  
 And streak thy Justice with alternate Rays,  
 To see and pity our Distress; for Oh!  
 As thou'rt exalted, our Condition's low.

## III.

Houses, Estates, our Temple and our Town,  
 Which God and Birthright long had made our own,  
 To barb'rous Nations now are fall'n a Prey,  
 And we from all we love, are torn away.  
 Thus, early Orphans, whilst our Fathers live,  
 We know no Comfort, they no Comfort give:  
 Our Mothers are but Widows under Chains  
 Of Wedlock, and of all their Nuptial Gains,  
 None of the Mother but the Pangs remains.

Famish'd

Famish'd with Want, we Wilds and Desarts tread,  
 And fainting, wander for our needful Bread,  
 Where Wolves and Tygers round in Ambush lie,  
 And Hosts with naked Swords stand threatning by.  
 But keener Hunger, more a Beast of Prey,  
 More sharp than these, more ravenous than they,  
 Thro' Swords, and Wolves, and Tygers, breaks

[our bitter Way.

IV.

The Fowls, and Beasts, and ev'ry *Sylvan* Kind,  
 Down to the meanest Insects, Heav'n design'd  
 To be the Slaves of Man, were always free  
 Of Waters, Woods, and common Air; but we,  
 We Slaves, and Beasts, and more than Insects vile,  
 That half-born wanton on the Banks of *Nile*,  
 Are glad to buy the Leavings they can spare  
 Of Waters, Woods, and the more common Air.

V.

With Loads of Chains our Foes pursue their Stroke,  
 And lug our aking Necks beneath their Yoke:

No Intermiffion gives the Weary Breath,  
 But endless Drudging drags us on to Death.  
 Our Cries afcend, and like a Trumpet blow,  
 All *Egypt* and *Affyria* hear our Woe:  
 Here, Nights we labour, there, whole Days we <sup>[fweat,</sup>  
 And barely earn the heartlefs Bread we eat.

## VI.

Our old Fore-Fathers finn'd, and are no more,  
 They pawn'd their Children to defray their Score.  
 O happy they! by Death from Suffering freed,  
 But all our Fathers Scourges lash their Seed.  
 Vengeance, at which great *Zion's* Entrails shakes,  
 Shoots thro' the inmoft of the Soul, and rakes,  
 WherePride lurks deepeft, there we feel our Pain,  
 Our Slaves are Masters, and our Menials reign.  
 Whilft we unrefcu'd fend our Cries around,  
 To feek Relief, but no Relief is found.

VII. Look

VII.

Look on our Cheeks, and in each Furrow trace,  
 A Storm of Famine driving on our Face:  
 The scorching Tempest lets its Fury go,  
 And pours upon us, in a Burst of Woe.  
 The Signs of conscious Guilt our Brows impart,  
 Black as our Sin, and harden'd as our Heart.

VIII.

From *Zion's* Mount the humble Matrons cry,  
 With mournful Eccho's, *Juda's* Maids reply,  
 Our Great ones fall, beneath their sweeping Hand,  
 E'en venerable Age cannot withstand  
 Their impious Scoffs; our Youth, in bloomy  
 Compell'd, submit to their undecent Crime,  
 And Children whelm'd with Labour, fall before  
 Thus Prince and People, Infancy and Age,  
 Promiscuous Objects of an impious Rage,

But

But serve to haunt us wheresoe'er we go,  
With horrid Scenes of Universal Woe.

## IX.

Old Men no more in *Zion's* Council sit,  
Nor Young in Consorts of her Musick meet;  
Such foolish Change fond Profligates devise;  
The Old turn Singers, and the Young advise;  
Perverted Order to Confusion runs,  
And all our dwindling Musick ends in Groans;  
*Zion*, thy ancient Glories are decay'd,  
Thy Lawrels wither, and thy Garlands fade;  
Oh Sin! 'tis thou hast this Destruction made.

## X.

'Tis *Zion* then, 'tis *Zion* we deplore,  
For her we grieve, for *Zion* is no more;  
Our Eyes condole in Tears, and jointly smart  
With all the Anguish of an aking Heart :



For who can hold, to see the woful Sight,  
All Nations Envy, and the World's Delight,  
Now grown a Defart, where the Foxes range,  
And howling Wolves lament the dismal Change.

## XI.

But thou, Unshaken God, shalt ever be!  
Thy Throne stands fast upon Eternity:  
Then must we thus by Thee forsaken lie,  
Or lost for ever, in Oblivion die.  
Turn but to us, O Lord, we'll mend our Ways,  
Oh! once restore the Joys of ancient Days;  
Ev'n tho' we seem the Outcasts of thy Care,  
Refuse of Death, and Gleanings of the War,  
Resume the Father, and let Sinners know,  
Thy Mercy's greater than thy People's Woe.

## E P I L O G U E

T O

ALEXANDER *the Great,**When acted at the Theatre in Dublin.*

**Y**OU've seen to Night the Glory of the East,  
 The Man, who all the then known World <sup>[posselt,</sup>  
 That Kings in Chains did Son of *Ammon* call,  
 And Kingdoms thought Divine, by Treason fall.  
 Him Fortune only favour'd for her Sport,  
 And when his Conduct wanted her Support,  
 His Empire, Courage, and his boasted Line,  
 Were all prov'd Mortal by a Slave's Design.  
 Great *Charles*, whose Birth has promis'd milder  
 Whose awful Nod all Nations must obey, <sup>[Sway,</sup>

Secur'd

Secur'd by higher Pow'rs, exalted stands  
Above the reach of Sacrilegious Hands;  
Those Miracles that guard his Crowns, declare  
That Heav'n has form'd a Monarch worth their <sup>[Care;</sup> their  
Born to advance the Loyal, and depose  
His own, his Brother's, and his Father's Foes.  
Faction, that once made Diadems her Prey,  
And stopt our Prince in his triumphant Way,  
Fled like a Mist before this Radiant Day.  
So when, in Heav'n, the mighty Rebels rose,  
Proud, and resolv'd that Empire to depose,  
Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,  
God kept the Conquest for his best Belov'd:  
At sight of such Omnipotence they fly,  
Like Leaves before Autumnal Winds, and die.  
All who before him did ascend the Throne  
Labour'd to draw three restiff Nations on.

He boldly drives 'em forward without Pain,  
 They hear his Voice, and streight obey the Rein.  
 Such Terror speaks him destin'd to command;  
 We worship *Jove* with Thunder in his Hand;  
 But when his Mercy without Pow'r appears,  
 We flight his Altars, and neglect our Pray'rs.  
 How weak in Arms did Civil Discord shew!  
 Like *Saul* she struck with Fury at her Foe,  
 When an Immortal Hand did ward the Blow. }  
 Her Off-spring, made the Royal Hero's Scorn,  
 Like Sons of Earth, all fell as soon as born:  
 Yet let us boast, for sure it is our Pride, [dy'd,  
 When with their Blood our Neighbour Lands were  
*Ireland's* untainted Loyalty remain'd,  
 Her People guiltless, and her Fields unstain'd.

ON THE  
DAY of JUDGMENT.

I.

**T**HE Day of Wrath, that Dreadful Day,  
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,  
As *David* and the *Sibyls* say.

II.

What Horror will invade the Mind,  
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,  
Shall have few Venial Faults to find?

III

The last loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound,  
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,  
And wake the Nations under Ground.

IV. Na-

## IV.

Nature and Death shall, with Surprize,  
Behold the pale Offender rise,  
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.

## V.

Then shall, with Univerfal Dread,  
The sacred Myftick Book be read,  
To try the Living, and the Dead.

## VI.

The Judge ascends his Awful Throne,  
He makes each fecret Sin be known,  
And all with Shame confefs their own.

## VII.

O then! What Intereft shall I make,  
To fave my laft important Stake,  
When the moft Juft have caufe to quake.

VIII. Thou

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,  
Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,  
Some comfortable Pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my Ransom cost,  
Nor let my Dear-bought Soul be lost,  
In Storms of guilty Terror tost.

X.

Thou who for me didst feel such Pain,  
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,  
Let not those Agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging Pow'rs obey,  
Cancel my Debt (too great to pay)  
Before the sad Accounting Day.

L

XII. Sur-

## XII.

Surrounded with Amazing Fears,  
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,  
I sigh, I weep : Accept my Tears.

## XIII.

Thou who wer't mov'd with *Mary's* Grief,  
And, by absolving of the Thief,  
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

## XIV.

Reject not my unworthy Pray'r,  
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare  
Which Death and Gaping Hell prepare.

## XV.

Give my exalted Soul a Place,  
Among thy chosen Right-Hand Race ;  
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.

XVI. From.



XVI.

From that Infatiable Abyfs,  
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,  
Promote me to thy Seat of Blifs.

XVII.

Pröstrate my Contrite Heart I rend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend;  
Do not forsake me in my End.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their Second Breath,  
Who rise to a reviving Death.  
Thou great Creator of Mankind,  
Let Guilty Man Compassion find.

# PROLOGUE to *Pompey*,

A

## T R A G E D Y,

*Translated by Mrs. K. Philips, from the French of Monsieur Corneille, and Acted at the Theatre in Dublin.*

THE mighty Rivals, whose destructive Rage  
 Did the whole World in Civil Arms engage,  
 Are now agreed; and make it both their Choice,  
 To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.  
*Cæsar* from none but you will have his Doom,  
 He hates th' obsequious Flatteries of *Rome*:  
 He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,  
 And he hath rul'd in all the World beside.  
 When he the *Thames*, the *Danube*, and the *Nile*  
 Had stain'd with Blood, Peace flourish'd in this Isle;  
 And you alone may boast, you never saw  
*Cæsar* 'till now, and now can give Him Law.

Great *Pompey* too, comes as a Suppliant here,  
But says he cannot now begin to fear:  
He knows your equal Justice, and (to tell  
A *Roman* Truth) he knows himself too well.  
Success, 'tis true, waited on *Cæsar's* Side,  
But *Pompey* thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.  
His Fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,  
Chang'd his Condition, but not *Cato's* Mind.  
Then of what Doubt can *Pompey's* Cause admit,  
Since here so many *Cato's* Judging sit?

But you, bright Nymphs, give *Cæsar* leave to woo  
The greatest Wonder of the World, but you,  
And hear a Muse, who has that Hero taught  
To speak as gen'rously, as e'er he fought.  
Whose Eloquence from such a Theme deters  
All Tongues but *English*, and all Pens but *Hers*.  
By the just Fates your Sex is doubly blest,  
You Conquer'd *Cæsar*, and you Praise him best.

And You (\*Illustrious Sir) receive as due,  
 A present Destiny reserv'd for You.  
*Rome, France and England* join their Forces here,  
 To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.  
 Accept it then, and on that *Pompey's* Brow  
 Who gave so many Crowns, bestow one now.

*\*To the Lord Lieutenant.*

---

## R O S S ' s   G H O S T .

S Hame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,  
 Base as thy Mother's prostituted Womb;  
 Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,  
 To Knaves a Fool, to cred'lous Fools a Knave,  
 The King's Betraye[r], and the Peoples Slave. }  
 Like *Samuel*, at thy Negromantick Call,  
 I rise, to tell thee, *God has left thee*, Saul.  
 I strove in vain th' *Infecte[d] Blood* to cure;  
 Streams will run muddy where the *Spring's* impure.

In all your meritorious Life, we see  
Old *Taaf's* invincible Sobriety.  
Places of *Master of the Horse*, and *Spy*,  
You (like *Tom. Howard*) did at once supply:  
From *Sidney's* Blood your Loyalty did spring;  
You show us all your Parents, but the *King*,  
From whose too tender and too bounteous Arms,  
(Unhappy he who such a Viper warms;  
As dutiful a Subject, as a Son)  
To your true Parent, the whole Town, you run.  
Read, if you can, how th' old Apostate fell,  
Out-do his Pride, and merit more than Hell:  
Both he and you were glorious and bright  
The first and fairest of the Sons of Light:  
But when, like him, you offer'd at the Crown,  
Like him, your angry Father kick'd you down.

A D

R O M A N O S.

H O R. L I B. I I I.

O D E V I.

Corruptos suæ ætatis mores infectatur.

**D**ELICTA majorum immeritus lues,

*Romane: donec templa refeceris,*

*Ædēsque labentes Deorum, &*

*Fæda nigro simulacra fumo.*

*Dis*

THE  
SIXTH ODE,  
OF THE  
THIRD BOOK of *Horace*.

*Of the Corruption of the Times.*

**T**Hose Ills your Ancestors have done,  
*Romans*, are now become your own;  
And they will cost you dear,  
Unless you soon repair

The falling Temples which the Gods provoke,  
And Statues fully'd yet with Sacrilegious Smoke.

Propitious

*Dís te minorem quòd geris, imperas.* 5

*Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.*

*Dí multa neglecti aederunt*

*Hesperiae mala luctuosæ.*

*Jam bis Monæses, & Pacori manus*

*Non auspiciatos contudit impetus* 10

*Nostros, & adjecisse prædam*

*Torquibus exiguis renidet.*

*Penè occupatam seditionibus*

*Delevit urbem Dacus, & Æthiops:*

*Hic classe formidatus, ille* 15

*Missilibus melior sagittis.*

*Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias*



Propitious Heav'n, that rais'd your Fathers high,  
 For humble, grateful Piety,  
 (As it rewarded their Respect)  
 Hath sharply punish'd your Neglect ;  
 All Empires on the Gods depend,  
 Begun by their command, at their command they

[End.

Let *Crassus* Ghost and *Labiennus* tell  
 How twice by *Jove's* Revenge our Legions fell,  
 And with insulting Pride  
 Shining in *Roman* Spoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The *Scythian* and *Ægyptian* Scum  
 Had almost ruin'd *Rome*,  
 While our Seditions took their part,  
 Fill'd each *Ægyptian* Sail, and wing'd each *Scythian*

[Dart.

First, those Flagitious times,  
 (Pregnant with unknown Crimes)

Con-

*Primum inquinavere, & genus, & domos.*

*Hoc fonte derivata clades*

*In patriam, populumque fluxit.*

20

*Motus doceri gaudet Jonicos*

*Matura virgo, & fingitur artibus*

*Fam nunc, & incestos amores*

*De tenero meditatur ungui.*

25

*Mox juniores quærit adulteros*

*Inter mariti vina: neque eligit*

*Cui donet impermissa raptim*

*Gaudia, luminibus remotis:*

*Sed*

Conspire to violate the Nuptial Bed,

From which polluted Head

Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began, <sup>[ran,</sup>

And through the spurious breed and guilty Nation

Behold a ripe and melting Maid,

Bound Prentice to the wanton Trade ;

*Ionian* Artists at a mighty price

Instruct her in the Mysteries of Vice;

What Nets to spread, where subtile Baits to lay,

And with an early hand they form the temper'd <sup>[Clay.</sup>

Marry'd, their Lessons she improves

By practice of Adult'rous Loves,

And scorns the common mean design

To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,

Or snatch, in some dark place,

A hasty Illegitimate Embrace.

No!

*Sed jussa coràm non sinè conscio*

*Surgit marito: seu vocat institor,*

30

*Seu navis Hispanæ magister,*

*Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.*

*Non his juvenus orta parentibus*

*Infecit æquor sanguine Punico,*

*Pyrrhùmque, & ingentem cecidit*

35

*Antiochum, Annibalémque dirum:*

*Sed rusticorum mascula militum*

*Proles*

No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,  
 And bids her rise when Lovers call;  
 Hither a Merchant from the Straits,  
 Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,

Or City *Cannibal*, repairs,

Who feeds upon the flesh of Heirs,

Convenient Bruits, whose tributary Flame,

Pays the full price of Lust, and gilds the slighted <sup>[Shame.</sup>

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,

That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the Conquer'd Seas

And quasht the stern *Æacides*;

Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel

How weak his Gold was against *Europe's* Steel,

Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield;

And won the long disputed world at *Zama's* fatal <sup>[Field</sup>

But Soldiers of a Rustick Mould,

Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,

Either

*Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus*

*Versare glebas, & severæ*

40

*Matris ad arbitrium recisos*

*Portare fustes, Sol ubi montium*

*Mutaret umbras, & juga demeret*

*Bobus fatigatis, amicum*

*Tempus agens abeunte curru.*

45

*Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?*

*Ætas parentum peior avis tulit*

*Nos nequiores mox daturos*

*Progeniem vitiosorem.*

Either they dug the stubborn Ground,  
Or through hewn Woods their weighty Strokes  
And after the declining Sun [did found.  
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was [done,  
Home with their weary Team they took their [way,  
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the labour of the [Day.

Time sensibly all things impairs :  
Our Fathers have been worse than theirs ;  
And we than Ours ; next Age will see  
A Race more profligate than we  
( With all the Pains we take ) have skill enough  
[to be.



M

REMARKS

## R E M A R Q U E S

O N T H E

## Foregoing O D E.

**T**His Ode is a Lesson of Morality. Horace is perswading the Romans, that Contempt of Religion, and Corruption of Manners, were the sole Causes of all the Misfortunes which had befallen Rome. The Time when it was written was after the Defeat of Antony, about the Year of Rome, DCCXXIV, or DCCXXV.

Lin. 1. Delicta majorum immeritus lues. The Pagans had discover'd this Truth, That Posterity might suffer for a Crime of their Ancestors; and that 'till such Crime was aton'd for, the Children of the Offenders were liable to the Punishment due to their Crime.

Lin. 2. Donec templa refeceris. He means the Temples which had been burn'd during the Wars. This points at Augustus in particular: For that Prince was very diligent in repairing the Temples which had been demolish'd or burnt, and raising them up again.

Lin. 3. Ædesque labentes Deorum. The difference between the Ædes sacra, and the Temple, was this; Ædes sacra was properly a Sacred Edifice dedicated to some Deity, but without the Ceremony of the Augurs; a Temple was a certain space of Ground set apart by the Augurs, but not hallowed nor consecrated to any of the Gods, as the Rostra, Curia Pompeia, Curia Julia, Curia Hostilia. Hence it



is no hard matter to conceive how one might be turn'd into the other; that is, how a Temple might be made an Ædes Sacra, and an Ædes Sacra a Temple: there were several at Rome, which were both the one and the other at the same time.

Lin. 4. Et sœda nigro simulacra fumo. *This is a fine Passage. Horace, after he had spoke of the Temples being burnt, sets before the Eyes of the Romans the Statues of the Gods, all over black with the smoke of the Flames which had turn'd the Temples to Ashes. Here it is proper to mention what we find Book I. Ode XXXV. which was writen a little after this:*

————— Quid intactum nefasti  
Liquimus? unde manus juventus  
Metu Deorum continuit? quibus  
Pepercit aris? —————

Profane Wretches! what have we not defil'd? In what Instance has the Fear of the Gods restrain'd the sacrilegious Hands of our young Soldiers? Is there any one of the Altars which they have spar'd?

Lin. 5. Diis te minorem quod geris imperas. *Christians themselves could not have given better Instructions to Princes: You are no longer Kings than you own a God above you, and trust in his Power. This Horace writ not so much for the Roman People, as for Augustus; of whom, Book I. Ode XII. speaking to Jupiter, he says,*

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem:

He will ever own you to be above him; he will content himself with the Government of the World.

Lin. 6. Hinc omne principium. *He says we should begin all our Works with Prayer to the Gods, and end them*

with Thanksgivings. This he recommends as a seasonable Precept, after so much Misery which had follow'd upon the Contempt of Religion.

Lin. 8. Hesperiaë. Italy, call'd also Hesperia proxima, to distinguish it from Spain, which was call'd Hesperia ultima.

Lin. 9. Jam bis Monæses. Undoubtedly Horace speaks here of the two Victories which the Parthians got over the Romans, one under Monæses, and the other under Pacorus their Generals. He likewise imputes these Misfortunes of the Romans to the Contempt which they had shewn to Religion. It is probable that one of these Victories of the Parthians, was the Defeat of Crassus, who march'd against the Parthians, in defiance of all the unlucky Omens which happen'd both at Rome, and in the Camp, as Dion reports, Hist. Book XL. But the difficulty is to know whether Crassus was defeated by Monæses, who was a chief Man about King Orodes. Historians agree that it was Surena who routed Crassus. What is Surena? not a proper Name, but a Title of Dignity, and signifies, The King's Lieutenant: Now Monæses was the second Man of the Empire: And therefore it is probable that Surena was the Title of Monæses. This Passage of Horace is very considerable; for it is the only one of all Antiquity which gives us light in this famous Story. The Victory of Monæses over the Romans proved fatal to himself: For King Orodes growing jealous of his Glory, put him to Death soon after it. And therefore that Monæses, who put himself into Antony's Hands, seventeen Years after this Defeat of Crassus, and whom Antony sent back to Phraates, either because he suspected him, or because he hop'd he might do him good Service about the Prince, was the Son of the former.

Et Pacori manus. Pacorus was the eldest Son of Orodes, who sent him to ravage Syria presently upon the Defeat of Crassus:

Crassus: But he was then so Young, that he had only the Name of General, and Ozaces commanded the Army. He was sent thither again with Labienus two or three Years after, and did great Service; for he subdued all Syria, except Tyre, as Dion writes, Book XLVIII. He was defeated and slain three Years after by Ventidius, Antony's Lieutenant.

Lin. 10. Non auspicatos contudit impetus. He calls the Efforts of the Romans against the Parthians, non auspicatos, unauspicious, contrary to the Auspicia, because Crassus had enter'd upon this War with singular Contempt of those Divine Tokens. First of all, when he left Rome, the Tribune Ateius having oppos'd his Departure, and not being able to stop him, convey'd a Chaffing-dish to the City Gate, thro' which he was to pass; and as Crassus went out he cast some Perfumes upon the Fire, and then threw it about, with horrible Curses and Imprecations. This Crassus minded not, but went on his Way. In like manner he slighted all the unlucky Presages that befell him. And Lastly, when the Soothsayers let him know, that the Tokens in the Sacrifices were unfortunate, he took no notice of what they said.

Lin. 11. Et adjecisse prædam torquibus. He says, that the Parthians enlarged the Chains about their Necks with the Gold and Silver which they had taken from the Romans. Here it must be remember'd, that the Parthians wore Chains about their Necks, like the old Gauls and Germans.

Lin. 12. Renidet. γελά, he laughs. So Catullus, Ode XXXVI.

Egnatius quod candidos habet dentes,  
Renidet usquequaque.

*Egnatius* is always laughing, because he has white Teeth.

Lin. 14. Delevit urbem Dacus & Æthiops. *This is not to be understood of two several times, as though the Dacians and Ethiopians had like to have taken Rome one after another: Horace speaks here of the Forces of Antony and Cleopatra, who had a design on the City, as he says, Book I. Ode XXXVII.*

—— Dum capitolio  
Regina dementes ruinas,  
Fonus & imperio parabat.

While the mad Queen threaten'd final Destruction to the Capitol and Empire. *It must be noted that the Ethiopians and Dacians compos'd a great part of Antony's Troops.*

Æthiops. *The Troops of Cleopatra, Ethiopians and Egyptians; for Egypt was comprehended under the general Name of Ethiopia.*

Lin. 15. Hic classe formidatus. *For the Egyptians were most of Antony's Forces for Sea Service.*

Lin. 16. Ille missilibus melior sagittis. *This is the Dacian. The Northern People were generally good Archers; and Strabo says their Arms were Sword, Buckler, Bow and Quiver.*

Lin. 17. Fœcunda culpæ secula. *The Corruption of Manners in Horace's Time cannot be better express'd than in this Epigram of Catullus:*

Consule Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, solebant  
Mœchi. Illi, ah! facto Consule nunc iterum  
Manferunt duo, sed creverunt millia in unum  
Singulum, fœcundum semen adulterio.

*Cinna*

Cinna, in the first Consulate of Pompey, you could see but two Adulterers at Rome. In his second likewise you could find but these two. But since that, each of these has produced a thousand. O prolifick Adultery! By the two Adulterers Catullus means Cæsar and Mamurra. A little after this Ode was written, Augustus published the Julian Law, to prevent Adulteries.

Lin. 19 Hoc fonte derivata clades. It is very remarkable, that Horace here ascribes all the Calamities which had happen'd to Rome, and all the Civil Wars, to Adulteries only. In this he follows the Doctrine of Pythagoras, who taught, that nothing was of more mischievous Consequence than confounding Families, and grafting Aliens upon them by Adultery.

Lin. 21. Motus. As the Greeks use κινεῖσθαι, to move ones self, for ὀρχεῖσθαι, to dance, so the Latins use moveri and motus for the same. Thus Horace in another place;

Ut festis matrona moveri iussa Diebus.

And again ————— ut qui

Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyciopa movetur.

And Virgil, dant motus incompósitos. Cicero has the same Phrase in his third Paradox: Histrio si paulo se movit extra numerum.

Ionicos. Ionian Dances were the most lascivious of any. For the World did not afford a more voluptuous People than the Ionians.

Lin. 22. Matura virgo. That is, a Maid who is marriageable; for among the old Romans it was counted a Re-proach for a Maid of that Age to dance; this Exercise being permitted to none but young Children.

Fingitur artubus. Fingere signifies the same as formare, componere, to fashion, to fit. It is a Term borrow'd from the Dancing-Schools. Horace says, that at that Age the

Maid was still practising to make her Joints supple, that she might succeed the better in her lascivious Movements. Lambin has read in some Manuscripts, fingitur artibus. If that be the true reading, Horace would say that the Maids learn'd all the Tricks, and practised all the inveigling Arts, which common Strumpets made use of in their Trade.

Lin. 24. De tenero meditatur ungui. This is a Greek Proverb, ἐξ ἀπαλῶν τῶν οὐνύχων, de tenero ungui, de teneris unguiculis, from ones tender Age. Tully in an Epistle to Lentulus, says: Sed præsta te eum qui mihi à teneris, ut Græci dicunt, unguiculis es cognitus. Let me find you the same Man as I have always known you to be ever since you was a little Child. Observe here how Horace uses the Preposition de instead of à.

Lin. 25. Juniores quærit adulteros. Juniores may signify here simply, the youngest, or such as were younger than their Husbands, or new ones; as Book I. Ode XXXIII.

Lin. 26. Inter mariti vina. A Passage of Ovid may explain this, in his first Book de arte.

Ergo ubi contigerint positi tibi munera Bacchi,  
Atque erit in socii fœmina parte tori, &c.

When you are at the Table with your Mistress, and she sits upon the same Couch with you, &c.

Lin. 28. Gaudia. This word must not be chang'd. Ovid has it in the same sense, de arte Lib. III.

Gaudia nec cupidis vestra negate viris.

And Tibullus:

Cui Venus hesternâ gaudia nocte tulit.

Lin. 29. Coram. Before all the Company. This word is opposed here to luminibus remotis. Suetonius uses it in speaking of Augustus, in the LXIXth Chapter of his Life.

Non sine conscio. *This is oppos'd to raptim. Horace is not satisfied to describe the Debaucheries of Women only; but to strike more Horror, he adds, that their Husbands consented; which is the highest degree of Lewdness.*

Lin. 30. Seu vocat institor. *Institor is properly a Factor to a Merchant, an Agent. Ovid de arte, Lib. I.*

Institor ad dominam veniet discinctus emacem,  
Expedit merces teque sedente suas.

The Merchant's Factor will come to your Mistress who wants to buy somewhat, and will open all his Ware in your sight.

Lin. 31. Seu navis Hispanæ magister. *Magister navis sometimes signifies the chief Man in the Ship, or the Pilot: But here Horace puts it for the Owner of the Vessel, the trading Merchant. Now there was great Trade between Italy and Spain: the Spaniards furnish'd Rome with Wine, and carried back Goods from thence in exchange.*

Lin. 32. Dedecorum pretiosus emptor. *The Word pretiosus here is a very ingenious, pertinent Epithet: for it signifies one who buys dear, who spares for nothing; much the same as damnosus. Horace handsomely describes the Avarice of the Women in his Time, who preferr'd Merchants and Ship-Masters for their Gallants, only because they paid better than others.*

Lin. 33. Non his juvenus orta parentibus. *Here he illustrates what he hinted at the 17th Verse, that frequent Adulteries had spoil'd good Families, so that one might see a great difference between the Romans of his Time, and their brave Ancestors, who vanquish'd Pyrrhus, the Carthaginians, and Antiochus by Sea and Land.*

Lin. 35. Pyrrhumque. *Pyrrhus was King of Epirus, and descended from Achilles. He routed the Consul Lævinus, near Heraclea; but soon after he was overthrown by Fabricius*

cus

cius and Curius; and retiring into Greece, he was slain with a blow of a Tile, as he was besieging Antigonus in Argos, in the Year of Rome CCCCLXXX.

Lin. 36. *Ingentem Antiochum.* Antiochus was King of Syria. *Æmilius Regillus* beat him by Sea, and *L. Scipio* by Land: At last he was slain by his own People, in the Year of Rome DLXVII.

Lin. 37. *Sed rusticorum mascula militum.* The Roman Troops were composed of Rusticks, Countrymen, such as they raised for the most part in the Territory of the Marsians, in Apulia, and among the Samnites. Varro has a fine Remark upon this, in the beginning of his Book of Husbandry. *Viri magni nostri majores non sine causâ præponebant rusticos Romanos urbanis; ut ruri enim qui in villâ vivunt ignaviores quam qui in agro versantur in aliquo opere faciundo: Sic qui in oppido sederent, quam qui rura colerent, desidiores putabant.* It is not without Reason that those great Men, our Ancestors, preferr'd the Romans in the Country before those in the City; for as in the Country itself, those whose Business lies within Doors are lazier than those who stir abroad and work in the Field; so they reckon'd that those who led a sedentary Life in the City, were not so fit for Service as those that follow'd Husbandry. *The same Author has something fuller yet, in the beginning of his III<sup>d</sup> Book.* Itaque non sine causâ majores nostri ex urbe in agris redigebant cives suos, quod & in pace à rusticis Romanis alebantur, & in bello ab his tutabantur. Our Forefathers were in the right, to send Citizens abroad and settle them in Country places; because the Romans in the Country furnish'd the City with Provisions in time of Peace, and defend-ed it in War.



Lin. 38. Sabellis docta ligonibus. Which is as much as to say, that the Soldiers were Samnites. For Sabellus is a diminutive of Samnis, as Scabellum of Scamnum.

Lin. 40. Severæ matris ad arbitrium. This is a good Description of a painful Mother who makes her Children work, and will not be pleas'd if they don't bring home good Loads of Fuel at Night. He has the same Thought again, Book V. Ode II. The Samnite Women were so industrious, that they managed the Farms for their Husbands, and left them Nothing to do. See Columella's Preface to his XIth Book, where he opposes the pains-taking Women of the first Times, to the fine, lazy, voluptuous Dames of his own Age.

Lin. 41. Sol ubi montium mutaret umbras. This mutare of Horace, is the same with Virgil's duplicare. It may be explain'd of the changing of Place. For when the Sun sets, the Shadow is not in the same place where it was three Hours before.

Lin. 42. Et juga demeret bobus. The Greeks have happily express'd this by one Word βάλυσις or βελυτός, which Tully uses in his XXVIIth Epistle to Atticus, Book XV. Adventabat autem βελύσει cœnantibus nobis. He came in the Evening as we were at Supper, about the time of unyoking the Oxen. See the IId Ode of the Vth Book.

Lin. 43. Amicum tempus. He calls the Evening a Friend to Labourers, because it puts an end to their Days Work.

Lin. 45. Damnosa. Damnosus, as I have already observed, is properly one that never spares; and therefore it is very fully applied to Time, which is likewise call'd tempus edax.

Lin. 46. Ætas parentum. Here I admire the Poet's Art, who has said so much of four Generations in three short Verses. If it be true that he has imitated the Verses of Aratus, as Lambin and Muretus tell us, the Copy may be said to excel the Original.

Οἶνον χρύσειοι πατέρες γενεὴν ἐλίποντο  
 Χειροτέρην, ὑμεῖς δὲ κακώτερα τεξείεσθε.

As your Fathers left Children not so good as themselves, so you will leave those that are worse than you are. Muretus says farther, that both these Poets have borrow'd the Thought from Homer, who writes that few Children are like their Father; that he observed a great many to be worse, but rarely found one better. But it well deserves to be noted, that Horace grounded his Remark upon true History of the Times for the three first Generations, and that he prophesied truly of the fourth, as is easie to prove, by comparing the Reign of Tiberius with that of Augustus.

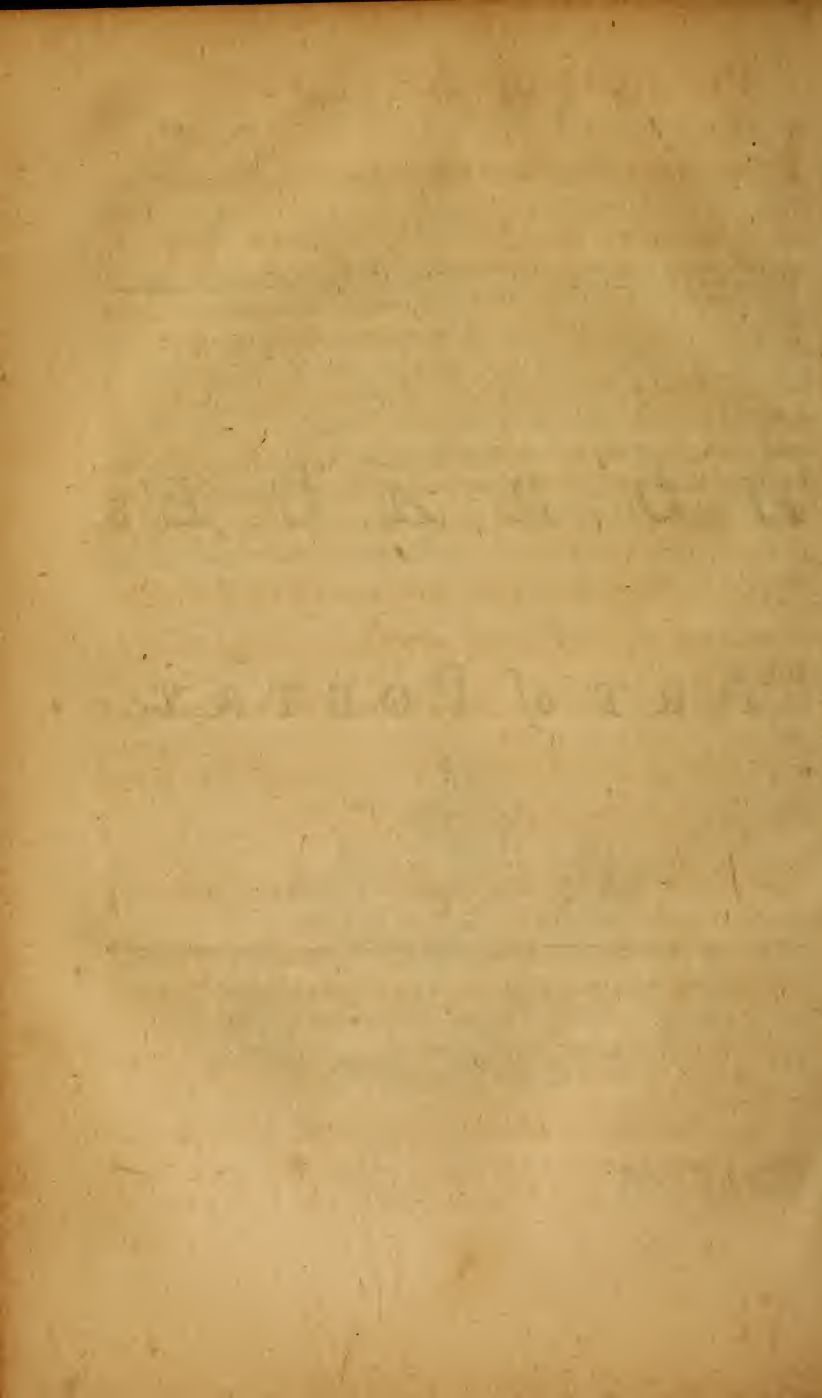


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*H O R A C E's*

ART *of* POETRY.

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## Preface to the Art of Poetry.

**I** Have seldom known a Trick succeed, and will put none upon the Reader; but tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such Rules, as if they be observ'd, will make Men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly: But Horace must be read seriously or not at all, for else the Reader won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my Labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the Meaning, and the Words of the Author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often ask'd my self that Question. I know this is a Field,

*Per quem magnusequos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus.*  
But with all the Respect due to the Name of Ben. Johnson, to which no Man pays more Veneration than I; it cannot be deny'd, that the Constraint of Rhime, and a literal Translation (to which Horace in this Book declares himself an Enemy) has made him want a Comment in many Places.

My chief Care has been to Write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a Line or two to explain it.

I am below the Envy of the Criticks, but if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace ow'd his Favour and his Fortune to the Character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that in their Golden Age, there was a good Understanding among the Ingenious, and those who were the most Esteem'd were the best Natur'd.

ROSCOMMON.

OF THIS  
TRANSLATION,And of the  
USE of POETRY.

---

By EDMUND WALLER, Esq;

---

**R**OME *was not better by her Horace taught,*  
*Than we are here, to comprehend his Thought:*  
*The Poet writ to Noble Piso, there,*  
*A Noble Piso does instruct us here,*  
*Gives us a Pattern in his flowing Stile,*  
*And with rich Precepts does oblige our Isle,*  
*Britain, whose Genius is in Verse express'd*  
*Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.*

*Horace will our superfluous Branches prune,*  
*Give us new Rules, and set our Harp in Tune,*

*Direct*

*Direct us how to back the winged Horse,  
Favour his Flight, and moderate his Force.  
Though Poets may of Inspiration boast,  
Their Rage ill govern'd, in the Clouds is lost;  
He that proportion'd Wonders can disclose,  
At once his Fancy and his Judgment shows.*

*Chast moral Writing we may learn from hence,  
Neglect of which no Wit can recompence;  
The Fountain which from Helicon proceeds,  
That sacred Stream should never water Weeds,  
Nor make the Crop of Thorns and Thistles grow,  
Which Envy or perverted Nature sow.*

*Well-sounding Verses are the Charm we use,  
Heroick Thoughts, and Virtue to infuse;  
Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,  
But they move more, in lofty Numbers told;*

*By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,  
We learn that Sound, as well as Sense persuades.*

*The Muse's Friend, unto himself severe,  
With silent Pity looks on all that Err;  
But where a brave, a publick Action shines,  
That he rewards with his Immortal Lines;  
Whether it be in Council or in Fight,  
His Country's Honour is his chief Delight;  
Praise of great Acts, he scatters as a Seed,  
Which may the like, in coming Ages, breed.*

*Here taught the Fate of Verses, always priz'd  
With Admiration, or as much despis'd,  
Men will be less indulgent to their Faults,  
And Patience have to cultivate their Thoughts;  
Poets lose half the Praise they should have got,  
Could it be known what they discreetly blot,*

*Find*



*Finding new Words, that to the ravish'd Ear,  
May like the Language of the Gods appear.*

*Such as of old, wise Bards employ'd, to make  
Unpolish'd Men their wild Retreats forsake;  
Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming Brutes,  
And raising Cities with their charming Lutes:  
For rudest Minds with Harmony were caught,  
And civil Life was by the Muses taught.*

*So wand'ring Bees would perish in the Air,  
Did not a Sound, proportion'd to their Ear,  
Appease their Rage, invite them to the Hive,  
Unite their Force, and teach them how to thrive,  
To rob the Flow'rs, and to forbear the Spoil,  
Preserv'd in Winter by their Summer's Toil,  
They give us Food, which may with Nectar Vie,  
And Wax that does the absent Sun supply.*

D E

## ARTE POETICA

L I B E R,

A D P I S O N E S.

**H**U MANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
 Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,

Undique collatis membris : ut turpiter atrum

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne :

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?

Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum

Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ

Fingentur species : ut nec pes nec caput uni

Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque Poëtis

Quid-

H O R A C E

O F T H E

A R T O F P O E T R Y.

**I**F in a Picture (*Piso*) you should see  
A handsome Woman with a Fishes Tail,  
Or a Man's Head upon a Horse's Neck,  
Or Limbs of Beasts of the most diff'rent kinds,  
Cover'd with Feathers of all sorts of Birds,  
Would you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?  
Trust me, that Book is as ridiculous,  
Whose incoherent Stile (like sick Mens Dreams)  
Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extreams.

*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas. 10*

*Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque  
vicissim.*

*Sed non ut placidis cœant immitia, non ut*

*Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.*

*Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis*

*Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus & alter 15*

*Affuitur pannus: quum lucus, & ara Dianæ,*

*Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,*

*Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur  
arcus.*

*Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortasse cupressum*

*Scis simulare. Quid hoc? si fractis enatat ex spes 20*

*Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit*

*Institui,*

Painters and Poets have been still allow'd  
Their Pencils, and their Fancies unconfin'd.  
This Privilege we freely give and take;  
But Nature, and the Common Laws of Sense,  
Forbid to reconcile *Antipathies*,  
Or make a Snake engender with a Dove,  
And hungry Tygers court the tender Lambs.

Some that at first have promis'd mighty Things,  
Applaud themselves, when a few florid Lines  
Shine through th'insipid Dulness of the rest;  
Here they describe a Temple, or a Wood,  
Or Streams that through delightful Meadows run,  
And there the Rainbow, or the rapid *Rhine*,  
But they misplace them all, and croud them in,  
And are as much to seek in other things,  
As he that only can design a Tree,  
Would be to draw a Shipwreck or a Storm.

*Institui ; currente rota cur urceus exit ?*

*Denique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat & unum.*

*Maxima pars vatum, pater, & juvenes patre  
digni,*

*Decipimur specie recti. brevis esse laboro, 25*

*Obscurus fio: sectantem levia, nervi*

*Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turget:*

*Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procella:*

*Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,*

*Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. 30*

*In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.*

*Æmiliam circa ludum faber imus & ungues*

*Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos:*

*Infelix*

When you begin with so much Pomp and Show,  
Why is the End so little and so low?  
Be what you will, so you be still the same.

Most Poets fall into the grossest Faults,  
Deluded by a seeming Excellence:  
By striving to be short, they grow Obscure,  
And when they would write smoothly, they want  
Their Spirits sink; while others that affect <sup>[ Strength,</sup>  
A lofty Stile, swell to a Tympany;  
Some tim'rous Wretches start at ev'ry Blast,  
And fearing Tempests, dare not leave the Shore;  
Others, in Love with wild Variety,  
Draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood;  
Thus fear of Erring, join'd with want of Skill,  
Is a most certain way of Erring still.

The meanest Workman in th' *Æmilian* Square,  
May grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair,

*Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum  
 Nesciet. hunc ego me, si quid componere curem, 35  
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,  
 Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.*

*Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
 Viribus, & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
 Quid valeant humeri. cui læta potenter erit res, 40  
 Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.*

*Ordinis hæc virtus erit & venus, aut ego fallor,  
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici  
 Pleraque differat, & præsens in tempus omittat.  
 Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.*



But cannot finish what he hath begun;  
What is there more ridiculous than he?  
For one or two good Features in a Face,  
Where all the rest are scandalously ill,  
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let Poets match their Subject <sup>[Strength,</sup> to their  
And often try what Weight they can support,  
And what their Shoulders are too weak to bear,  
After a serious and judicious Choice,  
Method and Eloquence will never fail.

As well the Force as Ornament of Verse,  
Consist in chusing a fit Time for things,  
And knowing when a Muse should be indulg'd  
In her full Flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words

*In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis :*

*Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum*

*Reddiderit junctura novum. si fortè necesse est*

*Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,*

*Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis* 50

*Continget: dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.*

*Et nova fiètaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si*

*Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. quid autem*

*Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus ademtum*

*Virgilio Varioque? ego, cur acquirere pauca* 55

*Si possum, invideor? quum lingua Catonis & Ennii*

*Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum*

*Nomina protulerit? licuit, semperque licebit,*

*Signatum præsentè nota procudere nomen.*

*Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,* 60

*Prima*

Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with Skill :  
You gain your Point, if your industrious Art  
Can make unusual Words easie and plain ;  
But if you write of things Abstruse or New,  
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,  
So it be feldom and discreetly done :  
But he that hopes to have new Words allow'd,  
Must so derive them from the *Græcian* Spring,  
As they may seem to flow without Constraint.  
Can an Impartial Reader discommend  
In *Varius*, or in *Virgil*, what he likes  
In *Plautus* or *Cæcilius*? Why should I  
Be envy'd for the little I invent,  
When *Ennius* and *Cato*'s copious Stile  
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our Tongue?  
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave  
To coin new Words well suited to the Age.  
Words are like Leaves, some wither ev'ry Year,

Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,  
 Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.  
 Debemur morti nos, nostraque; sive receptus  
 Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,  
 Regis opus; sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis, 65  
 Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum:  
 Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus annis,  
 Doctus iter melius. mortalia facta peribunt,  
 Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax.  
 Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidère, cadentque 70  
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,  
 Quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.

And ev'ry Year a younger Race succeeds.  
Death is a Tribute all things owe to Fate;  
The *Lucrine Mole* (*Cæsar's* stupendious Work)  
Protects our Navies from the raging North;  
And (since *Cetbegus* drain'd the *Pontin Lake*)  
We Plow and Reap where former Ages row'd.  
See how the *Tyber* (whose licentious Waves  
So often over-flow'd the neighb'ring Fields,)  
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive Course,  
Confin'd by our great Emperor's Command:  
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot;  
Why then should Words challenge Eternity,  
When greatest Men, and greatest Actions die?  
Use may revive the obsoletest Words,  
And banish those that now are most in Vogue;  
Use is the Judge, the Law, and Rule of Speech.

*Homer*

*Res gestæ regumque ducumque, & tristia bella,  
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.*

*Verbis impariter junctis querimoniâ primum, 75  
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.  
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisserit auctor,  
Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub judice lis est.*

*Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.  
Hunc focci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni, 80  
Alternis aptum sermonibus, & populares  
Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus agendis.*

*Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,  
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,  
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre. 85*

*Homer* first taught the World in Epick Verse  
To write of great Commanders, and of Kings.

Elegies were at first design'd for Grief,  
Though now we use them to express our Joy:  
But to whose Muse we owe that sort of Verse,  
Is undecided by the Men of Skill.

Rage with Iambicks arm'd *Archilochus*,  
Numbers for Dialogue and Action fit,  
And Favourites of the Dramatick Muse.  
Fierce, Lofty, Rapid, whose commanding Sound  
Awes the tumultuous Noises of the Pit,  
And whose peculiar Province is the Stage.

Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympick Crowns,  
Love's pleasing Cares, and the free Joys of Wine,  
Are proper Subjects for the Lyrick Song.

*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores  
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poëta salutor?  
Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere, malo?*

*Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;  
Indignatur item privatis ac prope socco 90  
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.  
Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.  
Interdum tamen & vocem comœdia tollit,  
Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:  
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri. 95  
Telephus & Peleus, quum pauper & exul uterque,  
Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba,  
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.  
Non satis est pulcra esse Poëmata: dulcia sunt,  
Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunto. 100  
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent  
Humani vultus. si vis me flere, dolendum est*



Why is he honour'd with a Poet's Name,  
Who neither knows, nor would observe a Rule;  
And chuses to be Ignorant and Proud,  
Rather than own his Ignorance, and learn?  
Let ev'ry Thing have its due Place and Time.

A Comick Subject loves an humble Verse,  
*Thyestes* scorns a low and Comick Stile.  
Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her Voice,  
And *Chremes* be allow'd to foam and rail:  
Tragedians too, lay by their State to grieve;  
*Peleus* and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,  
Forget their swelling and Gigantick Words.  
He that would have Spectators share his Grief,  
Must write not only well, but movingly,  
And raise Mens Passions to what height he will.  
We Weep and Laugh, as we see others do:  
He only makes me sad who shews the way,

Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent,  
 Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata loquëris,  
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. tristia mœstum 105  
 Vultum verba decent: iratùm, plena minarum:  
 Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.  
 Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem  
 Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram  
 Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit: 110  
 Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.  
 Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,  
 Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.  
 Intererit multum divusne loquatur an heros:  
 Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ  
 Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:  
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorve virentis agelli:  
 Colchus,

And first is sad himself; then, *Telephus*,  
I feel the weight of your Calamities,  
And fancy all your Miseries my own.  
But if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh:  
Your Looks must alter, as your Subject does  
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe:  
For Nature forms, and softens us within,  
And writes our Fortunes Changes in our Face.  
Pleasure enchants, impetuous Rage transports,  
And Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul,  
And these are all interpreted by Speech;  
But he whose Words and Fortunes disagree,  
Absurd, unpity'd, grows a publick Jest.  
Observe the Characters of those that speak,  
Whether an honest Servant, or a Cheat,  
Or one whose Blood boils in his youthful Veins,  
Or a grave Matron, or a busie Nurse,  
Extorting Merchants, careful Husbandmen,

*Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.*

*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge  
 Scriptor. honoratum si fortè reponis Achillem:  
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
 Fura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.  
 Sit Medea ferox, invictaque: flebilis Ino,  
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.*

*Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes 125  
 Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum  
 Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.  
 Difficile est propriè communia dicere: tuque  
 Reètius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,  
 Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus. 130*

*Publica*

*Argives, or Thebans, Asians or Greeks.*

Follow Report, or feign coherent Things;  
Describe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was,  
Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,  
Scorning all Judges, and all Law but Arms;  
*Medea* must be all Revenge and Blood,  
*Ino* all Tears, *Ixion* all Deceit,  
*Io* must wander, and *Orestes* mourn.

If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten Paths,  
And bring new Characters upon the Stage,  
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.  
New Subjects are not easily explain'd,  
And you had better chuse a well known Theme,  
Than trust to an Invention of your own;  
For what originally others writ,  
May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,

*Publica materies privati juris erit, si*

*Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem:*

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus*

*Interpres: nec desilies imitator in arctum,*

*Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex. 125*

*Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:*

*Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum.*

*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*

*Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

*Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte: 140*

*(Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,*

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.)*

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem*

*Cogitat:*

That with some Justice it may pass for yours;  
 But then you must not Copy trivial things,  
 Nor Word for Word too faithfully Translate,  
 Nor (as some servile Imitators do)  
 Prescribe at first such strict uneasy Rules,  
 As they must ever slavishly observe,  
 Or all the Laws of Decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old Poetafter did,  
 (*Troy's famous War, and Priam's Fate, I sing*)  
 In what will all this Ostentation end?  
 The lab'ring Mountain scarce brings forth a Mouse:  
 How far is this from the *Meonian* Stile?  
*Muse, speak the Man, who since the Siege of Troy,*  
*So many Towns, such change of Manners saw.*  
 One with a Flash begins, and ends in Smoak,  
 The other out of Smoak brings glorious Light,  
 And (without raising Expectation high)

Sur.

*Cogitat : ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat :*

*Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Cha-  
rybdin.* 145

*Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,*

*Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.*

*Semper ad eventum festinat : & in medias res,*

*Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit : & quæ*

*Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit : 150*

*Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,*

*Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*

*Tu, quid ego, & populus mecum desideret, audi.*

*Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque*

*Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat :*

*Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores :*



Surprizes us with daring Miracles,  
The bloody *Lestrygons* inhumane Feasts,  
With all the Monsters of the Land and Sea;  
How *Scylla* bark'd, and *Polyphemus* roar'd:  
He doth not trouble us with *Leda's* Eggs,  
When he begins to write the *Trojan* War;  
Nor writing the Return of *Diomed*,  
Go back as far as *Meleager's* Death:  
Nothing is idle, each judicious Line  
Insensibly acquaints us with the Plot;  
He chuses only what he can improve,  
And Truth and Fiction are so aptly mix'd  
That all seems Uniform, and of a Piece.

Now hear what ev'ry Auditor expects;  
If you intend that he should stay to hear  
The Epilogue, and see the Curtain fall;  
Mind how our Tempers alter with our Years,

And

Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus & annis.  
 Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo  
 Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere & iram  
 Colligit ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas. 160  
 Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,  
 Gaudet equis canibusque, & aprici gramine campi:  
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper:  
 Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris:  
 Sublimis, cupidusque & amata relinquere pernix.  
 Conversis studiis ætas animusque virilis  
 Quærit opes & amicitias, inservit honori:  
 Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.  
 Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda: vel quod  
 Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti: 170  
 Vel quod res omnes timidè gelidèque ministrat,  
 Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,  
 Difficilis, querulus: laudator temporis acti  
 Se puero, censor castigatorque minorum.  
 Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,

Multa

And by those Rules form all your Characters.  
One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,  
Loves childish Plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,  
And changes ev'ry Hour his wav'ring Mind.  
A Youth that first casts off his Tutor's Yoke,  
Loves Horses, Hounds, and Sports, and Exercise,  
Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,  
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.  
Gain and Ambition rule our riper Years,  
And make us Slaves to Interest and Pow'r.  
Old Men are only walking Hospitals,  
Where all Defects, and all Diseases, croud  
With restless Pain, and more tormenting Fear,  
Lazy, morose, full of Delays and Hopes,  
Oppress'd with Riches which they dare not use;  
Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,  
And fond of all the Follies of the past.  
Thus all the Treasure of our flowing Years,

Our

*Multa recedentes adimunt. ne fortè seniles  
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,  
Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.*

*Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.*

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem, 180*

*Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus*

*Digna geri, promes in scenam: multa que tolles  
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.*

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet: 185*

*Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus:*

*Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.*

*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

*Neve*

Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away.  
Boys must not have th' ambitious Care of Men,  
Nor Men the weak Anxieties of Age.

Some things are acted, others only told ;  
But what we hear moves less than what we see ;  
Spectators only have their Eyes to trust,  
But Auditors must trust their Ears and you ;  
Yet there are things improper for a Scene,  
Which Men of Judgment only will relate.  
*Medea* must not draw her murth'ring Knife,  
And spill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage,  
Nor *Atreus* there his horrid Feast prepare.  
*Cadmus* and *Progne's Metamorphosis*,  
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)  
And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,  
I hate to see, and never can believe.

*Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu  
 Fabula, quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi. 190  
 Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
 Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.*

*Actoris partes chorus officiumque virile  
 Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,  
 Quod non proposito conducat & hæreat aptè. 195  
 Ille bonis faveatque, & concilietur amicis:  
 Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes:  
 Ille dapæ laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem  
 Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis:  
 Ille tegat commissa: Deosque precetur & oret 200  
 Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.*

*Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque  
 Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque, foramine pauco  
 Aspirare, & adesse choris erat utilis, atque*

Non-

Five Acts are the just Measure of a Play.  
Never presume to make a God appear,  
But for a Business worthy of a God ;  
And in one Scene no more than three should speak.

A *Chorus* should supply what Action wants,  
And hath a generous and manly Part ;  
Bridles wild Rage, loves rigid Honesty,  
And strict Observance of impartial Laws,  
Sobriety, Security and Peace,  
And begs the Gods to turn blind Fortune's Wheel,  
To raise the Wretched, and pull down the Proud.  
But nothing must be sung between the Acts  
But what some way conduces to the Plot.

First the shrill Sound of a small rural Pipe  
(Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)  
Was Entertainment for the Infant Stage,

P

And

*Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu,* 205

*Quo sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,*

*Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coibat.*

*Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem*

*Latior amplecti murus: vinoque diurno*

*Placari Genius festis impunè diebus,* 210

*Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.*

*Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum*

*Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?*

*Sic priscaë motumque & luxuriam addidit arti*

*Tibicen: traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.* 215

*Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,*

*Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceptis:*

*Utiliumque sagax rerum, & divina futuri*

*Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.*

*Carminè qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,*

*Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper* 221

*Incolumi*



And pleas'd the thin and bashful Audience  
Of our well-meaning, frugal Ancestors.  
But when our Walls and Limits were enlarg'd,  
And Men (grown wanton by Prosperity)  
Study'd new Arts of Luxury and Ease,  
The Verse, the Musick, and the Scene's improv'd,  
For how should Ignorance be Judge of Wit,  
Or Men of Sense applaud the Jest of Fools?  
Then came rich Cloaths and graceful Action in,  
Then Instruments were taught more moving Notes,  
And Eloquence with all her Pomp and Charms  
Foretold us useful and sententious Truths,  
As those deliver'd by the *Delphick* God.

