



## **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 Miscellaneous Pieces In Verse and Prose

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

The second Book of the Satires of Horace, Sat. VI.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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## S A T I R A VI.

**H**OC erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,  
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,  
Et paulum silvae super his foret. auctius, atque  
Dî melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,  
Maia nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.  
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,  
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem :  
Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angulus ille  
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum !  
O si urnam argenti fors quae mihi monstret ! ut illi,  
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum  
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico

## S A T I R E VI.

The first Part imitated in the Year 1714, by  
Dr. SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear  
For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,  
A River at my garden's end,  
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood  
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,  
I ask not to encrease my store;  
' But here a Grievance seems to lie,  
' All this is mine but till I die; 10  
' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,  
' To me and to my Heirs for ever,  
' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,  
' By any Trick, or any Fault;  
' And if I pray by Reason's rules, 15  
' And not like forty other Fools:  
' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!  
' To grant me this and t'other Acre:  
' Or, if it be thy Will and Pleasure,  
' Direct my Plow to find a Treasure:" 20

Hercule : si, quod adest, gratum juvat : hac prece  
te oro,

Pingue pecus domino facias, et caetera praeter  
Ingenium ; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adfis.  
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe re-  
movi,

Quid prius illustrem Satiris Musaque pedestri ?  
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,  
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinae quaestus acerbae.

Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,  
Unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores  
Instituunt, (sic Dîs placitum) tu carminis esto  
Principium: Romae sponforem me rapis : Eia,  
Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urgue :  
Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem

' But only what my Station fits,  
 ' And to be kept in my right wits.  
 ' Preserve, Almighty Providence!  
 ' Just what you gave me, Competence:  
 ' And let me in these shades compose 25  
 ' Something in Verse as true as Prose;  
 ' Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,  
 ' Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.'

In short, I'm perfectly content,  
 Let me but live on this side Trent; 30  
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,  
 To spend six months with Statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,  
 'Tis for the service of the Crown.  
 " Lewis, the Dean will be of use, 35  
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."  
 The toil, the danger of the Seas;  
 Great Ministers ne'er think of these;  
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,  
 No matter where the money's found, 40  
 It is but so much more in debt,  
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,  
 " Let my Lord know you're come to town.

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

Postmodo, quod mihi obfit, clare certumque locuto,  
cuto,

Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.

Quid tibi vis, insane? et quas res agis? improbus  
urget

Iratis precibus. tu pulses omne quod obstat,

Ad Maecenatem memori si mente recurras.

Hoc juvat, et melli est; ne mentiar. at simul  
atras

Ventum est Esquillas; aliena negotia centum

Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam

Sat. VI. OF HORACE. 15

I hurry me in haste away, 45

Not thinking it is Levee-day ;

And find his Honour in a Pound,

Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,

Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green :

How should I thrust myself between ? 50

Some Wag observes me thus perplext,

And smiling, whispers to the next,

“ I thought the Dean had been too proud,

“ To jostle here among a croud.”

Another in a surly fit, 55

Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,

“ So eager to express your love,

“ You ne'er consider whom you shove,

“ But rudely press before a Duke.”

I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 60

And take it kindly meant to show

What I desire the World should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;

When twenty Fools I never saw

Come with Petitions fairly penn'd, 65

Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his Case —

That, begs my int'rest for a Place —

Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.  
De re communi scribae magna atque nova te  
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.  
Imprimat his cura Maecenas signa tabellis.  
Dixeris, Experiar : Si vis, potes, addit ; et instat.  
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,  
Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere suorum  
In numero : duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda  
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas  
Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina  
Syro par.



A hundred other Men's affairs,  
Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70

“ To-morrow my Appeal comes on,  
“ Without your help the Cause is gone—

The Duke expects my Lord and you,  
About some great Affair, at Two—

“ Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75

“ To get my Warrant quickly sign'd:

“ Consider, 'tis my first request.—

Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best: ———

Then presently he falls to teize,

“ You may for certain, if you please; 80

“ I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—

“ And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,  
(October next it will be four)

Since HARLEY bid me first attend, 85

And chose me for an humble friend;

Would take me in his Coach to chat,

And question me of this and that;

As, “ What's o'clock?” And, “ How's the Wind?”

“ Who's Chariot's that we left behind? 90

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the Country Signs;

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent :  
Et quae rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.  
Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam  
Invidiae noster. ludos spectaverit una :  
Luserit in campo: Fortunae filius, omnes.  
Frigidus a Rostris manat per compita rumor :  
Quicumque obvius est, me consulit; O bone (nam te  
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)  
Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu  
Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,  
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra

Or, "Have you nothing new to-day  
"From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?  
Such tattle often entertains 95

My Lord and me as far as Stains,  
As once a week we travel down  
To Windsor, and again to Town,  
Where all that pass'es, *inter nos*,  
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross. 100

Yet some I know with envy swell,  
Because they see me us'd so well:

"How think you of our Friend the Dean?  
"I wonder what some people mean;  
"My Lord and he are grown so great, 105

"Always together, *tête à tête*,  
"What, they admire him for his jokes—  
"See but the fortune of some Folks!

There flies about a strange report  
Of some Express arriv'd at Court; 110  
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,  
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;  
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?  
"Or do the Prints and Papers lye? 115

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

Praedia Caesar, an est Itala tellure daturus?  
Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum  
Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.

