

† A Sycophant will every thing admire ;  
 Each Verse, each Sentence sets his Soul on Fire :  
 All is divine ! There's not a Word amiss !  
 He shakes with Joy and weeps with Tenderneſs ;  
 He burden's you with Praise, he Stamps, he Stares,  
 'Tis admirable ! Exquisite ! he ſwears.  
 But *Truth* ne'er puts on thoſe Impetuous Airs.  
 \* A Faithful Friend is careful of your Fame,  
 And freely will your heedleſs Errors blame ;  
 He cannot pardon a neglected Line,  
 But Verse to Rule and Order will confine.  
 Reproves of Words the too affected Sound ;  
*Here the Sense Shocks ; There your expreſſion's round,*

Re-

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† *Ibid.* Verſ. 426.

Tu ſeu donaris, ſeu quid donare roles cui,  
 Nolito adverſus tibi factos ducere plenum  
 Lætitix, clamabit enim, pulchre, bene, teſte,  
 Pallescet ſuper his, etiam ſtillabit amicis  
 Ex oculis rorem, ſaliet, tündet pede terram.  
 Ut, qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt  
 Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo : Sic  
 Deriſor vero plus laudatore movetur.

\* *Ibid.* Verſ. 438.

Quintililio ſi quid recitares, corrige, ſodes,  
 Hoc, aiebat, & hoc ; melius te poſſe negares  
 Biſ, terq; expertum fruſtra, delere jubebat  
 Et male tornatos incudi reddere verſus, &c.  
 Vir bonus & prudens verſus reprehendet inertes,  
 Culpabit duros, incomris allinet atrum  
 Tranſverſo calamo ſignum ; ambicioſa recidet  
 Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget,  
 Arguet ambigue dictum, mutanda notabit.

*Your Fancy flags, and your Discourse grows vain;  
Your Terms improper; make 'em just and plain.*

Thus 'tis a faithful Friend will freedom use;  
But Authors, partial to their Darling Muse,  
Think, to protect it, they have just Pretence,  
And at your Friendly Council take Offence.

*Said you of this, that the Expression's flat?*

*Your Servant, Sir; you must excuse me that.*

He answers you. ' This word has here no Grace,

' Pray leave it out: *That, Sir's the proper'st Place.*

' This Turn I like not: *'Tis approv'd by all.*

Thus resolute not from a Fault to fall,

If there's a Syllable of which you doubt,

'Tis *his* sure Reason *not* to blot it out.

Yet still he says *you may his Faults confute,*

*And over him your Pow'r is absolute:*

But of his feign'd Humility take heed;

'Tis a Bait lay'd, to make you hear him read;

And when he leaves you, happy in his Muse,

Restless he runs some other to abuse,

And often finds; for in our scribbling times

No Fool can want a Sot to praise his Rhymes:

The dullest Piece has ever, ev'n at Court,  
 Met with some Zealous *Ass* for its support :  
 And in all times a forward, Scribling Fop  
 Has found some greater Fool to cry him up.

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## CANTO II.

AS on a gaudy Day, Some Sheperdess  
 Does not her Head with Sparkling Diamonds  
 Dress ;

But, without Gold, or Pearl, or costly Scents,  
 Gathers from neighboring Fields her Ornaments :  
 So, Unaffected, is the *PASTORAL* Strain,  
 Fair without Pomp, and Elegantly Plain.  
 Its humble method nothing has of Fierce,  
 And hates the ratling of *Lee's* Tragic Verse :  
 There, Native Beauty pleases, and excites,  
 And never with harsh Sounds the Ear affrights.  
 But in this stile a Rhymer, often spent,  
 In rage throws by his Rural Instrument,  
 And vainly, when disorder'd Thoughts abound,  
 Amidst the Eclogue makes the Trumpet Sound :

*PAN* Fly's Alarm'd, into the neighb'ring Woods,  
 And frighted Nymphs dive down into the Floods.  
 Another, in an abject clownish Style,  
 Makes Shepherds speak a Language base and vile :  
 His stupid Writings most profoundly creep,  
 Barren of Wit ; Provocatives of Sleep.  
 You'd swear *Tom Durfy*, in his Rustic Strains,  
 Was Quav'ring to the Milkmaids and the Swains.  
 Changing without Respect to Sound or Dress  
*Strephon* and *Phyllis*, into *Tom* and *Bess*.

Twixt these Extremes 'tis hard to please the Town;  
 Read *Virgil*, *Spencer*, Poets of Renown,  
 And Equally avoid the Courtier and the Clown. }  
 Be their soft Lines, by ev'ry Grace inspir'd,  
 Your constant Pattern, practis'd and admir'd.  
 By them alone you'll quickly comprehend  
 How Poets without Shame, may condescend  
 To sing of Gardens, Fields, of Flow'rs and Fruit,  
 To stir up Shepherds, and to tune the Flute,  
 Of Love's Reward to tell the happy Hour,  
*Daphne* a Tree, *Narcissus* made a Flower,



And by what helps the Eclogue you may Raise,

\* To make it worthy *Halifax's* Praise.

This of such Writings is the Nicest Part ;

He who Writes thus will shew a Master's Art.

§. The *ELEGY* requires a Nobler Flight ;

Should soar a Higher pitch, but keep in Sight ;

In plaintive *Dirges* and a mournful Stile

With unbound Hair weeps at a Funeral Pile,

It Paints the Lover's Torments, and Delights ;

How the Nymph Flatters, Threatens, and Invites :

But if you wou'd these Raptures well Infuse,

You must a *Mistress* have as well as *Muse*.

I hate those Lukewarm Authors, whose forc'd Fire

In a cold Stile describes a hot Desire,

Who sigh by Rule, and raging in cool Blood

Their sluggish Muse whip to an Amorous Mood :

Their Extasies Insipidly they Feign,

And always pine, and fondly hug their Chain,

Adore their Prison, and their Suff'rings bless,

Make Sense and Reason quarrel as they please.

'Twas

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\* *Virg. Eclog. 4.*

*Si Canimus Sylvas, Sylvæ sint Consule dignæ !*

'Twas not of Old in this affected Tone  
 That Smooth *Tibullus* made his Amorous Moan ;  
 Nor *Ovid*, when, Instructed from above,  
 By Nature's Rules he taught the Art of Love.  
 You who in *Elegy* wou'd Justly write ;  
 Consult *your self* ; and let the *Heart* indite.

§. But the Bold *O D E* Demands a stronger Turn,  
 For there the Muse must with all *Phæbus* burn,  
 Mounting to Heav'n in her Ambitious Flight,  
 Amongst the Gods and Heroes takes Delight ;  
 Of *Pisa's* Wrestlers tells the Sin'ewy Force,  
 And Sings the dusty Conqueror's glorious Course :  
 On *Danube's* Banks Victorious *Marlbro's* seen,  
 And Spanish *Iber* Bows to *Britain's* Queen.  
 Sometimes she flies, like an Industrious Bee,  
 And robs the Flow'rs by Nature's Chymistry,  
 Describes the Shepherds Dances, Feasts, and Blifs,  
 And boasts from *Phyllis* to surprize a Kiss,  
 \* When gently she resists with feign'd Remorse,  
 That what she grants may seem to be by Force :

H 2

Her

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\* *Hor. Lib. 2. Od. 2.*

Facili sævitia negat  
 Quæ poscente magis gaudent eripi.

Her generous Stile will oft at Random Start,  
And by a Brave Disorder show her Art.  
Unlike those fearful Poets, whose cold Rhyme  
In all their Raptures keeps exactest time,  
Who Sing th' Illustrious Hero's mighty Praise  
(Lean Novelists) by Terms of Weeks and Days ;  
Who for a *Poem* do a *Journal* Show,  
And tell their Tale like *Holinshead* or *Stow*.  
Who trace their Hero thro' a whole *Campaign*,  
And Mark each Circumstance on *Blenheim* Plain.  
To these *Apollo*, niggard of his Fire,  
Denies a Place in the *Pierian* Chaire.

