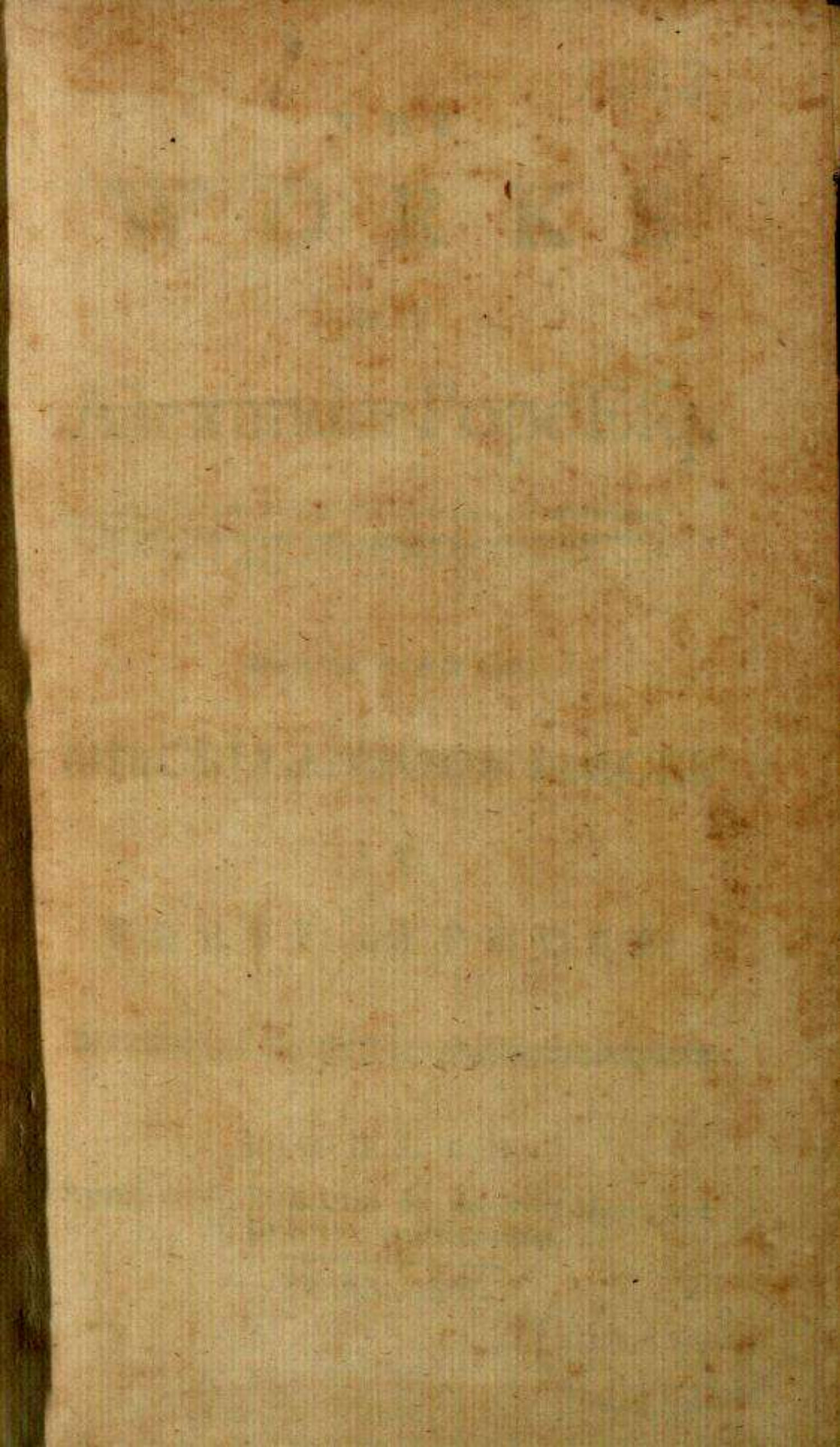
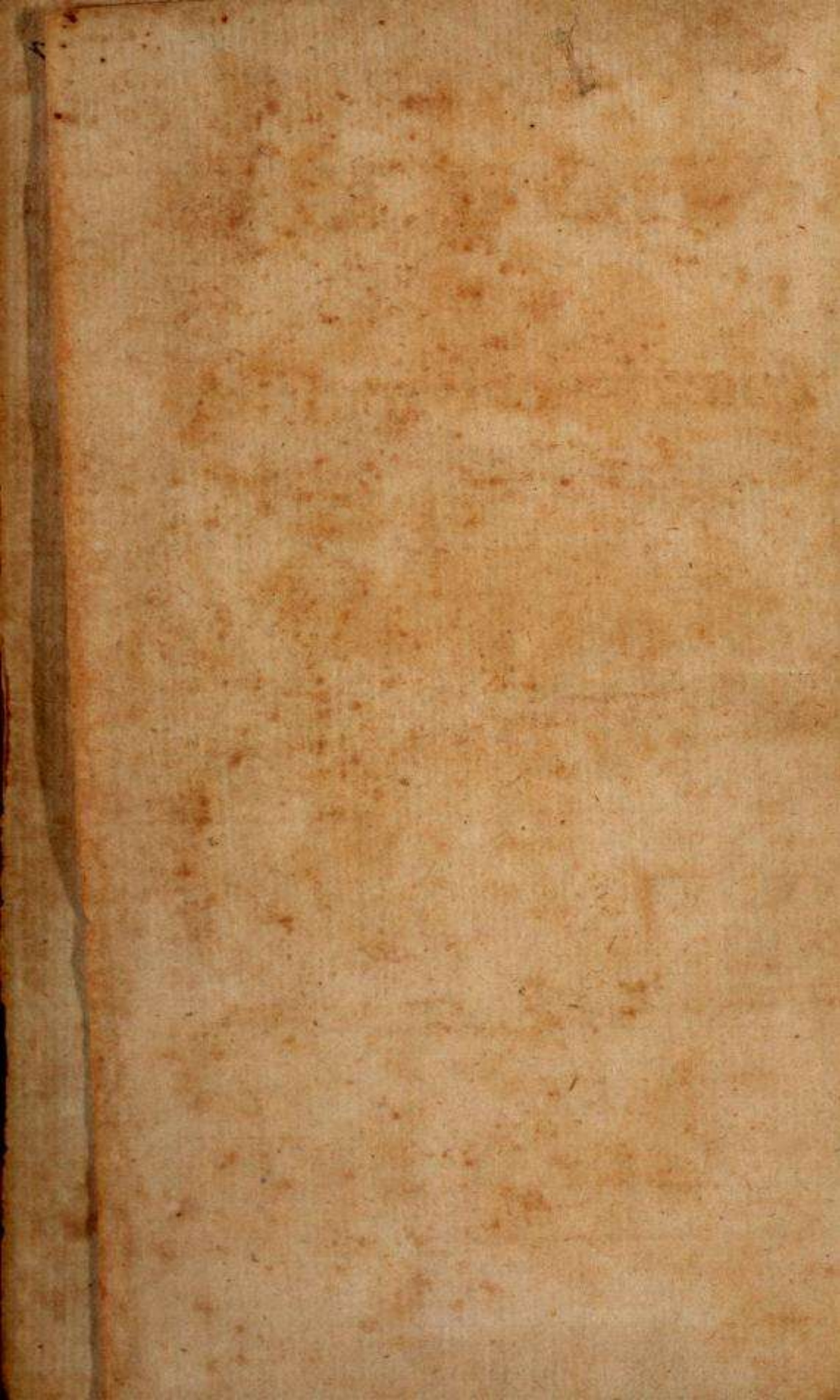


