



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 of Dr. John Donne Sean of St. Paul's, versified.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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T H E
S A T I R E S

O F

Dr. J O H N D O N N E,
Dean of S T. P A U L's,

V E R S I F I E D.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Verficulos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? H O R.

SATINETS
S. T. R. S.

DR. JOHN DONNE

DR. OF ST. PAULS

VERIFIED

THE
OF
OF

T H E

SATIRES of Dr. DONNE.

THE *manly Wit* of Donne, which was the Character of his genius, suited best with *Satire*; and in this he excelled, tho' he wrote but little; six short poems being all we find amongst his writings of this sort. Mr. Pope has embellished two of them with his wit and harmony. He called it *versifying* them, because indeed the lines have nothing more of numbers than their being composed of a certain quantity of syllables. This is the more to be admired, because, as appears by his other poems, and especially from that fine one called the *Progress of the Soul*, his Verse did not want harmony. But, I suppose, he took the *sermoni propiora* of Horace too seriously, and so would imitate it literally, or rather was content with the character his master gave of Lucilius,

Emundæ naris durus componere versus.

Having spoken of his *Progress of the Soul*, let me add, that Poetry never lost more than by his not pursuing and finishing that noble Design; of which he has only given us the Introduction. With regard to his Satires, it is almost as much to be lamented that Mr. Pope did not give us a Paraphrase, in his manner, of the *Third*, the noblest Work not only of This, but perhaps of any satiric Poet. To supply this loss in some small degree, I have here inserted it, in the versification of Dr. Parnell. It will at least serve to shew the force of Dr. Donne's genius, and of Mr. Pope's; by removing all that was rustic and shocking in the former, and not being able to reach one single grace of the other.

Compassion checks my spleen, yet Scorn denies
 The tears a passage thro' my swelling eyes;
 To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show
 Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways,
 If ever Satire cur'd an old disease.

5

* R 4

Is not *Religion* (Heav'n-descended dame)
 As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
 As Moral Virtue in her early sway,
 When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day? 10
 Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
 As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,
 As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
 As all rewards their virtue found below?
 Alas! Religion proper means prepares, 15
 These means are ours, and must its *End* be theirs?
 And shall thy Father's spirit meet the fight
 Of Heathen Sages cloath'd in heav'nly light,
 Whose Merit of strict life, severely suited
 To Reason's dictates, may be *faith* imputed? 20
 Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
 Art ever banish'd from the blest'd abode.

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,
 This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire, 25
 Thy *Maker's* Vengeance, and thy *Monarch's* Ire?
 Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
 Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea?
 In search of *pearl*, in depth of ocean breathe,
 Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath? 30
 Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,
 Attempt a passage by the Northern pole?
 Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of *Spain*,
 Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?

Or for some *Idol* of thy *Fancy* draw, 35
 Some loose-gown'd dame; O courage made of straw!
 Thus, desp'rate Coward! would'st thou bold appear,
 Yet when thy God has plac'd thee Centry here,
 To thy own foes, to *his*, ignobly yield,
 And leave, for wars forbid, the appointed field? 40

Know thy own foes; th' *Apostate Angel*, he
 You strive to please, the foremost of the Three;
 He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
 But can *he* give for *Love*, that acts in *Hate*?
 The *World's* thy second Love, thy second Foe, 45
 The *World*, whose beauties perish as they blow,
 They fly, she fades herself, and at the best
 You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast.
 The *Flesh* is next, which in fruition wastes,
 High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes, 50
 While men the fair, the goodly *Soul* destroy,
 From whence the *flesh* has pow'r to taste a joy.

Seek thou Religion, primitively found —
 Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?

