



Le pont de la vie

THE
WORKS

157 B. 75.
OF

18
Mons^r. Boileau Despreaux.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING

- I. LONGINUS's Treatise of the *SUBLIME*.
With Critical Reflections on some Passages but of
Longinus; wherein Answer is occasionally made
to some Objections of Monsieur Perrault against
Homer and *Pindar*: Likewise further Remarks and
Observations by *Dacier*, *Boivin*, &c.

II. MISCELLANIES, with a Discourse upon *Satire*.

LONDON,

Printed for E. SANGER, and E. CURLL.
MDCCXI.

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To the Right Honourable
CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

TH E favourable Reception You was pleas'd to give to the Translation of M. BOILEAU'S *LUTRIN*, has embolden'd me to put his Whole Works under Your Lordship's Protection.

It was Your Lordship's Patronage which recommended that *Poem* to the Public, who are justly possess'd of a Notion, that whatever my Lord *Halifax* is not
a
Offen-

DEDICATION.

Offended with, may Deserve their
Approbation.

The Booksellers, from the Success of that Piece, took a Resolution to get all the other Works of that Celebrated Author translated; which being too great a Task for One Person to perform within any reasonable Time, they procur'd several Hands to Undertake it.

As to the Poetical Volume, I presume to say, That tho' but a small Part of it, is of my own Composing, there is hardly a Line of it which I did not either find conformable to the Author's Sense, or which I did not make so.

In this present Application to Your Lordship, I have the Unanimous Concurrence of all that
are

DEDICATION.

are concern'd in this Work. Their
Wishes even prevented my Mo-
tion of it; Your Lordship being
the avow'd Patron and Promoter
of every Thing, that relates to Po-
lite Literature and Useful Know-
ledge. It is to this Sollicitude of
Your Lordship that we chiefly
Owe the Publication of Mr. Ry-
mer's *FOEDERA*, a Perfor-
mance never before attempted in
any Nation; and which will be no
less a Monument of Your Lord-
ship's Glory, than of that of *Great
Britain*.

Nor is Your Lordship's Care
for the *Belles Letters* confin'd to
your Native Country, but extends
to Foreign Parts: The famous
Editors of *ARISTOPHANES* and *LIVY*,
have felt the Agreeable Effects of
Your

DEDICATION.

Your Generosity, and that too in
such a Manner, as wou'd hardly
be Credited by those who are Ig-
norant of Your Lordship's Noble
Inclination to assist and encourage
All who devote themselves to
Study, for the Benefit of Mankind.

You will, *MY LORD*, find
in this Translation, some Pieces of
M. BOILEAU which have never
appear'd in any Edition of his
Works, and which may possibly
be New to Your Lordship.

I submit the Whole to Your
Lordship's Judgment, and am,
MY LORD, with the pro-
foundest Respect,

Your Lordships,

Most Obedient,

humble Servant,

J. OZELL.



Monfr. *BOILEAU*'s

General Preface,

To the Last Edition of his

WORKS,

Printed at *PARIS*, Anno 1701.



S this is in all Probability the last Edition of my Works that I shall Revise, and as there is no likelyhood that at the Age of Threescore and Three, and depress'd with many Infirmities, I can have any long Course of Life to run, the Public will, I hope, allow me to take leave of 'em in Form, and to thank 'em for their Goodness

a

ness in so often purchasing Pieces so little worthy of their Admiration. I can attribute it to Nothing, but the Care I ever took to conform my self to their Opinions, and, as much as I possibly cou'd, to catch their Taste in all Things. And this I think is what cannot be too much studied by Authors: For, tho' a Work be approv'd of by a small Number of Judges, if it is not furnish'd with a certain Agreeableness and a certain Salt proper to prick the General Taste of Mankind, it will never pass for a Good Piece, and even those Judges themselves will at length be forc'd to own, They were Deceiv'd in giving it their Approbation. Now, if any Man asks me, What this Agreeableness and this Salt is? I answer, That it is a *Je ne scay quoy*, that may be better Conceive'd than Describ'd. But yet in my Opinion, it principally consists in offering nothing to the Reader but True Thoughts and Just Expressions. The Mind of Man is naturally full of an infinite Number of confus'd Ideas of *Truth*, which he oftentimes perceives but by Halves; and nothing pleases him more, than when any of these Ideas are presented to him well Illustrated and Set in a Good Light. What is a New, Brilliant, Extraordinary Thought? It is not, as the Ignorant persuade themselves, a Thought which no Body ever had, nor ought to have. But on the contrary, a Thought which every Body ought to have had, and which some one bethinks himself of

expressing the First. *Wit* is not *Wit*, but as it says something every Body thought of, and that in a lively, delicate, and New Manner. Let us consider, for Example, the famous Reply of *Lewis XII.* to some of his Ministers, who advis'd him to punish several Persons that in the former Reign (when he was only Duke of Orleans,) had made it their Business to Prejudice him, *A King of France*, says he, *revenges not the Injuries done to a Duke of Orleans.* How comes this Saying to strike us so suddenly? Is it not plainly, because it presents to our Eyes a Truth which all the World is sensible of, and which expresses better than all the finest Discourses of Morality; *That a Great Prince, after his Accession to the Throne, ought no longer to act by private Movements, nor to have any other View but the Glory and General Good of his Kingdom.* Wou'd you on the contrary, see how Jeune and Puerile a False Thought is? I cannot produce an Example which shows it better, than Two Verses of the Poet *Theophile*, in his Tragedy of *Pyramus* and *Thysbe*; where *Pyramus's* Unhappy Mistress, taking up the Bloody Dagger with which he had kill'd himself, she thus rails against it.

*Ah! voici le poignard qui du sang de son Maître,
S'est souillé lâchement. Il en rougit le Traître.*

Ah! Coward Blade which drank, before his Time
Its Master's Blood; and *Blushes at the Crime.*

All the Ice of the *North* put together is not in my Opinion more Frigid than this Thought. Good God, what Extravagance is this! To have it suppos'd, That the Redness of *Pyramus's* Blood with which the Dagger was stain'd, shou'd be the Effect of the Shame the Dagger had for killing him? I shall give an Instance of another Thought which is no less False, and consequently no less Frigid. *Benferade* is the Author of it, in his Translation of *Ovid's* *Metamorphosis*; where speaking of the Deluge sent by the Gods to Chastise the Insolence of Mankind, he thus expresses himself;

Dieu lava bien la teste a son Image.

God to some Purpose did his Image Scour.

Can any Thing, with respect to so great a Subject as the Deluge, be more mean, or more ridiculous, than this *Conundrum*; the Thought whereof is so much the more False in every Respect, as that the God (who is meant upon this Occasion) is *Jupiter*, who was never reckon'd by the Heathens to have made Man after his own Image: Man, in that Fable, being, as every one knows, the Workmanship of *Prometheus*.

Since

Since therefore no Thought can be otherwise *Beautiful* than as it is *True*, and since the infallible Effect of Truth, when it is well deliver'd, is to make an Impression on Mankind, it follows, that what makes no Impression at all upon Mankind is neither *Beautiful* nor *True*, or else is ill deliver'd: And consequently, any Piece that does not Hit the Taste of the Public, is a very Paultry one in it self. The Bulk of Mankind may indeed for some time take the *False* for the *True*, and admire worthless Things; but it is impossible for a good Piece to fail of pleasing 'em in the End; and I challenge those Authors that are the most dissatisfied with the Public, to give me an Instance of any Good Book which the Public continu'd to reject; unless they put into this Number their own Writings, the Goodness whereof none but themselves are perswaded of. I must however own, and it cannot be denied, that sometimes upon the Appearance of an Excellent Piece, Faction and Envy find means to depreciate it, and to make the Success of it seem doubtfull; but that does not hold long, and it 'tis with such Things as with a Piece of Wood, which we press down in the Water with our Hand; it continues at the Bottom so long as it is under Force, but, when the Hand grows weary, it rises and gains the Ascendant. I cou'd say a great deal more

vi *M. Boileau's General Preface.*

Upon this Subject, enough to fill a large Volume ; but I fancy this is sufficient to testify to the Public my Gratitude, and the High Opinion I have of their Taste and Judgment.

And now a Word or Two concerning this New Edition. 'Tis the correctest of any yet Publish'd ; and I have not only revis'd it with a great deal of Care, but have given it some new Touches in many Places. For I am none of those lazy Authors, who think, when they have once publish'd their Writings, they are no longer oblig'd to make any Amendments to 'em ; and to excuse their Idleness, allege that by too much *Refining* they might *Weaken* 'em, and deprive 'em of that free easie Air, which, they say, is one of the greatest Charms of Discourse ; but their Excuse in my Opinion is a very bad One. Pieces writ in haste, and, as they say, *Currente Calamo*, are commonly dry, harsh, and forc'd. A Book pught not to seem too much labour'd, but it cannot be too much so ; and it is this very Labour which oftentimes, in the polishing, gives it that boasted Easiness which Charms the Reader. There is a great deal of Difference between easie Verses, and Verses easily made. The Writings of *Virgil*, tho' extremely Labour'd, are much more Natural than those of *Lucan*, who, it is said, wrote with a prodigious Rapidity. 'Tis commonly owing to this Pains which

M. Boileau's General Preface. vii

which an Author takes in filing and perfecting his Works, that the Reader has no Pain in Perusing them. *Voiture*, who seems so easie, employ'd a deal of Study about his Works. You hardly meet with Any but are quick at Mean Work, but there are very few *Good Workmen*, even tho' they take Time.

I don't therefore Repent of having employ'd some Study in rectifying my Writings in this New Edition, which is, if I may so say, my Favourite one. I have likewise put my Name to it, which I forbore to do to all the rest, thro' a Motive of pure Modesty; but Now my Works are in every Bodies Hands, I conceiv'd that such a Modesty might have something of Affectation in it. Besides, I was desirous, by putting my Name to the Book, to let the World see precisely what those Works are which I own, and if possible to put a stop to an infinite Number of Paltry Pieces that are spread about under my Name, especially in the Country, and in Foreign Parts. And the better to prevent the like Mischief, I have annex'd to this Preface, an exact Catalogue of all my Writings: This is what I thought Proper to acquaint the Reader with.

It only Remains, that I shou'd let my know what those *Additions* are which I have made.

viii *M. Boileau's General Preface.*

made. The most considerable is an *Eleventh Satire*, which I very lately compos'd, and which will be found after the *Ten* preceeding. It is Inscrib'd to *M. de Valincour*, my Illustrious Companion in History. I therein treat of True and False Honour, and writ it with the same Care I did all the rest. But I cannot say whether it be Good or Bad, because as yet I have not communicated it to above Two or Three Friends; and to them I only recited it very hastily, for fear of the same Accident which befell some other of my Pieces, that is, least they shou'd be publish'd before I committed 'em to Paper: Several Persons to whom I have frequently repeated some Pieces, having retain'd 'em by Heart, and given out Copies of 'em. It is the Public therefore that must inform me what Thoughts I am to entertain concerning this Work, as likewise of several other small Pieces of Poetry, which will be found in this New Edition, and are mingled with the Epigrams formerly Printed; they are most of 'em Trifles which I writ in my Youth, but I have corrected 'em a little, to render 'em the more tolerable to the Reader. I have likewise added Two New Letters; One of which I writ to *Monfr. Perrault*, and wherein I joke with him about our Poetical Quarrel, which was as soon extinguish'd as kindled: The other is a Letter of Thanks to the Count *d'Ericeyra*, relating to his

M. Boileau's General Preface. ix

his Translation of my *Art of Poetry*, which he was pleas'd to send me from *Lisbon*, with a Letter and some *French Verses* of his composing, in which he Complements me very highly, and wherein there is nothing wanting, but to be apply'd to a better Subject. I wou'd very gladly have acquitted my self of the Promise I made him in that Letter of publishing his Excellent Translation at the End of my Poetical Works; but unfortunately, a Friend, to whom I lent it, had mislaid the *First Canto*, and I was ashamed to write back to *Lisbon* for another Copy: These are the most Material *Additions* I have made to this New Edition of my Works: But there is one Thing which will certainly be very agreeable to the Public, and that is, the Present I make 'em of the Letter which the famous Monsieur *Arnauld* writ to Monsieur *Perrault*, in relation to my *Tenth Satire*, and wherein, as I have mention'd in my *Tenth Epistle* he does in some Sort make my Apology. I question not but a great many People will accuse me of Presumption, in daring to joyn with my Writings, the Work of so Excellent a Man; and I confess their Accusation is well grounded; but how could I resist the Temptation I had of showing to the whole World, (as I do in effect by Printing this Letter) That that Great Man honour'd me with his Esteem, and

M. Boileau's General Preface.

and had the Goodness, *meas esse aliquid putare iugas* ?

To Conclude; since notwithstanding so Authentic an Apology, and the solid Reasons I have Twenty times produc'd both in *Prose* and *Verse*; since, I say, there are Men who look upon, as Calumny, the Railleries I have made upon a great many Modern Authors, and who report, That while I attack the Faults of those Authors, I have not done Justice to their good Qualities; I shall convince them of the contrary, by once again repeating the very Words I us'd upon this Occasion in the Preface to my Two preceding Editions. They are these: 'Tis fit the Reader shou'd be acquainted with one Thing, which is, That when I attack'd the Errors of several Writers of our Age, I did not mean thereby to deprive them of the Merit and Qualities which they might have in other Respects. I did not pretend to deny, but that Chappelain for Example, tho' a very harsh Poet, did once upon a Time, God-knows how, make a pretty good Ode; Nor did I pretend to deny, but that there's a great deal of Wit in M. Quinault's Works, tho' far from the Perfection of Virgil. And as to the Latter, I shall add, That at the Time when I writ against him, we were both of us very Young; nor was he then the Author of a great many Pieces which have since gain'd him a just Reputation.

M. Boileau's General Preface. xi

I do likewise own, That there is some Genius in the Writings of St. Amand, Brebeuf, Scudery, and even Cotin, and many others whom I have criticiz'd. In a Word; with the same Sincerity which I have us'd in rallying their Faults, I am ready to concur with what ever Excellencies they may have. This I take to be doing them Justice, and to be a plain Proof that it is not a Spirit of Envy and Detraction which put me upon Writing against them.

Now, if after all this, I am still accus'd of Slandor. I know no Reader who is not liable to the same Charge; Since there is none but freely speaks his Opinion of the Books that are publish'd, and who does not think he has full Privilege so to do, even by the Confession of the Authors themselves. For in short, What is publishing a Book? Is it not as it were saying to the Public, *Try me*? Why then shou'd we take it ill to be *Try'd*? But I have put this whole Argument into Rhyme in my *Ninth Satire*, to which I refer my Censors.

An Exact
CATALOGUE
Of the several
PIECES
Contain'd in the
TWO VOLUMES
Of my
WORKS

VOL. I.

The LUTRIN, a Mock-Heroic POEM.

CANTO I.	<i>Pag.</i> 1
CANTO II.	18
CANTO III.	29
CANTO IV.	39
CANTO V.	55
CANTO VI.	73
	<i>The</i>

The ART of POETRY.

CANTO I.	Pag. 84
CANTO II.	96
CANTO III.	106
CANTO IV.	127

SATIRE S.

SATIRE I.	139
SATIRE II. <i>To M. De Moliere.</i>	150
SATIRE III.	161
SATIRE IV. <i>To M. L'Abbe' Le Vayer.</i>	174
SATIRE V. <i>To the Marquis De Dangeau.</i>	185
SATIRE VI.	193
SATIRE VII.	202
SATIRE VIII. <i>To M. ***. Doctor of the Sorbonne.</i>	209
SATIRE IX.	231
SATIRE X.	252
SATIRE XI. <i>To M. De Valincour.</i>	305

VOL.

VOL. II.

EPISTLES.

<i>A DISCOURSE To the King.</i>	Pag. 1
<i>EPISTLE I. To the King.</i>	11
<i>EPISTLE II. To the Abbot Des Roches.</i>	25
<i>EPISTLE III. To M. Arnauld, Doctor of the Sorbonne.</i>	29
<i>EPISTLE IV. To the King.</i>	37
<i>EPISTLE V. To M. De Guilleragues, Secretary of the Cabinet.</i>	49
<i>EPISTLE VI. To M. De Lamoignon, Advocate General.</i>	61
<i>EPISTLE VII. To M. Racine.</i>	75
<i>EPISTLE VIII. To the King.</i>	83
<i>EPISTLE IX. To the Marquis De Seignelay : Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lord Chancellor Cowper.</i>	91
<i>EPISTLE X. To my Book.</i>	107
<i>EPISTLE XI. To my Gard'ner.</i>	117
<i>EPISTLE XII. To the Abbot Renaudot. On the Love of God.</i>	126

ODES,

ODES, EPIGRAMS, and other MISCELLANIES.

A DISCOURSE upon ODE. Pag. 147

ODE on the Taking of Namur. 153

*ODE upon a Report that Cromwell and the
English were going to make War against France
in the Year 1656.* 170

EPIGRAMS, and other small Pieces. 172

P R O S E.

*A Treatise of the SUBLIME; or, The
Marvellous in Discourse. Translated from
the Greek of Longinus.* 11

*Critical Reflexions on some Passages out of
Longinus.* 88

Remarks on Longinus. 128

M. Dacier's Remarks upon Longinus. 139

M. Boivin's Observations on Longinus. 163

A Letter to M. Perrault. 169

*A Letter of M. Arnauld, Doctor of the Sorbonne,
to M. Perrault.* 179

*A Burlesque Decree of the High Court of
Parnassus, in Defence of ARISTOTLE.* 203

A

A Discourse upon SATIRE. 208

Letters to the Duke De Vivonne. 214

A Speech to the Gentlemen of the Royal Academy. 221

A Letter to the Count d'Ericeyra. 228

*Some Genuine Pieces by Monsr. Boileau,
never yet Printed in any Edition of his Works.*

A Dialogue of the DEAD. 257

A Letter to M. De Maucroix. 257

*M. De Maucroix's Answer to the foregoing
Letter.* 263

THE

XXXIII. P. 11

A
DISCOURSE
TO THE
KING.

YOUNG Valiant *Hero*, Thou whose Sense sublime
Is not the tardy Fruit of Lingring Time,
Who, Godlike, dost Alone thy Realms survey,
And unassisted bear the Sovereign Sway.
Great Sir! If I have held the Muses Rein
And cou'd, to sing of Thee, her Rage restrain
If humbly Silent I have been till now
And have not at thy Altars paid my Vow,
'Tis not that my Duty did not know,
Nor wanted Will to pay the Debt I owe;
But thy High Acts to celebrate I fear;
Thy Glory I too much, thy Fame revere.

My Muse which knows but little to applaud,
Dreads the great Theme, and trembles at the Load;
She dares not spread her Wings to soar so high,
Lest, if thy Laurels she shou'd touch, they die.
She dares not blindly tempt the dang'rous Height,
But by her Genius regulates her Flight.

More wise in her Respects, and not so vain
Thy Shrine with worthless Incense to profane.

Not like the Bards, who to those Heights aspire,
Yet praise Thee not for Honour, but for Hire.
For filthy Lucre they thy Laurels wrong,
And soil thy Fame with Mercenary Song.
Breathless and weak, with a Presumptuous Wing,
They try a Strain they have not Strength to sing;
And when they wou'd Thy mighty Deeds rehearse,
They tire Thee with their senseless Sounding Verse.