The Humorous God once took it in his Head  
To Plague the scribling Tribe, as some have said ;  
And that he might their lab'ring Brains Confound,  
For the short *Sonnet* order'd a strict Bound.  
Set Rules for the just Measure, and the Time,  
The easy running, and alternate Rhyme ;  
But, above all, those Licences deny'd  
Which in their Writings the lame Sense Supply'd ;  
Forbad an useles Line should find a Place,  
Or a repeated Word appear with Grace.

A faultless Sonnet finish'd thus, would be  
Worth tedious Volumes of loose Poetry.

A hundred Scribling Authors, without Ground  
Believe they have this only Phoenix found.  
When yet th' exactest scarce have two or three  
(Among whole Tomes,) from Faults and Censure free.  
The rest, but little read, regarded less,  
Are shovel'd to the Pastry from the Press.  
Closing the Sense within the measur'd time,  
'Tis hard to fit the Reason to the Rhyme.

§. The *EPIGRAM*, with little Art compos'd,  
Is one good Sentence in a Distich clos'd.  
These *Points*, which by *Italians* first were priz'd,  
Our ancient Authors knew not, or despis'd.  
To their false Pleasures quickly they invite  
The Vulgar, dazzled with their glaring Light;  
But publick Favour so increas'd their Pride,  
They overwhelm'd *Parnassus* with their Tide.  
The *Madrigal* at first they overcome,  
And the proud *Sonnet* fell by the same Doom;  
With them grave *Tragedy* adorn'd her Flights,  
And mournful *Elegy* her Funeral Rites:

A Hero never fail'd 'em on the Stage,  
Without his *Point* a Lover durst not rage ;  
The Amorous Shepherds took more care to prove  
True to their *Point*, than Faithful to their *Love*.  
Each word, like *Janus*, had a double Face :  
And Prose, as well as Verse, allow'd it Place :  
The Lawyer with Conceits adorn'd his Speech,  
The Parson without Quibbling could not Preach ;  
At last affronted Reason look'd about,  
And from all serious Matters shut 'em out :  
Declar'd that none should use 'em without Shame,  
Except a scattering in the *Epigram* ;  
Provided that, by Art, and in due time  
They turn'd upon the Thought, and not the Rhime.  
Thus in all Parts Disorders did abate ;  
Yet Quiblers in the Court had leave to prate ;  
Inspid Jesters, and unpleasant Fools,  
A Corporation of dull Punning Tools.  
'Tis not, but that sometimes a dextrous Muse  
May with Advantage a turn'd Sense abuse,  
And, on a Word, may trifle with Address ;  
But above all avoid the Fond Excess,

And

And think not, when your Verse and Sense are lame,  
With a dull *Point* to Tag your *Epigram*.

Each Poem it's Perfection has apart ;  
The *Gaulish Round* in Plainness shows it's Art ;  
The Ballad, tho' the Pride of Ancient time,  
Has often nothing but it's humorous Rhyme ;  
The \* Madrigal may softer Passions move,  
And breathe the tender Exstasies of Love :  
Desire to show it self, and not to wrong,  
At first arm'd Truth with *SATIRE* in its Tongue.

*Lucilius* led the way and bravely bold,  
To Roman Vices did this Mirror hold,  
Protected humble Goodness from Reproach,  
Show'd Worth on Foot and Rascals in the Coach :  
*Horace* his pleasing Wit to this did add,  
And none uncensur'd could be Fool, or Mad ;  
Unhappy was that Wretch, whose Name cou'd be  
Squar'd to the Rules of their Sharp Poetry.  
*Persius*, obscure, but full of Sense and Wit,  
Affected Brevity in all he writ !  
And *Juvenal*, with Rhetorician's Rage,  
Scourg'd the rank Vices of a Wicked Age.

H 4

Tho'

\* An old way of Writing, which began and ended with the same Measure.

Tho' horrid Truths thro' all his Labours Shine,  
In what he Writes there's something of Divine :

\* Whether he Blames the *Caprean* Debauch,  
Or of *Sejanus* Fall relates th' Approach ;

† Or that he makes the trembling Senate come  
To the stern Tyrant, to receive their Doom ;

Or *Roman* Vice in courtest Habits shews,

|| And Paints an Empress reeking from the Stews :

In all he Writes appears a noble Flame ;

To imitate such Masters be your Aim.

*Chaucer* alone, fix'd on this solid Base

In his old Stile, preserves a pleasant Grace :

Too happy, if the Freedom of his Rhymes

Offended not the Gusto of our Times.

The *Latin* Writers, Decency reject ;

But *English* Readers Challenge our respect,

And at immodest Writings take Offence,

If clean Expression cover not the Sense.

I love sharp Satire, from Obsceneness free ;

Not Impudence that Preaches Modesty :

Our *English*, who in Malice never fail,

Hence, in Lampoons and Libels, learnt to Rail ;

Pleasant



Pleasant Detraction, that by Singing goes  
From Mouth to Mouth, and as it Marches grows!  
Our Freedom in our Poetry we see,  
That Child of Joy, begot by Liberty.\*

But, vain Blasphemer, tremble, when you chuse  
God for the Subject of your Impious Muse:  
At last, those Jest's which Libertines invent  
Bring the lewd Author to just Punishment,  
E'v'n in a Song there must be Art, and Sense;  
Yet sometimes we have seen that Wine, or Chance  
Have warm'd cold Brains, and given dull Writers  
Mettle,

And furnish'd out a Scene for Master Settle.

But for one lucky Hit,\* which chanc'd to please,  
Let not thy Folly grow to a Disease,

Nor think thy self a Wit; for in our Age

If a warm Fancy does some Fop ingage,

He neither Eats or Sleeps, till he has Writ;

But Plagues the World with his Adulterate Wit.

Nay, 'tis a wonder, if, in his dire Rage,

He Prints not his dull Follies for the Stage;

And, in the Front of all his Senseless Plays,

Makes \* *David Logan* Crown his Head with Bays.

\* A Graver.

CANTO

## CANTO III.

**T**Here's not a Monster Bred beneath the Sky  
 But, well dispos'd by Art, may please the Eye :  
 A curious Workman, by his Skill Divine,  
 From an ill Object makes a good Design.  
 Thus, to Delight us, *TRAGEDY* in Tears,  
 Provokes for \* *Oedipus* our Hopes, and Fears ;  
 For Parricide *Orestes* asks Relief ;  
 And, to encrease our Pleasure, causes Grief.  
 You then, who in this noble Art would rise,  
 Come ; and in *lofty* Verse dispute the Prize.  
 Would you upon the Stage acquire Renown,  
 And for your Judges Summon all the Town ?  
 Would you your Works for ever should remain,  
 And, after Ages past, be fought again ?  
 In all you Write, observe with Care and Art  
 To move the Passions, and incline the Heart.  
 If, in a labour'd Act, the pleasing Rage  
 Cannot our Hopes and Fears by turns engage,  
 Nor in our Mind a feeling Pity raise ;  
 In vain with Learned Scenes you fill your Plays :  
Your

---

\* Writ by Mr. Dryden, and Mr. Lee.

Your cold Discourse can never move the Mind  
Of a stern Critic, naturally unkind ;  
Who, justly tir'd with your Pedantic Flight,  
Or falls asleeps, or Censures all you Write.  
The Secret is, Attention first to gain ;  
To move our Minds, and then to entertain :  
That, from the very op'ning of the Scenes,  
The first may show us what the Author means.  
I'm tir'd to see an Actor on the Stage  
Who knows not whether he's to Laugh, or Rage ;  
Who, an Intrigue unravelling in vain,  
Instead of pleasing, keeps my Mind in Pain :  
I'd rather much the nauseous Dunce should say  
Downright, my Name is *Hector* in the Play ;  
Than with a Mass of Miracles, ill joyn'd,  
Confound my Ears, and not instruct my Mind.  
Let not your *Subject* be too late Express ;  
Nor Rules of Probability transgress.  
A *Spanish* Poet may, with good Event,  
In one Days space whole Ages represent ;  
There, oft the Hero of a wand'ring Stage  
Begins a *Child*, and ends the Play, at *Age*.