1785

14





1563

T H E

W O R K S

O F

Alexander Pope Esq.

CONTAINING HIS  
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

I N

V E R S E and P R O S E.

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D U B L I N :

Printed for G. FAULKNER on the Blind Quay, and  
H. BRADLEY in Dame-street.

M DCC LXIV.



THE  
WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME 167

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN

THE

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Printed by R. DODD, in Pall-mall, near St. James's Church.

MDCCLXXII.



IMITATIONS

O F

HORACE.

B



## EPISTOLA VII.

**Q**UINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,  
 Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,  
 Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem ;  
 Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,  
 Maecenas, veniam : dum ficus prima calorque  
 Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris :  
 Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet ;  
 Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis  
 Adducit febris, et testamenta resignat.  
 Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris ;  
 Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcat,  
 Contractusque leget ; te, dulcis amice, revifet  
 Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.  
 Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,  
 Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere fodes.  
 Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.

## EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,  
I would be with you, June the third;  
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)  
Have kept it—as you do at Court.

You humour me when I am sick,  
Why not when I am splenetick?  
In town, what Objects could I meet?

The shops shut up in ev'ry street,  
And Fun'ral black'ning all the Doors,  
And yet more melancholy Whores:

And what a dust in every place?  
And a thin Court that wants your Face,  
And Fevers raging up and down,  
And W\* and H\*\* both in town!

“The Dog-days are no more the case.”

'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:  
Then southward let your Bard retire,  
Hold out some months 'twixt Sun and Fire,  
And you shall see the first warm Weather,  
Me and the Butterflies together.

My Lord, your Favours well I know;  
'Tis with Distinction you bestow;  
And not to ev'ry one that comes,  
Just as a Scotsman does his Plumbs.

“Pray take them, Sir,—Enough's a Feast:  
“Eat some, and pocket up the rest—

Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.  
 Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.  
 Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.  
 Prodigus et stultus donat quae spernit et odit:  
 Haec seges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.  
 Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratus?  
 Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent aera lupinis?  
 Dignum praestabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.  
 Quod si me noles usquam discedere; reddes  
 Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:  
 Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et  
 Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.

Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam  
 Repserat in cumeram frumenti; pastaque, rursus  
 Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.

What rob your Boys? those pretty rogues!

“ No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs.

Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,

Contriving never to oblige ye.

30

Scatter your Favours on a Fop,

Ingratitude's the certain crop;

And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,

You give the things you never care for.

A wise man always is or shou'd

35

Be mighty ready to do good;

But makes a difference in his thought

Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me

A safe Companion, and a free;

40

But if you'd have me always near—

A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.

I hope it is your Resolution

To give me back my Constitution!

The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye,

45

Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,

That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,

And kept you up so oft till one:

And all that voluntary Vein,

As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.

50

A Weasel once made shift to sink

In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;

But having amply stuff'd his skin,

Could not get out as he got in:

## NOTES.

VER. 50. *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himself and the publick on his *Rape of the Lock*.

Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effingere istinc;  
 Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.  
 Hac ago si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno;  
 Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altitium, nec  
 Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.  
 Saepe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, Paterque  
 Audisti coram, nec verbo parcus absens:  
 Inspice, si possum donata reponere laetus.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,

Which one belonging to the House 55  
 ('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)  
 Observing, cry'd, " You scape not so,  
 " Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."  
 Sir, you may spare your Application,  
 I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation; 60  
 Nor one that Temperance advance,  
 Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans :  
 Extremely ready to resign  
 All that may make me none of mine.  
 South-sea Subscriptions take who please, 65  
 Leave me but Liberty and Ease.  
 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,  
 Who prais'd my Modesty, and simil'd.  
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)  
 My Bread, and Independency! 70  
 So bought an Annual Rent or two,  
 And liv'd.—just as you see I do ;  
 Near fifty, and without a Wife,  
 I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.  
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well, 75  
 Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,  
 A little House, with Trees a-row,  
 And, like its Master, very low.

## NOTES.

VER. 67. *Craggs and Child,*] Mr. Craggs gave him some South-sea subscriptions. He was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He used to say it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity.

Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.

Strenuus et fortis, caufisque Philippus agendis  
 Clarus, etc.



## S A T I R A VI.

**H**O C erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,  
 Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,  
 Et paulum silvae super his foret, auctius, atque  
 Dî melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,  
 Maia nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.  
 Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,  
 Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem:  
 Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angulus ille



There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,  
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80

To set this matter full before ye,  
 Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.

"Harley, the Nation's great Support," —  
 But you may read it, I stop short.



## S A T I R E VI.

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

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear  
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
 A handsome House to lodge a Friend,  
 A River at my garden's end,  
 A Terras-walk, and half a Rood  
 Of Land, set out to plant a Wood, 5

Well, now I have all this and more,  
 I ask not to encrease my store;  
 ' But here a Grievance seems to lie,  
 ' All this is mine but till I die; 10  
 ' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,  
 ' To me and to my Heirs for ever.

' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,  
 ' By any Trick, or any Fault;  
 ' And if I pray by Reason's rules, 15  
 ' And not like forty other Fools:

Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum ?  
 O si urnam argenti fors quae mihi monstrét ! ut illi,  
 Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum  
 Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico  
 Hercule : si, quod adest, gratam juvat : hac prece te  
 oro,

Pingue pecus domino facias, et caetera praeter  
 Ingenium ; utque soles, custos mihi maximus ad sis.  
 Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,  
 Quid prius illustrem Satiris Musaeque pedestri ?  
 Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,  
 Autumnusque gravis, Libitinae quaestus acerbae.

Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,  
 Unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores  
 Instituunt, (sic Dîs placitum) tu carminis esto  
 Principium : Romae sponforem me rapis : Eia,  
 Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urgue :  
 Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem  
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.  
 Postmodo, quod mî obsit, clare certumque locuto,  
 Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.

" As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker !  
 " To grant me this and t'other Acre :  
 " Or, if it be thy Will and Pleasure,  
 " Direct my Plow to find a Treasure : " 20  
 " But only what my Station fits,  
 " And to be kept in my right wits.  
 " Preserve, Almighty Providence !  
 " Just what you gave me, Competence :  
 " And let me in these shades compose 25  
 " Something in Verse as true as Prose ;  
 " Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,  
 " Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.  
 In short, I'm perfectly content,  
 Let me but live on this side Trent ; 30  
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,  
 To spend six months with Statesmen here.  
 I must by all means come to town,  
 'Tis for the service of the Crown.  
 " Lewis, the Dean will be of use, 35  
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."  
 The toil, the danger of the Seas ;  
 Great Ministers ne'er think of these ;  
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,  
 No matter where the money's found, 40  
 It is but so much more in debt,  
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.  
 " Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,  
 " Let my Lord know you're come to town.  
 I hurry me in haste away, 45  
 Not thinking it is Levee-day ;  
 And find his Honour in a Pound,  
 Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,

Quid tibi vis, insane? et quam rem agis? improbus  
 urguet

Iratis precibus. tu pulses omne quod obstat,

Ad Maecenatem memori si mente recurras.

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

Ventum est Esquilias; aliena negotia centum

Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam

Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.

De re communi scribae magna atque nova te

Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.

Imprimat his cura Maecenas signa tabellis.

Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et instat.

Checquer'd with Ribbons blue and green :  
 How should I thrust myself between ? 50  
 Some Wag observes me thus perplext,  
 And smiling, whispers to the next,  
 " I thought the Dean had been too proud,  
 " To juffle here among a croud."  
 Another in a furly fit, 55  
 Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,  
 " So eager to exprefs your love,  
 " You ne'er confider whom you shove,  
 " But rudely prefs before a Duke."  
 I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 60  
 And take it kindly meant to show  
 What I defire the World should know.  
 I get a whisper, and withdraw ;  
 When twenty Fools I never faw  
 Come with Petitions fairly penn'd, 65  
 Defiring I would ftand their friend.  
 This, humbly offers me his Cafe—  
 That, begs my int'reft for a Place—  
 A hundred other Men's affairs,  
 Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70  
 " To-morrow my Appeal comes on,  
 " Without your help the Caufe is gone—  
 The Duke expects my Lord and you,  
 About fome great Affair, at Two—  
 " Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75  
 " To get my Warrant quickly fign'd :  
 " Confider, 'tis my firft request.—  
 Be fatisfy'd, I'll do my beft : ———  
 Then prefently he falls to teize,  
 " You may for certain, if you please ; 80

Septimus octavo prior jam fugerit annus,  
 Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere suorum  
 In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda  
 Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas.  
 Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Thrax est Gallina Syro  
 par.

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:  
 Et quae rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.  
 Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam  
 Invidiae noster. ludos spectaverit una:  
 Luferit in campo: Fortunae filius, omnes.  
 Frigidus a Rostris manat per compita rumor:  
 Quicumque obvius est, me consulit; O bone (nam te

“ I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—

“ And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—

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

Since HARLEY bid me first attend,

85

And chose me for an humble friend ;

Would take me in his Coach to chat,

And question me of this and that ;

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

“ Whose Chariot’s that we left behind ?

90

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the Country Signs ;

Or, “ Have you nothing new to-day

“ From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay ?

Such tattle often entertains

95

My Lord and me as far as Stains,

As once a week we travel down

To Windsor, and again to Town,

Where all that passes, *inter nos*,

Might be proclaim’d at Charing-Cross.

100

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

“ How think you of our Friend the Dean ?

“ I wonder what some people mean ;

“ My Lord and he are grown so great,

105

“ Always together, *tête à tête*,

“ What, they admire him for his jokes—

“ See but the fortune of some Folks !

There flies about a strange report

Of some Express arriv’d at Court ;

110

I’m stopp’d by all the Fools I meet,

And catechis’d in ev’ry street.

Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)  
 Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu  
 Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,  
 Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra  
 Praedia Caesar, an est Itala tellure daturus?  
 Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum  
 Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.

Perditur haec inter misero lux; non sine votis,  
 O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,  
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc fomno et inertibus horis,  
 Ducere sollicitae jucunda obliviam vitae?  
 O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, simulque  
 Uncta fatis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?  
 O noctes coenaeque Deum! quibus ipse meique,  
 Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernaesque procaces



“ You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;

“ Inform us, will the Emp’ror treat?

“ Or do the Prints and Papers lye?

115

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

“ Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?

“ ’Tis now no secret—I protest

“ ’Tis one to me—“ Then tell us, pray,

“ When are the Troops to have their pay?

120

And, tho’ I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

They stand amaz’d, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tofs’d,

125

My choicest Hours of life are lost;

Yet always wishing to retreat,

Oh, could I see my Country Seat!

There leaning near a gentle Brook,

Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book,

130

And there in sweet oblivion drown

Those Cares that haunt the Court and Town.

○ charming Noons! and Nights divine!

Or when I sup, or when I dine.