One, when he dresses out his Sylvan Lays,
In pompous Words begins 'em with thy Praise;
And there, as oft as he himself designs,
He a *Sot's* Praises with a *Hero's* joins.

In vain another sweating for a Rhime,
And polishing rough Verse mispends his Time,

A glorious Labour this, and when 'tis done
The Song is crown'd, to mate thee with the Sun.

Their Talents which they take to be the best,
Are the Nine Sisters Fable, and their Jest.
To them *Calliope* ne'er deign'd to speak,
Their Voice, to reach her Heav'nly Note's too weak;
Nor e'er wou'd *Pegasus* for them extend
His Wings, nor, *Phœbus* when invoc'd descend.

And yet to see 'em impudently swell,
As if they only Kept the Sacred Well;
To hear them flatter Thee with deathless Fame,
And promise Wonders in the *Muses* Name;
Wou'dn't one think they had *Apollo's* Ear?
That only They durst at his Shrine appear:
That only They, were priviledg'd to Sing,
They only, Learn'd enough to praise the King,
From South to North thy Glory to convey
And from the Rising to the Setting Day;
So proud, when They their lofty Flights pursue,
They think thy Glory's to their Verses due.
Immortal Wreaths on *Lewis* they bestow,
And thou to Them thy Mighty Name dost owe;

Yet, without That, where wou'd their Writings be,
What all their boasted Merit but for Thee ?

The Brightness of thy Fame their Faults conceals,
And when they freeze, thy Fire the Reader feels ;
But for thy Name ? to set their Writings off, •
Their Works would quickly be the Public Scoff.

To Dust and Worms they'd fall a certain Prey,
Be Born, and Die the same forgotten Day,
A safe Asylum in Thy Name they meet,
And find beneath Thy Shade a sure Retreat.

So in the Fields a slender Shrub we see
Fasten'd by Fortune to a taller Tree,
Without whose happy Help, to Earth 'twou'd Fall,
And thus the mighty Trunk supports the Small.

Not that my Pen is so unjust and rash,
Their great Design to please, the King, to lash.
Tho' few cou'd Rise so High to reach thy Fame,
Some there have been, whom 'tis to wrong to blame
This, tho' defective, That perhaps excels

Among the *Pelletiers* have been *Corneilles* ;
And when thy Deeds have fir'd the tuneful Throng,
Apollo oft himself has own'd the Song.

But I can't bear that ev'ry aukward Fool
 Insipidly Polite, or pertly Dull,
 Who thinks, for that he knows to Tag a Verse
 He in Heroicks can thy Acts rehearse,
 Shou'd rack himself to flatter Thee in vain.
 He thus will never Give Applause, nor Gain.
 None shou'd thy Laurels touch without the Bays,
 None but a *Virgil* an *Augustus* praise.
 * Wise was the Warlike † Monarch, just the Law,
 • *Apelles* only shou'd his Picture draw;
 And only a *Lysippus* durst to trace
 His Form Majestic in the Molten Brass.

But as for me, whom *Phæbus* newly warms,
 Who little know of Him and of his Charms;
 Who from the Sisters of the sacred Hill
 Was lately wean'd, and want their Nursing still,
 E'er I in hardy Labours dare engage
 My tender Muse must be matur'd by Age

a 3

Her

* 'Tis an Imitation of Horace, who in his Epistle to Augustus, the 1st of the 2d Book speaks thus, Vers. 239.

Edicto vetuit, ne quis te præter Apellem
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
 Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia.

† Alexander.

Her feeble Wings in humble Flights employ,
And use her self, before she toils to toy.

While by the Wonders of thy dreadful Sword,
Justice again is to the World restor'd,
While Thou the Wicked dost by Fear Chastise
My equal Pen severely falls on Vice ;

Nor shall my self with partial Blindness spare,

* But my own Errors shall like others far.

As in the Beauteous Spring the lab'ring Bee

His Honey sucks from ev'ry various Tree ;

So from the various Follies of the Times

My Gall I make, and form my halted Rhimes.

To ev'ry Quarter as my Fancy tends,

My Muse her Flight, a Course uncertain, bends.

Her Manner unconfin'd abhors Constraint,

And ev'ry Crime, as it appears she'll Paint.

She's willing what she thinks, the World shou'd know,

And lets it freely on the Paper Flow.

* The

* Horace speaks thus of Lucilius the Satiric Poet Sat. 1. Lib. 11. V. 30^o

Ille, velut fidis arcana Sodalibus, olim
Credebat libris.

* The Mischief of it is, my forward Song
 Blurts all things out and cannot hold her Tongue.
 This, Terror in the Minds of Men creates,
 And ev'ry Fool to see his Picture hates;
 For all wou'd by a false appearance Shine,
 And all seem Fair without, tho' Foul within.
 They cannot bear a Censor shou'd reprove
 Their Faults, and in his Rage the Mask remove.
 They dread that he too deep will dart his Sting;
 And Sacred Truth from the Well's Bottom bring.
 Their Manners cannot stand the Test of Light,
 And Truth is for their tender Eyes too Bright.
 None can, They think, where Satire comes be Safe;
 And foul they fall on him who dares to Laugh.
 'Tis these, you hear at *Paris* oft exclaim
The World's undone when Hypocrites we blame;
 The City strait is in a mortal Fright,
 When a bold Author Menaces to write;

2 4

And

* Juvenal thus describes the Fear the Satiric Poets created in the vicious Men of their Time, *Sat. I. 65.*

Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
 Intremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
 Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa.

And general is the Cry, if once they hear

A Word against the Bigots holy Leer.

The daring Piece is monstrous in their Eyes,

The Laws are broken, and attack'd the Skies.

Tho' a false Zeal is ever the Pretence,

We see 'tis Truth alone which gives Offence :

Thus with austere Grimace, they strive to hide

Their Errors, and conceal their inward Pride.

Too well they know they are not Satire Proof;

And when they scorn the Skies, they dread *Tartuff*;

Fearless of Heav'n with secret Joy they err,

Despise the Thunderer tho' they dread *Moliere*.

But why do the Paths of Praise decline ?

I cannot flatter, Sir, the Fault is mine.

I cannot of a Coward make a *Mars*,

Nor Place a Coxcomb with the Kindred Stars ;

A Dwarf I cannot to an *Atlas* raise,

Nor din a Fav'rite's Ears with Fulsom Praise.

Gods without Virtue I can ne'er adore,

Nor lavish on their Shrines the Poets Store.

I wou'd not e'en for Thee my Muse constrain,

Or once disguise my Thoughts, or force my Vein.

Not the full Glories of thy Sov'reign Sway,
Shou'd make me, what I did not think, to say,
No Hopes of Favour, Fortune or of Fame.
Thy deathless Deeds invite me to proclaim,
For if my Hand, did not my Heart confess,
I never wou'd the Laws of Truth transgress,
No Reason, nor no Politic Design
Cou'd in thy Favour e'er extort a Line.
But when I see Thee, with incessant Care,
The necessary Toils of Empire bear,
In Thee, when I behold that noble Fire,
Which Watching cannot quench, nor Labour Tire :
At which those Monarchs blush, who hate the Pain
Of Rule, and leave to other Hands the Rein :
Who stand amaz'd thy mighty Works to see,
And Bend at Weights that are not Felt by Thee.
When I thy Wisdom view, thy just Designs
While thy glad Subjects sleep beneath their Vines ;
When Plenty Flows and Glory spreads her Charms ;
And *Taijo's* Pride is humbl'd by thy Arms ;
When *Tyber* does to thy Resentment yield,
And the Sea's made for us a Common Field ;

When

When thy bold Warriours imitate their King,
And with new Vigour Imp the Eagles Wing,
When Fortune by thy Laws to *France* submits,
And either *Neptune* dreads alike our Fleets;
When spite of Winds or Waves our Navy flies,
In quest of Gold, and measures both the Skies.

Where first the Sun does in the Orient shine
Far as he Forms the Metal in the Mine.
When in my Mind these Wonders I survey,
I start, and do not for *Apollo* stay.

My Muse impatient of thy Praise takes Wing,
Prevents me and before I think, I Sing.

But Reason coming with superiour Force,
Corrects her Rage and interrupts her Course,
Howe'er my Zeal may urge me rashly on,
My Strength I find too weak, too low my Tone,
Despairing I invoke the *Delian* God,
Tire with the Toil, and sink beneath the Load.
Nor farther dare I my fond Muse expose
But my vain Work precipitately close.
As when amid the Storm the Pilot shakes
To the first Coast in Sight he gladly makes

So I, when I perceive the welcome Strand,
Swim for my Life, and where I can I Land.

EPISTLE I.

To the KING.

IN vain, Great Sir, keen Satire I difown,
In Vain I vow to Write for Thee alone,
Soon as the Pen to Paper I apply,
Phœbus, methinks, commands *me*, *Throw it by* ;
What art thou Mad, he cries, *and dost thou know*,
Presumptuous Fool, *what thou'rt about to do* ?
Fam'd are for Wrecks the Seas thou woud'st explore,
And Storms will drive Thee on the shelvy Shore.
Not but like others, I some Rhimes cou'd find,
Which *Alexander* to Thy Carr wou'd bind.
With Ease in sounding Verse thy Deeds repeat,
And lay the Subject *Cæsars* at thy Feet.
Mate Thee with *Mars*, in an insipid Ode,
Or Him whom *Dejanira* made a God.

Give Thee the *East*, and with invading Verse
The *Tygris* pass, and to the *Ganges* pierce :
In *India* thy Victorious Banner spread ;
But others have as much before me said.
Reason, if well, I wou'd the King applaud
Severely bids me quit the common Road,
For with so many Authors I've been free,
Phabus might tremble to be touch'd by Me.
By some new Work I rather shou'd excuse
Or vindicate the License of my Muse ;
For if the King's Immortal Deeds I wrong,
Unequal to his Glory is my Song :
The fierce * *Cotins* with Arms I shall supply
Against my self, and run from those who fly.
Is this the mighty Wit, they'll cry, *who fell*
So foully on the once ador'd Pucelle ?
This He who calls so many Authors Fools,
And for good Verse pretends to set 'em Rules ?
The Critic This, who did against Us storm,
And proudly thought Parnassus to Reform ?

* Sorry Authors.

A Croud of Authors may exclaim ; *What more*
Has he perform'd than we had done before ?

Have not we led, o'er Asian Plains our Host,
And crown'd our Monarch at the Sultan's Cost ?

Have not we triumph'd in the Phrygian Field,
And made the Crescent to the Lillies yield ?

Cairo and Memphis have not we subdu'd,
And seen Euphrates flow with Persian Blood ?

Have we not spread thy Fame in farthest Climes,
And sell'd the lofty Lebanon for Rhimes ?

How durst He on our Praises fall, when he
Uses our Words and steals as well as we ?

Asham'd-- Rebuk'd-- What Answer shall I give ?

Will my rare Verse, because I like 'em live ?

Will my Applause their Character maintain ?

When only I am pleas'd, 'twill be in vain

Of the Town's want of Judgment to complain.

As proud as Authors are of what they've done,

They hate to read their Poetry, *Alone.*

'Tis a most mortifying thing to fall,

From their High Views to grace a dirty Stall ;

Or lower still by Fortune to be thrown,

For Fortune's thought as faulty as the Town.

To wrap up Sugar at * *Francæurs*, or Spice,
 I'll rather learn, like † *Conrar* to be wise,
 In silence hide my Folly and my Wit,
 Not write but Criticise on what is writ.
 The Race I to the vent'rous leave and bold;
 Sit on the Barrier, and the Field behold.
 But spite of my Resolves, to write I long,
 Flatter my Fancy with a daring Song,
 And 'tis not without Pain I hold my Tongue.
How? To my self I in this Humour cry,
Shall others praise our Monarch and not I?
Shall I his Vertues and great Acts behold,
And Idly hear the Tale by others told,
Or sing till I'm too hoarse, or else too old?
If to the Fields of Brussels and of Lisse,
I dare not follow him to view his Toil.
In this Attempt Shou'd my Rebellious Muse
To pass the Scheld and rapid Rhine refuse.
Peace offers to my Eyes a smiling Scene,
Smooth as calm Seas, as Eastern Skies serene.

Yes

* A famous Grocer. † A famous Academician who never wrote any thing.

Yes, Mighty King, let others if they please
 Exhaust their Fancy on such Flights as these.
 Towns let 'em take and bloody Battels gain,
 And spread with slaughter'd Foes the spacious Plain,
 Unlicens'd let 'em thy dread Steps pursue,
 And Kill again the Foes thy Armies slew ;
 Why shou'd a Muse to War and Blood inclin'd
 To new Exploits provoke thy fearless Mind ?
 Why shou'd she urge Thee in the Chace of Fame,
 And fan with needfuls Praise so fierce a Flame ?
 Let's thank Thee, for the Blessing of our Ease,
 And taste the charming Sweets of welcome Peace.

“ Why all these Elephants ? This Train and Host ?
 “ These Ships prepar'd to quit the crouded Coast ?
 To *Pyrrhus* said a Sage, whom oft He heard
 And lov'd. Yet never did enough regard.
 The King too Mad, the Councillor too Wise,
 This shews the Danger, and that shuts his Eyes.
By Empire and by Fame I'm call'd to Rome,
And fly from an Inglorious Ease at Home ;
Thither I go--- The boastful Prince replies.
 “ For what ? *A Siege ?* “ A glorious Enterprize.

“ Worthy

" Worthy alone of *Philips* Son and you ;

" What shall we, Sir, when *Rome* is taken, do.
We'll then with Ease all Italy subdue.

" Yours I allow that *Italy* may be,

" But what will you do next ? *Have Sicily ;*
She'll soon surrender, nor will Syracuse
Free Entrance to my dreadful Fleet refuse.

" Here do you stop, my Lord ? *A tempting Gale*
Presents, and thence we will to Carthage Sail;
Can Carthage deal with our victorious Pow'rs ?
Or long resist our Arms when Rome is ours ?
Say What can stop us ? When the Ways so fair ?
All Africk will be mine without a War.

" I understand you, Sir, When we have past

" The *Lybian* Desert and *Egyptian* Waste.

" When we've enslav'd the *Arabs* in our way,

" *Ganges* and *Indus* shall your Laws obey,

" And *Scythians* yet untam'd confess your Sway

" When this vast Hemisphere is ours, what then,

" Shall we not see *Epirus* once again ?

Yes, yes, Victorious and content, we there
Will live the Life of Gods, and laugh at Care.

No Time for any thing but Joy allow.

“What hinders, Sir but, you may do it now?”

“Why shou’d you for the Joy of Laughing Roam?”

“What Lets, but you may Laugh your Fill at Home?”

“Who, or what dares deny you that Delight?”

“Stay where you are, and Laugh from Morn to Night.

Wife was the Council, sweet to be obey’d,

And *Pyrrhus* had been Happy had he stay’d.

But Wisdom to Ambition gives Offence,

As much as to Court Bishops, Residence.

Not, that to glorious Labour I’m a Foe,

Or like those Kings, who none wou’d undergo,

A Slothful sleepy Prince, a Royal Drone

At best is useleſs Lumber on the Throne.

But yet tho’ Warriors of their Laurels boast,

Fame is not always got at ſo much Coſt.

To form a Hero there’s no need to Rob

The weaker Nations, and lay waſte the Globe.

For Glory’s not to this or that confin’d,

But various, as the Virtues of the Mind.

The greateſt Conq’ror’s not the greateſt King

What e’er Hiſtorians write, or Poets ſing;

A vulgar Hero's made by happy Wars ;
Each Clime has had a Fav'rite Son of Mars :
Each Age been fruitful in successful Braves,
And still the *Weak* have to the *Strong* been Slaves.
Fortune and Fame the daring Chief advance,
Rome has her *Cæsars*, and her *Bourbons France*.
Conq'rors from *Scythia's* horrid Wilds have come,
And *Africk* Heroes bred, as well as *Rome*.
Goths, *Vandals*, *Gepides*, and *Hunns* have spread
Their barb'rous Fame, and fill'd the World with Dread:
A thousand times have conq'ring Hosts broke forth,
And Heroes delug'd from the Frozen North.
But for a King, who is a King indeed,
Whose Heart's corrected by a cooler Head;
Who in soft Peace his spacious Empire keeps,
Nor rages in the Field, nor in his Palace sleeps;
Who founds his Glory in the public Good,
Nor lays the guilty Base in guiltless Blood;
We thro' all History must run to find,
A King with such a great and Godlike Mind.
The Noise such Monarchs make is not so loud,
Their Brightness not so dazzling to the Croud.

Tho'

Tho' Heav'n to form 'em takes both Time and Care,
And Wise and Peaceful Princes are so rare.

Such was that *Emp'ror, whose indulgent Reign
Restor'd *Saturnian* Times in *Rome* again;

The *Romans* then the Days of *Rhea* knew,
Happy as ere to Heav'n *Astræa* flew:

He only for the Good of all was arm'd,
And all were with their easy Bondage Charm'd.

The Injur'd was to him a Welcome Guest,
None ever from his Presence went unblest.

Still to be doing Good was his Delight,

And when he Lost a Day, he sigh'd at Night:

Rome mist him soon, and long her Loss she mourn'd,
The Golden pass, an Iron Age return'd.

But why shou'd I so far go back, when we
Great KING, as great a Blessing have in Thee?

Why shou'd I fondly to old Stories fly?

Our own a bright Example will supply.

Have not we seen Thee, in the *Belgic* Field,

To Peace amid a Thousand Triumphs yield?

When hostile Leagues before thy Banner fled,

And Vict'ry thy resistless Armies led:

b 2

Thou

Thou, when thy Foes did for thy Yoke prepare,
 Didst then forgo the Glories of the War,
 Didst then command the Rage of Arms to cease,
 And seek a juster Fame in gentle Peace.
 These are the great Exploits thou shou'dst avow,
 And Thee, for this I'd praise, if I knew how.
 Enough without me, with a bolder Flight,
 Will, of thy Deeds and rapid Courage write,
 And sing, till with the Song the World they fright.
 To *Dole* they'll follow thy victorious Host,
 And paint a Siege amidst the Winter Frost:
 While far from Battels in a softer Strain,
 I'll sing the Blessings of thy Peaceful Reign;
 The Joys, the Smiles, the Graces and the Sports,
 Th' imperial Councils, and the splendid Courts.
 Show how th' Oppressor trembles in his Turn,
 And Mourns himself, who made the People Mourn.
 How thy wise Cares for all our Wants provide;
 How hungry Dearth with Plenty is supply'd,
 And how thy Hand suppress Licentious Pride.
 Abuses how Reform'd, the Laws obey'd,
 Arts how improv'd, and how encourag'd Trade.

How

How easily Thy Revenue's enlarg'd,
Rich tho' the Prince, the People not o'er-charg'd.
How griping * Farmers for their Rapine bleed,
And *France* has been from hated Gabels freed:
The Soldiers how laborious and discreet,
Their Manners humble, as their Service great.
Our rude Artificers industrious grown,
And all our Superfluities our own:
No more by *Foreign* Tributes are we griev'd,
Which from our *Lux'ry* alien *Arts* receiv'd.
Sometimes I'd sing Thy mighty Works in Peace,
The high Amusements of a Hero's Ease,
What Plan of pompous Structure thou hast trac'd,
What Temples thou'lt Adorn'd, what Statues rais'd.
Amaz'd methinks I see, divided Seas
Unite their Waves beneath the *Pyrenees*.
The costly Quarrels of the wrangling Bar,
More fatal than the bloody Feud of War,
Quell'd by thy Edicts from the Courts are flown,
And Justice has resum'd her equal Throne.

b 3

What

* Farmers of the Revenues.