The first Tragedians found that serious Stile  
Too grave for their Uncultivated Age,  
And so brought wild and naked Satyrs in,  
Whose Motion, Words, and Shape were all a Farce

*Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quod*  
*Illecebris erat & grata novitate morandus*  
*Spe&ctator, fun&ctusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.*  
*Verum ita risores, ita commendare dicaces* 225  
*Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo:*  
*Ne, quicumque deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,*  
*Regali conspe&ctus in auro nuper & ostro,*  
*Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas:*  
*Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.* 230  
*Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus:*  
*Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus,*  
*Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.*  
*Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum,*  
*Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo:* 235  
*Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,*  
*Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, & audax*  
*Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum:*  
*An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.*  
*Ex noto fictum carmen sequar: ut sibi quisvis* 240

(As oft as Decency would give them leave,)  
Because the mad ungovernable Rout,  
Full of Confusion, and the Fumes of Wine,  
Lov'd such Variety and antick Tricks.  
But then they did not wrong themselves so much  
To make a God, a Hero, or a King,  
(Stript of his golden Crown and purple Robe)  
Descend to a Mechanick Dialect,  
Nor (to avoid such Meanness) soaring high  
With empty Sound, and airy Notions fly;  
For, Tragedy should blush as much to stoop  
To the low Mimick Follies of a Farce,  
As a grave Matron would, to dance with Girls:  
You must not think that a Satyrick Style  
Allows of scandalous and brutish Words,  
Or the confounding of your Characters.  
Begin with Truth, then give Invention scope,  
And if your Stile be natural and smooth,

*Speret idem: sudet multum, frustra que laboret  
 Ausus idem. tantum series juncturaque pollet,  
 Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.  
 Sylvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni  
 Ne, velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses, 245  
 Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,  
 Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta.  
 Offenduntur enim quibus est equus & pater & res:  
 Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat & nucis emtor,  
 Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona. 250  
 Syllaba longa breva subjecta, vocatur iambus,  
 Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit  
 Nomen iambeis: quum senos redderet ictus,  
 Primus ad extremum similis sibi. non ita pridem,  
 Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures, 255  
 Spondeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit  
 Commodus & patiens: non ut de sede secunda  
 Cederet aut quarta socialiter. hic & in Acci  
 Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, & Enni.  
 In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus, 260  
 Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,  
 Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.  
 Non quivis videt immodulata pœmata iudex:  
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna Poëtis.  
 Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes 265  
 Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus & intra  
 Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,  
 Non laudem merui. vos exemplaria Græca  
 Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

All Men will try, and hope to write as well;  
And (not without much Pains) be undeceiv'd.  
So much good Method and Connexion may  
Improve the common and the plainnest Things.  
A Satyr that comes staring from the Woods,  
Must not at first speak like an Orator;  
But, tho' his Language should not be refin'd,  
It must not be Obscene, and Impudent;  
The better Sort abhors Scurrility,  
And often censures what the Rabble likes.  
Unpolish'd Verses pass with many Men,  
And *Rome* is too Indulgent in that Point;  
But then, to write at a loose rambling rate,  
In hope the World will wink at all our Faults,  
Is such a rash, ill-grounded Confidence,  
As Men may pardon, but will never praise.  
Consider well the *Greek* Originals,  
Read them by Day, and think of them by Night.

*At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros &* 270

*Laudavére sales: nimium patienter utrumque,*

*Ne dicam stulte, mirati: si modo ego & vos*

*Scimus inurbanum lepidò seponere dictò,*

*Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus & aure.*

*Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camæna* 275

*Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poëmata Thespiis:*

*Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti facibus ora.*

*Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ*

*Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis,*

*Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.* 280

*Successit vetus his comædia, non sine multa*

*Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim*

*Dignam lege regi. lex est accepta: chorusque*

*Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.*

*Nil.*

But *Plautus* was admir'd in former Time  
With too much Patience (not to call it worfe)  
His harsh, unequal Verse, was Musick then,  
And Rudeness had the Privilege of Wit.

When *Thespis* first expos'd the Tragick Muse,  
Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,  
Where ghastly Faces stain'd with Lees of Wine  
Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Croud;  
This *Æschylus* (with Indignation) saw,  
And built a Stage, found out a decent Dress,  
Brought Vizards in (a civiler Disguise)  
And taught Men how to speak, and how to act.  
Next Comedy appear'd with great Applause,  
Till her licentious and abusive Tongue  
Waken'd the Magistrates Coercive Pow'r,  
And forc'd it to suppress her Insolence.

*Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poëtæ: 285*  
*Nec minimum meruère decus, vestigia Græca*  
*Ausi deserere, & celebrare domestica facta:*  
*Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuère togatas.*  
*Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis, 289*  
*Quam lingua, Latium: si non offenderet unum-*  
*quemque Poëtarum limæ labor & mora. Vos ô*  
*Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite quod non*  
*Multa dies & multa litura coërcuit, atque*  
*Præfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.*

*Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte 295*  
*Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone Poëtæ*  
*Democritus: bona pars non ungues ponere curat,*  
*Non barbam: secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.*  
*Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poëtæ,*  
*Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam 300*

*Tonsori*



Our Writers have attempted ev'ry Way,  
And they deserve our Praise, whose daring Muse  
Disdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,  
And found fit Subjects for her Verse at home.  
Nor should we be less famous for our Wit,  
Than for the Force of our victorious Arms;  
But that the Time and Care, that are requir'd  
To overlook, and file, and polish well,  
Fright Poets from that necessary Toil.

*Democritus* was so in love with Wit,  
And some Mens Natural Impulse to write,  
That he despis'd the help of Art and Rules,  
And thought none Poets 'till their Brains were  
And this hath so Intoxicated some, [crackt;  
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)  
They Cleanlines, and Company, renounce  
For Lunacy beyond the Cure of Art,

With

*Tonsori Licino commiserit. ô ego lævus,*

*Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!*

*Non alius faceret meliora pœmata. verum*

*Nil tanti est. ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum 304*

*Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi:*

*Munus & officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo:*

*Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque Poëtam:*

*Quid deceat, quid non: quo virtus, quo ferat  
error.*

*Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons.*

*Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ: 310*

*Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.*

*Qui*

With a long Beard, and Ten long dirty Nails,  
Pass current for *Apollo's* Livery.

O my unhappy Stars! If in the Spring  
Some Physick had not cur'd me of the Spleen,  
None would have writ with more Success than I;  
But I am satisfy'd to keep my Sense,  
And only serve to whet that Wit in you,  
To which I willingly resign my Claim.

Yet without Writing I may teach to write,  
Tell what the Duty of a Poet is;  
Wherein his Wealth and Ornaments consist,  
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,  
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound Judgment is the ground of Writing well:  
And when Philosophy directs your Choice  
To proper Subjects rightly understood,  
Words from your Pen will naturally flow;

‡

He

*Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid a-  
micis :*

*Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus & hospes :*

*Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium: quæ*

*Partes in bellum missi ducis: ille profecto 315*

*Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.*

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo*

*Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.*

*Interdum speciosa locis morataque rectè*

*Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere & arte, 320*

*Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,*

*Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*

*Graii ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo*

*Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.*

*Romani pueri longis rationibus assem 325*

*Discunt in partes centum diducere. dicat*

*Filius*

He only gives the proper Characters,  
Who knows the Duty of all Ranks of Men,  
And what we owe to Country, Parents, Friends,  
How Judges, and how Senators should act,  
And what becomes a General to do;  
Those are the likest Copies, which are drawn  
By the Original of human Life.  
Sometimes in rough and undigested Plays  
We meet with such a lucky Character,  
As being humour'd right, and well pursu'd,  
Succeeds much better, than the shallow Verse  
And chiming Trifles of more studious Pens.

*Greece* had a Genius, *Greece* had Eloquence,  
For her Ambition and her End was Fame.  
Our *Roman* Youth is bred another way,  
And taught no Arts but those of Usury;  
And the glad Father glories in his Child,  
When

*Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est*

*Uncia, quid superat? Poteras dixisse, triens. eu,*

*Rem poteris servare tuam. vedit uncia: quid fit?*

*Semis. At hac animos ærugo & cura peculî 330*

*Quum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi*

*Posse linenda cedro, & levi servanda cupresso?*

*Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ,*

*Aut simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.*

*Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta 335*

*Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.*

*Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*

*Ficta voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.*

*Nec, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:*

*Nen*

When he can subdivide a Fraction:  
Can Souls, who by their Parents from their Birth  
Have been devoted thus to Rust and Gain,  
Be capable of high and gen'rous Thoughts?  
Can Verses writ by such an Author live?  
But you (brave Youth) wife *Numa's* worthy Heir,  
Remember of what weight your Judgment is,  
And never venture to commend a Book,  
That has not pass'd all Judges and all Tests.

A Poet should instruct, or please, or both;  
Let all your Precepts be succinct and clear,  
That ready Wits may comprehend them soon,  
And faithful Memories retain them long;  
For Superfluities are soon forgot.  
Never be so conceited of your Parts,  
To think you may persuade us what you please,  
Or venture to bring in a Child alive,

Q

That

*Neu pransa Lamie vivum puerum extrahat alvo.*

*Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis, 341*

*Celsi praetereunt austera poëmata Rhamnes.*

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,*

*Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*

*Hic meret æra liber Sosis: hic & mare transit, 345*

*Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.*

*Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.*

*Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus*

*& mens,*

*Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum:*

*Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.*

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis*

*Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit, 352*

*Aut humana parum cædit natura. quid ergo?*

*Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,*

*Quamvis est monitus, veniã caret: & citharædus*

*Ridetur,*



That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.  
Old Age explodes all but Morality ;  
Austerity offends aspiring Youths ;  
But he that joins Instructions with Delight,  
Profit with Pleasure, carries all the Votes :  
These are the Volumes that enrich the Shops,  
These pass with Admiration through the World,  
And bring their Author an Eternal Fame.

Be not too rigidly Cenforious,  
A String may jar in the best Master's Hand,  
And the most skilful Archer miss his Aim ;  
But in a Poem elegantly writ,  
I will not quarrel with a slight Mistake,  
Such as our Nature's Frailty may excuse ;  
But he that hath been often told his Fault,  
And still persists, is as impertinent,  
As a Musician that will always play,

*Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem :*

*Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chærilus ille,*

*Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror : & idem*

*Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*

*Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum. 360*

*Ut pictura, poësis erit, quæ, si propius stes,*

*Te capiet magis : & quædam, si longius abstes.*

*Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri,*

*Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen :*

*Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit. 365*

*O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paterna*

*Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum*

*Tolle*

And yet is always out at the same Note;  
When such a positive abandon'd Fop  
( Among his numerous Absurdities )  
Stumbles upon some tolerable Line,  
I fret to see them in such Company,  
And wonder by what Magick they came there.  
But in long Works Sleep will sometimes surprize,  
*Homer* himself hath been observ'd to nod,

*Poems*, like Pictures, are of diff'rent Sorts,  
Some better at a distance, others near,  
Some love the Dark, some chuse the clearest Light,  
And boldly challenge the most piercing Eye,  
Some please for once, some will for ever please.

But *Piso* ( tho' your own Experience,  
Join'd with your Father's Precepts, make you wise )  
Remember this as an important Truth:

*Tolle memor: certis medium & tolerabile rebus*

*Rectè concedi. consultus juris, & auctor*

*Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis* 370

*Messalæ, nec scit quantum Callecius Aulus:*

*Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse Poëtis*

*Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ:*

*Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,*

*Et crassum unguentum & Sardo cum melle papaver,*

*Offendunt, poterat duci quia cœna sine istis:* 376

*Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,*

*Si paulùm à summo discessit, vergit ad imum.*

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis:*

*Indoctusque pilæ discive trochive quiescit,* 380

*Ne spissæ risum tollant impunè coronæ:*

*Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. quidni?*

*Liber*

Some things admit of Mediocrity,  
A Counsellor, or Pleader at the Bar,  
May want *Messala's* pow'rful Eloquence,  
Or be less read than deep *Cassellius* ;  
Yet this indiff'rent Lawyer is esteem'd ;  
But no Authority of Gods nor Men  
Allow of any Mean in Poesie.  
As an ill Consort, and a coarse Perfume,  
Disgrace the Delicacy of a Feast,  
And might with more Discretion have been spar'd ;  
So Poesie, whose End is to delight,  
Admits of no Degrees, but must be still  
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.

In other things Men have some Reason left,  
And one that cannot Dance, or Fence, or Run,  
Despairing of Success, forbears to try ;  
But all (without Consideration) write ;

*Liber & ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem  
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.*

*Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva: 385*

*Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens: si quid tamen olim  
Scripseris, in Metii descendat iudicis aures,*

*Et patris, & nostras: nonumque prematur in an-  
num*

*Membranis intus positis, delere licebit*

*Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti. 390*

*Sylvestres homines sacer interpretisque Deorum*

*Cædibus & victu fædo deterruit Orpheus:*

*Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque leones.*

*Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis*

*Saxa movere sono testudinis, & prece blanda 395*

*Ducere*

Some thinking that th' Omipotence of Wealth  
Can turn them into Poets when they please.  
But *Piso*, you are of too quick a sight  
Not to discern which way your Talent lyes,  
Or vainly struggle with your Genius;  
Yet if it ever be your Fate to write,  
Let your Productions pass the strictest Hands,  
Mine and your Father's, and not see the Light,  
'Till Time and Care have ripen'd ev'ry Line.  
What you keep by you, you may change and mend,  
But Words once spoke can never be recall'd.

*Orpheus*, inspir'd by more than Human Pow'r,  
Did not (as Poets feign) tame Savage Beasts,  
But Men as lawless, and as wild as they,  
And first dissuaded them from Rage and Blood;  
Thus when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,  
They feign'd the Stones obey'd his Magick Lute;  
Poets,

*Ducere quo vellet. fuit hæc sapientia quondam,*

*Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis:*

*Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis,*

*Oppida moliri: leges incidere ligno.*

*Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque*

400

*Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus*

*Tyrtaeusque mares animos in Martia bella*

*Verfibus exacuit. dictæ per carmina sortes:*

*Et vitæ monstrata via est: & gratia regum*

*Pieriis tentata modis: ludusque repertus,*

405

*Et longorum operum finis: ne fortè pudori*

*Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.*

*Natura*



Poets, the first Instructors of Mankind,  
Brought all things to their proper, native Use;  
Some they appropriated to the Gods,  
And some to publick, some to private Ends:  
Promiscuous Love by Marriage was restrain'd,  
Cities were built, and useful Laws were made;  
So ancient is the Pedigree of Verse,  
And so Divine a Poet's Function.  
Then *Homer's* and *Tyrtæus'* Martial Muse  
Waken'd the World, and sounded loud Alarms.  
To Verse we owe the Sacred Oracles,  
And our best Precepts of Morality;  
Some have by Verse obtain'd the Love of Kings,  
(Who, with the Muses, ease their weary'd Minds)  
Then blush not, Noble *Pisô*, to protect  
What Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear.

Some

*Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
 Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,  
 Nec rude quid proffit video ingenium. alterius  
 sic*

410

*Altera postulat opem res, & conjurat amice.  
 Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
 Multa tulit fecitque puer: sudavit, & alsit:  
 Abstiniit Venere & vino. qui Pythia cantat  
 Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum. 415  
 Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango.  
 Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,  
 Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.*

*Ut præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,  
 Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta, 420  
 Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis.  
 Si verò est unctum qui rectè ponere possit,  
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris*

*Litibus*

Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,  
Others maintain, that Nature makes them so;  
I neither see what Art without a Vein,  
Nor Wit without the help of Art can do,  
But mutually they need each other's Aid.  
He that intends to gain th'*Olympic* Prize  
Must use himself to Hunger, Heat, and Cold,  
Take leave of Wine, and the soft Joys of Love;  
And no Musician dares pretend to Skill,  
Without a great Expence of Time and Pains;  
But ev'ry little busie Scribler now  
Swells with the Praises which he gives himself;  
And taking Sanctuary in the Croud,  
Braggs of his Impudence, and scorns to mend.

A wealthy Poet takes more Pains to hire  
A flatt'ring Audience, than poor Tradefmen do  
To persuade Customers to buy their Goods.

*Litibus implicitum: mirabor si sciet inter-  
noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum. 425*

*Tu seu donâris, seu quid donare voles cui,  
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum  
Lætitiæ. clamabit enim, Pulcrè, Bene, Rectè,  
Pallescet super his: etiam stillabit amicis  
Ex oculis rorem: saliet, tundet pede terram. 430*

*Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt  
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo: sic  
Derisor verò plus laudatore movetur:  
Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,  
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent 435  
An sit amicitia dignus. Si carmina condes,  
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.*

*Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,  
Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. melius te posse negares,  
Bis terque expertum frustra? delere jubebat, 440*

*Et*

'Tis hard to find a Man of great Estate,  
That can distinguish Flatterers from Friends.  
Never delude your self, nor read your Book  
Before a brib'd and fawning Auditor;  
For he'll commend and feign an Extasie,  
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please;  
True Friends appear less mov'd than Counterfeit;  
As Men that truly grieve at Funerals  
Are not so loud, as those that cry for Hire.  
Wife were the Kings, who never chose a Friend  
'Till with full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,  
And seen the Bottom of his deepest Thoughts;  
You cannot arm your self with too much Care  
Against the Smiles of a designing Knave.

*Quintilius* (if his Advice were ask'd)

Would freely tell you what you should correct,  
Or (if you could not) bid you blot it out,

And

*Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus.*

*Si defendere delictum quam vertere mallets,*

*Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam sumebat in-*  
*nem,*

*Quin sine rivali teque & tua solus amares.*

*Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendet iner-*  
*tes :*

445

*Culpabit duros: in comitis allinet atrum*

*Transverso calamo signum: ambitiosa recidet*

*Ornamenta: parum claris lucem dare coget:*

*Arguet ambigè dictum: mutanda notabit:*

*Fiet Aristarchus. nec dicet, Cur ego amicum*

450

*Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent*

*In mala, derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.*

*Ut, mala quem scabies aut morbus regius*  
*urget,*

*Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,*

*Vesantum*

And with more Care supply the Vacancy;  
But if he found you fond, and obstinate,  
(And apter to defend than mend your Faults)  
With Silence leave you to admire your self,  
And without Rival hug your darling Book.  
The prudent Care of an Impartial Friend  
Will give you notice of each idle Line,  
Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants Ornament,  
Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;  
Make you explain all that he finds obscure,  
And with a strict Enquiry mark your Faults;  
Nor for these Trifles fear to lose your Love;  
Those things which now seem frivolous and flight,  
Will be of serious Consequence to you,  
When they have made you once Ridiculous.

A mad Dog's Foam, th' Infection of the Plague,  
And all the Judgments of the angry Gods,

R

We

*Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque Poëtam, 455*

*Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequun-  
tur.*

*Hic, dum sublimes versus ruëtatur, & errat,*

*Si veluti merulis intentus decedit auceps*

*In puteum, foveamve: licet, Succurrite, lon-  
gum*

*Clamet, io, cives; non sit qui tollere curet. 460*

*Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem,*

*Qui scis an prudens huc se dejecerit? atque*

*Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique Poëtæ*

*Narrabo interitum: Deus immortalis haberi*

*Dum*



We are not all more heedfully to shun,  
Than Poetafters in their raging Fits,  
Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys,  
But dreaded and proſcrib'd by Men of Senſe:  
If (in the Raving of a Frantick Muſe)  
And minding more his Verſes than his Way,  
Any of theſe ſhould drop into a Well,  
Tho' he might burſt his Lungs to call for help,  
No Creature would aſſiſt or pity him,  
But ſeem to think he fell on purpoſe in.  
Hear how an old *Sicilian* Poet dy'd;  
*Empedocles*, mad to be thought a God,  
In a cold Fit leap'd into *Ætna's* Flames.  
Give Poets leave to make themſelves away,  
Why ſhould it be a greater Sin to kill,  
Than to keep Men alive againſt their Will?  
Nor was this Chance, but a delib'rate Choice;  
For if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd,

*Dum cupit Empédocles, ardentem frigidus Æt-*  
*nam* 465

*Insiluit. sit jus liceatque perire Poëtis.*

*Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti,*

*Nec semel hoc fecit: nec, si retractus erit, jam*

*Fiet homo, & ponet famosa mortis amorem.*

*Nec satis apparet cur versus factitet: utrum* 470

*Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental*

*Moverit incestus. certè fuit, ac velut ursus,*

*Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,*

*Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.*

*Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,* 475

*Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.*



He would be at his Frolick once again,  
And his Pretensions to Divinity:  
'Tis hard to say whether for Sacrilege,  
Or Incest, or some more unheard of Crime,  
The Rhiming Fiend is sent into these Men;  
But they are all most visibly possess'd,  
And like a baited Bear, when he breaks loose,  
Without Distinction seize on all they meet;  
None ever scap'd that came within their reach,  
Sticking, like Leeches, 'till they burst with Blood,  
Without Remorse insatiably they read,  
And never leave 'till they have read Men dead.



1787  
The first of the year  
was a very dry one  
and the crops were  
very poor. The  
winter was also  
very cold and  
the snow lay  
on the ground  
for many weeks.  
The spring was  
very wet and  
the crops were  
very poor. The  
summer was also  
very hot and  
the crops were  
very poor. The  
autumn was also  
very dry and  
the crops were  
very poor. The  
winter was also  
very cold and  
the snow lay  
on the ground  
for many weeks.



# REMARKS

ON

## HORACE'S Art of Poetry.

**I**N *Asia, Greece, Macedonia and Egypt*, there were, Time out of Mind, select Assemblies of Persons to examine the Writings of the Poets and Orators. *Augustus* erected such a Society at *Rome*, and encourag'd them by Rewards and Honours. He assign'd them the *Temple and Library of Apollo* to meet at. And to this the Assemblies of Learned Men, which we call *Academie*, owe their Origin. *Theodorus Marcius*, who however does not tell us his Authority, says the Number of this *Roman Academy* was Twenty, of which Five or Seven can only be term'd *Judges*. He goes so far as to give us the Names of 'em, and whether he is right or not, he could not have nam'd better Men than his Society was compos'd of. As *Virgil, Varius, Turpa, Mecenas, Plotius, Valgius, Octavius, Fuscus*, the two *Viscus's*, *Rolius*, the two *Messala's*, the two *Bibulus's*, *Servius, Fulvius, Tibullus, Piso* the Fat *er*, and *H-race*. The only Foundation I know for this Assertion of his, is the End of

the Xth Satyr of the First Book. He is not satisfy'd to give us a List of this *Academy*; he will have it that it was on Account of *Horace's* being a Member of it, that he was put upon Writing *The Art of Poetry*, and Collecting all the Rules, and all the Judgments that were made in the *Society*. I wish with all my Heart this was so, because what *Mr. La Bruyere*, says of such Assemblies would not then be true, that they never produc'd any Work which was Entire and Perfect in its Kind. But whether *Horace* wrote this Piece as a Publick Matter, or Private, his Design was to give the *Romans* an *Art of Poetry*, that should take in all that *Aristotle, Criso, Zeno, Democritus* and *Neoptolemus* of *Paros* had written on the Subject. Nay some will have it, that 'tis almost nothing else but a Compilation of the most Excellent Rules of the Latter. For *Porphyrius* writes, *In quem librum conjecit praecepta Neoptolemi de Arte Poetica. non quidem omnia. sed eminentissim*. *Horace* has in this Book set down *Neoptolemus's* Rules for the *Art of Poetry*, not all indeed, but the most Excellent of them. As he did not write it regularly, nor observe any

other Order than Chance threw in his Way; so there is no Method, and no Connection of Parts in this Treatise, which seems not to be finish'd: He having not Time to give the last Hand to it; or what is more likely, not being willing to be at the Trouble. Those who believe it would be more perfect if his Verses were Transpos'd are mistaken. All we can do, in my Opinion, is to mark the Void Spaces, and to divide the Heads without changing the Form. This was Monsieur *Le Fevre's* Judgment. The want of Connection is not without its Graces, especially in Rules, which should be free, and have nothing in them either Loose or Languishing. The Order *Heinsius* would put it in, seems only to shew the Beauty of the Disorder in which *Horace* left it.

Next to *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, I know of no Piece of Criticism in Antiquity, which is more Excellent than this. All his Decisions are so many Truths drawn from the Nature of the Things he treats of. *Julius Scaliger* err'd very much against good Sense and Reason, in what he said of this Work. *Will you know*, says he, *what I think of Horace's Art of Poetry? 'Tis an Art taught without Art. De Arte qua res quod Sentiam. Quid? Equidem quod de Arte sine Arte Tradita.* Tho' 'tis only an Epistle like the preceding Ones, yet *Horace* gives it the Title of *The Art of Poetry, De Arte Poetica*, to distinguish it from the Others, in which he treated of this Art only occasionally. The Antiquity of this Title is not to be doubted of, since *Quintilian* quotes it in the III'd Chapter of his VIIIth Book, *Id enim tale est monstrum quale Horatius in prima Parte Libri de Arte Poetica fingit: humano capiti, &c.*

1. *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam.*] *Horace* all at once lays down the most general and necessary Rule, on which all the rest are founded, which is the Simplicity and Unity of the Subject, in the Disposition, the Ornaments, and the Style. He could not render the Faults committed against this Unity better than by comparing them to this Extravagance in a Picture.

3. *Ut turpiter atrum desinat in piscem*

*mulier formosâ superne.*] As *Virgil* in his III'd Book represents *Scylla*.

Prima, hominis facies, & pulcro pectore  
Virgo  
Sube tenus, postrema immani corpore  
pistris  
Delphinum caudas utero, commissa lu-  
porum.

Upwards 'tis a Beautiful Figure, and a very Beautiful Virgin for half its Body; downwards 'tis a horrible Whale, ending in a Dolphin's Tail, join'd to a Wolf's Belly. *Ater Piscis* for a horrible Fish, as *Porphyry*, *atrum piscem, belluam marinam, &c.*

5. *Speclatum admissi risum teneatis amici.*] Taken from the Custom of Painters, and Sculptors, to expose a Statue or Portrait when finish'd, and to Publish that it might be seen on such a Day. At which time great Numbers of Spectators us'd to come to view it.

6. *Credite, Pisones.*] To prevent the *Piso's* giving into the vulgar Error, that the breach of Unity is no Fault, he says, *Credite, Believe, be Convinc'd.* He was afraid these young Gentlemen should be led away by bad Poets, whose Interest it was that this Rule should not be Establish'd. Tho' this Epistle is address'd to *Piso* and his Children, as appears by the 24th Verse, yet 'tis to his Children more particularly; and thus the Difference *Porphyry* speaks of is reconcil'd: *Scribit ad Pisones viros nobiles disertosque patrem & filios, vel, ut alii volunt, ad Pisones Fratres.* *Horace* writes to the Young *Piso's*, and their Father, or as others pretend, only to the Children.

*Pisones.*] There were Three or Four Families of these *Piso's* in Rome at the same time, who were all *Calpurnians*, and 'aid they descended from *Calpus* the Son of *Numa*. One was that of *Cneus Piso* of *Plancina*, who Kill'd himself, being accus'd of Poysoning *Germanicus*, and left two Children, *Cneus* and *Marcus*. But 't cou'd not be these *Piso's* to whom *Horace* addresses, for these Children were not Born, or were very Young, when this Epistle was written. There was another Branch of the *Piso's* called *Cesonius*, that de-

descended from *Lucius Piso*, who had been Censor, and whose Daughter *Calpurnia*, *Julius Caesar* Marry'd; *Piso* who was Consul with *Drusus Libo*, in the Year of Rome DCCXXXVIII, was his Son. *Horace* being One and Fifty Years Old in that Consulate. *Augustus* gave the Governments of *Rome* and *Tirace* to this *Piso*, who was a Man of Pleasure, a Confident to both *Augustus* and *Tiberius*, Great Pontiff at Four-score Years of Age, *Rome Urbis* 785, And to this *Piso* and his Children it is that *Horace* writes.

*Isi tabula fore librum per similem.*] He is not satisfy'd with saying, that a Writing so varnish'd, will be like this Master, he adds *per similem*, it will be entirely like

*Librum.*] All Writings of what Nature soever, tho' he treats particularly of *Epic* and *Dramatick* Poetry.

7. *Velut agri somnia.*] Like the Dreams of a Sick-Man, always Rambling.

*Vana species.*] Idea's of Things that do not subsist together in Nature, and are only to be met with in the empty Brains of Sick-men, Mad-men, or bad Poets.

8. *Ut nec pes nec caput uni reddatur forma.*] An Explication of *vana species*, the Head and Feet of which are of a different Kind.

9. *Picioribus atque Poetis quidlibet audenti.*] The Answer of Ill Poets, who will not subject themselves to the Rules of their Art. Poets and Painters, say they, may do what they please, nothing is too daring for them. They abuse the Privilege of Poetry, and thus excuse their most Monstrous Fancies, and most Extravagant Dreams. That Privilege is of great Extent, 'tis true; *Ovid* talks of the *Facunda Licentia Vatum*; and *Lucian* asserts, that Painters and Poets are not accountable for their Fancies; but *Horace* is shewing us what Bounds they ought to set to this Licence.

11. *Scimus.*] *Horace's* Answer to the Bad Poets; after having said, *I know* the Privilege of Poetry, he would go on *sed non*, but he's interrupted by the same Poets, who proceed,

*Et hanc veniam petimus damusque vicissim.*] My Opinion of this Verse is discover'd in the preceding Remark. Some

will have it, that *Horace* continues his Answer without Interruption, that as a Poet he says, *Hanc veniam petimus*, I demand this Permission; As a Critick, he adds, *Damusque vicissim*, I give it in my Turn. This agrees with the Old Commentator, who writes, *petimus quidem ut Poeta. damus autem ut Critici*. But how cou'd *Horace* demand Permission to use this Liberty, when he never look'd upon himself as a Poet? There must be a Mistake in this Passage. After he had said *Scimus* he is interrupted, as is observ'd before, by the Ill Poets. *Et hanc veniam petimus damusque vicissim*. We claim the Privilege, as we give it to others. He cannot mean himself, he being no Poet, as he declares afterwards, *Nil scribens ipse*. Besides the Dialogue is more agreeable, more lively, and more like *Horace's* Manner.

12. *Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia.*] *Horace's* Answer, We give you the Privilege you Demand, but on Condition you do not abuse it. I, a long Time, thought the First Thirteen Verses of this Epistle were a Sort of Dedication and Preface, and that *Horace*, to excuse the Disorder in which he left it, wrote to the *Piso's*; The Book I address to you is like the Picture I have been speaking of, In which I was mistaken. He would then certainly have written it *Fore Librum hunc similem*. Add to this, that not looking upon Himself to be a Poet, nor on his Art of Poetry as a Work of Importance, 'tis not likely he should go about to excuse its Want of Regularity; it being neither Necessary nor Possible to observe it in such a Treatise as this. The Discovery of the Dialogue between the Bad Poets and *Horace* confirms me in the Opinion that I was mistaken, and my Reason has convinc'd several good Judges of the same Mistake.

*Ut placidis coeant immitia.*] Painters and Poets are only Imitators, and are to paint only what is or what may be; there being nothing else that can be imitated. But they have both often abus'd their Art, and forsaken probable Idea's for Monstrous Imaginations. *Vitruvius* complains of this Fault in Painters, in the Vth Chapter of his VIth Book: From hence proceed *Grotesques*, which are not to be

be compar'd to a Regular Figure. This Rule of *Horace* is one of the most important in the *Art of Poetry*; never to join Incomparable Subjects, nor offend against Nature, Verisimilitude and Truth.

14. *Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna propositis.*] He comes from the general Rule to Particulars, and gives an Example of the Vitious Variety which he condemns. He chuses One that's the least shocking, but tis by so much the more Dangerous *Vice*, by how much it slides in under an Appearance of Virtue. He is speaking of Descriptions, a Snare which is almost inevitable to little Genius's. *Horace* shews us how apt Poets are to fall into the *Ridiculous* by this Means: From Grave and Serious Beginnings, which promise Sublime and Marvellous things, they descend into a shining Description of an Wood, an Altar of *Diana*, a River, the *Rhine*, the *Rainbow*; Their Descriptions are stich'd together like Patch-Work. Their Patches, indeed, are Purple, but are Childish and Extravagant, because ill plac'd. Writers must never abandon themselves to such Digressions, let them be of what Nature soever, when their Design calls them elsewhere.

16. *Quem lucus & ara Diana.*] I believe, with *Theodorus Marcellus*, he speaks of the Wood and Altar of *Aricia*, pretended to have been Built by *Orestes*, who there Consecrated the Statue of *Diana Taurica*, which, when he had kill'd King *Thoas*, he brought from *Scythia*. The Poets thought this a fine Subject for Descriptions. It took in *Orestes*, *Diana Taurica*, her Sacrifices in *Scythia*, and at *Aricia*, with the odd Custom in her Temple. There cou'd be but One Priest and he a Fugitive. He must with his own Hand kill the Priest his Predecessor, if he would get into his Place. For which Reason the Priest who held it was always Arm'd to defend himself. *Ovid* calls this Temple of *Aricia*, a Kingdom acquir'd by the Sword, and with a Criminal Hand,

*Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu.*

18. *Aut flumen Rhenum.*] *Horace* had without doubt been often tir'd with

the Description of the *Rhine*, in the Poems written on *Augustus's* Victories on that Side. The Bad Poets never omit plunging into that River, as *Alpinus*, of whom he speaks in the Xth Satyr of the 1st Book.

*Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona,  
dumque  
Diffingit Rheni lutum caput, &c.*

*Aut pluvius describitur Arcus.*] The *Rainbow* is as likely as any thing to turn a Wretched Poet's Brain. The Wonderful Mixture of its Colours are with them so worthy of Admiration, that they let no Opportunity slip to describe it; few imitating in this the Discretion of *Homer* and *Virgil*. *Homer* says not above One Word of her, and *Virgil* but Two Lines,

*Ergo Iris croceis per cælum roseida pennis  
Mille trahens varios adverso soles Colores  
Advolat.*

A Description as Rapid as *Iris's* Flight.

19. *Et fortasse cupressum scis simulare.*] The Young Poets and Painters began the Practice of their Arts with Descriptions and Imitations of *Cypress*.

20. *Si fractis enatus exspes navibus.*] What's the Painting of *Cypress* to that of a Wreck? What are Descriptions in Poetry, when illustrious Actions are the Subject of the Song? *Horace* alludes to those *ex vivo* Pictures, made by such as had escap'd Shipwreck.

21. *Amphora capit institui. corrente rota cur Urceus exit?*] An Image taken from a Potter, who commonly began his Trade by making little Pots call'd *Urceus*, and ended with a great Pitcher call'd *Amphora*, which was his Master-piece. To begin with an *Amphora* and end with an *Urceus*, is like a Poet who after a Magnificent Beginning, falls and is lost in Descriptions. *Amphora* answers to *inceptis gravibus*, and *Urceus* to *purpureus pannus*.

23. *Denique sit quodvis simplex dumtaxat & unum.*] The Rule that results from what he has said. Simplicity and Unity are entirely opposite to the Fault he has been



been speaking of. Descriptions, which have no immediate Relation to the Subject, corrupt and destroy them. *Homer, Virgil, and Sophocles's* Descriptions are all necessary, and well introduc'd.

25. *Decipimur specie rebus.* ] This is not a new Rule, but the general Reason of the Fault he has been explaining: We are deceiv'd by Appearance in the Beauties of Art, as well as those of Nature; a Poet thinks to adorn his Subject by Descriptions, and he spoils it. *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio, &c.* are Exam- ples to confirm this Proposition.

*Brevis esse, &c.* ] Brevity is certainly one of the great Beauties of Discourse; but so near a Neighbour to Obscurity, that it is very difficult in following the one, not to fall into the other. Per- spicuity is the principal Virtue, *Virtus prima perspicuitas.*

26. *Sectantem lava nervi deficiunt.* ] As by endeavouring to make strong Verses and Expressions, an Author renders them hard and rough, so by endeavour- ing to polish, he very often weakens them.

27. *Professus grandia surget.* ] They fall into this Error, that stretch what is Grand too far; as *Gorgias*, in calling *Xerxes* the *Jupiter of the Persians*, and he who call'd *Brutus* the *Sun of Asia*; they become Bombast, when they study to be Great.

28. *Serpit Humi tutus nimium timi- dusque procella.* ] Poetry is a Sea, and those who Sail on it, if they are wise, will never venture too far from the Shoar, nor come too near it. *Horace's* Expres- sion seems rather to be borrow'd from *Birds*, who creep on the Ground, when the Winds and Storms make 'em afraid of rising into the Air.

29. *Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam.* ] This Verse proves that whatever he has already said is only the Consequence of the same Rule. For he returns to it again, by shewing, That those who to arrive at the *Marvellous*, which he here terms *Prodigious*, vary a Subject, and tack to it pompous Descriptions, form Monsters. *Omnia Monstra faciunt* says *Catullus*. 'Tis as if they should place *Dolphins* in the Woods, and *Boats* in the Sea. The word *prodigialiter* is taken

here in a good Sense, as are often our Words *Prodigious* and *Prodigiously*. For it must not be imagin'd that it refers to *Appingit*.

31. *In vitium ducit culpa fuga.* ] The fear of falling into one Vice, is fre- quently the Occasion of our falling into a greater than that which we endea- vour'd to avoid. We would shun a tedi- ous Uniformity, and we are guilty of a monstrous Mixture: The reason is, we make this Mixture without Art, which can only teach us to do it, and not of- fend Uniformity. Our best Examples are *Homer, Theocritus, and Virgil*.

32. *Æmilium circa ludum faber Imis.* ] *Horace* here means a certain Statuary, who liv'd at the Bottom of the *Circus*, near a Place call'd the *Hall of Æmilius*; because a Fencing Master, nam'd *Æmi- lius Lentulus*, kept his Gladiators there. This Statuary gave a great deal of grace and easiness to Hair, and finish'd the Nails admirably; but take his Statues all together they were wretched Pieces, there being no Connection of the Parts, nor that Agreement which, like the Soul, adds Life and Action to the Fi- gure, and is the All in All in a Sta- tue. 'Tis the same with Poets, who know not how to make any Thing but a Description, to express a Sentiment, or make a strong Comparison, with all which they are at the best but misera- ble Poets.

34. *Ponere totum.* ] *Ponere, to put, set to do, to make*, as in the Greek *τι- θεσει*: He says elsewhere, *Solers nunc hominem ponere nunc deum*; and *totum* is what we call *All together*, a Term properly us'd in Painting and Sculpture, when Pictures or other Pieces, consisting of many Figures, are so dispos'd, that the different Parts agree to form one single and the same Whole, and repre- sent one single Object. 'Tis also made use of in Pieces where there is but one Figure, either in Sculpture or Painting, the different Parts of which ought to have so natural a Connection with each other, that they may form but one single and the same Body. 'Tis not enough that the Artist knows how to make an Head, an Arm, a Foot, he must understand how to put the whole together,

together, so that it may be one single Figure, which has nothing main'd in it, but is every where equally well design'd and finish'd.

36. *Quam pravo vivere Naso.* If a Man has an ugly Nose, he will be ugly; tho' all the other Parts of his Face are beautiful; and a Poet, if all the other parts of his Poem be fine, will be an ill Poet, if he offends against Simplicity and Unity.

38. *Sumite materiam, vestris, qui scribitis aquam Viribus.* ] Every Poet who makes choice of a Subject that is not proportionable to his Strength offends against the Art of Poetry; and 'tis impossible he should succeed. See the Remarks on the 26th Chapter of *Aristotle's* Art of Poetry.

39. *Et uersate diu quid ferre recusent.* ] A Man must not presently conclude, that because he has by Chance made a good Madrigal, Epigram, or Song, he's therefore fit to write an Heroick Poem; he is to consider his Strength. *Tibullus* would perhaps have written bad Odes, and *Horace* bad Elegies. The Hebrews had a Proverb upon this, *Pro Camelo Sarcina, Suit your Burthen to your Camel.*

40. *Cui lecta potenter erit res.* ] Potenter, for according to his Strength.

42. *Ordinis hac Virtus erit & Venus, aut ego fallor.* ] *Horace* here explains in a few Words, the Virtue and Grace of the Order a Poet ought to observe in the Disposition of his Subject; and adds these Orders. *aut ego fallor*, it being a new Rule of his, made by him, from the Practice of the greatest Authors of Antiquity.

43. *Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici pleraque differat.* ] This *debentia dici* serves for two Propositions, *dicat & differat*. The Construction and Sense of the Passage is this; *Ut jam nunc dicat debentia dici jam nunc, & pleraque differat jam nunc debentia dici*: Let him say at first Things that ought to be at first said, and reserve for another Time the greatest Part of those that should also have been said at first. *Horace* discovers here one of the greatest Secrets of Poetry. In Dramatick Poetry, as well as Epick, the great

Masters open the Scene as near as they can to the Catastrophe, always taking the Action at the Moment it draws to an End: They attfully bring in afterwards the Events preceding, which they should not have told us at first, as in a History. *Homer, Sophocles, Euripides*, never did otherwise. By this keeping off the Catastrophe, by probable and natural Incidents, when we every Minute expected it, our Curiosity is the more enflam'd, and all the Passions are mov'd in us one after another, which could not be done in a Methodical Order; to prove this we need only read *Apollonius's Argonauts*; *Longinus* owns there is not a single Fault in that Piece, and yet 'tis mortally tedious, and the chief Reason is, 'tis methodical, and prosecuted without Interruption from the Beginning to the End; the greatest Fault it could have, for there's nothing so dull as a Poet;

*Who when he sings a Hero's glorious Deeds, Writes a dry History, and by Dates proceeds.*

45. *Hoc amet, hoc spernat.* ] Having spoken of the Order, he comes now to the Choice of the Incidents, which is not easy to be made: What is good for the Epick Poem, is not for Tragedy; neither is it sufficient to know which to take and which to refuse. The Poet must put those he takes in their proper Place, where their Effect may be most surprisng, and most convenient for the Poem, since the same Thing plac'd in a different Manner has a quite different Effect.

*Promissi carminis.* ] A Poem that has been a long while expected, and rais'd the Curiosity of the Publick: For every Thing which the World have great Expectations of should be more perfect than what they do not expect. *Horace* had, perhaps, *Virgil's Aeneis* in view; 'twas several Years after that Poem was expected, that it appear'd, *Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

46. *In Verbis etiam tenuis.* ] From the Disposition of the Subject, and the Choice of the Incidents, he comes to the Question, Whether the Poet is allow'd

low'd to invent new Words: He maintains that he is, and lays down the Rules for it, *Tennis, subtle, agreeable fine.*

47. *Notum si callida verbum reddiderit junctura novum.* ] New Words are of two sorts, Simple or Compound. We shall hereafter talk of Simple. Compound are such as are made of two Words, as *Velivolum, saxifragum.* This Composition *Horace* here terms *Juncturam*: There are two other Constructions of this Verse quite different; some pretend *Horace* is not speaking of Words, but of Expressions, when by the help of Epithets, Adverbs, &c. we determine certain known Phrases from an Ordinary Use to an Extraordinary, as *Horace* has often practis'd with so much Success, that *Petronius* says of him, *Horatii Curiosa Felicitas, and Quintilian. Verbis felicissime audax.* This Construction is more Ingenious than True. *Horace* would never have call'd it *Juncturam*, which denotes necessarily a Binding, a Connecting, as when out of Two Things One is made. Further, 'tis neither possible nor natural to give Rules for such Boldnesses as these, which depend on every Man's *Genius*, on his Genius, and his Knowledge of the force and extent of Words. In short, this Rule would be out of its Place here, since *Horace* says in the preceding Verse, in *Verbis serendis*, which cannot admit of such an Explanation: The other Construction is. *Si callida junctura reddiderit Verbum Novum, Notum*: If you so make use of a new Word, that the Place where you put it may make it be known, and render the true Signification to be at first sight easily Comprehended. Which Construction seems to me to be neither so good nor so true as the other, nor indeed to be maintain'd. The Question is not concerning the placing of Words, but of making, *de Verbis serendis*; and what *Horace* adds afterwards of new simple Words is an undoubted Proof that he speaks here of Compound.

48. *Si forte necesse est Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.* ] This relates to Simple Words, which *Aristotle* terms *πρωταρχικά*, and *Cicero*, *Fillæ*,

Words never heard of before. *Horace* declares 'tis allowable for a Poet to make 'em, when he is oblig'd to express things that are unknown, as the *Compass, Artillery, Powder*; he may then invent Words, but must take care that they express either the Nature of the Thing, or the Effect it produces. For this Reason *Homer* is commended, he being the first who said *Σίξο ορθαλμῶς*, and *λαΐονες*; the first expresses admirably the Hissing of Red hot Iron thrown into Water, and the last the Barking of Wolves and Dogs. The French Word *Lapper* to lick, is of this kind.

49. *Indiciis.* ] Words ought to be the Sign and Image of the Things they express: wherefore *Plato* calls them *σημεία σύμβολα*.

50. *Cinthus non exaudita Cethegis.* ] The *Cethegi* are here represented as a Masculine Sort of People, who in their Cloaths kept to the Old Fashions of their Fathers, and despis'd the *Tunica*, as too cumbersome; wearing only a kind of an Apron, which serv'd them instead of Drawers, from the Waste downwards; upon which they put their *Toga*. The Pane of it, which they threw over their Left Shoulder, hung down their Backs, and left their Right Arm bare: This Dress was call'd *cinthus Gabinus*, and was usually worn by Consuls and Pretors, whence we have the *cinthus Gabino*, in the VIIIth Book of the *Æneis*, in *Silius Italicus*, and in *Lucan*. *Cinthus* is an Epithet, which not only gives an Idea of Antiquity, but raises also Veneration.

51. *Dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.* ] This Liberty must be us'd with Moderation. *Horace* confines it to very narrow Limits; for he would have the invented Words to be Derivatives from the Greek.

52. *Habebunt verba fidem.* ] They shall have Authority, and be receiv'd.

53. *Si Græco fonte cadant.* ] If their Original be Greek; as if we should call a Man who leads an Elephant *Elephantista*; the *Latins* made also new Simple Words of *Latin* Derivation, as of *Beatus*, *Cicero* made *Beatus*; *Messala*, of *Reus*, *Reatus*; *Augustus*, of *Munus*, *Munerarius*;

nerarius; and Horace, of *Inimicus, Inimicare, &c.*

*Parce detorta.* ] These new Simple Words ought not only to be deriv'd from the Greek, but their Derivation must be easie and natural, the Analogy just and entire; they must not be bold and far fetch'd: This is what is meant by *Parce detorta.*

54. *Quid autem Cecilio Plautoque dabit Romanus.* ] Why should not Varius and Virgil have the same Liberty *Cecilius* and *Plautus* had, who are both full of new Words: When did this Privilege cease says *Quintilian*, *Quid nam postea concessum est, quando desit licere?*

59. *Signatum presente nota procludere Nomen.* ] He speaks of Words, as of Coin, which is not Current without the publick Stamp: *Prasens nota*, the Coin the publick Authouizes, which only has a Currency: So *Quintilian*, *ut Nummo cui publica forma est.* He calls *Form*, what *Horace* terms *Stamp*. The invented Word should be clear, intelligible, and resemble those already in Use in its Termination. *Horace*, in the IId Epistle of the IId Book explains it further thus, *Adscisset nova qua genitor produxerit Usus.*

60. *Ut Sylva folii Diomedes.* ] The Grammarian quotes this Verle thus,

*Ut folia in Sylvis.*

This reading is most Simple, the other most Figurative; the Comparison is taken from the VIth Book of the *Iliad*, where *Homer* says, *ὁ ἰν' ἄνερ φύλλον*, *The Generation of Man is like that of Leaves, when the Leaves are blown off by the Winds, the Trees of the Forest bud and bring forth others which appear in the Spring. 'Tis thus with Man, when one Generation passes away another comes.*

63. *Debemur morti nos nostraque.* ] Since every thing wears away, why should we think Words will always have the same Force and Grace? All the noble Expressions *Horace* has collected in these six Lines, serve to render this Fall the more pleasant, *nedum Verborum stet honos*: For nothing contributes so much to the Ridiculous as the Grand.

64. *Sive receptus terra Neptunus clas- se; aquilonibus arceat.* ] *Augustus* cut that space of Land which divided the Lake *Lucrinus* and the Lake *Avernus* from the Sea, and made a Port call'd *Portum Julium*, *Julius Caesar* having begun to cut it. *Virgil* mentions it in the IId Georgick.

65. *Regis Opus.* ] To denote *Augustus*, not the Work of the King; that would have been Invidious in the Infancy of the Monarchy, but a Royal Work, the Work of a King.

*Sterilise diu palus aptaque remis.* ] He speaks of the *Pontin Marsh*. Tho' *Horace* here commends *Augustus* for draining it, he, in all likelihood, drain'd only a part of it, or else the Marsh was apt to overflow again; for the Consul *Cethegus* drain'd it in the Year of Rome 593, and it was also drain'd again under *Theodorick*.

67. *Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis.* ] Banks rais'd by *Augustus* to hinder the Overflowing of the *Tiber*.

68. *Mortalia facta peribunt.* ] Since the most solid Works of Mankind perish, 'tis no wonder Words do. The same Turn is us'd by *Severus Sulpitius*, in his Letter to *Cicero*, Book IV. of *Cicero's* Epistles, Epist. V.

71. *Si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est, & jus & norma loquendi.* ] Use is the Tyrant of Languages *Socrates* confessed to *Alcibiades*, in the first Dialogue of that Name, that the People is an excellent Master of Languages. We have in our Days a good Use and a bad Use, the good form'd by the polite Part of the Court, City, and the best Authors; the bad by the People. The difference between us and the Antients, as well Romans as Athenians, arises from this, the People were there confounded, great and small together; from whence there was no sensible Variation in their Language: Among us the People have no Commerce with the Court, and accordingly their Language is quite different.

74. *Quo scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus.* ] He is speaking of the *Epick Poem*, and says, *Homer* has shewn in what sort of Verse it ought to be written,

written, the *Heroick*, which only agrees with the Majesty of the *Epick*. *Aristotle* says the same thing in his Art of Poetry; and adds, *That whoever should undertake to write an Epick Poem in any other kind of Numbers, he would not succeed, for the Heroick Verse is the most grave and Pompous*. He mentions it again in another Place of that Discourse. Most People imagine, that by *Heroick Verse* is meant the *Hexameter*, which is a Mistake: All *Heroick Verses* are indeed *Hexameter*, but all *Hexameters* are not *Heroick Verses*. Six Feet plac'd how you will make an *Hexameter*, but for an *Heroick Verse* you must keep the Laws prescrib'd by *Homer*. The First of which is to observe the *Cesure* call'd *some penthemimeris*, that is, after the Second Foot there must be a Syllable which finishes the Word, and is sense, as,

*Dardani---ique ro---gum*

The Second is to observe the *Cesure* call'd *some Heptamimeris*; that is, after the Third Foot, the Syllable which follows ought to close the Word and Sense. As,

*Dardani---ique ro---gum capi---tū.*

If neither of these Rules are observ'd the *Penthemimere Cesure* must end with a *Trocheus*. That is, after the two first Feet the Word should end with One Long and One Short.

*Infan---dum re---gina.*

Or the *Heptamimere Cesure* must end also with a *Trocheus*: One Long and One Short after the Third Foot,

*Qua Pax---longa re---miserat---arma.*

which is very rare. Without the Observation of these Rules, the Verse will be *Hexameter* not *Heroick*; and the Criticks reject it, like that of *Virgil*,

*Magnanimi Jovis Ingratum ascendere cubile.*

which is forgiven him, being the only One among to many Thousands wherein these Rules are not observ'd.

75. *Versibus impariter junctis [querimonia primum.]* Elegy was at first only Lamentations for the Death of a Person, according to *Ovid* on *Tibullus's* Death,

*Flebilis indignos Elegia solue capillos  
Ab nimis ex vero nunctibus nomen erit.*

It was in time apply'd to the Joys and Griefs of Lovers: As *Boileau* describes it.

*La plaintive Elgie, &c.*

Mr. *Dacier* prefers the *French* Description of the Elegy, as to its Origin and Improvement, to *Ovid's*.

76. *Voti sententia campos.]* Joy for having obtain'd what they desir'd.

77. *Exiguus Elegos.]* The *Pentameter Verse* is the *Elegiack*. *Horace* calls it *Exiguum* because it wants a Foot of the *Hexameter*. For this Reason he says, two Verses higher, *Versibus impariter junctis*. The *Moderns* want the Beauty of this Inequality in their *Elegiacks*. *Ovid* expresses it thus,

*Venit odoratos Elegia nexa capillos,  
Et puto pes illi longior alter erat.*

*Emiserit autor, Grammatici certant.]* *Horace* tells us it is not known who invented the *Elegy*, nor why it was so nam'd. *Terentius Maurus* says the same, and that some People will have it to be *Callinus*, others, *Theocles*, *Archilochus*, or *Terpander*.

79. *Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.]* He attributes the Invention of *Iambicks* to *Archilochus*. True, no body wrote them so well as he, till his Time, but there were *Iambick Verses* long before him; however, for his bringing them to such Perfection, they were call'd the *Iambicks* of *Archilochus*.

80. *Hunc Socrus cepere pedem grandisque cothurni.]* *Soccus*, the *Sock* of *Comedy*, *Cothurnus* the *Buskin* of *Tragedy*. *Tragedy* and *Comedy* using *Iambicks* as fittest for Conversation.

81. *Alternis aptum Sermonibus.]* *Horace* assigns three Qualities to *Iambick Verse*; That 'tis proper for Conversation, that it composes best the Tumults of the Theatre, and is good to carry on the Action: As for the first, one can hardly

hardly speak in the Greek and Latin Tongues without making Iambicks; as both Aristotle and Cicero have observ'd. See the 1Vth Chap. of Aristotle's Art of Poetry; and Cicero tells us, *Magnam enim partem ex iambis nostra constat oratio.*

82. *Et populares vincentem strepitus.*] Silences the Noise of the People; for the Iambick Verse not being much different from their ordinary Way of speaking, their Attention was the more easily engag'd: It is not so with the Modern Languages.

*Et nautum rebus agendis.*] Horace took this from Aristotle's Art of Poetry, where 'tis said Iambick and Tetrameter Verses are proper to give Motion. The one is suited to Dances, the other to Action. Quintilian tells us why the Iambick Verse is proper for Action, *The Movement of it is quicker, &c. frequentiorem quasi pulsus habet, ab omnibus partibus insurgit, & a brevibus in longas nititur & crescit.*

83. *Musa dedit fidibus Divos puerosque Deorum.*] He is about to enter upon the Subjects of Lyrick Poetry; and it being not known who Invented it, he ascribes the Invention to the Muses. Orpheus learnt it of the Muse Calliope his Mother, as in the XIIth Ode of the 1st Book.

*Arte materna rapidos morantem  
Fluminum lapsus.*

*Divos, puerosque Deorum.*] There were four sorts of Lyrick Poems, Hymns, Paeneyricks, Lamentations, and Bacchanalian Songs: Hymns and Dithyrambicks were for Gods; Paeneyricks for Heroes and Victors at Grecian Games; Lamentations for Lovers; the general Name is the Ode. See the XIIth Ode of the 1st Book, and the IId Ode of the IVth Book.

*Et juvenum curas & libera vina referre.*] The fourth kind of Lyricks, the Songs of the Bacchanals, on Love, Mirth, and Wine.

86. *Descriptas servare vices operumque colores.*] There is some difficulty in this Verse, because it is not presently perceiv'd whether it relates to that which goes before, or that which comes after it. Horace having spoken of the

different Subjects and Characters of Epick, Elegiack, and Iambick Poems, adds, that a Poet who does not know how to distinguish them, does not deserve the Name of one. He who would in the Elegy assume the Epick Tone, or would mix the Softness of the Elegy with the Roughness of the Iambick, would make but a sorry Poem of it. Mr. Dacier's Complaint of the French Poets touches all the Moderns, which is, that in most of 'em, their Pastorals are Elegies; their Elegies, Epicks; and their Lyricks, Epigrams.

*Vices.*] He calls *descriptas Vices, Vices attributas, assignatas*, the different Subjects, the different Characters, of these different Poems.

*Operumque Colores.*] The different Colours, the different Stile of each, their different Ornaments; compar'd to the Colours of Painters, which are different according to the different Subjects, and the different Impression they would make.

88. *Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo.*] The Folly of most Men, who had rather hide their Ignorance, than by confessing endeavour to cure it.

89. *Versibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult.*] A Verse may be call'd Tragick or Comick on two Accounts; the first for its Measure and Feet; for the Tragick and Comick Verse may be both Iambicks, and both admit of Spondees; yet there is a great deal of difference between them: The Tragick admits of the Spondee only in the first, third, and fifth Foot, which renders its Motion the more Noble and Pompous: The Comick admits it in all those Feet, because its Motion is thereby the more Natural and Unaffected. The second Reason why a Verse may be call'd Tragick or Comick, is on account of the Meanness of its Expressions and Figures. Thus it is certain that Tragick Verse ought not to be us'd in Comedy, nor Comick in Tragedy. Horace speaking of Feet and Measure, in the 253d Verse; I believe he intends here Expressions and Figures only: Nothing is more Vicious than Lofty Expressions and Noble Figures in Comedy, for which the Common Phrase is most proper; whereas Tragedy requires a Sublime and Bold Stile.

91. *Narrari Cæna Thyestæ.*] He puts *Thyestes's* Supper for Tragedies in General. *Thyestes* eat his own Children, whom *Atræus* caus'd to be serv'd up to him. This Story being one of the most Tragical, is also recommended by *Aristotle* as a Subject for Tragedy. He says, *Narrari*, it ought to be told, and not represented. See the 184th Verse.

92. *Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.*] The Tragick and Comick Stiles must not encroach upon One another; as *Quintilian* in the Xth Book, *Sua cuique propusita Lex, sumus decor est; nec Comædia in Coshurnos assurgit, nec contra Tragedia Socco ingreditur.* — Comedy must not assume the Buskin, nor Tragedy the Sock. Nature has made this Law, and he who breaks it, errs against Decorum.