By Faith *Implicite* blind *Ignaro* led, 55
 Thinks the bright Seraph from *his* Country fled,
 And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know
 She there was seen a thousand years ago;
 And loves her Relick rags, as men obey
 The *foot-cloth* where the Prince sat yesterday. 60

These pageant Forms are whining *Obed's* scorn,
 Who seeks Religion at *Geneva* born,

A fullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd,
 Tho' young, unhandsome; tho' unhandsome, proud:
 Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge 65
 All girls unhealthy but the Country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy *Cæpio* roam,
 The man contented takes his Church at home;
 Nay should some Preachers, servile bawds of gain,
 Should some new Laws, which like new-fashions reign,
 Command his faith to count *Salvation* ty'd 71
 To visit *his*, and visit *none* beside,

He grants Salvation centers in his own,
 And grants it centers but in his *alone*:
 From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame, 75
 And *they* confer his *Faith*, who give his *Name*:
 So from the Guardian's hands, the Wards who live
 Enthrall'd to Guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless *Airy* flies,
 For, *all* professions can't be good, he cries, 80
 And here a fault, and there another views,
 And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse:
 So men, who know what *some* loose girls have done,
 For fear of marrying *such*, will marry *none*.

The Charms of *all*, obsequious *Courtly* strike; 85
 On each he doats, on each attends alike;
 And thinks, as diff'rent countries deck the dame,
 The dresses altering, and the sex the same;
 So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,
 But 'tis Religion still, where'er we go: 90

This blindness springs from an excess of light,
 And men embrace the *wrong* to chuse the *right*.

But *thou* of force must *one* Religion own,
 And only *one*, and that the *Right* alone.

To find that *Right one*, ask thy Rev'rend Sire; 95
 Let him of his, and him of *his* enquire;

Tho' *Truth* and *Falshood* seem as twins ally'd,
 There's Eldership on *Truth's* delightful side,
Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest *First*
 Is not of *No* Religion, nor the *worst*. 100

T'*adore*, or *scorn* an Image, or *protest*,
 May *all* be bad: doubt wisely for the best;
 'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;
 It is not wand'ring, to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the Basis wide, 105
 Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
 Sits sacred *Truth* enthron'd; and he, who means
 To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,
 Winds round and round, and every turn essays
 Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways. 110

Yet labour so, that, e're faint age arrive,
 Thy searching soul possess her Rest alive;
 To work by twilight were to work too late,
 And *Age* is twilight to the night of *fate*.

To *will* alone, is but to mean delay; 115
 To work at *present* is the use of day:
 For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
 High *Thoughts* the *Soul*, hard *deeds* the *body* strain:

And *Myſt'ries* ask believing, which to View
Like the fair *Sun*, are plain, but dazzling too. 120

Be *Truth*, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,
Not *Kings* have pow'r to tear it from thy breaſt,
By no blank Charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they *Vicars*, but the *bands* of Fate.

Ah! fool and wretch, who let'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd 125
To *human* Laws! Or muſt it ſo be try'd?

Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,
When Judgment ſits, and Juſtice asks thy plea,
That *Philip* that, or *Greg'ry* taught thee this,
Or *John* or *Martin*? *All* may teach amiſs: 130

For, every contrary in each extream
This hold alike, and each may plead the ſame.

Would'ſt thou to *Pow'r* a proper duty ſhew?
'Tis thy firſt taſk the bounds of pow'r to know;
The *bounds* once paſt, it holds the name no more, 135
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were ſubmiſſion humbleneſs expreſt,
But all a low *Idolatry* at beſt.

Pow'r, from above ſubordinately ſpread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head; 140
There, calm and pure the living waters flow,
But roar a Torrent or a Flood *below*;
Each flow'r, ordain'd the Margins to adorn,
Each native Beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on Deſerts, Rocks, and Sands, or toſt 145
All the long travel, and in Ocean loſt:

So fares the foul, which more that Pow'r reveres
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

This noble Similitude, with which the Satire concludes, Dr. Parnell did not seem to understand, and so was not able to express, in its original force. Dr. Donne says,

“ As streams are, power is, those blest flowers that dwell
“ At the rough streams calm head, thrive, and do well;
“ But having left their roots, and themselves given
“ To the streams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
“ Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
“ Consum'd in going, in the Sea are lost.
“ So perish Souls, etc.

Dr. Donne compares *Power* or Authority to Streams; and *Souls* to Flowers; but not being so explicite in the latter, Dr. Parnell overlooked that part of the Simile, and so has hurt the whole thought, by making the Flowers *passive*; whereas the Original says *they leave their roots, and give themselves to the stream*: that is, wilfully prefer human Authority to divine; and this makes them the object of his Satire; which they would not have been, were they irresistibly carried away, as the Imitation supposes.