#### NOTES.

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

Pasco libatis dapibus : cum, ut cuique libido est,  
 Siccat inaequales calices conviva, solutus  
 Legibus infanis : seu quis capit acria fortis  
 Pocula ; seu modicis uvescit laetius. ergo  
 Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,  
 Nec male necne Lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos  
 Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus ; utrumne  
 Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati :  
 Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectamne, trahat nos :  
 Et quae sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.  
 Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles  
 Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arellū  
 Sollicitas ignarus opes ; sic incipit : Olim  
 Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur  
 Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum ;  
 Asper, et attentus quaesitis ; ut tamen arctum  
 Solveret hospitii animum. quid multa ? neque ille  
 Sepositi ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae :  
 Aridum et ore ferens acinum, femesaque lardi  
 Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia coena

My Friends above, my Folks below, 135  
 Chatting and laughing all-a-row,  
 The Beans and Bacon set before 'em,  
 The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum :  
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,  
 And ev'n the very Dogs at ease! 140  
 Here no man prates of idle things,  
 How this or that Italian sings,  
 A Neighbour's Madness, or his Spouse's,  
 Or what's in either of the Houses :  
 But something much more our concern, 145  
 And quite a scandal not to learn :  
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,  
 A man of Merit, or a Miser ?  
 Whether we ought to chuse our Friends,  
 For their own Worth, or our own Ends? 150  
 What good, or better, we may call,  
 And what, the very best of all ?  
 Our Friend Dan Prior, told, (you know)  
 A Tale extremely *à propos* :  
 Name a Town Life, and in a trice, 155  
 He had a Story of two Mice.  
 Once on a time (so runs the Fable)  
 A Country Mouse, right hospitable,  
 Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,  
 Just as a Farmer might a Lord. 160  
 A frugal Mouse upon the whole,  
 Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,  
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,  
 On just occasion, *conte qui conte*.  
 He brought him Bacon (nothing lean) 165  
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean ;

Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo :  
 Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna  
 Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.  
 Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,  
 Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso ?  
 Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere sylvis ?  
 Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes : terrestria quando  
 Mortales animas vivunt fortita, neque ulla est,  
 Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,  
 Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus :  
 Vive memor quam sis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta  
 Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exfilit : inde  
 Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes  
 Moenia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat  
 Nox medium coeli spatium, cum ponit uterque  
 In locuplete domo vestigia : rubro ubi cocco  
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos ;

Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,  
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;  
 Yet, to his Guest tho' no way sparing,  
 He eat himself the rind and paring. 170  
 Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,  
 But show'd his Breeding and his Wit ;  
 He did his best to seem to eat,  
 And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat.  
 " But Lord, my Friend, this savage Scene! 175  
 " For God's sake, come, and live with Men :  
 " Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,  
 " Both small and great, both you and I :  
 " Then spend your life in Joy and Sport,  
 " (This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court) 180  
 The veriest Hermit in the Nation  
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.  
 Away they come, thro' thick and thin,  
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn ;  
 ('Twas on the night of a Debate, 185  
 When all their Lordships had fate late.)  
 Behold the place, where if a Poet  
 Shin'd in Description, he might show it ;  
 Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,  
 And tips with Silver all the walls ; 190  
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
 Grottesco roofs, and Stucco floors :  
 But let it (in a word) be said,  
 The Moon was up, and Men a bed,  
 The Napkins white, the Carpet red : 195 }  
 The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,  
 And down the Mice fate, *tête à tête*.

Multaque de magna superessent fercula coena,  
 Quae procul exstructis inerant hesternis canistris.  
 Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit  
 Agrestem ; veluti succinctus curſitat hospes,  
 Continuatque dapes : nec non verniliter ipsis  
 Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.  
 Ille cubans gaudet mutata forte, bonisque  
 Rebus agit laetum convivam : cum subito ingens  
 Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.  
 Currere per totum pavidi conclave ; magisque  
 Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis  
 Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita  
 Est opus hac, ait, et valeas : me sylva, cavusque  
 Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

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

“ *Que ça est bon! Ab goûter ça!*

“ That Jelly’s rich, this Malmsey healing,

“ Pray, dip your Whiskers and your Tail in.”

Was ever such a happy Swain?

He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again. 205

“ I’m quite asham’d—’tis mighty rude

“ To eat so much—but all’s so good.

“ I have a thousand thanks to give—

“ My Lord alone knows how to live.”

No sooner said, but from the Hall 210

Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:

“ A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door—

The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer’s Mice,

Or Gods to save them in a trice! 215

(It was by Providence they think

For your damn’d Stucco has no chink.)

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

“ This same Dessert is not so pleasant:

“ Give me again my hollow Tree, 220

“ A crust of Bread, and Liberty!

## L I B E R IV.

## O D E I.

## A D V E N E R E M.

**I**N T E R M I S S A, Venus, diu  
 Rurfus bella moves? parce precor, precor.  
 Non fum qualis eram bonae  
 Sub regno Cynarae. define, dulcium  
 Mater faeva Cupidinum,  
 Circa luftra decem flectere mollibus  
 Jam durum imperiis: abi  
 Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.  
 Tempeftivius in domum  
 Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,  
 Commiffabere Maximi;  
 Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.  
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,  
 Et pro folicitis non tacitus reis,  
 Et centum puer artium,  
 Late figna feret militiae tuae.  
 Et, quandoque potentior  
 Largi muneribus riferit aemuli,



## B O O K IV.\*

## O D E I.

## T O V E N U S.

**A** GAIN? new Tumults in my breast?  
 Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest?  
 I am not now, alas! the man  
 As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.  
 Ah found no more thy soft alarms,  
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms.  
 Mother too fierce of dear Desires!  
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.  
 To *Number five* direct your Doves,  
 There spread round MURRAY all your blooming  
 Loves;  
 Noble and young, who strikes the heart  
 With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;  
 Equal, the injur'd to defend,  
 To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.  
 He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,  
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:  
 To him each Rival shall submit,  
 Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.

## N O T E S.

\* This, and the unfinished imitation of the ninth Ode of the fourth Book which follows, shew as happy a vein for the Odes of Horace as for the Epistles.

Albanos prope te lacus

Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthia

Delectabere tibia

Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.

Illic bis pueri die

Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum

Laudantes, pede candido

In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

Me nec femina, nec puer

Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,

Nec certare juvat mero,

Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.

Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur

Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

Cur facunda parum decoro

Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

Nocturnis ego somniis

Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor

Te per gramina Martii

Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,  
 (Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:  
 His House, embosom'd in the Grove,  
 Sacred to social life and social love,  
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,  
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:  
 Thither, the silver-sounding lyres  
 Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;  
 There, ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,  
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;  
 There Youths and Nymphs, in consort gay,  
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.  
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;  
 For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.  
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,  
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;  
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,  
 And all the kind Deceivers of the soul!  
 But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!  
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?  
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,  
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?  
 Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam,  
 Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;  
 Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,  
 And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;  
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall,  
 Or softly glide by the Canal,  
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,  
 And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.

## L I B E R IV.

## O D E IX.

**N**E forte credas interitura, quae  
 Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum

Non ante vulgatas per artes

Verba loquor socianda chordis ;

Non, si priores Maeonius tenet

Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent

Ceaeque, et Alcaei minaces

Stesichorique graves Camenae :

Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,

Delevit aetas : spirat adhuc amor,

Vivuntque commissi calores

Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona

Multi ; sed omnes illacrymabiles

Urgentur ignotique longa

Noctē, carent quia vate sacro.

