



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Satires &c.

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Satires and Epistles of Horace imitated

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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THE  
S A T I R E S  
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THE  
S A T I R E S  
AND  
E P I S T L E S  
OF  
H O R A C E  
IMITATED

# Advertisement.

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

*Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. P.*



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

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

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

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

## SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

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

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

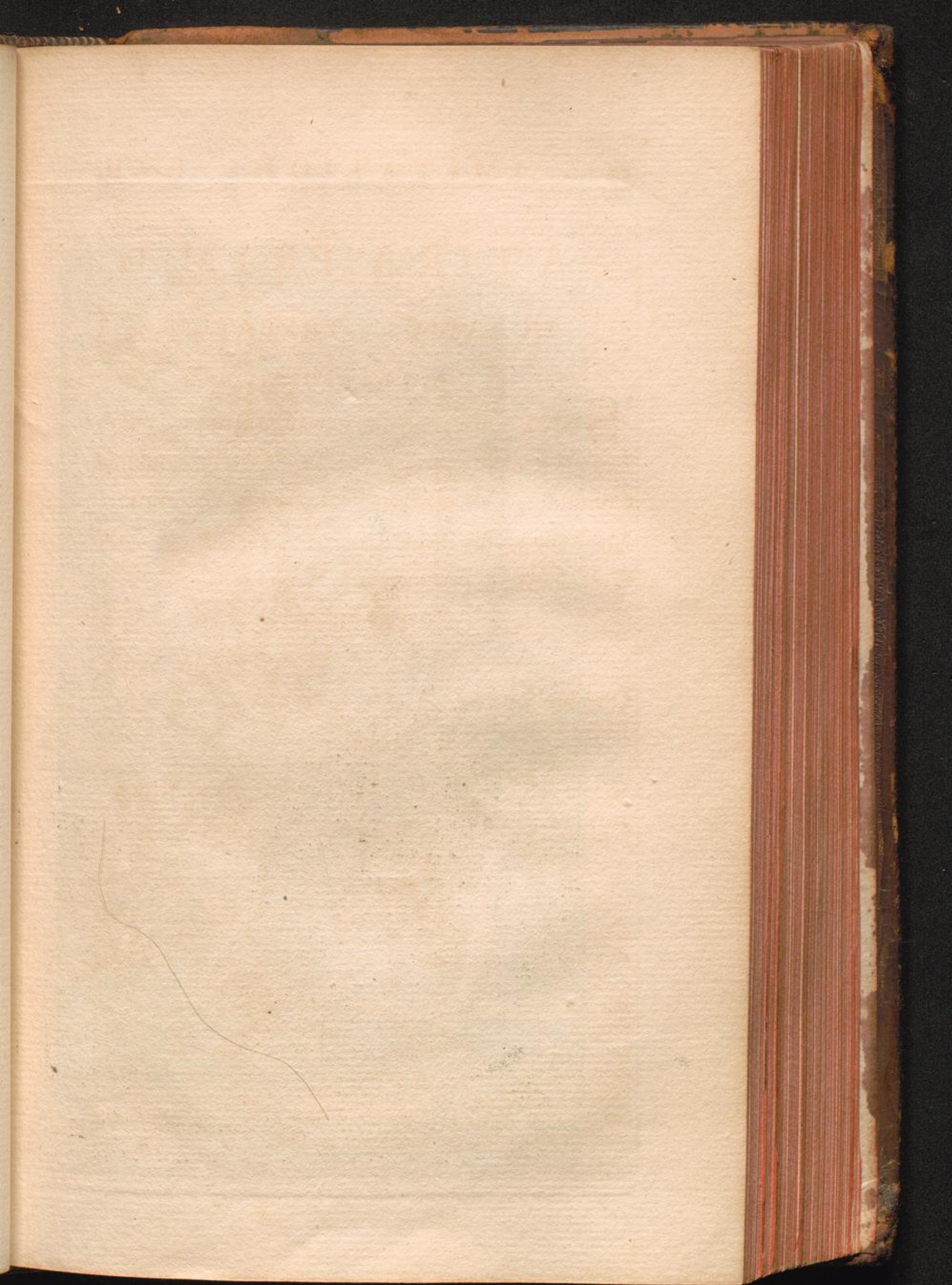
H. Ne faciam, inquis,  
Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non  
Optimum erat: <sup>e</sup> verum nequeo dormire.

## NOTES.

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







*F. Hayman inv. et del.*  
*C. Grignion sculp.*  
*Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,*  
*Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*  
*Ep. to Satires, Part 2.*

## S A T I R E I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

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

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

Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,  
And something said of Chartres much too rough.

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

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

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

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

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

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

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

P. Not write ? but then I think,

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

## NOTES.

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

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

*Peream male, si non*

*Optimum erat,*

and has lost the grace, by not imitating the conciseness, of

*verum nequeo dormire.*

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

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

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

Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

NOTES.

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

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

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

H. Haud mihi deero,

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

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

P. What should ail them?

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,

NOTES.

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

*ovo prognatus eodem.*

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

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

Ridotta sips and dances, till she see  
 The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she ;  
 P F— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,  
 Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50  
 I love to pour out all my self, as plain  
 As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne :  
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,  
 The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within ;  
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55  
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.  
 In this impartial glass, my Muse intends  
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;  
 Publish the present age ; but where my text  
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next : 60  
 My foes shall wish my life a longer date,  
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.  
 My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,  
 Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,

NOTES.

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

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

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



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

## N O T E S.

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

Perfius alluded to this idea, when he said,

*Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle ! etc.*

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

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

Sat. I. OF HORACE. 61

Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65

Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,

In moderation placing all my glory,

While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

<sup>s</sup> Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet

To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70

<sup>t</sup> I only wear it in a land of Hectors,

Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.

<sup>v</sup> Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust

Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

NOTES.

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

*Vagina tectus,*

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

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

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

Nec quisquam noceat <sup>w</sup> cupido mihi pacis! at ille,  
 Qui me commorit, (melius non tangere, clamo)  
 \* Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

<sup>y</sup> Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;  
 Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;  
 Grande malum Turius, si quid se iudice certes:  
<sup>z</sup> Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque  
 Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.  
 Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus  
 Monstratum? <sup>a</sup> Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti  
 Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum?  
 Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit  
 bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

NOTES.

“ Puissances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n’au-  
 “ roient pas de quoi vivre. Nous sommes pauvres avec les Rich-  
 “ esses & le commerce de tout l’Univers; & bientôt à force  
 “ d’avoir des Soldats, nous n’aurons plus que des Soldats, et  
 “ nous ferons comme des Tartares.”

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

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

But touch me, and no Minister so fore.

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

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

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,

And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

‡ Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,  
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,

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

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

Bulls aim their horns, and Affes lift their heels;

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

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

‡ So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,

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

NOTES.

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

*Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;*

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

Peut vous jeter sur un autre rivage:

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

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

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

<sup>f</sup> *Detrabere et pellem, nitidus* qua quisque per ora  
 Cederet, *introrsum turpis* ; num Laelius, et qui  
 Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,  
 Ingenio offensi ? aut laeso doluere Metello,  
 Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus ? atqui  
*Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim* ;

## NOTES.

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

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

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

*Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis,*

loses something of its spirit in the imitation ; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Laelius.

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

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

## NOTES.

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



*Scilicet* <sup>s</sup> UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS  
AMICIS.

<sup>h</sup> Quin ubi fe a *vulgo* et *scena* in *secreta* remorant  
*Virtus Scipiadae* et mitis *sapientia Laeli*,  
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec  
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis

Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me

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

Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,

*Offendet solido* :

NOTES.

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

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave  
 Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave. 120

<sup>c</sup> TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,  
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.

Know, all the distant din that world can keep,  
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.

<sup>b</sup> There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125  
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.

There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl  
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul :

And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,  
 Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,  
 Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain,  
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

<sup>i</sup> *Envy* must own, I live among the Great,  
 No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state, 134

NOTES.

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

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

*Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque  
 Invidia.*

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

\* nisi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*

Dissentis.

T. <sup>1</sup> Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum :

*m* “ Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina,  
jus est

“ *Judiciumque.*”

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

F. <sup>1</sup> Your Plea is good ; but still I say, beware !  
 Laws are explain'd by Men — so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145  
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

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

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE ? si quis

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse ?

T. ° Solventur risu tabulae : tu missus abibis.

NOTES.

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

*Solventur risu tabulae.*

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

Sat. I.      O F H O R A C E.      73

But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,      151

Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,

Such as Sir ROBERT would approve —

F. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed;

° In such a cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd,      155

My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

NOTES.

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

23  
H O R A C E

But grave Sybil's being Vice to light  
Such as a King might lead a Bishop's way  
Such as the Roman would approve —

H. labors  
The Call'stard's — you may then proceed  
In his name the Herald will be held  
My Lords the Judges, and your Council

Notes  
of common sense, he cannot be held, and in the lan-  
guage of old Roman, own the day is done. How many  
and how many more there are than a few that might  
be held to be the same, and the same, who  
are the same, and the same, in the same way.

H O R A C E

THE  
SECOND SATIRE  
OF THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
HORACE.



## S A T I R A II.

QUAE virtus et quanta, boni, fit vivere parvo,  
 (Nec meus hic sermo ; sed quae praecepit  
 Ofellus,  
 Rusticus, <sup>d</sup> *abnormis* Sapiens, *crassaque Minerva*)  
 Discite, <sup>e</sup> non inter lances *mensasque nitentes* ;  
 Cum stupet *insanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum  
 Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat :  
<sup>c</sup> Verum hic *impransi* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc ?  
 Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis  
 Corruptus iudex. Leporem sectatus, equove  
 Lassus ab indomito ; vel (si Romana fatigat  
 Militia assuetum graecari) seu pila velox,  
 Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem ;  
 Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aera disco :  
 Cum labor extulerit fastidia ; foccus, inanis,  
 Sperne *cibum vilem* : nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,  
 Ne biberis, diluta. <sup>i</sup> foris est promus, et atrum

## NOTES.

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

## S A T I R E II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

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

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

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

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

Turns you from sound Philosophy aside ;

Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

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

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

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

Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

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

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

## N O T E S.

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>k</sup> Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men  
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;  
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,  
Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

<sup>l</sup> Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,  
(Tho' cut in pieces 'ere my Lord can eat)  
Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?  
Because God made these large, the other less.

<sup>m</sup> *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino*  
*Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus, at vos*  
<sup>n</sup> Praesentes Austri, coquite horum opsonia: quam-  
 quam

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando  
 Aegrum sollicitat stomachum; cum *rapula* plenus  
 Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. ° necdum *omnis* abacta  
*Pauperies* epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*  
 Nigrisque est *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem  
 Galloni praeconis erat acipensere mensa  
 Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?  
<sup>p</sup> Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,  
 Donec vos auctor docuit *praetorius*. ergo  
<sup>q</sup> Si quis nunc *mergos* suaves edixerit *assos*,  
 Parebit pravi docilis *Romana juventus*.

<sup>r</sup> Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello  
 Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

<sup>m</sup> Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25  
 Cries " Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd! "  
 Oh blast it, <sup>n</sup> South-winds! till a stench exhale  
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.  
 By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,  
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30  
 When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,  
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,  
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,  
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :  
<sup>o</sup> Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see ;  
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity! 36  
<sup>p</sup> The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,  
 And children sacred held a Martin's nest,  
 Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear  
 To one that was, or would have been a Peer. 40  
<sup>q</sup> Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,  
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head ;  
 Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,  
 I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.  
<sup>r</sup> 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45  
 About one vice, and fall into the other :

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

Si te alio pravus detorseris. <sup>s</sup> Avidienus,  
<sup>t</sup> Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,  
 Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna ;  
<sup>v</sup> Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum* ; et  
 Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit  
 Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aliosque dierum  
<sup>w</sup> *Festos* albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri  
*Caulibus* instillat, <sup>x</sup> *veteris non parcus aceti*.

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

## NOTES.

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

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

<sup>s</sup> Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,  
For him you'll call a <sup>t</sup> dog, and her a bitch) 50

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,  
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :

<sup>v</sup> One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,  
And is at once their vinegar and wine.

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

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

Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear :

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

<sup>y</sup> He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,  
And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;

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

Nor lets, like <sup>b</sup> Nævius, ev'ry error pass,

The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glafs.

## NOTES.

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



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

## NOTES.

VER. 80. *The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines To seem but mortal ev'n in sound Divines.*] Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the soul. He therefore describes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the Terms of Plato,  
*affigit humo divinae particulam aurae.*  
 To this his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more sobriety

<sup>c</sup> Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring :  
 (Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing)

<sup>d</sup> First Health : The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry  
 dish, 70

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

Remembers oft <sup>e</sup> the School-boy's simple fare,  
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air. 75

<sup>f</sup> How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest  
 Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast !

What life in all that ample body, say ?  
 What heav'nly particle inspires the clay ?

The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines 80  
 To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.

<sup>g</sup> On morning wings how active springs the Mind  
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind ?

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues ?  
 How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse ? 85

NOTES.

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

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

<sup>h</sup> Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quon-  
dam ;

Sive *diem* festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus* : ubique

Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius aetas*

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

Quam puer et validus praesumis, mollitiem ; seu

Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus ?

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

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

Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam

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

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

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

Occupet humanam ? grandes rhombi, patinaeque

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

<sup>o</sup> Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,

Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

## N O T E S.

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

<sup>p</sup> As, *laquei* pretium.

<sup>q</sup> Jure, inquit, Traufius istis

Jurgatur verbis : ego vectigalia magna,

Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. <sup>r</sup> Ergo,

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

Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite ? quare

<sup>s</sup> *Templa ruunt antiqua* Deum ? *cur*, improbe, carae

Non aliquid *patriae* tanto emetiris acervo ?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res ?

NOTES.

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

*Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite ?*

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

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

<sup>q</sup> " Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need  
 " To have a Taste is insolence indeed :  
 " In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,  
 " My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."  
 Then, like the Sun, let <sup>r</sup> Bounty spread her ray,  
 And shine that superfluity away. 122

Oh Impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,  
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?  
 Shall half the <sup>s</sup> new-built churches round thee fall ?  
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall :  
 Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,  
 As M \* \* o's was, but not at five per cent.

## NOTES.

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

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

*Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo.*

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

† O magnus posthac inimicis risus ! uterne

“ Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius ? hic, qui

Pluribus affuerit mentem corpusque superbum ;

An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello ?

“ Quo magis his credas : puer hunc ego parvus

*Ofellum*

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

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

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

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

NOTES.