S A T I R E II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best,
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
 Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As, I think, that brings *dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
 Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
 As in some Organs, Puppits dance above
 And bellows pant bellow, which them do move.

S A T I R E II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors; 5
As who knows Sapho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows
how,

But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10
Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One would move love by rythmes ; but witchcraft's
charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;
Rams, and slings now are filly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
As his own things ; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known,
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
. to out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t'out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;

NOTES.

VER. 38. *Irishmen outswear*] The Original says,
outswear the Letanie.
improved by the Imitator to a just stroke of Satire. Dr. Donne's
is a low allusion to a licentious quibble used, at that time, by the

One sings the Fair ; but songs no longer move ;
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love :
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat. 26

Those write because all write, and so have still
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet
 Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30

'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more :
 Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same ;
 For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs, 35
 Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
 Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
 Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;
 Wicked as Pages, who in early years
 Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears. 40
 Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;

NOTES.

Enemies of the English Liturgy, who disliking the frequent invocations in the *Letanie*, called them the *taking God's Name in vain*, which is the Scripture periphrasis for *swearing*.

Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandments large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of *Cofcus*, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,
Than are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs wherefoe'er he goes
His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench,**

Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear:
More, more than ten Slavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.

NOTES.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*]
The Original is more humourous,

In what Commandments large receipt they dwell.
As if the *Ten Commandments* were so wide, as to stand ready to

Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
 In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impudence :

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
 And brings all natural events to pass,
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50

No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too;
 Pierce the soft labyrinth of a Lady's ear 55

With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
 Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold
 More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

NOTES.

receive every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature* or the *Gospel commands*. A just ridicule on those *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious Duties within them. Whereas their true original sense

Then fick with Poetry, and poffest with Mufe
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd ; but men which chuse
 Law practice for meer gain ; bold soul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute^a.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
 His hand still at a bill ; now he must talk
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite — or like a King.

NOTES.

is much more confined, being a short summary of duty fitted for a single People, upon a particular occasion, and to serve transitory ends.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas—*] The Original has here an exceeding fine stroke of satire,

Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.

The frauds with which that work, so necessary for the welfare of the state, was begun; the rapine with which it was carried on; and the dissoluteness in which the plunder arising from it was wasted, had scandalized all sober men; and disposed the best Protestants to wish, that some part of that immense wealth, arising from the suppression of the Monasteries, had been reserved

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain :
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If PETER deigns to help you to your *own*:
 What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies,
 And what a solemn face if he denies !
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only Suretiship that brought 'em there. 70
 His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire ;
 For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust ;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause, 75
 And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,
 Like a King's Favourite — or like a King.

NOTES.

for Charity, Hospitality, and even for the public service of Religion.

^a He speaks here of those illiberal Advocates who frequent the Bar for mere gain, without any purpose of promoting or advancing civil justice ; the consequence of which, he tells us, is a *slavish* attendance, together with the *degradation* of their parts and abilities. So that when they undertake to excuse the bad conduct of their client, they talk as idly, and are heard with the same contempt, as debtors, whose common cant is, that they were undone by *Suretiship*. The Imitator did not seem to take the fineness of the satire, or he would not have neglected an abuse of this importance, to fall upon such *poultry things as Peter*, and those whom he considered and so used as his *patrimony*.

Like a wedge in a block ^b, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
 And spying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.

NOTES.

^b His comparing Advocates enforcing the Law to the Bench, to a *wedge in a block*, our Author justly thought too licentious to be imitated.

These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns, 80
 Nor more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till, like the Sea, they compass all the land, 84
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand:
 And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,
 Or City-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that, 90
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
 Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are; 95
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.

These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length, (as in those first dayes
 When *Luther* was profest, he did desire
 Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his Beads; but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause)
 But when he fells or changes land, h'impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses beires*,
 As flily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 doubt.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd
 heretofore

Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.

NOTES.