But

But we, who are by Reason's Rules confin'd,  
 Will, that with Art the Poem be design'd,  
 That Unity of Action, Time, and Place  
 Keep the Stage full, and all your Labours Grace.

\* Write not what cannot be with Ease conceiv'd;  
 Some Truths may be too strong to be Believ'd.

A foolish Wonder cannot Entertain:  
 My Mind's not mov'd, if your Discourse be vain.  
 You may *relate*, what would offend the Eye:

† *Seeing*, indeed, would better satisfy;

But there are Objects, which a curious Art  
 Hides from the Eyes, yet Offers to the Heart.

The Mind is most agreeably surpriz'd,  
 When a well-woven Subject, long Disguis'd,  
 You on a sudden Artfully unfold,  
 And give the whole another Face, and Mould.

At

\* *Ibid. Vers. 338.*

Ficta voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.  
 Nec quodcumque volet, possit sibi fabula credi.

† *Ibid. Vers. 108.*

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ  
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus  
 Digna geri, promes in scenam, multaque tolles  
 Ex oculis, quæ mox narret lacundia præsens.

At first the *Tragedy* was void of Art ;  
 A Song ; where each Man Danc'd, and Sung his Part,  
 And of God *Bacchus* roaring out the Praise  
 Begg'd a good Vintage for their Jolly Days :  
 Then Wine, and Joy, were seen in each Man's Eyes,  
 And a fat Goat was the best Singer's Prize.  
 \* *Thespis* was first, who all belmear'd with Lee,  
 Began this Pleasure for Posterity :  
 And, with his Carted Actors, and a Song,  
 Amus'd the People as he pass'd along.  
 † Next, *Æschylus* the diff'rent Persons plac'd,  
 And with a better Masque his Players grac'd :  
 Upon a Theater his Verse express'd,  
 And shew'd his Hero with a Buskin dress'd.  
 Then *Sophocles*, the Genius of his Age,  
 Increas'd the Pomp, and Beauty of the Stage,

Ingag'd

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\* *Ibid. Vers. 275.*

Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ  
 Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata *Thespis* :  
 Quæ canerent, agerentque peruncti sæcibus ora.

† *Ibid. Vers. 220.*

Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob hircum.  
*Vers. 278.*

Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ.  
*Æschylus* & modicis instravit pulpita tignis,  
 Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique cothurno.

Inag'd the *Chorus* Song in every Part,  
And polish'd rugged Verse by Rules of Art:  
Hè, in the *Greek*, did those Perfections gain  
Which the weak *Latin* never could attain.  
Our pious Fathers in their Priest-rid Age,  
As Impious and Profane, abhor'd the Stage:  
A Troop of silly Pilgrims, as 'tis said,  
Foolishly zealous, scandalously Play'd  
The Angels, God, the Virgin, and the Saints,  
(Instead of Heroes, and of Love's Complaints)  
At last, right Reason did Her Laws reveal,  
And show'd the Folly of their ill-plac'd Zeal;  
Silenc'd those Nonconformists of the Age,  
And rais'd the lawful Heroes of the Stage:  
Only th' *Athenian* Masque was lay'd aside,  
And Chorus by the Musick was supply'd.

Ingenious Love, inventive of new Arts,  
Mingled in Plays, and quickly touch'd our Hearts:  
This Passion never cou'd Resistance find,  
But knows the shortest Passage to the Mind.  
Paint, if you will, a Hero smit with Love;  
But let him not like a tame Shepherd move:

Let not *Achilles* be like *Thyrsis* seen,  
 Or for a *Cyrus* show an *Artemene*;  
 Let *Love*, oft try'd by Struglings most severe,  
 Not Virtue, but Infirmitie appear.  
 Of Romance Heroes, shun the low Design;  
 Yet to great Hearts some Human Weakness joyn:  
*Achilles* must, with *Homer's* Heat, ingage;  
 For an Affront I'm pleas'd to see him rage.  
 By those light Frailties of your Hero's Breast  
 The Force of Human Nature is confest.  
 To leave known Rules you cannot be allow'd;  
 \* Make *Agamemnon* Covetous and Proud;  
*Aeneas* in Religious Rites austere.  
 Keep to each Man his proper Character.  
 Of Countries and of Times the Humours know;  
 From diff'rent Climates, diff'rent Customs flow:  
 And strive to shun their Fault, who vainly dress  
 An Antique Hero like some Modern Ass;  
 Who make old *Romans* like our *English* move,  
 Show *CATO* Sparkish, or make *BRUTUS* love.

In

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\* *Ibid.* Vers. 119.

Aut Famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge  
 Scriptor, honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,  
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
 Jura neget sibi nata, &c.



In a Romance those Errors are excus'd:  
 There 'tis enough that, Reading, we're amus'd:  
 Rules too severe wou'd then be useleſs found;  
 But the ſtrict *Scene* muſt have a juſter bound:  
 Exact Decorum we muſt always find.

If then you form ſome Hero in your Mind,  
 Be ſure your Image with it ſelf agree;  
 For what he firſt appears he ſtill muſt be.  
 Affected Wits will naturally incline

To paint their Figures by their own Deſign:  
 Your Bully Poets, Bully Heroes write;  
*Chapman*, in *Buſſy D'Ambois* took Delight,  
 And thought Perfection was to Huſſ and Fight.

§ \* Wiſe Nature by Variety does pleaſe;  
 Cloath diff'ring Paſſions, in a diff'ring Dreſs:  
 Bold Anger, in rough haughty Words appears;  
 Sorrow is humble, and diſſolves in Tears.

Make

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\* *Ibid. Verſ. 105.*

Triftia mœſtum  
 Vultum verba decent, iratum plena minarum:  
 Ludentem laſciva: ſeverum ſeria dicta.  
 Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem  
 Fortunarum habitum.

Make not your † *Hecuba* with Fury rage,  
 And show a Ranting Grief upon the Stage;  
 Or vainly tell how the rough *Tanaïs* bore  
 \* *His Sevenfold Waters to the Euxine Shore*:  
 These swollen Expressions, this affected Noise  
 Shows like some Pedant, that declaims to Boys.  
 In Sorrow, you must softer Methods keep;  
 And to excite *our* Tears *your* self must weep:  
 Those bombast Words with which ill Plays abound,  
 Come not from Hearts that are in Sadness drown'd.

The Theater for a young Poet's Rhymes  
 Is a bold venture in our knowing Times:  
 An Author cannot easily purchase Fame;  
 Critic's are always apt to hiss, and blame:  
 You may be judg'd by every Ass in Town;  
 The Privilege is bought for Half a Crown.  
 To please, you must a Hundred Changes try;  
 Sometimes be humble, sometimes soar on high:  
 In noble Thoughts must every where abound,  
 Be Easy, Pleasant, Solid, and Profound:

I

To

† *Ibid. Vers. 95.*

Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.  
 Telephus & Peleus, quum pauper & exsul uterque  
 Projicit ampullas & sequeipedalia verba.  
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.

\* *Senec. Trag. Troas. Scen. 1.*

To these you must surprizing Touches join,  
And show us a new Wonder in each Line;  
That all in a just Method well design'd,  
May leave a strong Impression on the Mind,  
These are the Arts that *Tragedy* maintain :

§. But the HEROIC claims a Loftier Strain,  
In the Narration of some great Design,  
Invention, Art, and Fable, all must join :  
Here Fiction must employ its utmost Grace ;  
All must assume a Body, Mind, and Face :  
Each Vertue a Divinity is seen;  
Prudence is *Pallas*, Beauty *Paphos* Queen.  
'Tis not a Cloud from whence Swift Lightnings fly ;  
But *Jupiter*, that thunders from the Sky :  
Nor a rough Storm that gives the Sailor Pain ;  
But angry *Neptune* ploughing up the Main :  
*Eccho*'s no more an empty airy Sound ;  
But a fair Nymph that mourns her Lover drown'd.  
Thus in the endless Treasure of his Mind,  
The Poet does a Thousand Figures find,  
Around the Work his Ornaments he pours,  
And strows with lavish Hand his op'ning Flow'rs.