What Heirs, whom *Chicanry* wou'd have betray'd,
 Are sav'd, what famous Lawyers uselefs made?
 What Widows in thy Righteous Reign are griev'd?
 What Poor oppress'd, what Orphan unreliev'd?
 Thy Ear to ev'ry just Complaint is free,
 And the whole Universe is blest in Thee.
 What shining Virtue, what distinguish'd Worth;
 Or in the Torrid *East*, or Frigid *North*?
 Hast thou not fought, rewarded and enrich'd,
 And to the Poles thy boundless Bounty stretch'd.
 The Muses we in full Abundance see,
 From their long Want, for ever freed by Thee.
 * Great King! Secure their Peace, without their Song
 A Hero will not be a Hero long;
 For soon, as Mighty as he was, when Death
 Has clos'd his Eyes, and stopt his Vital Breath,
 With him will die his History and Name,
 And who without the Nine's secure of Fame?

In

* Horace *Lib. 4. Ode IX. V. 25.*

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 Multi: sed omnes illachrymabiles
 Urgentur, ignotique longa
 Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

In vain, that Death might not his Name destroy,
Achilles drown'd with Tears despairing *Troy*.
Aeneas had in vain by Storms been tost,
 To land his Gods on the *Lavinian* Coast,
 And fright *Hesperia* with a *Trojan* Host :
 Fam'd as they are, without the Muses Aid,
 Their Fame with them, had in their Graves been laid.
 No—— to whatever Actions Good or Great.
 Thy Virtue leads Thee, and thou'rt call'd by Fate,
 In vain are thy Efforts, Thy Name like theirs
 Wou'd die without the faithful Muses Cares ;
Apollo only can the Sanction give,
 To him thy Treasure's open, and 'twill Live.
 In famous Poets let our Climes abound,
 And ours, be like th' *Augustean* Age, renown'd :
 This, an *Augustus* may effect with Ease,
 And make as many *Virgils* as he please ;
 What Crouds of Authors with illustrious Rhymes,
 Thy Bounty wou'd proclaim to Future Times !
 Ev'n I, to celebrate thy Fame Aspire,
 And learn to sing what I so much admire.
 On my Pen's End, I feel my Satire dies,
 But dare not of my Verses boast the Price ;

Yet if one Work of all my Labours live,
And Times unerring Judgment shou'd survive,
Perhaps it may assist thy high Renown,
And serve thy Glory, when it saves its own ;
For when in Authors, future Readers find
The wond'rous Deeds which now surprize Mankind,
They'll doubt that Fable with the Truth is join'd.
But if some Scepticks shou'd so far proceed,
As doubting to deny the Truths they read,
The World will to reprove their Malice, cry
Is *BOILEAU*, who has said, it wont to lie ?
Wou'd he, who for Sincerity was fam'd,
And Knaves and Fools of old, so freely blam'd ?
Wou'd he have said what we in Story 'View ?
But both the Poem and the Fact are true.

EPISTLE II.

TO THE

Abbot Des ROCHE'S.

FOR what shou'd I my Sleeping Muse awake,
 To fall on Authors, who the Rules forsake ?
 When I have said the worst that I can say,
 Will one of 'em, d'ye think, my Laws obey ?
 Will one submit to Reasons just Decree,
 And hearken to her, when she speaks by me ?
A fine Reformer this ! does he pretend
 They'll cry, *Our Writings and our Art to mend ?*
Wou'd he new Doctrine on Parnassus Preach ?
Or like another Horace, hope to Teach ?
Our Poems may be bad, but what are his ?
Does he write better, if we write amiss ?
 * First furious *Limiere* to the Combat dares
 The Satyrift, and arms him for the Wars ;

Come

* Horace *Lib. 1. Sat. IV. Vers. 14.*

• Crispinus minimo me provocat ; accipe si vis.
 Accipe jam tabulas, detur nobis locus, hora,
 Custodes, videamus uter plus scribere possit

*Come Paper, Pen and Ink, he cries, we'll try,
Who's nimblest at a Rhyme, or He or I;
Quick—— Shut us up together—— Here's a Sheet,
And he who fills it first shall be the Wit.*

While I who know not with my Pen to fight,
Am forc'd to leave him by himself to Write :
To vent his Rage and heaping Rhyme on Rhyme,
Punish the Guiltless Paper for my Crime.

But you who fear no Rhymer to defame
Your distant Conduct, and insult your Name.

What are you doing in your Abbey, say,
How wear your solitary Hours away ?

Are you impatient for the Quarter day,
Dost think--- Thou Champion of thy Church's Rights,
That Justice follows, if the Law invites,

Woud'st Thou thy proud Rebellious Monks chastise ?
Believe me, 'tis a dang'rous Enterprize.

Can *Ausaret*, tho' see'd, secure the Cause,
Convince the Judges and compel the Laws ?

Tho' just thy Suit, ne'er think it will succeed,
In vain the Law directs, and Lawyers plead :

Don't

Don't imitate the Fools whom Lust of Gold
Provoke, and make 'em in a Process bold ;
Don't at thy Cost, the Greedy Bench enrich,
Nor let litigious Hopes thy Mind bewitch.
For he who in a Suit his Weapon draws]
Is often beggard, tho' he gains his Cause.
But who, the Lawyers say, wou'd lose his Right?
The Law has no Respect for Muck or Might.
At *Caen* they preach this Doctrine, where the Son
The Father follows, and is soon undone.
At *Mans* the Sire betimes this Lesson reads,
The Son's soon taught, and Son the Sire succeeds ;
But thou on this side of the *Oise* wert bred,
And wilt not with their Follies fill thy Head ;
Nor wilt thou, like some hot Incumbents, squeeze
The Clowns, nor sue a Peasant for a Piece.
Nor, e'er the Law has ta'en its costly Course,
Make bawling *Mazier* and *Corbin* hoarse.
No, No—— But if thou e'er shoud'st long to see
A Lawyer, Prithee, first consult with me ;
And if I can't these wicked Thoughts disperse,
Read this old Tale, which now I tell in Verse.

- "It happen'd in a former wrangling Age,
An Author writes—— (No Matter for the Page)
"Two Travellers for Breakfast ready found
"A fat Stray Oyster lying on the Ground.
"Says one, 'tis Mine, the other said the same,
"And hot they grew, and Hunger fann'd the Flame.
"Who shou'd come by, while they debating stand,
"But Justice with the Ballance in her Hand.
"To her they both apply'd. She heard the Cause,
"And found 'em bent to leave it to the Laws.
"She weigh'd the Matter, and to end it well,
"Open'd the Fish, and gave to each a Shell.
"Thus, having Swallow'd it at once, she cry'd,
"*We Judge the Cause, and thus the Goods divide.*
"*What but for Fools wou'd Law and Lawyers do?*
"*'Twas a good Oyster, Gentlemen, Adieu.*

EPISTLE III.

• T O

Monsieur ARNAULD

Doctor of the SORBONNE.

YES, ARNAULD, thou dost easily perceive
 The Fraud of those whose Art is to deceive.
 Thou thro' their Sophistry dost see, and break
 The Wily Nets they lay to catch the Weak ;
 Of Claude's Deceits thou do'st the Falshood show,
 But what avails when they their Weakness know ?
 Confuted still, insensible to Shame,
 In Error harden'd they are still the same.
 In vain to such thou wilt thy Doctrine teach,
 Thy Talent is to Reason, Claude's to Preach.
 The Church when They are willing to embrace,
 One Sermon will thy Work at once deface ;
 N~~e~~er fancy one so skilful to deceive
 Himself, will e'er for Thee, his Errors leave.
 Or tho' he's by thy Truths convinc'd, will own
 Thy Vict'ry, or undo what he has done.

If to Conversion he shou'd e'er incline,
 Some *Demon** will oppose his Light divine,
 And cry, "Forbear, what will the People say,
 "Shoud'st thou the Flock whom thou'st abus'd, betray.
 'Twill meanly represent his blest Return,
 How *Charenton* will his Desertion mourn,
 Blot out the good Impressions thou mayst make,
 And Conscience Lull, when it begins to Wake,
 As well as he's dispos'd, pervert his Will,
 And in the Bloom, the Truths that strike him kill.
 So proud is Man, that he's for nothing griev'd
 So much as to confess he's been deceiv'd.

* The Shame of being Good when he inclines,
 Shou'd that e'er be, will balk his best Designs,
 Nothing to Virtue is so great a Foe,
 He'd fain embrace the Truth, but knows not how,
 Shame oft does Honour's beauteous Form disguise,
 Like Infamy it paints it to our Eyes;
 It makes us Heav'n's tremendous Vengeance brave,
 And to each other does our Minds enslave,

It

* Horace *Lib. 1. Ep. XVI. V. 24.*

Sulcorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.

It renders Virtue Cowardly and base,
 And of all Evils most it dreads Disgrace.
 Do'st thou not hear that Libertine defy
 The Righteous Wrath of an offended Sky?
 He rails against the God whom he believes
 To be, and impiously Himself deceives;
 In vain he with convincing Truth contends;
 He'd own it, but he fears his laughing Friends.
 He dares not stand their Rail'ry, he's afraid,
 Of the lew'd Jests that he himself has made.
 His God he'll rather turn to Ridicule,
 Than give 'em a Pretence to call him Fool:
 His Blasphemy is Cowardice, he'd soon
 His Faults confess, but he's a vile Poltroon.

This is of all our Ills the Fatal Ground;
 'Tis thus we fright our selves, and thus confound;
 Of others Judgments foolishly afraid,
 We still err on; Lest they our Change upbraid;
 Each others Whims thus madly we adore,
 Nor have we o'er our Wills or Reason Pow'r;
 Nor in our Selves so blind are we, and weak,
 Our Virtues do we, or our Vices seek,

The Bubbles of our Vanity, at least

Lets own our Frailty, and avow the Jest.

* Why, when a Fever burns our Veins, shou'd we
Pretend to hide, what ev'ry Eye can see?

The Fires that sparkle in our Eyes confess
Our Folly, and betray the Rude Disease.

Your Pulse unequal beats, your fainting Frame,
With Mortal Symptoms speaks the glowing Flame,
Yet still you feign, and fatal is your Shame. }

What ails you, Sir? Why nothing you reply,
And obstinately still the Truth deny:

While all your Blood's on Fire, the dreadful Blaze
Spreads, and will soon the falling Fabric Raze:

The Fever stronger grows, the Priest attends,
And round you, see a Troop of weeping Friends.

The Mischief let's prevent, the evil Day
Comes like a Thief, and Death for none will stay.

It steals upon us e'er our Peace is made

With Heav'n, when all our Debts remain unpaid,

When

* Horace *Lib. i Ep. XVI. V. 19.*

Sed vereor, ne cui de te plus, quam tibi, credas:

Neu, si te populus sanum recteque valentem

Distitet, occultam febrem, sub tempus edendi,

Disimules, donec manibus tremor incidat.

When on our Death-Beds languishing we lie,
 In vain for Pardon of our Sins we cry.
 Let's use the present Minute, and embrace.
 * With grateful Hearts, the present Hour of Grace.
 Let's haste, for Time, his Race will swiftly run,
 And thus the Moment that I spoke is flown.

But *Shame* still keeps us Bound, like Slaves in Chains,
 And o'er our Reason Arbitrary reigns.

--'Tis thou who dost undo us all, who first
 The Race of Man in *Adam's* Ruin curst:
 By thee our Father fell, and fondly proud
 Of a false Blessing and mistaken Good,
 He durst not his deceitful Consort blame;
 And parted with his Paradise thro' *Shame*:
 All Nature to the *Demon* thus He sold;
 And only in his tempted Lapse was bold.
 Before he damn'd his Offspring for his Spouse,
 Fast flow'd his Blessings, and Surpass'd his Vows.
 Ere with himself Posterity he curst,
 No Creature war'd with Hunger, or with Thirst.

Vol. II.

c . .

Nor

* *Perfius Satyr V. Ver.* 153.

Vive memor lethi, fugit hora: hoc quod loquor, inde est.

Nor was the Tiller then at Cost or Pain,
 To cultivate the Soil or sow the Grain.
 The Earth did then her Fruits Spontaneous yield,
 * And Crops unsown enrich'd the Ripen'd Field.
 The Ox was never Yok'd, the fruitful Vine
 Was always full of Grapes, the Vat of Wine.
 Milk, thro' the Meads, in white *Meander's* flow,
 And Man was free from Labour then and Woe.
 From *Adam's* Fall we all our Evils date,
 He lost with Innocence his happy State :
 And by his wandering in forbidden Ways,
 His Race, of cruel Woe a Tribute pays.
 Man now must Till the Field, and Sow the Seed,
 And Purchase with his Sweat, his daily Bread.
 The Ox he yokes, the niggard Earth he Ploughs,
 And never reaps the Field but when he sows.
 In Caves and Coverts, venom'd Serpents creep,
 And growling Wolves destroy the frighted Sheep.

The

* *Virg. I. Geor. Ver. 127.*

— Iplaque tellus

Omnia liberius, nullo poscente, ferebat.

Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris :

Prædarique lupos jussit, Pontumque moveri,

Mellaque decussit foliis, ignemque removerit,

Et passim rivis currentia vina repressit.

The *Fier* Dog now burns the blasted Shores,
 And storming *Bores* on the Mountains roars.
 The guiltless Flocks, are of their Fleeces shorn,
 And the Sheep's cloathing by the Shepherd's worn.
 Naked he leaves the *Lambs*; and robs the Fold,
 To arm himself against the biting Cold.
 War, Famine, Pestilence, in League are join'd,
 And *Sweat* at once the ruin of Mankind.

— But of all Plagues, with which the Race is curst,
Shame is the most Injurious, and the worst.

'Tis in this Nest that all the Vices breed,
 Hence all our Frailties, all our Ills proceed.
 The Miser Crew, who by Caprice are led,
 Have always Want and Starving in their Head.
 Honour and Virtue, in their Gain they Place,
 And Poverty's with them the last Disgrace.
 The shame of Want, their slavish Vice maintains
 Tho' base their Shame, and infamous their Gains.

Virtue and Honour dare not now appear,
 And Piety's too Formal and Severe.

To Wilds she's forc'd and Cloysters to retreat:
 But Shame in ev'ry Human Heart you meet.

None from this Weakness, and this Guilt so clear,
But will on search be found, to have a share.

O Fatal Consequence of our first Crime !

Ev'n I, my self, who thus against it Rhyme,
It's mighty Pow'r by sad Experience know,
Compell'd to what I blame so much, to bow :
Conscious of both the Folly and the Harm,
My self, in vain, I with weak Virtue arm.
Thus am I always Sliding, and in Doubt,
I've always in the Slough of Vice a Foot,
For one gets in, so soon as t'others out.

If happily some warning Ray of Zeal,
Shines on my Soul, and I its influence feel,
Thro' Shame, I wou'd the secret Work conceal.

Afraid of ev'ry Look I meet, for fear,
It Darts within, and sees what's doing there.

While I these very Verses write, I dread,
To think, how they, may by the World be read :
Or while on others Faults I freely play,
What others in return, of mine may say.

EPISTLE IV.

To the KING.

IN vain, to praise Thee, is my Muse prepar'd,
 She oft has try'd, but finds the Task too hard.

* That Country for her Hostile Cities fam'd,

Whose Hundred Towns thy rapid Conquests tam'd,

Is not so soon in Verse to be subdu'd,

Their Sound too barb'rous, and their Names too rude.

Each Syllable, a tuneful Ear affrights,

And with the Muse, a fiercer Combat fights :

From the *Iffell* to the *Texell*, we must Run,

To find one word that is not out of Tune.

As oft as we thy Victories wou'd Rehearse,

Each Fort destroys the Music of our Verse.

What Numbers dare engage with *Woerden's* Walls?

And flat at *Heusden's* Name the Cadence falls.

Howe'er dispos'd for Rhymes a Muse may be;

She dares not touch the Banks of *Zuiderzee*,

Or *Knotzembourg* besiege, or *Hatdervie*,

/

c 3

Nor

Nor *Wageningen* nor *Doesburg's* Towers attack,
 Stop'd at the *Whal*, and gravell'd at the *Leck*;
 Tho' in six Weeks, you Towns by Hundreds take,
 One's hard enough to drive a Rhymer back.

Still if your Martial Heat wou'd give us Time,
 We might not be at such a loss for Rhyme.

The timid Muses then might Courage take,
 And boldly venture for their Monarchs sake.

Thus, by meer dint of Study, or of Art,
 Come off with Credit, Sir, and play their Part.

But soon as I attempt the dangerous Course,
 Back flies my *Pegasus*, and doubts his Force.

My *Phæbus* is amaz'd, and e'er my Pen
 Has conquer'd *Orsoi*, thou'rt at *Nimeguen*.

But still encourag'd by my Zeal, I fain
 Wou'd trace thy Conquests o'er the *Belgick* Plain:

And animatèd by this bold Design,
 Attempt the happy Passage of the *Rhine*:

And whether I succeed or not, I cry
 Thus to my self, "I ought at least to try.

"Exert thy Art, my Muse, the Draught refine,
 "And suit thy Colours to the vast Design:

" For tho' the Theme is in itself so strong
 " Tis thought a Fable, do not sink thy Song.
 " Beware the Subject does not Flag nor Tire,
 " But warms it with its own, its wondrous Fire :
 " Maintain it's Dignity, and let its Force
 " Be well supported through the daring Course ;
 " Least he, who rashly Tempts the dang'rous height,
 " Falls with Disgrace from the presumptuous flight.
 " Consider with thy self, what Tragic End,
 " What shame too oft a pompous Verse attend ;
 " For Words, which in Magnificence abound,
 " Grow tedious oft, and lose themselves in Sound.
 " Whose proud * *Adulle*, from his high Summit views
 A thousand Streams, the *Rhine* his Course pursues ;
 Easie he flows, and with his sov'raign Waves,
 Proud of his Streams, the *Belgick* shores he laves.
 His Hand upon his Urn reclin'd, he keeps
 His peaceful Way, and o'er his Murmurs sleeps.
 When wak'd and startled by a thousand Cries,
 He opens from his Rest his wond'ring Eyes ;

* A Mountain at the Source of the Rhine.

He Gazes, Grieves, He lifts his Head on high,

And sees around his trembling *Naiads* fly,

In hast they to their humid Monarch run,

They tell their Terrors, and increase his own.

He hears " a Hero led by Vict'ry comes,

" And a new Empire o'er his Flood assumes ;

" With Troops intrepid he his Streams has past,

" And laid at once his Ancient Glory waste.

" *Rhinberg* and *Wesell*, in two Days subdu'd,

Threaten with sudden Chains his Captive Flood.

The Storm, says one, " we saw the Conq'ror brave,

" The brazen Lightning too, and boist'rous Wave.

" In vain thy swelling Tydes began to roar,

" In vain they thundred from the frighted Shore.

" He forc'd the various fury of his Foes,

" And dauntless on thy farther Border rose.

" To *Tholus* now his dreadful March he bends,

" And Victory his resistless Host attends.