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

*quare*  
*Templa ruunt antiqua Deum ?*

† Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her  
mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind. 130

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

‡ Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his  
thought, 135

And always thinks the very thing he ought:

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the Man.

In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd

The Lord of Thousands, than if now <sup>w</sup>Excis'd; 140

In forest planted by a Father's hand,

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On <sup>x</sup> brocoli and mutton, round the year;

#### NOTES.

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

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



Ac mihi seu <sup>y</sup> *longum post tempus* venerat hospes,

Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem

Vicinus; bene erat, non *piscibus* urbe petitis,

Sed *pullo* atque *hoedo*: tum <sup>z</sup> *pensilis uva* secundas

Et *nux* ornabat *menfas*, cum *duplice ficu*.

Post hoc ludus erat <sup>a</sup> *cuppa* potare *magistra*:

Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita *culmo* surgeret alto,

Explicuit *vino* *contractae* *seria* *frontis*.

○ Saeviat atque novos moveat *Fortuna* tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius,

aut *vos*,

○ O *pueri*, nituistis, ut huc <sup>c</sup> *novus incola* venit?

NOTES.

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

But <sup>y</sup> ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)  
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.

'Tis true, no <sup>z</sup> Turbots dignify my boards,  
But gudgeons, flounders; what my Thames affords:  
To Hounslow-heath I point and Bansted-down,  
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my  
own:      150

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;

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

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

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

Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum

NOTES.

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

(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best, 165  
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)  
 " Pray heav'n it last ! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on ;  
 " I wish to God this house had been your own :  
 " Pity ! to build, without a son or wife :  
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life." 170  
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,  
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?  
 What's <sup>d</sup> *Property* ? dear Swift ! you see it alter  
 From you to me, from me to <sup>e</sup> Peter Walter ;  
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share ; 175  
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ;  
 Or in pure <sup>f</sup> equity (the case not clear)  
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year :  
 At best, it falls to some <sup>g</sup> ungracious son,  
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own.  
<sup>h</sup> Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 181  
 Become the portion of a booby Lord ;

NOTES.

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

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

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. <sup>i</sup> quocirca vivite fortes,  
 Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

AN H. OF HORACI

And Henley, once great Buckingham's delight  
Slides to a solitary or a city Knight  
For lands and honours here what I order they will  
Let us be fix'd, and our own matters fill.

THE  
FIRST EPISTLE

FIRST BOOK  
OF  
HORACE

THE  
FIRST EPISTLE  
OF THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
HORACE.

VOL. IV.

\* H 2



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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

EPISTLE I.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,  
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last!  
 Why<sup>b</sup> will you break the Sabbath of my days?  
 Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.

Public too long, ah let me hide my Age! 5

See Modest<sup>c</sup> Cibber now has left the Stage:

Our Gen'als now, <sup>d</sup> retir'd to their Estates,

Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,

In Life's cool Ev'ning fariate of Applause,

Nor<sup>e</sup> fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.

<sup>f</sup> A Voice there is, that whispers in my ear, 11

('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)

" Friend Pope! be prudent, let your <sup>g</sup> Muse take

" breath,

" And never gallop Pegasus to death;

NOTES.

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

" Load some vain Church with old theatric state,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

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

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

“ Left stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15  
 “ You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor’s  
 “ horse.”

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

Nunc in \* Aristippi <sup>p</sup> *furtim* praecepta *relabor*,  
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.

<sup>q</sup> Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica ; diesque  
Lenta videtur *opus debentibus* : ut piger annus  
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum :  
Sic mihi tarda<sup>r</sup> fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quae spem  
Confiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter <sup>s</sup> id, quod  
Aeque *pauperibus* prodest, *locupletibus* aeque,  
Aeque neglectum *pueris*, *senibusque* nocebit.

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

<sup>t</sup> *Restat*, ut his ego me ipse regam <sup>v</sup> solerque *elementis* :

<sup>w</sup> Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus ;

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi :

Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,

Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere cheragra.

Est quadam prodire <sup>x</sup> tenus, si non datur ultra.

<sup>y</sup> Fervet Avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus ?

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

Possis, et <sup>z</sup> magnam morbi deponere partem.

Laudis amore tumes ? sunt <sup>a</sup> certa *piacula*, quae te

Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

NOTES.

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

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

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

<sup>t</sup> Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,  
 And feel ſome <sup>v</sup> comfort, not to be a fool.

<sup>w</sup> Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,  
 Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50

I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,  
 To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.

Not to <sup>x</sup> go back, is ſomewhat to advance,  
 And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.

Say, does thy <sup>y</sup> blood rebel, thy boſom move 55  
 With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?

Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can con-  
 troll

<sup>z</sup> Between the Fits this Fever of the ſoul :

Know, there are Rhymes, which <sup>a</sup> freſh and freſh  
 apply'd

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

NOTES.

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

VER. 58. *Between the fits*—] The ſenſe of  
*magnam morbi deponere partem*  
 is here very happily expreſſed. And

*Ter pure læto etc.*

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

VER. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This perhaps is the most faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,  
*Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.*  
 which only says, *that as Silver is of less value than Gold, so Gold*

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

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

Prodocet : haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,

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

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

Sed quadringentis sex septem millia defint,

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

NOTES.

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

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

There, London's voice :<sup>k</sup> "Get Money, Money still!  
"And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,  
From<sup>l</sup> low St. James's up to high St. Paul;  
From him whose<sup>m</sup> quills stand quiver'd at his ear,  
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in<sup>n</sup> spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85  
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand  
pounds;

A Pension, or such Harnefs for a slave  
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.  
Barnard, thou art a<sup>o</sup> Cit, with all thy worth;  
But Bug and D \* 1, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90  
Yet ev'ry<sup>p</sup> child another song will sing,  
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

Nil *conscire* sibi, nulla pallefcere culpa.

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

Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,

Et *maribus* <sup>s</sup> *Curiiis* et decantata *Camillis*?

<sup>t</sup> Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, “ Rem facias ; rem,

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

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

An, <sup>w</sup> qui fortunae te responsare superbae

Liberum et erectum, <sup>x</sup> *praesens* hortatur et aptat ?

NOTES.

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

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

*Hic murus abeneus esto.*

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

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

<sup>r</sup> And say, to which shall our applause belong,  
 This new Court jargon, or the good old song?  
 The modern language of corrupted Peers,  
 Or what was spoke at <sup>s</sup> CRESSY and POITIERS?

<sup>t</sup> Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,  
 "With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate; 102

"Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;

"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.

For what? to have a <sup>t</sup> Box where Eunuchs sing,  
 And foremost in the Circle eye a King. 106

Or <sup>u</sup> he, who bids thee face with stiddy view  
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro':  
 And, <sup>w</sup> while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?

NOTES.

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

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

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

<sup>b</sup> *Bellua multorum es capitum.* nam quid sequar,  
 aut quem?

Pars hominum gestit <sup>c</sup> conducere *publica*: sunt qui

## NOTES.

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

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

If y<sup>r</sup> such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110  
 Shou'd chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;  
 If honest S\*<sup>r</sup> take scandal at a Spark,  
 That less admires the <sup>z</sup> Palace than the Park:  
 Faith I shall give the answer <sup>a</sup> Reynard gave:  
 " I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave: 115  
 " Because I see, by all the tracks about,  
 " Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out."  
 Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:  
 Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least 120  
 The <sup>b</sup> People are a many-headed Beast:  
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,  
 Who know themselves so little what to do?  
 Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,  
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125  
 Their <sup>c</sup> Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,  
 Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;

NOTES.

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

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



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

Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant :

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

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri :

Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes ?

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

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

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

*Fecerit auspiciam* ; cras ferramenta *Teatrum*

NOTES.

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

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

*Crustis et pomis*

*Multis occulto, etc.*

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

*Alike in nothing, etc.*

VER. 126. *Their Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,]*  
The undertakers for advancing Loans to the Public on the Funds.

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

Of all these ways, if each<sup>f</sup> pursues his own,  
 Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135

But show me one who has it in his pow'r  
 To act consistent with himself an hour.

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

<sup>h</sup> Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base 140

Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,  
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

\* I;

Tolletis, fabri. <sup>k</sup> lectus genialis in aula est ?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibe vita :

<sup>l</sup> Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

<sup>m</sup> Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo ?

Quid <sup>n</sup> pauper ? ride : mutat <sup>o</sup> coenacula, lectos,

Balnea, <sup>p</sup> tonsores ; conducto navigio aequae

Nauseat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.

<sup>q</sup> Si curatus *inaequali* tonsore capillos

Occurro ; rides. si forte subucula pexae

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

Rides. quid, <sup>r</sup> mea Cum pugnat *sententia* secum ;

Quod petiit, spernit ; repetit quod nuper omisit ;

NOTES.

but much inferior to the elegance of the original,

*Cui si vitiosa Libido*

*Fecerit auspiciam*

which no modern imitation can reach.

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

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

At am’rous Flavio is the <sup>k</sup> stocken thrown?

That very night he longs to lie alone.

<sup>l</sup> The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,  
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151

Did ever <sup>m</sup> Proteus, Merlin, any witch,  
 Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich? }  
 Well, but the <sup>n</sup> Poor--The Poor have the same itch; }  
 They change their <sup>o</sup> weekly Barber, weekly News,  
 Prefer a new Japanner, to their shoes, 156

Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run  
 (They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;  
 They <sup>p</sup> hire their sculler, and when once aboard,  
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160

<sup>q</sup> You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,  
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;  
 You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,  
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!  
 But when <sup>r</sup> no Prelate’s Lawn with hair-shirt lin’d,  
 Is half so incoherent as my Mind, 166

NOTES.

lines much more spirited than the original. In Horace, the  
 People’s constancy of temper is satirized only in a simple expo-  
 VOL. IV, \* 14

<sup>s</sup> Aestuât, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto ;

<sup>t</sup> Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis ?

<sup>v</sup> Infanire putas solennia me, neque rides,

Nec <sup>w</sup> *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere

A *praetore* dati ; rerum <sup>x</sup> tutela mearum

Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,

De te *pendentis*, *te respicientis* amici.

Ad summam, *sapiens* uno <sup>y</sup> minor est *Jove*,  
dives,

<sup>z</sup> Liber, <sup>a</sup> honoratus, <sup>b</sup> pulcher, <sup>c</sup> rex denique regum ;

Praecipue sanus, <sup>e</sup> nisi cum pituita molesta est.

NOTES.

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

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



## EPISTOLA VI.

**N**IL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,  
Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

## E P I S T L E VI.

To Mr. MURRAY.

“NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,  
 “To make men happy, and to keep them so.”  
 (Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of  
 speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

<sup>b</sup> This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball, 5  
 Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,  
 There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes  
 Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies,  
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,  
 And view <sup>c</sup> this dreadful All without a fear. 10

## NOTES.

VER. 6. *stars that rise and fall.*] The original is  
*decedentia certis*

*Tempora momentis*

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

*Stars that rise and fall,*

by whose courses the seasons are marked and distinguished.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:

Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:

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

Si, quidquid videt melius pejuse sua spe,

Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

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

Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

(*The good or bad to one extreme betray*

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

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

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

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

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

Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem :

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

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

Mutus et (indignum ; quod fit peioribus ortus)

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

NOTES.

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

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

*a gilt Buffet's reflected pride.*

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

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

## N O T E S.

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

\* Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;  
 Defodiet, condetque nitentia. \* cum bene notum  
 Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;  
 Ire tamen restat, Numa \* quo devenit et Ancus.

\* Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

Quaere fugam morbi. \* vis recte vivere? quis non?

Si virtus hoc *una* potest dare, fortis omiffis

Hoc age *deliciis*.

NOTES.

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

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

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

Yet <sup>s</sup> Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;  
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine : 45  
 And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,  
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.  
 Grac'd as thou art, <sup>t</sup> with all the Pow'r of Words,  
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:  
 Conspicuous Scene ! another yet is nigh, 50  
 (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie ;  
 Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)  
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE !

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

Ne Cibyrica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas :

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

Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.

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

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

Ac bene nummatum decorat Saudela, Venusque.

NOTES.

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

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

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

NOTES.

Knighthoods, where wealth and worship go together.

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



Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris ° *Cappadocum rex.*

Ne fueris hic tu. ° chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,

Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,

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

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque

Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.

§ Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa *supersunt,*

Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus. ° ergo,

Si res sola potest facere et fervare beatum,

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

° Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,

° *Mercemur* fervum, qui dicitet nomina, laevum

NOTES.

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

(Believe me, many a ° German Prince is worse,  
 Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)  
 His Wealth brave <sup>f</sup> Timon gloriously confounds ;  
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds ; 86  
 Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,  
 Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.  
<sup>g</sup> Now, in such exigencies not to need,  
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed ; 90  
 A noble superfluity it craves,  
 Not for your self, but for your Fools and Knaves ;  
 Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,  
 And which it much becomes you to forget.  
<sup>h</sup> If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95  
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.  
<sup>i</sup> But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,  
 If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy ;  
 Then <sup>k</sup> hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord 100  
 To do the Honours, and to give the Word ;

NOTES.

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

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

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

Qui fodicet latus, et <sup>l</sup> cogat trans pondera dextram  
 Porrigere : <sup>m</sup> Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina* :  
 Cui libet, is fasces dabit ; eripietque curule,  
 Cui volet, *importunus* ebur : <sup>n</sup> Frater, Pater, adde :  
 Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque <sup>o</sup> *facetus* adopta.  
 Si <sup>p</sup> bene qui coenat, bene vivit : lucet, eamus  
 Quo ducit gula : piscemur, venemur, ut <sup>q</sup> olim  
 Gargilius : qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,  
 Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,  
 Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.

## NOTES.

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

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

## THE IMPUDENCE OF WEALTH!

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



Emtum mulus aprum. ⁊ crudi, tumidique lavemur,

Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera

Digni: ⁊ *remigium vitiosum* Ithacensis Ulyffei;

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

⁊ Si, Mimnermus uti cenfet, sine *amore jociſque*

Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.

⁂ Vive, vale. ſi quid novifti rectius iſtis,

Candidus imperti: ſi non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

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

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

*In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or shall we<sup>r</sup> ev'ry Decency confound,  
 Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,  
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do 121  
 \*K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,  
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,  
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,  
 Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 125  
 Renounce our<sup>t</sup> Country, and degrade our Name?

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

NOTES.

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





Advertisement

THE Reflections of Power, and the Judgment  
of an honest Man, who could not help speak-  
ing the Truth, and who could not help speak-  
ing the Truth.

