



## **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**

The Second Book of the Satires of Horace, Sat. II.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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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)

## NOTES.

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  
nafus

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,

## NOTES.

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 *ꝛ 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>ꝛ</sup> *pensilis uva* secundas

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

Post hoc ludus erat <sup>ꝛ</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>ꝛ</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;

N O T E S.

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



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

Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;

Illum aut <sup>e</sup> nequities aut <sup>f</sup> *vafri 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 HORACON

And Henry, once great Buckingham's delight,  
Slides to a solitary rocky Knave;  
For hands and heels have what I order they will  
Let us be fix'd, and our own matters fill.

THE  
FIRST EPISTLE

FIRST BOOK  
OF  
HORACE