Part of the NINTH ODE  
Of the FOURTH BOOK.

**L**EST you should think that verse should die,  
Which sounds the Silver Thames along,  
Taught, on the wings of Truth to fly  
Above the reach of vulgar song ;

Tho' daring Milton fits sublime,  
In Spencer native Muses play ;  
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,  
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth  
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd ;  
These rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,  
And Those, new Heav'ns and Systems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride !  
They had no Poet, and they died.  
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled !  
They had no Poet, and are dead.

Part of the NINTH ODE

Of the FOURTH BOOK

**L**EST you should think that words should be  
 Which found the River Thames along the  
 Tangle, on the wings of Time, to the  
 Above the reach of vulgar tongue  
 Tho' change Milton the spirit,  
 In Spencer native Mincie pay,  
 Nor yet that Walter yield in time  
 Nor peruse Cowley's necessity  
 Laces and Chief long face and hair  
 The Cedar was or Hercules man's  
 These raise'd new fashions of the Fair  
 And Those, new fashions and Systems raise  
 Vain was the Chief's the sage's pride!  
 They had no Poet, and they died,  
 In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!  
 They had no Poet, and are dead.

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MISCELLANIES.

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MISCELLANIES.

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## EPISTLE

T O

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD, and Earl  
MORTIMER.

**S**UCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,  
'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.  
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!  
With softest manners, gentlest Arts adorn'd!  
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain! 5  
Dear to the Muse! to HARLEY dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;  
For SWIFT and him despis'd the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great; 10  
Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,  
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)  
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15  
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,  
Who, careless now of Int'rest, Fame, or Fate,  
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;

## NOTES.

[*Epist. to Robert Earl of Oxford.*] This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's Poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721. P.

Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine  
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine :  
A Soul supreme in each hard instance try'd,  
Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,  
The rage of Pow'r, the blast of public breath,  
The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deserts thy retreat is made ;  
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :  
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.  
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,  
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain ;  
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.

Ev'n now, she shades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays,  
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)  
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,  
Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy various Day,  
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,  
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.



EPISTLE to JAMES CRAGGS,  
Esq ; Secretary of State.

**A** Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,  
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,  
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,  
And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows.

*Secretary of State.] In the Year 1720. P.*

A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,  
 That darts severe upon a rising Lye,  
 And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery. }  
 All this thou wert, and being this before,  
 Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.  
 Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways, 10  
 Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;  
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,  
 Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.  
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)  
 Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me: 15  
 The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;  
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.



EPISTLE to Mr. JERVAS, with  
 Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of *Fresnoy's*  
 Art of Painting.

**T**HIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse  
 This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.  
 Whether thy hand strike out some free design,  
 Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;  
 Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5  
 And from the canvas call the mimic face:  
 Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire  
 Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire:

NOTES.

*Epist. to Mr. Jervas.*] This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717. P.

And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,  
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name ; 10  
 Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,  
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,  
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame ;  
 Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15  
 And each from each contract new strength and light.  
 How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,  
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away ?  
 How oft our slowly-growing works impart,  
 While Images reflect from art to art ? 20  
 How oft review ; each finding like a friend  
 Something to blame, and something to commend ?

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,  
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !  
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25  
 Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.

With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,  
 Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn :  
 With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,  
 Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade : 30  
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
 And builds imaginary Rome a-new,  
 Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye ;  
 A fading Fresco here demands a sigh :  
 Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare, 35  
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,  
 Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,  
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears  
 This small, well-polish'd Gem, the \* work of years!  
 Yet still how faint by precept is exprest

The living image in the painter's breast?  
 Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,  
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;  
 Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies  
 An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,  
 Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:  
 Call round her Tomb each object of desire,  
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:  
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,  
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:  
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;  
 Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;  
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.  
 Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,  
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.  
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,  
 And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes;  
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,  
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those Colours may they shine,  
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;  
 New graces yearly like thy works display,  
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;

## NOTES.

\* Fresnoy employed above twenty Years in finishing his Poem. P.

Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains ;  
 And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.  
 The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,  
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70  
 Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,  
 And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face ;  
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll  
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul ;  
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgwater vie, 75  
 And these be sung 'till Granville's Myra die ;  
 Alas ! how little from the grave we claim !  
 Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.



EPISTLE to Miss BLOUNT, with  
 the Works of *Voiture*.

**I**N these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,  
 And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line ;  
 His easy Art may happy Nature seem,  
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.  
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5  
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great ;  
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read ;  
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred :  
 His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,  
 His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair. 10  
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,  
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle, Life, away ;  
 'Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,  
 As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest.

Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15  
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before ;  
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,  
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes :  
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,  
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be  
 A long, exact, and serious Comedy ;  
 In ev'ry scene some Moral let it teach,  
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.  
 Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25  
 And more diverting still than regular,  
 Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,  
 Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place :  
 Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,  
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,  
 Severe to all, but most to Womankind ;  
 Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide ;  
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride ;  
 By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame ; 35  
 Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by shame,  
 Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,  
 But sets up one, a greater in their place ;  
 Well might you wish for change by those accurst,  
 But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst. 40  
 Still in constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,  
 Or bound in formal, or in real chains :  
 Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,  
 The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.  
 Ah quit not the free innocence of life, 45  
 For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife ;

Nor let false Shews, or empty Titles please :  
Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,  
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares, 50  
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,  
And, to compleat her blifs, a Fool for Mate.  
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,  
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!  
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part ;  
She sighs, and is no Duchefs at her heart. 56

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you  
Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too ;  
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,  
Those, Age or Sicknefs, soon or late difarms : 60  
Good humour only teaches charms to last,  
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past ;  
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,  
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day ;  
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn, 65  
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn ;  
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,  
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus \* Voiture's early care still shone the same,  
And Monthaufier was only chang'd in name : 70  
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,  
Their Wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyfian coast,  
Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost :  
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view, 75  
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.

\* Mademoifelle Paulet. P.



The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse ;  
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse ;  
 And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride  
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside.



EPISTLE to the same, on her leaving  
 the Town after the Coronation.

**A**S some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care  
 Drags from the Town to wholesome Country  
 air,

Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;  
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever,  
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :  
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,  
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;  
 Not that their Pleasures caus'd her discontent,  
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
 Old fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks :  
 She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,  
 To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day ;  
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15  
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,  
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;  
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire ; 20

*Coronation.*] Of King George the first, 1715. P.