T H E

F I R S T E P I S T L E

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O F

H O R A C E.



# Advertisement.

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

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

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

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

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

## EPISTOLA I.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

**C**UM tot<sup>a</sup> sustineas et tanta negotia solus,  
 Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,  
 Legibus emendes; in<sup>b</sup> publica commoda peccem,  
 Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.  
<sup>c</sup> Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,  
 Post ingentia facta, <sup>d</sup> Deorum in templa recepti,  
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella  
 Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;  
<sup>e</sup> Ploravere suis non respondere favorem  
 Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,  
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,  
 Comperit<sup>f</sup> invidiam supremo fine domari.

## NOTES.

*Book ii. Epist. 1.]* The Poet always rises with his original; and very often, without. This whole Imitation is extremely noble and sublime.

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

E P I S T L E I.

To AUGUSTUS.

**W**Hile you, great Patron of Mankind! <sup>a</sup> sustain  
 The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;  
 Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,  
 At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;  
<sup>b</sup> How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal  
 An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?  
<sup>c</sup> Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,  
 And virtuous Alfred, a more <sup>d</sup> sacred Name,  
 After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,  
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10  
 Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,  
 Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;  
<sup>e</sup> Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find  
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!  
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15  
<sup>f</sup> Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.

NOTES.

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

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

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

g Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes

Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.

h Praesenti tibi *matturos* largimur honores,

i Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

k *Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.*

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,

\* *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,*

#### NOTES.

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

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

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

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

To thee, the World its present homage pays,  
The Harvest early, <sup>h</sup> but mature the praise :  
Great Friend of LIBERTY ! in *Kings* a Name 25  
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame\* :

Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,  
<sup>i</sup> As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.

Wonder of Kings ! like whom, to mortal eyes  
<sup>k</sup> None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

Just in one instance, be it yet confess  
 Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:  
 Foes to all living worth except your own,  
 And Advocates for folly dead and gone. 34

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;  
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.

<sup>l</sup> Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,  
 And beastly Skelton Heads of houses quote:  
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen; 39

A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;  
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,

<sup>m</sup> He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly <sup>n</sup> Greece her eldest sons admires,  
 Why should not We be wiser than our fires?  
 In ev'ry Public virtue we excell; 45

We build, we paint, ° we sing, we dance as well,  
 And <sup>p</sup> learned Athens to our art must stoop,  
 Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

NOTES.

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

VER. 42. *The Muses met him*] This instance of the People's ill taste was well chosen. Johnson's talents were learning, judgment, and industry, rather than wit, or natural genius.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club. P.



Si<sup>q</sup> meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit ;  
 Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.  
 Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decedit, inter  
 Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter  
 Viles atque novos ? excludat jurgia finis.  
 Est vetus atque probus, <sup>r</sup> centum qui perficit annos.  
 Quid ? qui deperiit minor uno mense vel anno,  
 Inter quos referendus erit ? <sup>s</sup> veteresne poetas,  
 An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas ?  
 Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur <sup>t</sup> *honeste*,  
 Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.  
 Utor permisso, caudaeque pilos ut<sup>u</sup> equinae  
 Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;  
 Dum cadat elusus ratione <sup>w</sup> ruentis acervi,  
 Qui redit in <sup>x</sup> *fastos*, et virtutem aestimat annis,  
 Miraturque nihil, nisi quod <sup>y</sup> *Libitina* sacrauit.

## NOTES.

VER. 68. *Bestow a Garland only on a Bier.*] The thought is beautiful, and alludes to the old practice of our Ancestors, of covering the *Bier* (on which the dead were carried to their in-

If<sup>q</sup> Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,  
 Say at what age a Poet grows divine? 50

Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,  
 Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?  
 End all dispute; and fix the year precise  
 When British bards begin t' immortalize?

“ Who lasts a<sup>r</sup> century can have no flaw, 55  
 “ I hold that Wit a Claffic, good in law.

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?  
 And shall we deem him<sup>s</sup> Ancient, right and sound,  
 Or damn to all eternity at once,  
 At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce? 60

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two;  
 “ By<sup>t</sup> courtesy of England, he may do.

Then, by the rule that made the<sup>u</sup> Horfe-tail bare,  
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,  
 And melt<sup>w</sup> down Ancients like a heap of fnow: 65  
 While you, to measure merits, look in<sup>x</sup> Stowe,  
 And estimating authors by the year,  
 Bestow a Garland only on a<sup>y</sup> Bier.

NOTES.

terment) with Garlands. A manly and pious custom, which arose from the most ancient practice of rewarding victors; and from thence was brought into the Church, and applied to those who had *fought the good fight*.

<sup>2</sup> Ennius et *sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,*

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

Quo <sup>1</sup> *promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.*

<sup>3</sup> Naevius in manibus non est ; at <sup>o</sup> mentibus haeret

#### NOTES.

VER. 69. *Shakespear.*] Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage ; the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* call'd his *Dotages*. P. Ibid. *Shakespear* — *For gain, not glory, etc.*] SHAKESPEAR knew perfectly well what belonged to a true composition, as appears from *the Tempest*, and *the Merry Wives of Windsor*. But he generally complied with the ignorance, and the ill taste of his Audience. However, in his most irregular plays his wit and sublimity make amends for his transgression of the rules of art, and support him in it. But, happily for the improvement of the Drama, he had a competitor in JOHNSON ; who, with a greater temptation to comply with the bad taste of the age, yet had not the same force of genius to support an irregular composition. Johnson, therefore, borrowed all he could from art ; and like an experienced general, when he could not depend on his natural strength, never ventured from behind his lines. The consequence was, that Shakespear having once tried to reform the taste [See *Hamlet*] and, on failing, had complied with it, became the favourite Poet of the People ; while Johnson, who, for the reason given

<sup>z</sup> Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill  
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70  
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,  
 And grew Immortal in his own despight.  
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed  
<sup>a</sup> The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.  
 Who now reads <sup>b</sup> Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75  
 His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;  
 Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,  
 But still <sup>c</sup> I love the language of his heart.

NOTES.

above, could not be so complaisant, was all his life long in a state of war with them. This, and not (as is commonly imagined) the ignorance of one, and the superior knowledge of the other, was the true cause of that difference which we find between these two Capital Writers, in the art and construction of their pieces. So that here, we see, a want of sufficient natural genius accidentally contributed to the refinement of the English stage.

Ibid. and ev'ry Playhouse bill] A ridicule on those who talk of Shakespear, because he is in fashion; who, if they dared to do justice, either to their taste or their conscience, would own they liked *Durfey* better.

VER. 74. *The life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

*Quo promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.*

The beauty of this arises from a circumstance in Ennius's story. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it; and has succeeded.

VER. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar. P.

Pene recens: <sup>d</sup> adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.

Ambigitur <sup>e</sup> quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert

Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:

Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro;

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi

Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte,

Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro

Speçtat Roma potens; <sup>f</sup> habet hos numeratque poetas

Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab aevo.

<sup>g</sup> Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.

Si <sup>h</sup> veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,

NOTES.

VER. 81. *In all debates etc.*] The Poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his Original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed.

VER. 85. *Wycherly*] The chief ground of this writer's reputation was his famous comedy of the *Plain Dealer*; which is taken from Moliere's *Misanthrope*. But it has so happen'd that while Moliere's *Misanthrope* is but a *Plain Dealer*, Wycherly's *Plain Dealer* is a downright *Misanthrope*. Whether this was owing to the different genius of the Nations, or to the different judgments of the Poets, is left for the Critics to determine.

*Ibid. Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own

" Yet surely, <sup>d</sup> surely, these were famous men!  
 " What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80  
 " In all <sup>e</sup> debates where Critics bear a part,  
 " Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,  
 " Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;  
 " How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher  
     " writ;  
 " How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow; 85  
 " But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.  
 " These, <sup>f</sup> only these, support the croud'd stage,  
 " From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.  
     All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,  
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90  
 To <sup>h</sup> Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,  
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

## NOTES.

Judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his answer,

*Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.* P.

—hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherly, is a line of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; the sense of which seems to have been generally mistaken. It gives to each his epithet, not to design the difference of their talents, but the number of their productions.

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries. P.

*Ibid.* *To Gammer Gurton, And yet deny, etc.*] i. e. If they give the bays to one play because it is *old*, and deny it to another as good, because it is *new*; why then, I say, the Public acts a very foolish part.

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:

Si quaedam nimis<sup>i</sup> *antique*, si pleraque<sup>k</sup> *dure*

Dicere cedit eos, <sup>l</sup>*ignave* multa fatetur;

Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.

<sup>m</sup> Non equidem infector, *delendaque carmina* Livî

NOTES.

VER. 97. *Spencer himself affects the Obsolete,*] This is certainly true; he extended, beyond all reason, that precept of Horace,

*Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque  
Proferat in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum.* etc.

VER. 98. *And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:]* Sir Philip Sidney. He attempted to introduce the Roman hexameter and pentameter measure into English verse. *Baif*, a french poet in the time of their Hen. II. had attempted the same thing before him, and with the same success.

VER. 102. *And God the Father turns a School-divine.]* Ben Johnson ridicules the humour of his age, when the audience chose to take their knowledge of English history from Shakespear's plays. The present fashion for Milton makes us as ready to learn our religion from the *Paradise lost*: tho' it be certain, he was as *poor and fanciful* a Divine, as Shakespear was a *licentious* Historian. This appears from many places of that admirable Poem. As he here degrades the *Father* by making him follow the *School-systems*; so, in his *Paradise regained*, he dis-

Or say our Fathers never broke a rule ;  
 Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.  
 But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95  
 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.  
 Spenser himself affects the <sup>i</sup> Obsolete,  
 And Sydney's verse halts ill on <sup>k</sup> Roman feet:  
 Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,  
 Now Serpent-like, in <sup>l</sup> prose he sweeps the ground,  
 In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join, 101  
 And God the Father turns a School-divine.  
<sup>m</sup> Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,  
 Like <sup>n</sup> flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,

NOTES.

honours the *Son*, by making him Author of the MAHOMETAN  
 Oeconomy of grace.

“ Victorious deeds

“ Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while

“ To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke ;

“ Then to subdue and quell o'er all the Earth

“ Brute violence, and proud tyrannic pow'r,

“ Till truth was freed and equity restor'd :

“ Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, FIRST

“ By winning words to conquer willing hearts,

“ And make persuasion do the work of fear ;

“ At least to try, and teach the erring soul

“ Not willingly misdoing, but unaware

“ Missed ; the stubborn only to destroy.

VER. 104. Bentley] This excellent critic, who had the for-  
 tune to be extravagantly despised and ridiculed by two of the  
 greatest wits, and as extravagantly feared and flattered by two  
 of the greatest Scholars of his time, will deserve to have that ju-  
 stice done him now, which he never met with while alive.



Esse reor, memini quae <sup>n</sup> *plagosum* <sup>o</sup> *mibi parvo*

*Orbilium* dictare;

sed emendata videri

NOTES.

He was a great master both of the languages and the learning of polite Antiquity; whose writings he studied with no other design than to correct the errors of the text. For this he had a strong natural understanding, a great share of penetration, and a sagacity and acumen very uncommon. All which qualities he had greatly improved by long exercise and application. Yet, at the same time, he had so little of that elegance of judgment, we call *Taste*, that he knew nothing of *Style*, as it accommodates itself, and is appropriated to the various kinds of composition. And the faculties of his Understanding being infinitely better than those of his Imagination, the *style of poetry* was what he had the least idea of. So that, that clearness of conception, which so much assisted his critical sagacity, in discovering and reforming errors in books of science, where a philosophical precision, and grammatical exactness of language is employed, served but to betray him into absurd and extravagant conjectures when ever he attempted to reform the text of a Poet, whose diction he was always for deducing to the prosaic rules of logical severity; and whenever he found what a great master of speech calls *verbum ardens*, he was sure not to leave it till he had thoroughly quenched it in his critical standish. But to make philology amends, he was a perfect master of all the mysteries of the ancient *Rythmus*.

The most important of his works, as a scholar, is his *Critic on the Epistles of Phalaris*: and the least considerable, his *Remarks on the Discourse concerning Free-thinking*. Yet the first, with all its superiority of Learning, Argument, and Truth, was borne down by the vivacity and clamour of a Party, which carried the Public along with them: while the other, employed only in the easy and trifling task of exposing a very dull and very ignorant Rhapsodist, was as extravagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune (as our Poet expresses it) to pass for

*A Wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with Wits:*

Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool 105  
At court, who hates whate'er he ° read at school.

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,  
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease ;

## NOTES.

whereas in truth he was neither one nor the other. The injustice that had been done him in the *first* case, made him always speak, amongst his friends, of the blind partiality of the public in the *latter*, with the contempt it deserved. For however he might sometime mistake his fort, he was never the dupe of the Public judgment. Of which a learned Prelate, now living, gave me this instance : He accidentally met Bentley in the days of Phalaris ; and after having complimented him on that noble piece of Criticism (the *Answer* to the Oxford writers) he bad him not be discouraged at this run upon him : for tho' they had got the laughers on their side, yet mere wit and raillery could not long hold out against a work of so much merit. To which the other replied, " Indeed, Dr. S. I am in no pain about the matter. For I hold it as certain, that no man was ever written out of reputation, but by himself." What pity, that he should live to verify his own maxim !

Ibid. *his desp'rate book*] Alluding to the several passages of Milton, which Bentley has reprobated, by including within hooks, some with judgment, and some without.

VER. 108. *The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease ;*] The Poet has here very happily exemplified this envied quality of *easy writing* in the turn of the verses that expose it. These wits formed themselves, for the most part, on *Suckling*, a fine and original genius. But on so slippery a ground it was no wonder such Imitators should fall ; and either sink his free and easy manner into insipidity, or abuse it to ribaldry and licentiousness : they did both ; till easy writing came to be defined a negligence of *what* they said, and *how* they said it. This was called writing like a *Gentleman*. But as fashions take their turn, Lord Shaftesbury has introduced a new sort of *Gentleman-like writing*, which consists indeed, like the other, in a negligence of what is said, but joined to much affectation in the manner of saying it.

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror :

Inter quae <sup>p</sup> *verbum emicuit* si forte *decorum*,

Si <sup>q</sup> *versus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter ;

Injuste *totum* ducit venitque poema.

<sup>r</sup> Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse  
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper ;  
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.

