



## **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. I.

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THE  
FIRST EPISTLE  
OF THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
HORACE.

# Advertisement.

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

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

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

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

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

## EPISTOLA I.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

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

## NOTES.

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

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

## E P I S T L E I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

g Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes

Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.

h Praesenti tibi *matturos* largimur honores,

i Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

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

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,

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

#### NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tho' justly <sup>n</sup> Greece her eldest sons admires,  
 Why should not We be wiser than our fires?

In ev'ry Public virtue we excell; 45

We build, we paint, ° we sing, we dance as well,

And <sup>p</sup> learned Athens to our art must stoop,

Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

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

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

#### NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

*Quo promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.*

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

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

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

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

Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:

Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro;

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi

Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte,

Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro

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

Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab aevo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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



Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:

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

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

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

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

N O T E S.

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

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

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

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

Or say our Fathers never broke a rule ;  
 Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.

But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95  
 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser himself affects the <sup>i</sup> Obsolete,  
 And Sydney's verse halts ill on <sup>k</sup> Roman feet:

Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,  
 Now Serpent-like, in <sup>l</sup> prose he sweeps the ground,

In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join, 101

And God the Father turns a School-divine.

<sup>m</sup> Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,  
 Like <sup>n</sup> flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,

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

“ Victorious deeds

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

“ To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke ;

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

“ Brute violence, and proud tyrannic pow'r,

“ Till truth was freed and equity restor'd :

“ Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, FIRST

“ By winning words to conquer willing hearts,

“ And make persuasion do the work of fear ;

“ At least to try, and teach the erring soul

“ Not willingly misdoing, but unaware

“ Missed ; the stubborn only to destroy.

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

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

*Orbilium* dictare;

sed emendata videri

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror :

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

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

Injuste *totum* ducit venitque poema.

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quae

Imberbi didicere, fenes perdenda fateri.

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

“ When the *Immortals* on the billows rode,

“ And I myself appear’d the leading God.

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri ;

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,

Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus ?

† Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis

Coepit, et in *vitium fortuna labier aequa* ;

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## N O T E S.

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

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

\* Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit ;

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

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

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

Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.

N O T E S.

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

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

Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;

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

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

Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

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

*Scribendi* studio: puerique patresque severi

Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

## N O T E S.

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



Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,

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

Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

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

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

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES.

him that medical Aphorism of regular practice,

*periculum faciamus in corpore vili.*

SCRIBL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.

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

NOTES.

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

SCRIBL.

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,

*Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;*

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

“ And, boldly rising for Britannia’s Laws,

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

“ On you submissive waits

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

*torquet ab obscenis.*

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

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

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



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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

Lufit amabiliter : <sup>s</sup> donec jam faevus apertam  
 In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas  
 Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento  
 Dentē laceffiti : fuit intactis quoque cura  
 Conditione super communi : <sup>h</sup> quin etiam lex  
 Poenaeque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quem-  
 quam  
 Describi. vertere modum, formidine fuffis  
 Ad <sup>i</sup> bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.  
<sup>k</sup> Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes  
 Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille  
 Defluxit <sup>l</sup> numerus Saturnius, et grave virus  
 Munditiae pepulere : sed in longum tamen aevum

## NOTES.

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

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

Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis ;

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

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

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere possit :

Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer :

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

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

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

Sudoris minimum ; sed habet *Comoedia* tanto

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiosi :

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

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

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

Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

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

Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat :

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTES.

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

*ventoso gloria curru,*

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

*Quem tulit ad scenam—Gloria.*

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

*Who pants for Glory, etc.*

is much superior to the Original.



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

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

## NOTES.

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

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

Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300

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

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

The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

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

The many-headed Monster of the Pit: 305

A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud;

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

Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,

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

What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310

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

(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies

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

The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,

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

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,

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

The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,

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

NOTES.

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

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

Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

<sup>f</sup> Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu

Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,

Sive <sup>g</sup> *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.

Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,

Ut sibi praebentem mimo spectacula plura:

Scriptores autem <sup>h</sup> narrare putaret *afello*

*Fabellam surdo*. nam quae <sup>i</sup> pervincere voces

Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?

<sup>k</sup> *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuscum*.

Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,

<sup>l</sup> *Divitiaeque peregrinae*: quibus <sup>m</sup> *oblitus actor*

Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.

Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?

<sup>n</sup> Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusem,

Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

Ep. I. OF HORACE. 191

With <sup>f</sup> laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320  
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.  
 Let Bear or <sup>s</sup> Elephant be e'er so white,  
 The people, sure, the people are the fight!  
 Ah luckless <sup>h</sup> Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,  
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more; 325  
 While all its <sup>i</sup> throats the Gallery extends,  
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!  
 Loud as the Wolves, on <sup>k</sup> Orcas' stormy steep,  
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.  
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330  
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's <sup>l</sup> petticoat;  
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,  
 Sinks the <sup>m</sup> loft Actor in the tawdry load.  
 Booth enters — hark! the Universal peal!  
 "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 335  
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare?  
 "Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair,  
 Yet lest you think I railly more than teach,  
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,  
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340  
 To know the Poet from the Man of rhymes:

NOTES.

VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades. P.

Ire poeta; ° meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

¶ Verum age, et his, qui se *lectori* credere malunt,

Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,

Curam impende brevem: si <sup>q</sup> munus Apolline dig-  
num

Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,

Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

ˆ Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,

(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum

ˆ *Sollicito* damus, aut *fesso*: cum laedimur, † *unum*

NOTES.

VER. 347. *To Thebes, to Athens, etc.*] i. e. is equally knowing in the manners of the most different people; and has the skill to employ those manners with decorum.

'Tis he, ° who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns ;  
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,  
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345  
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,  
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

° But not this part of the Poetic state  
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great :  
 Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350  
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.  
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?  
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?  
 How shall we fill <sup>a</sup> a Library with Wit,  
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355  
 My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,  
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:  
 We <sup>r</sup> Poets are (upon a Poet's word)  
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :  
 The <sup>s</sup> season, when to come, and when to go, 360  
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;

NOTES.

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum*. The Palatine Library then building by Augustus. P.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books. P.

Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprehendere *versum* :  
 Cum loca jam <sup>v</sup> recitata revolvimus *irrevocati* :  
 Cum <sup>w</sup> lamentamur non *apparere* labores  
 Nostros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo* ;  
 Cum <sup>x</sup> speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque  
*Carmina* rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro  
*Arcessas*, et egere vetes, et *scribere cogas*.  
 Sed tamen est <sup>y</sup> *operae precium* cognoscere, *quales*  
 Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique  
 Virtus, <sup>z</sup> *indigno* non committenda *poetae*.

<sup>a</sup> Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille  
 Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis  
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.  
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt  
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo  
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema  
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,  
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis *se* praeter Apellem  
*Pingeret*, aut alius Lyfippo duceret aera  
*Fortis* <sup>b</sup> *Alexandri vultum simulantia*. quod si

## NOTES.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.*  
 This is not much to be wondered at since the *Sacerdotal* Cha-

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,  
 You lose your patience, just like other men.  
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend  
 A <sup>t</sup> single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365  
 Repeat <sup>v</sup> unask'd; lament, the <sup>w</sup> Wit's too fine  
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.  
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,  
 We needs will write Epistles to the King;  
 And <sup>x</sup> from the moment we oblige the town, 370  
 Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;  
 Or dubb'd Historians by express command,  
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,  
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,  
 As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet <sup>y</sup> think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)  
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?  
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,  
 Fit to bestow the <sup>z</sup> Laureat's weighty place.

<sup>a</sup> Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,  
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care; 381  
 And great <sup>b</sup> Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed  
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;  
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:  
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385

## NOTES.

racter has been separated from the *Regal*. This *discerning of Spirits* now seems to be the allotment of the ecclesiastical branch,



Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud  
 Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares;  
 ° Boeotum in crasso jurares aere natum.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque  
 Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,  
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetae;*]

Nec magis expressi<sup>d</sup> vultus per ahenea signa,  
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum

## NOTES.

which the following instance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, some how or other, surprized the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbishop Abbot was not the dupe of dazzling appearances. In one of his *Rescripts* to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmasks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been sent over to England by the States. “ You must take heed  
 “ how you trust DOCTOR GROTIUS too far, for I perceive  
 “ him to be so ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN  
 “ THOSE PARTS, THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT  
 “ MAY SERVE A TURN. At his first coming to the King, by  
 “ reason of his good Latin tongue, he was so tedious and full of  
 “ tittle-tattle, that the KING’S judgment was of him that he was  
 “ some PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDG-  
 “ MENT. And I myself discovering that to be his habit, as if  
 “ he did imagine that every man was bound to hear him so long  
 “ as he would talk, did privately give him notice thereof, that  
 “ he should plainly and directly deliver his mind, or else he  
 “ would make the King weary of him. This did not take place  
 “ but that afterwards he fell to it again, as was especially observed  
 “ one night at supper at the Lord Bishop of Ely’s, whither being  
 “ brought by Mr. Casaubon (as I think) my Lord intreated him  
 “ to stay to supper, which he did. There was present Dr.  
 “ Steward and another Civilian, unto whom he flings out some  
 “ question of that profession, and was so full of words, that Dr.  
 “ Steward afterwards told my Lord, *That he did perceive by him,*

The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,  
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;  
 Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,  
 "No Lord's anointed, but a 'Ruffian Bear.

Not with such<sup>d</sup> majesty, such bold relief, 390  
 The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,  
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd  
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.

