



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

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

Containing His Satires &c.

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

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

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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

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

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

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



## SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

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

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

H. Ne faciam, inquis,  
Omnino versus?

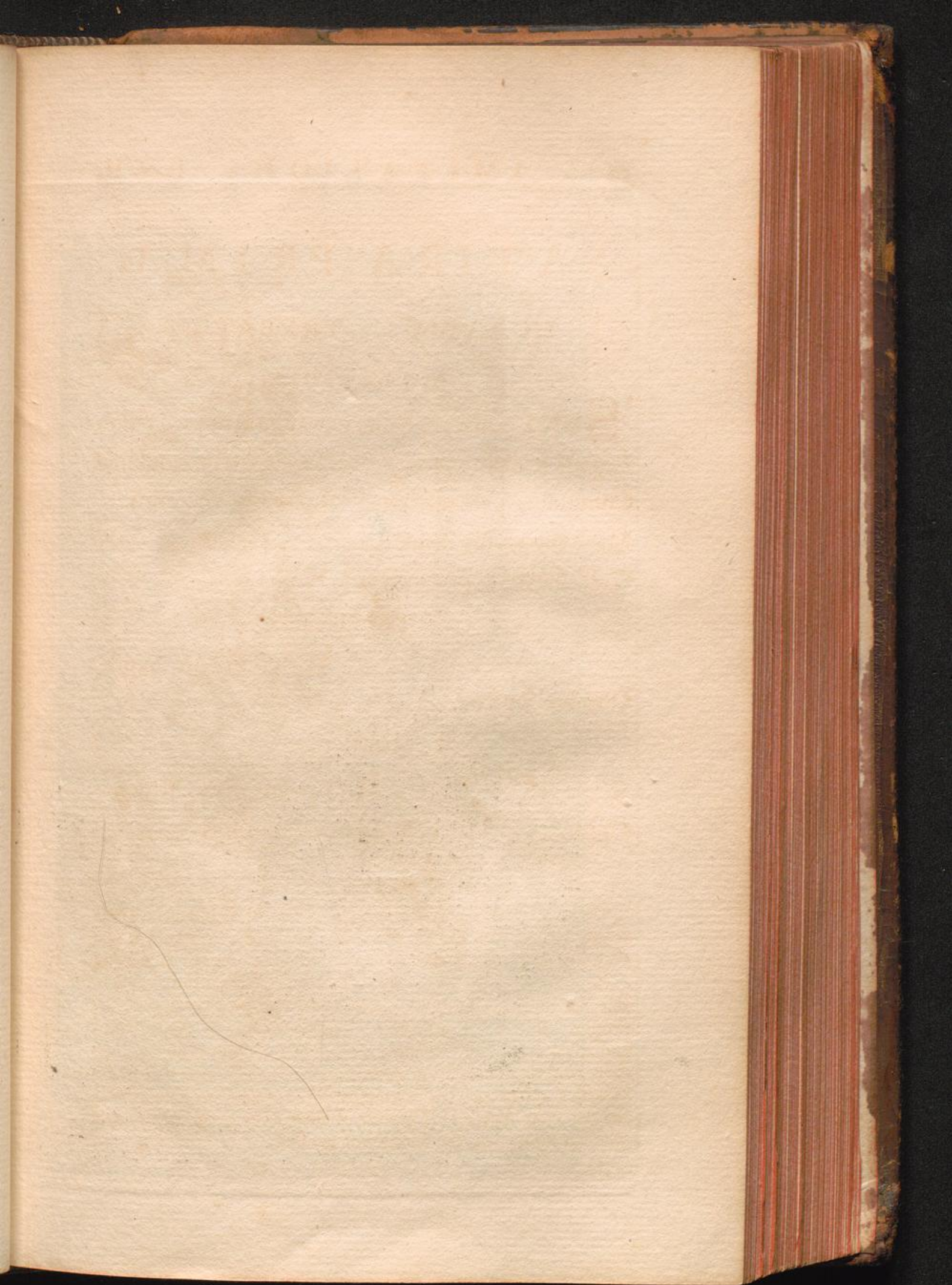
T. Aio.

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

## NOTES.

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









*F. Hayman inv. et del.*

*C. Grignion sculp.*

*Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,  
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*

*Ep. to Satires, Part 2.*



## S A T I R E I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

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

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

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

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

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

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

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

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

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

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

P. Not write ? but then I think,

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

## NOTES.

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

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

*Peream male, si non*

*Optimum erat,*

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

*verum nequeo dormire.*



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

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

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

## H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires

Deficiunt : <sup>i</sup> neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*  
*Agmina*, nec *fracta* pereuntes *cuspidē Gallos*,  
Aut *labentis equo* describat vulnera *Partbi*.

## NOTES.

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

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

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



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

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

<sup>f</sup> Or rather truly, if your point be rest,  
Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est.*  
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise  
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

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

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

P. What? like Sir <sup>i</sup> Richard, rumbling, rough,  
and fierce,  
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd  
the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears afunder, 25  
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and  
Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,  
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

## NOTES.

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

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



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

H. Haud mihi deero,

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

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

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



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

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

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

P. What should ail them?

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

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

NOTES.

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

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



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

[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,

NOTES.

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

*ovo prognatus eodem.*

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

## N O T E S.

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

Perfius alluded to this idea, when he said,

*Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle ! etc.*

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

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



Sat. I. OF HORACE. 61

Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65

Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,

In moderation placing all my glory,

While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

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

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

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

Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.

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

Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

NOTES.

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

*Vagina tectus,*

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

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

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



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

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

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

N O T E S.

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

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



<sup>w</sup> Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: 75

But touch me, and no Minister so fore.

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

<sup>x</sup> Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,

And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

<sup>y</sup> Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,  
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,

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

<sup>z</sup> Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels; 85

Bulls aim their horns, and Affes lift their heels;

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

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

<sup>a</sup> So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,

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

NOTES.

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

*Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;*

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

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



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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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



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

NOTES.

Peut vous jeter sur un autre rivage:

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

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

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



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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

*Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis,*

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

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



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

## NOTES.

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



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

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

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis

Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me

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

Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,

*Offendet solido* :

NOTES.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

*Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque  
Invidia.*

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



\* nisi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*

Dissentis.

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

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum :

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

“ *Judiciumque.*”

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

NOTES.

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

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



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

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

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

F. <sup>1</sup> Your Plea is good ; but still I say, beware !

Laws are explain'd by Men — so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145

A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

<sup>m</sup> Consult the Statute: *quart.* I think, it is,

*Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.*

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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



Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE ? si quis

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse ?

T. ° Solventur risu tabulae : tu missus abibis.

NOTES.

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

*Solventur risu tabulae.*

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



Sat. I.      O F H O R A C E.      73

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

Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,

Such as Sir ROBERT would approve —

F. Indeed?

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

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

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

NOTES.

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



21. OF THE

But your...  
Such as...  
Such as...

The...  
In...

My...  
The...

as...  
...  
...

H O R A C E