VER. 104. *So Luther etc.*] Our Poet, by judiciously transposing this fine similitude, has given new lustre to his Author's thought. The Lawyer (says Dr. Donne) enlarges the legal instruments for conveying property to the bigness of *gloss'd civil Laws*, when it is to secure his own ill-got wealth. But let the same Lawyer convey property for you, and he then omits even the necessary words; and becomes as concise and hasty as the loose postils of a modern Divine. *So Luther* while a Monk, and, by his Institution, obliged to say Mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his *Pater-noster* too long. But when he set up for a Governor in the Church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new Model; he then lengthened the *Pater-noster* by a new clause. This

But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires* :
 No Commentator can more flily pass 100
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place ;
 Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the
 doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even song ; 105
 But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *Pow'r and Glory* clause.

The lands are bought ; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground ?
 We see no new-built palaces aspire, 110
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.

N O T E S.

representation of the first part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion ; as the other, where he tells us, that the *addition* was the *power and glory clause*, was to satirize his ambition ; and both together to insinuate that, from a Monk, he was become totally *secularized*. — About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a strong propensity to Popery, which appears from several strokes in these satires. We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare books*, one article of which is intitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominice*, which shews he was fond of the joke. As his putting Erasmus and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa shews what were then his sentiments of Reformation. I will only observe, that this Catalogue was written in imitation of Rabelais's

Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
 Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jawes.

NOTES.

famous *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor*. It is one of the finest strokes in that extravagant satire (which was then the *Manual of the Wits*) and so became the subject of much imitation; the best of which are this of Dr. Donne's and one of Sir Thomas Brown's.

VER. 120. *These as good works, etc.*] Dr. Donne says,
But (oh) we allow

Good works as good, but out of fashion now.
 The popish Doctrine of *good works* was one of those abuses of

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door ?

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hetacombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals ;

And all mankind might that just Mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.

These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow ; 120

But oh ! these works are not in fashion now :

Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence ;

Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense, 125

Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw

Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

N O T E S.

Religion which the Church of England condemns in its Articles. To this the Poet's words satirically allude. And having throughout this satire had several flings at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then very dangerous, to accuse, he had reason to bespeak the Reader's candor, in the concluding words,

But my words none draws

Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

VER. 127. *Treason, or the Law.*] By the *Law* is here meant the *Lawyers*.



S A T I R E IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.
 My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
 Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
 I had no fuit there, nor new fuit to show,
 Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Well, if it be etc.]* Donne says,
Well; I may now receive and die.

which is very indecent language on so ludicrous an occasion.

VER. 3. *I die in charity with fool and knave,]* We verily think he did. But of the immediate cause of his departure hence there is some small difference between his Friends and Enemies. His family suggests that a general decay of nature, which had been long coming on, ended with a Dropsy in the breast, enough to have killed Hercules. The *Gentlemen of the Dunciad* maintain, that he fell by the keen pen of our redoubtable Laureat. We ourselves should be inclined to this latter opinion, for the sake of ornamenting his story; for it would be a fine thing for his Historian to be able to say, that he died, like his immortal namesake, *Alexander the Great*, by a drug of so deadly cold a nature, that,

To Mafs in jest, catch'd, was fain to difburfe
 Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curfe,
 Before he fcap'd ; fo it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my fin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, luftfull, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witlefs, and as falfe, as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I fuffer'd this ; towards me did run
 A thing more ftrange, than on Nile's flime the Sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came :
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name :
 Stranger than feven Antiquaries ftudies,
 Than Africk Monfters, Guianaes rarities,
 Stranger than ftangers^a : one who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes Maffacre had fure been flain,
 If he had liv'd then ; and without help dies,
 When next the Prentices 'gainft ftangers rife ;
 One whom the watch at noon lets fcarce go by ;
 One, to whom the examining Juftice fure would cry,
 Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are ?

His cloaths were ftrange, tho' coarfe, and black,
 though bare,

NOTES.

^a This is ill expreffed, for it only means, he would be more
 ftared at than Strangers are.