" When Winds has ruffled Thee, and furious Tydes

" With foamy Billows lash thy wounded Side,

" Thy Rage, compar'd to his, is soft and mild,

" Like a Man's fury to a froward Child.

Like

“ Like *Jove* he Looks, such his Imperial Mien,
“ Nor e’re was Mortal so Majestick seen,
“ Since on thy Banks the God-like * *Roman* stood,
“ And insolently pass’d thy humbled Flood.
— The Monarch *Rhine*, the dreadful Tidings heard,
And for himself and subject Waters fear’d,
The fires that sparkled in his Humid Eyes,
Confess’d ~~at~~ once his Fury and Surprise.
— “ Was’t not enough, that in two Months, the *Schelde*,
“ Shou’d to new Laws with vile Submission yield?
“ Must I, encompass’d with a hundred Walls,
“ Fall as a mean, a nameless River falls?
“ First Perish all my Streams! he cry’d; no more
“ ~~My~~ ^{My} ~~my~~ Current wash the *German* Shore!
“ Or I’ll by some distinguish’d Effort try,
“ Who’s Master, or a Mortal here, or I.
He spoke; and starting from his Oozy Bed,
He shook the slimy Honours of his Head,
He wip’d his filthy Beard, and fierce he rose,
To meet in Arms, and to repel his Foes;

His

* Julius Cæsar.

His Front, which gap'd with many a dreadful Scar,
 In vengeful Furrows Rolls, and bids the War.
 Rage glows in ev'ry Glance, he burns to Fight,
 Assert his Empire, and defend his Right.
 Strait, cover'd with a Cloud, to Sking he flies,
 And meditates his Stream with anxious Eyes.
 He sees his pale Defenders quit the Coast,
 And trembling fly before the Victor's Host.
 They leave for fenceless Walls the martial Field,
 And only wait the Conquerors Word to yield.
 Confus'd he thus his flying Friends accosts,
 "Are these your Battels? These your *Belgick* Boasts?
 "Great Arbiters of Kings! Are these your Wars?
 "Where's He who for his * Country braves his Arms?
 "Where He who will for Fame or Freedom fight
 "Stop, stop, you cannot 'scape the Foe by flight.
 "Behold him now the foamy Tydes he Laves
 "At *Tholus*, and defies the warring Waves.
 "If on the farther Shore you dare not stand,
 "Appear at least, and own your Native Land.

An

* There was this Motto in the Dutch Colours.
 Pro Honore & Patria.

- "An easie Conquest you may hope to gain,
"But face him, and he'll urge his Way in vain.
"Hence, hence ye Slaves! and lay your Muskets by,
"A load upon your lazy Backs they lie.
"Go take your Scythes, your boggy Marshes mow,
"And Milk in flowing Pails the giving Cow.
"Go fill the curdled Fat, and press the Cheese,
"And learn to languish in a slavish Peace:
"Or stand! Defend this one remaining Shore,
"Or talk of Freedom and of Fame no more.
"Come on, I'll Lead you, on my Help rely,
"Resolve to Conquer on this Bank or Ditch.

Those Words pronounc'd with a rough Warriours
Air,

Reviv'd their Hopes, and quell'd their late Despair.

Their dying Honour blaz'd again, and now

To Vanquish or to Fall, they rashly Vow.

Their Hearts, the poor remains of Courage warm,

And each against the Foe extends his Arm.

Shame now performs what Valour shou'd have done,

And to the Flood in wild Array they run;

Where

Where *Lewis* stands in Person, and Surveys
 The firm Battalions, as they dauntless pass:
 Serene himself, the stormy War he guides,
 And o're the Battle like a God presides.

And first brave * *Grammont* by his Order cleaves
 (A Hero in his Looks,) the boistrous Waves,
 To cut the swelling Tydes his Courser strains,
 Proud of the Hand which holds the silver Reins.
 Strait *Revell* follows, with resistless Force,
 And presses through the Stream his rapid Course:
 The Squadron by so bold a Captain led
 Their hostile Wings on foamy Furrows spread.
 Now far into the Depths, *l'Esdiere* †,
 Pushes, and leaves 'em, in the liquid Realm
Vivonne, *Nantouillet*, *Coeslin* and *Salar*,
 Thro' the strong Current urge the dreadful War.
Vendome, whose Race inspires his boiling Blood,
 Darts with intrepid Fury through the Flood.
 Now *Cavois*, *Beringhen*, and *Dambre* Plough,
 Their watry Way, *La Salle* and *Nogent* now.

Beneath

* *The Count de Guiche.*

† *The Count de Saux.*

Beneath the noble Weight, the River shakes,
And as the Coast, the frighted *Belgian* quakes.

Lewis, whose Courage, animates their Flame,
Impatient sees them pass the roaring Stream.

Complains, that forc'd by his exalted Rank.

He stands a tame Spectator on the Bank.

His Legions to sustain, and clear the Shores,
See thirty Vessels ply their lab'ring Oars.

These for the Passage His high Cares provide,
And see how soon they cut the raging Tyde.

A hundred Heroes on the Poop appear,
And dare the *Belgians* with a double War.

The *Rhene* surveys 'em with a vengeful Eye,
And from the Mounds the leaden Tempests fly.

An Iron show'r the floating Squadrons meet,
And storms of burning Hail impede their Fleet.

The sulph'rous Cloud the *Celtrick* Rage provokes,
While with redoubled Blows the Border smoaks.

The leaden Death a hundred Heroes seize,

But onward still against his Rage they press.

Beneath the furious Steeds the Billows foam,
And doubtful are the Waters of their Doom:

So loud the Storm, so thick the Tempest grows,
That Fortune scarce to chuse her Party knows.
A while she stands, but when the *Lewis* views
She is no longer at a loss to chuse:
One Glance of his, soon turns her doubtful Scale,
And where He looks, she let's the Ballance fall.
Mars and *Bellona*, with *Grammont* appear,
And the *Rhine* trembles with his freezing Fear.
His Terrors at the sight increase, but most
When *Conde* and *Enghien* approach the Coast.
They Land, they Land, the flying *Belgians* cry,
And faster, as the Rumour spreads, they fly.
At *Conde's* dreadful Name, their boasted Walls
Are useless, and the sound their Hearts appals.
Their Cities yield, their proud Battalions run,
And Conquest is without a Combat won.
The only Product of his Princely Bed,
To War and Vict'ry from his Cradle bred,
His glorious Paths pursues; O'erwhelms the Foe;
And now the foremost thinks his Flight too slow;
They basely quit the conquer'd Coast, and gain,
(A swift, but shameful Race,) the neighb'ring Plain.

The God abandon'd, to the Torrent yields,
And grieves that he in vain his Sceptre weilds:
To *Lewis*, when he sees the Combat lost,
The Vict'ry he resigns, and vanquish'd Coast.

The Flood thus humbled ; on the Wings of Fame,
The News to *Wurts* in his Entrenchments came.

Wurts, *Belgia's* only Hope, Her Town's Defence ;

But the Fright soon will drive their Champion thence!

Wurts—— What a Name—— And what a Hero he !

How ill, Great KING, they with the Muse agree!

Had not I met that formidable Name,

How far had I pursu'd thy Deathless Fame :

What Wonders might my daring Verse have sung ?

And now for *Skin*, my sounding Lyre had strung :

Soon had my Song reduc'd her lofty Tow'rs,

That rashly had defy'd thy conqu'ring Pow'rs :

But *Wurts*, alas ! my forward Metre stops,

And down my Pen, which dares not stand, it drops.

To finish my audacious Flight, 'tis time,

For fear I 'thou'd be hamper'd for a Rhyme,

And split on *Arnheim*, or on *Heidesheim*.

Would Heaven, in favour to our *Celtick* strains,

Great KING, had led thy Arms to *Asian* Plains,

A thousand Rhymes had offer'd to our Song,
And Numbers wou'd about the Subject throng ;
A thousand Nations we had soon subdu'd,
And past with Music many a *Phrygian* Flood:
No Plain is there so Barren, none so Dry,
But wou'd fine Words and fruitful Verse supply.
How sweetly wou'd *Scamanders* Theme employ
The Muse, and how the tuneful Wars of *Troy*?
We then might have examin'd in our Lays,
If thou wou'd'st in that Siege have spent Ten Days,
Which cost the *Greeks* as many Years complete,
With Hosts united, and Confederate Fleet.
Why, without Reason, shou'd my Muse Despair,
What Climate is there in the World so far,
But thy unwearied Valour may explore,
And thy Great Acts assist her still to Soar?
What Cause has she such vain Complaints to make?
Since in two Months thou forty Towns dost take.
And 'since Thy Conquests to such Numbers mount,
The Muse shall meet Thee at the *Hellepont* ;
In two Years space; shall o'er all *Asia* go,
And plant Her *Laurels*, where Thy *Lillies* grow.

EPISTLE V.

To

Monsieur *De Guilleragues*,*Secretary of the CABINET.*

BORN for a Court, and vers'd in ev'ry Art,
Which gains the Judgment, and enchants
the Heart,

To me, Oh *GUILLERAGUES*, thy Skill impart.

Tell me, and I shall ne'er be in the Wrong,

When ought I, or to Speak, or hold my Tongue.

Shall I in *Satire* signalize the Muse,

And against Authors let my Choler loose?

The Subject's tempting, where the Field's so large,

And Crouds of trembling Writers dread the Charge.

Time was, I us'd *Parnassus* to alarm,

Not without Tumult, when my Wit was warm.

'Twas soon, when I was Younger, set on Fire,

But now to something more I wou'd aspire:

And fancying that Discretion comes with Age,

Think I'm intitled to the Name of *Sage*

At least I'm Older, if not Wiser, grown ;
My Forehead's shaded with a lighter Brown.
Mature are my Desires, (the Work of Time,)
And what was once a Jest, is now a Crime.
My Pleasures too, I guide by Reason's Rule ;
At Forty, he that does not, is a Fool.
Quiet and Ease shall be my future Choice,
No Bustle wou'd I make, no glorious Noise.
Against me, let a Thousand Authors write,
And Whet their venom'd Darts, and Edge their Spite.
Let all of 'em Insult me, ev'n *Pinchene*,
I'll bear with all, and never turn again.
Like an old Lyon, blunted are my Claws ;
Against me, ev'ry Beast, his Weapon draws.
Fierce as I was, I'm Soft and Mild at last,
And with my brighter Days, my Cares are past :
My Choler is no more, nor biting Spleen ;
Nor is my Anger Hot, nor *Satire* keen.
Let the dull Rhymers write, What's that to me ?
Rhymes are for Fools, as well as others, free.
My *Faults* shall for the future, be my Foes,
He's happiest, who Himself, not Others, knows.

Error I fly, and Virtue I adore;
I'd know my self, and be deceiv'd no more.
I'll to this only Study be confin'd,
And with no vain Inquiries vex my Mind.
Let others take the Telescope and try,
To Measure with their ken, th' immeasurable Sky.
If the Sun's fix'd, or on its Axis turns,
And if with real Fires or false it burns.
Or if the Globe, the Tour Diurnal takes,
Or Saturn to our Eyes can make a Parallax.
Let Rohault, if he pleases, crack his Skull,
To know, how all can Move, when all his Full.
Be Bernier on the Moist and Dry employ'd,
Of Bodies wandring in the Boundless Void.
While all my Care shall be my Skiff to save,
From Rock and Shelf, and the devouring Wave;
To Govern my Desires, by Passion tost,
Least Reason, in the raging Storm be lost.
We'd all of us this sweet Repose possess,
And yet none seek it in the proper Place.
Each in himself this happy Peace must find,
Which he'll ne'er do, who to himself is Blind.

In vain a mad Man, full of Errors, shuns
 The Care that follows him wheree'er he runs.
 In Town, 'tis with him; in the lonely Shade,
 His Heart's still Sick, and loaded is his Head.
 † In vain, he from his Horse, relief would find;
 Care mounts as fast as he, and rides behind.
 What think you the Great *Alexander* fought
 In Toil and Tumult, but to fly from Thought?
 Harraſt within, and full of cank'ring Care,
 He fear'd Himself, and sought Relief from War.
Persians and *Indians*, were for this subdu'd,
 And *Asia* delug'd with a purple Flood.
 This bears him to the Seas remotest Shores;
 Where *Indus* flows, and rapid *Ganges* roars:
 Where the Sun first his golden Beams displays,
 And burns the Wretch, as he Devotion pays
 To his bright Glories, with ungrateful Rays.

* We

* Horace, *Book III. Ode 1. Ver. 37.*

— Sed timor & minæ
 Scandunt eodem, quo dominus; neque
 Decedit ærata triremi, &
 Post equitem sedet atra cura.

* We of our own Misfortunes are the Cause;
 One Error after it another draws.
 Far from our Selves we're hurry'd, far we roam
 To find the Peace that's only found at Home.
 Why, the new World do venturous Fools explore,
 And rip her fruitful Womb in search of Oar?
 True Happiness, we here, as well may know,
 As where the Cedars and the Spices grow,
 As well at *Paris*, as at *Mexico*.
 The Mountains of *Potosi* †, you may tear,
 And dig 'em deep, you'll never find it There.
 Content alone we Happiness can call,
 For Nothing, with Content's as good as all.
 Still ignorant of our Wants, we most Desire
 Of Heav'n, those Things which least our Wants re-
 quire.

d 3

* Oh!

* *Ibid. Lib. I. Epist. XI. Ver. 29.*

Navibus atque
 Quadrigis petimus, bene vivere. Quod petis hic est,
 Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

† Mountains where the Silver Mines are.

" * Oh! That some friendly Cold, some kind Disease,
 " My miserly old Father 'n Law wou'd sieze;
 " Cure all his Ails at once—And some Divine
 " Confess him, and his Absolution sign.
 " Wou'd I cou'd see him in his Coffin stretch'd;
 " Were too the *Sexton* call'd, and *Bearer* fetch'd;
 " Were his House hung, and I with Mourning clad:
 " How wond'rous Easie shou'd I be, how Glad!
 " I wou'd not cut the *Undertaker's* Bill,
 " Nor think, whate'er he charg'd, he us'd me Ill.
 So said the † *Teller's* Heir, a Month ago,
 Whose Manners then, were like his Fortune, low.
 The Time is come at last, the Miser drops:
 Of Forty wretched Years the Fruit he crops:
 The Darling Boy has all, and Wealth at will,
 He rolls in Riches. Is he happier still?
 Proud of the Figure that he makes, he swells,
 And Tales of his illustrious Fathers tells.

Sets

* *Perf. Sat. II. Ver. 9.*

O si

Ebulit patrum præclarum funus! &, O si
 Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria, dextro
 Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres
 Impello, expungam.

† *A Teller of the Exchequer.*

Sets up at once for Quality and Wit,
 And has his Pedigree on Vellum writ.
 Tho' in a Mill he was Begot and Born,
 And oft the Kersey-Coat and Canvas-Frock has worn.
 A Thousand Projects fill his working Brain,
 Haughty he's grown, Impertinent and Vain;
 Pensive, Uneasie, Sullen and Perplext,
 For nothing with himself and others Vext.
 He 'ad better with his Fathers in the Mill,
 Have worn the Canvas and the Kersey still.
 His Hours, like them, with sweet Content to pass,
 To take large Toll, and load his Neighbour's Ass.

The Vulgar will not such a Sermon like,
 Whom Pomp and Show with false *Ideas* strike.
 They think a Man is happy if he's Rich,
 For Gain's a lewd and universal Itch.
 O Money! Money! Is the charming Sound,
 Without it, ev'ry Thing's but barren Ground.

d 4

Virtue

* Horace, *Epist. I. Lib. 1. Ver. 23.*

O Cives, Cives, querenda pecunia primum est,
 Virtus post Nummos: hæc Jauus summus ab Imo
 Perdocet.

Virtue without it, is a Useless Good,
As little valu'd, as 'tis understood.

A Rascal, who has Money, is ador'd ;
'Tis Money gains the Cause, and makes the Lord.

" Say, I'm a Rogue or Rascal, if you please ;
" You cannot move me with such Names as these.

" Say, I have neither Honour, Truth, nor Soul ;

" Yet, of rare Qualities, my Coffer's full.

" A Hundred Thousand Guineas, right and good,

" A Hundred Thousand Virtues do include.

" Can Heaven, a Man with any Talent bless,

" Which, in my Money, I do not possess ?

So to himself, the Publican may say ;

Such Reasons with such Men will always weigh ;

But as for me ; I other Judgments make,

And can't Appearances for Substance take.

Learn-

* *Ibid. Lib. I. Sat. I. Ver. 61.*

At bona pars hominum decepta cupidine falso,
Nil satis est, inquit, quia tanti quantum habeas sis.

— Ut quidam memoratur Athenis.

Sordibus ac dives populi contemnere voces

Sic solitus : populus me sibilat, & mihi plaudo

Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemtor in area.

Learning I prize, and Wit is Wealth with me ;
I value * *P A T R U*, ev'n in Poverty ;
More than the Man, who has his Country sold,
And Buys and Builds so much with Public Gold.

Not that I'd †, like the Sage, to say, I'm free,
Fling, what may be of use, into the Sea.

Nor to avoid imaginary Care,
Groan underneath a Weight I well can bear :
Reason's more equal; he who knows her such,
As well may have too little, as too much :
But this is all I wou'd infer from hence,
“ Virtue's soon pleas'd, and lives at small Expence.

Why with wild Projects shou'd we fill our Heads ?
Why shou'd a Man have more than what he needs ?
The Charms of Money, ne'er cou'd me Bewitch,
Nor ever was I fond of being Rich.
Believe me Friend, I've practis'd what I preach,
And taught my self the Truths that I wou'd teach.
Wealth in my Childhood never weigh'd with me ;
Such ever were my Thoughts, and e'er will be.

My

* *A famous Advocate, and the best Grammarian in France.*

† *Crates, a Cynick Philosopher.*

My Sire to Business Threescore Years apply'd,
 And left me for my Portion, when he died,
 A fair Example, and a small Estate ;
 But hating Pains, I was Content with that :
 A nobler Business, my Ambition fir'd,
 Gold I neglected, and to Fame aspir'd.
 My Father, Brother, Uncle, Registers,
 My Cousin, Brother-in-Law, with equal Cares,
 Held the same Post, and I the same with theirs.
 Soon weary of the musty Rolls, I fled
 The Courts, and turn'd to brighter Things my Head.
 I sought the Nymphs that haunt th' *Aonian* Floods,
 And early stray'd in the *Pierian* Woods.
 The Family beheld, with Rage and Storn,
 A Poet, in the dusty Office born.
 To them, the lawless Muse, with Horrour snor'd
 On Scrolls, o'er which with so much Gain they por'd.
 Riches I saw must be acquir'd by Sweat,
 And hated Wealth, which was so hard to get.
 The Muse and Business never well agree,
 The one's as much a Slave as t'other's Free.
 Freedom I chose, my Studies bent to Truth,
 And in her Service, signaliz'd my Youth.

Was

Was Truth the way to rise, and cou'd the Muse
 A worse Employ to make her Fortune chuse?
 Poets have still their Father *Homer's* Curse ;
 And who by speaking Truth, e'er fill'd his Purse?
 What had I done, that I shou'd hope to see,
 Where all were Blanks, a Prize turn up for me?
 But the King's Bounty, which is unconfin'd,
 To Truth a Friend, to Merit ever Kind,
 Pleas'd with a Plainness seldom seen before,
 Enlarg'd with Royal Gifts, my little Store.
 Nor Envy nor Cabal, his Hand withheld,
 The more they griev'd, the more my Treasure swell'd.
 My Foes enrag'd, with doleful Cries complain ;
 His Favour was the same ; they rage in vain.
 No cries cou'd stop his Course ; with Hands profuse,
 He crown'd my Labours, and enrich'd the Muse.