'Tis

'Tis no great Wonder if a Tempest bore  
The *Trojan* Fleet against the *Lybian* Shore ;  
From faithless Fortune this is no Surprize,  
For every Day 'tis common to our Eyes ;  
\* But that a vengeful *Juno* shou'd destroy,  
And overwhelm the Rest of ruin'd *Troy* :  
That *Aeolus*, with the fierce Goddess join'd,  
Shou'd open the dark Prisons of the Wind ;  
That angry *Neptune*, looking o'er the Main,  
Rebukes the Tempest, calms the Waves again,  
Their Vessels from the dang'rous Quick-sands steers ;  
These are the Springs that move our Hopes and Fears.  
Without these Ornaments before our Eyes,  
Th' unfinew'd Poem languishes and dies :  
Your Poet in his Art will ever fail,  
And tell you but a dull insipid Tale.  
In vain have our mistaken Authors try'd  
These ancient Ornaments to lay aside,  
Thinking our God, and Prophets whom he sent,  
Might Act like those the Poets did invent,  
To fright poor Readers in each Line with Hell,  
And talk of *Satan*, *Ashtaroath* and *Bel* ;

\* Vid. Virg. *Aeneid.* lib. 1.

The Mysteries which we Christians must believe,  
Disdain such gaudy Pageants to receive :  
All that the Gospel offers to our Thoughts  
Is Penitence, and Punishment for Faults ;  
But mingling Falshoods with those Mysteries,  
Would make our sacred Truths appear like Lies.  
Besides, what Pleasure can it be to hear,  
The Howlings of repining *Lucifer*,  
Whose Rage at your imagin'd Hero flies,  
And oft with God himself disputes the Prize ?  
*Tasso*, you'll say, has done it with Applause ;  
It is not here I mean to Judge his Cause :  
Yet tho' our Age has so extol'd his Name,  
His Works had never gain'd immortal Fame,  
If holy *Godfrey* in his Extasies  
Had conquer'd only *Satan*, on his Knees ;  
If *Tancred*, and *Armida's* pleasing Form,  
Did not his melancholy Theme adorn.

Not that a *Christian* Poem ought to be  
Fill'd with the Fictions of Idolatry ;  
But in a common merry Piece, to fear  
The Gods, and Heathen Ornaments forbear,

To Banish *Tritons* who the Seas invade,  
 To take *Pan's* Whistle, or the *Fates* Degrade,  
 To hinder *Charon* in his leaky Boat  
 From stowing Shepherds with the Maa of Note,  
 Is with vain Scruples to disturb your Mind,  
 And search Perfection you can never find :  
 As well they may forbid us to present  
 Prudence or Justice for an Ornament,  
 To paint old *Janus* with his double Face,  
 And take from *Time* his Scythe, his Wings and Glass,  
 And every where, as't were Idolatry,  
 Banish Descriptions from our Poetry.  
 Leave 'em their Pious Follies to pursue ;  
 But let our Reason such vain Fears subdue :  
 And let us not, amongst our Vanities,  
 Of the true God create a God of Lies.

In Fable we a Thousand Beauties see,  
 And the smooth Names seem made for Poetry ;  
 As *Hector*, *Alexander*, *Helen*, *Phyllis*,  
*Ulysses*, *Agamemnon*, and *Achilles* :  
 In such a Crowd, the Poet were to Blame  
 To chuse King *Chilp'ric* for his Hero's Name.

Sometimes, the Name being well or ill apply'd,  
 Will the whole Fortune of your Work decide.  
 Would you your Reader never should be tir'd ?  
 Chuse some great Hero, fit to be admir'd,  
 In Courage Signal, and in Virtue Bright,  
 Let ev'n his very Failings give Delight ;  
 Let his great Actions our Attention bind ;  
 Like *Cæsar*, or like *Scipio*, Frame his Mind,  
 And not like *Oedipus's* perjur'd Race ;  
 A Vulgar Conqueror is a Theme too Base.  
 Chuse not your Tale of Incidents too full ;  
 Too much Variety may make it dull ;  
*Achilles* Rage alone, when wrought with Skill,  
 Abundantly does a whole *Iliad* fill.  
 Be your *Narrations* lively, short, and Smart ;  
 In your *Descriptions* show your Noblest Art :  
 There 'tis your Poetry may be employ'd ;  
 Yet you must Trivial Circumstance avoid.  
 Nor imitate that Fool, who, to describe  
 The wondrous Marches of the Chosen Tribe,  
 Plac'd on the Sides, to see their Armies Pass,  
 \* *The Fishes staring through the Liquid Glass ;*

Describ'd

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\* St. Amant, in a Poem imit'd. Moïse Sauve.



Describ'd a Child, who with his little Hand,  
Pick'd up the shining Pebbles from the Sand.

Such Objects are too mean to stay our Sight;  
Allow your Work a just and Nobler Flight,

\* Be your beginning Plain; and take good heed  
Too soon you Mount not on the Fiery Steed:  
Nor tell your Reader, in a Thund'ring Verse,  
† *The Conqueror of Conquerors I Rehearse.*

What can an Author after this Produce?

*The lab'ring Mountain must bring forth a Mouse.*  
Much better are we pleas'd with his || Address  
Who, without making such vast Promises,  
Says, in an easier Style and Plainer Sense,

" *I Sing the Combats of that Pious Prince*

" *Who from the Phrygian Coast his Armies bore,*

" *And landed first on the Lavinian Shore.*

I 4

His

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\* *Ibid.* Verse 136.

Nec sic incipies, ut Scriptor Cyclicus olim:  
Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum,  
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?  
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mos,  
Quanto Rectius hic; qui nil molitur inepte!  
Dic mihi, Musa, virum capta post tempora Trojae,  
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.  
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

† *The first line of Scuderies Alari.*

|| *Virgil's Aeneids.*

His op'ning Muse sets not the World on Fire;  
And yet Performs more than we can Require :  
Quickly you'll hear him Celebrate the Fame,  
And future Glory of the *Roman* Name ;  
Of *Styx* and *Acheron* Describe the Flouds,  
And wandering *Cæsars* in *Elysian* Woods.

With *Figures* numberless your Story Grace,  
And every thing in Beauteous Colours Trace ;  
At once you may be Pleasing, and Sublime ;  
I hate a heavy Melancholy Rhyme :  
I'd rather Read *Orlando's* Comic Tale,  
Than a dull Author always Stiff and Stale,  
Who thinks himself Dishonour'd in his Style,  
If on his Works the Graces ever Smile.

You'd Swear that *Homer*, Matchless in his Art,  
Stole *Venus* Girdle, to ingage the Heart :  
His Divine Works vast Treasures do unfold,  
And whatfoe'er he Touches, turns to Gold :  
All in his Hands new Beauty does acquire ;  
He always Pleases, and can never tire.  
A Happy Warmth he every where may Boast ;  
Nor is he in too long Digressions lost :

His

His Verses without Rule a Method find,  
And of themselves appear in order join'd :  
All without Trouble Answers his Intent ;  
Each Syllable is tending to th' Event.  
Let his Example your Endeavours raise :  
To love his Writings, is a kind of Praise.

A Poem, where we all Perfections find,  
Is not the Work of a Fantastic Mind :  
There must be Care, and Time, and Skill, and Pains ;  
Not the first Heat of unexperienc'd Brains.  
Yet sometimes Artless Poets, when the Rage  
Of a Warm Fancy does their Minds engage,  
Puff'd with vain Pride, presume they understand,  
And boldly take the Trumpet in their Hand ;  
Their Eustian Muse each Accident Confounds ;  
Nor ever Rises but by Leaps and Bounds,  
Till their small Stock of Learning quickly spent,  
Their Poem dies for Want of Nourishment :  
In vain Mankind the Hot-brain'd Fools decryes,  
No branding Censures can unveil their Eyes ;  
With Impudence the Laurel they Invade,  
Resolv'd to like the Monsters they have made.