97. *Interdum tamen & vocem Comædia tollit.*] However, Comedy raises its Voice sometimes, and Tragedy sometimes makes use of the Language of Conversation. Tragedy and Comedy being only Imitations of Humane Actions. The Stile should be proportionable to the Subject, and the Actor; an Angry Father in Comedy should assume a lofty Tone, and speak with Passion; and an afflicted Man in Tragedy would be intolerable, if he spoke his Affliction in a Sublime and Elegant Stile. See the IVth Satyr of the Isth Book. *At pater ardens savit, &c.*

94. *Iratique Chremes.*] *Chremes* assumes a Tragick Tone in the Vth Scene of *Terence's Heautontimorumenos.* *Non si ex capite sis meo, &c.* Speaking to his Son, *No, Clitipho, tho' you issu'd out of my Brain, as 'tis said Minerva did out of Jove's, I would not suffer you to dishonour me with your infamous Debaucheries.* So *Demeas*, in the Fifth Act of the *Adelphi.* *Hæc mihi qui faciam? quid agam? quid Clamem? &c. Hæc, what shall I do? What will become of me? How shall I exclaim? What Complaints shall I make? Oh Heaven! O Earth! Oh the Seas of Neptune.* 'Tis allowable for Comedy to elevate its Stile, in all violent Passions, as well as that of Choler. In *Terence's Eunuch*, what *Cherea* says in the Transport of his Joy, would very well become a Tragedy. This is not to be done but with great Art.

95. *Et Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri.*] Tragedy gives less occasion for encroaching on the Comick Stile, than Comedy docs on the Tragick. *Horace* must be taken here as meaning only in the great Distresses of Tragedy, where Grief ought to be express'd in a Simple and Common Phrase. Not all Grief however, wherefore *Horace* says, *plerumque* and not *Semper.* *Longinus* determines it in general, that the Sublime is not proper to move Pity.

96. *Telephus & Pelæus quem pauper & exul uterque.*] *Pelæus* and *Telephus*, two Greek Tragedies. These two Princes having been driven out of their Dominions, came to beg Assistance in Greece, and went up and down dress'd like Beggars. The two Pieces here refer'd to were *Euripides's*; that Poet, in *Aristophanes's Frogs*, talking of them as his own. See Act III. Scene I. For this Reason *Eschylus* calls *Euripides* a Beggar-maker, and a Patcher of Rags. See also the IId Scene of the IVth Act. *You dress Kings in Rags to move Pity.* *Aristophanes* again makes Merry with *Euripides's Telephus* in his *Achæneses*, Act IV. Scene II. where he introduces *Diceopolis* coming to borrow of *Euripides Telephus's* Beggars Equipage, *the Staff, the Scrip, the Horn-Cup, &c. Ah Friend, says Euripides, you will after this Rate carry away my whole Play; and again, upon his farther Importunities, Thou wilt Ruin me, dost not thou see thou wilt take away all my Tale from me.* What adds to the Pleasantry of this Satyr on the *Telephus* of *Euripides*, is, that the whole Scene is in a manner made up of his own Verses. *Theodorus Marcellus* is therefore mistaken, in saying the *Exul* in *Horace* alludes to *Pelæus* only, and not to *Telephus*; For *Telephus* himself says, *How am I driven from my House in Want of every Thing necessary, &c.* *Ennius* and *Nævius* brought *Euripides's Telephus* on the Roman Stage. In *Ennius* this *Exil'd King* says, *Regnum reliqui septus mendici stola, I left my Kingdom in a Beggars Habit.* *Aristophanes* ridicules his Play of *Euripides*, for the Impossibility of a King's being reduc'd to Beggary. *Horace* is satisfy'd with saying *Pauper.* *Eschylus* also writ a *Telephus*; but one cannot believe he fell

nto the same Error of which he accuses Euripides, and introduces the King in Rags.

97. *Proicit Ampullas & Sesquipedalia Verba.*] *Ampullas* for Swelling Thoughts, *Sesquipedalia Verba*, for Bombast Words. *Sesquipedalia*, a Foot and Half, for their Length. The Greeks often made compound Words of a prodigious Length, which were successful in the Sublime, but Ridiculous in the Passion of Grief. See the 11d Epistle. *Ampullatur in Arte.*

99. *Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunt.*] A Play should not only be Fine, it should be Touching. Horace here refers to the Ignorance of such as fancy they have made a Fine Play, when they have been lavish of the Flowers of Rhetorick, all which are Nothing if it does not move, for that's the principal end of Dramastick Poetry: 'Tis with this View Plato calls Tragedy *The most diverting and moving Effect of Poetry.* In Dulcia, Sweet moving, Horace imitates Aristotle in the XXth Chapter of his *Art of Poetry.* Heinsius mistakes the Fine for Commendable. Horace would certainly never have call'd a Play Commendable, if it had not been Moving. 'Tis thus in a Picture; the Business is not to make it glare with fine Colours without Conduct, but to render the Action sensible. In order to which, no Colour should be us'd but what will agree with it, and make the desired Impression.

100. *Et quocunque volent.*] It should inspire all the Passions it pleases; Hate, Fear, Terror, Pity.

102. *Si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipse tibi.*] Cicero has explain'd this Rule at large in his 11d Book *De Oratore.* Poets and Orators can never move an Auditory, if the Speakers do not shew that they are Themselves mov'd with the Passions they wou'd inspire. There is a Story of an Old Greek Player nam'd Polus, who in the *Electra* of Sophocles, us'd to Play the Part of that Princess. It happen'd that a Son of his, whom he dearly Lov'd, Dy'd; and after the first Tra sports of his Grief were over, he took his Part again, and Play'd *Electra*; in which, instead of the Urn with the False Ashes of *Electra*, he came in with the Urn wherein were the True Ashes of his Son; which embracing, he

pronounc'd these Words, *Oh Doleful Monument of him who was of all Mankind most Dear to me*, with so Natural a Grief, such True and Lively Tears, that it had a prodigious Effect on the Audience. This Rule of Horace's is taken also from Aristotle's *Art of Poetry*; the Philosopher adding to the Precept the Means to perform it. *The Poet*, says he, *when he is composing, must as far as possible imitate the Gestures and Actions of those he introduces on the Stage.* He who is truly mov'd, will in the same manner move those that hear him, &c.

103. *Tua me infortunia ladent.*] Then wou'd thy Misfortunes wound me. *Ladere* for commovere, to Wound for to Touch. So βλαπτω in Homer.

104. *Male si mandata loqueris.*] Horace alludes to the Speeches Telephus and Pelcus made, to oblige the Greeks to assist them. Telephus in Euripides begins his Discourse to the Athenians thus; *Athenians, who are the Flower of Greece, do not take it Ill, if in the miserable Condition I now am, I presume to speak before so fair an Assembly.*

105. *Tristia maestum vultum verba decent.*] The greatest Poets have not always put such Words into the Mouth of Sorrow, as agree with it. Monsieur Corneille himself often fell into this Error. When Chimene in the *Cid* demands Justice for the Murder of her Father, and speaks of the spilling of his Blood, she says,

*Spilt as it is, the Blood still reeks with Rage,*  
To find 'twas lost in any Cause but Yours.

Is this to talk like a Person in Affliction? *Non proicit Ampullas.* Here are the Swelling Thoughts still. What can be more trivial than to make the Blood that was spilt, think and find, and to explain it self by Reeking? *Electra* in Sophocles mourns the Death of her Father after quite another Rate.

106. *Iratum plena minarum.*] Horace feigns elsewhere, that when Prometheus form'd Man, he borrow'd each Quality from each Animal, and when he put Choler into his Heart, took it from the Lyon. What can give a juster Idea of the Effects of this Passion? There must be



be nothing Mean or Affected in it. *Seneca's Fury* is often full of Meditation.

107. *Ludentem Lasciva.*] A Florid, Gay Style agrees with Joy. *Achilles* in Love may be Agreeable and Delicate. Those who apply these Words to Comedy are in the Wrong. Tragedy admits of Raptures of Joy, which render her Catastrophe sometimes the more Moving.

*Severum seria dicta.*] A grave Person must speak answerably to his Character. *Euripides* is not so Discreet as *Sophocles*. *Seneca* the Tragick Poet never minds this Rule. He is so fond of shining every where, that he becomes Ridiculous.

108. *Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem fortunarum habitum.*] In these Four Admirable Verses, *Horace* gives the Reason of the Precepts contain'd in the Two preceding ones. His Reason is drawn from our Mother Nature, who gave us a Heart capable of feeling all the Changes of Fortune, and a Tongue to express it. When our Words do not answer the Condition we are in, the Heart strikes one String in the Instrument of Man, instead of another, and makes a very disagreeable Discord.

109. *Juvat aut impellit.*] Nature helps us to put our selves into a Rage. *Horace* adds *Impellit*, to denote the Impetuosity of that Passion.

110. *Aut ad humum mæore gravi deducit.*] *Horace's* Expression agrees very well with the Passion he speaks of. How natural is his Image of the Humiliation of an Afflicted Man? How Ridiculous does it render all Frothy Expressions in that Condition?

112. *Si dicentis erunt fortunis absæona dicta.*] The Language must always agree with the Condition of the Person speaking; otherwise the Orator will be Laught at. See *Anonius* speaking for *M. Aquilius*, in the IId Book of *Cicero's* Oration. *Non prius sum conatus misericordiam aliis commovere quam misericordia sum ipse captus, &c.*

114. *Intereit multum Divusne loquatur an heros.*] A Poet must also suit the Language of his Actors to their Age and Characters. A God must express himself otherwise than a Hero. An Old Man than a Young Man. This Rule is

not much observ'd by the Moderns.

*Divusne loquatur an Heros.*] Some have read it *Davusne loquatur, an Eros. Eros* was the Name of an Honest Foot-man in *Menander's* Play, as *Davus* that of a Knavish one. But *Horace* is not here discoursing of Comedy: Besides, the Difference between Footman and Footman is not considerable enough to be taken Notice of by him in a Precept. Others have read it *Divusne loquatur, an Irus.* The Sense of this is too mean, and *Irus* is not a Tragick Person. Others, *Davusne loquatur, an Heros.* The Matter in Dispute, as I have said already, relates only to Tragedy, and to the Difference there ought to be between the Character of a God, and that of a Hero, as he says afterwards.

*Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibetur Heros.*

The Gods were introduc'd by the Ancient into their Plays, as in *Aeschylus, Sophocles* and *Euripides*.

115. *Maturusne Senex, an adhuc florente juvenia servidus.*] An Experienc'd Old Man does not talk like a Raw Youth. *Mr. Corneille* and *Mr. Racine*, imitate in this the Wonderful Conduct of *Sophocles*.

116. *An Matræone potens, nec sedulis Nutrix.*] Here *Horace* had doubtless in View the *Hypolitus* of *Euripides*, where *Phædra* and her Nurse speak very differently; and *Mr. Racine* in his *Phædra* has observ'd this Precept, in varying the Two Characters.

117. *Mercatorne Vagus, an cultor virentis ægelli.*] Some have thought *Horace* is discoursing of Comedy also, on Account of the Meanness of the Persons, whereas he is still discoursing of Tragedy only, in which it was not uncommon for the Antients to introduce Tradefmen, Shepherds and Labourers. You have a Merchant in the *Philoctetes* of *Sophocles*; and in *Euripides*, *Clytemnestra* gives *Electra* in a Marriage to a Labourer. He opens the Scene with it. See the 78th Verse & seq. The best Comment on this Passage of *Horace*, is what *Plutarch* writes in his Fragment of the Comparison between *Aristophanes* and *Menander*. The

Difference in Diction, says he, is Infinite. Antisthenes does not know how to make every one say what becomes him. A King should talk with Dignity, an Orator with Force, a Woman with Simplicity, a Private Man after a common Manner; a Mechanick with Rudeness. The Diction of all Aristophanes's Persons is as a venture, and you cannot tell whether 'tis a Son or a Father that speaks, a Labourer or a God, an Old Woman or a Hero.

118. Colchus an Assyrius, Thebis nutritus an Argis.] The Poet must have the Country of his Actors before his Eyes. For, as Aristotle says, a Macedonian does not talk like a Thessalian. The Manners of different Nations, are as different as their Dress.

The Manners note, of Countries and of Times,  
For various Humours come from various Climes.

The People of Colchus were Savage and Cruel. Those of Assyria False and Cunning. The Thebans Rude and Ignorant. The Argives Polite and Proud. Aristophanes's Persians and Scythians, never talk like Athenians.

119. Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia sige.] Horace having spoken of the Language, comes to the Characters; One of the most essential Parts of Dramatick Poetry, as well as of the Epick. The Characters are only design'd by the Manners, and the Manners form the Actions. Poets have but two sorts of Characters to bring on the Stage, either Known or Invented. In known Characters they must alter nothing, but represent Achilles, Ulysses, Ajax, as Homer represented them. As to Invented ones, they must make them conformable; in the former, they are to endeavour after Likeness, in the latter after Convenience. The Former Aristotle terms τὸ ὅμοιον. The Latter, τὰ ἀπρόσφορα.

120. Scriptor honoratum si forte reponis Achillem.] He is explaining the Famam sequere of the foregoing Verse, what it is to follow Fame, which is to make the Characters, what Fame makes them to be. As Achilles, Choleric, Violent,

Furious, Implacable, Unjust. Ulysses, Valiant, Virtuous, Cunning. Ajax, Intrepid, Rash. Honoratum, Honour'd by the Greeks, an Explanation of τετιμῖνον, an Epithet Homer always bestows on Achilles. Reponis, reponere, to represent after another. Homer, posuit Achillem, whoever comes after him, reponit.

121. Impiger, Iracundus, Inevorabilis, acer.] Aristotle says, that to succeed in such a Character as Achilles's, a Poet should rather imagine what Choler ought to do with Verisimilitude, than what it has done.

122. Jura negat sibi nata.] Achilles pretends to be above the Laws, for which Reason he refuses to obey Agamemnon, whom he loads with Affronts, and insolently threatens. By the same Principle he sacrifices the Common Cause, the Honour and Lives of so many Thousand Men, and the Glory of his Country, to his Private Interest.

Nihil non arroget Armis.] He depended on his Sword for Justice. He draws it half out in Homer against Agamemnon. Minerva hinders his drawing it further. He tells that King, if he dares take any thing out of his Tent, he should soon see his Blood at his Spears End. All the Qualities Horace attributes to Achilles are in the last Book of the Iliad.

123. Sit Medea ferox, invictaque.] The True Character of Medea, who is represented as Cruel and Inflexible by Euripides. She Kills her Two Children, and sends her Rival a Robe and a Crown so prepar'd, that they Consume her as soon as she puts them on. Creon falls on her Corps. The Fatal Robe sticks to his Flesh, and he expires in the same Torments with his Daughter.

Hebilib Ino.] Ino the Daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia. She was first Marry'd to Athamas who had a Son by a former Wife, and she feign'd an Oracle which order'd the Son to be Sacrific'd to Jupiter. But she was soon punish'd for her Cheat. Athamas ruining Mad Kill'd Learchus the Eldest Son he had by her, and had Sacrific'd her other Son, if she had not flung her self into the Sea with that Son in her Arms. Euripides wrote a Tragedy on this Story. 'Tis casie from the Grief of this Princess, on the Loss of her Children,

dren. to imagine she might well be call'd *Elbilis*.

124. *Perfidus Ixion*] *Ixion* was the first Murderer in *Greece*; He Marry'd the Daughter of *Deioneus*, and kill'd his Father-in-law at Supper, instead of giving him the usual Presents. This Crime was so horrible, no Body wou'd expiate the Murderer, nor have any Correspondence with him. At last *Jupiter* took Pity on him, expiated him and receiv'd him into Heaven, where the Traitor falling in Love with *Juno*, wou'd have Ravish'd her. He only embrac'd a Cloud, and *Jupiter* in a Rage hurl'd him Headlong to Hell, where the Poets feign him to be stretch'd on a Wheel always turning. *Eschylus* and *Euripides* wrote on this Story. *Pintarch* mentioning the *Ino* and *Ixion* of *Euripides*, who being blam'd for Writing upon it as a Subject occurs'd by the Gods, *Euripides* replies, *I have not left him till I have Nail'd his Feet and his Hands to a Wheel*. *Aristotle* places these two Plays of his among the *Patheticks*. There's nothing Extrait of them.

*Io Vaga*.] *Io*, Daughter of *Inachus*, with whom *Jupiter* was in Love, and chang'd her into a Cow. *Juno* out of Jealousie made her run Mad, and sent a Fly which stung her, that she ran from Country to Country, cross several Seas, and arriv'd at last in *Egypt*, where she recover'd her first Shape, and was worshipp'd under the Name of *Isis*. *Eschylus* makes her wander so in his *Prometheus*, that she came to the Mountain where he was Chain'd, at the farther End of *Scythia*, and there she learn'd of that Wretch all the future Fortune that was to befall her.

*Trifis Orestes*.] *Trifis* here signifies *Curs'd*, *Mad*, *Raging*, as well as *Sad*. Thus he elsewhere calls *Choler*, *Sad*, *tristes ut Ira*. *Ovid* has also said *Trifis Orestes*. *Euripides*'s Representation of *Orestes* in this state, is admirable; he appears in the Tragedy which goes by his Name, more like a Hideous Spectre than a Man.

Men. *Your Eyes are ghastly, horrible you look.*

Or. *My Body's gone, I'm nothing but a Name.*

He alludes to the Signification of the Name *Orestes*, which, according to *Socrates*'s Opinion in *Craylus*, denotes something Wild. Fierce and Brutal.

125. *Si quid in expertum Scena committis*.] Having explain'd the *Favam sequere*, he now does the same by the latter Part of the Verse, *aut convenientia fingit*, Shewing what is to be done with New Characters. Their first Quality is to be Conformable and Agreeable. A Mad Man must act like a Mad-man; a King like a King, and so on. A Woman must not have *Achilles*'s Valour, nor *Nestor*'s Prudence. Their Second Quality is to be one and the same from the Beginning of the Play to the End, which *Aristotle* calls *ἰσότης*, Equality. This is as necessary in Known Characters as in Invented. *Boileau* explains it in his *Art of Poetry*.

*If then you form some Hero in your Mind,  
Be sure your Image with it self agree,  
For what he first appears he still must be.*

*Agatho's Flower* was an admirable Play, tho' it was all Invention. See the 1Xth Chapter of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, on Known and Invented Subjects.

128. *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*.] Having shewn the two Qualities that should be given to Invented Persons, he advises Tragick Poets not to take too much Liberty to Invent, it being very difficult to succeed in New Characters. By common Subjects, Invented Ones are understood. Subjects that have no Foundation in *History*, or the *Fable*; he calls them Common, because every Body has a Right to them, and is free to Invent them. 'Tis very difficult to invent a New Character that shall be Just and Natural; the Moderns have succeeded much better in their Known Stories than in their Invented Ones. Let a Character be form'd ever so justly, every one will pretend to a Right to Judge of it, and Centure it, if it is not conformable to the Idea they themselves have of it; whereas when a Poet follows a Known One, there's a Common Rule which he must not deviate from, and which is the Standard of their Judgment as well as his Composition. *Horace* cannot by

*Communia* mean Common and Ordinary Characters, because he immediately advises the Poets to make use of known Characters.

129. *Tuque restius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus.* ] Aristotle in his IXth Chapter, determines for Invented Fables, as well as receiv'd ones; Horace is here for known Subjects, such as are taken from the *Ilias* and *Odyssees*, for both those Poems are compris'd under the Words *Iliacum carmen*. This Difference arises from the different Ends the Poet and Philosopher propos'd to themselves. Aristotle speaks only of what might please or displease, and Invented Subjects may please as well as known; Horace talks only of what is easie or difficult, and Known Subjects are easier than Invented: Besides, Aristotle wrote to the Greeks, who were so far possess'd of the Spirit of Tragedy, that nothing was Impossible for them. Horace wrote to the Romans, who were much Inferior to the Greeks, and whom he dissuaded from undertaking what was most difficult for them to succeed in. Horace, in advising Poets to borrow their Subjects from Homer, is of the same Opinion with Aristotle and Plato, who have both affirm'd that Homer is a Tragick Poet; his *Ilias* and *Odyssees* have the same Relation to Tragedy, as his *Margites* has to Comedy. Plato, in his Tenth Book, calls Homer the Father of Tragedy.

130. *Quam si proferres Ignota indistaque prius.* ] By *Ignota indistaque* he means the same Thing as by his *Communia, unknown Subjects*: He adds *Indistaque* to *Ignota*, Subjects never treated of before. For a Story may be *Unknown*, without being *New*; 'tis what he says in the XXVth Ode of the IIIrd Book. *Dicam insignis, &c.* I will speak of new Things which have not yet been spoken of.

131. *Publica Materies privati juris erit, si &c.* ] Least the Advice he has been giving Poets might cause them to fall into servile Imitations, by handling known Subjects, he teaches them how they are to govern themselves, to make such Stories proper. *Publica materies*, the *Ilias*, the *Thebaides*, the *Odyssees*, and all the Subjects of the Ancient Tragedies:

He opposes *Publica materies* to *Communia*; Chrysippus boasted he had made Euripides's *Medea* his own, because he had not follow'd that Poet's Disposition of his Subject.

132. *Nec circa vilem patulumque motaberis Orbem.* ] Horace advises Poets to take the Subjects of their Tragedies out of Homer's Poems, and he here Cautions them against the Faults they might be guilty of. The first and most considerable, is to amuse themselves, *circa Orbem vilem & patulum*, with a *vile Circuit open to all the World*, that is, with bringing into a Tragedy all the Parts of Homer's Poem, imitating his very Connection and Chain: As for Instance, in opening the Scene with the Quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, and closing all with Hector's Funeral. Heinsius is mistaken, in thinking Horace means a *vain Circuit of Words*, that do not relate to the Subject. The Circuit he speaks of, is in the Fable, and nothing can be more Vicious: For what would be but of a just Extent for an Heroick Poem, would be Monstrous, confin'd to the narrow Limits of a Tragedy. Remember, above all things, says Aristotle, not to make a Tragedy of an Epick Plot; I call an Epick Plot, a Plot consisting of several Fables; as if you should bring all the *Ilias* into one Play. There's another vicious Circuit belides this. See the 147th Verse.

133. *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere.* ] Not to Translate Homer Word for Word, the Business of an exact Translator, not of a Poet. He should imitate the Discretion of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who all of 'em make bold with Homer's Sentiments, but do not Translate him literally: Horace condemns the Superstitious Exactness of such Translators, as keep close to the Letter. Cicero says very well, in the Treatise de Optim. Gen. Orat. Speaking of the two Orations of Aeschines and Demosthenes, which he Translated, *Nec converti, ut Interpreter, &c.* I have translated them not as an Interpreter, but as an Orator, by preserving the Sentences, and their different Forms, as well as the Figures, and explaining the rest in Terms adapted to our Customs, and according to our Manners. I did

did not think it necessary for me to confine my self to render them Word for Word, but only to express the Force and Propriety of the Terms, believing I ought not to give the Reader those Terms by Tale but by Weight. If a Translator should not translate Word for Word, how much less should a Poet.

134. *Nec desilies imitator in arctum unde pedem proferre.*] This in my Opinion is one of the most difficult Places in *Horace*: The Poet does not here speak of those who confine themselves to a certain Measure of Verse, in their Imitation; nor of those who lose Sight of their Original. He has already given *Tragick* Poets two Ways of rendering Subjects that have been handled, which he prefers to Invented ones: The First is, not to bring the whole Matter of an Heroick Poem into a Tragedy; and the Second, not to Translate it Word for Word: He here gives them a Third, not to keep too close to their Author, in imitating one Action only, so as to perplex themselves, or break the Laws of Tragedy, which Laws are very different from those of Heroick Poetry; suppose, for Example, I was to write a Tragedy on *Achilles's* Choler, and to follow the two first Rules of *Horace*; that is, not to put all the *Ilias* in my Play, nor use his Expressions: I shall break the Third Rule, if I servilely represent the same Circumstances of *Achilles's* Choler, as *Homer* has represented it, for by that means I shall entangle my self in a great many Difficulties; how shall I represent *Achilles* with his Sword half drawn, and *Minerva* holding him by the Arm to hinder his killing *Agamemnon*; an Incident which is Marvellous in an Epick Poem, and yet would be ridiculous in a Tragedy. They who read *referre* here instead of *proferre*, did not understand the Passage.

136. *Nec sic incipies.*] He blames the pompous Beginnings of some Tragedies, when Poets, to give the Audience a great Idea of their Performances begin Loftily, which is faulty several Ways; the Beginning should be Simple and Modest. This is a Rule in Epick Poetry, and much more in Tragedy.

*Ut scriptor Cyclicus olim.*] See what is said

of these Cyclick Poets, in the VIIth Ode of the First Book. 'Tis not known who was the Cyclick Poet, of whom *Horace* speaks; some learned Men have thought it was *Mavius*, who wrote a Poem on the Trojan War, in which he compris'd all the History of *Priamus*, from his Birth to his Death: But the Word *Olim* shews he means some more Ancient Poet. *Stasimus*, who wrote the little *Ilias*, is thought to be this Cyclick Poet, by those who follow the *Scholiaß*, on the Knights of *Aristophanes*, who places this Poet among the Cyclicks: *Photius* will not have him to be one of 'em; *Cusanbon* thinks he was of the Number of those Poets who joyn'd in that Work, mention'd by the Ancients under the Name of the Cyclick Poem, which took in the History of the World from the Beginning of it, to the Death of *Ulysses*, and was the Work of several Poets, as *Onomacritus*, *Lesches*, *Eumelus*, and others, tho' 'tis often Quoted as the Production of one Man, *Fortunam Priami cantabo & Nobile letum*, the Beginning of *Mavius's* Poem. What would *Horace* have said of *Statius*, another Cyclick Poet, who brings all the Story of *Achilles* into his Poem, as *Mavius* brought that of *Priamus* into his.

*Magnanimum Æacidem formidatamque tonanti  
Progeniem, & vetitam patrio succedere Calo  
Diva refer.*

A Poet must be hard put to it to maintain the Idea of a Hero, dreaded even by *Jove*, to the End of the Poem. There's nothing more Extravagant than these blustering Beginnings, the sure Signs of a weak Poet; the Moderns are very apt to fall into this Fault, and imitate the Vices of the Ancients.

138. *Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus.*] *Hiare* is to open the Mouth very wide, as those are oblig'd to do who pronounce big Words and sounding Verses; *Perseus* who also Laughs at this Foolish Blustering at the Beginning of Epick and Dramatick Poems, makes use of this very Term in the Vth Satyr.

*Fabula seu mæsto ponatur hianda Trægædo.*

The fifteen first Verses of this Satire, are a Comment on this of *Horace's*.

139. *Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.* ] *Horace*, by ending his Verse with the Monosyllable *mus*, against the common Rule, expresses admirably well what the Bombast Promises of these Boasting Poets produce. The end of this Verse is an Imitation of that in the First Book of the *Georgicks*.

— *Sapè exiguus mus.*

Where, according to *Quintilian's* Judgment, *Clausula ipsa unus Syllaba non usitata addidit Graviam*. The Fable of the Mountain that brought forth a Mouse is in *Æsop*. *Phædrus* applies it to those who Promise much, and Perform nothing. 'Tis very Old, as appears by the Jest of the *Egyptians*, who having a long time expected *Agesilaus* to come to their Assistance, and when he came, seeing him so Little, and so Ugly, said among themselves, 'Twas the Labour of the Mountain which brought forth a Rat. *Athenæus* quotes the Words of it.

140. *Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur inepte.* ] To these Blustering Beginnings of the Boasting Poets, he opposes the Discretion and Modesty of *Homer*, in that of his *Odyssey*; for nothing can be more plain.

*Qui nil molitur inepte.* ] *Horace's* saying that *Homer* did nothing Improperly, ought to restrain some Modern Authots, who by endeavouring to find out gross Faults in him, only discover their Ignorance and ill Taste.

141. *Dic mihi Musa virum.* ] *Horace* includes the three first Verses of *Homer's Odyssey* in two, contenting himself with expressing the Modesty and Simplicity of *Homer's* Beginning, without explaining all the Parts of it; for otherwise one might find considerable Faults in his Translation. He has forgotten the Epitete *πολύτροπον*, *Wise*, which marks *Ulysses's* Character: He neglects the Circumstance that makes us most concerned for his Hero, *ὅς μάλ'α πολλὰ πωλάσθη*, *Who wander'd a long Time*. He says, in a loose way, after the taking of *Troy*, whereas 'tis in *Homer*, after having ruin'd *Troy*; but, as I have said,

his Design was to shew *Homer's* Modesty, and not to Translate him.

143. *Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.* ] Those pompous Beginnings that are not carry'd on, resembling Fuel which easily takes Fire, and after having blaz'd a while, goes out, and wastes away in Smoak: 'Tis a Straw Fire. Whereas Modest Beginnings encrease as they proceed, and are like solid Fuel, which is hard to kindle, Smoaks awhile, Blazes up, and casts forth a Fire that warms, illuminates, and burns a long time,

*Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.* ] *Horace's* here calls *Homer's* Stories of *Antiphates*, *Scylla*, *Charybdis*, the *Cyclops Polyphemus*, &c. shining Wonders. And *Longinus* makes a very fine Comparison of the *Ilias* and *Odyssey*, with Reference to these Fables. As the Ocean is always great, tho' sometimes he leaves his Shoars, and is confin'd in narrower Limits; so *Homer* also having left the *Ilias*, is still great, even in the *Incredulous* and *Fabulous* Stories of the *Odyssey*. He alludes to the *Tempests*, the *Cyclops*, &c. the same Places *Horace* calls *Wonders*. *Longinus* in the same Chapter calls those Stories the *Dreams* of *Jupiter*, *Dreams* worthy of the King of the Gods.

145. *Antiphaten.* ] *Antiphates*, King of the *Leſtrigons*, describ'd in the Xth Book of the *Odyssey*. They were *Cannibals*, and *Homer* says they carry'd away *Ulysses's* Followers in Strings, like so many Strings of Fish.

*Scyllamque & Charybdim.* ] Two Rocks in the Strait of *Sicily*, the one call'd *Scylla*, from the *Punick* Word *Scol*, which signifies *Destruction*, the other *Charybdis*, from *Chorobdam*, signifying an *Abyss* of *Perdition*. *Homer* makes two horrible Monsters of 'em. See the Description in the XIIth Book of the *Odyssey*.

*Cum Cyclope.* ] *Polyphemus*, King of the *Cyclops*, who dwelt in *Sicily*, near the Promontory of *Lilybeum*: 'Tis one of the most agreeable Tales in *Homer*. See the IXth Book of the *Odyssey*.

146. *Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri.* ] *Homer* has not written on *Diomedes's* Return: Neither is it what *Horace* means in this Passage; the Sense of which is, That *Homer*, in his Poem

on the Return of *Ulysses*, has not done like the Poet *Antimachus* in his Return of *Diomedes*, whose Adventure he begins with the Death of his Uncle *Meleager*, which is Absurd; for by this he gives a Beginning to the Beginning of the Action; Before which, as *Aristotle* observes, nothing must be suppos'd Necessary. This Matter is treated of in the VIIth Chapter of his Art of Poetry.

147. *Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.*] The Trojan War is not the Subject of the *Ilias*, 'tis only the Occasion of it. *Homer* makes no Beginning nor End to the Siege of *Troy*; nay, there's hardly a Middle that's proper to it; but he forgets none of the Parts of his Subject, which is *Achilles's* Choler. He does not so much as relate the Circumstances of the Rape of *Hellen*, the Cause of the War. *Horace* laugh't here at the Author of the little *Ilias*, who began his Poem with the two Eggs: In one of which *Helen* and *Clitemnestra* were enclos'd; in the other *Castor* and *Pollux*. The Unity of the Person can never excuse the breaking the Unity of the Action, which, as *Aristotle* teaches, must be always preserv'd: He condemns, in his Art of Poetry, the Authors of the *Heaclade* and *Theseiade*, for not observing that Unity, and sets *Homer's* Conduct as an Example. He has not in his *Odysses* heap'd together all the Events that happen'd to *Ulysses*; nor in the *Ilias* does he amuse himself with writing the History of *Achilles*: He introduces no Adventure that has not Relation to his Subject in either of these Poems. *Statius*, after *Aristotle* and *Horace* had given such good Rules, falls into a greater Fault than even the Author of the little *Ilias*; instead of Beginning his *Thebaid* with the Incestuous Birth of *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, he begins it with the Rape of *Europa*, the Occasion of the Founding of *Thebes*.

148. *Semper ad eventum festinat.*] Still going forward to the End of his Subject, he makes use of no Episode but what leads to it. The End of the *Ilias* is *Achilles's* Vengeance. *Statius*, instead of going forward to the End of his Action, seems afraid of coming to it, and flies back by Episodes, Independent of his Subject.

149. *Et in medias res, non secus ac notis, auditorem rapit.*] A Passage of great Importance, and very difficult: It has been interpreted, as if *Horace* would say, that *Homer* presently transports his Readers to the Middle of his Subject, to hold them always in Desire and Hope to the End of it. This, 'tis true, is one of the greatest Beauties of an Epick Poem, and *Homer* has not neglected it, as *Macrobius* observes in the IIth Chapter of the XVth Book of his *Saturnalia*; but *Horace* having treated of this Precept in the 42d and 43d Verses, 'tis not likely he should repeat it here: Besides, *Horace* does not talk here of what *Homer* does in the Beginning, but what he does in the Sequel, thro' the whole Course of the Poem, as appears plainly by what goes before, *Semper ad eventum festinat*, He always hasten'd to the End of the Action. The true Sense of this Passage is, *Homer* carries his Readers swiftly over all Things that preceded the Action, he calls them *medias res*, middle Things, either becaute he places the Recital of 'em in the Course of the Poem, after the Beginning, or before the End, or becaute they are Things which the *Greeks* call properly *μεσα*, middling, indifferent. *Horace* says, the Poet passes swiftly over those Adventures, as if they were known: And such is *Homer's* constant Practice; every thing that precedes the Siege of *Troy*, and *Achilles's* Vengeance, is related in the Course of the Poem, as publick Events known to all the World: This a Tragick Poet ought to observe, as well as an Epick. *Sophocles*, in his *Oedipus*, passes swiftly over every thing that precedes the Action of his Tragedy.

150. *Et qua desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit.*] This is a Consequence of what he said just before, That *Homer* carries his Reader swiftly over every Thing that precedes his Action; fearing one might from thence believe he gave the whole History. *Horace* shews the Poet's Address, in not mentioning all the incidents of the Story, but making a judicious Choice of 'em; leaving those that were not susceptible of Ornaments, suitable to the Grandeur and Majesty

Majesty of his Poem: He does not speak of *Leda's Eggs*, nor the Rape of *Helen* in the *Ilias*, nor of the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, nor of *Achilles's* Disguising himself like a Girl; and thus a Tragick Poet should reject all Incidents that do not answer the Grandeur of his Subject.

151. *Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet.*] The Soul of an Epick Poem, is the Fable, which includes a general Truth, made particular by the Application of Names. Thus the Truth contain'd in the *Ilias* is, That Union and Subordination preserve States, and that Discord and Disobedience destroy them: The Fiction in which this Truth is wrapt up is the Quarrel between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, feign'd to be taken from a known Story as the *Trojan War*, to make it the more probable. In Epick Poetry the Fiction goes always on with the Truth; but 'tis not only Moral Truth that *Homer* teaches in his Fictions, sometimes also 'tis Physical and Historical, which he enfold in Fine Fables, to render 'em the more Marvellous, and consequently the more Agreeable. None has succeeded so well as himself in these Fables: *Horace* begins this Precept with them, and continues it with the Mixture of the Fable and the Truth, *Sic veris falsa remiscet.* Which is a perfect Explanation of *Homer's* Conduct, and all the Mystery of an Epick Poem, according to *Aristotle's* Rules. The Poet first draws the Plan of his Fable, which is not less a Fable than any of *Aesop's*; *mentitur, he feigns.* After he has laid down this Plan, he must make his Fable probable, and persuade that it has been done, to have it believ'd that 'tis possible. To this Purpose he attributes it to certain known Persons; he names the Places that were the Scene of it, all which he takes from a known Story, borrowing some true Actions and Circumstances, which he accommodates to his Design. *Sic veris falsa remiscet*; those Poets who have not, like *Homer*, drawn the Plan of their Poems, after they had sought out some Hero in History, and chosen a true Action done by that Hero, have never succeeded: As *Silius*, *Statius*, *Lucan*, and

among the *Greeks*, the Authors of the *Heraclidae* and *Thestidae*: *Horace* prescribes this Rule in the XVIIIth Chapter of his Art of Poetry, and it is the Foundation of an Epick Poem.

152. *Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepit immum.*] He every where mixes the Fable with the Truth, that the three Parts of his Subject may be Connected and Equal. The Middle, which is the Knot, must answer to the Beginning; and the End, which is the Unravelling of it, to the Beginning and Middle. If Fiction is us'd in one Part, and not in all, the Parts will be so unequal and disjointed that they will not Compose one Whole: Neither will the Marvellous, which is produc'd more by Fiction than Truth, reign thro' the Work as it ought to do. This is also to be observed in Tragedy.

153. *Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret audi.*] He returns to the Manners. *Tu, Thou*, who writest Dramatick Poems. All Poets, and not the *Pisot's*.

154. *Si plausoris eges aulae manentis.*] If you would have us stay the Play out, *Aulae Manere, Stay till the Curtain is rais'd*, or as we say now-a-days, 'till the Curtain is dropt. See *Aulae premuntur*, in the 1st Epist. of the 11d Book.

155. *Donec Cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat.*] *Cantor*, the *Chorus*, who us'd to say *Vos Plaudite*. *Quintilian*, in the 1st Chapter of the VIth Book, *Tunc est commovendum theatrum, &c.* You must above all things endeavour to move the Audience, when you come near the *Vos Plaudite*, with which all Ancient Comedies and Tragedies End.

156. *Atatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.*] He has already said the Manners ought to be like, *famam sequere*; agreeable, *Convenientia finge*; and equal, *Servetur ad immum qualis ab incepto processerit*. There wants still a fourth Quality: They ought to be well express'd, well distinguish'd, *notandi sunt tibi mores*. So distinguish'd, that no Body may be able to mistake them, that every one, when he sees the Actions of the Person you have form'd, may say, those are the Actions of a Furious, a Passionate, an



Ambitious, an Inconstant or Coverous Man; and this, with the other Three, make the Four Qualities which *Aristotle* requires for the Manners; *Horace* only inverts his Order, by putting that Quality Last, which the Philosopher puts First: But this changing the Order does not change the Rule, and in the Main is of no Consequence. *Aristotle* treats of it in the XVIth Chap. of his Art of Poetry.

157. *Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus & annis.*] A fine Verse, and very expressive. Word for Word, give to moveable Natures and Tears their proper Beauty. Moveable Natures, that is, Age, which always rolls on like a River, and as it rolls gives different Inclinations, which are what he calls *decor*, the Beauty proper to Age: Each Age having its Beauties as well as each Season; to give the *Virile Age* the Beauty of *Youth*, is to deck *Autumn* with the Beauties of the *Spring*.

*Et Annis.*] *Horace* is not satisfy'd with saying, each Age, he says, each Tear; because the Inclinations of each Age are not the same at the Beginning and the End: There's an insensible Change, which a Poet ought to know and distinguish, as a Painter ought to know and distinguish the Changes of each Season, and not make the End of the Summer like its Beginning.

158. *Reddere qui voces jam scit puer.*] Children learn to speak by Imitation: *Horace* therefore says, *reddere Voces*, to render Words: He is running thro' the four Ages of Mankind, which *Tragick*, *Comick*, and *Epick* Poets ought alike to understand how to distinguish well. Infancy, the first, is not so necessary as the other three, an Infant being seldom introduc'd as an Actor; for which Reason *Aristotle* mentions only *Youth*, *Manhoo*, and *old Age*. The Qualities *Horace* ascribes here to Infancy remain also in *Youth*, where that Philosopher compriz'd 'em.

160. *Irani colligit ac ponit temerè, ac mutatur in horas.*] These Changes proceed only from the softness of the Brain, where Objects are easily impress'd and effac'd. Wherefore, according as that Softness is greater or less, those

Changes are also the slower or swifter: Whence it is that he says here of an Infant, *mutatur in horas*, and afterwards of a Young Man, *amata relinquere pernix*. Tho' the Latter's more steady, yet he's still changeable.

*Temere.*] Without Reason or Reflection.

161. *Imberbis juvenis custode remoto.*] See what *Simon* says in *Terence's Andraa*, (speaking of his Son, *Quod plerique omnes faciunt adolescentuli*, &c. *Horace* copies *Aristotle* in this Picture of the Manners, but he paints in *Little*, what *Aristotle* painted in *Great*, in the Ild Book of his *Rhet.* and contents himself with giving a Stroke of some of the principal Features.

162. *Et aprici gramine campi.*] Youth delights in the Exercises of the Field of *Mars*, explain'd in the VIIIth Ode of the Ist Book.

163. *Cereus in vitium flecti.*] It easily receives the Impressions of Vice.

*Monitoribus asper.*] It hates Reproof.

164. *Utilium tardus provisor.*] Young People always prefer the Honourable to the Profitable.

*Prodigus aris.*] They know not the Value of Money, and therefore squander it away.

165. *Sublimis.*] Presumptuous, Vain.

*Cupidusque, & amata relinquere pernix.*] In constant Wavering. *Aristotle* says their Dreams are like the Hunger and Thirst of the Sick.

166. *Conversis studiis, atas animusque virilis.*] The Manners of the *Virile Age*, is the Middle between the Manners of *Youth* and *Old Age*.

167. *Quærit opes & amicitias.*] A Man in his *Virile Age* is for heaping up Riches and getting Friends.

*Inservit honori.*] A Man in the *Virile Age* endeavours to reconcile Honour with Interest; this *Horace* means by *Inservit*, a Term that denotes Mediocrity.

*Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.*] He corrects the Vices of Custom by Reason, and wou'd do nothing he may Repent of.

169. *Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda.*] Old Men, as *Aristotle* observes, are hard to please, Irresolute, Malicious, Suspici-

Suspicious, Covetous, Peevish, Timorous, &c.

170. *Quærit & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet mi.*] Old Men are always scraping Wealth together, but dare not make use of it.

171. *Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat.*] Old Age is attend'd with no greater Inconveniency than Timidity.

172. *Dilator.*] 'Tis Irresolute.

*Spe longus.*] Old Men do not easily Hope. Aristotle says, they are difficult to Hope. Lambin explains *Spe Longus*, who carries far his Hopes, which he grounds on what Horace says elsewhere, *Spæto brevi spem longam rescæces & Spem inchoare longam.* But there is a great deal of difference between *Spe Longa* and *Spe Longus.* Horace is speaking of what commonly happens to Old Men, who are longer conceiving Hopes than Young. The latter are ἐὐέλλιδες. They conceive Hope on nothing, *Spe citi Spe prompti.* The former δυσέλλιδες, *Spe longi, Spe tardi.* Hard to conceive Hope. They hope for nothing but what they see, or as Aristotle has it, *They Live more by Memory than Hope.*

*Iners.*] Lazy, Slow. *Avidusque futuri.* Tender of Life, the nearer they draw to its End. *Difficilis,* Humoursome, Peevish. *Querulus,* always complaining. *Laudator temporis acti se puero.* They are full of Time; past, when their Pleasures were more Lively. This makes them great Talkers. The Character of Nestor in the 1st Book of the *Ilias* is exactly such a one.

174. *Censor castigatque minorum.*] Taken from Aristotle's Principles, Old Men are guided by Reason, not by Custom, and think Young Men Fools for following Custom more than Reason. This makes 'em always grumbling and out of Humour.

175. *Multi ferunt anni venientes.*] *Anni Venientes,* the Coming Years; the Years preceding the Virile Age. *Anni recedentes,* the Returning Years; the Years going back towards Old Age and Death; the Former were always reckon'd by the Ancients by Addition, the Later by Substraction. See the Vth Ode of the 11d Book. The French have an Expression like the *recedentes* of the Ancients,

for they say of a Person who is declining in Years, he is *Sur son retour, Upon his Return.*

176. *Ne forte Seniles mandentur juveni partes.*] The Manners and Passions which attend each Age, shou'd be carefully study'd, and Age confounding them.

178. *Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.*] *Adjuncta ævo,* Every thing that necessarily attends the Age. *Apæ ævo,* every thing proper to it. The same may be apply'd to Sex, Country, Quality, and whatever else distinguishes Mankind. As in the XVth Chapter of Aristotle's *Art of Poetry.*

179. *Aut igitur res in scenis, aut acta referuntur.*] Dramatick Poems consist of Representation and Recital. By Representation every thing is brought on the Stage that ought to be expos'd to the View of the Spectators. By Recital he's inform'd of every thing he ought not to see. 'Tis the same with Epick Poetry.

180. *Segnius irritant animos.*] What we see touches us more than what we hear, and the Eyes are more incredulous than the Ears. A Poet therefore shou'd take Care not to keep behind the Scenes what he ought to expose on the Stage, and not to expose what wou'd shock the Spectators.

181. *Oculis fidelibus.*] *Faithful Eyes.* *Faithful,* which like a Looking Glass render the Object such as they receive it, whose Testimony is to be credited,

182. *Et quæ ipse sibi tradit Spectator.*] A Happy Expression; in Representation, the Spectator learns by himself what passes. In Recital he learns it only from the Reciter; in the One he forms what Idea of it he pleases, in the Other, he can form only what Idea the Reciter pleases to give him.

*Non tamen intus digna geri.*] A Poet must never expose any thing that's Incredible and Cruel.

184. *Facundia præsens*] The Recital of an Actor present. *Facundia,* because the Recital ought to be Pompous and Pathetick, as that of the Death of Orestes in the *Electra.*

185. *Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.*] Some have thought Horace here does not condemn all Murders upon

on the Stage, only horrible Ones, as that of a Mother killing her Children; nay it has been endeavour'd to be prov'd, that Murders may be expos'd with Success from the Practice of *Aeschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. *Aeschylus* in his *Coephoros*, kills *Agamemnon*, *Prometheus* and *Clytemnestra*, on the Stage. *Sophocles* does the same in his *Electra*, where *Orestes* kills his Mother. And *Euripides* in his *Alceste*, who kills her on the Stage. But this does not at all excuse the defiling it with Blood. Neither are these Allegations of those that defend it True. *Agamemnon* is not kill'd in sight of the Audience, for the Chorus, who hear his Cries in the Palace, resolve to enter to his Assistance; and *Prometheus* is carry'd off by a Tempest, which closes the Scene. *Scaliger* is strangely mistaken in this; especially as to *Clytemnestra*, for she's so far from being kill'd in view of the Spectators, that *Orestes* bids her follow him, that he may kill her near the Body of *Egistheus*. In *Sophocles*, *Orestes*'s Mother is in the Palace when she is kill'd, as appears plainly by what *Electra* says to her Deliverers, upon their re-entring the Stage with their Hands Bloody. True, *Alceste* in *Euripides* does die on the Stage. But she pines away; her Woman cries out, *She languishes, she dies away with her Sickness*. She was not Wounded behind the Scenes. She Dy'd, but was not kill'd on the Stage. In *Sophocles*, *Ajax* is said to be kill'd on the Stage, which is a Mistake too; for the Poet has with very great Address plac'd a Wood at the End of it, in which *Ajax* is Murder'd, the Spectators not seeing it. *Horace* here puts *Medea* and *Atreus* for all sorts of Tragick Stories. For Murders cannot be allow'd on the Stage, let 'em be of what Nature soever. None but bad Poets, who had not Genius enough to move by the Narration, have introduc'd Bloody Spectacles. *Medea* is a very fine Fable for a Tragedy *Horace* does not condemn it, but he killing her Children in Publick. *Seneca* however breaks this Rule in his *Medea*.

186. *Aut humana palam coquat exitu nefarius Atreus.*] The Story is, *Atreus*, who serv'd up his Nephews to his Bro-

ther *Thyestes* their Father, for a Supper. 'Tis thought *Sophocles* wrote upon it, as did the Roman Poet *Accius*, who directly avoided what *Horace* forbids here.

187. *Aut in avem Progne.*] He speaks now of other Incidents that shou'd not be expos'd; such as wou'd be as Ridiculous to see as agreeable to read. Of this Kind are all *Metamorphoses*. For Instance, *Progne* into a Swallow, *Philomel* into a Nightingale, and the like. In *Epic* Poetry, they may be brought in by Narration. As the *Metamorphoses* of *Ulysses*'s Ship into Stone, and *Aeneas*'s into *Nymphs*, in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

188. *Quodcumque ostendit mihi sic, incredulus odi.*] Some things are to be shewn in Tragedy, some to be told; if what should be told is shewn, and what should be shewn, told, 'twill spoil the Poem. To shew what you should tell is the greatest Fault. *Horace* explains a Hint of *Aristotle*'s in his XVIIth Book, and gives the Reason as well as the Precept. For Prodigies expos'd to Sight are incredible. They are only tolerable in Narrations.

189. *Neve minor, non sit quintoproduclior actu.*] *Ascanius Pedianus* says the same. This Rule is grounded on the constant Practice of the Ancients. Tho' 'tis not mention'd, 'tis imply'd in *Aristotle*'s Art of Poetry, where he tells us, Poets ought to give their Subjects not an Arbitrary but a Certain Extent. As this Extent must be Certain, so it must be Just, which is exactly this Division into Five Acts. Practis'd in all Regular Plays, as well Ancient as Modern. The Greeks had no Term that signify'd Act, but they had another Division better than the Latins, or Ours. For by marking the Extent of Tragedy in general, it mark'd also the different Nature of its Parts in particular, which that of the Latins and Ours do not do. By dividing Tragedy into Five Acts, the Latin and Modern Poets divide it into five like Parts, which is Vicious. This Matter is Discours'd of at large in the Notes on the XIth Chapter of *Aristotle*'s Art of Poetry. If Plays of five Acts are of a just Extent, those of three are defective. Plays of three Acts have the Defect which *Aristotle* finds in little Objects. The Sight is confounded, and they

they are either Naked of, or Loaded with Incidents. Plays of Six or Seven Acts would have the Defect of Great Objects. The Spectators would lose the Idea of the whole, on Account of its excessive Bigness, wherefore the just Medium lies in the five Acts. In which there's Room for the variety of Incidents necessary for the Passions. Three Acts are not to be born with in any thing but Farces, which supply the Places of the *Satyr*s and *Exodia* of the Ancients. Five Acts are so essential and necessary to a Perfect Dramatick Poem, that this Rule is not once broken by the Greeks and Latins. *Euripides* observes it even in his *Cyclops*, a Satyrick Play, or rather a Pastoral, wherein he might have taken more Liberty than in a regular Tragedy. Yet tho' that Piece consists of but 800 Verses, he has very exactly mark'd the Division of five Acts. *Marcus Antoninus* has this Rule in View, when he compares Life to a Theatrical Piece. He is comforting a Young Man who was Dying, and answers him, *I have not yet finish'd the Five Acts, I have play'd but Three. But in Life, reply'd the Emperor, Three Acts are a Compleat Play.* If it is objected that *Montieur Racine* wrote a Play of Three Acts; tho' we must not accuse him as ignorant of the Rules of his Art, we may very well conclude he did not intend an entirely Regular Play. He was not willing to leave his Story, which in its Simplicity could not easily furnish out five Acts, and thought much more of preserving the Holiness and Majesty of the Original, than by multiplying Incidents to give it a just Extent.

191. *Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.*] The Tragick Poets were blam'd of Old for that, when they cou'd not unravel their Plots, they had recourse to a Divinity, who came in a Machine and did it for them, as is done in the *Medea* of *Euripides*. This Rule is taken from *Aristotle*, who does not, however, quite exclude Machines, but such only as are not born of the Subject, either necessarily or probably; and this is the True Sentiment of *Horace*, who says, Machines should never be made use of, but when the Knot deserves that a

God should come to untie it. We read in *Aristotle*, Chap. XVI. *In the Manners, as well as in the Disposition of the Subject, the Poet must have a Regard to what's either Necessary or Probable, so that the Events may happen either necessarily or probably. From whence 'tis evident that the Unravelling the Plot ought to be produc'd by the Plot it self, without making use of the help of a Machine, as in the Medea.* This relates only to Dramatick Poetry, for in *Epick* Machines are absolutely necessary.

*Dignus vindice nodus.*] A happy Expression taken from the Roman Law, which calls a Man *Vindicem*, who sets a Slave at Liberty. Thus *Horace* looks on an entangled Piece, as a Slave that stands in need of a God to come and set him at Liberty.

192. *Nec quart a loqui persona laboret.*] The Ancient Tragick Poets seldom introduc'd above Two Persons speaking in a Scene, Three were rarely to be met with, and Four hardly ever. So *Diomedes* writes, *In Græco Dramate fere tres persona sola agunt.* But it may happen there may be Occasion for Four to speak. *Montieur D'Aubignac* pretends *Horace* does not entirely condemn the introducing a Fourth Person, but that a Fourth Person shou'd not force himself to speak. The Text will bear such a Construction, and our Poets have added a Fifth to this Fourth Person. Nay *Scaliger* in the III'd Book of his *Art of Poetry*, says, *They make no Scruple of bringing a Fourth Person into a Scene. As Aristophanes's Ghost in the Frogs, the same in his Plutus and in his Birds.* However what *Scaliger* says of *Aristophanes* does not decide the Dispute. For *Horace* talks of Tragedy, and not of Comedy, in which no Body questions a great deal more Liberty may be taken. 'Tis very likely *Horace's* Rule is Simple, and without Restriction, drawn from the Common Practice of the Greeks, and its being the most convenient, the most Natural, and the most Safe Way. *Aristotle* informs us, *Eschylus* invented a Principal Person, which he joyn'd to him who appear'd between the Songs of the Chorus, and that *Sophocles* added a Third. Nevertheless there are Three Actors to be met with in some of *Eschylus's* Plays.

See

See the Remarks on the 14th Chapter of that Philosopher's *Art of Poetry*.

193. *Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile defendat.*] The Chorus were a Company of Actors, who supply'd the Place of those who ought probably to be present at the Action represented, and were concern'd in it. 'Twas the Foundation of all the Probability of Dramatick Poetry, which since it has lost its Chorus has lost at least half of its Verisimilitude and greatest Ornament, rendering our Modern Tragedy no more than the Shadow of the Ancient. The Chorus had two Functions. For in the Course of the Acts, they were to join in the Action, and act a Part, the *Coriphæus* speaking alone in the Name of all the rest, and after each Act all the Chorus was to Nore the Interval by their Songs. *Horace* prescribes here two Rules for these two Functions of the Chorus. The first is contain'd in this Verse,

*Actoris Partes Chorus officiumque virile defendat.*

The Chorus must act the Part of an Actor, and perform the Functions of a single Person. 'Tis a Translation or Explanation of a Passage in *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, wherein 'tis said, *The Chorus must Act the Part of an Actor, be one of the Persons of the Place, and make a Part of the whole.* The Second Function is contain'd in the following Remarks.

194. *Ne quid medios intercinat actus, quod non proposito conducatur.*] What the Chorus sung between the Acts to mark the Intervals: Which Song *Horace* will have to agree with the Subject, that is, be taken from it, and help to the forwarding it. *Aristotle* says, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* should be imitated in this; and those who do otherwise, *incerta canunt*, sing inserted Songs, as suitable to one Tragedy as another. *Sophocles* is the true Model for the Constitution of Chorus's: *Euripides* was sometimes deficient in this, tho' *Scaliger* prefers his Conduct to *Sophocles's*; *Aristophanes* blames *Euripides* for it, in his *Acharnenses*, and those, says he, who Compose his Chorus stand there like Fools: Upon which the *Scholias*t makes this Judicious Remark,

*Aristophanes* in this Verse laughs at *Euripides* for introducing Chorus's that do not sing Things agreeable to the Subject, but Stories that are Foreign to it, as in his *Phanicians*.

196. *Ille bonis faveatque.*] In these six Verses *Horace* tells us what was the Business of the Chorus: *Scaliger* forgets a great deal of it. The Chorus always took the Part of Honest Men; the Theatre was then the School of Piety and Justice better taught there than in the Temples. *Et concilietur amicis.* Some have read *Et consilietur amicis*, to give Council to its Friends: That was indeed one of the Duties of the Chorus; but I question whether there are any Instances of *consiliari*, to express giving Counsel; 'till I meet with one I will rather chuse to read *Et concilietur amicis*, that is it joyn'd with its Friends, and supported their Interests.

197. *Et regat iratos.*] As in *Oedipus*, the Chorus endeavours to moderate that Prince's Choler against *Tiresias*, and *Tiresias's* against him.

*Et amet peccare timentes.*] The Chorus was so Religious that it always declar'd for the Innocent against the Guilty.

198. *Ille dapus laudet mense brevis.*] The Chorus of Tragedy may have frequent Occasions to commend Sobriety, one of the principal Moral Virtues.

199. *Ille salubrem, justitiam, legesque.*] The Chorus of *Oedipus* furnishes us with wonderful Examples of what *Horace* writes on this Subject.

*Et apertis otia portis.*] As in that fine Chorus of *Euripides*, when addressing to the Queen of Peace, it says,

Queen of Riches, happy Peace,  
Fairest of the Goddesses;  
With what Impatience have I waited,  
How long expected you in vain?  
I fear Old Age will now destroy me  
Before I shall behold your Beauty,  
Before your Dances I behold  
So full of Grace, before I see  
Your Crowns, your Feasts, and hear your  
Songs.