* But 'twas too much--- My Fortune sat surpass
 My Hopes, and all above Enough, was waste.
 Now Constant or Inconstant let her be ;
 It is not in her Power to Anger me.

And

* Horace, *Liv. II. Sat. VI. Ver. 1. & seq.*

Hoc erat in votis, modus agri non ita magnus
 Hortus ubi & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paullum sylvæ super his forer. Autius atque
 Di melius fecere, bene est. nihil amplius oro.

And for the future, if She's up or down,
It shall not break my Rest, I'll still Sleep on:
The only Care that now my Breast can sting,
Is how I shall the Hero's Praises Sing.

My Thoughts are full of the presumptuous Theme,
By Day my Study, and by Night my Dream;
And always in my Ear such Sounds as these:
Or Sleeping or Awake, disturb my Peace.

"What can't his boasted Smiles thy Muse inspire?"

"His Fame and Gifts immortal Verse require.

This the sole Trouble I can ever feel,
And if it should inflame my grateful Zeal;
If in so great a Work I should engage,
And triumph o'er the jealous Criticks' rage;
With Reason, I in this, my self may please,
To pay my Duty, and procure my Peace.

Pity me, *Guilleragues*, if I should change,
Leave a known Happiness to court a strange;
If filthy Lucre I shou'd e'er pursue,
Or Write, or Act, with an ignoble View;
If from *without* I seek, what dwells *within*,
I who to Sweet Content do ev'ry Good confine.

EPISTLE VI.

T O

Monfieur *Dè Lamoignon*,

Attorney General.

YES, Yes, *Lamoignon*, with the Town I'm
tir'd,

And Hate the Follies that I once Admir'd :

I, to the Shades, my only Refuge, fly, .

And thus present its Landscape to your Eye:

A Village, or * Hamlet, which you will,

Built on the Margin of a ranging Hill :

From whence a-far we view the Vales below,

Where wanton Streams thro' flowry Meadows flow.

The *Seine*, a Monarch Flood, the Mountains laves,

And winds around their Foot his silver Waves..

With

* Call'd Hautile, a small Lordship near Roche-Guion, belonging to his Nephew the Illustrious M. Dongois.

With various Currents, he his Way beguiles,
And cuts the Valley into Twenty Isles.
Thus, Twenty Rivers out of One are made,
And Twenty Ways they flow and kiss the smiling
Glade.

The *Willow* there dilates in Shady Rows,
And there the *Filberd* Grove unplanted grows.
An Amphitheater the Village forms,
Above by rising Hills secur'd from Storms.
The use of *Lime* and *Mortar* here's unknown,
And Lodgings in the pliant Rock are hewn.
Fairer the Mansion of the Lord appears,
And it's proud Head it somewhat higher rears:
With Walls environ'd, and the rising Day
Breaks on it with his first and freshest Ray.
The Mountain o'er it on the North depends,
And from the furious Winds its Tow'rs defends.

There, Dear *Lamoignon*, in an easie Mind,
That Peace, in Cities never found, I find.
My lonely Hours, I to my Profit turn,
Nor waste the Time, whose loss in Town we mourn.

* There

* There solid Pleasure, at an easie Rate,
 I Purchase, and am there Content with Fate.
 I take my Book, and in the Meadows stray,
 Read as I Walk, and musing lose my Way :
 So fast the sweet Ideas croud my Mind,
 To Books the Field, the Shades to Thought so kind.
 Oft, at the corner of a Wood, I meet
 The Word I wanted, and my Verse complete.
 Sometimes with Walking weary, and my Book,
 I tempt the Fish with a deceitful Hook.
 Sometimes, when I the Leaden Death prepare,
 With the wing'd Nation of the Air, I war :
 When Home I come, a pleasant Meal I meet,
 Where all, without Magnificence, is neat,
 Kind to the Health, and to the Palat Sweet.
 We want not a *Broussain* the Feast to guide,
 The plenteous Table's by the Farm supply'd :
 No † *Bergerat* we need for Poignant Sauce ;
 A sharpen'd Appetite supplies his Place.

Oh,

* Horace has some Thoughts like these in the VIth Satire of his 2d Book.

† A famous Cook.

Oh, blest Abode ! Oh, Dear delicious Shade,
Had I for you, and you for me, been made ;
How gladly wou'd I fix my wandring Course
With you ; how willing bear the World's Divorce !
And only blest in yours, her Charms forget,
Renounce her Pleasures, and to yours retreat.

When with Regret, I leave your lovely Vales,
To *Paris* driv'n, I'm scarce within the Walls,
But Care, I in my Way, and Trouble meet.
Impertinently stop'd in ev'ry Street.
Some teasing Cousin, on his Kindred bold,
Comes up, and I must hear his Story told ;
And dirty as I am, with Boots and Spurs,
Address the Judges in their Reverend Furs,
* From *Westminster* to *Wapping*, I must run,
To do his Business, tho' I lose my own.
From him and other such, if I get loose,
They din me in the Ears with dreadful News.

* Com-

* The Original requires such a Turn.

* Complaints they tell me to the King are made,
And for my Satires, fast I shall be laid.

The King, cry I, That, all? Then I am safe;
What said he pray? *He burst into a Laugh.*

" But the whole Town's at your last Piece engag'd,

" And *P R A D O N* has to Answer it engag'd.

" I read the Preface at a *Hatter's* Stall,

" And faith, if I'm a judge, 'tis full of Gall.

" Home, tho' you Hit, yet Home may others strike.

" The Court, a Word which you have us'd, dislike.

" Hot was it rumour'd yesterday, your Throat

" Was, as perhaps they wou'd have had it, Cut.

" A Libel o'er the *Town* for yours has run;

" For yours another at the *Court* has gone. }

For mine? I heard it, Sir, from more than One.

" The *Palais Royal* say, as others do,

" And father it, as I'm inform'd, on you.

Vol. II.

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Twelve

* Horace, *Lib. 2. Sat. 1. Ver. 82.*

Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, Jus est;
Judiciumque. Esto, si quis mala; sed bona si quis,
Judice, condiderit, laudatur Cæsare; si quis
Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipse,
Solventur risu tabula, tu missus abibis.

Twelve Years has past, since first I try'd the Press,
 And my Book publish'd with too much Success.
 To Sots and Fools I since have been a Prey,
 Condemn'd to suffer what they're pleas'd to say.
 Truth's a poor Help against such furious Foes,
 And I must bear the Burthens they impose.

A Country Coxcomb writes a lewd Lampoon,
 And presently I pass for the Buffoon.

To give his Verse a run, they cry, 'tis mine,
 And Country Fools with these Their Verdict join.
 Against it, I in vain, produce my Proof,
 Nor Court, nor Town, to clear me, are enough.

"No, no, says One, too well I know your Style,
 "Such Verse as those must cost you Time and Toil?
Upon my Honour, Sir, 'Tis none of mine.

"Not yours; Pray Pardon me; No, Not a Line.
D'ye think that I such horrid Stuff cou'd write?

"At once you show your Modesty and Wit;

"By thus despising what you do, you Praise,

"And when you wou'd debase it's Value, raise.

Teaz'd, vex'd, disturb'd, and troubled still, What
 Time,

Can I in *Paris* find, to Think on Rhyme?

What

What Time, *Lamoignon*, there to court the Muse?
And yet they make a Jest of my Excuse,
They fancy, when I take my Pen in Hand,
Apollo's bound to come at my Command.

The King, they tell me,, Like a Tempest falls,
And Levels with his Bolts the *Belgick* Walls.

In Triumph now he enters *Valencienne*

And *Cambray*, which to *France*, a Block has been ;
Which has so oft her dauntless Hosts defy'd,
Low sees her ruin'd Mounds, and humbled Pride.

Before *St. Omer*, by *Nassau's* Defeat,

* The Conq'ror *Philip* makes his Fame compleat.

"Heav'n knows how easie 'tis with you to write,

"To Paint the Terrours of the glorious Fight.

"To crown our Heroes with Immortal Bays,

Cries a fond Friend, to tempt my lazy Lays.

He thinks we Verse as easily can make,

As *Lewis* Towns with conq'ring Armies take :

And in these Martial Times, when *Hectors* swarm,

The Poets Hand is like the Heroes Arm.

e 2

But

* The Duke of Orleans, only Brother to *Lewis XIV.*

But I, who feel, ev'n then my Genius flag,
Of no such Fire, of no such Flights can brag;
And knowing that the Theme's for me too high,
To his vain Complements make no Reply.
But justly with my want^o of Strength perplex'd,
I at the Happiness of *France* am vex'd.

How blest the Man, whose easie Life is spent,
In a lone-Cottage, with himself Content?
Who lives retir'd, and to the World unknown,
At others Follies laughs, and mends his own?
Whose Rest was never for that *Nothing* broke.
The World calls *Fame*, and is at best but Smoke.
Who, to himself's Accountable alone
For his sweet Leisure, and whose Time's his own.
Who to his Freedom, all his Joy confines,
And forms no troublesome, no vain Designs.
Whom neither Inj'ries nor Affronts disturb,
Nor the vile Rout, whom Rule cou'd never Curb.
Their Flatt'ry hates, their Praises does despise,
Contemns their Favour, and their Rage defies.
While we, who Poems make and Books, must bear
Their Caprice for a Vogue, an empty Air:

With

With Praise we're on *Parnassus* poorly fed,
 And by the Fantom, all our Lives, are led:
 A fond Chimæra fills our working Brain;
 We're Slaves to Fame, and dare not break our
 Chain.

We dread the Reader's Frown, and court his Smile,
 And if we gain Applause, forget our Toil.

The Name we've got, we're still afraid to lose,
 And with false Views our flatt'ring Hopes abuse.

The World enrich'd by our exhausted Store,
 Expects, do what we can, we shou'd do more.

Men, when our Wit is at the highest, think,
 We're not to be forgiv'n, if e'er we sink.

We always must preserve our Youthful strain,
 And as our Years increase, grow Young again.

Yet ev'ry Thing diminishes by Time,

And that which is our Fate, is made our Crime.

Ev'n I, who in my Brow no Furrows find,

And am not to the Verge of Life declin'd,

Yet feel the want of Vigour in my Mind.

My Pinions flutter with a weaker Wing,

And lately with a fainter Voice I Sing.

* The Sylvan Shade and Silence I require,
 To animate my Voice, and feed my Fire.
 My Muse, who in those Walks delights to rove,
 And loves the Mazes of the lonely Grove,
 Scarce steady on the stony Street can move.
 She trips, she stumbles, from the Noise she flies
 To peaceful Paths, and to serener Skies :
 But to the Woods when I do thus retreat,
Apollo will vouchsafe me there to meet.
 Ask me not why, I am so Savage grown,
 Or why, when Thou art there, I leave the Town :
 † And when the *Lyon* mounts the scorching Sky,
 From thee, I to the distant Village fly.

While

* Juvenal, *Sat VII. Ver. 53.*

Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
 Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
 Communi feriat carmen triviale moneta,
 Hunc qualem nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum,
 Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
 Impatiens, cupidus Sylvarum, aptusque bibendis
 Fontibus Aonidum.

† Horace, *Lib. I. Ep. X. Ver. 15. speaking of his Country House,*
 ———— ubi gratior aura

Leniat & rabiem & canis & momenta Leonis,
 Cum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum?

Why crouded *Paris* has no Charms for me,
When there I might at least be Blest with thee.
Thou shoud'st not wonder that I quit the Town,
Nor judge my Taste, *Lamoignon*, by thy own.
Thou whose High Blood, whose Eloquence and Worth,
Whose Rank, to serve thy Country, call the forth.
Thee, Justice to this busie City draws,
To hold her Ballance and maintain the Laws.
Thee it becomes to bear the Public Weight.
So much thou ow'st thy Sov'reign and the State.
If thou shoud'st go, the suff'ring Orphan's cries,
In vain perhaps wou'd rend the patient Skies.
Th' Oppressor, an audacious Front, wou'd show,
And high wou'd Wrong erect her Brazen Brow.
Themis her self, wou'd want thy Eyes to see,
(And sure she ne'er saw clearer than by Thee.)
What shou'd I do at *Paris*? What in me,
With a Town-life and Hurry wou'd agree?
Am I cut out for Toil, and endless Care?
What Business has a useless *Reveur* there?
Give me the Shades, the Forrests and the Fields,
And the soft Sweets which Rural Quiet yields.

Oh, leave me, to the fresh, the fragrant Breeze,
 And let me here a while enjoy my Ease:
 Let me *Pomona's* plenteous Blessings crop,
 And see rich Autumns ripen'd Burthen drop:
 Till *Bacchus* with full Clusters crowns the Year,
 And gladdens with the Load the Vintager.
 Thy Friend then of the City less afraid,
 Will meet thee there, and change a while the Shade.
 With thee, I'll thence to *Baville* fly, and there
 With thee, thy Blessings and thy Pleasures share.
 Thee *Themis* only there to rest permits,
 With thee, the Town, till thou return'st, she quits.
 There shalt thou find me ready to Embrace
 Thy Rural Sports, and forward urge the Chace.
 A Novice at a Horse, I'll loose the Rein,
 And Spur the foaming Beast, and scour the Plain.
 Ride as thou wilt, I'll not be far behind,
 And suit to ev'ry Sport my willing Mind.
 We'll sometimes view around the gaudy Scene,
 Walk in the Groves, and on the flowry Green,
 Or wander on the Banks of *Polycrene* *.

And

* A Spring half a League from *Baville*, so nam'd by *Monsieur Lamoignon*.

And while we see him spread his lib'ral Source,

* We'll of the Virtues undisturb'd Discourse.

Thy Studies shall be then our useful Theme,

And what we shou'd Despise, and what Esteem;

Of false and real Goods, we there will Talk,

And thus improve our Morn and Evening Walk.

We'll Science seek, when we from Town retire;

The Way which to fair Glory leads, inquire.

And if, when he perceives he's apt to Err,

A Man of Honour, with himself shou'd bear.

To Fame substantial, we'll the Paths explore;

Whether vast Knowledge or sound Virtue's Lore,

Conduct us surest to the distant Shore.

Thus to engage me to thy self, thou know'st,

Proud of so wise a Friend, so great a Host.

How easie in our Solitude, how Blest?

If no *Impertinents* disturb our Rest.

But

* Horace, speaking of his Country Diversions, Lib. II. Sat. VI.
 & Ver. 72.

— quod magis ad nos
 Pertinet & nescire malum est, agitur: utrumne
 Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati;
 Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne trahat nos;
 Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

But where such Crouds to court thee come, we're sure
Fools will be there, and Fools we must endure.

Duty to thee, *Impertinents* will send,

And Coxcombs come, when we expect a Friend.

Thus when, for Three or Four, we look at Night,

In whom we may, both Profit and Delight;

Oft, (and what Help?) To disappoint our Hopes,

Both House and Park will be besieg'd by Fops.

Then Happy he, who to some Cave can fly,

And safe within its secret Covert lie :

The Devil take the hindmost, is the Cry.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

Monfieur RACINE.

O H! With what Art, *RACINE*, dost thou
Inspire

The lab'ring Actor with thy Heav'nly Fire?
How is the Player by thy Passions warm'd,
And how the Audience with his Action charm'd?
Thy Spirit animates the moving Scene,
For the best Actor's but a good Machine.

At *Aulis*, when fair *Iphigenia* bled,
Not half so many Tears the *Gracians* shed;
As when * *Chanmele*, with her Name disguis'd,
Was in thy *IPHIGENIA* Sacrific'd:

- Tho'

* A famous Actress.

Tho' thy learn'd Writings, our Applause constrain,
 And ev'ry Vote, with ev'ry Heart you gain :
 Yet, don't believe, you're always sure to take,
 The risk is Great, when you the Road forsake.
 A hundred Parties will against you rise,
 And Rivals view you with malignant Eyes.
 * Such Mischief ever too much Light attends,
 Nor free from Envy will you find your Friends.
 Death only can consummate Worth defend,
 From Wrong and Envy, which with Life will end.
 A Poet dead ; good Sense his Writings weighs,
 And sets the lawful Price upon his Plays.
 E're *MOLIERE* lay in charitable Dust,
 How few were to his Muse and Merit just ?
 Coxcombs and Fools wou'd scarce for Sense allow,
 Those Strokes that are so much commended now.
 As soon as a new Piece of his was play'd,
 New Fools were anger'd, and new Criticks made.

Ign'rance

* Horace, *Lib. 11. Epist. 1. speaking of Hercules.*
 Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.
 Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
 Infra se politas. extinctus amabitur idem.

Ign'rance and Error, like false *Marquee's* Dress,
Defam'd his Wit and his best Plays deprest.
Most Fault was found, where most his Genius shone,
So wise, so just, was our indulgent Town.

This Lord, wou'd have the Scene be more exact,
And that, is tir'd before the Second Act.

The Reason is, he fears the Picture's known,
And takes Offence, because so like his own.

Another vindicates the *Bigot's* Cause,
And sain against the Bard wou'd arm the Laws.

The Court he Sacrifices to the Pit,

The Marquis raves, and damns his faucy Wit:

But when the Sisters cut the fatal Thread,
And rank'd him with the Number of the Dead,
Than strait his Conduct and his Wit were best,
And now they firmly stand the Critick's Test.

With him was *Comedy*, they cry'd, interr'd,
And scarce the Ancients are to him preferr'd;

His Death was to the Buskin such a blow,

'T has ne're recovered, since it fell so low.

Such was with us the *Comic* Muses Fate,

And is the *Tragic* in a better State?

You

You then, who *Sophoclean* Heights explore,
And tread the Steps the *Græcian* trod before,
Who guide your Muse by his unerring Light,
And gild the *Celtick* Stage with Beams as bright;
Who in thy Art so many dost excell,
And comfort *Paris* for decay'd CORNEILLE.
If Fools shou'd with thy Merit be too free,
And Envy fix her pois'nous Teeth on thee;
Think it not strange, if Slander should prevail,
Heav'n suffers that to Bite, and this to Rail.
And as in all Things, so in this is Wise, (lies.
Knows where our Strength, and where our Weakness
Merit grows Lazy in Repose, and Sleeps,
But Envy still awake a Genius keeps.
It Imps the Muses Wings, and in her flight,
Helps her to Soar to the sublimest Height.
The more to Ruin her when Malice strives,
The more she quickens in her Growth, and thrives,
If the *CID* ne'er had persecuted been,
CINNA had never grac'd the *Gallie* Scene.
Perhaps, had *PHYRRHUS* been more justly us'd,
A *BURRHUS* thou hadst not so soon produc'd.

Ev'n I, whose Merit's so much less than thine,
Can on pale Envy look, and not Repine :
Free, as I found my Humour, and my Mind,
Not form'd by Nature of the pliant Kind,
I stock'd my self with usef^l Foes betimes,
And whetted on their harden'd Spite my Rhymes.
More to their Hate (I grant) I owe than all
That *France* a Talent has been pleas'd to call.
Against me when they rose, their venom'd Spite,
Serv'd when I Trod, to keep my Steps upright ;
With Caution, ev'ry Line I ventur'd, came,
As ready to Correct, as they to Blame.
Beware, I to my self, wou'd often cry,
The Band observes thee with a dang'rous Eye :
By their Advice, my Verses I review'd,
And mended them, if their Remarks were good.
Charg'd with an Error, no Reply I make,
But Answer by correcting the Mistake.
When Criminal to render me they strove,
My Vengeance was in Virtue to improve.
RACINE, thy self by my Example guide,
And trust his Lessons, who their Truth have try'd.