Sat. IV. V E R S I F I E D. 271

But, as the Fool that in reforming days 15
Wou'd go to Mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way! }
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark :
A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign. 31
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night, wou'd swear him dropt out of the Moon.
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
And the wise Justice starting from his chair
Cry, By your Priesthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight : Th' apparel on his back
Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all
 tongues,
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
 Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
 But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
 Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
 How have I finn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,

The fuit, if by the fashion one might guefs, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Bess*,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
 So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
 Our fons fhall fee it leifurely decay,
 Firft turn plain rafh, then vanifh quite away. 45

This thing has travel'd, fpeaks each language too,
 And knows what's fit for every ftate to do;
 Of whose beft phrafe and courtly accent join'd,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear; *Motteux* I knew,
Henley himfelf I've heard, and *Budgel* too.
 The Doctor's *Wormwood* ftyle, the *Hash* of tongues
 A *Pedant* makes, the ftorm of *Gonfon's* lungs,
 The whole *Artill'ry* of the terms of War,
 And (all thofe plague in one) the bawling *Bar*: 55
 Thefe I cou'd bear; but not a rogue fo civil,
 Whofe tongue will compliment you to the devil.
 A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel fcores,
 Make Scots fpeak treason, cozen subtleft whores,
 With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
 And *Oldmixon* and *Burnet* both out-lie.

He fpies me out, I whifper, Gracious God!
 What fin of mine could merit fuch a rod?
 That all the fhots of dulnefs now muft be
 From this thy blunderbufs difcharg'd on me! 65

This fellow, chuseth me ! He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
 For the best Linguist ? and I feelily
 Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir ? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two academies I nam'd : here
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were
 Good pretty Linguists ; so Panurgus was,
 Yet a poor Gentleman ; all these may pass
 By travail. Then, as if he would have fold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been Interpreter
 To Babels Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.
 He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,

NOTES.

VER. 73. *a period of a mile.*] *A stadium of Euripides* was a standing joke amongst the Greeks. By the same kind of pleasantry, Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long* ; which, because the humour, as well as the measure of the expression was excessive, all his translators have judiciously agreed to omit.

Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
 To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name.
 What *Speech* esteem you most? "The *King's*, said I."
 But the best *words*?—"O Sir, the *Dictionary*."
 You miss my aim; I mean the most acute 70
 And perfect *Speaker*?—"Onflow, past dispute."
 But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for closer style,
 "But Ho**y for a period of a mile."

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75
 Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:
 Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
 Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus others talents having nicely shown, 80
 He came by sure transition to his own:
 Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
 Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
 For had they found a linguist half so good,
 I make no question but the Tow'r had stood.

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Yet these were all poor Gentlemen!*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his original. Donne makes his thread-bare Traveller content himself under his poverty with the reflection that Panurge himself, the great Traveller and Linguist in Rabelais, went a begging.

You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
 My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion
 To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
 Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;
 No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
 Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeaks,
 O Sir,

'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
 Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes
 meet

Kings only: The way to it is Kings-street.

NOTES.

VER. 104. *He ev'ry day from King to King can walk,*] There is something humourous enough in the words of the Original. *The way to it is Kings-street.* But the Imitator has given us more

“ Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made :
 “ Why then for ever bury'd in the shade ?
 “ Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
 “ The King would smile on you--at least the Queen.

Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajol us— 90

But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :

And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way :

Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
 Few are the Converts Aretine has made ; 95

And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
 None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies:

“ Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100

“ To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings !

Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs ! said I,
 He dwells amidst the royal Family ;

He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105

And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.

N O T E S.

than an equivalent in that fine stroke of moral satire in the
 106 and 107th lines.

He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic,
course,

So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,

I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.

Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,

Your only wearing is your Grogaram.

Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch

He would not fly; I chaf'd him: but as Itch

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron groun'd

Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,

Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,

He to another key his style doth dress;

And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,

He takes my hand, and as a Still which stayes

A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,

As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.