*Virgil,*

*Virgil*, compar'd to them, is flat and dry ;  
 And *Homer* understood not Poetry :  
 Against their Merit if this Age Rebel,  
 To future Times for Justice they Appeal ;  
 But waiting till Mankind shall do 'em Right,  
 And bring their Works Triumphantly to Light ;  
 Neglected Heaps we in 'Bye Corners lay,  
 Where they become to Worms and Moths a Prey ;  
 Forgotten, in Dust and Cobwebs let 'em rest,  
 Whilst we Return from whence we first Digrest.

\* From the Success which *Tragic* Writers found,  
 In *Athens* first was *Comedy* Renown'd.  
 Th' Abusive *Grecian* there, by Pleasing ways,  
 Dispers'd his natural Venom in his Plays :  
 Wisdom, and Virtue, Honour, Wit, and Sense,  
 Were Subject to Buffooning Insolence :  
 Poets were Publicly approv'd, and sought,  
 Who Vice extol'd, and Virtue set at Naught ;  
 And

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\* *Ibid.* Verse 281.

Succesit vetus huic Comœdia, non sine multa  
 Laude ; sed in virium libertas exiit & vim  
 Dignam lege regi ; lex est accepta, chorusque  
 Turpiter obtulit.

And *Socrates* himself, in that loose Age,  
Was made the Pastime of a \* Scoffing Stage.  
At last the Public took in Hand the Cause,  
And cur'd the Madness by the Pow'r of Laws;  
Forbad at any Time, or any Place,  
To Name the Person, or describe the Face.  
The Stage its Ancient Fury thus let fall,  
And Comedy diverted without Gall;  
• By mild Reproofs, recover'd Minds Dispos'd,  
And, sparing Persons, innocently pleas'd.  
Each Man was Nicely shown in this new Glass,  
And smil'd to think He was not meant the Ass:  
A Miser oft would Laugh the first, to find  
A faithful Draught of his own fordid Mind;  
And Fops were with such Care and Cunning writ,  
They lik'd the Piece for which themselves did Sit.

You then, that would the Comic Laurels wear,  
To study Nature be your only Care:  
Who e're knows Man, and by a Curious Art  
Discerns the hidden Secrets of the Heart;  
He who Observes, and naturally can Paint  
The Jealous Fool, the fawning Sycophant,

A

---

\* *Vi d. Nub. Com. Aristophan.*

A Sober Wit, an enterprizing Ass,  
 A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;  
 May safely in these Nobler Lifts ingage,  
 And make 'em Act and Speak upon the Stage.

Strive to be Natural in all you Write,  
 And Paint with Colours that may please the Sight.  
 Nature in various Figures does abound;  
 And in each Mind are diff'rent Humours found:  
 A Glance, a Touch, Discovers to the Wise;  
 But every Man has not discerning Eyes.

\* All-changing Time does also Change the Mind;  
 And diff'rent Ages, diff'rent Pleasures find:

† Youth, Hot and Furious, cannot Brook delay;  
 By flattering Vice is eas'ly led away;

Vain

\* *Ibid.* Verse 156.

*Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores  
 Mobilibusque decor nativis, dandus & annis.*

† Verse 161.

*Imberbis juvenis* —

*Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,  
 Utitum tardus Provisor, prodigus æris,  
 Sublimis, cupidusque & amata relinquere pernix.  
 Conversus studiis, ætas, animusque virilis  
 Querit opes & amicitias, infervit honori,  
 Commisitse cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.  
 Multa senem circumveniant incommoda, vel quod  
 Querit & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti;  
 Vel quod res omnes timide, gelideque ministrat  
 Dilator, spe longus, iners avidusque futuri,  
 Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti  
 Se Puero, censor castigatoremque minorum, &c.  
 ————— Ne forte seniles  
 Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles.*

Vain in Discourse, inconstant in Desire.

In Censure, rash; in Pleasures, all on Fire.

The *manly Age* does steadier Thoughts enjoy;

Power, and Ambition do his Soul Employ:

Against the Turns of Fate he sets his Mind;

And, by the Past, the Future, Hopes to find.

*Decrepit Age*, still adding to his Stores,

For others Heaps the Treasure he Adores.

In all his Actions keeps a frozen Pace;

Past Times extols, the Present to debase;

Incapable of Pleasures Youth abuse;

In others Blames, what Age does him refuse.

•Your Actors must by Reason be Control'd;

Let Young Men speak like Young, Old Men like Old:

Observe the Town, and Study well the Court;

For thither various Characters resort:

Thus 'twas great *Jonson* purchas'd his Renown,

And in his Art had Born away the Crown;

If less desirous of the Peoples Praise,

He had not with low Farce debas'd his Plays;

Mixing dull Ribaldry with Wit refin'd,

And *Harlequin* with Noble *Terence* joyn'd.

When



When in the *Fox* I see the *Tortois* hilt,  
I lose the Author of the *Alchymist*.  
The *Comic* Wit, born with a smiling Air,  
Must *Tragic* Grief, and pompous Verse forbear ;  
Yet may he not, as on a Market-place,  
With Baudy Jest amuse the Populace :  
With well-bred Conversation you must Please,  
And your Intrigue unravel'd be with Ease :  
Your Action still should Reason's Rules Obey,  
Nor in an empty Scene mistake its way.  
Your humble Style must sometimes gently Rise ;  
And your Discourse Sententious be, and Wise :  
The Passions must to Nature be confin'd,  
And Scenes to Scenes with Artful weaving join'd :  
Your Wit must not unseasonably Play :  
But follow Bus'ness, never lead the Way.  
Observe how *Terence* does this Error shun ;  
A careful Father Chides his Am'rous Son :  
Then see that Son, whom no Advice can move,  
Forget those Orders, and pursue his Love :  
'Tis not a well-drawn Picture we Discover ;  
'Tis a true Son, a Father, and a Lover.

I like an Author, who Reforms the Age;  
And keeps the right *Decorum* of the Stage,  
Who always Pleases by just Reason's Rule:  
But for a tedious Droll, a Quibbling Fool,  
Who with low nauseous Baudry fills his Plays;  
Let him be gone and on two Tressels raise  
Some *Smithfield* Stage, where he may Act his Pranks,  
And make *Jack Puddings* speak to Mountebanks.

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## CANTO IV.

IN *Florence* dwelt a Doctor of Renown,  
The Scourge of God, and Terror of the Town,  
Who all the Cant of Physic had by Heart,  
And never Murder'd but by Rules of Art.  
The Public Mischief was his Private gain;  
Children their slaughter'd Parents sought in vain:  
A Brother here his Poyson'd Brother wept;  
Some bloodless dy'd, and some by *Opium* slept.  
Colds, at his Presence, would to Frenzies turn;  
And Agues, like Malignant Fevers, burn.  
Hated, at last, his Practice gives him o'er:  
One Friend, unkill'd by Drugs, of all his Store,

In his New Country House affords him Place,  
 'Twas a rich *Abbot*, and a building *Ass*.  
 Here first in Play the Doctor's Talent came,  
 Who seem'd to Rival \* *Wren's* immortal Fame.  
 Of this new *Portico* condemns the Face,  
 And turns the Entrance to a better Place;  
 Designs the Stair-case at the other End.  
 His Friend approves, does for his *Mason* send,  
 He comes; The Doctor's Arguments prevail.  
 In short, to finish this our hum'rous Tale,  
 He *Galen's* dang'rous Science does reject,  
 And from ill *Doctor* turns good *Archited*.

In this Example we may have our Part:  
 Rather be *Mason*, ('tis an useful Art!)  
 Than a dull Poet; for that Trade accurst,  
 Admits no Mean betwixt the Best and Worst.  
 In other Sciences, without Disgrace  
 A Candidate may fill a second Place;  
 But Poetry no Medium can admit,  
 No Reader suffers an indiff'rent Wit.  
 The Ruin'd Stationers against him baul,  
 And Fragrant *Jacob* kicks him from his Stall.