When

When Author's shall, to wrong thy Fame, Cabal,
Turn to thy Good, their ill-intended Gall;
Laugh at their Noise, like Wind away it flies,
And both their Folly and their Spite despise.
Let 'em expose their Impotence, and Rail,
Can Ignorance against thy Verse prevail?
The French *Parnassus*, honour'd by thy Vein,
Thy Glory will against their Plots maintain.
For Thee she'll just Posterity engage,
And quickly silence their ungrateful Rage.
When *PHÆDRA*'s cruel Fate, their Hearts shall melt,
And they once feel the Pity we have felt:
False but Reluctant when they view the Fair,
Her hated Incest, and her full Despair:
They with just Wonder the great Work will see,
And bless the happy Age so blest in thee.
An Age that does in glorious Acts abound,
Yet most for thy illustrious Toils renown'd.

What if such Criticks snarl, they do no harm,
Thy Works will less offend, when less they charm:

* What

* What, if our Writings shou'd dull *Perrin* please,
 Or duller *Corras* shou'd their Worth confess.
 Can such as they our real Value raise?
 Or our Fame live the longer for their Praise?
 What, if the foolish Author of *Senlie*
 Approv'd 'em, wou'd it to their Honour be?
 If *Amiot's* dry Translator's vain Applause
 Gave Judgment for them, Wou'd it gain the Cause?
 Wou'd it increase our Merit and our Fame?
 Or is it in their Pow'r to save or damn?
 No, no, a Name so purchas'd cannot last;
 But if they're to the *Court* and *Country's* taste,
 Why shou'd we deign a uselefs Praise to take,
 Or Judges own, who can no Judgment make.
 If we the greatest King on Earth can please,
 And entertain him in his Hours of Ease.
 If *Conde*, at *Chantilli's* charming Grove,
 Suffers my Satires, and thy Scenes approve.

Vol. II.

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If

 * Horace, *Lib. 1. Sat. X. Ver. 78.*

Men moveat cimex Pantilius?

Plotius & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,

Valgius, & prober hæc Octavius optimus, atque

Fuscus: & hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque,

If *Enguien* likes them, *Colbert* and *Vivonne*,
If *Roche-foucault*, *Marillac* and *Pompe* ;
And if a Thousand more, whom I cou'd Name,
Applaud our Verses, their Applause is Fame.
Oh! That *Montauxier*, (which the Work wou'd crown)
Wou'd to their Approbation, add his own !
'Tis to such Readers I my Works present,
Proud of their Praise, and with their Votes content.
But for the common Criticks ; for the Croud,
The Merit of whose Voice is, that they're Loud :
Who cry up ev'ry dull insipid Piece,
Whom Puppet-Shows and Dancing-Dogs can please,
With Cadence since they're neither touch'd, nor Wit,
Leave thou to *Pradon* such a senseless Pit.

EPISTLE VIII.

To the KING.

CEASE, SIR, to Conquer, or I cease to write;
 You know my forward Muse was born to Bite:
 But tho' her Style confesses it, she fain
 Wou'd rise to Sing the Wonders of Thy Reign.
 Her Talent she disowns; she's all for Praise,
 And to Thy Glory now her Voice wou'd raise.
 Compell'd by Zeal, she quits her common Road,
 And measures Syllables to form an *Ode*.
 Or else, she daring, like the *Mantuan* Swan,
 Of a new *Aeneid* forms th' audacious Plan.
 Thus sweetly flatter'd, I new Paths explore,
 But Flag, when I attempt aloft to Soar.
 These Flights, so little with her Style agree;
 Her they Dishonour, and not Honour Thee.
 Nor Force, are in my Verses found, nor Grace,
 And all Things seem in an improper Place.

Your Valour is so obstinately bent
On Conquest, to repose 'twill ne'er Consent.
If you'd a Year for Breathing time allow,
My Muse might not succeed so Ill as now.
Perhaps, she might recover her lost Time,
And reach, as well as others, the Sublime.
The French *Parnassus*, not exempt from Crimes,
Provokes her with new Subjects and new Rhymes.
Your Triumphs interrupt her in her Course,
And on her Genius put a Pleasing Force.
Scarce were our Harps for conquer'd *Limbourg* strung,
Before *Bouchain* and *Conde* must be sung.
Nothing can quench your Thirst of high Renown,
From Fame to Fame you run, from Town to Town,
Performing in one Day, what in a Year,
We scarce can tell, or in our Tale come near.
If ever you are tir'd with forcing Walls,
And Cares of Rule recal you to *Versailles*.
You with a thousand other Virtues come,
To Dazle and Embarrass me at home.
The nearer they're beheld, they strike the more,
When Absent we admire, what Present we adore.

In that sweet Dwelling, full of noble Charms,
The Hero shines as glorious as in Arms.

Thou bear'st alone the Crowns increasing weight,
And art the only *Atlas* of the State.

Arts thou hast cherish'd, and with Hands profuse,
Rewarded and enrich'd the Critic Muse.

Thou ev'n to Satire dost thy Grace extend ;
What Monarch was to Truth so much a Friend ?

Ah ! 'Tis too much ; Too far your Bounty goes ;
Satyric Poets may to Fools be Foes :

But apt by Nature to be Malecontent,
They can't, however favour'd, hide their Bent.

Our Muse will oft be Lazy, Flag and Fall,
And Choler waits to bear her up, and Gall.

Thanks handsomely to Pay, we strive in Vain ;
But, SIR, most Elegantly can *Complain*.

Oh ! Had I liv'd, in those sinister Reigns,
When Kings, despising thy Fatigues and Pains,
To Ministers resign'd the Sovereign Sway,
Making them Masters who were born t'Obey ;
Who never steer'd the Helm, and only lent
Their Name, and were with That and Ease, content.

Had I, without fatiguing them with Praise,
A Loose allow'd to my severer Lays,
How easie from my Vein had Satire flown,
And Jests as fast as she cou'd put 'em down !
But in thy Reign, there's nothing but Surprise,
And lifting up to Heav'n our Hands and Eyes:
Paying our grateful Thanks to Him, who blest
This Kingdom with the greatest King and Best.
Thee to Admire, incessantly I'm forc'd,
And Satire and the Muse are now divorc'd.
I've now no Malice, when I write, no Spleen ;
My Censure's vanish'd, and I've chang'd the Scene.
Thy Virtues *Lewis* all my Thoughts engage,
And, in thy Favour, I forgive the Age.
Now with erected Head, * *Brebeuf* appears,
No Critic apprehends, nor Satire fears.
The croud of Authors now renounce the Rules,
And Nonsense ev'ry where's advanc'd by Fools.

To

* *Brebeuf*, Translator of *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

To *Epic* Poems they pretend and Plays,
To Speeches Academic, and Essays :
Perrin his Gift, may as he's pleas'd display,
And the *French* Stage to *Pradon* be a Prey.
While I such Writers and their Works neglect,
And the huge Volume of thy Deeds collect.
This shou'd the Muses only Business be,
She Minds, she Hears, and nothing Knows, but Thee.
Yet by no mercenary Zeal's inspir'd,
Nor with mean Views of Partial Favour fir'd.
Thou know'st, she cou'd not such vile Ends endure;
Her Passion's Chaste, and her Devotion pure.
Before Thy Bounty fought me, 'twas the same;
I burn'd to Write, nor cou'd I hide my Flame.
Thee only I admired——
This, I with Pleasure said a thousand Ways,
And ev'n in Satire's Bosom learnt to Praise.
Since with thy Gifts I have been over charg'd,
Have they, my Poems, or my Zeal enlarg'd?
No, shall I say it, Oft a just Remorse
Has checkt the Flame, and stopt me in my Course.

Methinks, Great KING, my Writings are no more
Of the same Value that they were before.

I'm paid, and that diminishes the Price;

For Praise to Zeal should only owe its Rise.

The World will, when I write, I fear, conclude,

My Transports only flow from Gratitude.

Less with Futurity my Works will Weigh,

And Your Fame suffer, SIR, because You Pay:

But since You're with this proud Remorse displeas'd,

I'll strive to Conquer it, and do my best.

If All your Bounty has enrich'd shou'd Plead

This vain Excuse to ev'ry Glorious Deed;

Who'd to Posterity Thy Fame convey,

And o'er the future World Thy Deeds display.

Oh, rather with redoubled Notes lets sing,

Tune ev'ry Harp, and touch each trembling String.

My Zeal, the want of Genius, shall supply;

As *Horace* did before me, so will I.

With Vapours He, as well as I, was vex't,

And with a double Muse alike perplex't.

He vented on his Paper, oft his Spleen,

Fine was his Praise, and yet his Satire keen.

Him,

Him, in my Verse, to Copy, I pretend
Calliope provok'd, may be my Friend,
 As ready, as she did his Call attend.
 That Hand which * *Tullius*'s Follies cou'd proclaim,
 And mark *Tigellius* † with Immortal Shame;
 Cou'd move fair *Glycera* with tender Lays,
 And strike the sounding Lyre in *Cesar*'s Praise.
 Follow his bright Example. Can'st thou find,
 O Muse a Better, to improve thy Mind?
 Thus to my self, I say, and take the Lyre, —
 Strike the rebounding Strings, and to his Song aspire.
 The Rocks methinks are list'ning when I play,
 And Dancing Woods my pow'rful Notes obey;
 My Verse comes flowing like a mighty Stream,
 When *Horace* is my Guide, and *Lewis* is my Theme.
 " Hold--- Hold--- I hear the Reader cry, 'tis true;
 " *Horace* had many Gifts, but, What have you?
 " For you, pray, What has niggard Nature done;
 " What are your Talents, that so fast you run?

EVEN

* A Roman Senator.

† A famous Musician, very much esteem'd in his Time, and favour'd by Augustus.

" Ev'n *Juvenal* and *Persius*, you excell

" In Impudence, but *Pinchene* Daubs as well.

What can I say to such Rebukes as these?

I find they may confound me thus with Ease:

Least, SIR, I shou'd your Deathless Glory wrong,

And raise more Censures on my daring Song,

I stop at once, Admire-- And hold my Tongue.

EPISTLE IX.

TO THE

Marquis *De Seignelai.*

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

The Lord Chancellor —

C O W P E R.

COWPER, How foolish wou'd that Author be,
 Who brought false Praise and Flattery to thee,
 Who from the *Tygris* to the *Thames* wou'd bear
 Thy Name, to catch Thee in the Poet's Snare?
 Thy searching Judgment wou'd the Fraud despise,
 And breaking thro' the Net the Cheat chastise.

Not

Not thus, those trivial Talents who delight,
 In the dull Praises of a Parasite,
 Who tickl'd with a Songster's soothing Lies,
 Delight to hear him lift 'em to the Skies:
 And never think themselves so highly grac'd,
 As when in *Durfey's* Upper-Story plac'd:
 Such fulsom Panegyricks you detest,
 Yet wou'd not fully refuse the best.
 Nor, like some furly Politicians, spurn
 The Hand that brings it, and his Zeal return
 With loud Reproaches, or with silent Scorn.
 Praise shou'd be Fine, and delicately Writ;
 * The same that you, and such as you permit.
 When from the modest Bards officious Song,
 There rises no Perfume which smells too strong.
 A Novice, of his Incense too profuse,
 Will oft'n, those he wou'd commend, abuse;
 With borrow'd Wreaths his Hero's Temples grace,
 Give a Back-blow, and strike him in the Face.

Thus

* Horace, *Lib. II. Sat. 1. Ver. 20.*
 Cui male si palpare, recalcitrat undique tutus.

Thus the *French* Poets in a pompous Strain,
 May talk of *Tesse's* Victories in *Spain*,
 Of *Villeroy's* mighty Conquests and *Anjou's*,
 And *Leak* retreating from the bold *Tholouse* :
 Of *Mordaunt* beaten, and *Eugene* deceiv'd,
 And *Brabant* by *Bavaria* reliev'd.

A Man of Worth, who is himself sincere,
 No counterfeit Applause will deign to hear :
 As if some wretched Author shou'd pretend,
 Your Deeds of Arms and Triumphs to commend,
 Instead of Painting your unweary'd Zeal
 For *Anna's* Service, and your Country's Weal,
 Your Wisdom, Vigilance, and solid Sense,
 Your Equity and charming Eloquence,
 Your Learning and your Love of Arts. Suppose,
 * Like *Mars*, he drew you driving on your Foes ;
 Like *Alexander* at the *Granic* Flood,
 Or stern *Achilles* stain'd with *Trojan* Blood ;
 Instead

* Horace, *Lib. I. Epist. XVI. ad Quintum, Ver. 25.*
Si quis bella tibi terra pugnata, marique
Dicat, & his verbis vacuas permulceat aures :
Tene magis saluum populus velit, an populum tu,
Servet in ambiguo qui consulit & tibi & urbi
Jupiter, Augusti laudes agnoscere possis.

Instead of making you as Good, as Great,
A true *Mecenas* in the *British* State,
Shou'd he a lab'ring *Hercules* design,
You'd cry, *the Picture's Marlbro's, and not mine*;
And since she did so ill her Patron chuse,
Impose eternal Silence on the Muse.

A noble Spirit with it self content
Like Beauty needs no Foreign Ornament;
It scorns by others Merit to be rais'd,
Or for another's Virtues to be prais'd.

What, if a Coxcomb, who his Man mistook,
Shou'd say, when I am sick, *How well you look*.
What Service wou'd it be? I still shou'd feel
The Fever, and be ne'er the sooner well.
Nothing but *Truth* is lovely, nothing fair,
And nothing pleases us but *Truth* is there.
Truth shou'd direct the Poets fruitful Vein;
In all Things, even in the *Fable* reign;
For Fiction, by a Falshood, well-design'd,
Conveys some sacred *Truth* into the Mind;
Or else 'tis Cold, Impertinent and Vain,
The Dream of a distemper'd Poet's Brain.

Why,

Why, but that *Truth* with ev'ry Taste agrees,
Shou'd *Satire* more than other Poems please?
Satire, whose Numbers are not always Sweet,
Nor Language Elegant, nor Turn Polite;
For *Reason* she'll with rugged *Rhymes* dispence,
And never for the *Sound* neglect the *Sense*.

Truth reigns, and *Nature* still prevails o'er Art;
'Tis that which strikes the Eye, and moves the Heart;
In equal Scales the Good and Evil weighs,
And can't a *Scoundrel* for a *Cesar* praise.

A *Satyrist*, whose Heart directs his Head,
Writes only, what he to himself has said;
And tho' his Metre may be Good or Ill,
In ev'ry Couplet there's some Meaning still.
'Tis by this Meaning that he makes his Way;
We wish we cou'd the same of *Westley* say;
Of Heaps of idle Tales, and taking Plays,
Of Sonnets, new Adventures, and Essays.
Where Readers by the Titles are misled,
And much is often *spoke*, but nothing *said*.
Satire her self, that thou'd be so sincere,
As well as any other Muse, may err.

No Soul's so Just, but by a nicer View;
Some Part or other may be found *Untrue*.

In our own Figures to be seen we fear,
Leave *Nature* all of us, and Vizards wear.

The most Sincere displease us oft by this,
And no Man dares appear for what he is.

Yon *Wight*, whom all that know his Weakness, shun,
And fly him as they wou'd from Mischief run;
Who, when he fixes on a Person, stays,
And Tattles till another takes his Place;
Has Sense enough, and is by Nature sad,
As gay, as he Affects to seem, and glad;
His Joy but rarely rising from his Heart,
Obliges him to over-act his Part:
He shocks you with Civility, as such
Displease you most, who strive to please too much.
Nature by Study and by Art is spoil'd,
While ev'ry Thing is charming in a Child:
Its little Tongue, scarce loosen'd from its Place,
Lisps out its Thoughts, and what it Thinks, it says;
It utters all its Soul without Disguise,
But errs betimes, and mixes Truth with Lies.

Nature

Nature or *Truth* instructs us when it charms,
But *Falshood* neither pleases nor informs:
Nature's in all Things what we first admire,
But *Falshood*, be it ne'er so fine, will tire.
A Soul by *Nature* fullen and morose,
Ev'n pleases, when its genial Bent it shows.
Each Man, if taken in Himself, would pass;
'Tis when he Mimicks others, he's an Ass.
His Air shou'd always with himself agree,
Another's only can offend in me.

When *Dorimant* the generous and kind,
The great and rich in all Things but his Mind;
Who for his lovely Ignorance was fam'd,
Kept to his Talents, he was never blam'd:
He lately is a mighty Doctor grown,
The first and fiercest Critic in the Town;
Of Poems and of Poets too the Flail,
And none without his Favour can prevail.
'Tis for the Music that he sees the Play,
And visits for the Verse the Opera:
He flies to *Tamerlane* to hear the Tunes,
And for sound Reason to *Arsinoe* runs.

Thus, whether of a Scene or of a Song,
He still will Judge, and still is in the wrong.
Striving to mend himself, himself he'll spoil;
From an *Original* a *Cop* vile!

Pride and *affected Knowledge*, less Advance
A Man's Desert, than humble Ignorance.
Truth, as it charm'd at first, will always please,
While *Falshood's* fading Pleasures quickly cease.
In vain a Mimic, or a Stage-Bufferon,
Breaks his rude Jest, and Reads his lewd Lampoon;
Striving to make his lavish Patrons laugh,
When their full Bowls with filthy Mirth they quaff.
His vile Grimaces, and his beastly Jest
May serve some Country Squire's drunken Feasts;
But take and prove him by himself, you'll find,
His Wit and Worth were Impudence and Wind:
Bring him to Reason, and you'll see him turn
To Dirt, a gloomy Wretch below your Scorn.
Give me the Man who's Witty, Gay, and Free,
Of whom we like the more, the more we see;
Who lays his Bosom open to our Sight,
For Virtue only can endure the Light:

Vice

Vice shuns the Day, and seeks the dusky Shade,
Like Ghosts, and Vizards, of the Morn afraid:
We learnt our Thoughts, our Humours to disguise,
And lost the Freedom of our Minds, by Vice.

Man in old Times by painful Labour liv'd,
And ne'er Deceiving never was Deceiv'd;
E'er Perjury was to the *Norman* known,
And Nations were by Wiles and Words undone;
No Sophist could by Logic then devise
A Secret to confound the Truth with Lies;
Nor Orator so well his Words cou'd range,
As *Falshood* into seeming *Truth* to change,
But Wealth and Plenty soon the World misled,
And Vanity by Idleness was bred.

Man growing Rich, affected to be Great,
To shine with borrow'd Airs, and live in State:
Gay Dresses, gilded Chariots, with a Train
Commenc'd, and Vice began her gaudy Reign.
For Pearls the Merchant search'd the *Indian* Shore,
The Rocks for Rubies, and the Mines for Ore:
Silks on the Loom in various Figures lie,
And *Tyrian* Purple stains the native Dye.

The Ladies smoothe the Wrinkles on their Brows
By Art, and to the *Lilly* add the *Rose*.