<sup>s</sup> Recte necne *crocum floresque* perambulet *Attae*  
*Fabula*, si dubitem; clamant periisse pudorem  
Cuncti pene *patres* : ea cum reprehendere coner,  
Quae <sup>t</sup> *gravis Aesopus*, quae doctus *Roscius* egit.

NOTES.

VER. 109. *Sprat*,] Rightly put at the head of the small wits. He is now known to most advantage as the friend of Mr. Cowley. His Learning was comprised in the well rounding a period: For, as Seneca said of Triarius, "Compositione verborum belle cadentium multos *Scholasticos* delectabat, omnes decipiebat." As to the turn of his piety and genius, it is best seen by his last Will and Testament, where he gives God thanks, that he, who had been bred neither at Eaton nor Westminster, but at a little country school by the Church-yard side, should at last come to be a Bishop.—But the honour of being a Westminster-School-boy some have at one age, and some at another, and some all their life long. Our grateful bishop, tho' he had it not in his youth, yet it came upon him in his old age.

VER. 113. *gleams thro' many a page*,] The image is taken from half-formed unripe lightening, which streams along the

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,  
 (Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110

One Simile, that<sup>p</sup> solitary shines  
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,  
 Or<sup>q</sup> lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many  
 a page,

Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.  
 I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115

When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;  
 While if our Elders break all reason's laws,  
 These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,  
 If I but ask, if any weed can grow? 120

One Tragic sentence if I dare deride  
 Which<sup>t</sup> Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

NOTES.

sky, and is just sufficient to shew the deformity of those black vapours to which it serves (as Milton expresses it) for a silver lining.

VER. 119. *On Avon's bank,*] At Stratford in Warwickshire, where Shakespear had his birth. The thought of the Original is here infinitely improved. *Perambulet* is a low allusion to the name and imperfections of *Atta*.

VER. 121. *One Tragic sentence if I dare deride,*] When writers of our Author's rank have once effectually exposed *turgid expression*, and reduced it to its just value, which, hitherto, the small critics had mistaken for the *sublime*, these latter are now apt to suspect all they do not understand, to be bombast: like the Idiot in Cervantes, who having been beat for not distinguishing between a Cur and a Greyhound, imagined every dog he

Vel quia nil <sup>v</sup> rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quae

Imberbi didicere, fenes perdenda fateri.

NOTES.

met, to be a Cur-dog. So our respectable Laureat will needs imitate his betters, and *dare to deride* too with the best. “ In  
“ what raptures (says he) have I seen an audience, at the fu-  
“ rious fustian and turgid rants of Nat. Lee’s *Alexander the Great*.  
“ Let me give you a sample. Alexander, in a full croud of  
“ courtiers, says,

“ When Glory, like the dazzling *Eagle*, stood

“ Perch’d on my *Beaver* in the *Granie* flood;

“ When *Fortune’s* self my standard trembling bore,

“ And the pale *Fates* stood frighted on the shore;

“ When the *Immortals* on the billows rode,

“ And I myself appear’d the leading God.

“ If this passage has merit, let us see what figure it would make  
“ upon canvas; what sort of picture would arise from it. If  
“ Le Brun had seen this lofty description, what one image could  
“ he have possibly taken from it? In what colours could he  
“ have shewn us *Glory perch’d upon a beaver*? How could  
“ he have drawn *Fortune* trembling? Or indeed what use could  
“ he have made of *pale Fates*, or *Immortals riding upon billows*,  
“ with this blustering God of his own making at the head of  
“ them?” *Apol. for his life*, p. 88. Ed. oct.—If the *Audience*  
*were in raptures* I admire their good taste: for, I think, these  
six lines are as truly sublime as any thing we have in the Eng-  
lish Language. But the Critic is for having the images they  
convey painted. And, it must be owned, this is no ill test of  
distinguishing *sound* from *substance*. He is indeed a little mis-  
taken in his Painter, as the Connoisseurs will tell him. For this  
subject demands the genius of Rubens rather than Le Brun.  
And, from such a one, he might have a very good picture for his  
money. He seems not to have reflected that *Fortune* and the

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,  
 ('Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)  
 How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125  
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!  
 You'd think ' no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,  
 Did not some grave Examples yet remain,

## NOTES.

*Fates* tho' imaginary, are yet personified Beings. And *Glory*, here, is something more substantial; for by the line,

*When Glory like the dazling Eagle stood, etc.*

is meant that *Glory* appear'd in the shape of an Eagle on his crest.

The truth is, these six lines, unluckily for the Laureate's criticism, contain not only the most *sublime* but the most *judicious* imagery that poetry could conceive or paint. The *first* line alludes to the tradition of an Eagle's hovering over Alexander's head, at the battle of Arbela, as a presage of Victory; Lee, I suppose, might think himself at liberty to transfer it to the passage of the Granicus; and this the poet has made the ground of his fine imagination, of *Glory* in the shape of an *Eagle*, in the style of Homer, who represents Terror, Affright, and a number of such fantastic Beings, swarming on the crests of his heroes.

The representing *Fortune*, in the *third* line, as his standard-bearer, is very happy. It is not only in the true spirit of poetry, but it gives us a right idea of the nature of his Asiatic expedition; and the making her *tremble*, as she displayed it, in the passage of the Granicus, the justest notion of the exceeding rashness of that adventure.

The *fourth* line greatly heightens all these images, by making the *Fates* themselves (who had destined the Persian empire to destruction, and called Alexander out of Greece to execute their

Jam <sup>w</sup> *Saliare Numae carmen* qui laudat, et illud,

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri ;

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,

Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

NOTES.

decrees) as half afraid that this desperate Madman would frustrate their purpose.

But the sublime of the *two last* verses exceeds all the rest. They are a beautiful allusion to the battle of Scamander in Homer, where Achilles led on the Gods themselves to the destruction of Troy, thro' the billows of that River, which opposed their passage. And the exquisite judgment of the Poet in this allusion is seen by those who have heard that Achilles was Alexander's model of Heroism, and Homer his favourite Historian. Lastly, as to the propriety of Alexander's thus extolling his own actions, the Poet is justified by Q. Curtius, from whom we learn that it was his custom.

From what has been said, we may collect how dangerous it is for a writer to give his opinion out of his own Profession, how well soever he may succeed within it. For this justice is due to the Laureate, that that part of his book, where he has drawn the characters of the set of Players on whom he formed himself, or whom he emulated, and that, with a performance equal to the most perfect of theirs, is indeed (bating the singularity of his phrase) a Master-piece in its kind. So necessary was that ancient direction

*Quam quisque norit artem, in hac se exercent.*

Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,  
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130  
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,  
 Extols old Bards, <sup>w</sup> or Merlin's Prophecy,  
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,  
 And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.

## NOTES.

VER. 122. *Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd, Or well-mouth'd Booth*] The epithet *gravis*, when applied to a Tragedian, signifies dignity of gesture and action; and in this sense the imitator uses the word *grave*: nothing being more destructive of his character than *ranting*, the common vice of Stage-Heroes, from which this admirable Actor was entirely free. The epithet *well-mouth'd*, a term of the *chace*, here applied to his successor, was not given without a particular design, and to insinuate, that there was as wide a difference between their performances, as there is between scientific music, and the harmony of brute sounds, between elocution and vociferation. This compliment was paid to *Betterton*, as the earliest of our Author's friends; whom he did not more esteem for the excellence of his dramatic performance, than for the integrity of his life and manners.

VER. 124. *A muster roll of Names,*] An absurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the meer *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player. P.

VER. 129—130.] Inferior to the original: as VER. 133—  
 excel it.



\* Quod si tam Graecis *novitas* invisa fuisset,

Quam nobis ; quid nunc effet vetus ? aut quid haberet,

Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus ?

† Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis

Coepit, et in *vitium fortuna labier aequa* ;

Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit <sup>z</sup> *equorum*.

NOTES.

VER. 138. *By learned Critics of the mighty Dead?*] A ridicule on the tribe of *learned Critics*, who think all writers but the ancient unworthy their care and attention. This came properly into a satire, whose subject is the unreasonable fondness for antiquity in general.

VER. 140. *with Charles restor'd* ;] He says *restor'd*, because the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that practis'd in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather.

VER. 143. *In Horsemanship t' excell, And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the Romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*. P.

VER. 146. *And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The rise and progress of the several branches of literary Science is one of the most curious parts of the history of the human mind, and yet is that which amongst us is least attended to. This of fictitious history is not below our notice. The close connexion which every individual has with all that relates to MAN in ge-

\* Had ancient times conspir'd to dis-allow 135  
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?  
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read  
 By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?

‡ In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword  
 Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd;  
 In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd, 141  
 "All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."  
 Then Peers grew proud in † Horsemanship t'excel,  
 New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;  
 The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,  
 And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance. 146

NOTES.

neral strongly inclines us to turn our observation upon human affairs, in preference to other attentions, and eagerly to wait the progress and issue of them. But as the course of human actions is too slow to gratify our curiosity, observant men very early contrived to satisfy its impatience by the invention of *history*. Which by recording the principal circumstances of past Facts, and laying them close together, in a continued narration, kept the mind from languishing, and gave constant exercise to its reflections.

But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our satisfactions, the Procurers to our pleasures run into excess; so it happened here. Strict matters of fact, however delicately dressed up, soon grew too simple and insipid to a taste stimulated by the *luxury* of art: They wanted something of more poignancy to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the *politer* ages those feigned histories relating the quick turns of capricious Fortune; and, in the more *barbarous*, the ROMANCES, abounding with the false provocative of enchantment and miraculous adventures.

\* Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit ;

Suspendit <sup>b</sup> picta vultum mentemque tabella ;

Nunc <sup>c</sup> tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragoedis :

<sup>d</sup> Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,

Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.

NOTES.

But satiety, in things unnatural, brings on disgust. And the reader at length began to see that too eager a pursuit after *adventures* had drawn him from, what first engaged his attention, *MAN* and *his ways*, into the Fairy walks of Monsters and Chimeras. And now those who had run farthest after these delusions, were the first that recovered themselves. For the next species of fiction, which took its name from its *NOVELTY*, was of *Spanish* invention. These presented us with something of humanity; but in a forced unnatural state. For as every thing before was conducted by Necromancy, so all now was managed by *intrigue*. And tho' it had indeed a kind of *life*, it had yet, as in its infancy, nothing of *manners*. On which account those who could not penetrate into the ill constitution of its plan, yet grew disgusted at the dryness of the *Conduct*, and want of ease in the *Catastrophe*.

The avoiding these defects gave rise to the *HEROICAL ROMANCES* of the *French*, here ridiculed by our Poet; in which some celebrated story of antiquity was so polluted by modern fable and invention, as was just enough to shew that the contrivers of them neither knew how to lye nor speak truth. In these voluminous extravagances, *Love* and *Honour* supplied the place of *Life and Manners*. But the over-refinement of *Pla-*

Then <sup>a</sup> Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,  
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :  
 Lely on <sup>b</sup> animated Canvas stole  
 The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150  
 No wonder then, when all was Love and sport,  
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court :  
 On <sup>c</sup> each enervate string they taught the note  
 To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.

But <sup>d</sup> Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155  
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.

## NOTES.

*tonic* sentiments always sinks into the dregs of the *gentle passion*. Thus in attempting a more natural representation of it in the little AMATORY NOVELS which succeeded those heavier volumes, tho' the writers avoided the dryness of the *Spanish Intrigue*, and the extravagance of the *French Heroism*, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their subject, they introduced a worse evil than a corruption of *Taste*, and that was a corruption of *Heart*.

At length this great People (to whom, it must be owned, every branch of Science has been infinitely indebted) hit upon the true secret, by which alone a deviation from strict fact, in the commerce of *Man*, could be really amusing to an improved mind, or useful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaste copy of real LIFE AND MANNERS.

In this species of writing, Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. FIELDING in England stand the foremost. And by enriching it with the best part of the *Comic art*, may be said to have brought it to its perfection.

VER. 142. A Verse of the Lord Lansdown. P.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas stole The sleepy Eye, etc.*] This was the Characteristic of this excellent Colourist's expression; who was an excessive Maniereist.

VER. 153. *On each enervate string etc.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England. P.

Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?

Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

<sup>e</sup> Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa

Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;

Scriptos <sup>g</sup> nominibus rectis expendere nummos;

<sup>f</sup> *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quae

Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

Mutavit mentem populus levis, <sup>h</sup> et calet uno

*Scribendi* studio: puerique patresque severi

Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.

NOTES.

VER. 158. *Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;*] The first half of Charles the Second's Reign was passed in an abandoned dissoluteness of manners; the other half, in factious disputes about popish plots and French prerogative.

VER. 160. *Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause.*] i. e. The love of Liberty.—Mr. Voltaire, while in England, writes thus to a friend in Paris—"I had a mind at first to print our poor  
 " *Henry* at my own expences in London; but the loss of my  
 " money is a sad stop to my design. I question if I shall try the  
 " way of Subscriptions by the favour of the Court. I am weary  
 " of Courts. All that is King or belongs to a King frights my  
 " republican Philosophy. I wont drink the least draught of  
 " Slavery in the Land of Liberty. I have written freely to—

Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;  
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;  
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;  
 Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause.      160

<sup>c</sup> Time was, a sober Englishman wou'd knock  
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,  
 Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,  
 And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.  
 To <sup>f</sup> worship like his Fathers, was his care;      165  
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;  
 To prove, that Luxury could never hold;  
 And place, on good <sup>s</sup> Security, his Gold.  
 Now times are chang'd, and one <sup>h</sup> Poetic Itch  
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:      170  
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the bays,  
 Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,

## N O T E S.

“ and I will always do so, having no reason to lay myself under  
 “ any restraint. I fear, I hope nothing from *your* Country: all  
 “ that I wish for, is to see you one day here. I am entertain-  
 “ ing myself with this pleasant hope. If it is but a dream let  
 “ me enjoy it: don't undeceive me: let me believe I shall have  
 “ the pleasure to see you in London, drawing up the strong spi-  
 “ rit of this unaccountable Nation. You will translate their  
 “ thoughts better when you live amongst them. You will see  
 “ a Nation fond of their Liberty, learned, witty, despising Life  
 “ and Death, a nation of Philosophers. Not but that there  
 “ are some fools in England. Every Country has its madmen.  
 “ It may be, French folly is pleasanter than English madness,

Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,

Invenior <sup>i</sup> Parthis mendacior; et prius orto

Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

<sup>k</sup> Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum aegro

Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* est,

Promittunt <sup>l</sup> medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:

<sup>m</sup> Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

NOTES.