Perditur haec inter misero lux; non sine votis,  
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,  
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus  
horis,

Ducere sollicitae jucunda obliviae vitae?

O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, simulque  
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?

O noctes coenaeque Deum! quibus ipse meique,  
Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces  
Pasco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido est,  
Siccant inaequales calices conviva, solutus

Sat. VI. OF HORACE.

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“ Ah Doctor, how you love to jest ?  
 “ ’Tis now no secret — I protest  
 ’Tis one to me—“ Then tell us, pray,  
 “ When are the Troops to have their pay ? 120  
 And, tho’ I solemnly declare  
 I know no more than my Lord Mayor,  
 They stand amaz’d, and think me grown  
 The closest mortal ever known.

THUS in a sea of folly tofs’d, 125  
 My choicest Hours of life are lost ;  
 Yet always wishing to retreat,  
 Oh, could I see my Country Seat !  
 There leaning near a gentle Brook,  
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book, 130  
 And there in sweet oblivion drown  
 Those Cares that haunt the Court and Town.  
 O charming Noons ! and Nights divine !  
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,

NOTES.

VER. 125. *Thus in a sea, etc.*] Our Poet excels his friend in his own way of modernizing Horace. But this way is infinitely inferior to his own. For tho’ Horace be easy, he is not familiar ; or, if he be, it is the familiarity of Courts, which is never without its dignity. These things burlesque verse cannot reconcile, nor indeed any other, that I know of, but the foregoing *imitations* of our Poet.

Legibus insanis : seu quis capit acria fortis  
 Pocula; seu modicis uvescit laetius. ergo  
 Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,  
 Nec male necne Lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad  
 nos

Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus; utrumne  
 Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati :

Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos :

Et quae sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles

Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arellî

Solicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit : Olim

Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur

Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum ;

My Friends above, my Folks below, 135  
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,  
The Beans and Bacon set before 'em,  
The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:  
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,  
And ev'n the very Dogs at ease! 140  
Here no man prates of idle things,  
How this or that Italian sings,  
A Neighbour's Madnefs, or his Spouse's,  
Or what's in either of the Houses:  
But something much more our concern, 145  
And quite a scandal not to learn:  
Which is the happier, or the wifer,  
A man of Merit, or a Miser?  
Whether we ought to chuse our Friends,  
For their own Worth, or our own Ends? 150  
What good, or better, we may call,  
And what, the very best of all?

Our Friend Dan Prior, told (you know)

A Tale extremely *à propos*:

Name a Town Life, and in a trice, 155  
He had a Story of two Mice.

Once on a time (so runs the Fable)

A Country Mouse, right hospitable,

Asper, et attentus quaesitis; ut tamen arcum  
 Solveret hospitiis animum. quid multa? neque  
 ille

Sepositi ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:

Aridum et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi

Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia coena

Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:

Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna

Effet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.

Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit,

amice,

Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?

Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere sylvis?

Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando

Mortales animas vivunt fortita, neque ulla est,

Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,



Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,  
Just as a Farmer might a Lord. 160

A frugal Mouse upon the whole,  
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,  
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,  
On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.

He brought him Bacon (nothing lean) 165

Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;  
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,  
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;

Yet, to his Guest tho' no way sparing,  
He eat himself the rind and paring. 170

Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,  
But show'd his Breeding and his Wit;  
He did his best to seem to eat,

And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.

"But Lord, my Friend, this savage Scene! 175

"For God's sake, come, and live with Men:

"Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,

"Both small and great, both you and I:

"Then spend your life in Joy and Sport,

"(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court) 180

The veriest Hermit in the Nation  
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:  
 Vive memor quam sis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta  
 Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exflit: inde  
 Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes  
 Moenia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat  
 Nox medium coeli spatium, cum ponit uterque  
 In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco  
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos,  
 Multaque de magna supereffent fercula coena,  
 Quae procul exstructis inerant hesternae canistris.  
 Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit  
 Agrestem; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,  
 Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipsis  
 Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.

Away they come, thro' thick and thin,  
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn;  
( 'Twas on the night of a Debate, 185  
When all their Lordships had fate late.)

Behold the place, where if a Poet  
Shin'd in Description, he might show it;  
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,  
And tips with Silver all the walls; 190

Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
Grottesco roofs, and Stucco floors:  
But let it (in a word) be said,  
The Moon was up, and Men a bed,  
The Napkins white, the Carpet red: 195

The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,  
And down the Mice fate, *tête à tête*.

Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,  
Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;  
Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200

*“ Que ça est bon ! Ah goûter ça !*

*“ That Jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,  
“ Pray, dip your Whiskers and your Tail in.”*

Was ever such a happy Swain ?

He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again. 205

*“ I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude*

*“ To eat so much—but all's so good,*

Ille cubans gaudet mutata forte, bonisque  
Rebus agit laetum convivam : cum subito ingens  
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.  
Currere per totum pavidi conclave ; magisque  
Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis  
Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita  
Est opus hac, ait, et valeas : me sylvæ, cavusque  
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

Sat. VI. OF HORACE. 29

“ I have a thousand thanks to give —

“ My Lord alone knows how to live.”

No sooner said, but from the Hall 210

Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:

“ A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door —

The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's Mice,

Or Gods to save them in a trice! 215

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)

“ An't please your Honour, quoth the Peasant,

“ This same Dessert is not so pleasant:

“ Give me again my hollow Tree, 220

“ A Crust of Bread, and Liberty!