More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,

Of trivial household trash: He know, he knows

“ Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic ! strangely low,
 “ And coarse of phraſe,—your Engliſh all are ſo.
 “ How elegant your Frenchmen?” Mine, d’ye mean?
 I have but one, I hope the fellow’s clean. 111

“ Oh ! Sir, politely ſo ! nay, let me die,
 “ Your only wearing is your Padua-ſoy.”
 Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
 And this you ſee is but my diſhabille — 115

Wild to get looſe, his Patience I provoke,
 Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
 But as coarſe iron, ſharpen’d, mangles more,
 And itch moſt hurts when anger’d to a ſore ;
 So when you plague a fool, ’tis ſtill the curſe, 120
 You only make the matter worſe and worſe.

He paſt it o’er ; affects an eaſy ſmile
 At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
 He aſks, “ What News ? I tell him of new Plays,
 New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125

He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it
 Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
 Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
 By little, and by little, drops his lies.
 Meer houſhold traſh ! of birth-nights, balls, and
 ſhows,
 More than ten Hollingsheads, or Halls, or Stows,

When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows
what

A subtle Statesman may gather of that ;

He knows who loves whom ; and who by poison

Hasts to an Offices reversion ;

Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,

Who loveth whores

He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg

A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-

Shells to transport ;

NOTES.

VER. 145. *Why Turnpikes*] In this recapitulation of modern abuses, he has imitated his original with great spirit. Amongst those which Dr. Donne mentions is

*A Licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
Shells to transport.*

by this he means *Monopolies*, the most unpopular abuse of power of his time. It continued down thro' the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year 1633 the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court with a magnificent Mask. And one of their *Anti-masks* was an ingenious ridicule on the abuse of Monopolies; which Mr. Whitlock thus describes: " In this Anti-masque of Projectors (says he) came a Fellow with a bunch of Carrots on his head, and a

When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and
what

A subtle Minister may make of that:

Who sins with whom: who got his Pension rug,
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug: 135

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore:

Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:

Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140

And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:

Who makes a Trust or Charity a Job,

And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:

Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town: 145

NOTES.

“Capon upon his fist, describing a Projector who begg'd a patent of Monopoly as the first inventor of the art to feed Capons fat with Carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention, etc. Several other projectors were in like manner personated in this Anti masque; and it pleased the spectators the more, because by it an information was covertly given to the king of the unfitness and ridiculoufness of these projects against the Law; and the Attorney *Noy*, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this Anti masque of the *Projectors*.” This exorbitancy was become so common and fashionable, that Ben Johnson makes a cheating Procurer of Monopolies the chief character in one of his plays; just as he had done a cheating Alchymist in another.

shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some Courtier ; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' los of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail : so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this ^a Makaron talk : in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a priveledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of ev'ry office paid ;
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid ;

NOTES.

^a Whom we call an Afs, the Italians style *Maccheroni*.
 VER. 151. *What Lady's face etc.*] The Original is here
 very humourous. This torrent of scandal concludes thus,
And wiser than all us
He knows what Lady
 the reader expects it will conclude, — *what Lady is painted*.
 No, just the contrary,
what Lady is not painted,
 satirically insinuating, that that is a better Proof of the goodness

Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising Courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all)
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall. 151

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
 Trim's Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart.
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom:
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:

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of his intelligence than the other. The Reader sees there is greater force in the use of these plain words, than in those which the Imitator employs. And the reason is, because the satire does not turn upon the *odiousness* of painting; in which case the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expression; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the simple mention of the thing.

VER. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders.

That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day; and that great Officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw,
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found
 That as burnt venemous Leachers do grow found
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing,
 And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as ransom; but as fiddlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jig upon you: so did he
 With his long complimental thanks vex me.

NOTES.

VER. 167. *fall endlong*] The sudden effect of the transformation is strongly and finely painted to the imagination, not in

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Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court, 164

That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port.

Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,

To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,

Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise

Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.

I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170

As in the pox, some give it to get free;

And quick to swallow me, methought I saw

One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lye
Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. 175

To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,

Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.

Not Fannius' self more impudently near,

When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.

I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see

All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,

Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail

And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense: 185

N O T E S.

the found, but in the sense of these two words.