## NOTES.

"that, like a SMATTERER, he had studied some two or three  
 "questions, whereof when he came in company he must be talking  
 "to vindicate his skill; but, if he were put from those, he would  
 "shew himself but a SIMPLE FELLOW. There was present also  
 "Dr. Richardson, the King's professor of Divinity in Cam-  
 "bridge, and another Doctor in that Faculty, with whom he  
 "falleth in also about some of those questions, which are now  
 "controverted amongst the Ministers in Holland. And be-  
 "ing matters wherein he was studied, he uttered all his skill  
 "concerning them. MY LORD OF ELY SITTING STILL AT  
 "THE SUPPER ALL THE WHILE, AND WONDERING what  
 "a man he had there, who never being in the place or company  
 "before could overwhelm them so with talk for so long a time.  
 "I write this unto you so largely that you may know the dispo-  
 "sition of the man: and HOW KINDLY HE USED MY LORD  
 "OF ELY FOR HIS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT." *Winwood's*  
*Memorials*, Vol. iii. p. 459. SCRIBL.

Seriously, *my Lord of Ely* was to be pitied. But this was an  
 extraordinary case; for as exposed as their Lordships may be to  
 these kind of insults, happy is it that the men are not always at  
 hand that can offer them. A second *Grotius*, for ought I know,  
 may be as far off as a second Century of *my Lords of Ely*.—But  
 it was enough that this *simple fellow* was an Arminian and Re-  
 publican, to be despised by Abbot and his master. For in the  
 opinion of these great judges of Merit, Religion and Society  
 could not subsist without Predestination and Arbitrary power.

Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallet  
 Repentes per humum, <sup>e</sup> quam *res* componere *gestas*,  
 Terrarumque <sup>f</sup> fitus et flumina dicere, et arces  
 Montibus impositas, et <sup>g</sup> *barbara regna*, tuisque  
 Auspiciis *totum* <sup>h</sup> *confecta duella* per orbem,  
 Claustraque <sup>h</sup> custodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,  
 Et <sup>i</sup> *formidatam Parthis*, te principe, Romam:  
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque  
 parvum

<sup>k</sup> *Carmen majestas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet  
 Rem tentare pudor, quem vires ferre recusant.  
 Sedulitas autem <sup>l</sup> *stulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;  
 Praecipue cum se *numeris* commendat et arte.

## NOTES.

VER. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains;*] Archbishop Tillotson hath said, "That satire and invective were the easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it will serve to abuse and find fault. For wit (says he) is a keen instrument, and every one can cut and gash with it. But to carve a beautiful image and polish it, requires great art and dexterity. To praise any thing well, is an argument of much more wit than to abuse; a little wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for satire, but the greatest instance of wit is to commend well." Thus far this candid Prelate. And I, in my turn, might as well say, that Satire was the most difficult, and Panegyric the easiest thing in nature; for that any barber-

Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,  
 Your<sup>e</sup> Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!  
 What<sup>f</sup> seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!  
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!  
 How<sup>g</sup> barb'rous rage subfided at your word,  
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the  
 sword! 399

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,  
<sup>h</sup>Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;  
 'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,  
 And<sup>i</sup> Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—  
 But<sup>k</sup> Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;  
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains: 405  
 The Zeal of<sup>l</sup> Fools offends at any time,  
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.

## NOTES.

surgeon can curl and shave, and give cosmetic-washes for the skin; but it requires the abilities of an Anatomist to dissect and lay open the whole interior of the human frame. But the truth is, these similitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy, or the ill judgment of the user. The one is just as easy to do *ill*, and as difficult to do *well* as the other. In our Author's *Essay on the Characters of Men*, the Encomium on Lord Cobham, and the satire on Lord Wharton, are the equal efforts of the same great genius. There is one advantage indeed in Satire over Panegyric, which every body has taken notice of, that it is more readily received; but this does not shew that it is more easily written.

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud  
Quod quis<sup>m</sup> deridet, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*,  
Nil moror<sup>n</sup> officium, quod me gravat : ac neque *fiſto*  
*In*° *pejus* vultu proponi cereus usquam,  
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto :  
Ne<sup>p</sup> rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una  
Cum<sup>s</sup> scriptore meo capſa porrectus aperta,  
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,  
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,  
That when I aim at praise, they say<sup>m</sup> I bite.  
A vile<sup>n</sup> Encomium doubly ridicules: 410  
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.  
If true, a<sup>o</sup> woful likeness; and if lyes,  
“Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:”  
Well may he<sup>p</sup> blush, who gives it, or receives;  
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415  
(Like<sup>q</sup> Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things  
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)  
Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,  
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

OF MORACA

Deliberate and steady on all I write  
That when I am at work, they say I write  
A life of constant daily industry  
There's nothing blacker than the ink of study  
It is a world of knowledge and of love  
"Dante's words" it is a world in rhyme  
Well may he be called who gives it name  
And he is true, for he has many names  
(like) for example, Ode and Elegy and Song  
And many things more, and of many kinds  
Ode and Elegy and Song and many more  
And many things more, and of many kinds

MORACA

OF MORACA