200. *Ille regat commissa.*] The most Essential Qualities of the Chorus, are  
Fidelity

Fidelity and Secrecy, without which all Verisimilitude is lost, and the Poem spoilt. These Qualities depend on the Poet's Address, who ought so to chuse his Chorus, that its own Interest may engage it to Conceal what it is entrusted with, and to take care, that in concealing it, it does nothing against its Duty. *Euripides* has committed a Fault of this Kind, in his *Medea*, who tho' a Stranger at *Corinth*, contrives the Death of her Rival the King of *Corinth's* Daughter, as also that of the King, and afterwards to Kill her own Children, tells the Chorus, compos'd of *Corinthian* Women, the King's Subjects, her Design, and yet they are so Faithful to this Foreigner, that they do not discover it to their Natural Prince. The Chorus, 'tis true, must be faithful, but without violating the Laws of Nature, or the Laws of God: The Fidelity of the *Corinthian* Women to *Medea* is Criminal; the *Greek* Scholiasts endeavours to excuse it, by saying, that the *Corinthian* Women being Free, declar'd for justice, as Chorus's ought to do, which Excuse is ridiculous and impious; and the same *Euripides*, who has made this *Corinthian* Chorus so faithful, when it should not have been so, makes the Chorus of *Cressa's* Waiting Women in *ION*, fail in their Fidelity to *Xuthus*, and reveal her Husband's Secret to their Mistress, tho' he had Commanded them, on Pain of Death, not to do it. *Horace's* Rule is, indeed, not so General, but it may admit of some Exception; but I can much less forgive *Euripides* for the Treachery committed in *Iphigenia in Tauris*; the Chorus is compos'd of *Grecian* Women, and this Princess begs them to tell no Body of her Plot to carry off the Statue of *Diana*, promising to take them with her. The Women are Faithful to her, and yet she flies away alone with *Orestes*, and abandons them to the Rage of *Thoas*, who would certainly have severely punish'd them, had not *Minerva* come to their Deliverance.

201. *Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.*] A necessary Consequence of the Justice and Piety of the Chorus; the Ancients blame *Euripides*, because his Chorus's are not always so much

concern'd as they ought to be, for the Unhappy. *Sophocles* never err'd once in this Particular.

202. *Tibia non ut nunc, Orichalco vineta.*] The eighteen following Verses are Obscure. After having spoken of the Chorus's in Tragedy, he speaks of the Changes that had happen'd in the Musick, and the Verse, and the better to Explain it, makes use of a very just Example, saying, that as the Chorus's of the *Roman* Plays, which were at first plain, with one very little Flute, and without any Ornament, chang'd the Tone when the *Roman* People began to be more Powerful and Rich, Riches and Luxury having introduc'd the same Change in Verse and Musick, as in Manners; so the same Thing happen'd to the Chorus of the *Greek* Tragedies, the Musick of which was at first as Plain as the Verse, but by degrees it became more Harmonious and Strong, and the Measure of the Verse was accommodated to the Musick; in which Measure they soon imitated the Dignity and Majesty of the Oracles.

*Orichalco vineta.*] *Ὀρίχαλλον*, *Orichalk*, a sort of Mountain Copper, what we now-a-days call *Brass*; The Ancients esteem'd it so much, that for a long Time they prefer'd it to Gold it self, as in the 11d Chapter of the XXXIVth Book of *Pliny*: *Virgil* puts it with Gold, speaking of *Turnus's* Cuirass. Those who took it for a Natural Metal, half Gold, and half Copper, did not Remember *Aristotle's* Observation, that Nature produces no such sort of Metal.

*Tubaque amula.*] The Flute was brought by degrees to such a Pitch, that it equal'd the Trumpet, and was then us'd in the Chorus's of Tragedies.

203. *Sed tenuis simplexque.*] *Tenuis* oppos'd to *tuba amula*; *simplex* to *orichalco vineta*.

*Foramine paucis adspirare chorū erat utilis.*] Having few Holes, proper for the Chorus's of Tragedy, which do not require sounding Musick. The old Commentator, says *Varro*, in the 11d Book of the *Latin* Tongue, which is lost, said he had seen one of the Ancient Flutes with but four Holes.

204. *Adspirare*

204. *Adspirare chorus erat nili.* ] A little Flute is sufficient for a Chorus, first, because the Musick should be soft, loud Musick not agreeing with the Sentiments the Chorus ought to have, as *Pity, Tenderness, &c.* and secondly, because the Theatres were then very little, and not much frequented.

206. *Quo sane populum numerabilis utpote parvus.* ] *Horace* lays down four Reasons why the *Romans* were at first no fondler of Theatrical Representations: As 1. They were but few in Number. 2. They were Wise. 3. They were Pious, and 4. They were Modest. *Montieur le Fevre* will have it, that the first destroys all the rest. If the Play-Houles were empty, because there were few People to fill them, what need we attribute it to their Piety or Wisdom. He therefore corrected the Text *parvus, Thrifty*, for *parvus, small*; which Reading is not just: *Horace* opposes *parvus*, to *agros extendere*, and *latior murus*, as he opposes the three other Epithets, *Wise, Pious, and Modest*, to *vinoque diurno placari genius*, to the dissolute Manners which reign'd soon after on Festival Days; besides, the Word *parvus, Thrifty*, which *Montieur le Fevre* would read instead of *parvus, small*, cannot come in here on any account, since the People did not pay any Thing at the Theatre, the Magistrates detraying the Charge.

208. *Postquam capit agros extendere victor.* ] When their Victories oblig'd the *Romans* to extend the Compass of their Walls, to admit the Nations they had subdu'd, then Luxury and Riches alter'd the Verse and Musick of the Chorus's, from Simplicity to Pomp.

209. *Vinoque diurno placari Genius festis impune diebus.* ] 'Twas not Lawful for the first *Romans* to Debauch by Daylight, even not on Festivals; *placari Genius*, sooth their Genius: A happy Expression for the Mirth of Wine and good Company.

211. *Accessit numerisque, modisque licentia major.* ] They gave themselves full Liberty to alter the Verse and Musick, from a soft and simple, to a lofty and diversify'd Tone.

212. *Indoctus quid enim saperet.* ] *Horace* attributes the Variety and Wantonness,

which were added to Poetry and Musick, to the Ignorance, Laziness, Rudeness, and Villeness of the Villagers admitted by the *Romans* into their Body. *Socrates* and *Plato*. are of Opinion, that wanton Musick proceeds from the Ignorance of the Mind, and the Corruption of the Heart.

*Liberque laborum.* ] Lazy, and in Repose after the Vintage and Harvest.

213. *Urbano confusus, turpu honesto?* ] The Rudeness and Debauchery of the Villagers, prevail'd over the Gentility and Severity of the *Romans*.

214. *Sic prisca motumque & luxuriam addidit arti.* ] The Playeis on the Flute, added Movement and Wantonness to the ancient Art, which was before chaste and severe. *Motus* answers to *numerus*, in the 211th Verse, and *luxuria* to *modus*. *Pliny* says, While they made use of simple Musick, but after the Variety and Wantonness of Song were added to it, which is taken from the 14th Book of *Theophrastus's* History of Plants. *Plato* tells us, The Variety in Musick produc'd Intemperance.

215. *Traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.* ] Dress, as well as Musick, was Corrupted: The Musicians wore their Robes with long Trains, only us'd by the *Greeks*; in Tragedies they call'd them *Syrma*, as in *Julius Pollux*. *Vagus* relates to the Motion of the Chorus, in singing the *Strophees* and *Antistrophees*.

216. *Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis.* ] The Application of the Example. As our Musick and Poetry chang'd as our People aggrandiz'd themselves; so did also the *Grecian* Lyre, from a plain, to a lofty Tone: *Cicero*, in his 11d Book *de legibus*, speaks of the Severities of the ancient Musick: *antiqua Musica severitas*.

*Fidibus.* ] *Horace* assures us the ancient *Greek* Tragedy made use of the Lyre; and indeed the Lyre was us'd a long time. *Sophocles* play'd on it in his Tragedy of *Thamyris*.

217. *Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia preceps.* ] The Verses of the *Greek* Chorus, like those of the *Latin*, underwent the same Change as the Musick; instead of Plainness an Extravagance of Language was affected, little different

from that of the Priests in pronouncing their Oracles. *Horace* here falls on the *Greek* Tragick Poets, who are very often Bombast, and affecting the *Sublime*, swell into *Fustian*, in imitation of the Priests. *Heinsius* is very much mistaken in this Passage.

*Facundia præceps.*] The Epithet *Præceps*, is enough to shew us, that *Horace* is censuring and not commending: *Facundia præceps*, is a bold rash Eloquence, the Rhetoricians call it *Metæaron*, and *Quintilian*, *præcepita*. *Longinus* opposes it to the *Sublime*. 'Twas said of *Æschylus*, *sublimis usque ad vitium*.

218. *Utiliumque sagax rerum & divina futuri.*] *Heinsius* is out again here: *Horace*, as he pretends, is shewing how Tragedy came to its Perfection; whereas he is not talking of Tragedy in general, but of the *Chorus*, and shews how it came to be Corrupted: One of the Functions of the *Chorus* was to Comfort the Afflicted, which ought to be perform'd with a Noble Simplicity; but from giving Advice, the Poets, in Time, gave entirely into *Prophesie*, as the *Chorus* of *Æschylus*: *Agamemnon* says, *I Prophesie without Mission and without Wages*. *Horace* here condemns the Bombast Diction, and the Obscurity of the *Chorus's*.

220. *Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum.*] He now speaks of the *Satyrick* Poetry of the *Greeks*; a sort of Poetry between Comedy and Tragedy: *Horace* seems here to attribute the Invention of it to *Thespis*: He who disputed the Prize of Tragedy, soon produc'd *Satyr*s; but there are two Reasons against this Opinion: The first is, we read no where of *Thespis's* *Satyrick* Pieces, and the second, that the Disputes for the Prize of Tragick Poetry were not in Use in *Thespis's* Time, as *Plutarch* informs us in the Life of *Solon*. *Suidas* is positive that *Pratinas* was the Inventer of *Satyr*s. He liv'd a few Years after the Death of *Thespis*; 'tis therefore likely *Horace* means him, and that this Poet, after having disput'd the Prize of Tragedy, in a very little while wrote *Satyr*s.

*Tragico carmine certavit.*] The Disputes of the Prize of Tragick Poetry were by the Poets producing their Pieces to be

play'd in Publick: 'Tis plain by this Passage, that these Disputes were more Ancient than the Invention of *Satyr*s.

*Ob hircum.*] The Poet who obtain'd the Prize had a Goat for his Reward; it being the usual Sacrifice to *Bacchus*, who presided over Tragedy; and some will have it Tragedy takes its Name from this very Goat, *τραγῳδία*, *The Song of the Goat*.

221. *Agrestes Satyros nudavit.*] Shew'd *Satyr*s Naked and without Disguise, that is, bad *Satyrick* Pieces play'd, wherein *Satyr*s compos'd the *Chorus*, with *Father Silenus* at their Head: *D. merius Phalerens* says, *No Body can ever form a Tragedy, wherein Raillery and Laughter may be introduc'd; for he would then write a Satyr*. There's but one remaining of all the *Satyrick* Pieces of the Ancients, which is the *Cyclop* of *Euripides*. and that's sufficient to justify what *Horace* has written of them he says *Agrestes Satyros*, as *Euripides* said of the *Cyclop*, *Κύκλωπος ἀγροβότα*.

222. *Et asper incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit.*] He endeavour'd to bring Raillery and Pleasantry into *Satyrick* Pieces, without offending the Gravity of Tragedy: The Poet must always remember he is writing a sort of Tragedy, and have a Care of falling into mean Raillery, which is only excusable in Comedy. *Tiberius* in the *Cyclop* rallies *Ulysses*, and yet preserves the Gravity of Tragedy. *I know this Famous Prater, this Noble Sprig of Sisyphus*. *Horace* u's the Word *Asper*, Sharp, to express its Raillery.

223. *Illecebris erat & grata novitate morandus spectator.*] He attributes the Origin of *Satyr*s to the Audience's Desire of Novelty: *Dionetius*, and *Marius Victorinus*, have said the same Thing. *Satyr*s induxerunt Ludendi Causa, jocandique ut simul Spectator inter Res Tragicas seriasque, Satyrarum quoque jocis & lusibus delectaretur. The Poets however had a more useful and specious Pretence for it: Tragedy was at first only a *Chorus*, who sung the Praises of *Bacchus*; *Actors* were afterwards introduc'd, and Scenes and Acts plac'd between their Songs; Tragedy became so alter'd at last, that the *Chorus* was almost lost in it, insomuch, that it was a Saying. *It*



make not at all for Bacchus. The People were not for abolishing a good Old Custom; and the Poets, in Honour of Bacchus, and to give them Satisfaction, resolv'd to Establish the Ancient Chorus, and in such an agreeable Manner, that it should be improv'd by the Addition of Pleasantry; this was the Origin of Satyrs, wherein the Chorus mingled the Praises of Bacchus.

224. *Functusque sacris, & potus & Exlex.*] The three Reasons for the Invention of something to divert the Audience. 1. They offer'd a Sacrifice, in which there was no want of Meat and Wine. 2. They drank cheerfully at that Festival. 3. They were for any Thing frolicksome and extravagant.

225. *Verum ita risores, ita commendare dicere.*] Tho' on those Festivals the People were disorderly, their vicious Tastes must not be humour'd with Impudent Satyrs; they must be half Serious to correct those Vicious Tastes and half Pleasant, to be suited to the Festival: It may be objected, How comes it Horace lays down Rules for the Satyrick Pieces of the Greeks, of what use could these Rules be to the Romans? In Answer, Horace prescrib'd those Rules, because the Romans imitated the Satyrs, in their Attellanes, as in *Diomedes*. There's a third sort of Roman Plays call'd Attellanes, from Attella, a City in Tuscany, where they began, which in their Subject and Raillery are entirely like the Satyrick Pieces of the Greeks; the only difference being, in the latter, Satyrs or other Ridiculous Actors were introduc'd, as *Auolycus*, *Burris*, &c. and in the Attellanes, obscene Actors, as *Marcus*: If *Diomedes* is not mistaken, his *Persona obscena* are the same Horace calls Satyrs; but *Vossius* pretends it should be read *persona osca*, *Oscan* or *Tuscan* Actors; obscene Persons being rather in the *Mimes* than in the Attellanes: By what Horace says, 'tis unquestionable that there were Satyrs, and 'tis doubtless out of one of them *Marcus Victorinus* took that Verse,

*Agite, fugite, quatite Satyri.*

Perhaps, instead of *Tuscan* Actors, the Romans afterwards introduc'd Satyrs into these Attellanes. This Passage to be clear

should run thus: In our Attellane Plays we have imitated the Satyrick Tragedies of the Greeks, but tho' the Occasions on which they are play'd be still the same, and the People are not less mad, yet we ought not to conform to their vicious Appetites; we should give 'em some of those Rall'ing and Poignant Satyrs, and make 'em piss, &c. Bring 'em into Vogue, Commendare.

226. *Ita vertere seria iudo.*] This Passage signifies turning serious Things into gay, playing Satyrick Scenes after Tragical: As in Greece, and Attalanes after Tragedies as in Rome.

227. *Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur Heros.*] Gods, Kings, and Heroes were represented in the Attellanes, as well as the Satyrick Pieces. *Diomedes* is therefore mistaken when he says, Satyrick Poetry is with the Greeks a Theatrical Performance, in which the Tragick Poets have not introduc'd Kings and Heroes, but Satyrs to rally and be merry. The principal Actor in Euripides's *Cyclop* is *Ulysses*.

228. *Regali conspectus in auro nuper & astro.*] The Greek Poets, when the Prize of Tragedy was disputed, had commonly four Tragedies represented, the last of which was a Satyrick Piece. The four were term'd *Tetralogie*, and were written on the same Subject as *Ulysses*, *Achilles*, *Orestes*, &c. they had the same Name, the Hero's of the Play: The *Orestiad* of *Eschylus*, is so call'd, to express the four Tragedies written on the Adventures of *Orestes*. There were also *Tetralogies*, where the four Pieces were written on different Subjects: We read of a *Tetralogie* of *Euripides*, which consisted of four Plays, on so many different Fables; as the *Medea*, the *Philoctetes*, the *Diſtys*, and the *Reapers*; but those that were on the Adventures of the same Hero were most esteem'd, as being most difficult. In the *Frogs* of *Aristophanes*, *Euripides* bids *Eschylus*, Rehearse the first Prologue of his *Orestiad*. The Romans had no *Tetralogies*: They wrote a Tragedy, and an Attellane, on the same Hero; the same Actor appear'd in both; for which Reason Horace carefully recommends to the Poet so to order it, that the Hero who was seen deckt in Gold and Purple, *Nuper*, in the first Play,

Play, the *Tragedy*, might not dwindle in the second, the *Attellane*, to a Comick Character: In a Word, the Hero in the *Attellane* should keep the *Middle*, between the *Sublime* of *Tragedy*, and the *Meanness* of *Comedy*: The Romans had something like *Tetralogies*, they had three Plays acted, one after another, on the same Subject; the first a real *Tragedy*; the second the *Attellane*; the third a *Satyr* or *Exode*, a kind of Farce of one Act; they were all acted in the same Cloaths, with the same Mask, and by the same Actors; there were also the *Tabernaria*, *Tavern-Pieces*, more decent than the *Exodes*.

*Nuper.*] This proves, that the same Actor play'd in the *Attellane*, as play'd in the *Tragedy*: *Plautus* tells us as much in the Prologue to his *Menechmes*, *Hæc urbs Epidamnium est, &c. This City shall be Epidamnium, during this Piece; when we Play another it shall be another City, after the same manner as we change the Band of Players; for the same Actor is sometimes a Slave, sometimes a Merchant, sometimes a Young Man, sometimes an Old one, sometimes a Beggar, sometimes a King, &c.* *St. Jerome* has a fine Comparison on this changing of our Parts in the Scene of Life.

227. *Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.*] The *Tabernaria* were so call'd, because there were Taverns on the Stage: *Festus* says of 'em, *Viris excellenibus humiles permixti, ut sunt plagiarii servi Componæ.* People of Quality were jumbled in them with the Rabble. The Dialogue was low. *Vossius* pretends *Plautus's Amphitryon* is one of these Pieces, in which neither Gods nor Heroes were ever introduc'd; for *Horace* says, the Hero of the *Attellane* ought not to imitate the Vulgar Language of the *Tavern Piece*.

231. *Effutire laves indigna Tragedia versus.*] *Horace* speaks of the *Attellane*, which was in such Esteem, that those who play'd in it were not rank'd with the Comedians; when they play'd ill they were not oblig'd to unmask on the Stage, as the others were: They did not lose their Pay, and were allow'd to List in the Armies; wherefore mean and low Verses were unworthy so Grave

and Honourable a Poem as the *Attellane*.

232. *Ut fessis matrona moveri iussa diebus.*] An admirable Description of the Characters of the Satyrs introduc'd in these *Attellanes*; they should not be Sawcy and Impudent like common Satyrs, nor Solemn and reserv'd like *Stoicks*, but gay and pleasant; in a Word, an *Attellane* should imitate a Modest Woman, who does not make Profession of Dancing, yet Dances on Festival-Days, in Obedience to Religion and Custom. *Euripides's Satyrs*, in the *Cyclop*, are just such as *Horace* describes 'em, and keep the Mean he recommends.

*Matrona moveri iussa.*] Young Women were commonly chosen for the Dances in Honour of the Gods. Marry'd Women danc'd on the Feast of the great Goddess, by Order of the Pontiffs; wherefore *Horace* uses the Word *iussa*.

234. *Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum verbaque.*] A Poet who writes *Attellanes* should not neglect his Style, nor give every Thing its Name without a Turn: *Dominantia verba*, Proper Names; he calls them *Reigning*, because they are properly Masters of the Things they signify; the *Greeks* term'd them *Kôpta*, *Masters*. In *Euripides's Cyclop*, *Silenus* speaking to *Ulysses* and his Companions, says, *Now you have got young Hellen again, have not you all Carest her a little, since she loves so much to change her Husband?* which is Modest for a *Silenus* in his Cups: *Horace* would correct the Licentiousness of the *Satyrick Pieces* of his Time.

235. *Satyrorum scriptor.*] If I were to write *Satyrs*, for *Satyrick Pieces*.

236. *Nec sic enitar tragico differre color.*] The *Satyrick Pieces* should keep the exact Mean between the *Tragick* and the *Comick Style*; but the Poet should not be always so afraid of the *Tragick*, as to make *Silenus* in an *Attellane*, talk like a Footman in a *Comedy*; *Silenus* is a Person who may speak Nobly, as he does in *Euripides's Cyclop*.

*Tragico color.*] He takes the Metaphor from Painting, and calls the different Styles, Colours, the colouring of *Tragedy* must be preserv'd in the *Attellanes*.

237. *Davusne loquatur an audax Pythias.*] *Davus* was a Footman in *Menander's* and *Terence's* Comedies. *Pythias* as a Servant-Maid in a Comedy of *Lucilius's*, who cheated Old *Simon* of his Money. *Horace* (speaking of the Comick Style, uses a Comick Term, *emuncto Simone; emungere* is in the Low Style, *emunxi argento senex*.

239. *An custos famulusque Dei Silenus.*] All the Ancients represent *Silenus* as a wrinkled Old Man, bald, and flat Nos'd, with a long Beard; they make him Governor, and Foster-Father of *Bacchus*. *Orpheus* begins his Hymns to him thus, *Hear me thou Venerable Foster-Father of Bacchus*.

240. *Ex noto fictum carmen sequar.*] The *Attellane* Poets, as well as the Comick, Invented their Subject as they pleas'd. *Horace* condemns this Practice, and says, he would take the Subject of his *Attellane*, as well as his *Tragedy*, from some known Story, as there ought to be no difference in this between a *Tragedy* and an *Attellane*. *Euripides* took the Story of his *Cyclop* from the *Odysses*.

241. *Ut sibi quisvis speret idem, sudet multum frustra que laboret.*] 'Tis difficult to observe Nature and Verisimilitude in Invented Stories; *difficile est proprie communia dicere*. The Subject taken from a known Story appears so Natural, that every one believes he could do as much himself.

242. *Tantum series juncturaque pollet.*] *Horace* is talking of the Disposition of the Subject, and affirms, that when a Subject taken from a known Story, such as *Ulysses*, *Orestes*, &c. is well concerted, and well adjusted, it deceives all the World, who think nothing so easie; whereas in truth, as *Quintilian* says of Eloquence, nothing is harder, than what every one imagines he could have done himself; the Poet invents Incidents, but applies them to a known Story, of which he makes one probable Whole, by that Ingenious Connection *Horace* calls *juncturam*.

243. *Tantum de medio sumptis accedit bonoris.*] So many Charms are there in known Subjects. *De medio sumpta*, Subjects that are in every ones Hands, such

as the *Adventures of Ulysses*, of one of which *Euripides* form'd the Story of his *Cyclop*.

244. *Sylvis deducti caveant me iudice Fauni.*] The Poets of his Time were apt to forget, that the *Satyrs* and *Fauns* were the Inhabitants of the Woods.

245. *Nec velut innati triviis ac penes forenses, aut nimium.*] The two Extremities he recommends to them to avoid, not to make their *Satyrs* too Polite, nor too Rude; Politeness and Brutality reign in Cities, in the Country Simplicity, which is the Mean between Brutality and Politeness.

246. *Nimium teneris juvenentur versibus.*] *Horace* has Coin'd the Word *juvenari*, to express the Greek Word *νεανισκίζω*, *juvenescere*, to grow Young. *Satyrs* should not say things too soft and tender; such as Young Men say in Cities, when they make Love; this would be too polite for them; *Euripides* has fallen into this Fault in his *Cyclop*, where the Chorus says between the third and fourth Acts.

Happy the Man who gives a lose to Joy,  
Near the pure Spring where grows the  
lovely Vine,  
And in his Bosom hugs a beauteous Nymph.  
Happy the Man wish Essences perfum'd,  
That in his Arms a charming Maid en-  
folds,  
As Soft and Wanton as she's Fair.

All *Euripides's* Care to mix some Savage Words here and there, as *ὠραλαίζων*, to hug under his Armpits, does not take so much off of its Politeness, but that it is still too affected for a *Satyr*.

247. *Aut immunda crepent.*] They must not talk Obscenely, like Town Rakes: *Euripides's* *Satyrs* are very Modest. *Virgil* has also observ'd this Precept, in his VIth Eclogue, where he makes *Silenus* say,

Carmina qui vultis cognoscite: car-  
mina vobis,  
Huic aliud mercedis erit.

Hear the Verse you ask of me, the Verses  
are for you and for her; the Nymph  
*Egle*, she shall have another Reward. A  
wanton Thing cannot be said with more

Modesty. Where there is not this Decency, the Pieces are *Mimes*, and not *Attelanes*. *Cicero* writes to *Papyrius*, who had rally'd him a little too Cynically, *I now come to your Railery, wherein after the Poet Accius's Oenomaus, you have play'd not the true Attelane, as was heretofore the Custom, but the true Mime, as is the Custom now-a-days.* This Passage in the IXth Book, Epistle the XVth, has been ill interpreted. *Cicero* complains that the Poets of his Time, in their *Attelane* Pieces, fell into the Obscenity of the *Mimes*. The Civil War had introduc'd this Abuse, which *Horace* wou'd have reform'd.

*Ignominiosaque dicta.*] I have rendred it *Rude Affronts*. Satyrs should not be guilty of the foul Language which is in Towns. *Euripides's* Satyrs say nothing Rude to *Ulysses*.

248. *Quibus est equus, & pater, & res.*] *Quibus est equus.* Those who have a Horse kept at the Pub'ick Expence. The Knights. *Quibus est pater,* Those who have Fathers. The Nobles, the Patricians. *Quibus est res,* Those that have Wealth, and are neither Knights nor Nobles.

249. *Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat aut nucis emior*] He who buys fry'd Pease, or fry'd Nuts; meaning the Populace, who us'd to buy them at *Rome*.

251. *Syllaba longa brevi subiecta.*] He comes now to speak of the Verse of Tragedy. He had given a Hint of it in the 80th Verse.

252. *Pes citus.*] The Iambick is One Short, and One Long; the Short Foot being first occasions its Swiftnes. *Terentianus* has thus explain'd it in Iambick Verse.

*Adesto iambe prapes & tui tenax  
Vigoris, adde concisum celer pedem.*

*Unde etiam trimetris accrescere iussit nomen iambeis quum senos.*] Tho' the Iambick Verse consists of Six Feet, yet 'tis call'd *Trimeter*, on Account of its Swiftnes; two Feet being joyn'd together in Scanning it. The Short Feet make it so eate. Thus instead of measuring this Verse into Six Feet,

*Adest iam | be pra | pes & | tui | tenax.*

'Tis measur'd into Three,

*Adest iam | be prapes & | tui tenax. |*

*jugatis per dipodiam binis pedibus ter feritur.* *Victorinus.*

*Primus ad extremum similis sibi.*] The first Iambick was equal and alike from One End to the Other; that is, 'twas all compos'd of Iambicks, without the mixture of any other Foot.

255. *Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures.*] The Poets mingled *Spondees* to correct the Swiftnes of Iambicks, as more agreeable to the Gravity and Majesty of Tragedy.

256. *Spondeos stabiles.*] He calls them *Stable*, as consisting of two Long Feet, a Support to one another, whereas the Iambick Limp.

257. *Non ut de sede secunda cederet aut quarta socialiter.*] The Iambick only yields to the *Spondee* the odd Places in Tragedy, as the First, Third and Fifth Foot. *Terentianus* has very well explain'd this in his little Treatise.

*At qui cothurnis regio actus levant, &c.*

*But those who take the Buskins to represent the Adventures of Kings, that their Style may the better Answer their Royal Pomp, make use of Majestick Sounds, but keep however this Law inviolable; Let the Second, Fourth and Last Foot be Iambick.* This Mixture renders the Verse more Noble. 'Tis still the *Trimeter* Measure, the Second Foot being an Iambick. The Comick Poets, to Disguise their Verse, invented the Tragick Order, and put *Spondees* in the Even-places, where the Tragick Poets admitted of the *Iambick* only; were there no other Difference but this of Number, it wou'd give the Antients a great Advantage over us, who have but one Sort of Verse for Comedy and Tragedy. Tho' the Words are different, the Numbers are the same. *Mr. Dacier* is speaking of his Country-men the *French*; the *English* have never, or very

very seldom, observ'd Measure in their Comedies, which are written in Prose, their Tragedies in Verse; and in this Difference the Ancients have not the same Advantage over the English Poets, as they have over the French.

258. *Socialiter.*] As Associates, to whom every thing is in Common.

254. *Hic & in Acci nobilibus trimetris, apparet varus, & Enni.*] 'Tis Ridiculous to think *Hic* here means the pure Iambick, and that *Horace* would praise *Accius* and *Ennius* for making use of it; the pure Iambick being condemn'd in Tragedy. He blames *Ennius* and *Accius* for neglecting the Mixture of *Spondees* and *Iambicks*, and making hard and heavy Verses, by ill placing the *Spondees*, or putting in too many of 'em. *Nobilibus trimetris*, is an Irony, in my Opinion. *Vossius* is mistaken in Construing *hic* here to be *hic loci*.

260. *In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus.*] *Hinsius* did not understand the Meaning of this Passage. Instead of *missos*, we must read *missus*, according to *Theodorus Marcilius's* Correction. *Horace* continues to Censure *Ennius* and *Accius*, and says, that their Verses push'd upon the Stage with great Weights. Their Verses were full of *Spondees*, which made them so heavy they could not walk of themselves, and were push'd on.

262. *Premis artis crimine turpi.*] *Servius* on the Vth Book of the *Aeneis*, quotes this Verse out of *Horace*,

*Nec tanta in Metri venia conceditur Usi.*

It is not permitted to take so much Liberty in Verses. If *Servius* is not mistaken, this Verse may follow immediately after *aut Ignoratas*, &c. and we may thence infer, that this Piece of the *Art of Poetry* is not entire, but that several Verses are lost. I do not, however, think this Verse is *Horace's*.

263. *Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex.*] Every one does not understand the Number and Cadence of Verse, and the Poets therefore meet with a foolish Indulgence. He means, *Accius*, *Ennius*, and others, acquir'd their Reputation at a Cheap Rate, the World being more Kind than Just to them.

265. *Idcirco ne vagar, scribamque licenter?*] Indulgence makes Poets negligent; *vagari*, to write at a venture, to put a *Spondee* in the Second Foot as well as the First.

266. *Tutus, & intra spem venia cautus?*] It signifies, Word for Word, By securing my self and taking Precautions, without expelling a Pardon; the Word *Intra* always denote, that we remain on this Side. *Florus* says that the Action of *Horatius*, who kill'd his Sister, *intra Gloriam* suit, was without Glory.

267. *Vitavi denique culpam, non laudem merui.*] He who writes regularly avoids Blame, but does not deserve Praise. A Man must do more than not be guilty of Faults to merit Applause.

268. *Vos exemplaria Graeca nocturna versate manu.*] *Horace* does not propose the Reading the Ancients to such as are contented with avoiding Faults only, but to those who aim at Perfection, which is no where to be found, except in the Greek Authors. Thus *Terentianus*,

*Maurus item Quantos potui cognoscere Graijos? &c.*

How much might I, who am an African, have learn'd of the Greeks? In the Study of whom consists particularly the Art of Poetry. *Horace* recommends the Greek Originals, *Homer* and *Plato* for the Characters and the Passions; *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, &c. for Tragedy; and *Aristophanes* for Comedy.

270. *At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros laudavere sales.*] Some pretend that *Horace* being the Son of a Freed-Man, could not say *Nostri proavi*, our Fore-fathers, and that it should be *Vestri proavi*, your Fore-fathers; others alledge, that speaking of the Romans in general, he might say *Our*; Whereas, in Truth, *Horace* is not speaking himself, but the *Piso's* or the *Romans*, who upon his saying, *Vos exemplaria Graeca*, answer him, *Why do you turn us over to the Greeks, have not our Ancestors recommended Plautus to us for his Verse and Pleasantry?*

271. *Nimis patienter utrumque ne decam stulte, mirati.*] *Horace's* Reply to the *Piso's*; Yes, Your Ancestors did admire

mire the Plesantry and Verse of Plautus, but they were too good-natur'd in it, not to say too Foolish. 'Tis certain, Plautus is by no means Nice in his Verse, which are for that Reason call'd *Numeros innumeros*, Numbers without Numbers, in the Epitaph he made on himself. 'Tis certain also, that his Plesantry is often too flat, mean and extravagant, as it is sometimes too Delicate and Fine. Cicero proposes him as a Pattern for Rallery. Horace does not here oppose Cicero's Judgment in this Particular, but condemns the Ignorance of those who thought Plautus excell'd alike in every thing. Mrs. Dacier has handled this Matter in her Preface to Three of Plautus's Comedies.

274. *Legitimumque sonum.*] He calls a Regular Measure and Harmony, a Lawful Sound. He has said elsewhere, *Legitimum Poema.*

*Digitis callemus, & aure.*] Those who have a nice and delicate Ear, when they hear good Verse beat Time with their Fingers or Feet, like Musicians. Terentianus, *Quam pollicis Senare, &c.* The Masters of the Art are wont to mark the Cadence by striking with the Foot or Finger. The beating Time with the Foot is most Ancient, that with the Hand was not known in Juvenal's Time. For, says his Commentator on that Verse of his, *Audiat ille testarum crepitus, They beat Time with Shells, like our Castanets, when the Pantomimes Danc'd; the Masters of the Chorus not beating them with their Hands.*

275. *Ignotum tragicae genus invenisse Camæna dicitur.*] Having treated fully of Tragedy, he comes in the next Place to Comedy, which was a long Time compriz'd under the general Name of Tragedy. There were several Tragick and Comick Poets before *Theſpis*, but because he was the First that made Alterations of the Drama, and reduc'd it to Form, he is look'd upon as the Inventor of Dramatick Poetry; Tragedy before *Theſpis*'s Time was only a parcel of Tales in a Comick Stile, mingled with the Songs of a Chorus in the Praise of Bacchus. Plato writes in his *Minos*, Tragedy is very Ancient, it was not begun by *Theſpis* and *Phrynicus*, &c.

276. *Et plaustris vexisse poemata Theſpis, que canerent agerentque perunctis facibus ora.*] Some Learned Men have imagin'd Horace is speaking only of the Alterations *Theſpis* made in the Ancient Tragedy. The first is his carrying his Actors about in a Cart, whereas they before this sung any where and any how, as it happen'd. The other is his Smearing of 'em with Lees of Wine, whereas before they play'd without doing any thing to their Faces. The chief Alteration of all is omitted by these Commentators, which is *Theſpis*'s throwing in an Actor among the Chorus, to ease them, and give 'em a Breathing Time; which Actor rehears'd an Adventure of some Illustrious Person, which Rehearsal and Adventure gave Rise to the Fable and Persons of the Drama; wherefore he says, *qua canerent agerentque.* They Sung and Acted; they Sung the Chorus, they acted the Actor. This addition of one Actor was doubtless very Entertaining to the People, who before had been only us'd to hear the Chorus. See the 17th Chapter of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*. These Actors playing in a Cart a Sort of Droll Pieces, full of Scandal, gave occasion to a Greek Proverb, *He talks in a Cart; for, he Rails, he As-fronts.*

278. *Post hunc Persona pallaque repertor honesta Aeschylus.*] *Theſpis*'s Alterations put *Aeschylus* upon making more considerable Ones. He brought out his Actors with Vizards; for *Persona* here is a Vizard, and not a Person. He dress'd them in Robes with Trains; he put the Buskin on them, and instead of a Cart built a Stage for them, changing the Stile from Burlesque to Grave and Serious. I wonder Horace makes no mention of farther Alterations of his of greater Consequence; for *Aristotle* tells us he added another Actor to *Theſpis*'s, that he lessen'd the Songs of the Chorus, and invented a Principal Part. 'Tis strange that Horace shou'd not mention that Improvement, and as strange that *Aristotle* does not mention these Alterations of Horace, in *Aeschylus*'s Pieces, from those of *Theſpis*. The Poet is less excusable than the Philosopher, for that the Latter speaks of the most Important.

*Pallaque.*] What *Laertius* calls *σολὴν*,  
a Robe with a Train.

279. *Instravit pulpita tignis.*] *Pulpitum*,  
the Stage.

281. *Successit vetus his comœdia.*] *Heinsius* pretends these Four Verses should come after the 250th, where *Horace* speaks of *Satyrs*, to which he affirms the Old Comedy succeeded. But this is their True Place. When *Horace* says, the Old Comedy succeeded *Thespis* and *Æschylus's* Plays, he does not mean that there were no Tragick Poets after them, nor wou'd he have it understood that the Old Comedy ow'd its Origin to Tragedy. His Design is to shew us that Comedy was cultivated, after Tragedy had arriv'd to a Degree of Perfection, which is also *Aristotle's* Opinion. *Comedy*, says he, was not cultivated from the Beginning, as Tragedy was, &c. After the Grave and Serious Part of the first Tragedies was separated from the Comick, the Poets stuck to the Former and neglected the Latter. After Tragedy was arriv'd at Perfection, the Poets began to cultivate Comedy even in *Æschylus's* Time, as did *Chionides*, *Magnes* and *Phormus*, with Success. And soon after *Æschylus's* Death, Comedy also arriv'd to Perfection in the Works of *Cratinus*, *Plato*, *Epicharmes*, *Crates*, *Eupolis*, *Aristophanes*, who were Contemporaries. Wherefore *Horace* had Reason to say *Successit vetus his Comœdia*. *Marcus Antoninus* tells us in the XIth Book, After Tragedy the Old Comedy appear'd. Does *Marcus Antoninus* mean the Satyrick Tragedy? 'Twould be Ridiculous to suppose it. For it is easie to prove, that the Old Comedy came before the Satyrick Pieces. *Monsieur Boileau* in his Poetry speaks of this Matter,

To the Success of the First Tragick Show,  
Th' Old Comedy in Greece its Birth did  
Owe.

He means, as *Horace* does, Comedy was cultivated after Tragedy was perfect.

282. *Sed in vitium libertas excidit.*] The Old Comedy was of two sorts; that which was properly so call'd, in which was no Fable, the Poets reprov'd Vice openly, and spar'd neither Citizens

nor Magistrates, whose Names, and even the Likeness of their Faces, they brought on the Stage. But when *Lyfander* had made himself Master of *Athenis*, and chang'd the Government from a Democracy into an Aristocracy, putting it into the Hands of the Thirty Tyrants, such a Liberty which was not compatible with Tyranny, displeas'd, and the Poets were forbidden to Name those whose Actions they represented. Fictitious Names were then us'd, but the Characters so well painted, that the Persons cou'd not be mistaken. This was call'd the *Middle Comedy*, which lasted till *Alexander's* Time, who having made himself Master of *Greece*, restrain'd the Licentiousness it had, by degrees, come to. This gave Rise to the *New Comedy*, being an Imitation of Common Life, with feign'd Stories and Supposititious Names. *Horace* speaks of the last Change.

*Et vim.*] *Vis*, the Force, for the Sharpness, the Scandal.

284. *Chorusque turpiter obicit, sublato jure docendi.*] He does not speak of the Reformation made in the Old Comedy. For there was a Chorus in the *Middle*; but of the Law against the Poets of the *Latter*, who being forbidden to fall on the Vices of their Fellow-Citizens, and exposing them Personally on the Stage, suppress'd the Chorus, which was apply'd particularly to that Use, as appears in the *Parabasis* of *Aristophanes's* Chorus's, where the Poet digresses to talk of himself, or the Publick; which not being allow'd afterwards in the *New Comedy*, there was no Chorus in it, as may be seen in *Menander's* Plays. As there's no Chorus in *Terence's* and *Plautus's* of the same Kind with the *New Comedy*, they are purely Moral; every thing is feign'd, both *Subjects* and *Names*, the Flutes fill'd up the Intervals between the Acts.

*Turpiter obicit.*] Shamefully Silent, to avoid the Punishment inflicted by the New Law. *Horace* looks on this Refrains as a Sort of Disgrace, for *turpiter* does not relate to *Docendi*.

285. *Nil intentatum nostri loquere Poeta.*] *Horace* having spok'e of the Changes that happen'd in the three Kinds of *Greek Comedy*, adds, the *Latin Poets* try'd all  
Three.

Three, that is, they take in the Gall of the *Old Comedy*, and the Pleasantry of *Middle*, in their Imitations of the *New*. The *Attellnes* had Chorus's like *Aristophanes's* Comedies.

286. *Vestigia Græcæ ausi deserere, & celebrare domesticæ facta.*] The Latin Poets at first translated Greek Plays call'd *Palliatas* from thence, the Subject of the Story being Greek; they afterwards invented Stories of their Own, which *Horace* terms *Domesticæ facta*, *Domestick Adventuræ*.

288. *Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.*] One of the most difficult Passages in *Horace*, and the main Difficulty consists in knowing whether *Horace* does not mean *Tragedy* by *prætextas*, and *Comedy* by *togatas*, or whether he speaks only of the different Kinds of *Comedy*, which last is the only true Interpretation. *Festus* writes, *Togatarum duplex est genus. prætextarum hominum fastigi quæ sic Appellantur quæ d togis prætextis rempublicam administrarent, Taberniarum, quia hominibus excellentibus etiam humiles permixti. Togata* is the *Genius* which comprehends the two Kinds of *Roman Comedies*, *prætexta* is one of the *Species* comprehended under the *Genius*, wherefore they are here *Togata*, and consequently *Comedies* and not *Tragedies*; since *Tragedies* were never call'd *Togata*. As the *Comedies* whose Stories were taken from the *Greek* were call'd *palliata*: So the *Comedies* whose Stories were *Roman* were call'd *togata*: A general Name given those *Roman Plays*, because the *Toga* was the Habit of the *Romans*, as the *Pallium* was that of the *Greek*. There were two Kinds of this *Togata*, and these two Kinds subdivided into two other, each of which had a Name given it according to its Subject and Actors. Those *Comedies* whose Subjects were *Grave*, and their Actors represented the chief Person in the State, were called *prætexta*, from the Habit *prætextæ* wore by the *Magistrates*, the Robe edg'd with *Purple*; those that were less *Grave*, and represented *Inferior Persons*, were term'd *togata*. *Melissus* invented a Third Sort, *Trabeates*, from their representing *Soldiers* and *Knights*, whose Habit was call'd *Trabe*. The *Comedies* below these, re-

presenting the Actions of the *Meaner People*, were term'd *Tabernaria*. There are none of these Plays extant, neither the *Prætextæ* nor *Togata*. There were Poets for each Kind, as *Afranius Titinius* and *Quintus Atta*, who wrote *Togatas*, and *Pacuvius* and *Accius*, who wrote the *Prætextæ*. The former were reckon'd true *Comick Poets*, as *Horace* says in the 1st *Epistle* of the 11d Book.

*Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro.*

He afterwards places *Atta* among the *Comick Poets*. *Pacuvius* and *Accius* wrote the Plays call'd *Prætextæ*, *Comedies* of a more serious Cast. The two latter have been stil'd *Tragick Poets*, *Tragedia Scriptores Accius atque Pacuvius clarissimi*; and consequently these *Prætextæ* have been thought to be *Tragedies*; but they were not call'd *Tragick Poets* for their *Prætextæ*, but for *Tragedies* written by them. *Pacuvius* wrote *Anchyses*, *Antiope*, &c. *Accius*, *Achilles*, *Ægisthus*, *Alceste*, &c. which were real *Tragedies*. The *Prætextæ* Pieces of *Pacuvius* were *Paulus*, *Tunicularia*; and *Accius's* *Brutus*, and *Decius*. Their Names shew they were serious Pieces that came very near *Tragedy*; tho' they were in Effect true *Comedy*: They treated of true Facts, mixing the *Gay* and the *Serious* together. In a Letter of *Pollio's* to *Cicero*, Book X. we learn, that the *Questor Balbus*, a very *Insolent Man*, had caus'd a *Prætextæ* Play to be represented at *Cadix*, the Story of which was his Journey to *Lentulus*, to perswade him to Embrace *Caesar's* Party; and when he saw it play'd he wept, being touch'd at the Remembrance of his great Actions. *Ludu prætextam de suo itinere at Lentulum Proconsulem sollicitandum posuit & quidem cum ageretur flevit memoria rerum gestarum commotus*. These *Prætextæ* Pieces had neither the *Majesty* nor *Dignity* of the *Tragedy*.

*Docuere.*] They teach; a Term affected by the Poets, who wrote for the Stage, and were call'd *Teachers*, *Διδάκταλοι*, which shews plainly their End was not so much to *Divert* as to *Instruct*.

290. *Quam lingua.*] By his Tongue, that is, by his *Writings*. He speaks par-



particularly of Theatrical Pieces, and grants, that thro' the Haste and Negligence of the Comick Poets, Comedy had never arriv'd to its Perfection. *Quintilian* says to the same Purpose: *In Comœdia maxime claudicamus, We are very weak in Comedy.*

291. *Lima labor & mora.* ] The trouble of Correcting, *lima labor*, answers to *multa litura*, in the second Verse after this, and the Patience to keep a Work a long time by one, without publishing it, *mora to multa dies.*

293. *Carmen reprehendite quod non multa dies & multa litura.* ] *Horace* here passes Sentence on an Infinite Number of Writings; for every thing that is not well Corrected is condemn'd as Imperfect. *Horace* was continually Correcting his Verses, *Scriptorum quaque reticens*, Sat. III. Book II.

294. *Præfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.* ] A Metaphor taken from those that Work in Marble, in Wood, &c. who run their Nail over their Works, to see whether 'tis smooth or not; the Greeks call'd it *ἐξονυχίζεις*; upon which there's a fine Saying of *Polycletes*, *Χ-λεπώτατον ἐστὶ τὸ ἔργον ὅταν ἐν ὄνυχι ὀπιλὸς γένηται.* The difficultest Part of the Work is, when there's nothing to be done but to run the Nail over it. The Greeks had a Proverb, *ἐξονυχος*, to express a thing being perfect, *It has pass'd the Nail.*

295. *Ingenium misera, quia fortunatus arte.* ] *Democritus* maintain'd that Art was uselefs in Poetry, and that it should come all from Fury and Enthusiasm. *Cicero* in the 1st Book *de Divinatione*, *Negat enim sine furare Democritus quemquam Poëtam magnum esse posse.* *Socrates* is of the same Opinion in *ION*. This being mistaken, abundance of People in *Horace's* time affected a slovenly Air and Retirement, to be thought Poets.

*Misera arte.* ] A miserable Art, in *Democritus's* Sense.

299. *Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poëta.* ] *Horace* says it with Indignation, in as much as ill Poets ran away with the Reputation and Reward, only due to the great ones.

300. *Si tribus Anticyris.* ] *Strabo* mentions but two *Anticyres*, where *Helle-*

bore grew. *Horace* makes three, to give the greater Idea of the Madness he speaks of, not to be cur'd by the Helles-bore of three *Anticyres*, if there had been so many.

301. *Tonfoni Licino.* ] *Licinus*, a Famous Barber, whom *Augustus* made a Senator, for his Hatred to *Pompey*. This Epitaph was made on him,

*Marmorea Tumuli Licinus jacet, at Cato nullo, Pompeius parvo. Quis putet esse Deus?*

*Licinus* has a stately Marble Tomb. *Cato* none, *Pompey* but a little one. Who can aiter this believe there are Gods?

302. *O ego lævus qui purgor bilem verni sub temporis horam.* ] *Horace* says, Since Madness makes a Poet, who would be such a Fool as to get cur'd of his Choler in Spring time, when 'tis like to work most upon him, and make the better Poet of him. *Purgo bilem* is the true Reading, 'tis an Atticism; it must not be *purgo bilem*.

303. *Non alius faceret meliora Poëmata.* ] No Man was more Choleric than he.

*Verum nil tanti est.* ] 'Tis not worth while, I will not be mad, to be a Poet.

304. *Ego fungar vice cotis, acutum reddere que ferrum valet.* ] *Plutarch* quotes a Saying of *Isoocrates*, who being ask'd, how without Eloquence he could make others Eloquent, reply'd, *Whetstones do not cut themselves, but they make Iron cut.* *Horace* means, he wrote neither *Dramatick* nor *Epick* Poetry, and therefore did not look upon himself as a Poet. See the XIth Verse.

306. *Nil scribens ipse.* ] He wrote nothing in the great Poetry.

307. *Opes.* ] The Riches of Poetry.

*Quid alar formæque Poëtam.* ] That which forms and feeds a Poet. *Horace* here joyns Nature with Art: *Form* presupposes Nature; *feed*, Art.

309. *Scribendi sapere est & principium & fons.* ] He upbraids the Fools who take Madness for Poetry, saying, Good Sense makes a Poet, and no Man can write without it.

310. *Rem tibi Socratica poterunt ostendere charta.*] Having said, that Good Sense is necessary, he now tells them where it is to be found: In *Socrates's* Philosophy, the *Academick* Philosopher, who alone enlightens the Mind, and teaches Ethicks better than all the rest of the Philosophers. *Piso*, on the Vth Book *de finibus*, makes a very fine Encomium on the Ancient *Academick* Philosophy, which comprehended *Aristotle*, and the *Peripateticks*. *Ad eos igitur, &c.* I pray you therefore give your self to them, for all fine Learning, all History, all polite Language, are to be taken out of their Writings; in which there's so great a Variety of Arts, that without their Help 'tis difficult to succeed well in any thing Considerable. By these are Orators, Generals, and Magistrates form'd; and out of this School come Mathematicians, Poets, Musicians, and Physicians. *Horace* confines himself particularly to Ethicks, which *Socrates* handled better than any other Philosopher; and nothing is more necessary to a Poet than Moral Philosophy in forming his Characters. *Socratica Charta*, *Socrates's* Papers. In the XXI<sup>st</sup> Ode of the III<sup>d</sup> Book, *Socratici Sermones*, *Socrates's* Treatises.

311. *Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequuntur.*] When a Poet has a good Conception of things, he will not want Expression; as *Cicero*, in the III<sup>d</sup> Book *de finibus*, Things drag Words after them.

312. *Qui dedit patriam quid debeat & quid amicus.*] Ethicks take in all the Duties of Mankind; of which he who is Ignorant can form no just Characters in Poetry.

314. *Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium.*] The Senators were call'd *Conscripti* Fathers: *Conscripti* of a Senator, *Judicis* of a Judge; whether a Pretor, or Arbitrator confirm'd by the Pretor.

316. *Reddite personæ sit convenientia cuique.*] Each Actor must have Manners agreeable to the Character, τὰ ἀρμόττοντα ἕξει; a General must not talk like a Centinel, a God like a Citizen, a Senator like a Country Justice.

317. *Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo doctum imitatore.*] By this Model of Life and Manners *Horace* designs Nature, the only Original of all the different Manners we see on the Stage of

the World; wherefore a skilful Imitator, a good Poet, when he introduces a Miser or Cheat, and the like, does not mind what such a one, and such a one do, of whom he has an Idea; but what they ought to do, what Nature would have them to do: He Pains after Nature, and not after a particular Person, who is often but an imperfect and confus'd Copy.

*Doctum imitatore.*] Imitator, for Poet; Poetry being an Imitation only, as *Aristotle* has shewn in his Art of Poetry.

318. *Et veras hinc ducere voces.*] Both Poetry and Painting are pure Imitations. A Painter who draws a Beautiful Woman, after the most Beautiful Life, cannot pretend to draw a true Picture of Beauty, for his Piece is only a Copy of another Piece, an Imitation of an Image, and not of the Truth, as *Plato* says, his Strokes are not *vera linea*, but *linea simulata, adumbrata*: He has not consulted the true Original. 'Tis the same in Poetry; if a Poet would represent a Miser, and paints only the Avarice of such or such a particular Person, he will take the Shadow for the Substance, the Image for the Truth; he must cast his Eyes upon Nature, and Contemplate her Idea of Avarice, which is the true Original. *Horace* therefore says, *veras hinc ducere voces, To draw from thence true Expressions*. If the whole Beauty of this Passage had been well understood, *veras, true*, would not have been chang'd into *vivas, living*. *Horace* explains *Aristotle's* Rule in the XVth Chapter of his Art of Poetry, rather to form Characters after Nature than after Particulars: In the latter we may find what *Choler* has done, in Nature what *Choler* ought and might probably do, which embellishes the Character, and preserves the Likeness.

319. *Interdum speciosa loci morataque recte fabula.*] A Subject where the Sentiments are fine, and the Manners well distinguish'd, tho' the Conduct be otherwise bad, and it has neither Grace nor Art, will always succeed better than a Subject where the Verse is fine, if the Sentiments and Manners are not good. *Horace* is speaking of Comedy; in Tragedy it is not the same; the Manners and Sentiments are not so necessary there

as the Disposition of the Subject, Tragedy may subsist without the Manners, but not without the Action.

*Speciosa loci.* ] And not *speciosa joci*; for Comedy cannot be *speciosa, sine*, for its *Jests, joci* which render it *juvundam, pleasant*; but 'tis *speciosa locis*, a Term us'd by Philosophers and Rhetoricians, instead of that we call the common Places of Philosophy; the Places from whence every thing is taken that may be said on a Subject. *Cicero* calls them *Argumentorum sedes*. How could *Horace* write *speciosa joci*, when he adds *nullius veneris, Without any Grace?*

320. *Nullius veneris, sine pondere & arte.* ] *Nullius Veneris, without the Graces*, which ought to be the Companion of Comedy: *Sine pondere, without the Verse*; *sine arte, without Art*, without Conduct, without the Disposition of the Subject. *Horace* uses the Word *Art* for the Manners and Characters, in the 1st Epistle of the 11d Book.

321. *Moratur.* ] Stops, amuses, detains, hinders his going out at the first Act.

322. *Quam versus inopes rerum, nugaque canora.* ] He calls such poor Verse, *harmonious Trifles*, for having neither Manners, nor Sentiments; they amuse the Ear, but speak not to the Heart.

323. *Gravis ingenium.* ] *Horace* always refers the Poets to the Greeks.

*Ore rotundo.* ] A way of speaking in Greek, to express a Fluency of Speech, a round Mouth, as *Demetrius Phalereus* has it; the Athenians were Masters of the Freedom and Grace of Expression, which this Phrase denotes.

324. *Præter laudem nullius avaris.* ] He means the Greeks were greedy of Praise, and to their love of Praise he attributes their Superiority in the Arts over the Romans, who lov'd Money better.

326. *Assẽm discunt in partes centum diducere.* ] They learn to subdivide a Penny, the Roman *As*, into a Hundred Parts, not to lose a Day's Interest of a Penny.

327. *Filius Albini.* ] *Albinus* a Man of Quality, and a noted Usurer; all the Education he gave his Son, was to cast Account well: *Horace* takes him to task and examines him, as if he had been his Arithmetick Master.

328. *Poteris dixisse.* ] The Phrase of a Master angry, that his Schollar is so long answering his Question.

*Triens.* ] The Schollar answers, Take away one Ounce out of five there remains the third Part of a Pound, or as we say four Ounces.

331. *Speramus carmina fingi posse linceda cedro.* ] The Bookfellers, to preserve their good Books, rub'd them with Cedar Juice, call'd *Cedrium*. *Vetruvius*, in the 11th Chapter of the 11d Book, *From Cedar is taken an Essence call'd Cedrium, which has a preserving Quality; and Books that are rubb'd with it are not apt to grow Mouldy or Worm-Eaten.* *Pliny* tells us, that the rubbing *Numa's* Books with it kept them undamnify'd 500 Years under Ground. *Dioscorides* says, there's a Virtue in Cedar that will preserve dead Bodies.

332. *Et levi servanda cupresso.* ] They did not only rub Books with Cedar Oil, but they kept them in Cypress Cases, which have the same Virtue as Cedar.

333. *Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Pœta.* ] *Horace* does not speak here of the different Works of Poets, but of the different Qualities of the same Work, and the different Views of the Poets, who would either instruct or please, or do both. *Horace* declares very justly for the latter; he's talking still of *Comedy*.

335. *Quidquid precipies, esto brevis.* ] Those who would instruct should be short, that their Instruction may be easily comprehended and retain'd.

327. *Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.* ] A Metaphor taken from a Vessel that's full, and can receive no more, all that's pour'd there afterwards is spilt. 'Tis thus in Instructive Discourses, all that's over and above runs off and makes no Impression.

338. *Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.* ] A Rule for those that would please, never to err against Probability: Recourse may sometimes be had to the Gods, to whom all things are possible, in Instructive Things; but in those that are intended to Divert, nothing must look Miraculous or Incredible. 'Tis observable how *Horace* expresses himself, speaking of the Subjects of Comedy: He says,  
*ficta,*

*fiſta*, becauſe the Subjects of the *New Comedy* are always feign'd, whereas thoſe of *Tragedy* are taken from ſome known Story. *A Poet*, ſays *Plautus*, renders that probable which is only a Dream.