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] These four lines are wonderfully sub-

But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the Prerogative of my Crown; scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more hast than one
 Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 It self o'er me: such men as he saw there
 I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then,
 Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns; and my mistress truth, betray thee
 For th' huffing, bragart, puffed nobility?
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O fun, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I

NOTES.

lime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil, in the region of *heat*. They both call out as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place,

O qui me gelidis —

O quickly bear me hence.

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings !
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
 A Vision hermits can to Hell transport, 190
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
 Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free ;
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me : 195
 Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown ?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man ?
 O my fair mistress, Truth ! shall I quit thee 200
 For huffing, braggart, puff Nobility ?
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun ! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court ? 205

NOTES.

VER. 188. *There sober thought*] These two lines are remarkable for the delicacy and propriety of the expression.

VER. 194. *Base Fear*] These four admirable lines become the high office he had assumed, and so nobly sustained.

Think he which made your^b Waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
 Tast have in them, ours are; and natural
 Some of the stocks^c are; their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten a Clock and past; all whom the mues,
 Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
 In the *Presence*, and I (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
 Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers: and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well.

NOTES.

^b A show of the Italian Gardens in Waxwork, in the time of King James the First. P.

^c That is, of wood.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous show of the Court of France, in Wax-work. P.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gam-

Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax!*
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things — 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room; 215
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they fold to look so fine.
 "That's velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers cloaths?
 For these are actors too, as well as those:
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

N O T E S.

ing-house: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility receiv'd instruction in those days: It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate. P.

VER. 220. *our stage give rules,*] Alluding to the Chamberlain's Authority.

At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
 The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel)
 The men board them; and praise (as they think)
 well,
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns^d, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
 She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose fet^e.
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the Prefence were a Mosch: and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confes not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state

NOTES.

^d i. e. Arrive to worship and magistracy. The reason he gives is, that those who have wit are forced to sell their stock, instead of trading with it. This thought, tho' not amiss, our Poet has not paraphrased. It is obscurely expressed, and possibly it escaped him.

^e i. e. Conscious that both her complexion and her hair are

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
 Sail in the Ladies : how each pyrate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize !

Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230

He boarding her, she striking sail to him :

“ Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!”

And “ Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!”

Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,

For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235

'Twou'd burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,

To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin :

The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,

The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.

See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240

Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools !

Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw

Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;

N O T E S.

borrowed, she suspects that, when, in the common cant of flatterers, he calls her *beauty lime-twigs*, and her *hair a net* to catch lovers, he means to insinuate that her colours are coarsely laid on, and her borrowed hair loosely woven.

VER. 240. *Durer's rules,*] Albert Durer.

Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
 Perfect as Circles^f, with such nicety
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the *Inquisition*;
 And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a
 Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelesness, good fashion:
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
 He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still

NOTES.

^f Because all the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference are equal.

But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; 245

Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head.

Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.

So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
 With band of Lilly, and with cheek of Rose,

Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.

Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest:

Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest*: 255

Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papiſts ſeize you,
 If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one Beauty mortifies another.

But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
 Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath:

The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.

He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door: 265

And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapeſtry,

He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
 Jestts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd fo
 As men from gaols to execution go,
 Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among
 Those *Askaparts*^b, men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
 Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spied Spie—Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
 To wash the stains away : Although I yet
 (With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

NOTES.

^b A Giant famous in Romances. P.

Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law. 270

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from Jayls to execution go;
 For hung with deadly fins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all: 275
 Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to tofs
 For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.
 Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
 Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
 From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
 Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
 To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
 Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
 In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

NOTES.

VER. 274. *For hung with deadly fins*] The Room hung with
 old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins. P.

Somehow to pass the burning world's candle
The rest is a long and hard to find
Condemn the evil things the world is
Let's have a better lot, towards the law
I thought I was the man, but I was to

THE IV V R 2 1 1 1 1 1

As you know I was a man of
The law, with death and the law
And it is a long and hard to find
I thought I was the man, but I was to

THE IV V R 2 1 1 1 1 1

And it is a long and hard to find
I thought I was the man, but I was to

Change them with the law's
I thought I was the man, but I was to

From that time the Great
I thought I was the man, but I was to

How to win the law's
I thought I was the man, but I was to

In one of the law's
I thought I was the man, but I was to