“but by—English wisdom and English honesty is above yours.”  
MS. Eng. Let. Oct. 15, 1726.

VER. 180. *to shew our Wit.*] The force of this consists in the ambiguity.—To shew how constant we are to our resolutions—or, to shew what fine verses we can make.

VER. 181. *He serv'd etc.*] To the simple elegance of the original, the Poet has here added great spirit and vivacity, without departing from the fidelity of a translation.

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprizing effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. P.

Ibid. *Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;*] It was the Poet's purpose to do Mr. Ward honour in assigning to

To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,  
 And all our Grace at table is a Song.  
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses, <sup>i</sup> lye, 175  
 Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;  
 When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,  
 And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;  
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,  
 And call for pen and ink to show our Wit. 180

<sup>k</sup> He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;  
 Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;  
 Ev'n <sup>l</sup> Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,  
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.  
 Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185  
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)  
 But <sup>m</sup> those who cannot write, and those who can,  
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

NOTES.

him that medical Aphorism of regular practice,

*periculum faciamus in corpore vili.*

SCRIBL.

VER. 183. *Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France, Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.*] By no means an insinuation as if these travelling Doctors had mispent their time. *Radcliff* had sent them on a medicinal mission, to examine the produce of each Country, and see in what it might be made subservient to the art of healing. The native commodity of France is DANCING. Mercurialis gives the *Gymnastics*, of which this is part, a necessary place amongst the *non-naturals* (by which term the Physicians mean air, exercise, diet, etc. as if the *natural* way of living in health was by physic) and the



<sup>n</sup> Hic error tamen et levis haec infania, quantas

Virtutes habeat, sic collige : vatis <sup>o</sup> *avarus*

Non temere est animus : <sup>p</sup> versus amat, hoc studet  
unum ;

Detrimenta, <sup>a</sup> *fugas servorum, incendia* ridet ;

Non <sup>r</sup> *fraudem socio*, puerove incogitat ullam

*Pupillo* ; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo <sup>s</sup> ;

<sup>t</sup> Militiae quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi* ;

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.

<sup>v</sup> Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat :

NOTES.

dignity and eminence of this part of the *Gymnastics* is learnedly and elaborately explained in that curious *Dissertation on dancing*, in the 13th chap. of the 2d Vol. of the *Life of King David*.

SCRIBL.

VER. 201. *Of little use, etc.*] There is a poignancy in the following verses, which the original did not aim at, nor affect.

VER. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to

Yet, Sir, <sup>n</sup> reflect, the mischief is not great;  
 These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:  
 Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind; 191  
 And rarely <sup>o</sup> Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.  
 Allow him but his <sup>p</sup> plaything of a Pen,  
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:  
<sup>a</sup> Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;  
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.  
 To <sup>r</sup> cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;  
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,  
 Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;  
 And then — a perfect Hermit in his <sup>s</sup> diet. 202

Of little use the Man you may suppose,  
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;  
 Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,  
 And (<sup>t</sup> tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.  
<sup>v</sup> What will a Child learn sooner than a song? 205  
 What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?

NOTES.

himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows, *Torquet ab obscœnis—Mox etiam peccatus—Recte facta refert*, etc. which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212<sup>th</sup> Verses. P.

Torquet<sup>w</sup> ab *obscœnis* jam nunc sermonibus aurem ;

Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,

*Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;*

NOTES.

VER. 213. *Unhappy Dryden*—In all Charles's days, *Rescommon only boasts unspotted bays* ;] The break in the first line has a great beauty. The Poet's *tenderness* for his Master is expressed in making his *case general* ; and his *honour* for him, in making his *case particular* ; and the only one that deserved pity.

VER. 215. *excuse some Courtly strains* ] We are not to understand this as a disapprobation of Mr. Addison for celebrating the virtues of the present Royal Family. It relates to a particular fact, in which he thought that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addison, in the year 1713, had finished his *Cato*, he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our Poet, who thought the sentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly, and told him that he had better not bring it upon the Stage, but print it like a classical performance, which would perfectly answer his design. Mr. Addison approved of this advice ; and seemed disposed to follow it. But soon after he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that some friends, whom he could not disoblige, insisted on his hav-

What's long or short, each accent where to place,  
 And speak in public with some sort of grace.  
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,  
 Unless he praise some Monster of a King; 210  
 Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,  
 To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.  
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,  
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;  
 And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains) 215  
 No whiter page than Addison remains.  
 He, <sup>w</sup> from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,  
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,

## NOTES.

ing it acted. However he assured Mr. Pope that it was with no *Party* views, and desired him to satisfy the Treasurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the same time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their perusal. Our Poet executed his commission in the most friendly manner; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the Stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addison was so exceedingly afraid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his request wrote the famous prologue to it, and had said,

“ Britons, *ARISE*, be worth like this approv'd,

“ And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.

he was much troubled, said it would be called, stirring the people to rebellion; and earnestly begg'd he would soften it into some thing less obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now stands, to —*Britons, attend*,— though at the expence both of the sense and spirit. Notwithstanding this, the very next year, when the present illustrious Family came to the Succession, Mr. Addison thought fit to make a merit

Recte facta refert ; <sup>x</sup> orientia tempora notis

Infruit exemplis ; <sup>y</sup> *inopem solatur et aegrum.*

Castis cum <sup>a</sup> pueris ignara puella mariti

NOTES.

of CATO, as purposely and directly written to oppose to the schemes of a faction. His poem, to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, beginning in this manner,

“ The Muse, that oft with sacred raptures fir’d

“ Has gen’rous thoughts of Liberty inspir’d ;

“ And, boldly rising for Britannia’s Laws,

“ Ingag’d great Cato in her country’s cause ;

“ On you submissive waits

VER. 216. *No whiter page than Addison remains,*] Mr. Addison’s literary character is much mistaken, as characters generally are when taken (as his has been) in the gross. He was but an ordinary poet, and a worse critic. His verses are heavy, and his judgment of Men and Books superficial. But in the pleasantry of comic action, and in the dignity of moral allegories, he is inimitable. Nature having joined in him, as she had done once be-

Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,  
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220  
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,  
 Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws;  
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse ingrav'd,  
 The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet fav'd.  
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,  
 Stretch'd to <sup>y</sup> relieve the Idiot and the Poor, 226  
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,  
 And <sup>x</sup> stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.  
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;  
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with <sup>z</sup> Psalms:  
 The <sup>a</sup> Boys and Girls whom charity maintains, 231  
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:

NOTES.

fore in *Lucian*, (who wanted the other's wisdom to make a good use of it) the sublime of Plato to the humour of Menander.

VER. 217. *He from the taste obscene, etc.*] This, in imitation of his Original, refers to the true Poet,

*torquet ab obscenis.*

and likewise to Mr. Addison's papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*; the character of which is given in the preceding note. But their excellence may be best gathered from their having given so long a vogue to that vast heap of crude and indigested things with which they are intermixed.

VER. 226. *the Idiot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand. P.

VER. 229. *Not but there are, etc.*] Nothing can be more truly humorous or witty than all that follows to *v* 240. Yet the noble sobriety of the original, or, at least, the appearance of

Disceret unde <sup>b</sup> *preces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset?  
 Poscit opem chorus, et *praesentia numina* sentit;  
 Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;  
 Avertit morbos, <sup>c</sup> *metuenda pericula* pellit;  
 Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.  
<sup>d</sup> Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.

<sup>e</sup> Agricolae prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,  
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo  
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,  
 Cum fociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,  
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,  
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.  
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem  
<sup>f</sup> Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;  
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos

## NOTES.

sobriety, which is the same thing here, is of a taste vastly superior to it.

VER. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in

How could Devotion<sup>b</sup> touch the country pews,  
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?  
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,  
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down<sup>c</sup> Pope and  
     Turk.      236

The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,  
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;  
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,  
 And<sup>d</sup> Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.      240

Our<sup>e</sup> rural Ancestors, with little blest,  
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,  
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,  
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:  
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,  
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care:      246  
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,  
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry fowl:  
 With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,  
 And<sup>f</sup> Taunts alternate innocently flew.      250

NOTES.

his *Church History*, says he was esteem'd an *excellent Poet*.

VER. 241. *Our rural Ancestors, etc.*] This is almost literal; and shews, that the beauty and spirit, so much admir'd in these Poems, owe less to the liberty of imitating, than to the superior genius of the imitator.



Lusit amabiliter : <sup>s</sup> donec jam saevus apertam  
 In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas  
 Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento  
 Dentē laceffiti : fuit intactis quoque cura  
 Conditione super communi : <sup>h</sup> quin etiam lex  
 Poenaeque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quem-  
 quam

Describi. vertere modum, formidine fuffis  
 Ad <sup>i</sup> bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.

<sup>k</sup> Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes  
 Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille  
 Defluxit <sup>l</sup> numerus Saturnius, et grave virus  
 Munditiae pepulere : sed in longum tamen aevum

## NOTES.

VER. 259. *Most warp'd to Flattery's side, etc.*] These two lines (notwithstanding the reference) are an addition to the Original. They seem'd necessary to compleat the History of the rise and progress of Wit; and, if attended to, will be seen to make much for the argument the Poet is upon, viz. the recommendation of Poetry to the protection of the Magistrate. And is, therefore, what Horace would have chosen to say, had he reflected on it.

But Times corrupt, and <sup>s</sup> Nature, ill-inclin'd,  
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;  
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,  
 Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.  
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,  
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm. 256  
 At length, by wholesome <sup>h</sup> dread of statutes bound,  
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:  
 Most warp'd to <sup>i</sup> Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,  
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260  
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,  
 And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

\* We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's  
 charms;

Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;  
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265  
 Wit grew polite, and <sup>l</sup> Numbers learn'd to flow.

NOTES.

VER. 263. *We conquer'd France, etc.*] The instance the Poet here gives, to answer that in the *Original*, is not so happy. However, it might be said with truth, that our Intrigues on the Continent brought us acquainted with the *provincial* Poets, and produced *Chaucer*. Only I wonder, when he had such an example before him, of a Bard who so greatly polished the rusticity of his age, he did not use it to paraphrase the sense of

*Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus  
 Munditiæ pepulere:*

Manferunt, hodieque manent, <sup>m</sup> *vestigia ruris.*

Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis ;

Et post<sup>n</sup> *Punica bella* quietus quaerere coepit,

Quid<sup>o</sup> Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile  
ferrent :

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere possit :

Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer :

Nam<sup>p</sup> spirat tragicum fatis, et feliciter audet :

Sed<sup>a</sup> turpem putat inscite metuitque *lituram.*

Creditur, ex<sup>r</sup> *medio* quia res arcessit, habere

Sudoris minimum ; sed habet *Comoedia* tanto

N O T E S.

VER. 267. *Waller was smooth* ;] Mr. Waller, about this time with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille ; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation. P.

VER. 280. *Ev'n copious Dryden*—] *copious* aggravated the fault. For when a writer has great stores, he is inexcusable not to discharge the easy task of chusing from the best.

VER. 282. *Some doubt, etc.*] In Tragedy it is the *action*, and in Comedy it is the *manners*, which most engage our attention. But it is easier to direct and conduct an action than to draw and colour manners. Besides, our ignorance of high life makes

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join }  
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line, }  
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine. }  
 Tho' still some traces of our <sup>m</sup> rustic vein 270  
 And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.  
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,  
 When the tir'd Nation <sup>n</sup> breath'd from civil war.  
 Exact <sup>o</sup> Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,  
 Show'd us that France had something to admire.  
 Not but the <sup>p</sup> Tragic spirit was our own, 276  
 And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone :  
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,  
 And <sup>a</sup> fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.  
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280  
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.  
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire  
 The <sup>r</sup> humbler Muse of Comedy require.

## NOTES.

false manners in Tragedy escape unobserved ; but unnatural  
 action in Comedy lies hid from no body. Hence it is, that the  
 difficulty of succeeding lies on the side of the comic writer. To  
 support these observations, let me ask, from whence arises our  
 disgust, when the scene in Comedy is laid abroad, and that of  
 Tragedy at home. It appears, at first sight, whimsical and ca-  
 pricious, but has its foundation in nature. What we chiefly  
 seek in Comedy is a true image of life and *manners*, but we are  
 not easily brought to think we have it given us, when dressed  
 in foreign modes and fashions. And yet a good writer must  
 follow his scene and observe decorum. On the contrary, 'tis

Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. <sup>s</sup> aspice, Plautus

Quo pacto <sup>t</sup> *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,

Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiosi :

Quantus fit Dossennus <sup>u</sup> *edacibus in parasitis* ;

Quam <sup>w</sup> *non astricto* percurrat pulpita *socco*.

Gestit enim <sup>x</sup> nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc

Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam <sup>y</sup> ventoso gloria curru,

Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat :

NOTES.

the *action* in Tragedy which most engages our attention. But to fit a domestic occurrence for the stage we must take greater liberties with the action than a well known story will allow. Not but perhaps another reason might be given for our disapprobation of this state of the scene. Comedy deals much in satire, Tragedy in panegyric: and our natural malignity will more easily suffer us to find the *ridiculous* at home, than the *heroic*.

VER. 290. *Astræa*,] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, etc. P.

Ibid. *The stage how loosely does Astræa tread*,] The fine metaphor of *non astricto*, greatly improved by the happy ambiguity of the word *loosely*.

VER. 296. *O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys*,] The

But in known Images of life, I guess  
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 285  
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:  
 Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?  
 What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!  
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!  
 The stage how loosely does Astræa tread, 290  
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!  
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,  
 To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause!  
 But fill their purse, our Poet's work is done,  
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys  
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,  
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,  
 For ever sunk too low, or born too high!

## NOTES.

metaphor is fine, but inferior to the Original, in many respects.

*ventoso gloria curru,*

has a happy air of ridicule heightened by its allusion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more serious light, as representing the Poet a *Slave* to Fame or *Glory*,

*Quem tulit ad scenam—Gloria.*

as was the custom in their triumphs. In other respects it has the preference. It is more just. For a Poet makes his first entrance on the stage not, immediately, to *Triumph*, but to *try his Fortune*. However,

*Who pants for Glory, etc.*

is much superior to the Original.