339. *Nec quodcumque volet poſcat ſibi fabula credi.*] A Poet ſhould not only avoid what's Monſtrous and Extrava- gant, but ſhould offer nothing but what's Credible. I'm ſatisfy'd this Verſe ought to be render'd Word for Word, That a Comick Subject does not require we ſhould truſt it with what it pleaſes. A Poet muſt not hazard all ſorts of Adventures in Comedy, no more than in Tragedy, He muſt neither in the Representation nor the Recital venture any thing a- gainſt the Rules of Probability. The Example that follows will make this Clear.

340. *Non praſſa Lamia vivum puerum extrabat alvo.*] A Poet muſt not expote a *Lamia*, a monſtrous Woman who had ſwallow'd a Child, which was taken a- live out of her Belly. *Horace*, no doubt, alludes to ſome Poet, who had brought this Fabulous Incident into his Play.

341. *Centuria ſeniorum agitatur expertia frugis.*] He ſays old Men deſpis'd ſuch Fictions, as containing nothing Inſtructive. *Centuria ſeniorum*, The Centuries of Old Men, the Bands of old Men: For *Servius Tullius* divided the Roman People into fix Clafſes, each Clafs compos'd of Men of the ſame Age, or the ſame Rank, or the ſame Eſtate, and this was done for the Eaſe of the Peoples Aſſemblies in the *Comitium*. By *Centuria ſeniorum* may be alſo underſtood the *Senators*, and I rather think it ſo on account of what follows.

342. *Celſi pratererunt auſtera Poëmata Rharnnes.*] As the Senators deſpis'd uſe- leſs Fictions, ſo the *Equites* rejected ſuch as were not pleaſant, and to get the Applauſe of both, the Pleaſant and Uſe- ful ſhould be joyn'd together. *Celſi Rharnnes*, the *Equites*. Nothing is more ridi- culous than to imagine *Celſi* is here for *Hib*, ſuch as are of great Courage, *ex- celſo animo Rharnnes*, that is; *Romani*, from the Name of one of the three Ancient Tribes, into which the People

were diſtributed: The *Rharnneſes*, the *Tations*, and the *Luceres*.

*Auſtera Poëmata.*] Dry Poems, where the Dulce is not joy'd with the Uſile, the Pleaſant with the Profitable.

343. *Omne tulit punctum.*] Alluding to the manner of Voting in the *Comitium*, by Points.

344. *Leſtorem delectando pariterque monendo.*] Both the Pleaſant and Profitable muſt go together, and never be aſunder, wherefore he ſays, *pariter*.

345. *Hic meret ara liber Soffis.*] The *Socius's*, famous Booksellers of that Time, mention'd in the laſt Epiſtle of the 1ſt Book.

347. *Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignoviſſe velimus.*] Tho' a Comick Poet ought to inſtruct and divert every where, ſome Faults will be forgiven him, if he does not.

348. *Nam neque chorda ſonum.*] A Com- pariſon that ſhews very well of what Nature Faults muſt be that are pardon- able, they ought to be like thoſe Falſe Tones, which a falſe String, or a String ill ſtruck, ſometimes give; it makes a Diſſonance, but ſuch a one as is not per- ceptible, the other Strings that perfectly accord and give a right Tone drown- ing it.

350. *Nec ſemper feriet quodcumque mi- nabitur arcus.*] As the beſt *Marſman* in the World does not always hit the *White*, ſo the beſt Poet does not always ſuc- ceed.

351. *Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine.*] As no Writings can be pretended to be perfect, ſo the beſt are thoſe where the Good not only ſurpaſs the Bad, but where the Bad is very trivial.

352. *Paucis offendar maculis quas aus incuria fudit, aut humana.*] The Faults of Poets ought to be either little Neg- ligences, or meet Marks of Human Frailty; Mankind not being able to take equal Care of every thing. *Longinus* has explain'd this Paſſage in his XXXth Chapter.

353. *Quid ergo.*] Upon *Horace's* ſaying, We ſhould pardon ſuch little Negligen- ces: This Objection is made to him, or he makes it himſelf. *Quid ergo?* What muſt we blame them? Since one may make any thing paſs for a Negligence.

357. *Ut scriptor si peccat idem Librarius.*] *Scriptor Librarius*, a Book-seller who writes Books with his own Hand. The Faults which ought not to be pardon'd are those that are too Common, and always the same. As we do not pardon a Transcriber who always errs in the same Word.

357. *Sic mihi qui multum cessat.*] He who often falls into those Negligences. The Greek Proverb says, 'Tis a Sign of a Fool to be twice guilty of the same Fault.

*Fit Chærilus.*] The same *Chærilus* spoken of in the 1st Epist. of the 11d Book.

358. *Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror & idem.*] *Horace* twice or thrice admires this *Chærilus*; he admires him so, that he Laughs at him again and again. Two or three fine Places in a Play do not hinder its being a bad one, if there's nothing else answerable.

359. *Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*] When I wonder how *Chærilus* could come off so well twice or thrice, says *Horace*, I am in a down-right Rage with *Homer* for sleeping sometimes as he does. Faults are as rare in *Homer* as Beauties in midling Authors. How Just, how Polite is this Thought, and how glad am I that *Horace* could not without Indignation see the Faults that escap'd *Homer*, whose Faults are so few, that there are a Thousand good things for every one of 'em; none of which are Gross and Fundamental.

*Quandoque for Quancumque quoties Indignor.*] *Quoties*, *Horace* says, I still Laugh at *Chærilus* in admiring him as I have done, twice or thrice; whereas I always admire *Homer*, and feel a secret Indignation when he happens to sleep. Which shews how much those are mistaken, who wou'd turn this *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*, into a Sort of Proverb.

360. *Verum Opere in longo.*] He excuses those Faults of *Homer*, by saying, that in a Work of Length a Man may be allow'd to sleep sometimes. See the 1st Chap. of the Xth Book of *Quintilian*.

361. *Ut pictura, poesis erit.*] Poetry and Painting, are in some Measure like

one another, being both *Imitations*, but are different in as much as they imitate differently. *Horace* wou'd only shew us that Poetry is in some Respects like Painting. *Aristotle* also compares Poetry to Painting. Here *Horace* touches upon one of the Things that are common to both *Imitations*; which is, that Poetry as well as Painting has its Light and Point of Sight, in which its Effect is to be judg'd of, and if displac'd, an ill Judgment will be made. *Horace* might as well have said, Poetry is like *Sculpture*, for *Statuaries* proportion their Figures to the Places for which they are design'd, as well as Painters.

*Quæ, si proprius stes.*] *Horace* says, 'Tis in Poetry like Painting, and as there are Pictures which shou'd be seen at a distance, and others near to them, so there are some Pieces in Poetry that shou'd be look'd upon by different Lights, and have different Points of Sight, out of which they lose their Grace and Regularity. This Matter is fully explain'd by *Bosius*, in the VIIIth Chap. of the last Book of his Treatise on *Epick Poetry*.

362. *Et quedam, si longius abstes.*] The Bits and Scraps taken out of *Homer* and *Virgil* to be ridicul'd, are most commonly those that should be seen at a Distance, and in a close Place, for which they were made. They appear Irregular, because misplac'd.

364. *Hac amat obscurum.*] A Painter must not place in a full Light what was made for a small one; neither must any Part of a Poem, which was made for Obscurity, be examin'd by a full Light.

365. *Hac placuit semel.*] As there are some Things in Painting, design'd only to please for a Moment, so there are some in Poetry intended only to please, *en passant*. The former made for the Eye while it passes to the more Labour'd Part, and the Latter for the Mind.

371. *Diserti Messala.*] The same *Messala Corvinus*, the Famous Orator, whom he speaks of in the XXIst Ode of the 11d Book.

*Casellius Aulus.*] A Roman Knight, one of the most eminent Lawyers of that Time. A Man of great Learning, Eloquence and Wit. There are several Jetts of his still remember'd in the Antient

cient Authors. But, *What, says Monsieur Dacier, adds more to his Honour than all his Wit and Learning, is, his having the Courage to preserve his Liberty, when every One was running into Slavery. The Triumvirs, Lepidus, Anthony and Augustus, cou'd never oblige him to draw up the Edict for their Proscription; and 'tis remarkable, that the French Commentator should close his Reflections with this Observation. It is Glorious to Augustus, that a Man so Free might be mention'd with Applause by a Poet of his Court.*

372. *Mediocribus esse poetis.]* Mediocrity is not to be endur'd in Poetry; if it is not Excellent, 'tis Wretched.

373. *Non homines, non Dei, non concessere columnæ.]* Every thing is against this Mediocrity; Men, Gods, and the Posts of the Book-sellers Shops. Men reject it. The Gods, Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses, disown it. The Posts of the Shops, on which they were fix'd, bare 'em with Regret. He calls that *Columnæ* here, which he terms *Pila*, in the IVth Satyr. The Old Commentator says, they were Posts where the Poets put up Bills of the Time and Place, where and when they wou'd publicly Read their Works. But these Posts are more likely to be those of the Booksellers Shops, where their Books were fix'd for Sale. All new Books being so fix'd. I believe Advertisements of Things Lost were also fix'd to 'em. For *Propertius* having lost his Pocket Book, says to his Foot-boy, *I Puer, &c. Go presently and fix it on some Post, that I'd give so much to have my Pocket Book again, and Advertise that thy Master Lives at the Exquilias, whether it must be brought.* Book the IVth Eleg. XX.

374. *Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors.]* Musick, Essences, &c. are the Joy of a Feast, when they are excellent, but when they are bad they spoil it. 'Tis the same in Poetry, made for the Pleasure and Ease of the Mind. When it is indifferent, it has a quite contrary Effect, being as detestable as Discord in Musick, or bad Essences.

375. *Crassum Unguentum.]* Thick Essences of an Ill Smell.

*Et sardo cum melle papaver.]* White Poppy-seed, Roasted, was mingled with Honey, as *Nannius* has very well observ'd. *Pliny* in the VIIth Chapter of the XXXth Book, *Papaveris, &c. There are Three Sorts of Home Poppy, the White, the Seed of which Roasted, the Ancients us'd to serve at the Second Table, mix'd with Honey. There was nothing worse than this Seed mix'd with Sardinian Honey, which was very Bitter, because of the abundance of Bitter Herbs in that Isle. Virgil* in the VIIIth Eclogue, *Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amarior Herbis, Let me appear more Bitter than Sardinian Herbs.*

376. *Poterat duci quia cæna sine istis.]* As a Feast may be good without Musick and Essences, so a Man may be Worthy and Agreeable without making Verses.

377. *Juvandis.]* To please the Mind. To Instruct and Inform. *Juvandis* comprehends both, like the Greek Word, ἀρεταί.

379. *Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis.]* *Ludere*, to do his Exercises well, to Ride, Wrestle, Swim, throw the Javelin, handle a Pike and Sword, play at Tennis, Quoits, &c. which he calls *Arma campestræ*. The Arms of the Field of *Mars*.

380. *Trochivee.]* In the XXIVth Ode of the IIIrd Book. *Seu Græco jubeat Trocho.*

383. *Liber & Ingenuus.]* As if People of Quality cou'd know every thing without Learning. A False Prejudice in their Favour, which has prevail'd a long Time. *Ingenuus*, a Man born of a Free Father. See the VIth Satyr of the Ith Book.

*Quensus equestrum summam nummorum.]* He who is put in the Register of the *Census*, as Rich enough to be a Knight, about 1.000 Crowns.

384. *Vitiisque remotus ab omni.]* As if being Well-bred and Honest, Qualify'd a Man to make Verses. *Horace* doubtless had his Eyes to some Equites who thought so.

385. *Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesque Minervâ.]* He softens the Precepts he has been giving.

386. *Id tibi iudicium est, ea Mens.]* *Judicium*, the Opinion that causes a Resolution. *Mens*, What executes it. *Horace* speaks to the Elder *Piso*, as wanting no Instruction.

387. *Scripteris.]* The Old Commentator says *Piso* the Elder wrote Tragedies.

*In Metii descendat Judicis aures.]* Speaking of *Spurius Metius Tarpæ*, a great Critick, and one of the Judges appointed to examine Writings. He mentions him in the Xth Satyr of the 1st Book. These Judges or Academicians, founded by *Augustus*, lasted a long while *Onuphrius Panurius* mentions an Inscription, by which it appears, that in the Reign of *Domitian* one *L. Valerius Pudens*, a Native of *Tarentum*, at about Thirteen Years of Age, obtain'd the Prize of Poetry, and was Crown'd by the Judgment of the Judges. CORONATUS EST INTER POETAS LATINOS OMNIBUS SENTENTIIS JUDICUM. 'Tis true, this Youth was Crown'd in the *Quinquennial Games*, instituted by *Domitian* in Honour of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, and Mr. *Masson* has oppos'd a Passage of *Suetonius* about those Games in opposition to Mr. *Dacier's* Remark on the Duration of these Judges establish'd by *Augustus*. But, says the latter, "Do these *Quinquennial Judges* Instituted by *Domitian*, prove, there were none appointed before by *Augustus*? "Might they not continue till *Domitian's* Time? And be nam'd by that Emperor to preside at those Games. "Mr. *Masson's* ill Reasoning is a Consequence of the Error he fell in to about this Verse of the Xth Satyr.

— Hæc ego Ludo,  
Quæ nec in Aede sonent certantia Judice  
Tarpæ.

"Where he interprets *Aede* to be a private House, whereas it must be understood of the Temple of *Apollo Pælatinus*.

388. *Nonumque prematur in annum.]* As *Helvius Cinna* did. He was a good Poet, and an Intimate Friend of *Carullus's*. He was Nine Years revising a Poem of his call'd *Smyrna*.

*Smyrna mei Cinna nonam post denique mensem Scripta suis nonamque edita post Hyemem.*

*Isocrates* was Ten Years revising his Pænegyrick. *Horace* does not however limit the Time to Nine Years; he puts a Definite for an Indefinite, which depends on the Labour and Judgment of each Author, who may weaken his Work by too much Correcting it. *Correction*, says *Quintilian*, ought also to have its Bounds.

391. *Silvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum.]* I think *Heinsius* as Unhappy here as in his other Emendations of the Text. What is said in the Sequel, is not indeed Connected with what goes before; however 'tis well pursu'd. *Horace* fearing he might discourage *Piso* by what he has been saying of the Difficulties in Poetry, now speaks of the Rewards to those that surmount them, and the Honours paid to the first Poets, as *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, &c.

*Sacer interpresque Deorum.]* He calls *Orpheus* so, because he was a Divine, and Instituted the *Orgia*. *Virgil* styles him *Threicius Sacerdos*. The Hymns that go under his Name, were not made by the Ancient *Orpheus*, who liv'd in *Moses's* Time, but by one *Onomachus*, who liv'd in the Time of *Pisistratus*.

392. *Cadibus & victu fædo deterruit.]* *Horace* speaks of an *Orpheus*, who was more Ancient than the Expedition of the *Argonauts*. *Palephatus*, a very Ancient Author, assures us, that the Fable of *Orpheus*, who by his Harmony drew Tygers and Lyons after him, was invented on his Softning the Minds of the *Bacchanalian Nymphs*, and making 'em quit the Mountains, whither they were fled, and where they had spent several Days in tearing Sheep to Pieces.

394. *Disus & Amphion, Thebana conditor arcis.]* *Cadmus* built *Thebes* about 1400 Years before the Birth of our Saviour, and 25 Years after 'twas Built *Amphion* encompass'd it with Walls, and built a Citadel; and for that, by his Harmony, or according to others, by his Eloquence, he persuad'd the Citizens and Peasants, to set their Hands to the Work, 'twas Fabled, he rais'd the Citadel

Citadel and Walls with the sound of his Lyre, and that the Stones leap'd of themselves into their proper Places.

396. *Fuit hec sapientia quondam publica privatis seornere*] The first Poets were properly Philosophers, who made use of Poetry the better to insinuate themselves into Men's Minds, and shew them how to distinguish publick and private Good, to govern their Passions, and manage themselves discreetly in their own Affairs, to mind Oeconomy, to build Cities, and obey the Laws.

398. *Maritis*.] As we say Marry'd People, Husbands and Wives.

399. *Leges, incidere Ligno*.] The first Laws were written in Verse, and in Verse *Solon* begins his Laws.

*Ligno*.] On Wooden Tables. The *Romans* engrav'd theirs on Copper-Plates.

400. *Sic honor & nomen divinis vati-bus*.] Thus Poetry and Poets acquir'd so much Honour by doing good to Mankind, and by Correcting their Errors.

401. *Post hos insignis Homerus*.] Poetry in the Second Age took another Course, to elevate Men's Courage, and qualify them to serve their Country, it sung the Deeds of Heroes. *Homer* and *Tyrtaeus* began the Second Age.

402. *Tyrtaeusque*.] He was a School-master, Little, Ugly, Limping, and One Ey'd; the *Athenians* gave him by way of Derision to the *Spartans*, who by Order of *Pythian Apollo* demanded a General of them, to lead them against the *Messeniensians*, which he did, and was beaten by the *Messenians* in three several Battles. This so reduc'd the *Spartans*, that they were forc'd to Lift their Slaves, and promise them the Wives of the Slain. The Kings of *Sparta*, discourag'd by so many Losses, would have return'd Home; but *Tyrtaeus* repeating some Verses of his at the Head of the Army, so animated the Soldiers that they fell on the Enemy and routed them. Some of these Verses are still extant. This was about 680 Years before Christ.

403. *Dicta per carmina sortes*.] *Horace* places the Oracles in the second Age of Poetry. *Aristophanes*, with more Reason, puts them in the First: Oracles being more Ancient than *Homer*. Perhaps

he means, that the First Oracles were deliver'd in Prose, and afterwards in Verse only, which is true.

404. *Et vita monstrata via est*.] This has Reference to *Physicks*, and not *E-thicks*. Poetry in the Second Age began to explain in Verse the Secrets of Nature. *Vita for Natura*. Nature that gives Life to all Things.

*Et gratia regum pieris tentata modis*.] Poetry then courted the Great.

405. *Ludusque repetitus, & longorum operum finis*.] He alludes to the Tragedies and Comedies, play'd on Solemn Festivals.

*Ne forte pudore*.] Which proves *Horace* wrote this Encomium on Poetry, to hinder *Piso's* being shock'd at the Difficulty of it.

407. *Musa lyra solers*.] *Lyra solers* is remarkable; for I think I have always met with *Solers* either alone, or with a Verb.

408. *Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte questum est*.] He does not forget the Grand Question, Whether Poetry comes from Nature or Art. *Horace*, to hinder the *Piso's* trusting wholly to their Genius, determines it, that Nature and Art should always go together. Nature, 'tis true, is the Basis of all, as *Horace* owns in the Third and Sixth Odes of the 1Vth Book. Nature alone is preferable to Art alone, but joy'd together it makes Perfection. Nature gives a Facility; Art, Method and Safety. *Ars certior quam Natura*, says *Cicero*; and *Longinus* observes, that as free as Nature appears, she does nothing good at adventure, and is no Enemy to Rules. Nature without Art is Blind, and Rash; Art without Nature, Rude, Barren and Dry. *Quintilian* has it, *We believe there's nothing Perfect, but what is produc'd by Nature, assisted by Art*. Art is never so perfect as when it imitates Nature. Nature never succeeds so well, as when it conceals Art.

410. *Nec rude quid proest Ingenium*.] *Rude Ingenium*. A Genius, which tho' happy of its self, is always Rude when not polish'd by Art.

412. *Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam*.] He proves by Examples, that there is nothing where Nature alone suffices,



suffices, and where there's no Occasion of Art. The *Prize-Fighters* not only labour'd hard to succeed; they liv'd in a general Abstinence of every thing call'd Pleasure: Are the Poets exempted from this Law of Labour? No Man will ever make a good Poet without it.

413. *Puer.*] They began these Exercises very Young.

414. *Qui Pythia cantat tibicen.*] Horace does not mean *Pythick Games*, they were then out of Use, but the Players on the Flute in the Ancient Chorus's of Comedies. When all the Chorus sung, one of them play'd to accompany the Song, who was thence call'd *Choraulæ*. And after their Songs were done, there was another Player on the Flute, who play'd singly to what was Sung singly; and this last was termed *Pythaulæ*, a *Player* for *Pythian Songs*; which were like Poems or Hymns to *Apollo*, sung in the City of *Pytho*. *Diomedes* says, When the Chorus sung, the Players on the Flute accompany'd them with the Flute call'd the *Chorus Flute*, and answer'd with the *Pythick Flute*, to the Single Songs. These *Pythaulæ* and *Choraulæ*, who were of old part of the Band of Musicians in the Dramatick Representations, separated afterwards and play'd by themselves. There were some of these Masters very famous, and of these *Horace* speaks.

415. *Didicit prius, eximitque Magistrum.*] There never was an Eminent Player on the Flute, who had not serv'd an Apprenticeship; wherefore since Nature is not sufficient for Little Things, how should she suffice for Great?

416. *Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango.*] This Language is but too common now-a-days, and People too apt to think they have no need of Reading the Ancients, since hey in their own Opinion think they write so well without it.

417. *Occupet extremum scabies.*] An Expression us'd by Children, who at certain Plays cry'd out, *The Mange will take the Hindmost.*

*Mibi turpe relinqui est.*] While I am Studying the Ancients others will get before me, and write Comedies and Tragedies. If I write without Study,

let who will Learn the Rules, I will say I know them.

419. *Ut praco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas.*] Art and Nature are not always enough to make a good Poet; there must be also Faithful Friends to tell an Author of his Faults, which are hard to be found by such Great Men as the *Piso's*. *Horace* compares Rich Poets to publick Cryers; as the Latter invited People to come and buy their Ware, the Former invited Flatterers. He who Praises, is the Purchaser.

*Cogit.*] Convocat, Summons People and Flatterers together.

421. *Dives agris.*] This Verse is repeated in the Second Satyr of the First Book.

422. *Si vero est unctum qui recte ponere possit.*] If the Rich Poet will treat and lend a poor Brother Poet, 'twill be a Wonder if he knows how to discern the Friend from the Flatterer. *Horace* makes here *en passant*, a nice Encomium on the *Piso's*.

*Unctum ponere.*] To treat high. *Opsonium* is understood. *Martial* said to *Pomponius*,

*Quod tamen grande Sophos clamat tibi turba rogata,  
Non tu Pomponi, cana diserta tua est.*

'Tis not thee *Pomponius*, 'tis thy Supper, that is so Eloquent. *Pisny* calls such Parasites *Laudicanas*.

423. *Levi pro paupere.*] *Levis*, Inconstant, Light, Perfidious

424. *Beatus.*] Happy; he who distinguishes the Flatterer from the Friend.

426. *Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui.*] He advises the Elder *Piso* never to read his Verses to a Man to whom he has lately given, or promis'd a Present. A Self-interested Friend will never make a good Critick.

427. *Plenum Lætitia.*] Full of Joy for what was given or presented him.

429. *Pallescat super his.*] Super his, over and above.

431. *Ut qui conducti plorant in funere.*] *Horace* says there is as much difference between a Flatterer and a sincere Friend, as between those who are paid for

Weeping at a Funeral, and those true Friends who weep unfeignedly. The Flatterer praises much more than the Friend, as the hir'd Mourners weep more than those whose Grief is sincere.

*Derisor.*] The Banterer for the Flatterer.

433. *Vero laudatore.*] An honest Man who praises what he thinks deserves it, and speaks from his Conscience.

434. *Reges dicuntur multis surgere cullis.*] A Poet should do like Great Lords, who drink a Man up to a Pitch, to see if he betrays a Secret in his Cups, before they trust him with One; Otherwise he will be apt to mistake Flatterers for True Friends. *Tiberius* put his Confidants to this Drunken Tryal.

437. *Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.*] *Horace* alludes to the Fable of the Fox and the Raven, quoted by *Nannius* in his Commentaries. *Monsieur de la Fontaine* has taken Care not to forget it, and has surpass'd the Ancients, in its Simplicity and Gaiety.

438. *Quintilio si quis recitares.*] The Poet *Quintilius Varius*, a Relation and Intimate Friend of *Virgil* and *Horace's*. The Latter addresses the VIIIth Ode of the First Book to him, and mourns his Death in the XXIVth Ode. He had been Dead some Time when this Epistle to the *Piso's* was written, for which Reason he says, *Recitares, jubebat, sumebat*, Terms never us'd but of a Person that is Dead.

440. *Delere jubebat.*] When an Author has try'd and cannot Correct a Place, he thinks he may let it go; but *Quintilius* was in such a Case for blotting it out; a Piece of Cruelty the Moderns are seldom guilty of.

441. *Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.*] *Horace* is blam'd for making use of Two Figures in the same Verse; but it happens that he uses One only, for tho' he mentions the Anvil, the Figure is One, and that is the Working of the Iron. *Propertius* in the last Elegy of the II'd Book, says the same.

*Incipe j. m. angusto Versus componere torno,  
Iugos tuos ignes, dure Poeta, veni.*

442. *Si defendere delictum quam vertere malles.*] Authors very often are fond of those Places which are most liable to Exception. They are their *Favours*, and if you will take their Words, the best of their Works.

443. *Quin sine rivali.*] And they admire them as often without Rivals.

445. *Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendit inertes.*] These Five Verses are admirable, and include almost all that the Rhetoricians have said of Criticism, which consists of Three Things, Adding, Retrenching and Altering.

445. *Versus reprehendit inertes.*] There are few Pieces to be met with now-a-days, without all the Faults *Horace* collects in these five Verses; but the Faults of the greatest Writers are only worth taking Notice of, because their very Faults may be imitated as well as their Beauties: Suppose *Monsieur Corneille* had given his Fine Tragedy of *Pompey* to *Quintilius* to examine; may we not conclude, that in the III'd Scene of the III'd Act, when *Cleopatra* says,

*Je connois ma portee, & ne prens point  
le change.*

He would have thought this Verse *inert*, poor, weak and mean, as well as those that follow in the III'd Scene of the III'd Act.

*CÆ.* Comme a-t-elle reçu les offres de  
ma flamme?

*Ant.* Comme n'osant la croire, & la  
croyant dans l'ame,

Par un refus modeste & fait pour inviter,  
Elle s'en dit indigne, & la croit meriter.

As one that durst not believe what she did believe in her Soul. By a Modest Refusal, she said she was unworthy of a Passion, which she thought she deserv'd. These Verses are flat and affected; very far from the Character of *Mark Antony*, and Tragedy. The Language is mean, and only fit for a Life-guard-Man.

446. *Culpabit duos.*] Verses may be hard either for the Words, or the Things; the last is the greatest Fault. *Monsieur Corneille* has been guilty of it in these:

Les Princes ont cela de leur haute naissance,  
 Leur ame dans leur sang prend des impressions,  
 Qui dessous leur vertu rangent leurs passions.

En sanglots mal formés exhale sa douleur.  
 Sa bouche encore ouverte, & sa vûë égarée  
 Rappelent sa grande ame à peine séparée, &c.

'Tis hard and shocking to say, *The Soul takes Impressions of Virtue in the Blood*, which is as contrary to the *Ethicks*, as the *Theology* of the Pagans: Of the same kind is, what *Cæsar* says in the III<sup>d</sup> Scene of the III<sup>d</sup> A&.

Does not *Monsieur Corneille* amuse himself a little unseasonably, in Painting the Grimaces of this Head: The Ornament, to use *Horace's* Term, is *Ambitious*; the Image has nothing in it Noble or Natural.

Et qui verse en nos cœurs, avec l'ame & le sang,  
 Et la haine du nom, & le mépris du rang.

448. *Parum clavis lucem addere coget.*] Obscurity is the greatest Vice in a Discourse. *Phorius* talks very obscurely, when he says to *Ptolomy*, in the first Scene of *Monsieur Corneille's Pompey*:

Rome did not Infill into a Roman the Soul and Blood.

*Incomis allinet atrum.*] *Quintilius* would have set this Mark as without Grace and Ornament, on what *Achoree* says in the III<sup>d</sup> Scene of the III<sup>d</sup> A&, speaking of *Pompey* who was just expir'd:

Le choix des actions ou mauvaises, ou bonnes,  
 Ne fait qu'aneantir la force des couronnes.

Et tiens la trahison, que le Roy leur prescriit,  
 Trop au dessous de luy pour y presfer l'esprit.  
 Sa vertu dans leur crime augmente ainsi son lustre,  
 Et son dernier soupir est un soupir illustre.

He means, That the Virtue which inclines Kings to good Actions, rather than bad, weakens their Power; but says only, That the choice of Actions, either good or bad, weakens the Power of Kings, which is very dark.

449. *Arguet ambigue dictum.*] Ambiguity, says *Quintilian*, must above all things be avoided.

'Tis subtil, affected, without Grace, and is faulty in the Turn and Expression.

447. *Transverso calamo signum.*] He would draw a Line quite cross it, which the *Latins* and *Greeks* call *obelum*, he would strike it out.

*Mutanda notabit.*] He will at last mark exactly whatever is to be alter'd. *Quintilian* declares, That adding and retrenching are easiest in Correction, altering very difficult. *Sed facilius in his simpliciusque judicium que replenda vel dejienda sunt, &c.* 'Tis easiest and soonest done, when we have only to add or to retrench; but when we must bring down what is too Lofty, reduce what is too Abounding, place aright what is out of its Order, gather together what is dispers'd, and abridge what is too long; this is a double Trouble, for we must condemn what has pleas'd, and find out that which escap'd us. *Mutanda* does not here signifie to change the Place only, but also the Alterations *Quintilian* speaks of: Perhaps what *Cæsar* says in the III<sup>d</sup> Scene of the IV<sup>th</sup> A&, would have been alter'd by *Quintiliani*:

*Ambitiosa recidet ornamenta.*] Such emphatical Ornaments are censur'd, and what *Achoree* says on *Pompey's* Head, would I doubt not have been condemn'd by *Quintilius*. 'Tis in the III<sup>d</sup> Scene of the III<sup>d</sup> A&.

A ces mots *Achillas* découvre cette teste;  
 Il semble qu'à parler encore elle s'apreste,  
 Qu'à ce nouvel affront, un reste de chaleur

*M'ont rendu le premier & le Maître  
du monde.*

*C'est ce glorieux titre à présent effaçif  
Que je viens ennoblir par celui de captif;  
Heureux si mon esprit gagne tant sur le  
vostre,*

*Qu'il en estime l'un, & me permette  
l'autre.*

Caesar would hardly have said, *He had made the glorious Title he had acquir'd of Master of the World, more noble by that of Slave.* His Courtship would certainly have been more worthy of so Glorious a Title; and I can scarce think *Quintilius* would have suffer'd what he adds afterwards:

*Mais las! contre mon feu mon feu me  
sollicite.*

*Si je veux estre à vous, il faut que je  
vous quitte.*

Or what *Cleopatra* says in the 1st Scene of the 11d Act.

*Et si jamais le ciel favorisait ma cou-  
che*

*De quelque rejeton de cette illustre sou-  
che,*

*Cette heurieuse union de mon sang &  
du sien*

*Unirait à jamais son destin & le mien.*

Which offends Modesty, and is very far from the Discretion of *Virgil*, who does not make *Dido* speak so freely 'till after Consummation, and when there was no need of Ceremony.

450. *Fiet Aristarchus.*] *Aristarchus* was a very great Critick, who liv'd in the Reign of *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, and was Contemporary with *Callimachus*; he wrote above Fourscore Volumes of Commentaries on *Homer*, *Aristophanes*, and all the other Greek Poets: He revis'd and corrected *Homer*, which Work is lost, with the rest of his Criticisms, which were so Nice and Penetrating, that he was commonly call'd the *Diviner*, on account of his great Sagacity.

*Cur ego amicum offendam in nugis.*] The usual Language of Flatterers: Why shall I offend my Friend for Trifles, by telling him his Vertes are not good?

451. *Ha nuga seria ducent in mala.*] *Horace* replies very well, What you call Trifles will be fatal to the Poet, whom you Abuse by concealing your true Sentiments from him.

452. *Derisum semel exceptumque sinister.*] This Verse will bear a double Signification. As when the World, or as when you shall once make a Fool of him: The first Construction seems to me to be wrong. *Horace* is not here talking of the Evils which will happen to this ill Poet, after the Publick has made a Fool of him; but of those that shall happen to him, after his flattering Friend has made a Fool of him, by deceiving him with false Praise; he would prove that it is the Cause of all his Misfortunes, because if he talkt sincerely to him at first, he might have cur'd him of his Itch of Poetry.

453. *Ut mala quem scabies.*] He terms that Poetical Itch, *mala Scabies*, which *Celsus* calls *fera Scabies*, the most dangerous Leprosy.

*Morbus regius.*] *Morbus arquatus*, the Jaundice. *Lucretius*:

*Lurida praterèa sunt quacumque tumentur  
Arquati.*

Every Thing looks Yellow to those that have the Jaundice: 'Twas call'd the *Royal Disease*, because 'twas said there was no Remedy for it, but to live the Life of a King.

454. *Aut fanaticus error.*] *The Fanaticks*, that is, the *Demoniacks*. *Aut iracunda Diana*, Those stricken by *Diana*, that is, *Lunaticks*. The Ancients believ'd all Diseases Infectious.

456. *Incautique sequuntur.*] *Incauti*, the Imprudent, who don't see to what Danger they expose themselves, in following a Madman.

457. *Hic dum sublimes versus ruffatur.*] *Sublimes*, those he thinks the most *Sublime*; or *sublimes*, which he makes looking up to Heaven, as if he would from thence fetch his Enthusiasm: Wherefore it has also been read *sublimis*, with Reference to the Poet. *Sublimis, μετρωπος*, Who goes looking up to Heaven; but *sublimes versus* seems to me to be better. *Horace* diverts himself with describing the

the Frenzy of a Poet, whom Flatterers have made Mad.

458. *Rullatur.*] He Vomits them; the Sophist *Aristides* said to an Emperor, *We are not some of those who vomit up their Writings, but those who make them.*

459. *Succurrite, longum clamat.*] By this *longum clamat*, *Horace* shews the Custom of those Cripples that beg'd on the High-Way, pronouncing the Word *succurrite*, but drawing it out so, that they made it last Half-an-Hour: Our Beggars understand this Way perfectly well. *Longum* has been Interpreted from a-far, very loud; but I take it to be a long while.

460. *Qui seis an prudens huc se deiecerit.*] There's no Folly of which an ill Poet is not capable.

461. *Siculiq; Poeta narrabo interitum.*] The Death of *Empedocles* at *Agrigentum*, *Gergenti*, a Town in *Sicily*.

462. *Dum cupis Empedocles ardentem frigidus Atnam insiluit.*] *Empedocles*, a great Philosophical Poet, who wrote three Books of the Nature of Things quoted by *Aristotle*: He also wrote on *Xerxes's Expedition*; but his Daughter or Sister burnt that Piece: He flourish'd about 450 Years before Christ. *Lucretius* has a Fine Encomium on him, in his 1st Book.

*Nil tamen hoc habuisse viro praeclarium  
in se  
Nec sanctum magis, &c.*

The Story of his flinging himself into Mount *Atna*, is only grounded on one of *Empedocles's* Shoes, found near a Gap of that Mountain; and 'twas said the fiery *Vortex's* whirl'd him into it. *Ti-maeus* assures us *Empedocles* dy'd in *Peloponessus*; and *Neanthes* of *Cyzicum* reports, that falling out of a Coach he broke his Leg and dy'd.

463. *Ardentem frigidus Atnam.*] The Word *frigidus* has been variously expounded; some pretend *Horace* means Mad by it, and others Cold. The first Exposition is the worst, the second bad enough; there being little cold Blood in so desperate an Action. By *Frigidus*, *Horace* would describe all the Extrava-

gance of a Madman. who to get the Name of a God, seeks a Death which he's afraid to find: He would be a God, and he dies with Fear.

467. *Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.*] There's no likelihood *Horace* should say this in general: The Maxim would be too Extravagant; he doubtless speaks only of Poets, *invitum Poëtam*. Others that fall into Melancholy may be cur'd; 'tis to be hop'd they will grow wiser, as it happen'd to *Damasippus*, whom *Sertinius* hinder'd from flinging himself into the *Tiber*, as *Horace* himself writes in the 11th Satyr of the 11th Book.

*Solatus iussit sapientem, &c.*

But as for Poets there's no hope of them, their Madness is desperate, they are incurable, and to be given over.

469. *Et ponet famosa mortis amorem.*] Tho' the Poet may be hinder'd from destroying himself once, it would still run in his Head, and he would attempt it again. *Famosa mors*, a Death that will make the World talk of him.

470. *Nec satis apparet cur versus factitet.*] What Crime must that Man be guilty of, who has so drawn down the Vengeance of the Gods, as to be possess'd with the Fury of making Verses. *Horace* talks of bad Poets as People generally do of the Wretched, *He muß have done some horrid Thing, &c.*

471. *Minxerit in patrios cineres.*] 'Twas very Profane among the Ancients to Piss in a Holy-place. *Perseus* in his 1st Satyr:

*Pinge duos angues; pueri, sacer est locus,  
extra  
Meisse.*

Paint two Sackes on the Wall, the Place, Children, is Sacred. go Piss without; but 'twas a double Profanation to Piss on a Lamb, and a horrible Sacrilege to Piss on the Tomb of ones Father, or Ancestors.

*An trisle bidental moverit incestus.*] When a Place was stricken with Thunder or Lightning, 'twas thought to be devoted to Consecration, and the Diviners went

Immediately and sacrific'd a young Sheep there; then they enclos'd it with Stakes, a Line, or a Wall, and from that Moment 'twas Sacred: 'Twas call'd *Bidental*, from *Bidente*, the Name of the Sheep there sacrific'd: 'Twas Sacrilege to remove its Bounds, *movere Bidental*. If a dead Man was stricken with Thunder or Lightning, he was not to be Burnt by *Numa's* Law, he was to be Bury'd in

the same Place. *Persius* calls even the Man that's Thunder-struck *Bidental*.

*An quis non fibris ovium, Ergennaque  
jubente  
Triste jaces lucis evitandumque bidental.*

472. *Incestus*.] As the Ancients were wont to say *Chaste* for *Pious*, so they also said *Incestus* for *Impious*.

F I N I S.



A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
P O E T R Y.

BY  
*JOHN SHEFFIELD,*  
EARL of *Mulgrave,*

Afterwards

MARQUESS OF *NORMANBY,*

NOW

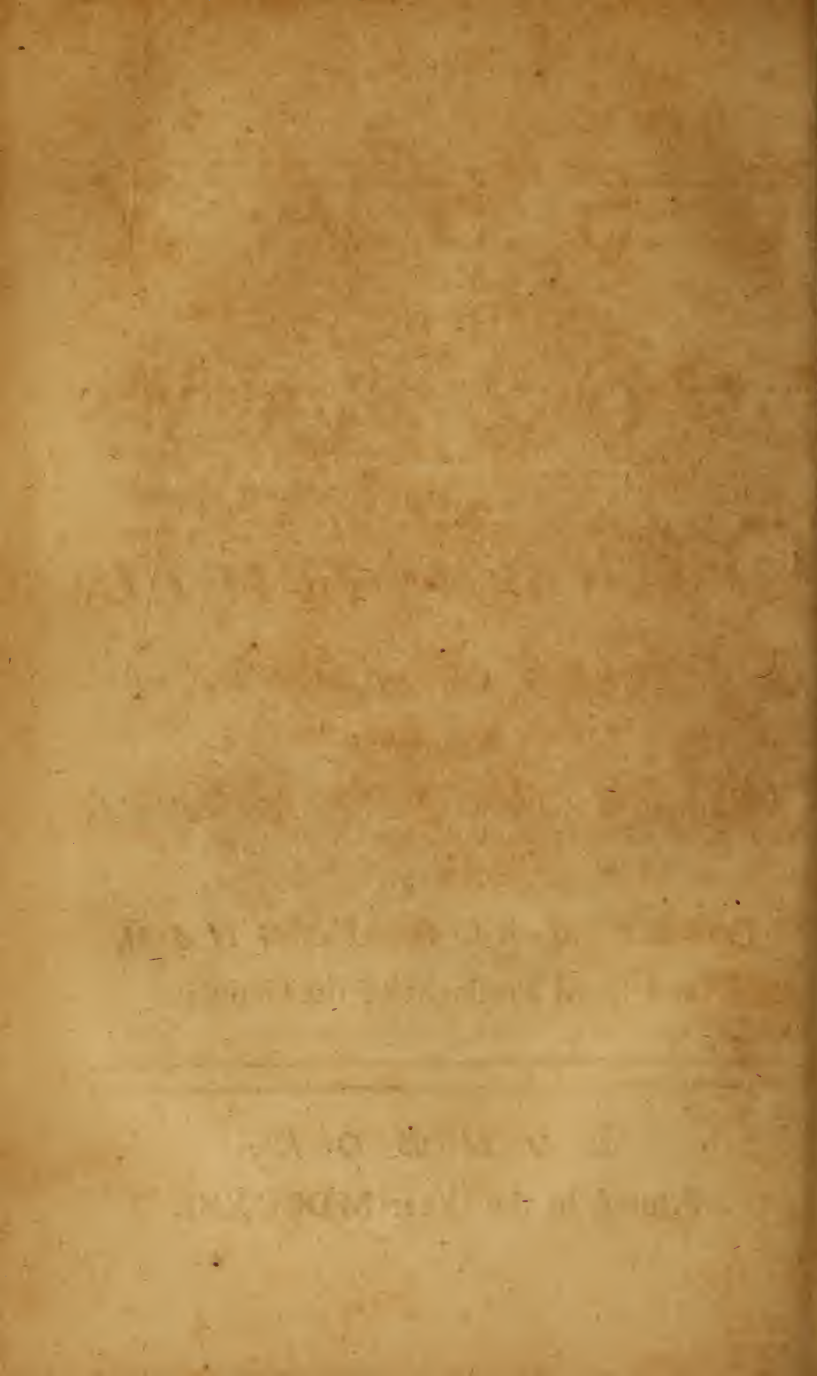
DUKE of *BUCKINGHAM,*  
and Lord President of the Council.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCXIII.





A N

E S S A Y *on* P O E T R Y.

O F Things in which Mankind does most <sup>[excel,</sup>  
 Nature's chief Master-piece is *Writing*  
*well;*

And of all Writings, *Sacred Poesie*  
 Shines most Sublime to a discerning Eye:  
 No kind of Work requires so *nice* a touch,  
 And, *well perform'd*, nothing Delights so much.  
 But, oh, far be it from Records of Fame,  
 To grace the *Vulgar* with that Sacred Name;  
 'Tis not a flash of *Fancy*, which sometimes  
 Dazling our Minds, sets off the flightest Rhimes;  
 Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;  
*True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun;*

Which

Which tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,  
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.  
 Number, and Rhime, and that harmonious Sound,  
 Which never does the Ear with *Harshness* wound,  
 Are *necessary*, yet but *vulgar* Arts;  
 For all in vain these superficial parts  
 Contribute to the Structure of the whole  
 Without a *Genius* too; for that's the *Soul*:  
 A *Spirit* which inspires the Work throughout,  
 As that of *Nature* moves the World about;  
 A Heat which glows in every Word that's writ;  
 'Tis something of *Divine*, and more than *Wit*;  
 It self unseen, yet all things by it shown,  
 Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.  
 Where dost thou dwell? What Caverns of the  
 Brain

Can such a vast, and mighty thing, contain?  
 When I, at idle hours, in vain thy Absence mourn,  
 Oh, where dost thou retire? and why dost thou re-  
 turn

Some-

Sometimes with powerful Charms to hurry me  
away

From *Pleasures* of the Night, and *Business* of  
the Day?

Ev'n now too far transported, I am fain  
To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.  
As all is *Dullness*, when the Fancy's bad,  
So, without *Judgment*, Fancy is but mad;  
And Judgment has a boundless Influence,  
Not only in the choice of *Words*, or *Sense*,  
But on the *World*, on *Manners*, and on *Men*;  
*Fancy* is but the *Feather* of the Pen;  
*Reason* is that substantial useful part,  
Which gains the *Head*, while t'other wins the *Heart*.

*Here* I should all the various sorts of Verse,  
And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearse,  
But who that Task would after *Horace* do?  
The best of *Masters*, and *Examples* too!  
Ecchoes at best, all we can say is vain,  
Dull the Design, and fruitless were the Pain.

'Tis

'Tis true, the *Ancients* we may rob with Ease  
 But who with that sad shift himself can please,  
 Without an *Actor's* Pride? A *Player's* Art  
 Is above his, who writes a *borrowed* Part.

Yet *modern* Laws are made for *later* Faults,  
 And new *Absurdities* inspire new *Thoughts*;  
 What need has *Satyr*, then, to live on *Theft*,  
 When so much *fresh* Occasion still is left?  
 Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,  
 And Monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds;  
 But hold, the *Fools* shall have no Cause to fear;  
 'Tis *Wit* and *Sense* that is the Subject here.  
 Defects of witty Men *deserve* a Cure,  
 And those who are so, will ey'n *this* endure.

First then of *SONGS*, which now so much abound,  
 Without his *Song* no Fop is to be found;  
 A most offensive Weapon, which he draws  
 On all he meets, against *Apollo's* Laws:  
 Tho' nothing seems more easie, yet no part  
 Of *Poetry* requires a *nicer* Art;

For

For as in Rows of *richest* Pearl there lies  
 Many a Blemish that escapes our Eyes,  
 The least of which *Defects* is plainly shewn  
 In some *small Ring*, and brings the Value down ;  
 So *Songs* should be to just *Perfection* wrought ;  
 Yet where can we see one without a Fault,  
 Exact *Propriety* of Words and Thought ?  
*Expression* easie, and the *Fancy* high,  
 Yet *that* not seem to *creep*, nor *this* to *fly* ;  
 No Words *transpos'd*, but in such *Order* all,  
 As, tho' with Care, may seem by Chance to *fall*.  
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit  
 Bare *Ribaldry*, that poor *Pretence* to Wit ;  
 Such *nauseous Songs* by a late Author made  
 Call an *unwilling* Censure on his *Shade*.  
 Not that warm Thoughts of the transporting Joy,  
 Can shock the *chastest*, or the *nicest* cloy ;  
 But *obscene* Words, too gross to move Desire,  
 Like Heaps of Fewel, do but *choak* the Fire.

On other Theams he well deserves our Praise,  
But palls that Appetite he meant to raise.

Next, ELEGY, of *sweet*, but *solemn* Voice;  
And of a *Subject* grave exacts the Choice;  
The Praise of *Beauty*, *Valour*, *Wit* contains,  
And there too oft despairing *Love* complains:  
In vain alas! for who by *Wit* is moved?  
That *Phenix-she* deserves to be beloved:  
But *noisie Nonsense*, and such Fops as vex  
Mankind, take most with that *fantastick* Sex.  
This to the Praise of those who better knew;  
The *Many* raise the Value of the *Few*.  
But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,  
*Women* have drawn my wandring Thoughts aside  
Their greatest Fault who in this kind have writ,  
Is not Defect in Words, nor want of Wit;  
But should this Muse harmonious Numbers yield,  
And every Couplet be with Fancy fill'd;  
If yet a just *Coherence* be not made  
Between each Thought, and the whole *Model* laid

So

So *right*, that ev'ry *Line* may *higher* rise,  
 Like goodly Mountains, 'till they reach the *Skies*;  
 Such Trifles may perhaps of late have past,  
 And may be lik'd a while, but never last;  
 'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis *Point*, 'tis what you will,  
 But an *Elegy*, nor Writ with Skill,  
 No \* *Panegyrick*, nor a † *Cooper's-Hill*.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force,  
 Are ‡ *ODES*, the Muses most unruly Horse,  
 That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no rest,  
 But foams at Mouth, and moves like one *possess'd*:  
 The Poet here must be indeed inspired,  
 With *Fury* too, as well as *Fancy* fired.  
*Cowley* might boast to have perform'd this Part,  
 Had he with *Nature* join'd the Rules of *Art*;  
 But ill *Expression* gives sometimes *Allay*  
 To noble Thoughts, whose Fame will ne'er decay.  
 Tho' all appear in Heat and Fury done,  
 The *Language* still must *soft* and *easy* run.

X

These

\* *Waller's*. † *Denham's*. ‡ *Pindarick Odes*.

These Laws may sound a little too severe,  
 But *Judgment* yields, and *Fancy* governs here;  
 Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,  
 And makes the Work much easier than it shews.

Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find  
 To mend the Age, and mortifie Mankind,  
 SATYR well-writ has most successful prov'd,  
 And cures, because the Remedy is lov'd.  
 'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,  
 Without repeating Things said oft before.  
 Some vulgar Errors only we'll remove,  
 That stain this *Beauty* which we so much love.  
 Of chosen Words some take not Care enough,  
 And think they should be as the Subject rough;  
 This Poem must be more exactly made,  
 And sharpest Thoughts in smoothest Words con-  
 vey'd:

Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,  
 As if their only Business was to rail;

But



But, humane Frailty *nicely* to unfold,  
 Distinguishes a *Satyr* from a Scold.  
 Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down;  
*A Satyr's Smile is sharper than his Frown;*  
 So, while you seem to *slight* some Rival Youth,  
 Malice it self may pass sometimes for Truth.  
 The \* *Laureat* here may justly claim our Praise,  
 Crown'd by † *Mack-Fleckno* with Immortal Bays;  
 Tho' *prais'd* and *punish'd* once for other's ‡ Rhimes,  
 His own deserve as great Applause sometimes;  
 Yet || *Pegasus*, of late, has born *dead Weight*,  
 Rid by some *lumpish* Ministers of State.  
 Here rest, my *Muse*, suspend thy Cares a while,  
 A more important Task attends thy Toil:  
 As some young *Eagle* that designs to fly  
 A long *unwonted* Journey through the Sky,

X 2

*Weighs*

\* Mr. Dryden. † A famous Satyrical Poem of his. ‡ A Copy of Verses, call'd, *An Essay on Satyr*, for which Mr. Dryden was both Applauded and Beaten, tho' not only Innocent but Ignorant, of the whole Matter.  
 || A Poem call'd, *The Hind and Panther*.

*Weighs* all the dang'rous Enterprize before,  
 Over what *Lands* and *Seas* she is to soar,  
*Doubts* her own Strength so far, and justly *fears*  
 That lofty Road of *Airy Travellers*;  
 But yet incited by some bold Design,  
 That does her *Hopes* beyond her *Fears* incline,  
 Prunes ev'ry Feather, views her self with Care,  
 At last *resolv'd*, she flounces in the Air;  
 Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,  
 She *lessens* to us, and is *lost* at last.

So (but too weak for such a weighty thing)  
 The Muse inspires a sharper Note to sing;  
 And why should Truth offend, when only told  
 To guide the *Ignorant*, and warn the *Bold*?  
 On then, my Muse, adventroufly engage  
 To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

The *Unities* of Action, Time, and Place,  
 Which, if observ'd, give P L A Y S so great a Grace,  
 Are, tho' but little *practis'd*, too well *known*  
 To be taught here; where we pretend alone

From

From *nicer* Faults to purge the present Age,  
 Less obvious Errors of the *English* Stage.

First then, SOLILOQUIES had need be few,  
 Extremely *short*, and spoke in *Passion* too;  
 Our Lovers, talking to themselves, for want  
 Of Friends, make all the *Pit* their *Confidant*;  
 Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus  
 They trust a Friend, only to tell it us:  
 Th' Occasion should as *naturally* fall,  
 As when \* *Bellarion* confesses all.

FIGURES of Speech, which Poets think so fine,  
 Art's *needless* Varnish to make Nature shine,  
 Are all but *Paint* upon a beauteous Face,  
 And in *Descriptions* only claim a Place.  
 But, to make *Rage declaim*, and *Grief discourse*,  
 From Lovers in Despair *fine* things to *force*,  
 Must needs succeed; for who can chuse but pity  
 A *dying* Hero miserably *witty*?

X 3

But,

\* In *Philaster*, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

But, oh, the Dialogues, where Jest and Mock  
Is held up like a Rest at Shittle-cock!

Or else, like Bells, eternally they chime;

They *sigh* in *Simile*, and *dye* in *Rhime*. [thought?

What *Things* are these, who would be *Poets*

By *Nature* not inspir'd, nor *Learning* taught.

*Some* Wit they have, and therefore may deserve

A better Course than this, by which they *starve*:

But to write Plays! why, 'tis a bold Pretence

To *Judgment*, *Breeding*, *Wit*, and *Eloquence*;

Nay more; for they must look *within*, to find

Those *secret Turns* of Nature in the Mind;

Without this Part, in vain would be the Whole,

And but a Body all, without a Soul:

All this together yet is but a Part

Of Dialogue, that great and powerful Art,

Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew, }

From whom the *Romans* fainter Copies drew, }

Scarce comprehended since, but by a *few*. }

*Plato,*

*Plato*, and *Lucian*, are the best Remains  
 Of all the Wonders which this Art contains ;  
 Yet to our selves we Justice must allow,  
*Shakespear* and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now :  
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,  
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before ;  
 For, tho' in many Things they grossly fail,  
 Over our Passions still they so prevail,  
 That our *own* Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep,  
 The *Dull* are forc'd to feel, the *Wise* to weep.  
 Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults ;  
 First, on a *Plot* employ thy careful Thoughts ;  
 Turn it, with Time, a thousand several Ways ;  
 This oft alone has given Success to Plays :  
 Reject that *vulgar Error* (which appears  
 So fair) of making *perfect* Characters ;  
 There's no such thing in Nature, and you'll draw  
 A *faultless Monster*, which the World ne'er saw ;  
 Some *Faults* must be, that his Misfortunes drew,  
 But such as may deserve Compassion too.

Besides the main Design compos'd with Art,  
 Each *moving Scene* must be a *Plot* apart;  
 Contrive each little *Turn*, mark every Place,  
 As *Painters* first *chalk* out the future Face;  
 Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,  
 But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where *shining Thoughts* to  
 place,

As what a Man would *say* in *such a Case*.  
 Neither in *Comedy* will this suffice,  
 The *Player* too must be before your Eyes;  
 And tho' 'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,  
 To him you must your utmost Meaning show.

Expose no *single Fop*, but lay the Load  
 More *equally*, and spread the Folly broad;  
 Meer Coxcombs are too obvious; oft we see  
 A Fool *derided* by as bad as *he*;  
*Hawks* fly at *nobler Game*; in this low way,  
 A very *Owl* may prove a *Bird of Prey*:  
*Small Poets* so will one poor *Fop* devour;  
 But, to *collect*, like *Bees*, from every Flower,  
*Ingredients*

*Ingredients* to compose this precious Juice,  
Which serves the World for *Pleasure* and for *Use*,  
In spite of Faction this would Favour get:  
But † *Falstaff* stands unimitated yet.

Another Fault which often does befall,  
Is when the Wit of some great Poet shall  
So *overflow*, that is, be none at all,  
That ev'n his Fools speak *Sense*, as if *possess*,  
And each by *Inspiration* breaks his Jest;  
If once the *Justness* of each Part be lost,  
Well we may laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.  
That silly thing, Men call *Sheer-Wit*, avoid,  
With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd;  
*Humour's* the main; *Wit* should be only brought  
To turn agreeably some *proper* Thought.  
But, since the Poets we of late have known,  
Shine in no *Dress* so much as in their *own*;  
The better by *Example* to convince,  
Cast but a View on this *wrong side* of Sense.

First,

† An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakepear's*.

First, a Soliloquy is *calmly* made,  
 Where every Reason is *exactly* weigh'd;  
 Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes  
 Some *Hero* frighted at the Noise of Drums  
 For *her* sweet sake, whom at *first sight* he loves;  
 And all in *Metaphor* his Passion *proves*:  
 But some sad Accident, tho' yet unknown,  
 Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone;  
 He streight grows *jealous*, tho' we know not why,  
 Then, to *oblige* his *Rival*, needs will *dye*;  
 But first he makes a *Speech*, wherein he tells  
 The *absent* Nymph how much his Flame excels;  
 And yet bequeaths her *generously* now [know,)  
 To that lov'd Man (whom yet he scarce does  
 Who streight appears (but who can Fate withstand?)  
 Too late alas to hold his hasty Hand,  
 That just has giv'n himself the cruel Stroke,  
 At which his very *Rival's* Heart is broke;  
 Who more to his *new* Friend than Mistress kind,  
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind;



Of such a Death prefers the pleasing Charms  
To *Love*, and living in his Lady's Arms. [these?

How shameful, and what monstrous things are  
And then they rail at those they cannot please;  
Conclude us only partial for the *Dead*,  
And grudge the Sign of old *Ben. Johnson's* Head;  
When the *intrinsick* Value of the Stage  
Can scarce be judg'd but by a *following* Age;  
For, Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime,  
May keep up *sinking* Nonsense for a time.  
But that will fail, which now so much o'er-rules,  
And *Sense* no longer may *submit* to Fools.