*Baylesque,*

\* *Sir Christopher Wren, the Architect.*

*Burlesque*, at least our Laughter may Excite ;  
But a cold Writer never can Delight.  
\* *Grub's* Ballad has, by much, more Wit and Art,  
Than the stiff Formal Style of *Gondibert*.  
Be not affected with that empty Praise  
Which your vain Flatterers will sometimes raise,  
And when you read, with Extasie will say,  
*The finish'd Piece ! The Admirable Play !*  
Which, when expos'd to Censure and to Light,  
Cannot endure a Critic's piercing Sight.  
A Hundred Authors Fates have been foretold ;  
And *Ogilby* is Printed, but not Sold.  
Hear all the World ; consider every Thought ;  
A Fool by Chance may Stumble on a Fault :  
Yet, when *Apollo* does your Muse inspire,  
Be not Impatient to expose your Fire,  
Nor Imitate the *Morreau's* of our Times,  
Those Tuneful Readers of their own dull Rhymes,  
Who Seize on all th' Acquaintance they can meet,  
And stop the Passengers that Walk the Street ;  
You can no Church, no Monastery Chuse,  
To Shelter you from their pursuing Muse.

K

We

---

\* *St. George for England.*

I've said before, be Patient when they Blame ;

To alter for the better is no Shame.

Yet-yield not to a Fool's Impertinence :

Sometimes Conceited *Sceptics* void of Sense,

By their false Taste condemn some finish'd Part,

And Blame the noblest Flights of Wit and Art.

In vain their fond Opinions you Deride ;

With their lov'd Follies they are satisfy'd ;

And their weak Judgment, void of Sense and Light,

Thinks nothing can escape their feeble Sight :

Their dang'rous Counsels do not Cure, but Wound ;

To shun the Storm, they run your Verse a ground ;

And thinking to escape a Rock, you're Drown'd. }

Chuse a Sure Judge to Censure what you Write,

Whose Reason leads, and Knowledge gives you Light,

Whose steady Hand will prove your Faithful Guide,

And touch the darling Follies you wou'd hide :

He, in your Doubts, will carefully Advise,

And clear the Mist before your partial Eyes.

'Tis he will tell you, to what Noble Height

A generous Muse may sometimes take her Flight ;

When, too much Fetter'd with the Rules of Art,

May from her Stricter Bounds and Limits Part :

But

But such a perfect Judge you'll rarely See,  
 And every Rhymers knows not Poetry ;  
 Nay some there are, for Writing Verse extol'd,  
 Who know not *Lucan's* Drofs from *Virgil's* Gold.

Would you in this great Art acquire Renown?  
*Authors*, Observe the Rules I here lay down.

\* In Prudent Lessons every where abound ;  
 With Pleasant, joyn the Useful and the Sound :

• A Sober Reader, a vain Tale will flight ;  
 He seeks as well Instruction, as Delight.

Let all your Thoughts to Virtue be confin'd,  
 Still off'ring Noble Figures to the Mind :

† Love not those loose Writers, who Employ  
 Their guilty Muse, good Manners to Destroy ;  
 Who with false Colours still deceive our Eyes,  
 And show us Vice dress'd in a fair Disguise.

Yet do I not their sullen Muse approve  
 Who from all modest Writings Banish Love ;  
 Who strip the Play-House of its Chief Intrigue,  
 † And make a Murderer of *Roderique* :

K 2

The

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\* *Ibid.* Vers. 341.  
 Centuria seniorum agitant expertia frugis, &c.  
 Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
 Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

† *The Cid.* Translated into English.

The lightest Love, if decently express,  
Will raise no Vicious Motions in our Breast.  
*Did* in vain may Weep, and ask Relief;  
I Blame her Folly, whilst I share her Grief.  
A Virtuous Author, in his Charming Art,  
To please the Sense needs not Corrupt the Heart;  
His Heat will never cause a guilty Fire:  
To follow Virtue then be your desire.  
In vain your Art and Vigor are express;  
Th' obscene Expression shows th' Infected Breast.  
But above all, base Jealousies avoid,  
In which detracting Poets are employ'd:  
A noble Wit dares lib'rally Commend;  
And scorns to grudge at his deserving Friend.  
Base Rivals, who true Wit and Merit hate,  
Caballing still against it with the Great,  
Maliciously aspire to gain Renown  
By standing up, and pulling others down.  
Never debase your self by Treach'rous ways,  
Nor by such abject Methods seek for Praise:  
Let not your only Business be to Write;  
Be Virtuous, just, and in your Friends Delight.



'Tis not enough your Poems be admir'd ;  
But strive your Conversation be desir'd :  
Write for immortal Fame ; nor ever chuse  
Gold for the Object of a generous Muse.  
I own a noble Wit may, without Crime,  
Receive a lawful Tribute for his time :  
Yet I abhor those Writers, who despise  
Their Honour ; and alone their Profit prize ;  
Who their *Apollo* basely will degrade,  
And of a noble Science make a Trade.  
Before kind Reason did her Light display,  
And Government taught Morals to obey,  
Men, like wild Beasts, did Nature's Laws pursue,  
They fed on Herbs, and drink from Rivers drew ;  
Their Brutal Force, on Lust and Rapine bear,  
Committed Murders without Punishment :  
Reason at last, by her all-conquering Arts,  
Reduc'd these Savages, and tun'd their Hearts ;  
Mankind from Bogs, and Woods, and Caverns calls,  
And Towns and Cities fortifies with Walls :  
Thus Fear of Justice made proud Rapine cease,  
And shelter'd Innocence by Laws and Peace.

These Benefits from Poets we receiv'd,  
 From whence are rais'd those Fictions Since believ'd,  
 \* That *Orpheus*, by his soft harmonious Strains  
 Tam'd the fierce Tigers of the *Thracian* Plains;  
*Amphion's* Notes by their melodious Pow'rs,  
 Drew Rocks and Woods, and rais'd the *Theban* Tow'rs:  
 These Miracles from Numbers did arise,  
 Since which, in Verse Heav'n taught his Mysteries,  
 And by a Priest, possess'd with Rage divine,  
*Apollo* spoke from his Prophetic Shrine.  
 Soon after *Homer* the old Heroes prais'd,  
 And noble Minds by great Examples rais'd;  
 Then *Hesiod* did his *Græcian* Swains incline  
 To Till the Fields, and prune the bounteous Vine.  
 Thus useful Rules were by the Poet's Aid,  
 In easie Numbers, to rude Men convey'd,  
 And pleasingly their Precepts did impart;  
 First charm'd the Ear, and then engag'd the Heart:

The

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\* *Ibid.* Vers. 391.

Sylvestres homines sacæ interpresque Deorum  
 Cunctibus & visu fœdo deterruit Orpheus:  
 Didus ab hoc lenire tigres, rapidoque Leones,  
 Didus & Amphion Thebanæ conditur arcis,  
 Saxa movere sono testudinis, & prece blanda  
 Ducere quo vellet.

The Muses thus their Reputation rais'd,  
 And with just Gratitude in Greece were prais'd.  
 With Pleasure Mortals did their Wonders see,  
 And Sacrific'd to their Divinity :  
 But Want, at last, base Flatt'ry entertain'd,  
 And old *Parnassus* with this Vice was stain'd ;  
 Desire of Gain dazling the Poets Eyes  
 Their Works were fill'd with Flattery and Lies.  
 • Thus needy Wits a vile Revenue made,  
 And Verse became a mercenary Trade.  
 Debase not with so mean a Vice thy Art :  
 If Gold must be the Idol of thy Heart,  
 Fly, fly th' unfruitful *Heliconian* Strand ;  
 Those Streams are not enrich'd with Golden Sand :  
 Great Wits, as well as Warriors, only gain  
 Laurels and Honours for their Toil and Pain :  
*But, what ? \* An Author cannot live on Fame,*  
*Or pay a Reck'ning with a lofty Name :*  
*A Poet to whom Fortune is unkind,*  
*Who when he goes to Bed has hardly din'd ;*

K 4

Takes

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Neque enim cantare sub antro  
 Pierio, thyrsūve potest contingere mœsta  
 Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte dieque  
 Corpus eget, satur est, cum clamat Horatius, Evœ.  
 Juvenal. Sat. vii. Vers. 59.