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum  
 Subruit, ac reficit : <sup>z</sup> valeat res ludicra, si me  
 Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

<sup>a</sup> Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;  
 Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,  
 Indocti, stolidique, et <sup>b</sup> depugnare parati  
 Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt  
 Aut <sup>c</sup> *ursum* aut *pugiles* : his nam plebecula gaudet.  
 Verum <sup>d</sup> *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* vo-  
 luptas  
 Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.  
 Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas ;  
 Dum fugiunt <sup>e</sup> *equitum* turmae, peditumque catervae :  
 Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis ;  
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves ;

## NOTES.

VER. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.*]  
 From *Plays* to *Operas*, and from *Operas* to *Pantomines*.

VER. 319. *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.*]  
 The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in  
 which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the  
 pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour

Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

<sup>2</sup> Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,

The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

<sup>3</sup> There still remains, to mortify a Wit,

The many-headed Monster of the Pit: 305

A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud;

Who, <sup>b</sup> to disturb their betters mighty proud,

Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,

Call for the Farce, <sup>c</sup> the Bear, or the Black-joke.

What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310

Ever the taste of Mobs, but now <sup>d</sup> of Lords;

(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies

From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,

Back fly the scenes, and enter foot <sup>e</sup> and horse; 315

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,

Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;

The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,

Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.

NOTES.

of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion. P.

[Ibid. *Old Edward's Armour, etc.*] Descriptive poetry is the lowest work of a Genius. Therefore when Mr. Pope employs himself in it, he never fails, as here, to enoble it with some moral stroke or other.



Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

<sup>f</sup> Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu

Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,

Sive <sup>g</sup> *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.

Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,

Ut sibi praebentem mimo spectacula plura:

Scriptores autem <sup>h</sup> narrare putaret *afello*

*Fabellam surdo*. nam quae <sup>i</sup> pervincere voces

Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?

<sup>k</sup> *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuscum*.

Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,

<sup>l</sup> *Divitiaeque peregrinae*: quibus <sup>m</sup> *oblitus actor*

Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.

Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?

<sup>n</sup> *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno*.

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusam,

Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

Ep. I. OF HORACE. 191

With <sup>f</sup> laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320  
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.  
 Let Bear or <sup>s</sup> Elephant be e'er so white,  
 The people, sure, the people are the fight!  
 Ah luckless <sup>h</sup> Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,  
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more; 325  
 While all its <sup>i</sup> throats the Gallery extends,  
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!  
 Loud as the Wolves, on <sup>k</sup> Orcas' stormy steep,  
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.  
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330  
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's <sup>l</sup> petticoat;  
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,  
 Sinks the <sup>m</sup> lost Actor in the tawdry load.  
 Booth enters — hark! the Universal peal!  
 "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 335  
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare?  
 "Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair,  
 Yet lest you think I railly more than teach,  
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,  
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340  
 To know the Poet from the Man of rhymes:

NOTES.

VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades. P.

Ire poeta; ° meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

¶ Verum age, et his, qui se *lectori* credere malunt,

Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,

Curam impende brevem: si <sup>q</sup> munus Apolline dig-  
num

Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,

Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

ˆ Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,

(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum

ˆ *Sollicito* damus, aut *fesso*: cum laedimur, † *unum*

NOTES.

VER. 347. *To Thebes, to Athens, etc.*] i. e. is equally knowing in the manners of the most different people; and has the skill to employ those manners with decorum.

'Tis he, ° who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns ;  
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,  
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345  
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,  
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

° But not this part of the Poetic state  
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great :  
 Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350  
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.  
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?  
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?  
 How shall we fill <sup>a</sup> a Library with Wit,  
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355  
 My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,  
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:  
 We <sup>r</sup> Poets are (upon a Poet's word)  
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :  
 The <sup>s</sup> season, when to come, and when to go, 360  
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;

NOTES.

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum*. The Palatine Library then building by Augustus. P.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books. P.

Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprehendere *versum* :  
 Cum loca jam <sup>v</sup> recitata revolvimus *irrevocati* :  
 Cum <sup>w</sup> lamentamur non *apparere* labores  
 Nostros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo* ;  
 Cum <sup>x</sup> speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque  
*Carmina* rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro  
*Arcessas*, et egere vetes, et *scribere cogas*.  
 Sed tamen est <sup>y</sup> *operae precium* cognoscere, *quales*  
 Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique  
 Virtus, <sup>z</sup> *indigno* non committenda *poetae*.

<sup>a</sup> Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille  
 Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis  
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.  
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt  
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo  
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema  
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,  
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis *se* praeter Apellem  
*Pingeret*, aut alius Lyfippo duceret aera  
*Fortis* <sup>b</sup> *Alexandri vultum simulantia*. quod si

## NOTES.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.*  
 This is not much to be wondered at since the *Sacerdotal* Cha-

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,  
 You lose your patience, just like other men.  
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend  
 A <sup>t</sup> single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365  
 Repeat <sup>v</sup> unask'd; lament, the <sup>w</sup> Wit's too fine  
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.  
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,  
 We needs will write Epistles to the King;  
 And <sup>x</sup> from the moment we oblige the town, 370  
 Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;  
 Or dubb'd Historians by express command,  
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,  
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,  
 As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet <sup>y</sup> think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)  
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?  
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,  
 Fit to bestow the <sup>z</sup> Laureat's weighty place.

<sup>a</sup> Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,  
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care; 381  
 And great <sup>b</sup> Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed  
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;  
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:  
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385

## NOTES.

racter has been separated from the *Regal*. This *discerning of Spirits* now seems to be the allotment of the ecclesiastical branch,

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud  
 Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares;  
 ° Boeotum in crasso jurares aere natum.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque  
 Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,  
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetae;*]

Nec magis expressi<sup>d</sup> vultus per ahenea signa,  
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum

## NOTES.

which the following instance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, some how or other, surprized the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbishop Abbot was not the dupe of dazzling appearances. In one of his *Rescripts* to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmasks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been sent over to England by the States. “ You must take heed  
 “ how you trust DOCTOR GROTIUS too far, for I perceive  
 “ him to be so ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN  
 “ THOSE PARTS, THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT  
 “ MAY SERVE A TURN. At his first coming to the King, by  
 “ reason of his good Latin tongue, he was so tedious and full of  
 “ tittle-tattle, that the KING’S judgment was of him that he was  
 “ some PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDG-  
 “ MENT. And I myself discovering that to be his habit, as if  
 “ he did imagine that every man was bound to hear him so long  
 “ as he would talk, did privately give him notice thereof, that  
 “ he should plainly and directly deliver his mind, or else he  
 “ would make the King weary of him. This did not take place  
 “ but that afterwards he fell to it again, as was especially observed  
 “ one night at supper at the Lord Bishop of Ely’s, whither being  
 “ brought by Mr. Casaubon (as I think) my Lord intreated him  
 “ to stay to supper, which he did. There was present Dr.  
 “ Steward and another Civilian, unto whom he flings out some  
 “ question of that profession, and was so full of words, that Dr.  
 “ Steward afterwards told my Lord, *That he did perceive by him,*

The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,  
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;  
 Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,  
 "No Lord's anointed, but a 'Ruffian Bear.

Not with such<sup>d</sup> majesty, such bold relief, 390  
 The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,  
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd  
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.

## NOTES.

"that, like a SMATTERER, he had studied some two or three  
 "questions, whereof when he came in company he must be talking  
 "to vindicate his skill; but, if he were put from those, he would  
 "shew himself but a SIMPLE FELLOW. There was present also  
 "Dr. Richardson, the King's professor of Divinity in Cam-  
 "bridge, and another Doctor in that Faculty, with whom he  
 "falleth in also about some of those questions, which are now  
 "controverted amongst the Ministers in Holland. And be-  
 "ing matters wherein he was studied, he uttered all his skill  
 "concerning them. MY LORD OF ELY SITTING STILL AT  
 "THE SUPPER ALL THE WHILE, AND WONDERING what  
 "a man he had there, who never being in the place or company  
 "before could overwhelm them so with talk for so long a time.  
 "I write this unto you so largely that you may know the dispo-  
 "sition of the man: and HOW KINDLY HE USED MY LORD  
 "OF ELY FOR HIS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT." *Winwood's*  
*Memorials*, Vol. iii. p. 459. SCRIBL.

Seriously, *my Lord of Ely* was to be pitied. But this was an  
 extraordinary case; for as exposed as their Lordships may be to  
 these kind of insults, happy is it that the men are not always at  
 hand that can offer them. A second *Grotius*, for ought I know,  
 may be as far off as a second Century of *my Lords of Ely*.—But  
 it was enough that this *simple fellow* was an Arminian and Re-  
 publican, to be despised by Abbot and his master. For in the  
 opinion of these great judges of Merit, Religion and Society  
 could not subsist without Predestination and Arbitrary power.



Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallet  
 Repentes per humum, <sup>e</sup> quam *res* componere *gestas*,  
 Terrarumque <sup>f</sup> fitus et flumina dicere, et arces  
 Montibus impositas, et <sup>g</sup> *barbara regna*, tuisque  
 Auspiciis *totum* <sup>h</sup> *confecta duella* per orbem,  
 Claustraque <sup>h</sup> custodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,  
 Et <sup>i</sup> formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:  
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque  
 parvum

<sup>k</sup> *Carmen majestas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet  
 Rem tentare pudor, quem vires ferre recusant.  
 Sedulitas autem <sup>l</sup> *stulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;  
 Praecipue cum se *numeris* commendat et arte.

## N O T E S.

VER. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains;*] Archbishop Tillotson hath said, "That satire and invective were the easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it will serve to abuse and find fault. For wit (says he) is a keen instrument, and every one can cut and gash with it. But to carve a beautiful image and polish it, requires great art and dexterity. To praise any thing well, is an argument of much more wit than to abuse; a little wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for satire, but the greatest instance of wit is to commend well." Thus far this candid Prelate. And I, in my turn, might as well say, that Satire was the most difficult, and Panegyric the easiest thing in nature; for that any barber-

Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,  
 Your<sup>e</sup> Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!  
 What<sup>f</sup> seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!  
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!  
 How<sup>g</sup> barb'rous rage subfided at your word,  
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the  
 sword! 399

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,  
<sup>h</sup>Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;  
 'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,  
 And<sup>i</sup> Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—  
 But<sup>k</sup> Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;  
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains: 405  
 The Zeal of<sup>l</sup> Fools offends at any time,  
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.

## NOTES.

surgeon can curl and shave, and give cosmetic-washes for the skin; but it requires the abilities of an Anatomist to dissect and lay open the whole interior of the human frame. But the truth is, these similitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy, or the ill judgment of the user. The one is just as easy to do *ill*, and as difficult to do *well* as the other. In our Author's *Essay on the Characters of Men*, the Encomium on Lord Cobham, and the satire on Lord Wharton, are the equal efforts of the same great genius. There is one advantage indeed in Satire over Panegyric, which every body has taken notice of, that it is more readily received; but this does not shew that it is more easily written.

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud  
Quod quis<sup>m</sup> deridet, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*,  
Nil moror<sup>n</sup> officium, quod me gravat : ac neque *fiſto*  
*In*° *pejus* vultu proponi cereus usquam,  
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto :  
Ne<sup>p</sup> rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una  
Cum<sup>s</sup> scriptore meo capſa porrectus aperta,  
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,  
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,  
That when I aim at praise, they say<sup>m</sup> I bite.  
A vile<sup>n</sup> Encomium doubly ridicules: 410  
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.  
If true, a<sup>o</sup> woful likeness; and if lyes,  
“Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:”  
Well may he<sup>p</sup> blush, who gives it, or receives;  
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415  
(Like<sup>q</sup> Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things  
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)  
Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,  
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

OF MORRIS

Believe, a late student on all I was  
That when I am at work, they say I like  
A life of constant study, and I like  
There's nothing blacker than the ink of truth  
It was a world I knew, and I like  
"Dare not be afraid of the word in the hand  
Well may he be blind, who sees a world  
And a world, in the hand of the hand  
I like to see the world, and I like  
I like to see the world, and I like  
I like to see the world, and I like  
I like to see the world, and I like

MORRIS

THE  
SECOND EPISTLE  
OF THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. Hor.

## EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,  
<sup>b</sup> Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum

Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: " Hic et

" Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

" Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;

" Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;

" Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti

" Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:

" Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.

" Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo

" Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.

" Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in aere.

## NOTES.

VER. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:]* A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.

VER. 15. *But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?]*

E P I S T L E II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's  
Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

<sup>b</sup> A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,  
Bows and begins—" This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:

" Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!

" My only son, I'd have him see the world: 6

" His French is pure; his Voice too--you shall hear.

" Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.

" Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

" Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please:

" A perfect genius at an Opera-song — 11

" To say too much, might do my honour wrong.

" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;

" His whole ambition was to serve a Lord;

" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15

" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.

" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,

" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:

NOTES.

The numbers well express the unwillingness of parting with what one can ill spare.



“ Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi : non temere

“ a me

“ Quivis ferret idem : semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)

“ In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae :

“ Des nummos, excepta nihil te si *fuga* laedit.

“ Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.

Prudens emisti vitiosum : dicta tibi est lex.

Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

<sup>d</sup> Dixi me pigrum proficifenti tibi, dixi

Talibus officiis prope mancum : ne mea faevus

Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.

Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura

Si tamen attentas ? quereris super hoc etiam, quod

Exspectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

“ Luculli miles collecta viatica multis

Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad affem

Perdiderat : post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,

N O T E S.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. P. Sir Godfrey Kneller.

VER. 33. *In Anna's Wars, etc.*] Many parts of this story are well told ; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the original.

“ The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,  
 “ (Cou’d you o’erlook but that) it is, to steal.

<sup>c</sup> If, after this, you took the graceless lad, 21  
 Cou’d you complain, my Friend, he prov’d so bad?  
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,  
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;  
 Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away, 25  
 And punish’d him that put it in his way.

<sup>d</sup> Consider then, and judge me in this light;  
 I told you when I went, I could not write;  
 You said the same; and are you discontent  
 With Laws, to which you gave your own assent?  
 Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time! 31  
 D’ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

<sup>e</sup> In ANNA’S Wars, a Soldier poor and old  
 Had dearly earn’d a little purse of gold:  
 Tir’d with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35  
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.  
 This put the man in such a desp’rate mind,  
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join’d  
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind, }

NOTES.

VER. 37. *This put the man, etc.*] Greatly below the Original,  
*Post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et bestii*  
*Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer.*  
 The last words are particularly elegant and humourous.

Praefidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,  
 Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.  
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,  
 Accipit et bis dena super fefertia nummum.  
 Forte sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere praetor  
*Nescio quod* cupiens, hortari coepit eundem  
 Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere mentem:  
 I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,  
 Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid stas?  
 Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,  
 "Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.

† Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,  
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.

## NOTES.

VER. 43. *Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.*]  
 For the sake of a stroke of satire, he has here weakened that circumstance, on which the turn of the story depends. Horace avoided it, tho' the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occasion to indulge his raillery.

VER. 51. *Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.*] This has neither the force nor the justness of the original. Horace makes his Soldier say,

*Ibit,*

*Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit.*

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loss*, that pushed him upon danger; many being equal to the first, who cannot bear the other. What betray'd our poet into this inaccuracy of expression was it's suiting better with the *application*. But in a great writer we pardon nothing. And such an one should never forget, that the

He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40

Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.

“Prodigious well;” his great Commander cry'd,

Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;

(Its name I know not, and it's no great matter) 45

“Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder walls!

“Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!

“More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.”

Don't you remember what reply he gave?

“D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot? 50

“Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.”

† Bred up at home, full early I begun

To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.

## NOTES.

expression is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application*: for so, they reflect a mutual light upon one another.

VER. 52. *Bred up at home, etc.*] The Reader may possibly have a curiosity to know something more of Mr. Pope's education than what this verse tells him; and tho' much more would be too trifling to enter into a just volume of his life, it may do no dishonour to one of these cursory notes. He was taught his letters very early by an Aunt; and, from thence, to his eighth year, he took great delight in reading. He learn'd to write of himself by copying after printed books, whose characters he brought himself to imitate in great perfection. At eight, he was put under one *Taverner*, a Priest, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, together: From him, in a little time, he was sent to a private school at Twisford near

Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae :

Scilicet ut possem *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*,

Atque inter silvas Academi *quaerere* verum.

Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato ;

NOTES.

Winchester. Here, he continued about a year, and was then removed to another, near Hyde-park Corner. Under these two last Masters he lost the little he had got under the Priest. At Twelve, he went with his Father into the Forest ; where he was, for a few months, under another Priest, and with as little success as before. For, as he used to say, he never could learn any thing which he did not pursue with pleasure. And these miserable pedants had not the art of making his studies an amusement to him. Upon the remnants, therefore, of this small stock, so hardly picked up, so easily lost, and recovered (as we shall see) with so much labour, he at length thought fit to become his own master. And now the only method of study he prescribed to himself was reading those classic writers, who afforded him most entertainment. So that while he was intent upon the subject, with a strong appetite for Knowledge, and an equal passion for Poetry, he insensibly got Latin and Greek. And, what was extraordinary, his impatience of restraint, in the usual forms, did not hinder his subjecting himself, now he was his own master, to all the drudgery and fatigue of perpetually recurring to his Grammar and Lexicon. By the time he was fifteen he had acquired a very ready habit in the learned languages ; when a strong fancy came into his head to remove to London, to learn French and Italian. His Family (whose only object was the preservation of his miserably infirm body) regarded it as a very wild project. But he persisted in it, and they gave way : to town he went ; and mastered those two languages with surprizing dispatch. The whole treasure of Parnassus now lay open to him ; and, between this and his twentieth year, his constant employment was read-

Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,  
 The better art to know the good from bad : 55  
 (And little sure imported to remove,  
 To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)  
 But knottier points we knew not half so well,  
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell ;  
 And certain Laws, by suff'ers thought unjust, 60  
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :

## NOTES.

ing the most considerable poets and critics in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English languages. But, all this, without much order, as chance threw them in his way, or the caprice of desultory reading directed his choice. This being one continued indulgence of his curiosity or amusement, made him always speak of these four or five years as the most pleasurable part of his life.

Yet his true understanding would not suffer him to continue long the dupe of so defective an education. For a vast memory, and an accurate judgment, which remedied many of its inconveniences, made him but the more sensible of them all. So that, at twenty, when the impetuosity of his spirits began to suffer his genius to be put under restraint, he went over all the parts of his education a-new, from the very beginning, and in a regular, and more artful manner. He penetrated into the general grounds and reasons of speech ; he learnt to distinguish the several species of style ; he studied the peculiar genius and character of each language ; he reduced his natural talent for poetry to a science, and mastered those parts of philosophy that would most contribute to enrich his vein. And all this, with such continued attention, labour, and severity, that he used to say, he had been seven years (that is, from twenty to twenty-seven) in unlearning all he had been acquiring for twice seven.

VER. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.*] This circumstance has a happier application in the *imitation* than in the *original* ; and properly introduces the 68<sup>th</sup> verse.

Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,  
*Caesaris Augusti* non responsura lacertis.  
 Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,  
 Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*  
*Et laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax  
 Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem,  
 Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare *cicutae*,  
 Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus ?  
 § Singula de nobis anni *praedantur* euntes ;  
 Eripuere *jocos, venerem, convivium, ludum* ;

## NOTES.

VER. 65. *He stuck to poverty with peace of mind,*] There was something very singular in the Oeconomy of Mr. Pope's father. He was a Merchant, and lived in London. At the Revolution he left off trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to between fifteen and twenty thousand pounds, with which he retired into the country. As he was a Papist he could not purchase, nor put his money to interest on real security ; and as he adhered to the interests of King James, he made a point of conscience not to lend it to the new Government : so he kept it in his chest, and lived upon the Principal ; till, by that time his son came to the succession, it was almost all fairly spent.

VER. 68. *But (thanks to Homer) etc.*] He began the *Iliad* at twenty-five, and finished it in five years. It was published for his own benefit by subscription. He sold it to Lintot the Bookseller, on the following terms, Twelve hundred pounds paid

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,  
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm pre-  
vail'd.

For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,  
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind; 65  
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;  
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.

But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,  
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,  
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70  
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

\* Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day,  
At last they steal us from ourselves away;  
In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,  
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend: 75

## NOTES.

down, and all the Books for his Subscribers. The *Odyssy* was published in the same manner, and sold on the same conditions; except only that instead of Twelve, he had but Six hundred pounds. He was assisted in this latter work by *Broome* and *Fenton*, to the first of whom he gave Six hundred pounds; and to the other, Three hundred.

VER. 69. *Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,*] For it would be very hard upon Authors, if the subscribing for a Book, which does honour to one's Age and Country, and consequently reflects back part of it on the *Subscribers*, should be esteemed a debt or obligation.

VER. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital. P.

VER. 73. *At last they steal us from ourselves away;*] i. e. Time changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations.



Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

<sup>h</sup> Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantiue.

Carmine tu gaudes : hic delectatur iambis ;

Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.

Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Quid dem ? quid non dem ? renuis quod tu, jubet

alter :

Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

<sup>i</sup> Praeter caetera me *Romaene* poemata censes

Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores ?

Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis

Omnibus officiis : cubat hic in colle Quirini,

NOTES.

VER. 83. *and that Pindaric lays ?*] Of our modern Lyric poetry, the English is *Pindaric*, and the Latin *Horatian*. The first is like boiled meats, of different tastes and flavours, but all insipid : The other, like the same meats, potted, all of one spicy taste, and equally high flavour'd. The reason is, the English Ode-makers only imitate Pindar's *sense* ; whereas the Latin employ the *very words* of Horace.

This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,  
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhime?  
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill  
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still.

<sup>h</sup> But after all, what wou'd you have me do? 80  
 When out of twenty I can please not two;  
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,  
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?  
 One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg; 85  
 Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,  
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.

<sup>i</sup> But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,  
 Again to rhime; can London be the place?  
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90  
 In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and  
 friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:  
 A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:

NOTES.

VER. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated Gluttons.—  
 This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as intimating  
 that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury.

VER. 90. *or self, or soul*] *Self* is here used for *body* (in the  
 language of men of the world, who, at best, regard their *souls*  
 but as a kind of *second self*) and means the care of the health.

VER. 93. *A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:*] Our Author

Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum

" Purae sunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obftet."

Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor:

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:

Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:

Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.

\* I nunc, et versus *tecum* meditare canoros.

Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes,*

Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.

NOTES.

intended a joke under the ambiguity of this cant phrase, of *bearing him read*.

VER. 104. *Have you not seen, etc.*] The satirical pleasantry of this image, and the humourous manner of representing it, raises the imitation, in this place, far above the original.

VER. 113. *Would drink and doze, etc.*] This has not the delicacy, or elegant ambiguity of,

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there —  
 At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square —  
 Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on —  
 There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one. —

“ Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,  
 “ And raise his mind above the mob he meets.”

Not quite so well however as one ought; 100

A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought;

And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,

God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.

Have you not seen, at Guild-hall's narrow pass,

Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass? 105

And Peers give way, exalted as they are,

Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Car?

\* Go, lofty Poet! and in such a croud,  
 Sing thy sonorous verse — but not aloud.

Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run, 110

To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:

Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,

Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.

## NOTES.

*Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.*

where the intemperance of Poets is not the *obvious*, but the *secret* meaning. For Bacchus was the patron of the *Drama* as well as of the *Bottle*; and *sleep* was courted for *inspiration*, as well as to relieve a *debauch*.

*Ibid.* Tooting—*Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London. P.

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum ?

<sup>1</sup> Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas defumfit *Athenas*,

Et studiis annos *septem* dedit, infenuitque

Libris et curis, *statua taciturnius exit*

Plerumque, et risu populum quatit : hic ego rerum

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,

Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner ?

<sup>m</sup> Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor ; ut alter

Alterius sermone meros audiret honores :

Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.

NOTES.

VER. 124. *With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors ;*]  
The licence, luxury, and mutiny of an opulent city are not ill  
described.

VER. 131. *And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.]* It is the  
filly consolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom  
Nature has formed to excell, does it not by his superiour know-

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?  
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd  
 before?

<sup>1</sup> The Man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat, 116  
 To books and study gives sev'n years compleat,  
 See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,  
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun!  
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare:  
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,  
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air!  
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,  
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;  
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125  
 Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?

<sup>m</sup> The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,  
 Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;  
 With equal talents, these congenial souls  
 One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the  
 Rolls; 130

Each had a gravity would make you split,  
 And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.

NOTES.

ledge, but his wit; and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *out-witted*.—The miserable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade, Mr. de Voltaire has well exposed, where he says, speaking of a great *French Lawyer*, “ Il faisoit ressouvenir la France de ces tems, où les plus

Quî minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas ?

¶ *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos* ; mirabile visu,

Caelatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-  
spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem*.

Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et *procul* audi,

Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Caedimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius ; ille meo quis ?

Quis, nisi Callimachus ? si plus adposcere visus ;

Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.

NOTES.

“ austères Magistrats consommez comme lui dans l'étude des  
“ Loix, se delassoient des fatigues de leur état, dans les travaux  
“ de la littérature. Que ceux qui méprisent ces travaux aimables ;  
“ que ceux qui mettent je ne sai quelle miserable grandeur  
“ à se renfermer dans le cercle étroit de leurs emplois, sont à  
“ plaindre ! ignorent-ils que Cicéron, après avoir rempli la première  
“ place du monde, plaidoit encore les causes des Citoyens, écrivoit sur  
“ la nature des Dieux, conféroit avec des Philosophes ; qu'il alloit au  
“ Théâtre ; qu'il daignoit cultiver l'ami-

“ ’Twas, Sir, your law” --and “ Sir, your eloquence”  
 “ Yours, Cowper’s manner—and yours, Talbot’s  
 “ sense.

“ Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 155  
 Yours Milton’s genius, and mine Homer’s spirit.  
 Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he’ll swear the Nine,  
 Dear Cibber ! never match’d one Ode of thine.  
 Lord ! how we strut thro’ Merlin’s Cave, to see  
 No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140  
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease  
 Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we  
 please.

“ My dear Tibullus !” if that will not do,  
 “ Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :  
 “ Or, I’m content, allow me Dryden’s strains, 145  
 “ And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.”  
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace  
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhiming race ;

NOTES.

“ tié d’Elopus et de Roscius, et *laissoit aux petits esprits, leur  
 “ constante gravité, qui n’est que la masque de la mediocrité ?*

VER. 139. *Merlin’s Cave,*] In the Royal Gardens at Rich-  
 mond. By this it should seem as if the collection of poetry, in  
 that place, was not to our Author’s taste.

VER. 140. *But Stephen*] Mr. *Stephen Duck*, a modest and  
 worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought  
 themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by  
 Mr. Pope.



Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,  
 Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto :  
 Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,  
 Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.

° Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum  
 Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,  
 Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.  
 At qui *legitimum* cupiet fecisse poema,  
 Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti :  
 Audebit quaecunque parem splendoris habebunt,  
 Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,  
 Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,  
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae :  
 P *Obscurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque

## NOTES.

VER. 159. *not a word they spare, That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,]* Force and light respect *figurative expression*; and signify, that it be such as strikes the imagination, and be taken from obvious subjects; for without the first quality it will want *force*; without the other, *light*.

*Weight and care* respect *literal expression*, the first marking out the character of the verb; the other of the noun; and signify, that, in every proposition, the *attribute* should be important, and the *subject* precise.

VER. 164. *In downright charity revive the dead;]* This is very happily expressed, and means, that it is the Poet's office to re-

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite  
 To court applause by printing what I write: 150  
 But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,  
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

° In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind reject,  
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;  
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,  
 Each prais'd within, is happy all day long, 156  
 But how severely with themselves proceed  
 The men, who write such Verse as we can read?  
 Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare  
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,  
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place, 161  
 Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:  
 Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,  
 ¶ In downright charity revive the dead;

## NOTES.

lieve the poverty of the present language with the useless stores  
 of the past; not out of *charity* to the *dead* but to the living.  
 "The riches of a language (says a very fine writer and most  
 "judicious critic) are actually increased by retaining its old  
 "words; and besides they have often a greater real weight and  
 "dignity than those of a more fashionable cast, which succeed  
 "to them. This needs no proof to such as are versed in the  
 "earlier writings of any language." And again, "From these  
 "testimonies we learn, the extreme value which these great  
 "masters of composition set upon their old writers; and as the  
 "reason of the thing justifies their opinions, we may further see

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,

Quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,

Nunc fitus informis premit et deserta vetustas :

Adsciscet *nova*, quae genitor produxerit usus :

*Vehemens et liquidus*, puroque simillimus amni,

*Fundet* opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua :

Luxuriantia compescet : nimis aspera sano

Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet :

NOTES.