The plaister'd Beauties hide their pale Disease,
And make themselves as handsom as they please.

Then Courts were fill'd with Crouds of cringing Slaves,
And Men were made, by Lust of Money, Knaves :

Thus Flattery abounding, and Deceit,

The World became an universal Cheat.

But of all Cheats, *Apollo's* Sons the worst,

Grew frail, and were infected with the first :

The spotless Paper they with Lies defil'd,
And *Truth's* pure Image by base Fiction soil'd :

Odes, *Stanzas*'s, *Prologues*, Mercenary Lays,

Long *Fustian Dedications*, fill'd with Praise,

Where the kind *Hero*, who was ne'er in War,

Tho' Squinting, or One-ey'd, was deem'd a Star.

Not that by any Thing I've said, I strive,
The World of Praise unjustly to deprive.

Praise is the Life, the very Soul of Song,

The richest Tribute of the tuneful Throng ;

The Muses sweetest Pleasure, and the best,

To you, *MY LORD*, and such as you address ;

Where

Where nothing gross or fustom shocks the Ear,
But what a Man of Worth may speak or hear.
Praise which on virtuous Actions is bestow'd,
Has in all Times with Reason been allow'd
A rare Perfume, whose Aromatic Smell
Invites the Reader to deserve as well:
'Tis only then offensive, when apply'd
To favour Vanity, or flatter Pride.
But when you can a modest *Author* trust,
One who to Decency and Truth is just;
You freely may his faithful Praises hear,
And nothing to offend your Virtue fear.
Nor need we seek for Virtues in the Skies
To speak your Worth, so many strike our Eyes.
The Glory You, the Guardian of our *Laws*,
Who hold the *Scales* of *Justice* with Applause:
Cou'd we apt Words and equal Phrases find,
To tell the Wonders of your lab'ring Mind.
Cou'd we your known Integrity relate,
Or how a thousand Ways you serve the State:
How bravely in the Breach you oft have stood,
And war'd with Faction for your Country's Good;

You, who a flattering Picture hate to view ;
Without Displeasure, wou'd behold a true.
Ev'n *Marl'bro*, whose victorious Brow appears
Less dreadful to the *French* than *Flatterers* ;
Marl'bro himself would not disdain to see
True Draughts of *Blenheim*, or of *Ramilly* ;
Nor a bright Image of his Deeds disown,
By *Rowe* design'd, or drawn by *Addison*.
But a dull Poet, who with senseless Songs
Assaults him, and his mighty Conquests wrongs ;
In vain his Fustian Eulogies would bring,
And cry aloud---- *Arms, and the Man I sing*.
With Scorn, he'd look upon the worthless Page,
And fling it from him with judicious Rage.
Thence falling to the Groom or Coachman's Lot,
It may a while be Thumb'd, and then Forgot.

NEW
EPISTLES.



P R E F A C E.

I Don't know whether the Three Epistles I now present to the Public will meet with a great many Admirers : But I know very well, my Censors will find abundantly wherewithal to exercise their Criticisms ; for every Thing in 'em is extremely put to the venture. In the First, Under Pretence of condemning my own Works, I make my own Elogium, and forget nothing that cou'd be said to my Advantage. In the Second, I entertain my self with my Gard'ner, upon trivial Matters ; And in the Third, Take upon me boldly to determine the greatest and most important Point in Religion, I mean, the Love of God : I therefore give my Censors a fair Occasion to attack me, the Proud Poet, the Rude Peasant, and the Presumptuous Divine. However, as strong as their Efforts may be, I question, Whether they will shake the firm Resolution I have long since taken, never to make any Reply to whatever shou'd be written against me, at least not to Answer any One in a grave Manner.

And indeed, To what End should one needlessly waste Paper ? If my Epistles are bad, all that I can say will not make 'em better : If they are good, all that can be urg'd against 'em will not make 'em worse. The Public is not a judge liable to be corrupted, nor is it govern'd by anothers Passions. The effect all Criticisms have against such Pieces as please, only helps forward their general Reception, and shows the Merit of 'em the better. 'Tis essential to a good Book to meet with Censors ; and the greatest Disgrace which can happen to a Work, after 'tis publish'd, is, not that abundance of People speak ill of it, but that no Body speaks of it at all.

For which Reason I shall not be in the least concern'd, if these Three Epistles are attack'd. 'Tis most certain I have been at a great deal of Pains about 'em, especially

P R E F A C E.

cially that, upon The Love of God, which I have revis'd more than once; and I own, I made use of all the little Wit and Judgment I was Master of, in giving it the finishing Stroke. At first, I intended to publish it singly, because the other Two seem'd too trifling to appear with so serious a Work, as that Epistle. But some of my Friends, Men of very good Sense, persuaded me, That those Two Epistles, tho' in the pleasant Style, were however upon Moral Subjects, where nothing was Taught but what was Virtuous; and that their appearing with the other wou'd be so far from lessening it, that they wou'd make even an agreeable Variety; besides, a great many Men of Worth and Honour desiring to have them all Three, I cou'd not handsomly refuse so small a Request, but readily comply'd with their Demands, and thus the Reader will find them together. Notwithstanding which, there being some Religious Persons, who may not Care to trouble themselves with my Conversation with my Gard'ner, and the Verses to my Book, 'tis fit I should give them Notice, That I have order'd the Last, which treats of the Love of God, to be printed so, as they may have it separately; and I shall not only not think it strange, that they read no more than that, but I am sometimes ready to wish, I had never wrote any other, than that Piece; tho' 'tis likely to be the last Poem I shall ever write. My Genius for Verse now begins to be exhausted, and my Historical Employments will not afford me much Leisure for Rhyming.

This is all I had to say to the Reader; however, before I finish this Preface, it will not be improper methinks to satisfy some scrupulous People, who having no great Opinion of my Capacity in Theological Matters, may question, whether what I advance in my XIIth Epistle be Orthodox; and may be apprehensive, that when I wou'd be their Guide, I shall lead 'em astray. Wherefore, that they may walk securely, I must tell them, (Vanity apart) That I have read that Epistle several times to a very great Number of eminent Doctors of the Sorbonne, Fathers of the Oratory,

P R E F A C E.

tory, and Jesuits, who all applauded it, and thought the Doctrine very Sound and Pure; That a great many Illustrious Prelates likewise, entertain'd the same Thoughts of it; That my Lord Bishop of Meaux, in naming whom, I name one of the greatest Lights the Church has had in these last Ages, had my Poem a long Time in his Hands; and after having read it frequently, he not only approv'd of it, but was willing I should publish to the World, that he had done so. In fine, To raise my Glory to the height, that pious Archbishop, in whose Diocess I have the Happiness to live, that great Prelate I say, as Eminent for his Learning and Virtue, as for his Dignity and Birth, whom the greatest King in the World, by a Choice visibly inspir'd by Heaven, has given to the Capital City of his Kingdom, to encourage Innocence, and destroy Error; In a word, my Lord Archbishop of Paris condescended also carefully to examine that Epistle; and was so kind, as to give me his Advice on more than one Passage, which I readily follow'd, and at last he granted me his Approbation, and that with such Praises, as equally ravish'd and confounded me.

Further, Since some have given out that my Epistle was only a vain Declamation which falls upon nothing Real, nor on any Notion which was ever advanced, I am oblig'd, in justice to Truth, to lay down what the Proposition is that I Oppose; and to do it both in the Language and the Terms in which it is maintain'd, in more than one School. 'Tis as follows: *Attritio ex gehennæ metu sufficit etiam sine ullâ Dei dilectione, & sine ullo ad Deum offensum respectu: quia talis honesta, & supernaturalis est.* This is the Proposition I Dispute, and maintain to be False, Abominable, and more contrary to True Religion, than Lutheranism or Calvinism; yet it cannot be denied, but it has lately been maintain'd; nay, inserted in some Catechisms in Words that come very near the Latin Terms abovementioned.

E P I S T L E

EPISTLE X.

To my BOOK.

IN vain, my MUSE, I bid you hold ; in vain
 I strive your daring Sallies to restrain ;
 Go, my last Labour, since you can't endure
 With me to languish in a Life obscure:
 Go, (since you hate to be confin'd, and long
 At *Barbin's* to Increase the Paper throng ;)
 Your Guilty Leaves, Ambitious Libels ! spread :
 But with vain Hopes your fond Ambition's fed.
 You think, that Readers will be proud to read,
 And like your Elder Brothers, to succeed ;
 Tho' the weak Offspring of my Age, you hope,
 As well as they, to shine in *Barbin's* Shop :
 That from the People, you'll to Princes pass, •
 And equal Glory gain, and equal Grace ; •
 That Court and Country will alike be pleas'd,
 And Proverbs soon be made of ev'ry Jest.

So Home you'll strike, the Charm will be so strong,
That nothing shall resist your pow'ful Song :
But don't deceive your Selves, nor think to find,
The Court and Country to your Rhymes so kind :
My Spring of Wit is past ; my Youthful Vain,
And you, my Muse, shall never Bloom again :
Nor ever must my *Verse* again pretend,
The Faults of Others to Reprove, or Mend.
My Muse, when Young, the French *Parnassus* sway'd,
And with Gay Robes her pompous *Verse* array'd.
A lawful Rage did then her Wit provoke,
And just *Resentment* pointed ev'ry Stroke.
When, before Reason, she *Indicted* Rhyme ;
When she no Folly sooth'd, and spar'd no Crime.
When on Mankind, and on her Self, she fell,
And those who felt the Lash, approv'd her Zeal:
The Reader pleas'd with my Impartial Rage,
Forgot his Wrath, and rob'd the hated Page.
When the Jest tickled him, he stole the Line ;
And often Larded his Discourse with Mine.

But now that I am Old, and on my Head
The Snow of threescore Winters has been shed ;

Now

Now these dissembled Locks my Baldness hide,
And *Age* has with my Vigour sunk my Pride;

Now heavy is its Hand, and I with Pain,
Pursue the wonted Labours of my Brain.

Cease then my Muse, in your Fantastic Whims,
To hope the World will crowd to buy your Rhymes;
That *Barbin* will be throng'd; 'twill now be Strange,
If for your Ice, they shou'd their Silver change.

Our brighter Days are o'er, our Honour's past,
And you'll Provoke the public Scoff at last.

Soon your dull Efforts will their Jest excite,
And your self Bit, who us'd so oft to Bite.

Your Author soon, the Fav'rite once of Fame,
Next *Pinchene's* and *Liniere's* will find his Name.

And he who was to *Regnier* once prefer'd,
To *Perrin* and *Perrault* will be compar'd.

**Cursed old Age!* (In vain you'll then exclaim)
Has he then liv'd so long for so much Shame?

You'll nothing from all Parts but Scandal hear,
And I of your Affronts shall have my share.

* To

" * To what does He pretend ? is He so vain,

" To Think, he'll triumph in the Lists again ?

" What wretched Verse are here, what Style, they'll cry ?

" He scarce can go, and yet he Hopes to fly.

" His *Pegasus* shou'd now the Race give o're,

" He's Old and Weak, and shou'd be Rid no more,

" Least, his Wind broke, and ev'ry Limb unsound,

" He falls, and leaves his Master on the Ground.

You'll hear our surly Censors thus exclaim,

And carping Wits in Shoals your Metre blame.

To Pieces they'll your Words and Numbers take,

And Havock of your Artful Figures make.

They'll by no means *Hyperbole's* allow,

Or will not suffer 'em at least in You¹.

In you, as hideous Monsters they'll abhor,

The *Metonymie* and the *Metaphor* ;

Big Words, which *Pradon* will mistake to be

The Cant and crabbed Terms of Chymistry.

A

* Horace, *Lib. I. Ep. I. Ver. 7.*

Eft mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem :
Solve senescentem mature janus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus & ilia ducat.

§ A Bed can't be call'd *Impudent*, they'll cry,
 And to name *Lust*, is down-right Ribaldry.
 In vain against the Public, you with Pride,
 A while may keep your Ground, and stem the Tide.
 A while you in the Shop may stand in vain;
 You will not long the dang'rous Post maintain.
 But to the Warehouse driv'n, and there forgot,
 With * *Regulus* and *Pyramus* you'll Rot.
 Or at *Thierry's* else remain at Ease,
 With *Hayneuve's* Meditations and *Buzee's*:
 At last in Melancholly Tatters fall,
 The Lumber of some Broker's dirty Stall;
 Where all th' Affronts that † *Jonas* met, you'll meet,
 And be the Rabble's Study in the Street.

But you defy these Threats, and hope to shine,
 In the same Rank with *Corneille* and *Racine*.

Their Verse Immortal, you expect the same;

But how can you pretend to equal Fame?

What right to Immortality have you?

No more--- I see you will your bent pursue,

Go then; and show your Selves to Public View.

Please

§ *M. Boileau, in some Part of his Works, had given that Epithet to a Bed, i. e. Lit effronte.*

* Two of *Pradon's* Plays. † An Heroic Poem that did not Sell.

Please your Ambition ; but at least appear
In my own Book, and hide your Weakness there.
With my *first* Labours joyn ; perhaps their Fame
May help you, or a Favorite Author's Name.
You may the better, for your Brothers, spare ;
Their Merit who admire, your Faults may spare.
You, as the Children of my Pen may find
Some Readers still, and ev'n those Readers kind.
You with the rest, may in a Volume pass,
And, what I am, be Hid by what I Was.

If my past Writings for my present plead,
And you, my Verse, shou'd for my Sake be read ;
Describe me, in Return, and let 'em see,
I'm not the Man that I've been made to be.
See, that with Care, those Features be effac'd,
With which my Picture has been oft disgrac'd.
Tell all Mapkind, what e'er my Foes have said,
I'm not so Black at bottom, as I'm made :
That he, who has for Railing been revil'd,
Is in the main, Plain, Equitable, Mild ;
A Friend to Truth ; Nor did he ever write
With Malice, or was Spiteful out of Spite :

That

That in a word, his Candour was his Fault,
And the Sincerity he lov'd, he taught.
Say, tho' by wretched Rhymers teaz'd, his Pen,
When e'er it lash'd the Poets, spar'd the Men.
~~Free was~~ his Verse, but it was still Discreet ;
And Sow'r as it may seem, his *Look* was Sweet.
In Body weak ; not short, nor yet too tall ;
Nor is he what the World *voluptuous* call.
Himself less Virtuous than he's Virtue's Friend,
Yet will not dare his Frailties to defend.

Of you, my Verse, if any shou'd inquire,
Or what my Fortune was, or who my Sire,
Or how I led my Life ; to these declare,
My Father was a worthy *Register*.
And higher still I my Descent might draw,
From those who Plead, and those who deal the Law.
From Magistrates and Advocates I came,
Nor will you be Dishonour'd by my Name.
I, in the Cradle a dear Mother lost,
Nor long cou'd of a tender Father boast.
His Loss in Four *Bissextile* Years I mourn'd,
And Loose I, to the World, too Young was turn'd.

By the sole Conduct of my Genius led,
Perſus and *Horace*, I with Paſſion read,
Fond of their Talent, I their Manner choſe,
And high as *Regnier* on *Parnaffus* roſe.
Tell 'em, by Chance, I in my greener Age
To Court was brought, and to the Public Stage.
And from *Permeſſis* humble Banks remov'd,
Amid the Great applauded and belov'd,
I liv'd, and early ſaw my Works approv'd.
And when the Muſe her lowly Shades forſook,
A flight Sublime with daring Wings ſhe took.
Tell 'em, that Monarch, whoſe victorious Name,
To Monarchs dreadful, is ſo dear to Fame,
Me has employ'd, his Conqueſts to Record,
And bid my honour'd Pen attend his Sword:
To tell to future Times the glorious Deeds,
Which he who ſaw 'em ſcarce believing reads.
Tell 'em, your Author to the Great was dear,
And had in mighty *Colbert's* Heart a ſhare.
Tell 'em, that now, tho' he's from Court retir'd,
Weak in Two Senſes, and not oft Inspir'd;
Yet is he not forgotten, ſtill the Great
Seek him, and pleaſe themſelves with his Retreat.

More

More than One Hero, whom his Works content,
The Shade, he for his Labours chose, frequent.

But most, my Verse, the wondrous World surprize,

With this kind Influence of my Friendly Skies,

(Which ever shall in my Remembrance live,

And grateful Praise, I'll where I owe it, give.)

Say, tho' I've list'd in my Friendly Roll

So many Writers of *Ignatius* School,

That Learned *Arnauld* so esteem'd and fear'd,

By ev'ry good Impartial Man rever'd;

Who, his whole Science and resistless Sense

Against *Them* bent, appear'd in my Defence*.

He justify'd my Works, for me he drew

His Pen, and set my Innocence in view.

This, on my future Tomb, my Verse, proclaim,

And mine confirm by his Immortal Fame.

There Place your selves in Characters of Gold,

Fly farther than young *Ammon* flew of old,

The richest *Jasper* seek, and on the Stone,

Grave my high Fate, and make his Goodness known.

h 2

But

But hold ; Too long I keep you, you're in haste,
And *Barbin* thinks in Words the Time we waste.
My Caution, his Impatience deems too slow,
As forward he to fetch, as you to go.
He comes ; ev'n now, he's knocking at my Gate,
I hear him. You must go, and try your Fate.
He waits. No more, my Muse this Theme pursue ;
For ever, now, Farewell ; a long Adieu.

EPISTLE XI.

To my GARD'NER.

THOU as Laborious, as thy Master Kind,
Who seems, to bless thy Toil, by Heav'n
design'd.

Thou daily dost thy grateful Task renew,
To guide the *Woodbine* and the ruder *Tew*.
Thou Ruler of my Garden, who so well,
The Secrets of the *Sylvan Art* can't tell;
Who at *Auteuil*, with such Success has wrought,
And know'st as much as *Quintinie* has taught.
* Oh, That my Reason wou'd to Culture yield,
As to thy Hand, this fair Obedient Field,
Why o're my Faults can't I as well succeed,
And root up ev'ry Thorn and ev'ry Weed ?

h 3

But

* Horace, *Lib. 1. Epist. XIV. Ver. 4.* speaks thus to his Bailiff.
*Certemus, spinas animone ego fortius, an tu
Evellas agro, & melior sit Horatius, an res.*

But tell me, *Anthony*, let's argue; say,
When from the rise to the decline of Day,
Thou the sharp Spade or watt'ring Pot dost use,
Making the most unwilling Soil produce;
As to thy Laws, thou dost my Garden bend,
And on thy Charge with happy Care attend;
What think'st thou, when thou seest thy Master
muse,

When fixt, he Heav'n and Earth alternate Views;
When with odd Gestures to himself he Talks,
And launching out by Starts, alone he Walks;
The Birds, which in his Allies Perch, he frights;
Then *Anthony*, What think'st thou of his Wits?
Art thou not apt to fancy he's possest,
As *Maugis* was, with Fifty Fiends at least;
Whose wond'rous Story thou so oft hast read,
And that some *Conjuring's* always in his Head.
No, no; Thy Master, Thou hast surely heard,
To be the Royal Chronicler's prefer'd:
In Writing to set down the mighty Deeds
Of a Great King, whose Prowess far exceeds

What

What e're old Tales are dinning, in our Ears,
 Of *Charlemagne*, and his Six Pair of Peers,
 And whose high Wisdom's greater still than theirs.
 This in the Village thou'lt been told, and when
 Thou'lt see me muse, believ'lt 'tis for the Pen.