*Takes little Pleasure in Parnassius Dreams,*

*Or relishes the Heliconian Streams:*

*Horace had Ease and Plenty when he writ,*

*And free from Cares for Money or for Meat,*

*Did not expect his Dinner from his Wit.*

'Tis true; but Verse is cherish'd by the Great,

And now none famish who deserve to eat:

What can we fear, when Vertue, Arts, and Sense

Receive the Stars propitious Influence;

When an Indulgent Queen, by early Grants

Rewards your Merits and prevents your Wants?

Sing then her Glory, Celebrate her Fame;

Your noblest Theme is her Immortal Name.

Let mighty *Spencer* raise his reverend Head,

*Comley* and *Denham* start up from the Dead;

Let *Garth* his Lyre resume, and Off'rings bring;

Our Monarch's Praise let bright-ey'd Virgins sing;

Let *Rome's* judicious Muse our Stage refine,

And his great Models form by this Design:

But where's a second *Virgil* to rehearse

Our *ANNA's* Glories in his *Epic* Verse?

What *Orpheus* sing her Triumphs o'er the Main,

And make the Hills and Forests move again;

Show

Show her bold Navy on the *Celtic* Shore,  
 And *Gallia* trembling when her Cannons roar;  
 Paint *Europe's* Balance in Her steady Hand,  
 Whilst the two Worlds in Expectation stand  
 Of Peace or War, that wait on her Command?  
 But as I speak, new Glories strike my Eyes,  
 Glories bestow'd by Heav'n, as Valour's Prize;  
 Blessings of Peace; that with their milder Rays  
 Adorn her Reign, and bring *Saturnian* Days.

Now let Rebellion, Discord, Vice and Rage,  
 That have in Patriots Forms debauch'd our Age,  
 Vanish with all the Ministers of Hell;  
 Her Rays their Poys'nous Vapors shall dispel:  
 'Tis She alone our Safety did create;  
 Her own firm Soul secur'd the Nation's Fate,  
 Oppos'd to all th' Incendiaries of State.

*Authors*, for Her your great Endeavours raise;  
 The loftiest Numbers will but reach her Praise.  
 For me, whose Verse in Satire has been bred,  
 And never durst *Heroic* Measures tread;  
 Yet you shall see me, in that famous Field  
 With Eyes and Voice, my best Assistance yield;

Offer

Offer you Lessons, that my Infant Muse  
 Learnt, when the *Mhrace* for her Guide did chuse :  
 Second your Zeal with Wishes, Heart, and Eyes,  
 And a far off hold up the Glorious Prize.  
 But pardon too, if, Zealous for the Right,  
 A strict Observer of each Noble Flight ;  
 From the Fine Gold I separate th' Alloy,  
 And show how hasty Writers sometimes Stray :  
 Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend ;  
 A Sharp, but yet a Necessary Friend.

## SATIRE

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N. B. The Booksellers being inform'd that tho' Sir William Soames's Translation of the preceeling Poem was, in the General very well done ; yet that it was capable of many Amendments ; Not only in the Versification but the Sense. They procur'd it to be compar'd with the Original, and Corrected, as it now stands ; with Some modern Applications ; by the Gentleman who was principally concern'd in the Version of the *Lutrin*, and who has lately publish'd an excellent Translation of the *Secchia Rapita*, or The Trophy Bucket, an Italian Poem, the First of the Mock-Heroic Kind, and which was the Foundation of the *Lutrin*, according to Mr. Dryden's Judgment, who gives the following Account of it in his *Discourse of the Original and Progress of SATIRE* prefix'd to the Translation of *Juvenal*. Pag. 49. Fol. "The *Secchia Rapita* of *LAVINIA* is a Satire of "the *Varronian* kind, written in the Stanza of Eight, which is "the Italian Measure for Heroic Verse. The Words are stately, "the Numbers smooth, the Turn both of Thoughts and Words "is happy. The first six Lines of the Stanza seem Majestical "and Severe ; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant "Ridicule. *Bulleau*, if I am not much deceiv'd, has model'd "from hence his Famous *Lutrin*, but has copied the Italian so well, "that his own may pass for an Original.

## S A T I R E I.

**D**AMON a Mighty Author who had long,  
 Amus'd the Court and City with his Song,  
 Asham'd to see himself so meanly Dress'd,  
 For Drugget was at once his Worst and Best.  
 That in Hot Weather he had scarce a Shirt,  
 To Shift him, and his Linnen stood with Dirt,  
 And what wou'd any Man of Wit Provoke,  
 At *Christmas* to be seen without a Cloak.  
 That his starv'd Corps and Air were still the same,  
 And he was ne'er the Plumper for his Fame;  
 Weary in Rhyming to Consume his own,  
 Ne'er get a *Sous*, and live upon the Loan,  
 Without or Cloaths, or Money or Employ  
 The *Town*, that us'd him thus, resolv'd to Fly;  
 And leaving Serjeants, Lawyers, Courts behind  
 Go seek that Ease which *There* he cou'd not find;  
 For if he staid, his Enemy the Law,  
 Had on his Person laid her Cruel Paw;  
 Some Saucy Execution had been made,  
 And Laurels, if you Name a Prisop, Fade.

But



But Lean and Pale, the Day before he went,  
As a Poor Sinner at the End of *Lent*.

Fire in his Eyes, and Fury in his Heart,  
He cou'd not, till he thus had said, Depart.

\* Since in this Place where Wit in Days of Yore  
Was Cherish'd, Wit and Merit take no more,  
And a Poor Poet's doom'd to Want his Bread,  
While Virtue has no Place to lay her Head ;  
Let's seek some Desert Rock and lonely Gloom,  
Where neither Serjeants or Attorneys come.  
And without tiring Heav'n with Fruitless Vows,  
Let a Cell serve, since I'm deny'd a House.  
I'm Free, and Spite of my Malignant Stars,  
My Body does not Bend as yet with Years.  
† My Feet to Faulter don't as yet begin,  
As yet the Fates have something left to Spin.

Let

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\* *Juvenal, Sat. 3. Verse 22.*

Quando Artibus, inquit, honestis  
Nullus in Urbe locus, nulla Emolumenta Laborum,  
Res hodie Minor est, here quam fuit; atque eadem cras  
Deteret exiguis aliquid, proponimus illuc  
Ire fatigatas ubi Dædalus Exiit alas.

† *Verse 26.*

Dum Nova Canities dum Prima & recta Senectus  
Dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat, & pedibus me  
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

As the Case stands I've nothing else to do,  
 No other Counſel's left me to perſue.  
 \* Let *George* live here, for *George* knows how to live,  
 He's a Stanch Rogue, and Rogues are thoſe that Thrive.  
 The Gold that Jingled on his Counter Board  
 Is, of a Lackey, like to make a Lord.  
 And here let *Jaguin* live whoſe Cheats, by far,  
 Have done more Miſchief than a Plague or War;  
 Whoſe Income taken down by Alphabet,  
 With Eaſe might make a *Calepin* Complete.  
 Here, let him if he Pleaſes, Domineer;  
 † I live at *Paris*? What ſhou'd I do there?  
 I don't know how to Feign, Deceive and Lye,  
 And cou'd not, if I did, ſo far Comply.  
 I cannot Bear, if others are ſo Baſe,  
 A Coxcomb's Inſolence becauſe he Pays.  
 I can't the World with flatt'ring Poems tire,  
 Nor ſet my Praises and my Verſe to Hire.  
 My Muſe for ſuch a Mean Employ's too Proud,  
 I'm Ruſtic, Stout, and ſome may think me Rude.

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\* Verſe 29.

Vivant Arturius Illuc  
 Et Catulus; mancant qui nigrum in Candida Vertant.

† Verſe 41.

Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio.

I can't call any Thing but by it's Name,  
 Or think that to Describe is to Defame:  
 I only speak the Truth, what wou'd you have?  
 A Cat's a Cat, and *Roler* is a Knave.

I can't an Am'rous Fop Assist, nor Know  
 How in his Love to serve a lavish Beau:  
 I do not know the way to Ladies Hearts,  
 I'm unacquainted with those Thriving Arts;  
 I live at *Paris* Poor and Discontent,  
 Like a Caught Fish out of its Element.

\* Or like a Body when the Soul is Flown,  
 What Quality have I that Fits the Town?