Breathless almost we are at lost got up  
*Parnassus* Hill, on whose bright Airy Top  
The *Epick Poets* so divinely show,  
And with *just Pride* behold the rest below.  
*Heroick* Poems have a just Pretence  
To be the highest Reach of human Sense:  
A Work of such inestimable Worth,  
There are but *two* the World has yet brought forth;

*Homer,*

*Homer*, and *Virgil*! With what sacred Awe  
Do those meer Sounds the World's Attention draw!  
Just as a *Changeling* seems below the rest  
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast;  
So these *Gigantick* Souls amaz'd we find  
As much above the rest of human kind.  
*Nature's* whole Strength united! endless Fame,  
And universal Shouts, attend their Name!  
Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more;  
For all things else appear so dull and poor,  
*Verses* will seem *Prose*; yet often on him look,  
And you will hardly need another Book.  
Had \* *Bossu* never writ, the World had still,  
Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous Piece of  
Skill;  
As something of *Divine*, the Work admired;  
Not hoped to be *Instructed*, but *Inspired*;  
But he, disclosing sacred *Mysteries*,  
Has shewn where all the mighty *Magick* lies;  
Describ'd

\* A late Author.

Describ'd the *Seeds*, and in what Order sown,  
That have to such a vast Proportion grown.  
Sure, from some *Angel* he the *Secret* knew,  
Who through this *Labyrinth* has given the *Clue*?  
But what, alas, avails it poor Mankind  
To see this *promised Land*, yet stay behind?  
The Way is shewn, but who has Strength to go?  
What skillful Bard does ev'ry Science know?  
Whose *Fancy* flies beyond weak *Reason's* Sight,  
And yet has *Judgment* to direct it right?  
Whose *just* Discernment, *Virgil-like*, is such,  
Never to say too little, or too much?  
Let such a Man begin without delay;  
But he must do beyond what I can say.  
Must above *Milton's* lofty Flights prevail,  
Succeed where *Spencer* and *Torquato* fail.

On the DEATH of

*JULIUS CÆSAR;*

Design'd for a Chorus in that Play.

**H**OW great a Curse on Human Kind  
Is sent by angry Providence!

The Gentlest Nature, noblest Mind,  
Courage, Arts, and Eloquence,  
Were intermix'd in Him alone;  
Yet in one Moment overthrown!

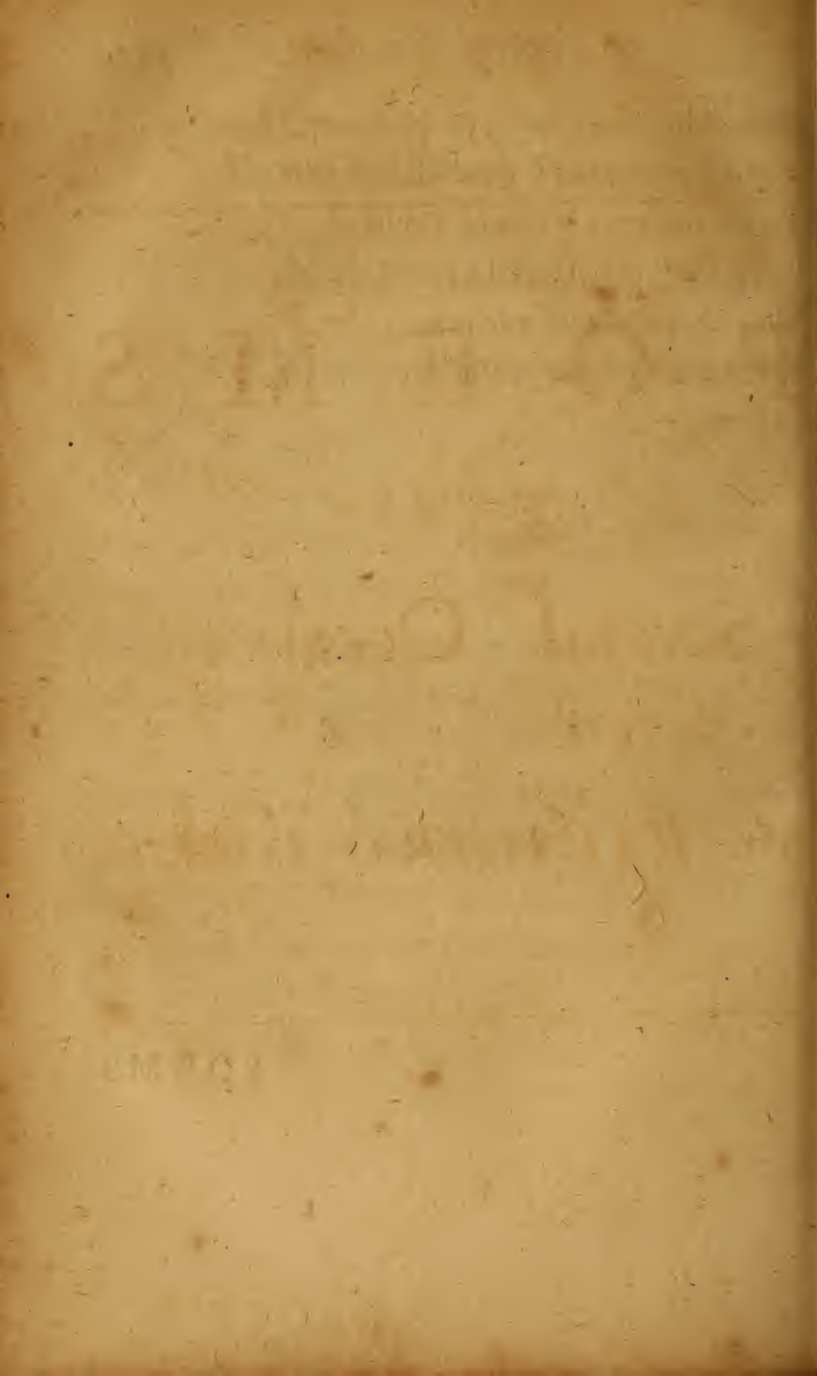
Could Chance, or Senseless Atoms, join  
To form a Soul so great as His?  
Or would those Powers we call Divine,  
Destroy their own chief Master-piece?  
Where so much Difficulty lyes,  
The Doubtful are the only Wise.

And,

And, what does more perplex our Thoughts;  
Just Heav'n the \* Best of *Romans* sends,  
To do the very worst of Faults,  
And kill the dearest of his Friends.  
Alas, this is above our reach;  
What-ever Priests presume to Preach.

\* *Brutus.*





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P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions.

B Y

Mr. *RICHARD DUKE.*

---

Y

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THE  
REVIEW.

Never before Printed.

*Longa est Injuria, longæ  
Ambages sed summa sequar fastigia rerum. Virg.*

**H**OW have we wander'd a long dismal Night,  
Led through blind Paths by each delu-  
ding Light!

Now plung'd in Mire, now by sharp Brambles torn,  
With Tempests beat, and to the Winds a Scorn!

Loſt, weary'd, ſpent ! but ſee the Eaſtern Star,  
And glimmering Light dawns kindly from afar.  
Bright Goddeſs hail ! while we by thee ſurvey  
The various Errors of our painful Way ;  
While guided by ſome Clew of Heav'nly Thread,  
The perplex'd Labyrinth we backward tread ;  
Thro' Rulers Avarice, Pride, Ambition, Hate,  
Perverſe Cabals, and winding Turns of State,  
The Senate's Rage, and all the crooked Lines  
Of incoherent Plots, and wild Deſigns ;  
'Till getting out where firſt we enter'd in,  
A new bright Race of Glory we begin.

As, after Winter, Spring's glad Face appears,  
As the bleſt Shoar to ſhipwrack'd Mariners,  
Success to Lovers, Glory to the Brave,  
Health to the Sick, or Freedom to the Slave,

Such

Such was Great \* *Cæsar's* Day! the wond'rous  
Day,

That long in Fate's dark Bosom hatching lay,  
Heav'n to absolve, and Satisfaction bring,  
For twenty Years of Misery and Sin!  
What Shouts, what Triumph; what unruly Joy  
Swell'd ev'ry Breast, did ev'ry Tongue employ,  
With direct Rays, whilst on his People shone  
The King Triumphant from the Martyr's Throne!  
Was ever Prince like him to Mortals giv'n?  
So much the Joy of Earth, and Care of Heav'n!  
Under the Pressure of unequal Fate  
Of so erect a Mind, and Soul so great!  
So full of Meekness, and so void of Pride,  
When born aloft by Fortune's highest Tide!  
Mercy like Heav'ns, his chief Prerogative,  
His Joy to save, and Glory to forgive.

All Storms compos'd, and Tempests Rage asleep,  
He, *Halcyon* like, fate brooding o'er the Deep.  
He saw the Royal Bark securely ride,  
No Danger threat'ning from the peaceful Tide;  
And he who, when the Winds and Sea were high,  
Oppos'd his Skill, and did their Rage defie,  
No Diminution to his Honour thought,  
T' enjoy the Pleasure of the Calm he brought.  
(Shou'd he alone be fo the People's Slave,  
As not to share the Blessings that he gave?)  
But not 'till full of providential Care,  
He chose a Pilot in his Place to steer.  
One in his Father's Councils and his own  
Long exercis'd, and grey in Business grown.  
Whose confirm'd Judgment, and sagacious Wit,  
Knew all the Sands on which rash Monarchs split;  
Of rising Winds could, e'er they blew, inform,  
And from which Quarter to expect the Storm.

Such

Such was, or such he seem'd, whom *Cæsar* chose,  
 And did all Empire's Cares in him repose:  
 That after all his Toils and Dangers past,  
 He might lye down and taste some Ease at last.

Now stands the Statesman of the Helmpoſſeſt,  
 On him alone three mighty Nations reſt;  
 \* *Byrſa* his Name, bred at the wrangling Bar,  
 And ſkill'd in Arms of that litigious War;  
 But more to Wit's peacefuller Arts inclin'd,  
 Learning's *Mecænas*, and the Muſes Friend.  
 Him ev'ry Muſe in ev'ry Age had ſung,  
 His eaſie flowing Wit and charming Tongue,  
 Had not the treach'rous Voice of Pow'r inspir'd  
 His mounting Thoughts, and wild Ambition fir'd:  
 Diſdaining leſs Alliances to own,  
 He now ſets up for Kinsman of the Throne;

\* *E. of Clarendon.*

And *Anna*, by the Power her Father gain'd,  
 Back'd with great *Cæsar's* absolute Command,  
 On false Pretence of former Contracts made,  
 Is forc'd on brave \**Britannicus's* Bed.

Thus rais'd, his Insolence his Wit out-vy'd,  
 And meanest Avarice maintain'd his Pride.  
 When *Cæsar*, to confirm his Infant State,  
 Drown'd in Oblivion all old Names of Hate,  
 By threat'ning many, but excepting none  
 That pay'd the Purchase of Oblivion,  
*Byrsa* his Master's free-given Mercy sold,  
 And Royal Grace retail'd for Rebel Gold.  
 That new State Maxim he invented first,  
 (To aged Time's last Revolution curst)  
 That teaches Monarchs to oblige their Foes,  
 And their best Friends to Beggary expose.

\* *Duke of York.*

For these, he said, would still beg on and serve;  
'Tis the old Badge of Loyalty to starve.

But harden'd Rebels must by Bribes be won,  
And paid for all the mighty Ills they've done;  
When Wealth and Honour from their Treasons  
flow,

How can they chuse, but very Loyal grow?

This false ungrateful Maxim *Byrsa* taught,  
Vast Sums of Wealth from thriving Rebels brought.  
Titles and Power to Thieves and Traitors sold,  
Swell'd his stretch'd Coffers with o'er-flowing  
Gold.

Hence all these Tears — in these first Seeds <sup>[sown</sup> was  
His Country's following Ruin, and his own.

Of that accurst and sacrilegious Crew,  
Which great by Merit of Rebellion grew,

Had

Had all unactive perish'd and unknown,  
 The false \**Antonius* had suffic'd alone,  
 To all succeeding Ages to proclaim,  
 Of this State Principle, the Guilt and Shame.

*Antonius*, early in Rebellious Race,  
 Swiftly fet out, nor slack'ning in his Pace;  
 The same Ambition that his youthful Heat  
 Urg'd to all Ills, the little daring Brat,  
 With unabated Ardour does engage  
 The loathsome Dregs of his decrepit Age;  
 Bold, full of native and acquir'd Deceit,  
 Of sprightly Cunning, and malicious Wit;  
 Restless, projecting still some new Design,  
 Still drawing round the Government his Line,  
 Bold on the Walls, or busie in the Mine. }  
 Lewd as the Stews, but to the blinded Eyes  
 Of the dull Crowd, as Puritan precise.

\**Earl of Shaftsbury.*



Before their Sight he draws the Jugler's Cloud  
 Of publick Int'rest, and the People's Good.  
 The working Ferment of his active Mind,  
 In his weak Body's Cask with Pain confin'd,  
 Would burst the rotten Vessel where 'tis pent,  
 But that 'tis tapt to give the Treason vent.

[Hand

Such were the Men, that from the Statesman's  
 Not Pardon only, but Promotion gain'd ;  
 All Offices of Dignity or Pow'r  
 These swarming Locusts greedily devour ;  
 Preferr'd to all the Secrets of the State,  
 These senseless Sinners in the Counsel fate,  
 In their unjust deceitful Ballance laid,  
 The great Concerns of War and Peace were  
 [weigh'd.

This Wise \**Lovisius* knew, whose mighty Mind  
 Had Universal Empire long design'd ;

\* French King.

And

And when he all Things found were bought and  
 Thought nothing there impossible to Gold: <sup>[fold</sup>  
 With mighty Sums, thro' secret Channels brought,  
 On the corrupted Counsellors he wrought.  
 Against the neighb'ring *Belgians* they declare  
 A hazardous and an expensive War.  
 Their fresh Affronts and matchless Insolence  
 To *Cæsar's* Honour made a fair Pretence ;  
 Meer Outside this, but, ruling by his Pay,  
 Cunning *Lovisius* did this Project lay,  
 By mutual Damages to weaken those  
 Who only could his vast Designs oppose.  
 But *Cæsar* looking with a just Disdain  
 Upon their bold Pretences to the Main,  
 Sent forth his Royal Brother from his Side,  
 To lash their Insolence, and curb their Pride ;  
*Britannicus*, by whose high Virtues grac'd  
 The present Age contends with all the past:

Him Heav'n a Pattern did for Heroes form,  
Slow to advise, but eager to perform,  
In Counsel calm, fierce as a Storm in Fight,  
Danger his Sport, and Labour his Delight.  
To him, the Fleet, and Camp, the Sea, and Field,  
Did equal Harvests of bright Glory yield.  
No less each civil Virtue him commends,  
The best of Subjects, Brothers, Masters, Friends;  
To Merit just, to needy Virtue kind,  
True to his Word, and constant to his Friend.  
What's well resolv'd, as bravely he pursues,  
Fixt in his Choice, as careful how to chuse.  
Honour was Born not planted in his Heart,  
And Virtue came by Nature, not by Art.  
Where Glory calls, and *Cæsar* gives Command,  
He flies: His pointed Thunder in his Hand.  
The *Belgian* Fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,  
The Tempest of his Fury to sustain:

Shatter'd

Shatter'd and torn, before his Flags they fly  
Like Doves that the exalted Eagle spy,  
Ready to stoop and seize them from on high.  
He, *Neptune* like, when from his watry Bed,  
Above the Waves lifting his awful Head,  
He smiles, and to his Chariot gives the Rein,  
In Triumph rides o'er the asserted Main;  
And now returns, the watry Empire won,  
At *Cæsar's* Feet to lay his Trident down.  
But who the Shouts and Triumphs can relate  
Of the glad Isle that his Return did wait.  
Rejoicing Crowds attend him on the Strand,  
Loud as the Sea, and numerous as the Sand.  
A Joy too great to be by Words exprest  
Shines in each Eye, and beats in ev'ry Breast.  
So Joy the many, but the wiser few  
The Godlike Prince with silent Wonder view.

The grateful Senate his high Acts confess  
In a vast Gift, but than his Merit less.  
*Britannicus* is all the Voice of Fame,  
*Britannicus!* she knows no other Name;  
The Peoples Darling, and the Court's Delight,  
Lovely in Peace, as dreadful in the Fight!  
Shall he, shall ever he, who now commands  
So many thousand Hearts, and Tongues, and Hands,  
Shall ever he, by some strange Crime of Fate,  
Fall under the ignoble Vulgar's Hate?  
Who knows? The Turns of Fortune who can tell?  
Who fix her Globe, or stop the rowling Wheel?  
The Crowd's a Sea, whose Wants run high or low,  
According as the Winds, their Leaders, blow.  
All calm and smooth, 'till from some Corner flies  
An envious Blast that makes the Billows rise.  
The Blast, that whence it comes, or where it goes,  
We know not, but where-e'er it lifts it blows.

Was

Was not of old the *Jewish* Rabbles Cry  
*Hosanna* first, and after Crucifie?

Now *Byrsa* with full Orb illustrious shone,  
 With Beams reflected from his glorious Son;  
 All Pow'r his own, but what was giv'n to those  
 That Counsellors by him from Rebels rose:  
 But rais'd so far, each now disdains a First;  
 The Taste of Pow'r does but inflame the Thirst.  
 With envious Eyes they *Byrsa's* Glories see,  
 Nor think they can be great, while less than he.  
 Envy their Cunning sharpen'd, and their Wit,  
 Enough before for teacherous Counsels fit.  
 T' accuse him openly not yet they dare,  
 But subtly by Degrees his Fall prepare.  
 They knew by long experienced Desert  
 How near he grew rooted to *Cæsar's* Heart;

To move him hence requir'd no common Skill;  
 But what is hard to a resolv'd Will?  
 They found his publick Actions all conspire,  
 Wisely apply'd, to favour their Desire.  
 But one they want their Venom to suggest,  
 And make it gently slide to *Cæsar's* Breast.  
 Who fitter than \* *Villerius* for this Part?  
 And him to gain requir'd but little Art,  
 For Mischief was the Darling of his Heart.  
 A Compound of such Parts as never yet  
 In any one of all God's Creatures met.  
 Not sick Men's Dreams so various or so wild,  
 Or of such disagreeing Shapes compil'd:  
 Yet through all Changes of his shifting Scene,  
 Still constant to Buffoon and Harlequin:  
 As if he had made a Pray'r, than his of old  
 More foolish, that turn'd all he touch'd to Gold.

}

\* Duke of Buckingham,

God granted him to play th' Eternal Fool,  
And all he handled turn to Ridicule.  
Thus a new *Midas* truly he appears,  
And shews through all Disguise his Asses Ears.  
Did he the weightiest Business of the State  
At Council or in Senate House debate,  
King, Country, all, he for a Jest wou'd quit,  
To catch some little Flash of paltry Wit.  
How full of Gravity so e'er he struts,  
The Ape in Robes will scramble for his Nuts.  
Did he all Laws of Heav'n or Earth defie,  
Blaspheme his God, or give his King the Lie,  
Adultery, Murders, Buggery commit,  
Still 'twas a Jest, and nothing but Sheer-Wit.  
At last this edg'd-tool Wit, his darling Sport,  
Wounded himself, and banish'd him the Court.  
Like common Juglers, or like common Whores,  
All his Tricks shewn, he was kick'd out of Doors.

Not



Not chang'd in Humour by his Change of Place,  
 He still found Company to suit his Grace; [lets,  
 Mountebanks, Quakers, Chymists, Trading Var-  
 Pimps, Players, Citty Sheriffs, and Suburb Harlots;  
 War his Aversion, once he heard it roar,  
 But *Damn him if he ever hear it more;*  
 And there you may believe him, tho' he swore.

But with Play-Houses, Wars, immortal Wars,  
 He wag'd, and ten Years Rage produc'd a \*Farce:  
 As many rowling Years he did employ,  
 And Hands almost as many, to destroy  
 Heroick Rhime, as *Greece* to ruin *Troy*.

Once more, says Fame, for Battle he prepares,  
 And threatens Rhymers with a second Farce.  
 But if as long for this as that we stay,  
 He'll finish *Clevedon* sooner than his Play.

This precious Tool did the new Statesmen use  
 In *Cæsar's* Breath their Whispers to infuse:

\* *Rehearsal.*

Suspicion's bred by Gravity, Beard and Gown,  
 But who suspects the Madman and Buffoon?  
 Drolling *Villerius* this Advantage had,  
 And all his Jest's sober Impressions made.  
 Besides he knew to chuse the softest Hour,  
 When *Cæsar* for a while forgot his Pow'r,  
 And coming tir'd from Empire's grand Affairs,  
 In the free Joys of Wine relax'd his Cares.  
 Then 'twas he play'd the sly successful Fool,  
 And serious Mischief did in Ridicule.  
 Then he with jealous Thoughts his Prince cou'd <sup>[fill,</sup>  
 And gild with Mirth and glittering Wit the Pill.  
 With a grave Mien, Discourse and decent State,  
 He pleasantly the Ape could imitate,  
 And soon as a Contempt of him was bred,  
 It made the Way for Hatred to succeed.

—— Gravities Disguise

The greatest Jest of all *he'd needs be wise.*

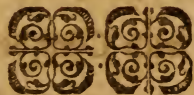
*Here he left off.*

THE  
FIFTH ELEGY  
OF THE  
FIRST BOOK of *OVID*.

[Fire,  
**T** Was Noon, when I, scorch'd with the double  
Of the hot Sun, and my more hot Desire,  
Stretcht on my downey Couch at Ease was laid,  
Big with Expectance of the lovely Maid.  
The Curtains but half drawn, a Light let in,  
Such as in Shades of thickest Groves is seen;  
Such as remains, when the Sun flies away,  
Or when Night's gone, and yet it is not Day.  
This Light to modest Maids must be allow'd,  
Where Shame may hope its guilty Head to shrowd.

And now my Love, *Corinna*, did appear,  
 Loose on her Neck fell her divided Hair; }  
 Loose as her flowing Gown, that wanton'd in the } [Air.  
 In such a Garb, with such a Grace and Mein,  
 To her rich Bed came the *Assyrian* Queen.  
 So *Lais* look'd, when all the Youth of *Greece*  
 With Adoration did her Charms confess.  
 Her envious Gown to pull away I try'd,  
 But she resisted still, and still deny'd;  
 But so resisted, that she seem'd to be  
 Unwilling to obtain the Victory.  
 So I at last, an easie Conquest had,  
 Whilst my fair Combatant her self betray'd:  
 But when she naked stood before my Eyes,  
 Gods! with what Charms did she my Soul surprize?  
 What snowy Arms did I both see and feel?  
 With what rich Globes did her soft Bosom swell?

Plump, as ripe Clusters, rose each glowing Breast,  
Courting the Hand, and suing to be prest!  
What a smooth Plain was on her Belly spread?  
Where thousand little Loves and Graces play'd;  
What Thighs! what Legs! But why strive I in vain,  
Each Limb, each Grace, each Feature to explain?  
One Beauty did through her whole Body shine.  
I saw, admir'd, and prest it close to mine.  
The rest, who knows not? Thus intranc'd we lay,  
'Till in each other's Arms we dy'd away;  
O give me such a Noon (ye Gods) to every Day.



THE  
FOURTH ODE  
OF THE

Second Book of *HORACE*:

**B**Lush not, my Friend, to own the Love  
Which thy fair Captive's Eyes do move;  
*Achilles*, once the Fierce, the Brave,  
Stooped to the Beauties of a Slave;  
*Tecmessa's* Charms could over-power  
*Ajax* her Lord and Conquerour;  
Great *Agamemnon*, when Success  
Did all his Arms with Conquest bless;  
When *Hector's* fall had gain'd him more  
Than ten long rolling Years before,  
By a bright Captive Virgin's Eyes  
Even in the midst of Triumph dies.

You

You know not to what mighty Line  
The lovely Maid may make you join;  
See but the Charms her Sorrow wears,  
No common Cause could draw such Tears:  
Those Streams sure that adorn her so  
For Loss of Royal Kindred flow:  
Oh! think not so divine a thing  
Could from the Bed of Commons spring;  
Whose Faith could so unmov'd remain,  
And so averse to fordid Gain,  
Was never born of any Race  
That might the noblest Love disgrace.  
Her blooming Face, her snowy Arms,  
Her well shap'd Leg, and all her Charms  
Of her Body and her Face,  
I, poor I, may safely praise.  
Suspect not Love the youthful Rage  
From *Horace's* declining Age,

But

But think remov'd, by forty Years,  
 All his Flames and all thy Fears.

---

THE  
 E I G H T H O D E  
 OF THE  
*Second Book of HORACE.*

**I**F ever any injur'd Power,  
 By which the false *Barine* swore,  
 False, fair *Barine*, on thy Head  
 Had the least Mark of Vengeance shed;  
 If but a Tooth or Nail of thee  
 Had suffer'd by thy Perjury,  
 I should believe thy Vows; but thou  
 Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,



Of all our Youth the publick Care,  
Nor half so false as thou art Fair.  
It thrives with thee to be forsworn  
By thy dead Mother's sacred Urn,  
By Heaven and all the Stars that shine  
Without, and every God within:  
*Venus* hears this, and all the while  
At thy empty Vows does smile,  
Her Nymphs all smile, her little Son  
Does smile, and to his Quiver run ;  
Does smile and fall to whet his Darts,  
To wound for thee fresh Lovers Hearts.  
See all the Youth does thee obey,  
Thy Train of Slaves grows every Day ;  
Nor leave thy former Subjects thee,  
Tho' oft they threaten to be free,  
Tho' oft with Vows false as thine are,  
Their forsworn Mistrels they forswear.

Thee

Thee every careful Mother fears  
 For her Son's blooming tender Years;  
 Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride  
 In *Hymen's* Fetters newly ty'd,  
 Left thou detain by stronger Charms  
 Th' expected Husband from her Arms.

---

## *H O R A C E* and *L Y D I A*.

The Ninth Ode of the Third Book.

### *H O R A C E*.

**W**HILST I was welcome to your Heart  
 In which no happier Youth had Part,  
 And full of more prevailing Charms,  
 Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms,  
 I flourish'd richer and more blest  
 Than the great Monarch of the East.

*L Y D I A*.

LYDIA.

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,  
 Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,  
*Lydia*, the celebrated Name,  
 The only Theme of Verse and Fame,  
 I flourish'd more than she renown'd,  
 Whose Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

HORACE.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muse,  
 And every Grace adorn, subdues;  
 For whom I'd gladly die, to save  
 Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire  
 With mutual Flames of fierce Desire;  
 For whom I twice would die, to save  
 His Youth more precious from the Grave.

HORACE.

## H O R A C E.

What if our former Loves return,  
And our first Fires again should burn?  
If *Chloe's* banish'd to make way  
For the forsaken *Lydia*?

## L Y D I A.

Tho' he is shining as a Star,  
Constant and kind as he is Fair;  
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea,  
Yet I would live, would die with thee.



## The CYCLOPS.

Theocritus *Idyll*. XI.*Inscrib'd to Dr. Short.*

O *Short*, no Herb, no Salve was ever found  
 To ease a Lover's heart, or heal his wound;  
 No Medicine this prevailing Ill subdues,  
 None, but the Charms of the condoling Muse:  
 Sweet to the Sense, and easie to the Mind  
 The Cure, but hard, but very hard to find.  
 This you well know, and surely none so well,  
 Who both in Physick's sacred Art excel,  
 And in Wit's Orb among the brightest shine,  
 The love of *Phæbus*, and the tuneful Nine.

Thus sweetly sad of old, the *Cyclops* strove  
 To soften his uneasie hours of Love.

His

Then when hot Youth urg'd him to fierce desire,  
And *Galatea's* Eyes kindled the raging fire,  
His was no common Flame, nor could he move  
In the old Arts, and beaten Paths of Love;  
Nor Flowers nor Fruits sent to oblige the Fair,  
Nor more to please, curl'd his neglected Hair;  
His was all Rage, all Madnefs; to his Mind  
No other Cares their wonted Entrance find.  
Oft from the Field his Flock return'd alone  
Unheeded, unobserv'd: he on some Stone,  
Or craggy Cliff, to the deaf Winds and Sea  
Accusing *Galatea's* Cruelty;  
Till Night from the first dawn of opening day,  
Consumes with inward heat, and melts away.  
Yet then a Cure, the only Cure he found,  
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding Wound;  
From a steep Rock, from whence he might survey  
The Flood, (the Bed where his lov'd Sea-Nymph  
lay,) His

His drooping head with sorrow bent he hung,  
 And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful Song.  
 Fair *Galatea*, why is all my Pain  
 Rewarded thus? soft Love with sharp Disdain?  
 Fairer than falling Snow or rising Light,  
 Soft to the touch as charming to the sight;  
 Sprightly as unyok'd Heifers, on whose head  
 The tender Crescents but begin to spread;  
 Yet cruel you to harshness more incline,  
 Than unripe Grapes pluck'd from the savage Vine.  
 Soon as my heavy Eye-lid's seal'd with sleep,  
 Hither you come out from the foaming deep;  
 But when sleep leaves me, you together fly,  
 And vanish swiftly from my opening Eye,  
 Swift as young Lambs when the fierce Wolf they }  
 I well remember the first fatal day  
 That made my Heart your Beauty's easie Prey,

'Twas when the Flood you, with my Mother, left,  
Of all its Brightness, all its Pride bereft,  
To gather Flowers from the steep Mountain's Top;  
Of the high Office proud, I led you up;  
To Hyacinths, and Roses did you bring,  
And shew'd you all the Treasures of the Spring.  
But from that hour my Soul has known no rest,  
Soft Peace is banish'd from my tortur'd Breast,  
I rage, I burn. Yet still regardless you  
Not the least sign of melting pity shew:  
No; by the Gods that shall revenge my pain!  
No; you, the more I love, the more disdain.  
Ah! Nymph, by every Grace adorn'd, I know  
Why you despise and fly the *Cyclops* so;  
Because a shaggy Brow from side to side,  
Stretch'd in a line, does my large Forehead hide;  
And under that one only Eye does shine,  
And my flat Nose to my big Lips does joyn.

Such



Such tho' I am, yet know, a Thousand Sheep,  
The pride of the *Sicilian* Hills, I keep;  
With sweetest Milk they fill my flowing Pails,  
And my vast stock of Cheeses never fails;  
In Summer's heat, or Winter's sharpest cold,  
My loaded Shelves groan with the weight they hold.  
With such soft Notes I the shrill Pipe inspire,  
That every list'ning *Cyclops* does admire;  
While with it often I all Night proclaim  
Thy powerful Charms, and my successless Flame.  
For thee twelve Does all big with Fawn, I feed,  
And four Bear-Cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.  
Ah! come, to me, fair Nymph, and you shall find  
These are the smallest Gifts for thee design'd.  
Ah! come, and leave the angry Waves to roar,  
And break themselves against the sounding shoar.  
How much more pleasant would thy slumbers be  
In the retir'd and peaceful Cave with me?

There the streight Cyprefs and green Laurel join;  
 And creeping Ivy clasps the cluster'd Vine;  
 There fresh, cool Rills, from *Ætna's* purest Snow,  
 Dissolv'd into Ambrosial Liquor, flow.

Who the wild Waves, and brackish Sea could chuse,  
 And these still Shades, and these sweet Streams re-  
 But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with Hair, <sup>[fuse?</sup>

Without a Fire desie the Winter Air,  
 Know I have mighty Stores of Wood, and know  
 Perpetual Fires on my bright Hearth do glow.  
 My Soul, my Life it self should burn for thee,  
 And this one-Eye, as dear as Life to me.

Why was not I with Fins, like Fishes, made,  
 That I, like them, might in the Deep have play'd?  
 Then would I dive beneath the yielding Tide,  
 And kiss your Hand, if you your Lips deny'd.  
 To thee I'd Lillies and red Poppies bear,  
 And Flowers that crown each Season of the Year.

But

But I'm resolv'd I'll learn to swim and dive  
 Of the next Stranger that does here arrive,  
 That th' undiscover'd Pleasures I may know  
 Which you enjoy in the deep Flood below.  
 Come forth, O Nymph, and coming forth forget,  
 Like me that on this Rock unmindful sit,  
 (Of all things else unmindful but of thee)  
 Home to return forget, and live with me.  
 With me the sweet and pleasing Labour chuse,  
 To feed the Flock, and milk the burthen'd Ewes,  
 To press the Cheese, and the sharp *Runnet* to in-  
 My Mother does unkindly use her Son, <sup>[fuse.]</sup>  
 By her neglect the *Cyclops* is undone;  
 For me she never labours to prevail,  
 Nor whispers in your Ear my Am'rous Tale.  
 No; tho' she knows I languish every Day,  
 And sees my Body waste, and Strength decay.



Thus did the *Cyclops* fan his raging fire,  
 And sooth'd with gentle Verse his fierce Desire.  
 Thus pass'd his Hours with more delight and ease,  
 Than if the Riches of the World were his.

---

T O

C Æ L I A.

**F**LY swift, ye hours, ye sluggish minutes fly,  
 Bring back my Love, or let her Lover dye.  
 Make haste, O Sun, and to my Eyes once more,  
 My *Celia* brighter than thy self restore.  
 In spite of thee, 'tis Night when she's away,  
 Her Eyes alone can the glad Beams display,  
 That makes my Sky look clear, and guide my day.  
 O when will she lift up her sacred Light!  
 And chase away the flying Shades of Night!

With her how fast the flowing Hours run on?  
But oh! how long they stay when she is gone?  
So slowly Time when clogg'd with Grief does  
move;

So swift when born upon the Wings of Love!  
Hardly three Days, they tell me, yet are past;  
Yet 'tis an Age since I beheld her last.

O my auspicious Star make haste to rise,  
To charm our Hearts and bless our longing Eyes!  
O how I long on thy dear Eyes to gaze,  
And cheer my own with their reflected Rays!  
How my impatient, thirsty Soul does long,  
To hear the charming Musick of thy Tongue!  
Where pointed Wit with solid Judgment grows,  
And in one easie Stream united flows.  
When-e'er you speak, with what Delight we hear,  
You call up every Soul to every Ear!

Nature's

Nature's too prodigal to Woman-kind,  
Ev'n where she does neglect t'adorn the mind;  
Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,  
As makes Mankind with Joy and Pride obey:  
But oh! when Wit and Sense with Beauty's joyn'd,  
The Woman's sweetness with the manly mind;  
When Nature with so just a hand does mix  
The most engaging Charms of either Sex;  
And out of both that thus in one combine  
Does something form not Humane but Divine,  
What's her Command, but that we all adore  
The noblest Work of her Almighty Power!  
Nor ought our Zeal thy Anger to create,  
Since Love's thy Debt, nor is our Choice but Fate.  
Where Nature bids, worship I'm forc'd to pay,  
Nor have the Liberty to disobey.  
And whensoe'er she does a Poet make,  
She gives him Verse but for thy Beauty's sake.

Had I a Pen that could at once impart  
 Soft *Ovid's* Nature and high *Virgil's* Art;  
 Then the immortal *Sacharissa's* Name  
 Should be but second in the List of Fame ;  
 Each *Grove* each *Shade* should with thy praise be  
 fill'd,  
 And the fam'd *Penshurst* to our *Windfor* yield.

---

*Spoken to the QUEEN in Trinity-  
 College New-Court in Cambridge.*

**T**HOU equal Partner of the Royal Bed,  
 That mak'st a Crown sit soft on *Charles's*  
 Head ;

In whom with Greatness, Virtue takes her Seat ;  
 Meekness with Power, and Piety with State ;

Whose



Whose Goodness might even Faction's Crouds re-  
Win the Seditious, and the Savage tame; [claim,  
Tyrants themselves to gentlest Mercy bring,  
And only useles is on such a King;  
See, mighty Princess, see how every Breast,  
With Joy and Wonder, is at once possest:  
Such was the Joy, which the first Mortals knew,  
When Gods descended to the People's View,  
Such devout wonder did it then afford,  
To see those Pow'rs they had unseen ador'd,  
But they were Feign'd: nor if they had been true,  
Could shed more Blessings on the Earth than you:  
Our Courts enlarg'd, their former Bounds disdain,  
To make Reception for so great a Train;  
Here may your sacred Breast rejoice to see,  
Your own Age strive with Ancient Piety,  
Soon now, since blest by your auspicious Eyes,  
To full perfection shall our Fabrick rise.

Lefs

Less powerful Charms than yours of old could call,  
 The willing Stones into the *Theban* Wall,  
 And ours which now its rise to you shall owe,  
 More fam'd than that by your great Name shall  
 grow.

## FLORIANA,

A Pastoral upon the Death of her Grace the  
 Dutchess of *SOUTHAMPTON*.

*D A M O N.*

**T**ELL me my *Thyrsis*, tell thy *Damon*, why  
 Does my lov'd Swain in this sad posture lye?  
 What mean these Streams still falling from thine  
 Eyes,  
 Fast as those Sighs from thy swoln Bosom rise?

Has

Has the fierce Wolf broke thro' the fenced ground?

Have thy Lambs stray'd? or has *Dorinda* frown'd?

*Thyrfis*. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now

he may:

Have thy Lambs stray'd? let 'em for ever stray:

*Dorinda* frown'd? No, She is ever mild;

Nay, I remember but just now she smil'd:

Alas! she smil'd; for to the lovely Maid

None had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd:

Tell me then Shepherd, tell me, canst thou find

As long as thou art true, and she is kind,

A Grief so great, as may prevail above

Even *Damon's* Friendship, or *Dorinda's* Love?

*Damon*. Sure there is none. *Thyrfis*. But, *Da-*

*mon*, there may be:

What if the charming *Floriana* die?

*Dam*. Far be the Omen! *Thyr*. But suppose it true

*Dam*. Then should I grieve, my *Thyrfis*, more

than you.

She

She is ——— *Thyrſ.* Alas! ſhe was, but is no more;  
 Now, *Damon*, now, let thy ſwoln Eyes run o'er:  
 Here to this Turf by thy ſad *Thyrſis* grow,  
 And when my Streams of Grief too ſhallow flow,  
 Let in thy Tide to raiſe the Torrent high,  
 Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.

*Dam.* Then that to this wiſht height the Flood  
 might ſwell,  
 Friend, I will tell thee. *Th.* Friend, I thee will tell,  
 How young, how good, how beautiful ſhe fell.  
 Oh! ſhe was all for which ſond Mothers pray,  
 Bleſſing their Babes when firſt they ſee the Day.  
 Beauty and She were one; for in her Face  
 Sate Sweetneſs temper'd with Majeſtick Grace;  
 Such pow'rful Charms as might the proudeſt awe,  
 Yet ſuch attractive Goodneſs as might draw  
 The humbleſt, and to both give equal Law.

How

How was she wonder'd at by every Swain?  
 The Pride, the Light, the Goddess of the Plain:  
 On all she shin'd, and spreading Glories cast  
 Diffusive of her self, where-e'er she past,  
 There breath'd an Air sweet as the Winds that blow  
 From the blest Shoars where fragrant Spices grow:  
 Even me sometimes she with a Smile would grace,  
 Like the Sun shining on the vilest Place.  
 Nor did *Dorinda* bar me the Delight  
 Of feasting on her Eyes my longing Sight:  
 But to a Being so sublime, so pure,  
 Spar'd my Devotion, of my Love secure.

*Dam.* Her Beauty such : but Nature did design  
 That only as an answerable Shrine  
 To the Divinity that's lodg'd within. }  
 Her Soul shin'd through, and made her Form so  
 bright,  
 As Clouds are gilt by the Sun's piercing Light.

In her smooth Forehead we might read exprest-  
 The even Calmness of her gentle Breast:  
 And in her sparkling Eyes as clear was writ  
 The active Vigour of her youthful Wit.  
 Each Beauty of the Body or the Face  
 Was but the shadow of some inward Grace.  
 Gay, sprightly, cheerful, free, and unconfin'd,  
 As Innocence could make it, was her Mind;  
 Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,  
 Like those, who being dull, would grave appear;  
 Who out of Guilt do Chearfulness despise,  
 And being sullen, hope Men think 'em wise.  
 How would the listning Shepherds round her  
     throng,  
 To catch the words fell from her charming Tongue!  
 She all with her own Spirit and Soul inspir'd,  
 Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.

Ev'n mighty *Pan*, whose pow'rful Hands sustains  
 The Sovereign Crook that mildly awes the Plains,  
 Of all his Cares made her the tender'st part ;  
 And great *Lovisa* lodg'd her in her Heart.

*Thyr.* Who would not now a solemn Mourning  
 When *Pan* himself and fair *Lovisa* weep? <sup>[keep,</sup>  
 When those blest Eyes by the kind Gods design'd  
 To cherish Nature, and delight Mankind,  
 All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers  
 Than *April-Drops* upon the springing Flowers ;  
 Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* shed,  
 When at her Feet the lovely Youth lay dead ;  
 About her, all her little weeping Loves  
 Ungirt her *Cestros*, and unyok'd her Doves.

*Dam.* Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Lovisa*  
 And visit gentle *Floriana's* Tomb ; <sup>[come,</sup>  
 And as you walk the melancholy Round,  
 Where no unhallow'd Feet prophane the Ground,

With your chaste Hands fresh Flow'rs and Odours  
About her last obscure and silent Bed ; [shed

Still praying, as you gently move your Feet,  
*Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumber sweet.*

*Thyr.* See where they come, a mournful lovely  
As ever wept on fair *Arcadia's* Plain : [Train,

*Lovisa* mournful far above the rest,

In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow drest:

Just are her Tears, when she reflects how soon  
A Beauty, second only to her own,  
Flourisht, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone! }

*Dam.* O she is gone! gone like a new born flower,  
That deck'd some Virgin Queens delicious Bower ;  
Torn from the Stalk by some untimely blast,  
And 'mongst the vilest Weeds and Rubbish cast :  
But Flow'rs return, and coming Springs disclose  
The Lilly whiter, and more fresh the Rose ;

But



But no kind Season back her Charms can bring,  
And *Floriana* has no second Spring.

*Thyr.* O she is set! set like the falling Sun;  
Darkness is round us, and glad Day is gone!  
Alas! the Sun that's set, again will rise,  
And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies:  
But Beauty, though as bright as they it shines,  
When its short Glory to the West declines,  
O there's no Hope of the returning Light;  
But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.



To the Unknown

## A U T H O R

O F

*Absalom and Achitophel.*

**I** Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted Fire  
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire ;  
Of Folly or of Madnefs did accuse  
Thewretch that thought himself possess'd with Muse ;  
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire  
With more than humane Thoughts the tuneful  
Quire ;

But sure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream  
Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses Stream.

Some

Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd  
 From earthly Dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.  
 Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,  
 Through each of which th' informing Genius  
 Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King, <sup>[shinès.</sup>  
 Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.  
 Not *David's* self could in a nobler Verse  
 His gloriously offending Son rehearse;  
 Tho' in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met,  
 The Father's Fondness, and the Poet's Wit.

Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,  
 And to the unknown Poet Altars raise.  
 Which thou must needs accept with equal Joy,  
 As when *Aeneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,  
 Wrapt up himself in Darkness and unseen,  
 Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.

Sure thou already art secure of Fame,  
 Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name:  
 What Father else would have refus'd to own  
 So great a Son as God-like *Absalom*?

---

A N

## EPITHALAMIUM

Upon the

MARRIAGE of Capt. *William Bedloe*.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus Avæna,  
 Arma virumque Cano.

*I, he, who Sung of Humble Oates before,  
 Now Sing a Captain and a Man of WAR.*

**G**Oddeſs of Rhime, that didſt inſpire

The *Captain* with Poetick Fire,

Adding fresh Laurels to that Brow

Where thoſe of Victory did grow,

And ſtatelier Ornaments may flouriſh now:



If thou art well recover'd since

*The Excommunicated Prince:*

For that Important Tragedy

Would have kill'd any Muse but Thee;

Hither with Speed, oh! hither move,

Pull Buskins off, and since to love

The ground is holy that you tread in,

Dance bare-foot at the *Captain's* Wedding.

See where he comes, and by his side

His Charming fair Angelick Bride:

Such, or less lovely, was the Dame

So much Renown'd, *Fulvia* by name,

With whom of old *Tully* did joyn,

Then when his Art did undermine

The *Horrid Popish Plot* of *Catiline*.

Oh fairest Nymph of all *Great Britain*,

(Though thee my Eyes I never set on)

Blush not on thy great Lord to smile,  
The second Saviour of our Isle;  
What nobler Captain could have led  
Thee to thy long'd-for Marriage Bed:  
For know that thy all-daring *Will* is  
As stout a *Hero* as *Achilles*;  
And as great things for thee has done,  
As *Palmerin* or th' *Knight of th' Sun*.  
And is himself a whole Romance alone.  
Let conscious *Flanders* speak, and be  
The Witness of his Chivalry.  
Yet that's not all, his very Word  
Has slain as many as his Sword:  
Though common Bulleys with their Oaths  
Hurt little 'till they come to Blows,  
Yet all his *Mouth-Granadoes* kill,  
And save the pains of drawing Steel.

This *Hero* thy resistless Charms  
Have won to fly into thy Arms ;  
For think not any mean Design,  
Or the inglorious itch of Coin,  
Could ever have his Breast controul'd,  
Or make him be a Slave to Gold ;  
His Love's as freely given to Thee  
As to the King his Loyalty.  
Then Oh receive thy mighty Prize  
With open Arms and wishing Eyes,  
Kiss that dear Face where may be seen  
His Worth and Parts that sculk within,  
That Face that justly stil'd may be  
As true a Discoverer as he.  
Think not he ever false will prove,  
His well known Truth secures his Love ;  
Do you a while divert his Cares  
From his important grand Affairs:

Let

Let him have Respite now a while  
From kindling the mad Rabbles Zeal.

*Zeal that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,  
Shews plainly where its birth-place we may find,  
In Hell, where tho' dire Flames for ever glow,  
Yet 'tis the place of utter Darknes too.*

But to his Bed be sure be true

As he to all the World and you,

He all your Plots will else betray

All ye *She-Machiavils* can lay.

He all designs you know has found,

Tho' hatch'd in Hell, or under Ground:

Oft to the World such Secrets shew

As scarce the Plotters themselves knew;

Yet if by Chance you hap to sin,

And Love, while Honour's snapping, shou'd creep [in,

Yet be discreet, and do not boast

O'th' Treason by the common Post.



So shalt thou still make him love on:  
All Virtue's in Discretion.  
So thou with him shalt shine, and be  
As great a Patriot as He ;  
And when, as now in *Christmasts*, all  
For a new Pack of Cards do call,  
Another Popish Pack comes out  
To please the Cits, and charm the Rout;

*Thou mighty Queen shalt a whole Suit command,  
A Crown upon thy Head, and Sceptre in thy Hand*



On the MARRIAGE of  
 GEORGE *Prince of DENMARK,*  
 AND THE  
 L A D Y A N N E.

'T Was Love conducted thro' the *British* Main,  
 On a more high Design the Royal *Dane,*  
 Than when of old with an Invading Hand  
 His fierce Forefathers came to spoil the Land.  
 And Love has gain'd him by a nobler Way  
 A braver Conquest, and a richer Prey.

For Battels won, and Countries sav'd renown'd,  
 Shaded with Laurels and with Honours crown'd  
 From Fields with slaughter strew'd the Hero  
 His Arms neglected to pursue his Flame. <sup>[came</sup>

Lik

Like *Mars* returning from the noble Chase  
Of flying Nations thro' the Plains of *Thrace*,  
When deckt with Trophies and adorn'd with  
Spoils

He meets the Goddess that rewards his Toils!  
But oh! what Transports did his Heart invade,  
When first he saw the Lovely, Royal Maid!  
Fame, that so high did Her Perfections raise,  
Seem'd now Detraction and no longer Praise!  
All that could noblest Minds to love engage,  
Or into Softness melt the Soldiers Rage,  
All that could spread abroad resistless Fire,  
And eager Wishes raise, and fierce Desire,  
All that was charming, all that was above  
Even Poets Fancies tho' refin'd by Love,  
All Native Beauty dress'd by every Grace  
Of sweetest Youth fate shining in her Face!

Where,

Where, where is now the generous Fury gone  
That thro' thick Troops urg'd the wing'd War-  
riour on?

Where now the Spirit that aw'd the lifted Field?  
Created to command, untaught to yield?  
It yields, it yields to *Anna's* gentle Sway,  
And thinks it above Triumphs to obey.  
See at thy Feet, illustrious Princess, thrown  
All the rich Spoils the Mighty Heroe won!  
His Fame, his Laurels are thy Beauties due,  
And all his Conquests are outdone by you:  
Ah! Lovely Nymph, accept the noble Prize,  
A Tribute fit for those Victorious Eyes!  
Ah! generous Maid pass not relentless by,  
Nor let War's Chief by cruel Beauty die!  
Tho' unexperienc'd Youth fond Scruples move,  
And Blushes rise but at the Name of Love,

Tho'

Tho' over all thy Thoughts and every Sense,  
 The guard is plac'd of Virgin Innocence ;  
 Yet from thy Father's generous Blood we know,  
 Respect for Valour in thy Breast does glow ;  
 'Tis but agreeing to thy Royal Birth,  
 To smile on Virtue and Heroick Worth.  
 Love in such noble Seeds of Honour sown,  
 The chastest Virgin need not blush to own.  
 Whom would thy Royal Father sooner find, .  
 In thy lov'd Arms to his high Lineage joyn'd,  
 Than Him, whom such exalted Virtues crown,  
 That he might think 'em copy'd from his own?  
 Whom to the Field equal Desires did bring,  
 Love to his Brother, Service to his King.  
 Who *Denmark's* Crown, and the anointed Head  
 Rescu'd at once, and back in Triumph led,  
 Forcing his Passage thro' the slaughter'd *Swede.*

Such

Such Virtue him to thy great Sire commends,  
 The best of Princes, Subjects, Brothers, Friends!  
 The Peoples Wonder, and the Courts Delight,  
 Lovely in Peace as dreadful in the Fight!  
 What can such Charms resist? The Royal Maid  
 Loath to Deny is yet to Grant afraid;  
 But Love still growing as her Fears decay,  
 Consents at last, and gives her Heart away.

Now with loud Triumphs are the Nuptials <sup>[crown'd,</sup>  
 And with glad Shouts the Streets and Palace sound!  
 Illustrious Pair! see what a general Joy  
 Do's the whole Land's united Voice employ!  
 From You they Omens take of happier Years,  
 Recall lost Hopes, and banish all their Fears.  
 Let boding Planets threaten from above,  
 And sullen *Saturn* join with angry *Jove*:

Your more auspicious Flames that here unite,  
Vanquish the Malice of their mingled Light!  
Heaven of its Bounties now shall lavish grow,  
And in full Tides unenvy'd Blessings flow!  
The shaken Throne more surely fixt shall stand,  
And curs'd Rebellion fly the happy Land!  
At your blest Union Civil Discords cease,  
Confusion turns to Order, Rage to Peace!  
So when at first in Chaos and old Night  
Hot things with Cold, and Moist with Dry did  
fight,  
Love did the Warring Seeds to Union bring,  
And over all Things stretch'd his peaceful Wing,  
The jarring Elements no longer strove, [Love!  
And a World started forth the Beauteous Work of

On the DEATH of  
King CHARLES the Second.

And the Inauguration of  
King JAMES the Second.

IF the indulgent Muse, (the only Cure  
For all the Ills afflicted Minds endure,  
That sweetens Sorrow, and makes Sadness please,  
And heals the Heart by telling its Disease)  
Vouchsafe her Aid, we also will presume  
With humble Verse, to approach the sacred Tomb;  
There flowing Streams of pious Tears will shed,  
Sweet Incense burn, fresh Flow'rs and Odours  
spread,  
Our last sad Off'rings to the *Royal Dead!*

Dead



Dead is the King, who all our Lives did bless!  
Our Strength in War, and our delight in Peace!  
Was ever Prince like him to Mortals giv'n,  
So much the Joy of Earth and Care of Heav'n!  
Under the Pressure of unequal Fate,  
Of so Erect a Mind and Soul so Great!  
So full of Meekness and so void of Pride,  
When born aloft by *Fortune's* highest Tide!  
His kindly Beams on the ungrateful Soil  
Of this Rebelious, Stubborn, Murm'ring Isle  
Hatch'd Plenty; Ease and Riches did bestow,  
And made the Land with Milk and Honey flow!  
Less blest was *Rome*, when mild *Augustus* sway'd,  
And the glad World for Love, not Fear, obey'd.  
Mercy, like Heaven's, his chief Prerogative!  
His Joy to save, and Glory to forgive!

Who lives, but felt his Influ'nce, and did share  
 His boundless Goodness and paternal Care?  
 And whilst with all th'endearing Arts he strove  
 On every Subject's Heart to seal his Love,  
 What Breast so hard? what Heart of human make,  
 But softning did the kind Impression take?  
 Belov'd and Loving! with such Virtues grac'd,  
 As might on common Heads a Crown have plac'd!  
 How skill'd in all the Mysteries of State!  
 How fitting to sustain an Empire's Weight!  
 How quick to know! how ready to advise!  
 How timely to prevent! how more than *Senates*  
     wife!  
 His Words how charming, affable and sweet!  
 How just his Censure! and how sharp his Wit!  
 How did his charming Conversation please  
 The blest Attenders on his Hours of Ease;

When

When graciously he deign'd to condescend,  
 Pleas'd to exalt a Subject to a Friend!  
 To the most Low how easie of access!  
 Willing to hear and longing to redress!  
 His Mercy knew no Bounds of Time or Place,  
 His Reign was one continu'd *Act of Grace!*  
 Good *Titus* could, but CHARLES could never say,  
 Of all his Royal Life he *lost a Day.*  
 Excellent Prince! O once our Joy and Care,  
 Now our Eternal Grief and deep Despair!  
 O Father! or if ought than Father's more!  
 How shall thy Children their sad Loss deplore?  
 How grieve enough; when anxious thoughts recal  
 The mournful Story of their Sov'reign's fall?  
 Oh! who that Scene of Sorrow can display;  
 When, waiting Death, the fearless *Monarch* lay!  
 Tho' great the Pain and Anguish that he bore,  
 His Friends and Subjects Grief afflict him more!

Yet even that, and coming *Fate*, he bears;  
 But sinks and faints to see a *Brother's* Tears!  
 The mighty Grief, that swell'd his Royal Breast,  
 Scarce reach'd by Thought, can't be by Words  
 express'd!

Grief for himself: For Grief for *Charles* is vain,  
 Who now begins a new Triumphant Reign,  
 Wellcom'd by all kind Spirits and Saints above,  
 Who see themselves in him, and their own likeness  
 [love!

What Godlike *Virtues* must that *Prince* adorn,  
 Who can so please, while such a Prince we mourn!  
 Who else, but that great He, who now commands  
 Th' united Nation's Voice and Hearts and Hands,  
 Could so the Love of a whole People gain,  
 After so excellent a Monarch's Reign!  
 Mean *Virtues* after Tyrants may succeed  
 And please; but after *Charles* a *James* we need.

This,

This, this is He, by whose high Actions grac'd  
 The present Age contends with all the past:  
 Him Heaven a Pattern did for Heroes form,  
 Slow to Advise, but eager to Perform:  
 In Council calm, fierce as a Storm in Fight!  
 Danger His Sport, and Labour His Delight.  
 To Him the Fleet and Camp, the Sea and Field  
 Do equal Harvests of bright Glory yield!  
 Who can forget, of Royal Blood how free  
 He did assert the Empire of the Sea!  
 The *Belgian* Fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,  
 The Tempest of his Fury to sustain;  
 Shatter'd and torn before His Flag they fly  
 Like Doves, that the exalted Eagle spy  
 Ready to stoop and seize them from on high!  
 He, *Neptune* like (when from his watry Bed  
 Serene and Calm he lifts his awful Head,

And smiles, and to his Chariot gives the Rein)  
 In Triumph rides o'er the asserted Main!  
 Rejoycing Crowds attend him on the Strand,  
 Loud as the Sea and numerous as the Sand;  
 So Joy the Many; But the wiser Few  
 The Godlike Prince with silent Wonder view:  
 A Joy too great to be by Voice exprest,  
 Shines in each Eye and beats in ev'ry Breast:  
 They saw him destin'd for some greater Day,  
 And in his Looks the Omens read of his Imperial  
 Nor do his Civil Virtues less appear, [Sway!  
 To perfect the illustrious Character;  
 To Merit just, to needy Virtue kind!  
 True to his Word, and faithful to his Friend!  
 What's well resolv'd, as firmly he pursues;  
 Fix'd in his Choice, as careful how to Chuse!  
 Honour was born, not planted in his Heart;  
 And Virtue came by Nature not by Art.

*Albion*, forget thy Sorrows, and adore  
That Prince, who all the Blessings does restore,  
That *Charles*, the Saint, made thee enjoy before!  
'Tis done; with Turrets Crown'd I see her rise,  
And Tears are wip'd for ever from her Eyes!

