



## **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 Epistles of Horace, Ep. II.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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THE  
SECOND EPISTLE  
OF THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. Hor.

## EPISTOLA II.

**F**LORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,  
<sup>b</sup> Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum

Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: " Hic et

" Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

" Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;

" Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;

" Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti

" 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 besti*  
*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.

<sup>f</sup> 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 rhyme?  
 If ev'ry wheel of that unwear'd Mill  
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still.

<sup>h</sup> But after all, what wou'd you have me do? 80  
 When out of twenty I can please not two;  
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,  
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?  
 One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg; 85  
 Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,  
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.

<sup>i</sup> But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,  
 Again to rhyme; can London be the place?  
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90  
 In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and  
 friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:  
 A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:

## NOTES.

VER. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated Gluttons.—  
 This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as intimating  
 that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury.

VER. 90. *or self, or soul*] *Self* is here used for *body* (in the  
 language of men of the world, who, at best, regard their *souls*  
 but as a kind of *second self*) and means the care of the health.

VER. 93. *A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:*] Our Author

Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum

" 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 useles 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 compefcet : nimis aspera fano

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, ta-  
bellas,

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 metuam, 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.

Lusisti 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 founness, 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

IN WHICH IS CONTAINED

THE SEVERAL PARLIAMENTS

AND THE SEVERAL ACTS OF PARLIAMENTS

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