Up to her godly garret after sev'n,  
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps you take delight to rack;  
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;  
Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds, 25  
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—No words!  
Or with his hound comes hallowing from the stable,  
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;  
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,  
And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,  
You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;  
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,  
See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;  
Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35  
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,  
While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes;  
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.  
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,  
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,  
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)  
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,  
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;  
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45  
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,  
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,  
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my sight;  
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,  
Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now. 50

T H E

## BASSET-TABLE.

A N

## E C L O G U E.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

C A R D E L I A.

**T**HE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;  
 Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-Room?  
 Rise, pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you:

S M I L I N D A.

Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,  
 I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.  
 I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,  
 And whisper with that soft, deluding air,  
 And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning Fair.

C A R D E L I A.

Is this the cause of your Romantick strains?  
 A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains. 10

N O T E S.

*The Basset-Table.*] Only this of all the Town Eclogues was Mr. Pope's; and is here printed from a copy corrected by his own hand.—The humour of it consists in this, that the one is in love with the *Game*, and the other with the *Sharper*.

44 MISCELLANIES.

As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross't ;  
One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septleva's* have lost.

S M I L I N D A.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine ?  
With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign :  
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone ;  
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone. 16

C A R D E L I A.

A Lover lost, is but a common care ;  
And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare :  
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost : Oh ! who could  
guess.

This fatal stroke, this unforeseen Distress ? 20

S M I L I N D A.

See BETTY LOVET ! very *à propos*,  
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know :  
Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide ;  
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd ;  
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25  
By *Cards' Ill Usage*, or by *Lovers lost*.

L O V E T.

Tell, tell your griefs ; attentive will I stay,  
Tho' Time is precious, and I want some Tea.

C A R D E L I A.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought, 29  
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought.

See on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;  
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.  
 Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright Face;  
 A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Cafe.  
 Jove, Jove himself, does on the Scizars shine; 35  
 The Metal, and the Workmanship, divine!

## S M I L I N D A.

This *Snuff-Box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER's love,  
 When rival beauties for the Present strove;  
 At *Corticelli's* he the Raffle won;  
 Then first his Passion was in public shown: 40  
 HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her Head aside,  
 A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.  
 This *Snuff-Box*,—on the Hinge see Brilliants shine:  
 This *Snuff-Box* will I stake; the Prize is mine.

## C A R D E L I A.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear, 45  
 Have made a Soldier sigh, a Lover swear.  
 And Oh! what makes the disappointment hard,  
 'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*.  
 In complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;  
 Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave*. 50  
 The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;  
 And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

## S M I L I N D A.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,  
 The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;  
 This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair, 55  
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;

She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,  
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.  
 An aukward Thing, when first she came to Town;  
 Her Shape unfashion'd, and her Face unknown:  
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread 61  
 Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red:  
 I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;  
 And by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her Stays.  
 Ungrateful wretch, with mimick airs grown pert,  
 She dares to steal my Fav'rite Lover's heart. 66

## C A R D E L I A.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,  
 When WINNALL tally'd, I would *punt* no more?  
 I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;  
 And see the Folly, which I cannot shun. 70

## S M I L I N D A.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?  
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?  
 Yet his known Falshoods could no Warning prove:  
 Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

## C A R D E L I A.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,  
 To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd? 76  
 When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent rank;  
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,  
 Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the shining train;  
 The Winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain: 80  
 In bright Confusion open *Rouleaus* lye,  
 They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.

Fir'd by the fight, all Reason I disdain;  
 My Passions rise, and will not bear the rein.  
 Look upon *Basset*, you who Reason boast; 85  
 And see if Reason must not *there* be lost.

## S M I L I N D A.

What more than marble must that heart com-  
 pose,  
 Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER'S Vows?  
 Then, when he trembles! when his Blushes rise!  
 When awful Love seems melting in his Eyes! 90  
 With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:  
*He Loves*,—I whisper to myself, *He Loves!*  
 Such unfeign'd Passion in his Looks appears,  
 I lose all Mem'ry of my former Fears;  
 My panting heart confesses all his charms, 35  
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms:  
 Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast;  
 For such a moment, Prudence well were lost.

## C A R D E L I A.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play,  
 Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.  
 But who the Bowl, or rattling Dice compares  
 To *Basset's* heav'nly Joys, and pleasing Cares?

## S M I L I N D A.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;  
 PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.  
 Their several graces in my SHARPER meet; 105  
 Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

## L O V E T.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;  
 I grow impatient, and the Tea's too strong.  
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide;  
 The *Equipage* shall grace SMILINDA'S Side: 110  
 The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,  
 Now leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.



## Verbatim from BOILEAU.

## Un Jour dit un Auteur, etc.

O NCE (says an Author, where I need not say)  
 Two Trav'lers found an Oyster in their way;  
 Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,  
 While Scale in hand Dame *Justice* past along.  
 Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,  
 Explain'd the matter and would win the cause.  
 Dame *Justice* weighing long the doubtful Right,  
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their fight.  
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,  
 There take (says *Justice*) take ye each a *Shell*.  
 We thrive at *Westminster* on Fools like you:  
 'Twas a fat Oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.



## ANSWER to the following QUESTION of Mrs. HOWE.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam,

Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.

'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.

'Tis, (no, 'tisn't) like Miss *Meadows*.

'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,

Old, and void of all good-nature;

Lean and fretful; would seem wise;

Yet plays the fool before she dies.

'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,

That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.



## Occasioned by some Verses of his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough : at length thy labour ends,  
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.

Let Crowds of Critics now my verse assail,

Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail :

This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,

Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.

Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,

And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGUE by Mr. POPE, to a Play for Mr. *Dennis's* Benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great Distress, a little before his Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign,  
 Had brav'd the *Goths*, and many a *Vandal* slain,  
 Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of Woe!  
 Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe:  
 Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind, 5  
 But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?  
 Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?  
 A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?  
 Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise, 9  
 When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies;

## NOTES.

VER. 6. *But pitied Belisarius, etc.*] Nothing was ever more happily imagined than this allusion, or finer conducted. And the continued pleasantry so delicately touched, that it took nothing from the self satisfaction the Critic had in his merit, or the Audience in their charity. With so much mastery has the Poet executed, in this benevolent irony, that which he supposed Dennis himself, had he the wit to see, would have the ingenuity to own:

*This dreaded Sat'rist, Dennis will confess,  
 Foe to his pride, but Friend to his Distress.*

VER. 7. *Was there a Chief, etc.*] The fine figure of the Commander in that capital Picture of Belisarius at Chiswick, supplied the Poet with this beautiful idea.