---

# P R O L O G U E

To *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

**L**ong has the Tribe of Poets on the Stage  
Groan'd under persecuting Criticks Rage,  
But with the Sound of Railing, and of Rhime,  
Like Bees united by the tinkling Chime,  
The little stinging Insects swarm the more,  
And buz is greater than it was before.  
But oh! you leading Voters of the Pit,  
That infect others with your too much Wit,

That

That well affected Members do seduce,  
And with your Malice poison half the House,  
Know your ill-manag'd Arbitrary Sway,  
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this Day.  
Rulers of abler Conduct we will chuse,  
And more indulgent to a trembling Muse;  
Women for ends of Government more fit,  
Women shall rule the Boxes and the Pit,  
Give Laws to Love and Influence to Wit. }  
Find me one Man of Sense in all your Roll,  
Whom some one Woman has not made a Fool.  
Even Business, that intolerable Load  
Under which Man does groan and yet is proud,  
Much better they cou'd manage wou'd they please,  
'Tis not their want of Wit, but love of Ease.  
For, spite of Art, more Wit in them appears,  
Tho' we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs:



Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,  
Set shallow in a hot and barren Soil;  
But when transplanted to a richer Ground  
Has in their *Eden* its Perfection found.  
And 'tis but just they shou'd our Wit invade,  
Whilst we set up their painting patching Trade;  
As for our Courage, to our Shame 'tis known,  
As they can raise it, they can pull it down.  
At their own Weapons they our Bullies awe,  
Faith let them make an Anti-salick Law;  
Prescribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,  
And wear the Breeches, as they wear the Bays.



# To the People of *England*;

## *A Detestation of CIVIL WAR,*

From *Horace's 7th Epod,*

O H! Whither do ye rush, and thus prepare  
To rouse again the sleeping War?  
Has then so little *English* Blood been spilt  
On Sea and Land with equal Guilt?  
Not that again; we might our Arms advance,  
To check the insolent Pride of *France*.  
Not that once more we might in Fetters bring  
An humble Captive *Gallick* King?  
But to the Wish of the insulting *Gaul*,  
That we by our own Hands should fall.  
Nor Wolves nor Lyons bear so fierce a Mind;  
They hurt not their own Savage Kind:

Is it blind Rage, or Zeal, more blind and strong,  
Or Guilt, yet stronger, drives you on?

Answer; but none can answer; mute and pale

They stand; Guilt does o'er Words prevail:

'Tis so: Heav'ns Justice threatens us from high;

And a King's Death from Earth does cry;

E'er since the Martyr's innocent Blood was shed;

Upon our Fathers, and on Ours, and our Chil-  
dren's Head.



T O

Mr. *CREECH*

O N H I S

Translation of *LUCRETIVS*.

[thought,  
**W**Hat to begin would have been Madness  
 Exceeds our Praise when to Perfection  
 Who could believe *Lucretius*' lofty Song [brought;  
 Could have been reach'd by any modern Tongue?  
 Of all the Suitors to immortal Fame,  
 That by 'Translations strove to raise a Name,  
 This was the Test, this the *Ulysses* Bow,  
 Too tough by any to be bent but you.  
*Carus* himself of the hard Task complains  
 To fetter *Grecian* Thoughts in *Roman* Chains,

Much

Much harder thine in an unlearned Tongue  
 To hold in Bonds, so easie yet so strong,  
 The *Greek* Philosophy and *Latin* Song.

}

If then he boasts that round his sacred Head  
 Fresh Garlands grow, and branching Laurels spread,  
 Such as not all the mighty *Nine* before  
 E'er gave, or any of their Darlings wore,  
 What Laurels should be thine, what Crowns thy <sup>[Due,</sup>  
 What Garlands, Mighty *Poet*, shou'd be grac'd  
 by you?

Tho' deep, tho' wondrous deep, his Sense does flow,  
 Thy shining Stile does all its Riches show;  
 So clear the Stream, that thro' it we descry  
 All the bright Gems that at the Bottom lie;  
 Here you the Troublers of our Peace remove,  
 Ignoble Fear, and more Ignoble Love:  
 Here we are taught how first our Race began,  
 And by what Steps our Fathers climb'd to Man;  
 To

To Man as now he is — with Knowledge fill'd  
 In Arts of Peace and War, in Manners skill'd,  
 Equal before to his fellow Grazers of the Field.

*Nature's first State*, which well transpos'd and  
 own'd,

(For Owners in all Ages have been found)

Has made a \* Modern Wit so much renown'd,  
 When thee we read, we find to be no more  
 Than what was sung a thousand Years before.

Thou only for this Noble Task wert fit,  
 To shame thy Age to a just Sense of Wit;  
 By shewing how the Learned *Romans* writ.  
 To teach fat heavy Clowns to know their Trade,  
 And not turn Wits, who were for Porters made;  
 But quit false Claims to the Poetick Rage,  
 For Squibs, and Crackers, and a *Smithfield* Stage.

\*Hobbs.

Had Providence e'er meant that, in despite  
 Of Art and Nature, such dull Clods should write,  
*Bavius* and *Mævius* had been sav'd by Fate  
 For *Settle* and for *Shadwel* to Translate,  
 As it so many Ages has for thee  
 Preserv'd the mighty Work that now we see.

*Virgil's Fifth Eclogue.*

D A P H N I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert Shepherds at a Song, begin one by Consent to the Memory of Daphnis; who is suppos'd by the best Criticks to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his Death, Menalcas proclaims his Divinity. The whole Eclogue consisting of an Elegy, and an Apotheosis.*

MENALCAS.

**M***opsus*, since chance does us together bring,  
 And you so well can pipe, and I can sing,  
 Why sit we not beneath this secret Shade,  
 By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made?

D d

MOP<sup>a</sup>

## M O P S U S.

Your Age commands Respect, and I obey,  
 Whether you in this lonely Copse will stay,  
 Where western Winds the bending Branches shake,  
 And in their Play the Shades uncertain make:  
 Or whether to that silent Cave you go,  
 The better choice! see how the wild Vines grow  
 Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,  
 And in the Cave their purple Clusters shed!

## M E N A L C A S.

*Amyntas* only dares contend with you.

## M O P S U S.

Why not as well contend with *Phæbus* too?

## M E N A L C A S.

Begin, begin; whether the mournful Flame  
 Of dying *Phyllis*, whether *Alcon's* Fame,  
 Or *Codrus'* Brawls thy willing Muse provoke;  
 Begin, young *Tityrus* will tend the Flock.

M O P-



M O P S U S.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad Song repeat,  
That on the Beech's Bark I lately writ,  
And set to sweetest Notes; yes, I'll begin,  
And after that, bid you *Amyntas* sing.

M E N A L C A S.

As much as the most humble Shrub that grows,  
Yields to the beauteous Blushes of the Rose,  
Or bending Osiers to the Olive Tree;  
So much, I judge, *Amyntas* yields to thee.

M O P S U S.

Shepherd, to this Discourse here put an End,  
This is the Cave, sit and my Verse attend.

M O P S U S.

When the sad Fate of *Daphnis* reach'd their Ears,  
The pitying Nymphs dissolv'd in pious Tears.  
Witness you Hazels, for you heard their Cries;  
Witness, you Floods, swoln with their weeping  
Eyes.

The mournful Mother (on his Body cast)

The sad remains of her cold Son embrac'd,

And of th' unequal Tyranny they us'd,

Then cruel Gods and cruel Stars accus'd.

Then did no Swain mind how his Flock did thrive,

Nor thirsty Herds to the cold River driye;

The generous Horse turn'd from fresh Streams his

And on the sweetest Grass refus'd to feed. <sup>[Head,</sup>

*Daphnis*, thy Death, even fiercest Lions mourn'd,

And Hills and Woods their Cries and Groans re-

turn'd.

*Daphnis Armenian* Tygers Fiercenefs broke,

And brought 'em willing to the sacred Yoke:

*Daphnis* to *Bacchus*' Worship did ordain

The Revels of his consecrated Train;

The Reeling Priests with Vines and Ivy crown'd,

And their long Spears with cluster'd Branches

bound

As Vines the Elm, as Grapes the Vine adorn,  
 As Bulls the Herd, as Fields the ripen'd Corn;  
 Such Grace, such Ornament wert thou to all  
 That glory'd to be thine: Since thy sad Fall,  
 No more *Apollo* his glad Presence yields,  
 And *Pales* self forsakes her hated Fields.  
 Oft where the finest Barley we did sow,  
 Barren Wild-Oates and hurtful Darnel grow;  
 And where soft Violets did the Vales adorn,  
 The Thistle rises and the prickly Thorn.  
 Come Shepherds, strow with Flow'rs the hallow'd  
 Ground,  
 The sacred Fountains with thick Boughs surround;  
*Daphnis* these Rites requires: to *Daphnis*' Praise  
 Shepherds a Tomb with this Inscription raise,  
*Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I Daphnis lie;*  
*Fair was the Flock I fed, but much more fair was I.*

## M E N A L C A S.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd Ears  
 Are the sweet Numbers of thy mournful Verse,  
 As to-tir'd Swains soft Slumbers on the Grass;  
 As freshest Springs that through green Meadows  
 pass,

To one that's parch'd with Thirst and Summer's  
 In thee thy Master does his Equal meet: <sup>[Heat.</sup>

Whether your Voice you try, or tune your Reed,  
 Blest Swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed!

Yet, as I can, I in return will sing:

I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars will bring,

I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars, with you,

Will raise; for *Daphnis* lov'd *Menalcas* too.

## M O P S U S.

Is there a thing that I could more desire?

For neither can there be a Subject higher,

Nor,

Nor, if the Praise of *Stimichon* be true,  
Can it be better sung than 'tis by you.

M E N A L C A S.

*Daphnis* now wondring at the glorious show, }  
Through Heav'ns bright Pavement does trium- }  
phant go, }  
And sees the moving Clouds, and the fixt Stars } [below :  
Therefore new Joys make glad the Woods, the }  
Plains, }

*Pan* and the *Dryades*, and the chearful Swains }  
The Wolf no Ambush for the Flock does lay, }  
No cheating Nets the harmless Deer betray, }  
*Daphnis* a general Peace commands, and Na- }  
ture does obey. }

Hark! the glad Mountains raise to Heav'n their  
Voice!

Hark! the hard Rocks in mystick Tunes rejoyce!

Hark! through the Thickets wondrous Songs re-  
 A God! A God! *Menalcas*, he is crown'd! <sup>[found.</sup>

O be propitious! O be good to thine!

See! here four hallow'd Altars we design,

To *Daphnis* two, to *Phæbus* two we raise,

To pay the yearly Tribute of our Praise:

Sacred to thee they each returning Year

Two Bowls of Milk and two of Oyl shall bear:

Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless Praise

Thy Votaries exalted Thoughts to raise,

Rich *Chian* Wines shall in full Goblets flow,

And give a Taste of *Nectar* here below.

*Dametas* shall with *Lictian Ægon* join,

To celebrate with Songs the Rites divine.

*Alphisibæus* with a reeling Gate,

Shall the wild Satyrs dancing imitate.

When to the Nymphs we Vows and Offerings pay,

When we with solemn Rites our Fields survey,

These

These Honours ever shall be thine ; the Bore  
 Shall in the Fields and Hills delight no more ;  
 No more in Streams the Fish, in Flow'rs the Bee,  
 E'er, *Daphnis*, we forget our Songs to thee:  
 Offerings to thee the Shepherds every Year  
 Shall, as to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres*, bear.  
 To Thee as to those Gods shall Vows be made,  
 And Vengeance wait on those, by whom they are  
 not paid.

M O P S U S.

What Present worth thy Verse can *Mopsus* find ?  
 Not the soft Whispers of the Southern Wind }  
 So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind ; }  
 Not sounding Shores beat by the murm'ring Tide,  
 Nor Rivers that through stony Vallies glide.

M E N A L C A S.

First you this Pipe shall take: and 'tis the same  
 That play'd poor *Corydon's* unhappy Flame: *Ecl.2.*

The fame that taught me *Melibæus*' Sheep. *Ecl.* 3.

M O P S U S.

You then shall for my sake this Sheephook keep,  
Adorn'd with Brass, which I have oft deny'd  
To young *Antigenes* in his Beauty's Pride.  
And who cou'd think he then in vain could sue?  
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

---

By Mr. *WALLER*, on the last  
Verses in his Poems.

**W**HEN we for Age cou'd neither <sup>[Write,</sup> Read nor  
The Subject made us able to indite.

The Soul with nobler Resolutions deckt,  
The Body stooping, does her self erect:  
No Mortal Parts are requisite to raise  
Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praise.

The



*The Seas are quiet, when the Winds give o'er;  
So calm are we, when Passions are no more:  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting Things, so certain to be lost.  
Clouds of Affection from our younger Eyes  
Conceal that Emptiness, which Age descries.*

*The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made:  
Stronger by Weakness, Wiser Men become,  
As they draw near to their Eternal Home:  
Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the Threshold of the New.*

—Miratur Limen Olympi.

*Virgil.*

T O

Mr. *W A L L E R*,

U P O N T H E

*Copy of Verses made by himself on  
the last Copy in his Book.*

I.

**W**Hen Shame, for all my foolish Youth had  
writ,

Advis'd, 'twas time the rhiming Trade to quit,

Time to grow wise, and be no more a Wit —

The Noble Fire, that animates thy Age,

Once more inflam'd me with Poetick Rage.

II.

[Young,  
Kings, Heroes, Nymphs, the Brave, the Fair, the  
Have been the Theme of thy Immortal Song;

A

A Nobler Argument, at last, thy Muse,  
Two things Divine, Thee, and Her self, does chuse.

## III.

Age, whose dull Weight makes vulgar Spirits bend,  
Gives Wings to thine, and bids it upward tend.  
No more confin'd, above the Starry Skies,  
Out, from the Body's broken Cage, it flies.

## IV.

But oh! vouchsafe, not wholly to retire,  
To join with, and compleat, th' Etherial Quire!  
Still here remain! still on the *Threshold* stand;  
Still at this Distance view the promis'd Land,  
Tho' thou may'st seem, so heav'nly is thy Sense,  
Not going thither, but new come from thence.



## A S O N G.

## I.

AFTER the fiercest Pangs of hot Desire,  
 Between *Panthea's* rising Breasts,  
 His bending Breast *Philander* rests:  
 Though vanquish'd, yet unknowing to retire;  
 Close hugs the Charmer, and ashamed to yield,  
 Tho' he has lost the Day, yet keeps the Field.

## II.

When, with a Sigh, the Fair *Panthea* said,  
 What Pity 'tis, ye Gods, that all  
 The noblest Warriors soonest fall:  
 Then with a Kiss she gently rear'd his Head;  
 Arm'd him again to fight, for nobly she  
 More lov'd the Combat than the Victory.

III. But

## III.

But more enrag'd, for being beat before,  
 With all his Strength he does prepare  
 More fiercely to renew the War;  
 Nor ceas'd he 'till the noble Prize he bore:  
 Ev'n her such wond'rous Courage did surprize,  
 She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dies.

---

## A S O N G.

## I.

[Groves,  
**T**Hrough mournful Shades, and solitary  
 Fann'd with the Sighs of unsuccessful Loves,  
 Wild with Despair, young *Thyrsis* strays,  
 Thinks over all *Amyra's* Heav'nly Charms,  
 Thinks he now sees her in another's Arms;  
 Then at some Willow's Root himself he lays,  
 The

The loveliest, most unhappy Swain;  
 And thus to the wild Woods he does complain.

## II.

How art thou chang'd, O *Thyrsis*, since the time  
 When thou cou'dst love, and hope without a Crime;

When Nature's Pride, and Earth's Delight,  
 As through her shady Ev'ning Grove she past,  
 And a new Day did all around her cast;  
 Could see, nor be offended at the Sight,

The melting, sighing, wishing Swain,  
 That now must never hope to wish again.

## III.

Riches and Titles! why should they prevail,  
 Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail?

Lovely *Amyra*, shou'dst thou prize  
 The empty Noise that a fine Title makes;  
 Or the vile Trash that with the Vulgar takes,  
 Before a Heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?

Unkind!

Unkind! but pity the poor Swain

Your Rigour kills, nor Triumph o'er the Slain.

---

A S O N G.

I.

SEE what a Conquest Love has made!

Beneath the Myrtle's am'rous Shade

The charming fair *Corinna* lies

All melting in Desire,

Quenching in Tears those flowing Eyes

That set the World on Fire.

II.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do!

The Youth by Chance stood by, and knew

For whom those Chrystal Streams did flow;

And though he ne'er before

To her Eyes brightest Rays did bow,

Weeps too, and does adore.

E e

So

## III.

So when the Heav'ns serene and clear,  
 Gilded with gaudy Light appear,  
 Each craggy Rock, and every Stone,  
 Their native Rigour keep ;  
 But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,  
 The hardest Marble weeps.

---

To his FRIEND

Mr. *HENRY DICKINSON*,

O N H I S

*Translation of Father Simon's Critical  
 History of the Old Testament.*

W Hat senseless Loads have overcharg'd the  
 Prefs,

Of *French* Impertinence, in *English* Dress ?

How



How many dull Translators every Day  
Bring new Supplies of Novel, Farce or Play?  
Like damn'd *French* Pensioners, with foreign aid  
Their native Land with Nonsense to invade ;  
'Till we're o'er-run more with the Wit of *France*,  
Her nauseous Wit, than with her Protestants.  
But, Sir, this noble Piece obligeth more  
Than all their Trash has plagu'd the Town before:  
With various Learning, Knowledge, Strength  
of thought,  
Order and Art, and solid Judgment fraught ;  
No less a Piece than this could make amends  
For all the trump'ry *France* amongst us sends.  
Nor let ill-grounded, superstitious Fear  
Fright any but the Fools from reading here.  
The sacred Oracles may well endure  
Th' exactest search, of their own Truth secure ;

Though at this Piece some noisie Zealots bawl,  
 And to their Aid a num'rous Faction call  
 With stretch'd out Arms, as if the Ark could fall;  
 Yet wiser Heads will think so firm it stands,  
 That, were it shook, 'twould need no mortal Hands.

---

T O

Mr. *D R Y D E N*,On his *PLAY*, call'd,

*Troilus and Cressida; Or, Truth  
 found too Late.*

**A**ND will our Master Poet then admit  
 A young Beginner in the Trade of Wit,  
 To bring a plain and rustick Muse, to wait  
 On His in all her glorious Pomp and State?

Can

Can an unknown, unheard of, private Name,  
Add any Lustre to so bright a Fame?  
No! sooner Planets to the Sun may give  
That Light which they themselves from him derive.  
Nor could my sickly Fancy entertain  
A Thought so foolish, or a Pride so vain.  
But as when Kings through Crowds in Triumph  
The meanest Wretch that gazes at the show, <sup>[go,</sup>  
Though to that Pomp his Voice can add no more,  
Than when we Drops into the Ocean pour,  
Has leave his Tongue in Praises to employ:  
(Th' accepted Language of officious Joy:)  
So I, in loud Applauses may reveal  
To you, great King of Verse, my Loyal Zeal,  
May tell with what Majestic Grace and Miene  
Your *Muse* displays her self in every Scene;  
In what rich Robes she has fair *Cressid* drest,  
And with what gentle Fires inflam'd her Breast.

How when those fading Eyes her Aid implor'd,  
 She all their sparkling Lustre has restor'd,  
 Added more Charms, fresh Beauties on 'em shed,  
 And to new Youth recall'd the lovely Maid.  
 How nobly she the Royal Brothers draws;  
 How great their Quarrel, and how great their  
 Cause:

How justly rais'd! and by what just Degrees,  
 In a sweet Calm does the rough Tempèst cease!  
 Envy not now *the God-like Roman's Rage*;  
*Hector* and *Troilus*, Darlings of our Age,  
 Shall Hand in Hand with *Brutus* tread the Stage.

*Shakeſpear*, 'tis true, this Tale of *Troy* first told,  
 But, as with *Ennius Virgil* did of old,  
 You found it Dirt, but you have made it Gold.  
 A dark and undigested Heap it lay,  
 Like *Chaos* e'er the Dawn of infant Day,  
 But you did first the cheerful Light display.

Confus'd it was as *Epicurus* World  
Of *Atoms*, by blind Chance together hurl'd,  
But you have made such Order through it shine  
As loudly speaks the Workmanship divine.

Boast then, O *Troy*! and triumph in thy Flames,  
That make thee sung by three such mighty Names.  
Had *Ilium* stood, *Homer* had ne'er been read,  
Nor the sweet *Mantuan* Swan his Wings display'd,  
Nor Thou the third, but equal in Renown,  
Thy matchless Skill in this great Subject shown.  
Not *Priam's* self, nor all the *Trojan* State  
Was worth the saving at so dear a Rate.  
But they now flourish by you mighty Three  
In Verse more lasting than their Walls could be.  
Which never, never shall like them decay,  
Being built by Hands divine as well as they;  
Never, 'till our great *Charles* being sung by You,  
Old *Troy* shall grow less famous than the new.

# PARIS to HELENA.

Translated from *Ovid's* Epistles.

## The ARGUMENT.

Paris having sail'd to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the Reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertain'd by Menelaus, Helen's Husband; but he being call'd away to Crete, to take Possession of what was left him by his Grand-father Atreus, commends his Guest to the Care of his Wife. In his Absence Paris Courts her, and writes to her the following Epistle.

[thee,

**A**LL Health, fair Nymph, thy Paris sends to  
Tho' You, and only You, can give it me.

Shall I then speak? or is it needless grown

To tell a Passion that it self has shown?

Does not my Love it self too open lay,

And all I think in all I do betray?

If

If not, oh! may it still in secret lie,  
Till Time with our kind Wishes shall comply,  
Till all our Joys may to us come sincere,  
Nor lose their Price by the Allay of Fear.  
In vain I strive; who can that Fire conceal,  
Which does it self by its own Light reveal?  
But if you needs would hear my trembling Tongue  
Speak what my Actions have declar'd so long,  
I Love; you've there the Word that does impart  
The truest Message from my bleeding Heart.  
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confess  
To you, my fair Physician, my Disease,  
And with such Looks this suppliant Paper grace  
As best become the Beauties of that Face.  
May that smooth Brow no angry Wrinkle wear,  
But be your Looks as kind as they are fair.  
Some Pleasure 'tis to think these Lines shall find  
An Entertainment at your Hands so kind,

For

For this creates a Hope, that I too may,  
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.  
Ah! may that Hope be true! nor I complain  
That *Venus* promis'd you to me in vain.  
For know, least you through Ignorance offend  
The Gods, 'tis Heav'n that me does hither send.  
None of the meanest of the Powers Divine  
That first inspir'd, still favours my Design.  
Great is the Prize I seek, I must confess,  
But neither is my Dúe or Merit less:  
*Venus* has promis'd she would you assign,  
Fair as her self, to be for ever mine.  
Guided by her, my *Troy* I left for thee,  
Nor fear'd the Dangers of the faithless Sea.  
She with a kind and an auspicious Gale  
Drove the good Ship, and stretch'd out ev'ry Sail.  
For she who sprung out of the teeming Deep,  
Still o'er the Main does her wide Empire keep.

Still



Still may she keep it, and as she with Ease  
Allays the Wrath of the most angry Seas,  
So may she give my stormy Mind some Rest,  
And calm the raging Tempest of my Breast,  
And bring home all my Sighs, and all my Vows  
To their wish'd Harbour, and desir'd Repose.

Hither my Flames I brought, not found 'em here ;  
I my whole Course by their kind Light did steer :  
For I by no Mistake or Storm was tost  
Against my Will upon this happy Coast.  
Nor as a Merchant did I plow the Main  
To venture Life, like fordid Fools, for Gain.  
No ; may the Gods preserve my present Store,  
And only give me you to make it more.  
Nor to admire the Place came I so far ;  
I have Towns richer than your Cities are.

'Tis you I seek, to me from *Venus* due,  
You were my Wish, before your Charms I knew.  
Bright Images of you my Mind did draw,  
Long e'er my Eyes the lovely Object saw.  
Nor wonder that with the swift-winged Dart,  
At such a Distance, you could wound my Heart:  
So Fate ordain'd, and least you fight with Fate,  
Hear and believe the Truth I shall relate.

Now in my Mother's Womb shut up I lay,  
Her fatal Burthen longing for the Day,  
When she in a mysterious Dream was told,  
Her teeming Womb a burning Torch did hold;  
Frighted she rises, and her Vision she  
To *Priam* tells, and to his Prophets he;  
They sing that I all *Troy* should set on Fire:  
But sure Fate meant the Flames of my Desire.

For fear of this among the Swains expos'd,  
My native Greatness every thing disclos'd.  
Beauty, and Strength, and Courage join'd in one,  
Through all Disguise spoke me a Monarch's Son.  
A Place there is in *Ida's* thickest Grove  
With Oakes and Fir-trees shaded all above,  
The Grass here grows untoucht by bleating Flocks,  
Or Mountain Goat, or the laborious Ox.  
From hence *Troy's* Tow'rs Magnificence and Pride,  
Leaning against an aged Oak, I spy'd. [Ground  
When straight methought I heard the trembling  
With the strange Noise of trampling Feet resound.  
In the same Instant *Jove's* great Messenger,  
On all his Wings born through the yielding Air,  
Lighting before my wondring Eyes did stand,  
His Golden Rod shone in his sacred Hand:  
With him three charming Goddesses there came,  
*Juno*, and *Pallas*, and the *Cyprian* Dame.

With

With an unufual Fear I flood amaz'd,  
 'Till thus the God my finking Courage rais'd;  
*Fear not; Thou art Jove's Substitute below;*  
*The Prize of heav'nly Beauty to beftow;*  
*Contending Goddesses appeal to you,*  
*Decide their Strife;* He fpake, and up he flew.  
 Then bolder grown, I throw my Fears away,  
 And every one with curious Eyes furvey:  
 Each of 'em merited the Victory,  
 And I their doubtful Judge was griev'd to fee,  
 That one muft have it, when deferv'd by three. }  
 But yet that one there was which moft prevail'd,  
 And with more pow'rful Charms my Heart affail'd:  
 Ah! would you know who thus my Breast could  
 move?

Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love?  
 With mighty Bribes they all for Conqueft ftrove,  
*Juno will Empires, Pallas Valour give,*

Whilft

Whilst I stand doubting which I should prefer,  
Empire's soft Ease, or glorious Toils of War;  
But *Venus* gently smil'd, and thus she spake,  
*They're dangerous Gifts, O do not, do not take!*  
*I'll make Thee Love's immortal Pleasures know,*  
*And Joys that in full Tides for ever flow.*  
*For, if you judge the Conquest to be mine,*  
*Fair Leda's fairer Daughter shall be thine.*  
She spake; and I gave her the Conquest due,  
Both to her Beauty, and her Gift of you.

Mean while (my angry Stars more gentle grown)  
I am acknowledg'd Royal *Priam's* Son,  
All the glad Court, all *Troy* does celebrate,  
With a new Festival, my change of Fate.  
And as I now languish and die for thee,  
So did the Beauties of all *Troy* for me.

You

You in full Pow'r over a Heart do reign,  
 For which a thousand Virgins sigh'd in vain:  
 Nor did Queens only fly to my Imbrace,  
 But Nymphs of Form divine, and heav'nly Race.  
 I all their Loves with cold Disdain repress,  
 Since Hopes of you first fir'd my longing Breast.  
 Your charming Form all Day my Fancy drew,  
 And when Night came, my Dreams were all of you.  
 What Pleasures then must you your self impart,  
 Whose Shadows only so surpriz'd my Heart?  
 And oh! how did I burn approaching nigher,  
 That was so scorch'd by so remote a Fire!

For now no longer could my Hopes refrain  
 From seeking their wish'd Object through the  
 I fell the stately Pine, and every Tree [Main.  
 That best was fit to cut the yielding Sea,

Fetch'd

Fetch'd from *Gargarian* Hills, tall Firs I cleave,  
 And *Ida* naked to the Winds I leave,  
 Stiff Oaks I bend, and solid Planks I form,  
 And every Ship with well-knit Ribs I arm.  
 To the tall Mast I Sails and Streamers join,  
 And the gay Poops with painted Gods do shine.  
 But on my Ship does only *Venus* stand  
 With little *Cupid* smiling in her Hand,  
 Guide of the Way she did her self command. }  
 My Fleet thus rigg'd, and all my Thoughts on thee,  
 I long to plow the vast *Ægean* Sea,  
 My anxious Parents my Desires withstand,  
 And both with pious Tears my Stay command.  
*Cassandra* too, with loose dishevel'd Hair,  
 Just as our hasty Ships to sail prepare,  
 Full of Prophetick Fury cries aloud,  
 O *whither* steers my Brother through the Flood?

*Little, ah! little dost thou know or heed  
To what a raging Fire these Waters lead.*

True were her Fears, and in my Breast I feel  
The scorching Flames her Fury did foretel.

Yet out I sail, and favour'd by the Wind,

On your blest Shore my wish'd-for Haven find ;

Your Husband then, so Heav'n, kind Heav'n or-

In his own House his Rival entertains. [dains,

Shews me whate'er in *Sparta* does delight

The curious Travellers enquiring Sight :

But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,

Could taste no Pleasure in the idle shew.

But at thy Sight ; oh! where was then my Heart!

Out from my Breast it gave a sudden Start,

Sprung forth and met half way the fatal Dart.

Such or less charming was the Queen of Love,

When with her Rival Goddesses she strove.

But,



But, fairest, hadst thou come among the three,  
Even she the Prize must have resign'd to thee.  
Your Beauty is the only Theme of Fame,  
And all the World sounds with fair *Helen's* Name;  
Nor lives there she whom Pride it self can raise  
To claim with you an equal Share of Praise.  
Do I speak false? rather Report does so,  
Detracting from you in a Praise too low.  
More here I find than that could ever tell,  
So much your Beauty does your Fame excel.  
Well then might *Theseus*, he who all things knew,  
Think none was worthy of his Theft but you;  
I this bold Theft admire: but wonder more  
He ever would so dear a Prize restore:  
Ah! would these Hands have ever let you go?  
Or could I live and be divorc'd from you?  
No; sooner I with Life it self could part,  
Than e'er see you torn from my bleeding Heart.

But could I do as he, and give you back,  
Yet sure some Taste of Love I first would take,  
Would first, in all your blooming Excellence,  
And Virgins Sweets feast my luxurious Sense;  
Or if you would not let that Treasure go,  
Kisses at least you should, you would bestow,  
And let me smell the Flow'r as it did grow.  
Come then into my longing Arms, and try  
My lasting, fix'd, Eternal Constancy,  
Which never 'till my funeral Pile shall waste;  
My present Fire shall mingle with my last.  
Scepters and Crowns for you I did disdain,  
With which great *Juno* tempted me in vain.  
And when bright *Pallas* did her Bribes prepare,  
One soft Embrace from you I did prefer  
To Courage, Strength, and all the Pomp of War.  
Nor shall I ever think my Choice was ill,  
My Judgment's settled, and approves it still.

Do you but grant my Hopes may prove as true,  
As they were plac'd above all Things but you.  
I am, as well as you, of Heav'nly Race,  
Nor will my Birth your mighty Line disgrace.  
*Pallas* and *Jove* our Noble Lineage Head,  
And them a Race of God-like Kings succeed.  
All *Asia's* Scepters to my Father bow,  
And half the spacious East his Power allow.  
There you shall see the Houses rooft with Gold,  
And Temples glorious as the Gods they hold.  
*Troy* you shall see, and divine Walls admire,  
Built to the Confort of *Apollo's* Lyre.  
What need I the vast Flood of People tell,  
That over its wide Banks does almost swell?  
You shall gay Troops of *Phrygian* Matrons meet,  
And *Trojan* Wives shining in every Street.  
How often then will you your self confess  
The Emptiness and Poverty of *Greece*?

How often will you say, one Palace there  
Contains more wealth than do whole Cities here?

I speak not this your *Sparta* to disgrace,  
For whereso'er your Life began its Race  
Must be to me the happiest, dearest Place.

Yet *Sparta's* poor; and you that should be drest  
In all the Riches of the shining East,  
Should understand how ill that fordid Place  
Suits with the Beauty of your charming Face;  
That Face with costly Drefs and rich Attire  
Should shine, and make the gazing World admire.  
When you the Habit of my *Trojans* see,  
What, think ye, must that of their Ladies be?  
Oh! then be kind, fair *Spartan*, nor disdain  
A *Trojan* in your Bed to entertain.

He was a *Trojan*, and of our great Line,  
That to the Gods does mix immortal Wine;  
*Tithonus* too, whom to her rosie Bed  
The Goddess of the Morning blushing led;

So was *Anchises* of our *Trojan* Race,  
Yet *Venus* self to his desir'd Embrace,  
With all her Train of little Loves, did flie,  
And in his Arms learn'd for a while to lie.  
Nor do I think that *Menelaus* can  
Compar'd with me appear the greater Man.  
I'm sure my Father never made the Sun  
With frighted Steeds from his dire Banquet run:  
No Grand-father of mine is stain'd with Blood,  
Or with his Crime names the *Myrtoan* Flood.  
None of our Race does in the *Stygian* Lake  
Snatch at those Apples he wants Pow'r to take.  
But stay; since you with such a Husband join,  
Your Father *Jove* is forc'd to grace his Line.

He (Gods!) a Wretch unworthy of those Charms  
Does all the Night lie melting in your Arms,

Does every Minute to new Joys improve,  
And Riots in the luscious Sweets of Love.  
I but at Table one short View can gain,  
And that too, only to increase my Pain:  
O may such Feasts my worst of Foes attend,  
As often I at your spread Table find.  
I loath my Food when my tormented Eye  
Sees his rude Hand in your soft Bosom lie.  
I burst with Envy when I him behold  
Your tender Limbs in his loose Robe infold.  
When he your Lips with melting Kisses seal'd,  
Before my Eyes I the large Goblet held.  
When you with him in strict Embraces close,  
My hated Meat to my dry'd Palate grows.  
Oft have I sigh'd, then sigh'd again to see  
That Sigh with scornful Smiles repaid by thee.  
Oft I with Wine would quench my hot Desire  
In vain; for so I added Fire to Fire.

Oft have I turn'd away my Head in vain,  
You straight recall'd my longing Eyes again.  
What shall I do? your Sports with Grief I see,  
But it's a greater, not to look on Thee.  
With all my Art I strive my Flames to hide,  
But through the thin Disguise they are descry'd,  
Too well alas! my Wounds to you are known,  
And O that they were so to you alone!  
How oft turn I my weeping Eyes away,  
Lest he the Cause should ask, and I betray?  
What Tales of Love tell I when warm'd with Wine,  
To Your dear Face applying every Line?  
In borrow'd Names I my own Passion shew:  
They the feign'd Lovers are, but I the true.  
Sometimes more Freedom in Discourse to gain,  
For my Excuse I Drunkenness would feign.  
Once I remember your loose Garment fell,  
And did your naked, swelling Breasts reveal,

Breasts

Breasts white as snow, or the false down of *Jove*,  
When to your Mother the kind *Swan* made Love :  
Whilst with the Sight surpriz'd I gazing stand,  
The Cup I held, dropt from my careless Hand.  
If you your young *Hermione* but kiss,  
Straight from her Lips I snatch the envy'd Bliss.  
Sometimes supinely laid, Love Songs I sing,  
And waisted Kisses from my Fingers fling.  
Your Women to my Aid I try to move  
With all the pow'rful Rhetorick of Love,  
But they, alas! speak nothing but Despair,  
And in the midst leave my neglected Prayer.  
Oh! that by some great Prize you might be won,  
And your Possession might the Victor crown,  
As *Pelops* his *Hippodamia* won :  
Then had you seen what I for you had done :  
But now I've nothing left to do but pray,  
And my self prostrate at your Feet to lay.



O thou, thy Houses Glory, brighter far  
Than thy two shining Brothers friendly Star!  
O worthy of the Bed of Heav'n's great King,  
If ought so fair but from himself could spring!  
Either with thee I back to *Troy* will fly,  
Or here a wretched banish'd Lover die.  
With no slight Wound my tender Breast does smart,  
My Bones and Marrow feel the piercing Dart;  
I find my Sister true did prophesie,  
I with a heav'nly Dart should wounded die;  
Despise not then a Love by Heav'n design'd,  
So may the Gods still to your Vows be kind.

Much I could say, but what, will best be known  
In your Apartment when we are alone.  
You blush, and with a Superstitious dread,  
Fear to defile the Sacred Marriage Bed:

Ah!

Ah! *Helen*, can you then so simple be,  
To think such Beauty can from Faults be free?  
Or change that Face, or you must needs be kind;  
Beauty and Virtue seldom have been join'd.  
*Jove* and bright *Venus* do our Thefts approve,  
Such Thefts as these gave you your Father *Jove*.  
And if in you ought of your Parents last,  
Can *Jove* and *Leda's* Daughter well be chaste?  
Yet then be chaste when we to *Troy* shall go;  
(For she who sins with one alone, is so.)  
But let us now enjoy that pleasing Sin,  
Then marry, and be innocent again.  
Ev'n your own Husband doth the same perswade,  
Silent himself, yet all his Actions plead:  
For me they plead, and he, good Man, because  
He'll spoil no Sport, officiously withdraws.  
Had he no other time to visit *Crete*?  
Oh! How prodigious is a Husband's Wit!

He went, and as he went, he cry'd, my Dear,  
Instead of me, you of your Guest take Care,  
But you forget your Lord's Command I see,  
Nor take you any Care of Love or me.  
And think you such a Thing as he does know  
The Treasure that he holds in holding you ?  
No; did he understand but half your Charms,  
He durst not trust 'em in a Strangers Arms.  
If neither his nor my Request can move,  
We're forc'd by Opportunity to love;  
We should be Fools, even greater Fools than he,  
Should so secure a Time unactive be.  
Alone these tedious Winter Nights you lye  
In a cold widow'd Bed, and so do I.  
Let mutual Joys our willing Bodies join,  
That happy Night shall the mid-day out-shine,  
Then will I swear by all the Pow'rs above,  
And in their awful Prefence seal my Love.

Then

Then if my Wishes may aspire so high,  
 I with our Flight shall win you to comply ;  
 But if nice Honour little Scruples frame,  
 The Force I'll use shall vindicate your Fame.  
 Of *Theseus* and your Brothers I can learn,  
 No Precedents so nearly you concern:  
 You *Theseus*, they *Leucippus* Daughter stole;  
 I'll be the fourth in the illustrious Roll.  
 Well man'd, well arm'd for you my Fleet does stay,  
 And waiting Winds murmur at our Delay.  
 Thro' *Troy's* throng'd Streets you shall in Triumph  
 Ador'd as some new Goddesses here below. [ <sup>go,</sup>  
 Where-e'er you tread, Spices and Gums shall  
 And Victims fall beneath the fatal Stroke. [ <sup>moak,</sup>  
 My Father, Mother, all the joyful Court,  
 All *Troy* to you with Presents shall resort.  
 Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have said,  
 What there you'll find, shall what I write exceed.

Nor

Nor fear, lest War pursue our hasty Flight,  
And angry *Greece* should all her Force unite:  
What ravish'd Maid did ever Wars regain?  
Vain the Attempt, and fear of it as vain.  
The *Thracians Oritbya* stole from far,  
Yet *Thrace* ne'er heard the Noise of following War.  
*Jason* too stole away the *Colchian* Maid,  
Yet *Colchos* did not *Thessaly* invade.  
He who stole you, stole *Ariadne* too,  
Yet *Minos* did not with all *Creet* pursue.  
Fear in these Cases than the Danger's more,  
And when the threat'ning Tempest once is o'er, }  
Our Shame's then greater than our Fear before.  
But say from *Greece* a threatned War pursue,  
Know I have Strength and wounding Weapons too.  
In Men and Horse more numerous than *Greece*  
Our Empire is, nor in its Compass less.

For

Nor does your Husband *Paris* ought excel  
In Generous Courage or in Martial Skill.

Ev'n but a Boy, from my slain Foes I gain'd  
My stollen Herd, and a new Name attain'd ;  
Ev'n then o'ercome by me I cou'd produce  
*Deiphobus* and great *Ilioneus*.

Nor Hand to Hand more to be fear'd am I,  
Than when from far my certain Arrows fly.  
You for his Youth can no such Actions feign,  
Nor can he e'er my envy'd Skill attain.

But could he, *Hector's* your Security,  
And he alone an Army is to me.

You know me not, nor the hid Prowess find  
Of him that Heav'n has for your Bed design'd.  
Either no War from *Greece* shall follow thee,  
Or if it does, shall be repell'd by me.

Nor think I fear to fight for such a Wife,  
That Prize would give the Coward's Courage Life.

All after-Ages shall your Fame admire,  
If you alone set the whole World on Fire.  
To Sea, to Sea, while all the Gods are kind,  
And all I promise, you in *Troy* shall find.

---

The EPISTLE of  
**ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.**

Translated from *OVID*.

The ARGUMENT.

*Acontius, in the Temple of Diana at Delos, (famous for the Resort of the most beautiful Virgins of all Greece) fell in Love with Cydippe, a Lady of Quality much above his own; not daring therefore to Court her openly, he found this Device to obtain her: He writes upon the fairest Apple that could be procured, a couple of Verses to this Effect,*

“ I swear, by Chaste *Diana*, I will be

“ In Sacred Wedlock ever join'd to thee.

*and throws it at the Feet of the young Lady: She suspecting not the 'Deceit takes it up, and reads it, and therein promises her self in Marriage to Acontius; there being a Law there in Force, that whatever any Person should swear in the Temple of Diana of Delos, should stand good and be inviolably observ'd. But her Father not knowing what had past, and having not long after promised her to another, just as the Solemnities of Marriage were to be perform'd, she was taken with a sudden and violent Feaver, which Acontius endeavours to perswade her was sent from Diana, as a Punishment of the Breach of the Vow made in her Presence. And this, with the rest of the Arguments, which on such Occasion would occur to a Lover, is the Subject of the following Epistle.*

[more,

**R**Ead boldly this; here you shall swear no  
 For that's enough which you have sworn  
 Read it; so may that violent Disease, [before.  
 Which thy dear Body, but my Soul doth seize,  
 Forget its too long practis'd Cruelty,  
 And Health to you restore, and you to me.

Why



Why do you blush? for blush you do I fear,  
 As when you first did in the Temple swear:  
 Truth to your plighted Faith is all I claim;  
 And Truth can never be the Cause of Shame.  
 Shame lives with Guilt, but you your Virtue prove  
 In favouring mine, for mine's a Husband's Love.  
 Ah! to your self those binding Words repeat  
 That once your wishing Eyes ev'n long'd to meet,  
 When th' Apple brought 'em dancing to your  
 Feet.

There you will find the solemn Vow you made,  
 Which if your Health, or mine, can ought persuade,  
 You to perform should rather mindful be,  
 Than great *Diana* to revenge on thee.

My Fears for you increase with my Desire,  
 And Hope blows that already raging Fire;  
 For hope you gave; nor can you this deny,  
 For the great Goddess of the Fane was by;

She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd Shrine  
A sudden kind auspicious Light did shine.  
Her Statue seem'd to nod its awful Head,  
And give its glad Consent to what you said;  
Now, if you please, accuse my prosp'rous Cheat,  
Yet still confess 'twas Love that taught me it.  
In that Deceit what did I else design,  
But with your own Consent to make you mine?  
What you my Crime, I call my Innocence,  
Since Loving you has been my sole Offence.  
Nor Nature gave me, nor has Practice taught  
The Nets with which young Virgins Hearts are  
You my Accuser taught me to deceive, <sup>[caught.</sup>  
And Love, with you, did his Assistance give;  
For Love stood by, and smiling bad me write  
The cunning Words he did himself indite:  
Again, you see I write by his Command,  
He guides my Pen, and rules my willing Hand,  
Again

Again such kind, such loving Words I send,  
As makes me fear, that I again offend.  
Yet if my Love's my Crime, I must confess,  
Great is my Guilt, but never shall be less.  
Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,  
In finding out new Paths to reach thy Love.  
A thousand Ways to that steep Mountain lead,  
Tho' hard to find, and difficult to tread.  
All these will I find out, and break through all,  
For which, my Flames compar'd, the Danger's small.  
The Gods alone know what the End will be,  
Yet if we Mortals any thing foresee,  
One Way or other you must yield to me. }  
If all my Arts should fail, to Arms I'll fly,  
And snatch by Force what you my Prayers deny:  
I all those Heroes mighty Acts applaud,  
Who first have led me this illustrious Road.

I too — but hold, Death the Reward will be ;  
 Death be it then —

For to lose you is more than Death to me.

Were you less fair, I'd use the vulgar Way  
 Of tedious Courtship, and of dull Delay.

But thy bright Form kindles more eager Fires,  
 And something wondrous, as it self, inspires ;

Those Eyes that all the Heav'nly Lights out-shine,  
 (Which, oh ! may'st thou behold, and love in mine)

Those snowy Arms, which on my Neck should fall,  
 If you the Vows you made regard at all,

That modest Sweetness, and becoming Grace,

That paints with living Red your blushing Face,

Those Feet with which they only can compare,

That through the Silver Flood bright *Thetis* bear :

Do all conspire my Madness to excite,

With all the rest that is deny'd to Sight.

Which

Which could I praise, alike I then were blest,  
And all the Storms of my vex'd Soul at rest.  
No wonder then if with such Beauty fir'd,  
I of your Love the sacred Pledge desir'd.  
Rage now and be as angry as you will,  
Your very Frowns all other Smiles excel;  
But give me leave that Anger to appease,  
By my Submission that my Love did raise.  
Your Pardon prostrate at your Feet I'll crave,  
The humble Posture of your guilty Slave.  
With falling Tears your fiery Rage I'll cool,  
And lay the rising Tempest of your Soul.  
Why in my Absence are you thus severe?  
Summon'd at your Tribunal to appear,  
For all my Crimes, I'd gladly suffer there:  
With Pride whatever you inflict receive,  
And love the Wounds those Hands vouchsafe to  
give.

Your Fetters too — But they alas are vain,  
For Love has bound me, and I hug my Chain.  
Your hardest Laws with Patience I'll obey,  
'Till you your self at last relent and say,  
When all my Sufferings you with Pity see,  
*He that can love so well, is worthy me.*  
But if all this should unsuccessful prove,  
*Diana* claims for me your promis'd Love.  
O may my Fears be false! yet she delights  
In just Revenge of her abused Rites.  
I dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread,  
Lest you should think that for my self I plead.  
Yet out it must, — 'Tis this, 'Tis surely this,  
That is the Fuel to your hot Disease:  
When waiting *Hymen* at your Porch attends,  
Her fatal Messenger the Goddess sends.  
And when you would to his kind Call consent,  
This Feaver does your Perjury prevent.

Forbear,

Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her Rage,  
Which you so easily may yet assuage.  
Forbear to make that lovely charming Face  
The Prey to every envious Disease:  
Preserve those Looks to be enjoy'd by me,  
Which none shou'd ever but with Wonder see:  
Let that fresh Colour to your Cheeks return,  
Whose glowing Flame did all Beholders burn.  
But let on him, th'unhappy Cause of all  
The Ills that from *Diana's* Anger fall,  
No greater Torments light than those I feel,  
When you my dearest, tend'rest Part are ill.  
For oh! with what dire Tortures am I rack'd,  
Whom different Grievs successively distract!  
Sometimes my Grief from this does higher grow,  
To think that I have caus'd so much to you.  
Then great *Diana's* Witnesses, how I pray  
That all our Crimes on me alone she'd lay!

Some-

Sometimes to your lov'd Doors disguis'd I come,  
 And all around 'em up and down I roam;  
 'Till I your Woman coming from you spy,  
 With Looks dejected, and a weeping Eye.  
 With silent Steps, like some sad Ghost I steal  
 Close up to her, and urge her to reveal  
 More than new Questions suffer her to tell :  
 How you had slept, what Diet you had us'd?  
 And oft the vain Physicians Art accus'd.  
 He every Hour (Oh, were I blest as he!)  
 Does all the Turns of your Distemper see;  
 Why sit not I by your Bed-side all Day,  
 My mournful Head in your warm Bosom lay,  
 'Till with my Tears the inward Fires decay?  
 Why press not I your melting Hand in mine,  
 And from your Pulse of my own Health divine?  
 But oh! these Wishes all are vain; and he  
 Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee,  
 Forgetful as thou art of Heav'n and me.



He that lov'd Hand does press, and oft does feign  
Some new Excuse to feel thy beating Vein.

Then his bold Hand up to your Arm does slide,  
And in your panting Breast it self does hide;

Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,  
For his officious Care too great a Fee:

Robber, who gave thee Leave to taste that Lip,  
And the ripe Harvest of my Kisses reap?

For they are mine, so is that Bosom too,  
Which, false as 'tis, shall never harbour you.

Take, take away those thy Adulterous Hands,  
For know another Lord that Breast commands.

'Tis true, her Father promis'd her to thee,  
But Heav'n and she first gave her self to me.

And you in Justice therefore should decline  
Your Claim to that which is already mine.

This is the Man, *Cydippe*, that excites  
*Diana's* Rage, to vindicate her Rites.

Command

Command him then not to approach thy Door;  
 This done, the Danger of your Death is o'er.  
 For fear not, Beauteous Maid, but keep thy Vow,  
 Which great *Diana* heard, and did allow.

And she who took it, will thy Health restore,  
 And be propitious as she was before.

“ 'Tis not the Steam of a slain *Heifer's* Blood,

“ That can allay the Anger of a God.

“ 'Tis Truth, and Justice to your Vows, appease

“ Their angry Deities, and without these

“ No slaughter'd Beast their Fury can divert;

“ For that's a Sacrifice without a Heart.

Some, bitter Potions patiently endure, [Cure.  
 And kiss the wounding Lance that works their

You have no need these cruel Cures to feel,

Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.

Why let you still your pious Parents weep,

Whom you in ign'rance of your Promise keep?

Oh!

Oh! to your Mother all our Story tell,  
And the whole Progress of our Love reveal;  
Tell her how first at great *Diana's* Shrine,  
I fixt my Eyes, my wondring Eyes, on thine.  
How like the Statues there I stood amaz'd,  
Whilst on thy Face intemp'rately I gaz'd.  
She will her self, when you my Tale repeat,  
Smile, and approve the amorous Deceit.  
Marry, she'll say, whom Heav'n commends to thee,  
He, who has pleas'd *Diana*, pleases me.  
But should she ask from what Descent I came,  
My Country, and my Parents and my Name, }  
Tell her that none of these deserve my Shame. }  
Had you not sworn, you such a one might chuse;  
But were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse.  
This in my Dreams *Diana* bad me write,  
And when I wak'd, sent *Cupid* to indite:

Obey

Obey 'em both, for one has wounded me,  
 Which Wound, if you with Eyes of Pity see,  
 She too will soon relent that wounded thee.

Then to our Joys with eager Haste we'll move,  
 As full of Beauty you, as I of Love.

To the great Temple we'll in Triumph go,  
 And with our Offerings at the Altar bow.

A Golden Image there I'll consecrate,  
 Of the false Apples innocent Deceit ;

And write below the happy Verse that came,  
 The Messenger of my successful Flame.

“ Let all the World this from *Acontius* know,  
 “ *Cydippe* has been faithful to her Vow.

More I could write, but since thy Illness reigns,  
 And wracks thy tender Limbs with sharpest Pains,  
 My Pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,  
 Altho' for me too little, yet too much for thee.

THE  
FOURTH SATYR  
OF  
JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Poet in this Satyr first brings in Crispinus, whom he had a Lash at in his first Satyr, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous Prodigality and Luxury in giving the Price of an Estate for a Barbel: and from thence takes Occasion to introduce the principal Subject, and true Design of this Satyr, which is grounded upon a ridiculous Story of a Turbut presented to Domitian, of so vast a Bigness, that all the Emperor's Scullery had not a Dish large enough to hold it: Upon which the Senate in all haste is summon'd, to consult in this Exigency, what is fittest to be done. The Poet gives us a Particular of the Senators Names, their distinct Characters, and Speeches, and Advice; and after much and wise Consultation, an Expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the Senate, and concludes the Satyr.*

# Juvenalis Satyra IV.

**E**CCĒ iterum Crispinus; & est mihi sæpe vo-  
candus

*Ad partes, monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*

*A vitiis, æger, solâque libidine fortis:*

*Delicias viduæ tantùm aspernatur adulter.*

*Quid refert igitur quantis jumenta fatiget*

*Porticibus, quantâ nemorum veëtetur in umbrâ,*

*Jugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit ædes?*

*Nemo malus felix, minimè corruptor, & idem*

*Incestus,*

Once more *Crispinus* call'd upon the Stage,  
 (Nor shall once more suffice) provokes  
 my Rage:

A Monster, to whom ev'ry Vice lays claim,  
 Without one Virtue to redeem his Fame.

Feeble and sick, yet strong in Lust alone,  
 The rank Adult'rer preys on all the Town,  
 All but the Widows nauseous Charms go down.

What matter then how stately is the Arch <sup>[march?</sup>  
 Where his tir'd Mules flow with their Burden

What matter then how thick and long the Shade  
 Through which, he is by sweating Slaves, convey'd?

How many Acres near the City Walls,  
 Or new-built Palaces, his own he calls?

No ill Man's happy; least of all is he

Whose Study 'tis to corrupt Chastity.

*Incestus, cum quo nuper vittata jacebat*

*Sanguine adhuc vivo terram subitura sacerdos.*

*Sed nunc de factis levioribus: & tamen alter*

*Si fecisset idem, caderet sub iudice morum.*

*Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio, Seiôque, decebat*

*Crispinum. Quid agas, cum dira & fœdior omni*

*Crimine persona est? mullum sex millibus emit,*

*Æquantem sanè paribus sestertia libris,*

*Ut perhibent, qui de magnis majora loquuntur.*

*Consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto*

*Præcipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi.*



The incestuous Brute, who the veil'd Vestal Maid  
 But lately to his impious Bed betray'd,  
 Who for her Crime, ' if Laws their Course might  
 Ought to descend alive into the Grave. [have,

But now of slighter Faults; and yet the same  
 By others done, the Censor's Justice claim.  
 For what good Men ignoble count and base,  
 Is Virtue here, and does *Crispinus* grace:  
 In this he's safe, whate'er we write of him,  
 The Person is more odious than the Crime:  
 And so all Satyr's lost. The lavish Slave  
 Six <sup>2</sup> thousand Pieces for a Barbel gave:  
 A Sesterce for each Pound it weigh'd, as they  
 Give out, that hear great things, but greater say.  
 If by this Bribe well plac'd, he would ensnare  
 Some sapless Usurer that wants an Heir,

*Est ratio ulterior, magnæ si misit amicæ,*

*Quæ vehitur clauso latis specularibus antro.*

*Nil tale expectes: emit sibi. Multa videmus,*

*Quæ miser & frugi non fecit Apicius. Hoc tu*

*Succinctus patriâ quondam Crispine papyro?*

*Hoc pretium squamæ? potuit fortasse minoris*

*Piscator, quàm piscis emi. Provincia tanti*

*Vendit agros; sed majores Appulia vendit.*

*Quales*

Or if this Present the sly Courtier meant,  
 Should to some Punk of Quality be sent,  
 That in her easie Chair in State does ride,  
 The Glasses all drawn up on ev'ry Side,  
 I'd praise his Cunning; but expect not this,  
 For his own Gut he bought the stately Fish.  
 Now ev'n <sup>3</sup> *Apicius* Frugal seems, and Poor,  
 Outvy'd in Luxury unknown before.

Gave you, *Crispinus*, you this mighty Sum?  
 You, that, for want of other Rags, did come  
 In your own Country Paper wrapp'd, to *Rome*.  
 Do Scales and Fins bear Price to this Excess?  
 You might have bought the Fisherman for less.  
 For less some Provinces whole Acres sell,  
 Nay, + in *Apulia*, if you bargain well,  
 A Manor wou'd cost less than such a Meal.

*Quales tunc epulas ipsum glutisse putemus*

*Induperatorem? cùm tot sestertia, partem*

*Exiguam, & modicæ sumptam de margine cœnæ*

*Purpureus magni ructaret scurra Palatî,*

*Jam princeps equitum, magnâ qui voce solebat*

*Vendere municipes fractâ de merce siluros?*

*Incipe Calliope, licet hîc considerare: non est*

*Cantandum; res vera agitur. Narrate puellæ*

*Pierides; prosit mihi vos dixisse puellas.*

*Cùm jam semianimum laceraret Flavius orbem*

*Ultimus, & calvo serviret Roma Neroni,*

*Incidit*

What think we then of his s luxurious Lord?  
 What Banquets loaded that Imperial Board?  
 When in one Dish, that, taken from the rest,  
 His constant Table wou'd have hardly mist,  
 So many Sesterces were swallow'd down,  
 To stuff one Scarlet-coated Court Buffoon,  
 Whom *Rome* of all her Knights now chiefest greets,  
 From crying stinking Fish about her Streets.

Begin, *Calliope*, but not to sing:

Plain, honest Truth we for our Subject bring.

Help then, ye young *Pierian* Maids to tell

A downright Narrative of what befel.