That as I walk along this Wall, at once
 I'm routing the *Allies*, and taking *Mons*.

What woud'lt thou say, if thou shoud'lt hear it said
 He has quite other Matters in his Head?

That he, who's to Record for future Times,
 The Conqu'ror's Fame, is busie now on Rhymes;
 And racking of his working Brain to find
 Such as may give an Image of his Mind,
 And that the Draught is for thy self design'd.

Thoud'lt cry, "my Master is a Doctor deem'd,
 " And as a Man of topping Parts esteem'd.

" He sometimes better than a Preacher speaks;

" But to what purpose these frantastick Freaks?

" He wou'd not with his Tales the tuneful *Thrush*

" Disturb, nor drive him from the peaceful Bush,

" Were he to Exercise like me, to Sheer,

" To Dig, to Plant, to Gather, and to Rear;

" To fill one Pot as soon as t'other's out,
 " To quench the Sands immeasurable Drought ;
 " To Prune, to Pale, and with incessant Toil,
 " Supply the Wants of the deficient Soil.

I find, thou think'st, of us two, *Anthony*,
 That thou hast more Employment here than I,
 And that my Labour's lighter here than thine ;
 But sure thou woud'st not change thy Work for Mine.
 Coud'st thou a Day or Two, from Gard'ning free,
Try how my Work wou'd with thy Head agree ;
 Coud'st thou become a Poet, and a Wit,
 And stand to Polish what in Heat was Writ ;
 To give the meanest Things a noble Air,
 To make the roughest Smooth, the rudest Fair ;
 And *Pinks* and *Roses* out of *Thistles* raise,
 Make Panegyric Blame, and Satire Praise ;
 To grace with Elegance the poorest Themes,
 Keep in due Bounds, avoiding all Extremes :
 In short, to give a finish'd Work such Charms,
 As may a * *Aguesseau* Content, or *Termes*.

A

* *Advocate-General.*

A Work that will, when it appears, with these,
In Town and Court, the nicest Judges please.
Soon weary of this Labour, pale and thin,
And tann'd as if thou had'st expos'd thy Skin,
To twenty vernal Winds, again thou'dst take
Thy Pot, thy Spade, thy Shovel, and thy Rake,
And cry "before I'd this Fatigue endure,
" These Hands a hundred Acres shou'd manure.
" Ere with such Visions I wou'd vex my Mind,
" Be always searching what I seldom find ;
" To joyn discording Words together strive,
" And in the Clouds in search of Shadows live :
" I'd rather in this Garden, spend my Time
" In Digging, than be forc'd to Pump for Rhime.

Come you, who think 'tis such a Toil to Dig,
I'll shew thee what is Pain and what Fatigue :

And Lazy as I am, will let thee see,
How short in working Hard thou com'st of me:
Man ne'er on Earth is free from Pain and Care,
He flies to Rest, and finds Fatigue is there :
Condemn'd to Labour in Repose. In vain,
Fond Hopes of Ease possess the Poet's Brain.

The soothing Sisters in some soft Retreat;
Promise that quiet which he'll never meet.
Beneath the Shade, and by the drowsie Stream,
He'll soon perceive the Rest he seeks, a Dream.
Tho' planted for his sake, these peaceful Woods;
Tho' Sweet, the Murmurs of the silver Floods,
Yet there no Ease is by the Poet found;
Rhyme, Cefure, Cadence, and harmonious Sound,
With flowing Numbers, rich Expressions fill
His Head with Care, and Labour with him still.
Full of their Charms, impatient to Enjoy,
Fast he pursues 'em, and they faster fly.
The nimble Fairies leave him far behind,
And soon the weary'd Poets out of wind.
He can't howev'r from this Fatigue refrain,
Pleasing himself with Trouble and with Pain.
While thus tormented, he is still amus'd,
And Courting is not vex'd when he's refus'd.
But sure of all Fatigues which Mortals know,
He's most Fatigu'd who knows not what to do?
Who never Thinks, who never Studies, such
As have most Leisure, find they have too much.

For who so wretched as the sluggish Drone,
 Whose Curse of Labour is, that he has none ?
 The Slave of Indolence, whose listless Breast
 A hated Calm enjoys, and tedious Rest ;
 Yet even that Breast is not exempt from Care,
 Lust lodges with her vile Retinue there ;
 The shameful Brood of Idleness controul
 With Pow'r unbounded his besotted Soul ;
 Desire, his Peace with racking Pain devours,
 And wakes his Tyrant Senses sleeping Pow'rs.
 Thus of their Infamy the Sport he's made,
 And Guilt with Terrour fills the conscious Shade.
 Hence is Remorse, and all her horrid Train,
 And hence the cruell'st Thoughts and keenest Pain :
 Hence are the *Gout*, the *Collick*, and the *Stone*,
 * And Doctor, who's himself a Curse alone.
 Of these his House is full, and he's o'rewhelm'd
 With Tempests, when he seems to be becalm'd.
 He Labours on his Down, is Sawing Rocks,
 (So dreadful are his Pains) and Cleaving Oaks.

His

* *Boileau Names Three famous Physicians, Guenaud, Rainsant, and Brayer.*

His Envy then art Thou, and he'd be Blest,
Could He, like Thee, when he has Labour'd, rest.
Confess then, *Anthony*, with me conclude,
That Labour for Repose it self is good.
That He, who's Strong and Active, tho' He's Poor,
Less Pain and Care does in his Toil endure,
Than He who's Rich, and who by Pleasures Charms,
Lies at full Leisure, in her wanton Arms.

To Thee, I on this Head, two Truths will prove,
As manifest as Day, as sure as *Jove*.

The one, *That Labour's necessary*, thou
Wilt this, from what before is said, allow;
And well we may to all Mankind maintain,
That Work is more a Pleasure than a Pain:
The other, *That no Guilty Soul's at Ease*;
And what can'st thou Object to Truths like these?
This in few-Words to Thee, I'll make appear,
For Nothing's more convincing, or more clear.
Come follow then—— But thou begin'st to Gape;
The mention of my Sermon tempts a Nap:
Thy Head is on thy Breast, thy Eyes are clos'd,
And thou 'rt as well, as in a Pew repos'd.

'Tis Time for me to End, besides, I see,
Yon *Melons*, with Impatience, wait for Thee.

The Flowers, methinks, to one another say,
Where's *Anthony*, that he's not here to Day?
Is it the *Wake*? or for some new made Saint,
Do we our Drink so long, tho' thirsty, Want?
Something's fall'n out, or, Why has he forgot
To Handle, as he's wont, the wat'ring Pot?

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XII.

TO THE

Abbot *RENAUD O.T.*

ON THE

LOVE of GOD.

L'Earn'd *SIR*, you're right, For All engag'd in Sin,
 Must, with the *Love of God*, their Change begin.
 Yet, with that fierce hot headed * *Monk's* good leave,
 The Fears of Hell, which guilty Sinners grieve,
 Are not th' Effects of Vapour, nor the Force
 Of Fancy always, nor of vain Remorse,
 Which to th' Almighty aggravates our Guilt,
 But frequently on solid Grounds are built.
 To penetrate, they're proper, and prepare
 The Way for *Grace*, which often Works by Fear.
 By Fear it does it's saving Cure begin,
 Knocks at the Door before it enters in.

A

 * *Martin Luther.*

A Sinner, by this heav'nly Motion led,
 Who on the Holy *Eucharist* has fed,
 Finds oft, when he adores the Sacred Bowl,
 The *Spirit* settle in his vary'd Soul :
 He shines upon him with Celestial Light,
 And turns to Golden Day his Gloomy Night.

* His *Servile Fear* is chang'd to *Filial Love*,
 His Body's then below, his Soul above ;
 Eternal Wisdom, various Means contrives,
 And by the *Demon*, thus the *Demon* drives.

But when a Sinner obstinately runs
 From *Guilt* to *Guilt*, and heav'nly Motion's shuns ;
 His frighted Soul, when Hell's dread Horrors seize,
 And his chill'd Veins with fruitless Terror freeze ;
 He looks on GOD as on a Judge severe,
 And *Love* can ne'er be reconcil'd to *Fear*.
 With a Sons Eyes he can't his Father view,
 Nor with glad Hope the promis'd Heav'n pursue ;
 To live in Glory with the Saints above,
 Is weak, and can in him no Passion move ;

To

* Horace, *Lib. I. Ep. XVI. Ver. 52.*

Oderunt peccare boni, virtutis amore,
 Tu nihil admittes in te formidine poenæ.

To live with GOD and his Eternal SON,
Is faint; he rather Wishes there was none.

When *Fear* prevails, he seeks the conscious Priest,
And humbling at his Feet unloads his Breast.

He's then in haste, his Errors to confess, *of*
But the Fit leaves him as his Fears grow less.

A Slave to Sin, he in the Tempter's Chains,
As free as he believes himself, remains.

Love, of our Sorrow is the truest sign,
Of saving Penitence the Fruit Divine.

And let the Ign'rant what they please pretend,
To none but such as Love him God's a Friend :

To seek him, *Fear* disposes us, 'tis true,

And helps us on, when we that *Seafish* pursue :

But *Love* will, if our *Fear* is just, succeed,

And our Hearts melt, when they with Sorrow bleed.

Cease ye Impostors ; Cease your vain Discourse,

Nor think your *Absolutions* are of Force ;

Ye proud *Confessors*, who seduce Mankind,

Who fill with fruitless, fatal Hopes, the Mind,

And fancy that your Pow'r is unconfin'd :

No more your trembling *Penitents* abuse,

Nor with false Promises their Faith amuse.

That

That *God* will by their *Fear* alone be mov'd,
And love a Sinner, tho' he's not belov'd.

Tell me, dear *Renaudot*, Can he, whose Mind,
While Heav'n is in his Mouth, to Hell's inclin'd,
Who walks in the forbidden Road of Vice,
E're by those Paths be led to Paradise?
Say, Will Formalities obtain the Prize?
Will a *Few Sacraments* supply the want
Of *Grace*, and furnish out for Heav'n a Saint?
Shall he among th' Elect in Glory shine,
Who Sips in Form some consecrated Wine?
Will *God* in Heav'n the frightful Monster show?
Seated by his Side, among the Saints, their Foe,
And *Love* him there, who *hated* him below?
Yet some grave Doctors, on their private Word,
Such Doctrine preach, so dang'rous and absurd;
Up by the Roots all Piety they pull,
And of false Christians thus the World is full:
These call themselves the only Good and Wise,
These are the only Fav'rites of the Skies.

The only Pious these, the only Blest ;
And Hereticks, and Damn'd are all the rest ;
These are the Saints, and all who these oppose,
To them are Rebels, and the Churches Foes ;
Tho' the true Christian trembles when he sees
Their daring, and abhors such Saints as these ;
Asham'd to find how far the Fiend prevails,
The Courage of the boldest Christian fails :
Yet, when he wou'd their hated Crime reprove,
And show them how they shou'd their Maker love :
They dare not speak the Truth with open Face,
Or what's too harsh they soften with Grimace.
Shall we, like them, be Complaisant, and Sooth
Their Sin, and shall our Phrase, like theirs, be Smooth ?
No ; let us rather without Fear, be free,
And fall severely on their Crimes, like Thee.
Let's to their Face their impious Boldness blame,
Excite their Terror, and provoketheir Shame :
Open your Eyes, your dang'rous Error see,
Ye Blind, and listen to the Truth and me :
For 'tis less Terrible, as I can prove,
Not Him to know, who Rules the Worlds above :

Not

Not Him, who Earth and Air, and Sea commands,
And o'er the whole his boundless Pow'r expands,
Than that *he is* to own, and that the whole
He form'd, and fills, and is its living Soul ;
Yet dare Assert, that he will those approve,
Who think to please him, tho' they do not Love;
Such false, such shameful Christians, and so vile,
Who with foul Error sacred Truth defile,
Are worse than Heathens who pursu'd the Right
As far as Reason held her Glimmering Light.
To Love the Truth, and not the Author know,
Is better than if known to live his Foe. •
But let's explain our Selves ; this pious Zeal,
Which I by Fear wou'd have a Sinner feel,
Is not the Joy with which a Saint is blest,
When heav'nly Raptures fill his Holy Breast.
Those Extasies, the Bliss in Heav'n prepar'd
For Saints, their certain and their just Reward,
On Earth he tastes ; but this is not what here •
I urge, the Love that comes at First by Fear ; •
That Love of God creates Divine desires,
But burns not always with such pleasing Fires ;

Not always sensible the Pleasure; those
 May *Love* him oft, who *fear* they are his Foes:
 And some believe they *Love* him when they *Hate*;
 So doubtful to our Selves, the Christian State!
 Some think their *Love* is in a Flame, when they
 Are Ice and Coldness in a Heav'nly way.
 And some by Mystic Fancies made Supine,
 Amidst their Sins believe their *Love* Divine.
 Deluded by their vain Fantastic Charms, (warms,
 When Hell's at Work, they think 'tis Heaven that
 And that they God enjoy within the Devil's Arms.

Wou'd you then know, if *Faith* begets your *Fear*,
 What lights your Fire, and when that Fire's sincere?
 Do you Obedient to his Precepts live,
 Freely your Foes, as he Commands, forgive,
 And to subdue your sensual Follies strive?
 Your Passions do you tame, and to the Poor,
 Distribute largely of your plenteous Store?
 And to the Lord, the Good he gave return?
 Is the Flame pure, with which for Heav'n you burn?
 Do you observe his Word, his Laws Obey,
 And in your Breast these great Concernments weigh?

If

If thus you prove your self ; the Path pursue,
Love on, and be assur'd your Love is True:

Who Acts sincerely, as my Laws require,

Loves me, and with the Love that I desire,

Says God himself ; Go on, and *Love him still,*

And show it by submitting to his Will.

Let no vain Doubts alarm thee ; for the same
Will oft Disturb the most Seraphic Flame.

Go on, Run after Him ; who seeks shall find ;

And let no frightful Cares distract your Mind.

Fight the good Fight of Faith, and win the Prize,

And always keep God's Law before your Eyes.

The farther from your Heart he seems, the more

Strive you to stop him, and his Grace implore.

But don't that horrid Blasphemy maintain,

Nor let false Teachers o'er your Conscience reign ;

Don't think, if you frequent the *Sacred Feast,*

That the *dread Waser*, or the Reverend *Priest,*

That God himself, (let who will take Offence,)

Can with the *Love* we owe to Him Dispense.

To which these mighty Doctors will reply,

If e're a Christian Soul to Heav'n can fly ;

If *Love* of God is All in All, What need
The consecrated Cup, or Mystic Bread?
If *Love* must first affect the Christian's Soul,
What need the Holy *Font*, or Heav'nly Bowl?
Why with *Baptismal Waters* are we wash'd?
Why with the *Christian's Feast* our Souls refresh'd?
What! Have the *Sacraments* their Virtue lost?
And Useless are the *Water* and the *Host*?
Oh! What a Noble Argument? How full
Of Truth? How worthy of our Doctor's School?
When *Love Divine* is kindled in our Breast,
Does not that *Love* create and fire the rest?
Does not that *Love* in Christians pre-suppose
The blest Effects of their *Baptismal Vows*?
How can a Heathen, who *One* God believes,
To *Christ* belong, till he *his* Seal receives;
Till he aspires to be Baptiz'd, and how
Can he Repent, who don't his Sins avow?
He, who has at the *Font* receiv'd the Seal,
Must to the Church his hidden Guilt reveal:

When

Or vain will be his Sorrow, vain his Tears,
And vain, for they ne'er end in Love, his Fears.
When in the Tempter's Bondage we remain,
The *Sacrament* alone must break the Chain.
This *Love Divine* with greedy Thirst desires,
To this it first, as Heav'n enjoins, aspires:
But is it self the Soul; without this Flame,
We go from hence as Guilty as we came.
Love is the Base, on which the Fabrick's Built,
Love lessens in the Judges Eye, our Guilt.
When humbly Penitent, a Sinner strives,
To reach those Heights at which he ne'er arrives,
GOD, what he wants, by bounteous Grace supplies;
Accepts his Will, and gives to *Love* the Prize:
But nothing can the Want of this *Excuse*,
Who covets not to Win, deserves to Lose.
'Tis *Love* that in our Hearts increases Grace,
By *Love* wer'e quickn'd in our *Christian Race*.
Faith, Virtues, Sacraments, are empty Names,
But where *True Love*, our Christian Zeal inflames.

What can you to a Truth so plain Reply,
Ye Doctors? this is Fact, or Truth's a Lye.
Come, if I can, I'll still confound you more,
And prove, unless you *Love*, you can't *Adore*.
Tell me, What is't you'd have us to Believe?
Do we, Absolv'd, the Holy Ghost receive?
Is he, or is he not, *within us*, say?
You're sure to be confounded either Way.
For if *he's in us*, wou'd he not Inspire
This Heav'nly Flame, his own Eternal Fire?
And if *he's not*, why then we still remain,
To *Satan* Slaves; for what shou'd break the Chain?
Confess then, *Love* must crown our *Faith*, and ne'er
Pretend to give that Holy Name to *fear*,
To the base Terrors which we often find,
By Guilt created in a Sinner's Mind.
Be just to Reason, don't resist it's Light,
Such Terrors never Ease the Minds they fright.
The Warmth that justifies, by *God* is sent,
And, tho' 'tis Joyless oft, and Discontent;
Yet 'tis that Zeal, that Fire of Holy Love,
With which the happy Spirits burn above.

And

And when our Last, our fatal Moment, comes,
When *God* our Souls to endless Dwelling dooms :
If with this *Love* we are not found, our State
Is *Cursed*, for then to *Love* will be too late.
To Arguments so just, so clear submit,
And think not to evade 'em by your Wit.
That Sophistry with Reason can contend ;
But your proud Hearts to Truths Conviction bend.
Do'nt think you can destroy this Sacred Rule,
Or hide it in the Errors of the School.
In a Believer's Eyes this *Love* will shine,
And the bright Flame appear with Rays Divine.
Know, that the Glory which In Heav'n's prepar'd
For such, shall there this *Love* alone Reward :
But never shall the trembling Slave, whose Breast,
By cold Remorse, or abject Fear's possess'd ;
None to those blissful Mansions shall arrive,
Whose *Love* like *ABELY's* is * Negative.

But

* A wretched Defender of false Assertion.

But hold, SIR ; Why, in this Dogmatic Tone ?
 Methinks I hear some proud Scholastic Drone ;
 ' Pray, What Pretence have you, such Points as these
 ' To treat, *he crys* ? Where took you your Degrees ?
 ' Fine Work ; you with such sacred Subjects make,
 ' From whence did you this Holy Learning take ?
 ' Who lent you all this Light ? so vast a Stock,
 ' You from at least Two hundred Authors took.

What need, Grave SIR, such mighty Helps, to prove
 We're bound the Author of all Good to Love ?
 That ev'ry Man, a Christian Man much more,
 Him ought to Love, and Him alone Adore.
 From Him he did his forfeit Life receive,
 He dy'd himself that he again might live.
 What need such Helps so plain a Truth to know
 Him we shou'd Love, to whom so much we owe ?
 Does this a Doctor's reverend Cap demand ?
 So crabbed this, so hard to understand ?
 And are such knotty Points deny'd to all,
 But who are well acquainted with *Du Val* ?
 Must all who mention it be reckon'd rash,
 Unless they have a Warrant from *Gamache* ?