“ the important use of some late attempts to restore a better  
 “ knowledge of our own. Which I observe with pleasure, as  
 “ the growing prevalency of a different humour, first caught,  
 “ as it should seem, from our commerce with the French mo-  
 “ dels, and countenanced by the too scrupulous delicacy of some  
 “ good writers amongst ourselves, had gone far towards unnerv-  
 “ ing the noblest modern language, and effeminating the pub-  
 “ lic taste. This was not a little forwarded by what gene-  
 “ rally makes its appearance at the same time, a kind of femi-  
 “ nine curiosity in the choice of words; cautiously avoiding and  
 “ reprobating all such (which were not seldom the most expres-  
 “ sive) as had been prophaned by a too vulgar use, or had suf-  
 “ fered the touch of some other accidental taint. This ran us  
 “ into periphrasis and general expression; the peculiar bane of  
 “ every polished language.” *Eng. Commentary and Notes on the  
 Ars poetica of Horace*, p. 43, 44.

VER. 167. *Command old words, that long have slept, to wake*  
 The imagery is here very sublime. It turns the Poet to a Ma-  
 gician evoking the dead from their sepulchres,

Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165  
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;  
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,  
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh spake;  
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,  
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170  
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,  
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,  
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;  
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,  
 But show no mercy to an empty line: 175

## NOTES.

*Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.*

Horace has not the same force,

*Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum.*

VER. 170. *For Use will father what's begot by Sense*] A very fine and happy improvement on the *expression*, if not on the *thought*, of his original.

VER. 174. *Prune the luxuriant, etc.*] Our Poet, at about fifteen, got acquainted with *Walsh*, whose candor and judgment he has celebrated in his *Essay on Criticism*. Walsh encouraged him much, and used to tell him, there was one road still open for distinction, in which he might excell the rest of his countrymen, and that was by *correctness*, in which the English poets had been remarkably deficient. For tho' we have had several great *Genius's*, yet not one of them knew how to *prune his luxuriances*. This therefore, as he had talents that seem capable of things worthy improving, should be his principal study. Our young Author followed his advice, till habit made correcting the most agreeable, as well as useful, of all his poetical exercises. And the delight he took in it produced the effect he speaks of in the following lines,

\* Q

*Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur, ut qui*

*Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.*

## NOTES.

*Then polish all with so much life and ease,  
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please.*

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect from correction; and it has been observed oftener to produce a heavy stiffness, which by another image the ancients called *smelling of the lamp*. And without doubt this will, most an end, be the consequence, when it is discharged with pain, and merely, as a task. But when it becomes an exercise of pleasure, the judgment will lie no harder on the fancy than to direct its fallies; which will preserve the *spirit*; and the fancy will so lighten the judgment as to produce *ease*.

VER. 175. *But show no mercy to an empty line*;] To such, our Poet was always inexorable. Unless it was once, when in the full blaze of his glory, he chose to sacrifice to envy, in that devoted and execrable line, in one of the best translated books of the *Odyssy*,

“ Close to the Cliff with both his hands he clung,  
“ *And stuck adherent, and suspended hung.*

The small critics could never have supported themselves without the consolation of such a verse; to which indeed ever since the whole tribe of Scriblers

*with both their hands have clung,  
And stuck adherent, and suspended hung.*

But there is a set of still lower Creatures than these, at the tail of which is one EDWARDS, who can make shift to subsist even on a Printer's blunder. The late Editor of Shakespear gave order to the corrector of the press, that all Mr. Pope's notes should be printed in their places. In one of these there was mention made, as they say, of some Italian novels (I forget whose) in which *Dec.* and *Nov.* were printed thus contractedly. But the printers of the late edition lengthen'd them into *December* and *November*, and, in this condition, they are charged upon the Editor by this *Edwards*. Now, was the man such a Dunce to make his criticism with good faith, he is much to be pitied; was he

Then polish all, with so much life and ease,  
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:  
 " But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance;  
 " As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

## NOTES.

such a Knave to make it without, he is much more to be pitied.

VER. 176. *Then polish all, etc.*] A celebrated French writer says—"L'art d'être eloquent en vers est de tous les arts le plus difficile, et le plus rare. On trouvera mille Genies qui sçauront aranger un Ouvrage, et le versifier d'une maniere com- mune; mais le traiter en vrai Poete c'est un Talent qui est donné à trois ou quatre hommes sur la Terre.

VER. 177. *You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:*] The reason is because we are wont to give to nature every thing that is plain, easy, and simple; without reflecting, that that artificial ordonance of words and expression, from whence this ease arises, is the effect of much study and application. It is true, that study is commonly observed to destroy this very ease, which, we say, arises from it. It may, and will do so in a common writer; but never, in a Genius. The precisely right expression is but *one*, while the meaning required may be tolerably conveyed in one *hundred*. But in such a croud, the search requires labour; and when you have hit upon the right, unless you have *taste* as well as judgment, you will never know, for certain, that it is the very thing you seek; so you go on till you be tired; and then the first that offers is received. Whereas a genius seizes it as soon as found, and never suffers the change to be put upon him by its counterfeit.

VER. 178. *But ease in writing, etc.*] That species of writers, which our Poet elsewhere calls

*The mob of Gentlemen who wrote with ease,*  
 understood this quality of a poem to belong only to such as (a certain wit says) were *easily written*; whereas he supposes it to be the last and most difficultly-attained perfection of a laboured work. But the *Gentleman-writing*, laughed at in the line above, and its opposite, which he somewhere calls *prose run mad*, are

9 Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,  
 Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,  
 Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argus,  
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,  
 In vacuo laetus sessor plausorque *theatro*:  
 Caetera qui vitae servaret munia recto  
 More; bonus sane vicinus, *amabilis* hospes,  
*Comis* in uxorem; *posset* qui ignoscere servis,  
 Et signo laeso *non insanire* lagenae:  
*Posset* qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.

## NOTES.

the two extremes of that perfect work, the idea of which he has here so well described from his own practice. As *ease* was the mode of the last age, which took *Suckling* for its patern; so an affected imitation of *Milton* has introduced a pompous hardness into the writings of the present. Which last Character *Quintilian* describes very justly, and accounts well for its success,—  
 “Evenit nonnunquam ut aliquid grande inveniat, qui semper  
 “quaerit quod nimium est; verum et raro evenit, et caetera vitia non pensat.” I remember once, on reading a poem of this kind with Mr. Pope, where the Poet was always on the strain, and labouring for expression, he said pleasantly: *This is a strange man: he seems to think with the Apothecaries, that Album grecum is better than an ordinary stool.* He himself was never pompous; and if ever he inclined to hardness, it was not from attempting to say a common thing with magnificence, but from saying a great deal in a little room.

VER. 184. *There liv'd* in primo Georgii, etc.] The imitation of this story of the *Madman* is as much superior to his original, in the fine and easy manner of telling, as that of *Lucul-*

¶ If such the plague and pains to write by rule,  
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool; 181  
 Call, if you will, bad rhiming a disease,  
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.  
 There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)  
 A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord; 185  
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,  
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:  
 In all but this, a man of sober life,  
 Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;  
 Not quite a mad-man, tho' a pasty fell, 190  
 And much too wise to walk into a well.

## N O T E S.

lus's Soldier comes short of it. It is true the turn Horace's madman took, agrees better with the subject of his Epistle, which is *Poetry*; and doubtless there were other beauties in it, which time has deprived us of. For it is in poetry as in painting, the most delicate touches go *first*; and, what is worse, they agree in this too, that they are *last* observed. So that, what between time and ill taste, the greatest beauties are the shortest lived. But we need not wonder that ancient satirists should feel the effects of this fatal union, when those noble ones of so modern a date as Rabelais and Cervantes are so little understood. One of the finest strokes in the latter is in the plan of this famous Romance, which makes a Spanish Gentleman of fifty run mad with reading books of Chivalry. But we see little of its beauty, because we do not know that a disordered understanding is a common malady amongst Spanish Gentlemen in the decline of life. A fact which Thuanus occasionally informs us of, "Men-  
 doza étoit un fort habile homme, il avoit été employé, en de  
 grandes Ambassades—sur la fin de ses jours il devint furieux,  
 comme d'ordinaire les Espagnols." *Thuanus.*



Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque relictus,

Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,

Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,

Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

<sup>r</sup> Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempestivum *pueris* concedere ludum;

<sup>s</sup> Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,

Sed *verae numerosque modosque* ediscere *vitae*.

Quocirca *mecum* loquor haec, tacitusque recordor:

<sup>t</sup> Si tibi nulla fitim finiret copia lymphae,

Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,

Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,  
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they  
 cur'd:

Whereat the gentleman began to stare —  
 My Friends? he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!  
 That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,  
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

† Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate:  
 Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.

There is a time when Poets will grow dull: 200

I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:

To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,

I learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,

And keep the equal measure of the Soul. 205

‡ Soon as I enter at my country door,  
 My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;

Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,

Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot.

There all alone, and compliments apart, 210

I ask these sober questions of my heart.

† If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,  
 You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,

Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier' audes ?

<sup>v</sup> Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba  
 Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba  
 Proficiente nihil curarier : audieras, cui  
 Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam  
 Stultitiam ; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo  
 Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îsdem ?

    At si divitiae prudentem reddere possent,  
 Si cupidum timidumque minus te ; nempe ruberes,  
 Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

<sup>w</sup> Si *proprium* est, quod quis libra mercatus et  
 aere est,

Quaedam (si credis *consultis*) mancipat *usus* :  
 Qui te pascit ager, tuus est ; et villicus Orbî,  
 Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,  
 Te dominum sentit.

NOTES.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels, etc.*] This illustration is much happier than *that* employed in his original ; as by raising pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illustrate.

The more you want, why not with equal ease  
 Confess as well your Folly, as Disease? 215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,  
 "Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,  
 You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:  
 When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place  
 Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace, 221  
 Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,  
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?  
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,  
 You go to church to hear these Flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,  
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,  
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,  
 If D\*\*\* lov'd sixpence, more than he.

If there be truth in Law, and Use can give  
 A Property, that's yours on which you live. 231  
 Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford  
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:

NOTES.

- VER. 220. *When servile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Ken—t.  
 VER. 229. *lov'd sixpence,*] Avarice, and the contempt of it,  
 is well expressed in these words.  
 VER. 232. *delightful Abs-court*] A farm over-against Hamp-  
 ton-Court.

\* das nummos; accipis uvam,  
 Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo isto  
 Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,  
 Aut etiam supra nummorum millibus emtum.  
 Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim*?

† Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,  
 Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis  
 Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.  
 Sed *vocat* usque suum, qua populus adfita certis  
 Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam  
 † Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,  
 Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte su-  
 prema,

Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, et haeres  
 Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:

NOTES.

VER. 248. *hang in Fortune's pow'r, Loose on the point of  
 ev'ry wav'ring hour*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here

All <sup>x</sup> Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,  
His Ven'son too, a guinea makes your own: 235  
He bought at thousands, what with better wit  
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;  
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?  
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

<sup>y</sup> Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,  
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen, 241  
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,  
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.  
Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own  
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.  
The Laws of God, as well as of the land, 246  
Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand:  
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r  
<sup>z</sup> Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,  
Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250  
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.  
*Man?* and *for ever?* wretch! what wou'dst thou  
have?  
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.

NOTES.

supplied the Imitator with expression much superior to his Original.

Quid *vici* profunt, aut *horrea*? quidve Calabris

Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

<sup>a</sup> Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla, tabellas,

Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

<sup>b</sup> Cur alter fratrum *cessare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*

Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter

*Dives* et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu

Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:

NOTES.

VER. 273. *All Townshend's Turnips*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused himself in Huf-

All vast possessions (just the same the case  
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace) 255  
 Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?  
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,  
 Let rising Granaries and Temples here,  
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,  
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260  
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!  
 Inexorable Death shall level all,  
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

<sup>a</sup> Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,  
 Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,  
 There are who have not--and thank heav'n there are,  
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

<sup>b</sup> Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll  
 find,  
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.  
 Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270  
 Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;  
 The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,  
 All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grovenor's mines:

## NOTES.

bandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.



Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum :

NATURAE DEUS HUMANAЕ, mortalis in unum-

Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

° Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo

Tollam : nec metuum, quid de me judicet *haeres*,

Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem

Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti

Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.

Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sum-  
tum

Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores ;

Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,

N O T E S.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia.

VER. 280. *That God of Nature, etc.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illustrating his own Philosophy ; and thereby giving a much better sense to his Original ; and correcting both the

Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,  
 Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ; 275  
 One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,  
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole :  
 Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,  
 Who forms the Genius in the natal hour ;  
 That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280  
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will ;  
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,  
 Each individual : His great End the same.

° Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,  
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285  
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace  
 A man so poor would live without a place :  
 But sure no statute in his favour says,  
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :  
 I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290  
 Divided between carelesness and care.

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store ;  
 Another, not to heed to treasure more ;

NOTES.

*naturalism* and the *fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in these words,

*Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,*

NATURAE DEUS HUMANAÆ.

VER. 288. *But sure no statute*] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succession of Papists, etc.

*Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.*

† Pauperies immunda procul procul absit: ego, utrum

Nave ferar *magna* an *parva*; ferar *unus et idem*.

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo:

Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus Austris.

Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

‡ Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam simul isto

Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani

Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, fagas,

Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theffala rides?

NOTES.

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is observable with what sobriety he has corrected the licentiousness of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that supersti-

Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,  
 And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away. 295

‘ What is’t to me (a passenger God wot)  
 Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?  
 The Ship itself may make a better figure,  
 But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.  
 I neither strut with ev’ry fav’ring breath, 300  
 Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.

In pow’r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac’d  
 Behind the foremost, and before the last.

§ “ But why all this of Av’rice? I have none.”  
 I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone; 305  
 But does no other lord it at this hour,  
 As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow’r?  
 Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?  
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?  
 With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,  
 Despise the known, nor tremble at th’ unknown?  
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,  
 In spight of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?  
 Pleas’d to look forward, pleas’d to look behind,  
 And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?

NOTES.

tion, he would explode; whereas his Imitator is only for removing the false terrors from the world of spirits, such as the *diablerie* of witchcraft and purgatory.

Natales grate numeras ? ignoscis amicis ?

Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta ?

Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una ?

<sup>h</sup> Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.

Lufisti fatis, edisti fatis, atque bibisti:

Tempus abire tibi est : ne potum largius aequo

Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

Ep. II. OF HORACE. 243

Has life no fourness, drawn so near its end? 316

Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?

Has age but melted the rough parts away,

As winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?

Or will you think, my friend, your business done,

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

<sup>h</sup> Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;  
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your  
fill:

Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age 324

Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,

Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

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