Afford me willingly your sacred Aids,

Me that have call'd you young, me that have stil'd  
 [you Maids

When he, with whom <sup>6</sup> the *Flavian* Race de-  
 [cay'd,

The groaning World with Iron Scepter sway'd

When <sup>7</sup> a bald *Nero* Reign'd, and servile *Rome*  
 obey'd,

*Incidit Adriaci spatium admirabile rhombi,  
 Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon,  
 Implevitque sinus: neque enim minor hæserat illis,  
 Quos operit glacies Mæotica, ruptaque tandem  
 Solibus effundit torpentis ad ostia Ponti  
 Desidiâ tardos, & longo frigore pingues.  
 Destinât hoc monstrum cymbæ linique magister  
 Pontifici summo. Quis enim proponere talem,  
 Aut emere auderet? Cùm plena & littora multa  
 Delatore forent; dispersi protinus algæ  
 Inquisitores agerent cum remige nudo;  
 Non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piscem,  
 Depastumque diu vivaria Cæsaris, indè  
 Elapsum, veterem ad dominum debere reverti.*

Where *Venus* Shrine does fair *Ancona* grace,  
A Turbut taken of prodigious Space,  
Fill'd the extended Net, not less than those  
That dull *Mæotis* does with Ice enclose,  
'Till conquer'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,  
It opens to the *Pontick* Sea their Way;  
And throws them out unweildy with their Growth,  
Fat with long Ease, and a whole Winter's Sloth:  
The wise Commander of the Boat and Lines,  
For <sup>s</sup> our High-Priest the stately Prey designs;  
For who that Lordly Fish durst sell or buy,  
So many Spies and Court-Informers nigh?  
No Shoar but of this Vermin Swarms does bear,  
Searchers of Mud and Sea-weed! that would swear  
The Fish had long in *Cæsar's* Ponds been fed,  
And from its Lord undutifully fled;  
So, justly ought to be again restor'd:  
Nay, if you credit Sage <sup>9</sup> *Palphurius* Word,

Or

*Si quid Palphurio, si credimus Armillato,*

*Quicquid conspicuum, pulchrúmque; ex æquore toto est,*

*Res fisci est, ubicunque natat: donabitur ergo,*

*Ne pereat, jam letifero cedente pruinis*

*Autumno, jam quartanam sperantibus agris.*

*Stridebat deformis hyems, prædámque recentem*

*Servabat: tamen hic properat, velut urgeat Auster.*

*Utque lacus suberant, ubi quanquam diruta servat*

*Ignem Trojanum, & Vestam colit Alba minorem,*

*Obstitit*



Or dare rely on *Armillatus* Skill,  
Whatever Fish the vulgar Fry excel  
Belong to *Cæsar*, wherefoe'er they swim,  
By their own Worth confiscated to him.

The Boatman then shall a wise Present make,  
And give the Fish before the Seizers take.

Now sickly Autumn to dry Frosts gave Way,  
Cold Winter rag'd, and fresh preserv'd the Prey;  
Yet with such Haste the busie Fishes flew,  
As if a hot South-Wind Corruption blew:  
And now he reach'd the Lake, <sup>10</sup> were what re-  
mains

Of *Alba*, still her ancient Rites retains,  
Still Worships *Vesta*, <sup>11</sup> tho' an humbler Way,  
Nor lets the hallow'd *Trojan* Fire decay.

The

*Obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper.*

*Ut cessit, facili patuerunt cardine valvæ.*

*Exclusi expectant admissa obsonia patres.*

*Itur ad Atridem: tum Picens, Accipe, dixit,*

*Privatis majora focis; genialis agatur*

*Iste dies; propera stomachum laxare saginis,*

*Et tua servatum consume in secula rhombum.*

*Ipse capi voluit. Quid apertius? Et tamen illi*

*Surgebant*

The wondring Croud that to strange Sights  
resort,

And choak'd a while his Passage to the Court,  
At length gives way; ope flies the Palace-Gate,  
The Turbut enters in, without the <sup>12</sup> Fathers wait;  
The Boatman straight does to *Atrides* press,  
And thus presents his Fish, and his Address:

Accept, Dread Sir, this Tribute from the Main,  
Too great for private Kitchens to contain.  
To your glad Genius sacrifice this Day,  
Let common Meats respectfully give Way:  
Haste to unload your Stomachs to receive  
This Turbut, that for you did only live.  
So long preserv'd to be Imperial Food,  
Glad of the Net, and to be taken proud.

How fulsom this! how gross! yet this takes well,  
And the vain Prince with empty Pride does swell.

*Surgebant cristæ. Nihil est, quod credere de se*

*Non possit, cùm laudatur dis æqua potestas.*

*Sed deerat pisci patinæ mensura. Vocantur*

*Ergo in concilium proceres, quos oderat ille;*

*In quorum facie miseræ, magnæque sedebat*

*Pallor amicitie. Primus, clamante Liburno,*

*Currite, jam sedit, raptâ properabat abollâ*

*Pegasus, attonitæ positus modò villicus urbi.*

*Anne aliud tunc præfecti? Quorum optimus, atque,*

*Interpres legum sanctissimus; omnia quanquam*

*Temporibus*

Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,  
 But with Belief and Joy is entertain'd,  
 When to his Face the worthless Wretch is prais'd,  
 Whom vile Court-Flatt'ry to a God has rais'd.

But oh hard Fate! the Palace Stores no Dish  
 Afford, capacious of the mighty Fish.  
 To sage Debate are summon'd all the Peers,  
 His trusty, and much-hated, Counsellors,  
 In whose pale Looks that ghastly Terror sat,  
 That haunts the dang'rous Friendships of the Great.

<sup>13</sup> The loud *Liburnian* that the Senate call'd,  
 Run, run; he's set, he's set, no sooner baul'd,  
 But with his Robe snatch't up in haste, does come  
*Pegasus*, <sup>14</sup> Bailiff of affrighted *Rome*.

What more were Præfects then? The Best he was,  
 And faithfullest Expounder of the Laws.

Yet

*Temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi*

*Iustitiâ. Venit & Crispi jucunda senectus,*

*Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite*

*Ingenium. Maria, ac terras, populósque regenti*

*Quis comes utilior, si clade & peste sub illâ*

*Sævitiâ damnare, & honestum afferre liceret*

*Concilium? sed quid violentius aure tyranni?*

*Cum quo de pluviis, aut æstibus, aut nimbofo*

*Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?*

Yet in ill Times thought all things manag'd best,  
When Justice exercis'd her Sword the least.

15 Old *Crispus* next, pleasant tho' old, appears,  
His Wit nor Humour yielding to his Years.  
His Temper mild, Good-nature join'd with Sense,  
And Manners charming as his Eloquence.  
Who fitter for a useful Friend than he,  
To the great Ruler of the Earth and Sea,  
If as his Thoughts were just, his Tongue were free?  
If it were safe to vent his gen'rous Mind  
To *Rome's* dire Plague, and Terror of Mankind,  
If cruel Pow'r could softning Counsel bear ;  
But what's so tender as a Tyrant's Ear?  
With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite, spake,  
At ev'ry Sentence set his Life at Stake,  
Tho' the Discourse were of no weightier Things,  
Than sultry Summers, or unhealthful Springs.

*Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra  
Torrentem. Nec civis erat, qui libera posset  
Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.  
Sic multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit  
Solstitia, his armis, illâ quoque tutus in aulâ.  
Proximus ejusdem properabat Acilius ævi  
Cum Juvene indigno, quem mors tam sæva maneret,  
Et domini gladiis tam festinata: sed olim  
Prodigio par est in nobilitate senectus.  
Unde fit, ut malim fraterculus esse gigantum.  
Profuit ergo nihil misero, quòd cominus urfos*



This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,  
 With his weak Arms to stem the stronger Tide.  
 Nor did all *Rome*, grown Spiritless, supply  
 A Man that for bold Truth durst bravely die.  
 So safe by wise complying Silence, he  
 Ev'n in that Court did fourscore Summers see.

Next him *Acilius*, tho' his Age the same,  
 With eager Haste to the grand Council came:  
 With him a Youth, unworthy of the Fate  
 That did too near his growing Virtues wait,  
 Urg'd by the Tyrant's Envy, Fear, or Hate. }  
 (But 'tis long since Old Age began to be  
 In noble Blood no less than Prodigy,  
 Whence 'tis I'd rather be of <sup>16</sup> Giants Birth,  
 A Pigmy Brother to those Sons of Earth.)  
 Unhappy Youth! whom from his destin'd End,  
 No well-diffembled Madnefs could defend;

*Figebat Numidas, Albanâ nudus arenâ*

*Venator. Quis enim jam non intelligat artes*

*Patricias? Quis priscus illud miretur acumen,*

*Brute, tuum? Facile est barbato imponere regi.*

*Nec melior vultu quamvis ignobilis ibat*

*Rubrius, offensæ veteris reus, atque tacendæ:*

*Et tamen improbius Satyram scribente cinædo.*

*Montani quoque venter abest abdomine tardus:*

When naked in the *Alban* Theater,  
 In *Lybian* Bears he fixt his hunting Spear.  
 Who sees not now thro' the Lord's thin Disguise,  
 That long seem'd Fools to prove at last more wise?  
 That State-Court Trick is now too open laid,  
 Who now admires the <sup>17</sup> Part old *Brutus* play'd?  
 Those honest Times might swallow this Pretence,  
 When <sup>18</sup> the King's Beard was deeper than his  
 [Sense.]

Next *Rubrius* came, <sup>19</sup> tho' not of Noble Race,  
 With equal Marks of Terrour in his Face.  
 Pale with the gnawing Guilt and inward Shame  
 Of an old Crime that is not fit to name.  
 Worse, yet in Scandal taking more Delight,  
 Than <sup>20</sup> the vile *Pathick* that durst Satyr write.

*Montanus* Belly next, advancing flow  
 Before the sweating Senator did go.

*Et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo,*

*Quantum vix redolent duo funera: sævior illo*

*Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire susurro :*

*Et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis*

*Fuscus, marmoreâ meditatus prælia villâ:*

*Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,*

*Qui nunquam visæ flagrabat amore puellæ,*

*Grande, & conspicuum nostro quoque tempore mon-*

*strum,*

*Cæcus*

*Crispinus* after, but much sweeter comes,  
 Scented with costly Oils and Eastern Gums,  
 More than would serve two Fun'rals for Per-  
 [fumes.]

Then *Pompey*, none more skill'd in the Court-  
 Game  
 Of cutting Throats with a soft Whisper, came.

Next *Fuscus*, he who many a peaceful Day  
 For <sup>21</sup> *Dacian* Vultures was reserv'd a Prey,  
 'Till having study'd War enough at home,  
 He led abroad the unhappy Arms of *Rome*.

Cunning *Veiento* next, and by his Side  
 Bloody *Catullus* leaning on his Guide,  
 Decrepit, yet a furious Lover he,  
 And deeply smit with Charms he could not see.

*Cæcus adulator, dirûsque à ponte satelles,*

*Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes.*

*Blandâque devexæ jactaret basia rhede.*

*Nemo magis rhombum stupuit : nam plurima dixit*

*In lævum conversus : at illi dextra jacebat*

*Bellua : sic pugnas Cilicis laudabat, & ietus ;*

*Et pegma, & pueros indè ad velaria raptos.*

*Non cedit Veiento, sed ut fanaticus œstro*

*Percussus, Bellona, tuo divinat ; Et ingens*

A Monster, that even this worst Age out-vies,  
Conspicuous and above the common Size.  
A blind base Flatt'rer,<sup>22</sup> from some Bridge or Gate,  
Rais'd to a murd'ring Minister of State.  
Deserving still to beg upon the Road,  
And bless each passing Waggon and its Load.  
None more admir'd the Fish; he in its Praise  
With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raise,  
But to the Left all his fine Things did say,  
Whilst on his right the unseen Turbut lay.  
So he the fam'd *Cilician* Fencer prais'd,  
And at each Hit with Wonder seem'd amaz'd.  
So did the Scenes and Stage Machines admire,  
And Boys that flew thro' Canvas Clouds in Wire.

Nor came *Vejento* short; but as inspir'd  
By thee, *Bellona*, by thy Fury fir'd,

*Omen habes, inquit, magni clarique triumphi:*

*Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno*

*Excidet Arviragus: peregrina est bellua. Cernis*

*Erectas in terga sudes? Hoc defuit unum*

*Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret, & annos.*

*Quidnam igitur censes? Conciditur? Absit ab illo*

*Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait; testa alta paretur,*

*Quæ tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem.*

*Debetur magnus patinæ subitûsque Prometheus.*

*Argillam, atque rotam citiùs properate: sed ex hoc*

*Tempore*



Turns Prophet: See, the mighty Omen, see,  
He cries, of some illustrious Victory!

Some Captive King, thee his new Lord shall own:  
Or from his *British* Chariot headlong thrown }  
The <sup>23</sup> proud *Arviragus* came tumbling down!  
The Monster's foreign. <sup>24</sup> Mark the pointed Spears  
That from thy Hand on his pierc'd Back he wears!  
Who Nobler could, or plainer things presage?  
Yet one thing scap'd him, the Prophetick Rage }  
Shew'd not the Turbut's Country, nor its Age.

At length by *Cæsar* the grand Question's put:  
My Lords, your Judgment; shall the Fish be cut?  
Far be it, far from us! *Montanus* cries;  
Let's not dishonour thus the Noble Prize!  
A Pot of finest Earth, thin, deep, and wide  
Some <sup>25</sup> skilful quick *Prometheus* must provide.  
Clay and the forming Wheel prepare with Speed.  
But, *Cæsar*, be it from henceforth decreed,

*Tempore jam, Cæsar, figuli tua castra sequantur.*

*Vicit digna viro sententia: noverat ille*

*Luxuriam imperii veterem, noctesque Neronis*

*Jam medias, aliâmq; famem, cùm pulmo falerno*

*Arderet. Nulli major fuit usus edendi*

*Tempestate meâ. Circeis nata forent, an*

*Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo*

*Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morfu:*

*Et semel aspecti littus dicebat echini.*

*Surgitur, & misso procures exire jubentur*

That Potters on the Royal Progress wait,  
T' assist in these Emergencies of State.

This Council pleas'd; nor could it fail to take,  
So fit, so worthy of the Man that spake.  
The old Court Riots he remember'd well,  
Could Tales of *Nero's* Midnight Suppers tell,  
When *Falern* Wines the lab'ring Lungs did fire,  
And to new Dainties kindled false Desire.  
In Arts of Eating none more early Train'd,  
None in my time had equal Skill attain'd.  
He whither <sup>26</sup> *Circe's* Rock his Oysters bore,  
Or <sup>27</sup> *Lucrine* Lake, or <sup>28</sup> the *Rutupian* Shoar,  
Knew at first Taste, nay at first Sight cou'd tell  
A Crab or Lobster's Country by its Shell.

They rise, and straight all with respectful Awe,  
At the Word giv'n, obsequiously withdraw,

Whom

*Concilio, quos Albanum dux magnus in arcem  
Traxerat attonitos, & festinare coactos,  
Tanquam de Cattis aliquid, torvisque Sicambriis  
Dicturus; tanquam diversis partibus orbis  
Anxia præcipiti venisset epistola pinnâ.  
Atque utinam his potiùs nugis tota illa dedisset  
Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi  
Illustresque animas impune, & vindice nullo.  
Sed periit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus  
Cæperat; hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.*



Whom full of eager Haste, Surprize, and Fear,  
Our mighty Prince had summon'd to appear;  
As if some News he'd of the *Catti* tell,  
Or that the fierce *Sicambrians* did rebel:  
As if Expresses from all Parts had come  
With fresh Alarms threatning the Fate of *Rome*.

What Folly this! But oh! that all the rest  
Of his dire Reign had thus been spent in Jest!  
And all that Time such Trifles had employ'd  
In which so many Nobles he destroy'd!  
He safe, they unreveng'd, to the Disgrace  
Of the surviving, tame, *Patrician* Race!  
But when he dreadful to the Rabble grew,  
Him, whom so many Lords had slain, they slew.



*Explanatory Notes on the foregoing Satyr.*

1 **I**F *Laws their Course, &c. Ought to descend, &c.* *Crispinus* had de-flour'd a Vestal Virgin, but by his Favour with *Domitian*, she escap'd the Punishment due to her Offence, which was to be bury'd alive by *Numa's Law*; as may be seen in *Livy. l. 1.* and is more particularly describ'd in *Plutarch's Life of Numa.*

2 *Six thousand Pieces.* Six thousand of the *Roman Sestertii*, which makes six *Sestertia*, according to our Account, 46 l. 17 s. 6 d.

3 *Now even Apicius.* A Man for Gluttony and Prodigality famous even to a Proverb, who having spent most of his vast Estate upon his Gut, for fear of Want poyson'd himself, *Senec.*

4 *Nay in Apulia.* Part of *Italy.* near the *Adriatick Gulf*, where Land, it seems, was very cheap, either for the Barrenness and cragged Height of the Mountains, or for the unwholsomness of the Air, and the Wind *Atabulus.* *Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. 5. Montes Apulia notos — quos terret Atabulus & quos nunquam erepsimus. &c.*

5 *His luxurious Lord.* The Emperor *Domitian.*

6 *The Flavian Race decay'd.* *Domitian* was the last and worst of the *Flavian Family*, which tho' at first obscure, yet had produc'd great and good Men. *Reipublica nequaquam poenitenda*, says *Sueton. 9.* For of this Family were *Vespasian* and *Titus.*

7 *A bald Nero.* *Domitian*, who could not so much as bear with Patience the mention of Baldness, tho' in Jest only, and objected to another, as *Suetonius* in his Life tells us. And who, for his Cruelty, is here call'd a second *Nero.*

8 *Our High Priest.* The Emperor *Domitian* call'd so, either from his Instituting the College of the *Alban Priests*, of whom he was as it were Chief; or for taking upon him the Office of *Pontifex Maximus* in the Condemnation of the Vestal Virgin *Cornetia*; or, more generally, because often the Emperors assum'd both the Title and Office of High Priest.

9 *Palphurius and Armillatus.* Both Men of Consular Degree: Lawyers, and Spies, and Informers, and so Favourers of *Domitian.*

10 *What remains of Alba, &c.* *Alba Longa* built by *Ancanius*, about fifteen Miles from *Rome.* was destroy'd after by *Tullus Hostilius*, the Temples only excepted, (*Liv. l. 1.*) The *Albans* upon this their Misfortunes neglecting their Worship, were by sundry Prodigies commanded to restore their Ancient Rites, the chief of which was the keeping perpetually burning the Vestal Fire, which was brought thither by *Æneas* and his *Trojans* as a fatal Pledge of the Perpetuity of the Roman Empire.

11 *Tho' an humbler way.* There was a more stately Temple erected to *Vesta* at *Rome* by *Numa*, than this at *Alba*, where the same Ceremonies were us'd.

12 *The Fathers.* The Senate always so call'd. *Patres Conscripti.*

13 *The loud Liburnian.* Some say that of the People of this Country, which is Part of *Illyricum*, the *Romans* made their Cryers, because of their loud Voices. Others take *Liburnus* for the Proper Name of one Man — *Liburnus that the Senate call'd.*

14 *Pegasus. Bailiff.* A Citizen of *Alba*, a very Learned Lawyer, and Praefect or Chief Magistrate of *Rome*. He calls him here Bayliff: As if *Rome*, by *Domitian's* Cruelty, had so far lost its Liberty and Privileges, that it now was no better than a Country Village, and fit to be Govern'd by no better than a Bailiff.

15 *Old Crispus (Vibius Crispus.)* This was he that made the known Jest upon *Domitian's* killing Flies. When one Day *Domitian* being alone in his Closet, and being ask'd, Whether there was any one left within with the Emperor? He answer'd, No, not so much as a Fly. The Names and Characters of most of these Senators here mention'd may be found in *Suetonius's* Life of *Domitian*, and in *Tacitus*.

16 *Of Giants Birth.* Of an obscure and unknown Family.

17 *The Part old Brutus play'd.* 'Tis a known Story, how *Brutus* finding that his own Brother, and some of the most considerable Men of *Rome* had been put to Death by *Tarquinius Superbus*, counterfeited himself a Madman or Fool, and so avoided the Tyrant's Cruelty, 'till he had gain'd a fit time to destroy him, revenge his Brother's and Countrymens Deaths, and free *Rome*.

18 *When the King's Beard.* In those ancient and more simple times, when it was the Custom never to shave their Beards: For 400 Years there was no such thing as a Barber heard of in *Rome*.

19 *Tho' not of Noble Race, with equal Marks of Terror.* For *Domitian's* Cruelty reach'd even to the Common People, and those of lower Birth, which (in the End of this Satyr) the Poet tells us, caus'd his Destruction.

20 *The vile Pathick.* *Nero*, who wrote a Satyr upon *Quintianus* whom he charges with his own profligate Lewdness and Debauchery. *Tacit. Annual. 15.*

21 *For Dacian Vultures.* *Cornelius Fuscus*, a Nobleman of no manner of Experience, or more Knowledge in War-Affairs, than what he had study'd in his own Country Retirement, was yet by *Domitian* twice sent with an Army against the *Dacians*, in the last of which his Army was defeated, and himself slain.

22 *From Bridge or Gate.* The common Stands for Beggars.

23 *The proud Arviragus.* One of the ancient *British* Kings.

24 *Mark the pointed Spears.* He makes the Flatterer call the sharp Fins

rising on the Fishes Back, Spears; and to signifie and portend that *Domitian* shall stick the like in some Foreign Enemy.

25 *Some skilful quick Prometheus.* Some skilful Potter. Alluding to the old Fable of *Prometheus*, whose Skill in this Art was such, that he made a Man of Clay.

26 *Circe's Rock.* The *Circean* Promontory, nam'd from *Circe*, that liv'd there on the Shore of *Campania*.

27 *The Lucrine Lake.* Between *Baja* and *Putcoli*.

28 *The Rutupian Shore.* *Rutupa* or *Rutupi*, an Ancient Town's Name on the *Kentish* Shore, suppos'd to be our *Richborough*. These were all famous in those Times for Oysters.





DAMON *and* ALEXIS.

D A M O N.

T[grow?ELL me, *Alexis*, whence these Sorrows  
From what hid Spring do these salt Tor-  
rent flows?

Why hangs the Head of my afflicted Swain,  
Like bending Lillies over-charg'd with Rain?

A L E X I S.

Ah *Damon*, if what you already see,  
Can move thy gentle Breast to pity me;  
How would thy Sighs with mine in Confort join,  
How would thy Tears swell up the Tide of mine,  
Couldst thou but see (but oh no Light is there,  
But blackest Clouds of Darknes and Despair)  
Could'st thou but see the Torments that within  
Lye deeply lodg'd, and view the horrid Scene;

View all the Wounds, and every fatal Dart,  
 That sticks and rankles in my bleeding Heart?  
 No more, ye Swains, Love's harmless Anger fear,  
 For he has empty'd all his Quiver here.  
 Nor thou, oh *Damon*, ask me why I grieve,  
 But rather, wonder, wonder that I live.

## D A M O N

Unhappy Youth! too well, alas! I know  
 The Pangs despairing Lovers undergo.  
*Imperfect.*

---

## A

## P A S T O R A L.

CÆLIA and DORINDA.

WHEN first the young *Alexis* saw  
*Cælia* to all the Plain give Law,

The

The haughty *Cælia*, in whose Face  
Love dwelt with Fear, and Pride with Grace,  
When ev'ry Swain he saw submit  
To her commanding Eyes and Wit,  
How cou'd th' ambitious Youth aspire,  
To perish by a nobler Fire!  
With all the Pow'r of Verse he strove,  
The lovely Shepherdes to move.  
Verse, in which the Gods Delight,  
That makes Nymphs love, and Heroes fight;  
Verse, that once rul'd all the Plain,  
Verse, the Wishe of a Swain.  
How oft has *Thyrsis*' Pipe prevail'd,  
Where *Egon*'s Flocks and Herds have fail'd?  
Fair *Amaryllis*, was thy Mind  
Ever to *Damon*'s Wealth inclin'd?  
Whilst *Lycidas* his gentle Breast,  
With Love, and with a Muse possesst,

Breath'd forth in Verse his soft Desire,  
 Kindling in thee his gentle Fire?

*Imperfect.*

---

T O

C Æ L I A.

**M**istress of all my Senses can invite,  
 Free as the Air, and unconfin'd as Light;  
 Queen of a thousand Slaves that fawn and bow,  
 And with submissive Fear, my Pow'r allow,  
 Shou'd I exchange this noble State of Life,  
 To gain the vile detested Name of Wife:  
 Shou'd I my native Liberty betray,  
 Call him my Lord, who at my Footstool lay?  
 No: Thanks kind Heav'n that has my Soul employ'd,  
 With my great Sexes useful Virtue, Pride.

That

That gen'rous Pride, that noble just Disdain,  
That scorns the Slave that wou'd presume to Reign.  
Let the raw am'rous Scribler of the Times  
Call me his *Celia* in insipid Rhimes;  
I hate and scorn you all, proud, that I am  
T' Revenge my Sex's Injuries on Man.  
Compar'd to all the Plagues in Marriage dwell,  
It were Preferment to lead Apes in Hell.

---

*To some Disbanded Officers upon the late  
Vote of the House of Commons.*

**H**AVE we for this serv'd full nine hard Cam-  
Is this the Recompence for all our Pains?  
Have we to the remotest Parts been sent,  
Bravely expos'd our Lives, and Fortunes spent,  
To be undone at last by Parliament?

[paigns?  
}

Must Colonels and Corporals now be equal made,  
 And flaming Sword turn'd Pruning knife and Spade?  
*T—b, S—, F—*, and thousands more,  
 Must now return to what they were before.  
 No more in glitt'ring Coaches shall they ride,  
 No more the Feathers shew the Coxcombs Pride.  
 For Thee poor.— my Muse does kindly weep,  
 To see disbanded Colonels grown so cheap.  
 So younger Brothers with fat Jointures fed,  
 Go despicable, once their Widows dead.  
 No Ship by Tempest from her Anchor torn,  
 Is half so lost a thing, and so forlorn.  
 On every Stall, in every Broker's Shop,  
 Hang up the Plumes of the dismantled Fop,  
 Trophies like these we read not of in Story,  
 By other Ways the *Romans* got their Glory.  
 But in this, as in all things, there's a Doom,  
 Some die 'i'th' Field, and others starve at home.

To a R. Catholick upon MARRIAGE.

Censure and Penances, Excommunication,  
Are Bug-bear Words to fright a biggot  
Nation ;

But 'tis the Church's more substantial Curse,

To damn us all, for better and for worse.

Falsely your Church seven Sacraments does frame,  
Penance and Matrimony are the same.

---

*An Imperfect SPEECH.*

AND yet he fears to use them, and be free ;  
Yet some have ventur'd, and why shou'd  
not all ?

Let Villains perjur'd, envious and malicious,

The wretched Miser and the Midnight Murderer ;

Betrayers of their Country, or their Friend,

(And

(And ev'ry guilty Breast) fear endless Torment,  
Blue Lakes of Brimstone, undistinguish'd Fires,  
Scorpions and Whips, and all that Guilt deserves;  
Let these, and only these, thus plague themselves.  
For though they fear what neither shall nor can be,  
'Tis Punishment enough it makes 'em live,  
Live, to endure the dreadful Apprehension  
Of Death, to them so dreadful; but why dreadful,  
At least to virtuous Minds——To be at rest,  
To Sleep, and never hear of Trouble more,  
Say, is this dreadful? Heart, woud'st thou be at  
quiet?

Dost thou thus beat for Rest and long for Ease,  
And not command thy friendly Hand to help thee?  
What Hand can be so easie as thy own,  
To apply the Med'cine that cures all Diseases!



# E P I S T L E

F R O M

Mr. *OTWAY* to Mr. *DUKE*.

*My much lov'd Friend,*

*London.*

**W**HEN thou art from my Eyes,  
 How do I loath the Day, and Light despise?  
 Night, kinder Night's the much more welcome  
 Guest,

For though it bring small Ease, it hides at least;  
 Or if e'er Slumbers and my Eyes agree,  
 'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing Dreams of  
 Last Night methought (Heav'n make the next as  
 Free as first Innocence, and unconfin'd [thee.  
 [kind)  
 As our first Parents in their *Eden* were,  
 E'er yet condemn'd to eat their Bread with Care;

We

We two together wander'd through a Grove, }  
 'Twas green beneath us, and all Shade above, }  
 Mild as our Friendship, springing as our Love; }  
 Hundreds of cheerful Birds fill'd ev'ry Tree,  
 And sung their joyful Songs of Liberty;  
 While through the gladsome Choir well pleas'd we  
 And of our present valu'd State thus talkt; [walk'd,

How happy are we in this sweet Retreat?

Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?

Who for Preferments at a Court would wait,

Where ev'ry Gudgeon's nibbling at the Bait?

What Fish of Sense would on that Shallow lye,

Amongst the little starving wriggling Fry,

That throng and crowd each other for a Taste

Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd PASTE;

When the wide River he behind him sees,

Where he may launch to Liberty and Ease?

No Cares or Business here disturb our Hours,  
While underneath these shady, peaceful Bow'rs,  
In cool Delight and Innocence we stray,  
And midst a thousand Pleasures waste the Day;  
Sometimes upon a River's Bank we lye,  
Where skimming Swallows o'er the Surface fly,  
Just as the Sun, declining with his Beams,  
Kisses, and gently warms the gliding Streams;  
Amidst whose Current rising Fishes play,  
And rowl in wanton Liberty away.  
Perhaps, hard by there grows a little Bush,  
On which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,  
Nightly their solemn Orgyes meeting keep,  
And sing their Vespers e'er they go to sleep:  
There we two lye, between us may be's spread  
Some Books, few understand though many read.  
Sometimes we *Virgil's* Sacred Leaves turn o'er,  
Still wond'ring, and still finding Cause for more.

How

How *Juno's* Rage did good *Æneas* vex,  
Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex  
In *Dido's* State, whom bravely he enjoy'd,  
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;  
He knew the fatal Danger of her Charms,  
And scorn'd to melt his Virtue in her Arms.  
Next *Nisus* and *Euryalus* we admire,  
Their gentle Friendship, and their Martial Fire;  
We praise their Valour 'cause yet matcht by none,  
And love their Friendship, so much like our own.  
But when to give our Minds a Feast indeed,  
*Horace*, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,  
Who can our Transports, or our Longings tell,  
To taste of Pleasures, prais'd by him so well?  
With Thoughts of Love, and Wine, by him we're  
fir'd,  
Two Things in sweet Retirement much desir'd :

A generous Bottle and a Lovesome She,  
Are th' only Joys in Nature, next to Thee:  
To which retiring quietly at Night,  
If (as that only can) to add Delight,  
When to our little Cottage we repair,  
We find a Friend or two, we'd wish for there,  
Dear *Beverly*, kind as parting Lovers Tears  
*Adderly*, honest as the Sword he wears,  
*Wilson*, professing Friendship yet a Friend,  
Or *Short*, beyond what Numbers can commend,  
*Finch*, full of Kindness, gen'rous as his Blood,  
Watchful to do, to modest Merit, good;  
Who have forsook the vile tumultuous Town,  
And for a Taste of Life to us come down;  
With eager Arms, how closely then we embrace,  
What Joys in ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Face!  
The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er  
With choicest Meats at least, tho' not with Store:

Of

Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,  
 Full of what cheers the Heart, and fires the Brain:  
 Each waited on by a bright Virgin Glass,  
 Clean, sound and shining like its drinker's Lafs:  
 Then down we sit, while ev'ry Geniūs tries  
 T'improve, 'till he deserves his Sacrifice:  
 No faucy Hour presumes to stint Delight,  
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis [Night:  
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,  
 Each takes th' obedient Treasure of his Heart,  
 And leads her willing to his silent Bed,  
 Where no vexatious Cares come near his Head,  
 But ev'ry Sense with perfect Pleasure's fed;  
 'Till in full Joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep  
 With twining Limbs, that still Love's Posture keep,  
 At Dawn of Morning to renew Delight,  
 So quiet craving Love, 'till the next Night:  
 Then we the drowsie Cells of Sleep forsake,  
 And to our Books our earliest Visit make;

Or

Or else our Thoughts to their Attendance call,  
And there methinks, Fancy fits Queen of all ;  
While the poor under-Faculties resort,  
And to her fickle Majesty make Court ;  
The Understanding first comes plainly clad,  
But usefully ; no Ent'rance to be had.  
Next comes the Will, that Bully of the Mind,  
Follies wait on him in a Troop behind ;  
He meets Reception from the Antick Queen,  
Who thinks her Majesty's most honour'd, when }  
Attended by those fine drest Gentlemen. }  
Reason, the honest Counsellor, this knows,  
And into Court with res'lute Virtue goes ;  
Lets Fancy see her loose irregular Sway,  
Then how the flattering Follies sneak away !  
This Image, when it came, too fiercely shook  
My Brain, which its soft Quiet streight forsook ;

When waking as I cast my Eyes around,  
Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found ;  
No Grove, no Freedom, and, what's worse to me,  
No Friend ; for I have none compar'd with thee.  
Soon then my Thoughts with their old Tyrant care  
Were seiz'd ; which to divert I fram'd this Pray'r :  
Gods! Life's your Gift, then season't with such Fate,  
That what ye meant a Blessing prove no Weight.  
Let me to the remotest Part be whirl'd,  
Of this your play-thing made in Haste, the World ;  
But grant me Quiet, Liberty and Peace,  
By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease ;  
The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,  
Then fix me ; and if e'er I wish Remove,  
Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,  
Set me in Power, the wofull'st State of Man ;  
To be by Fools mis-led, to Knaves a Prey.  
But make Life what I ask, or take't away.

ANSWER



## A N S W E R

T O T H E

## Foregoing EPISTLE.

**D**ear *Tom*, how melancholly I am grown  
 Since thou hast left this learned dirty  
 Town,

To thee by this dull Letter be it known.

Whilst all my Comfort under all this Care,  
 Are Duns and Punns, and Logick, and Small Beer.

Thou see'st I'm dull as *Shadwell's* Men of Wit,  
 Or the Top Scene that *Settle* ever writ :

The sprightly Court that wander up and down,  
 From Gudgeonsto a Race, from Town to Town,  
 All, all are fled; but them I well can spare,  
 For I'm so dull I have no Business there.

I have forgot whatever there I knew,  
 Why Men one Stocking tye, with Ribbon blue.  
 Why others Medals wear, a fine gilt Thing,  
 That at their Breasts hang dangling by a String ;  
 (\*Yet stay, I think that I to Mind recal,  
 For once a Squirt was rais'd by *Windsor* Wall)  
 I know no Officer of Court ; nay more,  
 No Dog of Court, their Favourite before.  
 Shou'd *Veny* fawn, I shou'd not understand her ;  
 Nor who committed Incest for *Legander*.  
 Unpolish'd thus, and arrant Scholar grown,  
 What shou'd I do but sit and cooe alone,  
 And thee, my absent Mate, for ever moan. }  
 Thus 'tis sometimes, and Sorrow plays its Part,  
 'Till other Thoughts of thee revive my Heart.  
 For whilst with Wit, with Women and with Wine,  
 Thy glad Heart beats, and noble Face does shine,

Thy Joys we at this Distance feel and know ;  
Thou kindly wishest it with us were so. [him,  
Then thee we name ; this heard, cries *James*, for  
Leap up thou sparkling Wine, and kiss the Brim-  
Crosses attend the Man who dares to flinch ;  
Great as that Man deserves, who drinks not *Finch*.  
But these are empty Joys, without you two,  
We drink your Names, alas ! but where are you ?  
My Dear, whom I more cherish in my Breast,  
Than by thy own soft Muse can be exprest,  
True to thy Word, afford one Visit more,  
Else I shall grow, from him thou lov'dst before,  
A greasie Blockhead Fellow in a Gown,  
(Such as is, Sir, a Cousin of your own ;)  
With my own Hair, a Band and ten long Nails,  
And Wit that at a Quibble never fails.

Cambridge  
Oct. 26.

R. Duke.

## Ad Thomam Otway.

**M**Usarum Nostrumque decus, charissime  
Thoma,

O animæ melior pars, Otoæ, me è ;  
Accipe quæ sacri tristes ad littora Cami  
    Avulsi vestro flevimus à gremio.  
Quot mihi tunc gemitus ex imo pectore ducti,  
    Perque meas lachrymæ quot cecidere genas,  
Et salices testes, & plurima testis arundo,  
    Et Camus pigro tristior amne fluens.  
Audiit ipse etenim Deus, & miserata dolores  
    Lubrica paulisper constitit unda meos.  
Tunc ego; Vos Nymphæ viridi circumlita musco  
    Atria quæ colitis, tuque verende Deus,  
Audite O qualem absentem ploramus Amicum,  
    Audite ut lachrymis auctior annis eat.

Pectoris

*Pectoris is candore nives, constantibus Arcti  
Stellam animis, certâ Fata vel ipsa fide;  
Ille & Amore columbas, ille & Marte leones  
Vincit, Pierias ingenioque Deas,  
Sive vocat Jocus, & Charites, & libera Vini  
Gaudia, cumque suâ Matre sonandus Amor.  
Ille potest etiam numeros æquare canendo  
Sive tuos Ovidi, sive Catulle tuos.  
Sive admirantis moderatur fræna Theatri,  
Itque cothurnato Musa superba pede,  
Fulmina vel Sophoclis Lycophrontæasve tenebras,  
Carminis aut fastus Æschyle magne tui,  
Vincit munditiis & majestate decorâ,  
Tam bene naturam pingere docta manus.*

*Hæc ego, cum spectans labentia flumina, Versus  
Venere in mentem, magne Poeta, tui.*

## Who for Preferment, &amp;c.

**P***remia quis meritis ingrata expectet ab Aulâ,  
 Omnis ubi exiguam captat simul Aulicus escam  
 Gobio? quis Piscis sapientior illa vadosa  
 Fluminis angusti coleret loca, pisciculorum  
 Esurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervum,  
 Qui dum quisque micat, medicatam ut glutiat offam,  
 Trudunt, impellunt, trudentur, & impelluntur;  
 Nec potius, latum gremio quâ flumen aperto  
 Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,  
 Et requiem, & muscos virides, pulchramque vocatus  
 Ad libertatem prono delabitur alveo?*

*Quos tibi pro tali persolvam carmine grates,  
 O animi interpres, magne Poeta, mei!  
 Nos neque sollicitæ Natura effinxit ad urbis  
 Officia, aut fraudes, Aula dolosa, tuas:*

*Nos procul à cæno, & strepitu, fumoque remotos  
Cum Venere & Musis myrtea Scena tegat!  
Nos paribus cantare animis permittat Apollo  
Flammas meque tuas, teque, Otoæ, meas.*

In another Place.

*Ergone me penitus vestris hæere medullis,  
Ergone sincerus me tibi junxit Amor?  
Tu quoque, tu nostris habitas, mea Vita, medullis,  
Teque meo æternus pectore figit Amor.*

In another Place.

*Qualia tu scribis, vel qualia Carolus ille  
Noster, amor Phæbi, Pieridumque decus.*

EPITHA.

# EPITHALAMIUM

*In Nuptiis Serenissimorum & Illustrissimorum Principum Gulielmi Henrici Arausii & Mariæ Britanniarum.*

**I**O, Camænæ! sentio, sentio  
Afflata vestro numine pectora:

Iö, Dione! Te, Tuasque

Sentio corde calere flammæ!

Quem me jubetis dicere nobili

Heroæ plectro? quæ Dea, quæ meas

Illustris Heroïna chordas

Excitat è placido sopore?

Arausicanos in thalamos, Deæ,

Vocatis; adsum; vos mihi mollibus

Rosisque



Rosisque frontem liliisque

Et Paphiâ religate Myrto.

At, Diva Cypri, neſte volentibus

Jugum Columbibus, Paſſeribus vagis

Impone frænos, & per auras

Fleſte levem, Cytherea, currum.

Nec ipſa Cypros nec Tua Te Paphos

Moretur; albis lora jugalibus

Committe, & ad charos *Britannos*

Fleſte levem, Cytherea, currum.

Illic triumphos aſpicias Tuos,

Illic puſilli grandia ſi ii

Trophæa cernes, & ſuperbâ

Per thalamos gradiere pompâ.

Jam nec furoris murmura bellici,

Pictaſve pulcro ſanguine caſſides,

Nec ſigna Princeps nec *Batava*

Naviſſius meditatur arma;

Jam nec decoro pulvere fordidas  
Quassare cristas, jam neque Gallico

Cruore, ut olim, purpurata

Attoniti juvat unda Rheni.

Tui, Dione, mollius Imperi

Jugum subire discit Araufius,

Et ad pedes castos *Marie*

Volvitur officiosa *Laurus*.

Nunc Ille vestros pectore languido

Suspirat ignes, ossa medullitùs

Edente flammâ, jam *Marie*

Ex oculis oculos amantes

Accendere optat, nunc & eburneos

Frontis decores, nunc roseo genas

Splendore florentes pererrat

Luminibus vagus inquietis.

Nunc osculari, nunc animæ juvat

Libare florem, jam facibus suis

Suoque

Suoque Princeps gaudet æstu  
Virgineum incaluisse frigus.

Talis relicto culmine Thracii  
Gradivus Æmi sanguine jam fatur  
Lassata post pugnam reclinat  
Colla sinu, Cytherea, vestro;  
Brevemque pacem, mitior aspici  
Tuoque factus numine mollior,  
Indulget orbi, nec cruentas  
Cæde finit maduisse gentes.

Io triumphè! at quid, Venus aurea,  
Morare? currum scande volatilem  
Regina victrix, & serenis  
I liquidum per inane bigis.

Ballor? vel audit me Dea? jam levem  
Currum poposcit, jam venit arduas  
Volans per auras; ipsa Divam  
Sentit hyems, placidoque vernat

Vultu *November*, decutiens nives,

Et explicatâ fronte ferenior

Renidet annus ad triumphos

Nassavii Paphiæque Divæ.

En! pone matrem mille Cupidines,

Et mille Amores nubibus insident

Pictis, decenter delicatos

Solis acu variante currus.

Et jam triumphos Diva *Britannicos*

Auctura venit, jam thalami novo

Fulgore rifere, & micantes

Sponte suâ patuere valvæ.

Et pulchra limen jam tetigit Dea,

Et tota dextrum turba Cupidinum

Sternutat omen, & fereni

Ore sacro nituere risus.

Quin Gratiarum candida mollibus

Caterva sese miscet Amoribus,

Unâque

Unaque contendit sonantem

Connubii celebrare pompam.

At, ô *Maria*, fidus amabile

Orbis Britanni, Te placidam velis

Præbere, dum Cypris tributum

Ipsa tibi Charitesque solvunt.

Cestum Cythere porrigit aurea;

Molles in illo deliciæ micant,

Et textilis passim venustas,

Atque Joci, tenerique Rîsus,

Et oscula almis mista Leporibus:

At se, *Maria*, se Tibi Gratia

Dant, & nihil majus potentes

Esse suum voluere munus.

O Nuptiarum nobilium decus!

O Gloria ingens! credo ego talibus,

Aut fortè non æquis, triumphis

Emathias sonuisse Terras,

Tunc

Tunc cùm Thetis Neptunia Theffalo

Nupfit marito, & convenientium

Affluxus augustus Deorum

Ætherias vacuavit ædes,

Cùm dona junctis non sine Numine,

Ipsi tulerunt conjugibus Dei,

Ipsæque nuptiale carmen

Veridicæ cecinere Parcæ.

Et ecce! Sacra & carmina denuò

Parcas sonantes audio, (nam mihi

Et Ipse defcaëtiores,

Phœbe Pater, facilesque Musæ,

Dedistis aures) audio nobiles

Cantus Dearum; attendite Posterì

Arcana dum pando Sororum

Gaudia fatidicosque cantus.

Salve Beatum par! (ita concinunt

Divæ) faventi Numine mutuis

Amoribus

Amoribus junctum in Britanni

Grande decus columenque Sceptri.

Secura per vos otia *Brittonum*

Agros beârunt, otia *Belgicos*

Agros beârunt; & sereno

Pax micat ore, suasque late

Expandit alas, & preciosius

Reducit ævum quâ volat, & jubet

Recusa flaventi Metallo

Nunc iterum radiare fec'la.

En! flava passim mella *Britannicos*

Errant per agros, lacteus undique

Rivus nitentes delicato

Murmure sollicitat lapillos.

Venit Fidesque, & Candida Faustitas,

Plenisque turgens Copia Cornibus;

Et arva culmorum tument

Messe natant segetumque fluctu.

Vos arma tandem frangite *Brittones*,

Enses & hastas frangite, mellaque

Plenisque vina inempta miles

Cassidibus galeisque potet.

Hinc vis, & omnis exulet hinc furor:

Pax à beatâ mitior Insulâ

Trans æquor avertit *Britannum*

Non iterum reditura Bella.

**V**OS, ô Dux fortis tuque ô suavissima Virgo  
Felices felix Anglia tota videt.

Vos non in gentes ignotas inserit, ipsis

Haud notos vobis, more coactus Hymen;

Sed junxit Natura uno de sanguine fingens,

Ac animos verus conciliavit Amor.

Vobis



Vobis perpetuæ certa est concordia vitæ,  
 Cum mentem & corpus spiritus unus agat:  
 Regia Stirps utinam semper tam fertilis esset,  
 Atque in tam multas undique fusa domos,  
 Ut Conjux alibi nunquam peteretur uterque,  
 Cum proles habilis crescit & apta toro;  
 Sic poterit *sanguis* longè latèque vagatus  
 De veteri vires fumere fonte novas:  
 Clarior inde quidem remeans Carolosq; Jacobosq;  
 Henricosq; pares, pignora grata, daret:  
 Posteritas etiam peregrini pura coloris,  
 Anglorum mores disceret usque probos.  
 Id de conjugii præsentis fœdere spondet  
 Res ipsa & gentis gaudia summa monent:  
 Certè dum plausus & cœlo attollimus ignes,  
 Et pro *junctorum* vina salute fluunt;  
 Cœlum ipsum nostris votis occurrit, & æquum  
 Censet judicii reddere signa sui:

Ne peregrè migrans videatur Nata Parenti  
 Amiffa, en pulchro mittitur ore Puer.

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**U**T temerè ambiguo mens feñans gaudia voto,  
 Lætitiæ dubio fluctuat acta falò!

Hinc vocat ad Paphios mollis Cytherea triumphos,  
 Et trahit in thalamos, Nympha *Britanna*, Tuos.  
 Hinc Lucina suos ridens mihi jaçtat honores,  
 Quàmque micet pulchro Regius ore Puer.

Lætus Ego promptusque Deæ, quocunq; vocatis,  
 Te, Lucina, sequor, Te, Cytherea, sequor.

Te, Cytherea, sequor, Tua me vestigia ducunt,  
 Dirigit & gressus pronuba tæda meos;

Huc ubi Arausiades positis tranquillior armis  
 Subdit Acidalio mitia colla jugo.

Dum blandos sponsi jucundè ventilat ignes,  
 Spargit & innumeras pulchra *Maria* faces,

Sithoniæ

Sithoniæ cui colla nives, niveæque papillæ;

Illâ quanta tamen sub Nive flamma latet?

Sic Ætna inclusos Nive candens occulit ignes,

Flammaque vicinum lambit amica gelu.

Tu, ne parce illi, Princeps, circumdare Collo

Brachia, nec licito totus Amore frui;

Felices decet hoc, semperque decebit amantes

Se secum variis implicuisse modis.

Ridet ad hæc mollis spectacula mater Amorum,

Teque, *Maria*, videns Nassaviumque Tuum.

Qualis enim (*Superi!*) species, cùm Regia Vitis

Juncta Ulmo gaudet luxuriare suæ!

Quam latè extendit turgentes ditior uvas

Læta maritales implicuisse comas!

Undique purpureos spargit fœcunda racemos,

Atque suas trunco grata rependit Ope.

At quò me *Venus* alma trahis? *Lucina* morantem

Increpat, & *Musas* vendicat *Illa* meas.

Tuque

Tuque, *Maria*, Tuum Fratri concede Poetam,  
 Me vocat ille Tuus, lacteus Ille Puer.  
 Ecce verecundi quàm viva modestia vultus  
 Augusto spargas pingat honore genas!  
 Ut circum ludant Charites, regnetque beato  
 Et Venus & Veneris plurimus ore Puer!  
 O *Carole!* ô vestris longùm exoptate *Britannis!*  
 O Amor! ô Trojæ pulcher Iule Novæ!  
 Ut gaudent Pater Æneas & Avunculus Hector,  
 Spe decus & palmas præripiente Tuas!  
 Jamque minor pulchrâ dolor est caruisse *Mariâ;*  
 Hoc damnum vultu restituate Tuo.  
 Nunc eat Illa, bono facilem fecet omine Pontum,  
 Neptunúsque suas sternat amicus aquas.  
 Lubrica lascivas circum Panopæa choreas  
 Ducat ad *Angliacas* officiosa rates,  
 Linquens Ipse suas, ramosa Corallia, sedes  
 Conchâ Illi Nereus carmen hiante sonet.

Sed meliora canat quàm tunc cùm Pastor amatam

Tyndarin Idæâ per freta nave tulit.

Namque adèò sacræ non unquam lucida formæ

In vestris, Nereu, gloria fulsit aquis.

Tunc neque cùm nascens, fluctu suspenſa tumentis

Explicuit niveos spumea Diva sinus.

Ut vagor, & temerè nunc hunc nunc alloquor Illam,

Lætitiâ nullo se cohibente modo!

Ut *Caroli* cunas thalamis confundo *Mariæ*!

Et quocunque vocant Ille vel Illa, sequor!

Quin uno tandem meliùs mea defluat alveo

Lætitiâ, & plenis littora pulset aquis.

Conspirent socio cœeuntia gaudia fluctu,

Inque animos uno vortice juncta fluant.

Qualiter hybernus gemino cum flumine torrens

Auctior unitas in mare volvit aquas.

Scilicet unitis nunc spirant omnia votis,

Confundunt plausus & tria Regna suos.

Orcades & refluo pendens in gurgite Thule

Publica Lætitiæ signa dedere suæ.

Et Tamesis glaucâ præcinctus arundine ripas,

Et noster famulis Tueda salivit aquis.

Læto Albionæ sonuerunt carmine rupes,

Et saxa affectu non caruere suo.

Quò feror? Ogygii ceu quondam plena Lyæi

Fertur in Emathiis Edonis acta jugis?

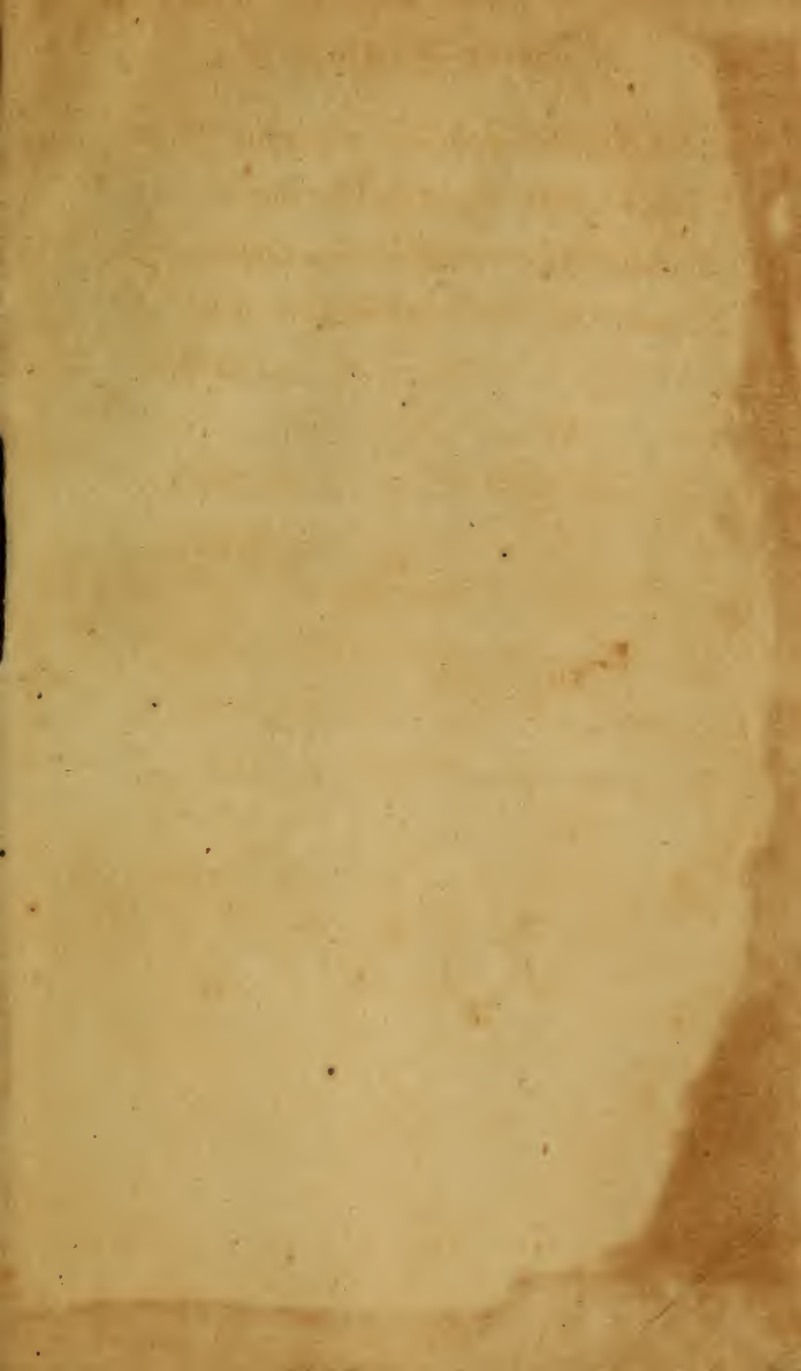
Quò trahor? & quò me sensim rapit entheus ardor?

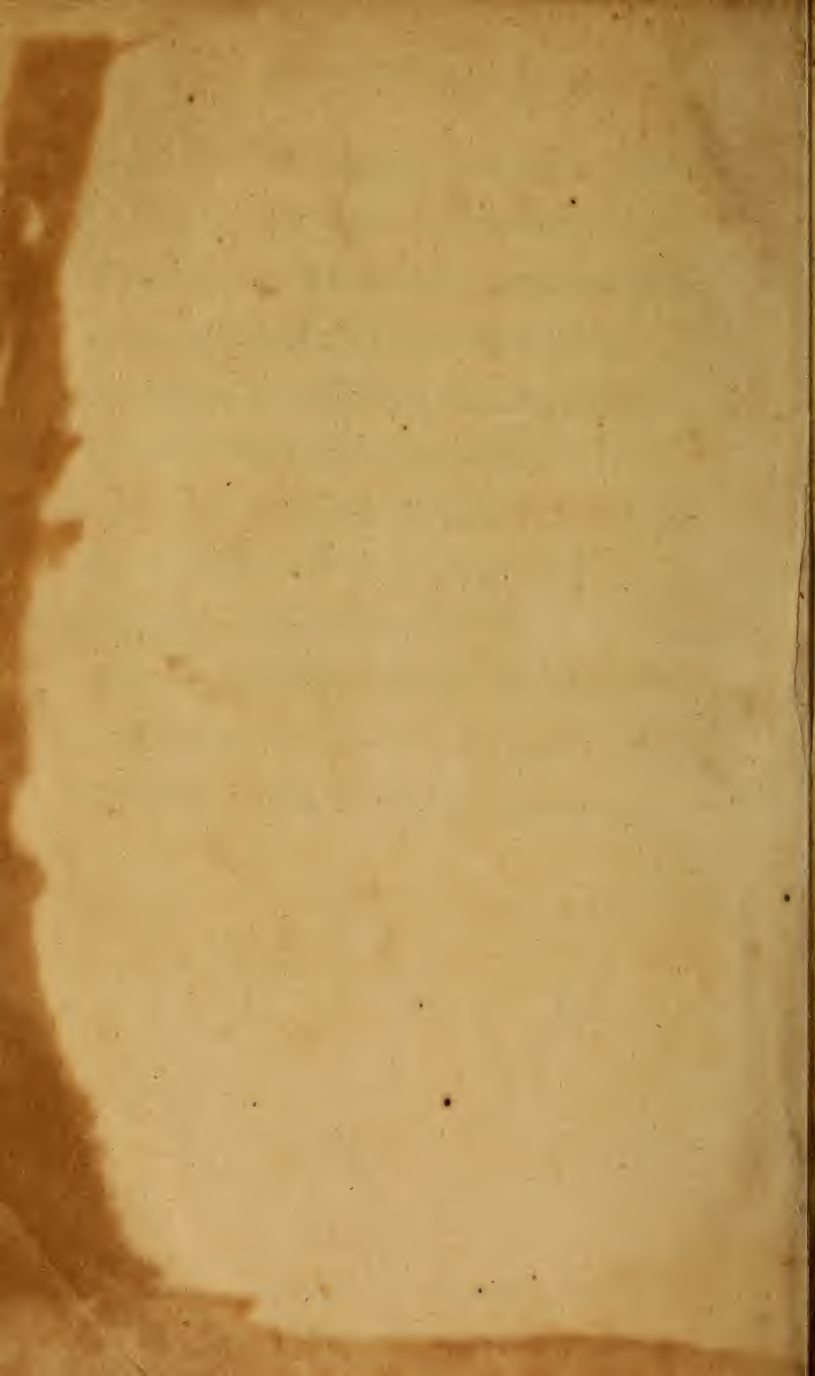
Quò rapiunt Elegos fervida vota meos?

Hæc poscunt Epicum nobis majora Poetam,

Nec temerè numeris sunt tenuanda meis.

F I N I S.







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