*Dennis*, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,  
 Their *Quibbles* routed, and defy'd their *Puns* ;  
 A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce  
 Against the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verse : 14  
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,  
 And shook the Stage with *Thunders* all his own !  
 Stood up to dash each vain *PRETENDER's* hope,  
 Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the *POPE* !  
 If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born, 19  
 Who holds *Dragoons* and wooden shoes in scorn :  
 If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage ;  
 If there's a Senior, who contemns this age ;  
 Let him to night his just assistance lend,  
 And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* Friend.

## NOTES.

VER. 12. *Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns ;*]  
 See *Dunciad*, Note on v. 63. B. I.

VER. 13. *A desp'rate Bulwark, etc.*] See *Dunc.* Note  
 on v. 268. B. II.

VER. 16. *And shook the Stage with Thunders all his  
 own !*] See *Dunc.* Note on v. 226. B. II.

VER. 17. *Stood up to dash, etc.*] See *Dunc.* Note on  
 v. 173. B. III.

VER. 18. *Maul the French Tyrant—*] See *Dunc.* Note  
 on v. 413. B. II.

*Ibid. or pull down the POPE !*] See *Dunc.* Note on  
 v. 63. B. I.

VER. 21. *If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage.*] See  
*Dunc.* Notes on v. 106. B. I.

## M A C E R: A Character.

**W**HEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,  
 First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,  
 'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,  
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.  
 Some Ends of verse his Betters might afford, 5  
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.  
 Set up with these he ventur'd on the Town,  
 And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.  
 There he stop'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,  
 But has the wit to make the most of little: 10  
 Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got  
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.  
 Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,  
 Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.  
 So some coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd, 15  
 Trudges to town, and first turns Chambermaid;  
 Aukward and supple, each devoir to pay;  
 She flatters her good Lady twice a day;  
 Thought wond'rous honest, tho' of mean degree,  
 And strangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*: 20  
 In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,  
 With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:  
 But just endur'd the winter she began,  
 And in four months a batter'd Harridan.  
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,  
 To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

To Mr. JOHN MOORE, Author of the  
celebrated Worm-Powder.

**H**OW much, egregious *Moore*, are we  
Deceiv'd by shews and forms!  
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,  
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,  
Vile, Reptile, weak, and vain!  
A while he crawls upon the earth,  
Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find  
E're since our Grandame's evil;  
She first convers'd with her own kind,  
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,  
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;  
The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,  
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,  
That flutter for a day;  
First from a Worm they take their rise,  
And in a Worm decay.

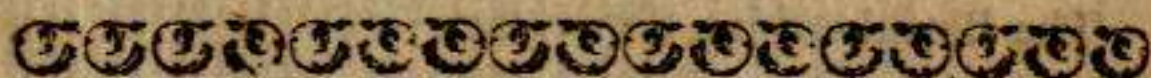
The Flatterer an Earwig grows;  
Thus Worms suit all conditions;  
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,  
And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen,  
 By all their winding play ;  
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,  
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore* ! thy skill were well employ'd,  
 And greater gain would rise,  
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void  
 The Worm that never dies !

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,  
 Who sett'st our entrails free ?  
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,  
 Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canst adjourn  
 Some few skort years, no more !  
 Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,  
 Who Maggots were before.



S O N G, by a Person of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

**F**Lutt'ring spread thy purple Pinions,  
 Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart ;  
 I a Slave in thy Dominions ;  
 Nature must give Way to Art.

## II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,  
 Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,  
 See my weary Days consuming,  
 All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

## III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,  
 Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:  
 Him the Boar in Silence creeping,  
 Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

## IV.

*Cynthia*, tune harmonious Numbers;  
 Fair *Discretion*, string the Lyre;  
 Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:  
 Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

## V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,  
 Arm'd in adamantine Chains,  
 Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,  
 Wat'ring soft Elyfian Plains.

## VI.

Mournful *Cypress*, verdant Willow,  
 Gilding my *Aurelia's* Brows,  
*Morpheus* hov'ring o'er my Pillow,  
 Hear me pay my dying Vows.

## VII.

Melancholy smooth *Mæander*,  
 Swiftly purling in a Round,  
 On thy Margin Lovers wander,  
 With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

## VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,  
Softly seeks her silent Mate,  
See the Bird of *Juno* stooping;  
Melody resigns to Fate.



## On a certain L A D Y at Court.

**I** Know the thing that's most uncommon;  
(Envy be silent, and attend!)  
I know a reasonable Woman,  
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,  
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay through Folly,  
An equal mixture of good Humour,  
And sensible soft Melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir?"  
Yes, she has one, I must aver;  
When all the World conspires to praise her,  
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.



## On his GROTTO at Twickenham,

COMPOSED OF

Marbles, Spars, Gemms, Ores, and  
Minerals.

**T**HOU who shalt stop, where *Thames*' translucent  
wave  
Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the shadowy Cave;

## VARIATIONS.

After v. 6. in the MS.

You see that Island's wealth, where, only free,  
Earth to her entrails feels not Tyranny.

*i. e.* Britain is the only Place on the Globe which feels not Tyranny even to its very entrails. Alluding to the condemnation of Criminals to the Mines, one of the inflictions of civil justice in most Countries. The thought was exceeding natural and proper in this place, where the Poet was describing a Grotto incrusted and adorned with all sorts of Minerals collected from the four quarters of the Globe.

## NOTES.

*On his Grotto.*] The improving and finishing his Grott was the favourite amusement of his declining Years; and the beauty of his poetic genius, in the disposition and ornaments of this romantic recess, appears to as much advantage as in his best contrived Poems.

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs distill,  
 And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill,  
 Unpolish'd Gemms no ray on Pride bestow, 5  
 And latent Metals innocently glow :  
 Approach. Great NATURE studiously behold !  
 And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.  
 Approach : But awful ! Lo ! th' Ægerian Grott, 9  
 Where, nobly-pensive, ST. JOHN fate and thought ;  
 Where *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole,  
 And the bright flame was shot thro' MARCHMONT'S  
 Soul.  
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,  
 Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. *Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole.*] In his MS. it was thus,

To Wyndham's breast the patriot-passions stole,  
 which made the whole allude to a certain Anecdote  
 of not much consequence to any but the parties con-  
 cerned.