But why this Savage Virtue some may say,  
 It tends to Alms, and now is not the Way?  
 Riches a Lawful Boldness will allow,  
 A Rich Man may be Stiff, a Poor must Bow.  
 A Writer who for Indigence declares,  
 May thus Correct Malignity of Stars;  
 Thus Fortune not to all alike Severe,  
 † May of a Pedant make a Duke and Peer.

\* *Ibid.* Verse 46.

—————Tantum

Mancus & extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ.

† Verse 197.

Si Fortuna Volet, fies de Rhetore Consul;  
 Si Volet hæc eadem, fies de Consule Rhetor.

To Virtue never did she make her Court,  
 Nor had to do with her, unless for Sport.  
 He who a-top, her Wheel in Triumph Strides,  
 Might now have driven the Coach in which he Rides.  
 In a fine Coat with various Colours Lac'd,  
 Have now been Seated where his Coach-man's Plac'd;  
 Had not his Science taught him to Advance,  
 The King's Revenues, and to Pillage *France*;  
 I know, while he the Consequences fear'd,  
 That Wisely for some Months he Disappear'd.  
 \* But you'll soon see the Banish'd Man return  
 In Pomp, and the Vext People's Clamour scorn,  
 Laugh at their Hatred, and again Enjoy,  
 The Bounteous Blessings of an Anger'd Sky.  
 † While *Colletet* a Vor'ry of the Nine.  
 Thinks himself Happy if he's sure to Dine.  
 Those Lessons which at *Paris Monmaur* read,  
 Still stand him, and his Brother Wits in stead,  
 And get 'em oft a Meal in Time of Need.

The

\* *Ibid.* 47.

Damnatus Inani  
 Iudicio (quid enim Salvis Infamia Nummis?  
 Exul ab Octava Marius bibit & fruitur Dis  
 Iratis.

† There's something very remarkable concerning *Colletet's*  
 Poverty, in the 1st. Vol. of the *Chevrana*, Pag. 30.

The King, 'tis true, whose Bounty's unconfin'd  
To those, whom Fortune had ill us'd, proves kind  
*Phæbus* he from the Hospital will fetch,  
And to the Muse the Royal Scepter reach.  
What may we not from such a King expect ?  
He's ready to reward and to protect.  
Th' *Augustus* tho' we've found, it will not do,  
Unless we find out the *Mæcenas* too.  
Starv'd Poets swarm and press upon the Crown  
So thick they almost bear the Monarch down.  
How shall we penetrate the Croud who wait  
To intercept the Favours of the State  
And when the Royal Hand is open, run  
To snatch the Bounty which the Modest shun ?  
Thus those who press the least, still fare the worst ;  
Merit comes last, but Favour with the First.  
As we see Drones a lazy barren Breed  
Plunder the Bees and on their Honey feed ;  
Then let us not of those Rewards be proud  
Which are, on Importunity, bestow'd.

What

\* What but his Vein had St. *Amand* from Fate ?  
 The Cloaths he 'ad on him were his whole Estate;  
 A Bed, and two or three Old Stools were all  
 The Goods he properly his own cou'd call.  
 But in a fitter Phrase I might have said,  
 He 'ad Nothing of his own, nor ever had :  
 Yet tir'd with a Vexatious Life, he Pawns  
 That Nothing, and for Court Preferment Yawns.  
 Thither to make his Fortune he repairs,  
 And Loads of Rhymes, to recommend him, bears.  
 But how came off the Bubbl'd Muse at last ?  
 Why badly, and the Future's like the Past.  
 Cover'd with Shame and Laughter he Returns :  
 In Vain his Loss of Time, and Trouble Mourns.  
 A Fever seizes him, and Ends his Days,  
 Which Hunger else had done, with all his Bays.

A Wife was once in Fashion at the Court,  
 But now, of Fools and Fops 'tis the Resort.  
 And the Best Poet that e're Tun'd the Lyre,  
 May Rise, but † *Angeli* will still Rise higher.

L

Shall

\* There's a Comment on this Verse, in the first Volume of the  
*Chevræana*, p. 34. In this Description of St. *Amand*'s Poverty,  
 there are some Strokes taken from the III. Satire of *Juvenal*, as this,  
*Nil habuit Codrus, Quis enim negat ? Et tamen illud*  
*Perdidit infelix totum nihil.*

† *Angeli* was a Fool belonging to *Lewis II. Prince of Condé*.

Shall I hereafter Act another Part,  
*Phabus* abandon for *Bartholu's* Art.

Turn o'er the *Institutes*, Thumb *Littleton*,

And dragling at my Tail a dirty Gown,

Pick up for ev'ry Cause a Double Crown?

But at the very Thought I Start, and find

The Bar and I, shall ne'er be of a Mind.

Can I, in such a Barb'rous Country, Bawl,

And Rend with Venal Lungs the Guilty Hall;

Where Innocence do's daily Pay the Cost.

And in the Labyrinth of Law is Lost;

Where Wrong by Tricks and Quirks prevails o'er Right,

And Black is by due Form of Law made White.

Where *H——s* out nois'd by *D——s* yields the Prize,

And *Cicero's* are form'd o'er Mutton Pies?

E'er I, a Thought like this can entertain,

Frost shall at *Midsummer* congeal the *Seine*;

His *Holiness* shall turn a *Protestant*,

*Burgefs* wear Lawn, and *Atterbury* Cant.

Hence get thee from this Irksome City far,

Where Fortune makes on Worth perpetual War?

Where Vice Uurps the Sway, Exerts her Pow'r,

And those that don't Obey her she'll Devour;



A Mitre on her Haughty Head she Wears,  
And in her Hand a Reverend Crozier Bears.

\* Where Science with a sad and frightful Face,  
Is driv'n from ev'ry Creditable Place.

Where the sole Art that is of late in Vogue,  
Is to Rob Well, and be a Dext'rous Rogue.

" Where ev'ry Thing I meet with Shocks me---Hold,  
" Such Truths as these are better Thought than Told.

But who can keep his Temper when he sees,  
Such Actions, Manners, and such Men as these ?

Who without my Resentment can look on,  
And mark the Mortals of this Noble Town ?

One who a *Pegasus* did never Stride,  
With ne'er a *Muse* nor *Phæbus* on his Side,  
To Lash this Iron Age might know to Rhyme,  
The Subject Needs no Beauty nor Sublime.

He who can't hope to Reach *Parnassus* Top,  
Below may do the Business of a Fop,

L 2

Or

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\* *Regnier has said,*  
If Science Poor Contemptible Forlorn,  
Is the Mob's Fable and the Courtier's Scorn.

'Tis likely *Boileau* had those Verses of *Regnier* in his Eye, when he wrote his own. *Regnier* was a Famous Satirist whom he esteem'd very much as appears by what he writes in his Praise, Vid. Art of Poetry Canto 2. towards the End.

\* Or without Walking in the Sacred Vales,  
For Indignation Rhymes, if Nature Fails.

“ ’Tis very Fine,\* (you say,) you’re Angry Grown,

“ Why all this Preaching, Sir, against the Town?

“ Stop; not so fast; and if you’ll Preach, Pray mount

“ The Pulpit, e’re you Call it to Account;

“ It only to the Preachers does belong,

“ To say what’ere they Please or Right or Wrong;

“ To Sleep the People by your Sermon Lull,

“ You can’t be well too daring nor too dull.

Thus answers one, whom keen *Iambic’s* urge,  
Who hates the Physic that his Vice wou’d purge,  
Who do’s at Censure and the Cenfor Laugh,  
And Values not his Guilt, but Thinks he’s Safe;  
Who for a raging Fever Waits to Prove,  
That there’s a Hell below and Heaven above.

Yet

\* *Juvenal Satire I. 79.*

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.

Good Verses often are by *Choler* made.

Thus *Regnier* has translated this Verse of *Juvenal*.

’Twill not be Disagreeable to the Reader to see how these Satirists have severally Imitated the Ancients, neither will it be without Instruction. This I. Satire of M. Despreaux, and III. of *Regnier* afford us several Instances as the Curious may see if they’ll be at the Pains.