## NOTES.

VER. 9. *Ægerian Grott,*] Alluding to Numa's pro-  
 jecting his system of Politics in this Grott, assisted, as  
 he gave out by the Goddess Ægeria.

## To Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-Day.

**O**H be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,  
 Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a  
 Friend :

Not with those Toys the female world admire,  
 Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.  
 With added years if Life bring nothing new, 5  
 But like a Sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',  
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,  
 And all we gain, some sad Reflection more ;  
 Is that a Birth-Day ? 'tis alas ! too clear,  
 'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year. 10

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,  
 And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,  
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace.  
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.  
 Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15  
 Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear ;  
 Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,  
 In some soft Dream, or Extasy of joy,  
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,  
 And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh since Death must that fair frame destroy,  
 Dye, by some sudden Extasy of Joy ;  
 In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,  
 And be thy latest gasp a Sigh of Love.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his Birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,  
 With not one sin, but poetry,  
 This day TOM's fair account has run  
 (Without a blot) to eighty one.  
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays  
 A table, with a cloth of bays;  
 And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,  
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.  
 The feast, his tow'ring genius marks  
 In yonder wild goose and the larks!  
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!  
 And for his judgment, lo a pudden!  
 Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,  
 And grace, altho' a bard, devout.  
 May TOM, whom heav'n sent down to raise  
 The price of prologues and of plays,

NOTES.

VER. 5. *A table*] He was invited to dine on his birth-day with this Nobleman, who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here set down.

VER. 8. *Presents her harp*] The Harp is generally wove on the Irish Linen; such as Table-cloths, etc.

VER. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays,*] This alludes to a story Mr. Southern told about the same time, to Mr. P. and Mr. W. of Dryden; who, when Southern first wrote for the stage, was so famous for his Prologues, that the players would act nothing without

Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,  
 Digest his thirty thousandth dinner,  
 Walk to his grave without reproach,  
 And scorn a rascal and a coach.

## NOTES.

that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas: But when Southern came to him for the Prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; "which (said he) young man, is out of no disrespect to you, but the Players have had my goods to cheap."—We now look upon these *Prologues* with the same admiration that the *Virtuosi* do on the Apothecaries pots painted by Raphael.



EPITAPHS.

EPITAPH



## E P I T A P H S.

His faltem accumulẽm donis, et fungar inani  
Munere! VIRG.

## I.

ON CHARLES Earl of Dorset,  
In the Church of Withyam in Suffex.

**D**ORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses' Pride,  
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.  
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,  
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:  
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,  
His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.  
Blest Sat'rist! who touch'd the Mean so true,  
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.

## N O T E S.

*Epitaphs.*] These little compositions far exceed any thing we have of the kind from other hands; yet, if we except the *Epitaph on the young Duke of Buckingham*, and perhaps one or two more, they are not of equal force with the rest of our Author's writings. The nature of the Composition itself is delicate, and generally it was a task imposed upon him: tho' he rarely complied with requests of this nature but where the subject was worthy of him.

Blest Courtier ! who could King and Country please,  
 Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease.  
 Blest Peer ! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace  
 Reflecting, and reflected in his Race ;  
 Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSET'S shine,  
 And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.

## N O T E S.

*For random praise the Work would ne'er be done :  
 Each Mother asks it for her booby Son :  
 Each Widow asks it for the best of Men ;  
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.*

Yet when these elegiac movements came freely from the heart, he mourns in such strains as shew he was equally a master of this kind of Composition with every other he undertook (and in all he greatly excelled;) witness these lines in the *Epistle to Jervas*, which would have made the finest Epitaph ever written :

*Call round her Tomb each object of desire,  
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire :  
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,  
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife :  
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore ;  
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more.*

## II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL, one  
of the Principal Secretaries of State to  
King WILLIAM III. who having re-  
signed his Place, died in his Retire-  
ment at Easthamsted in Berkshire,  
1716.

**A** Pleasing Form ; a firm, yet cautious Mind ;  
Sincere, tho' prudent ; constant, yet resign'd :  
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,  
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest :  
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too ;  
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true :  
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,  
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth ;  
A gen'rous Faith, from superstition free ;  
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny ;  
Such this Man was ; who now, from earth remov'd,  
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

## III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT, only  
Son of the Lord Chancellor HAR-  
COURT; at the Church of Stanton-  
Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

**T**O this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,  
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most  
dear:

Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,  
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!  
If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.  
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,  
And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!



## IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq. in West-  
minster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS  
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS  
ET CONSILIIIS SANCTIORIBUS,  
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIE:  
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR  
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.  
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,  
 In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!  
 Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,  
 Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,  
 Ennobled by Himself, by All approv'd,  
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.



## V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE, in West-  
 minster-Abbey.

**T**H Y reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we trust,  
 And sacred, place by DRYDEN'S awful dust:  
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,  
 To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.

## N O T E S.

VER. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

*This SHEFFIELD rais'd. The sacred Dust below  
 Was DRYDEN once: The rest who does not know?*

which the Author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet.

J. D R Y D E N.

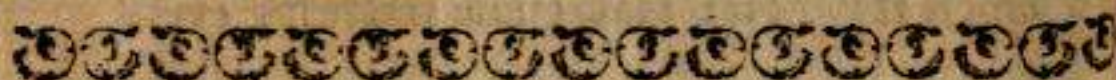
Natus Aug. 9, 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS  
 POSUIT.

## VI.

On Mrs. CORBET, who died of  
Cancer in her Breast.

**H**ERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,  
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense:  
No Conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,  
No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.  
Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,  
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.  
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;  
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;  
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd,  
The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.



## VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable  
ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister  
MARY, erected by their Father, the  
Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sher-  
borne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

**G**O! fair Example of untainted youth,  
Of modest wisdom, and pacifick truth:  
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,  
Good without noise, without pretension great.

Just of thy Word, in ev'ry thought sincere,  
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:  
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,  
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:  
 Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,  
 Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou, blest Maid! attendant on his doom,  
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,  
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,  
 Not parted long, and now to part no more!  
 Go then, where only blifs sincere is known!  
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,  
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:  
 These little rites, a Stone, a Verse receive;  
 'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!



## VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER, in West-  
 minster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Master taught,  
 Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures  
 Thought;

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Ra-  
 phael.

*Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, viri  
 Rerum magna parens, et moriente, meri. P.*

Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate  
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,  
 Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,  
 Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie  
 Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.



## IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS, in  
 Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

**H**ERE, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,  
 Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.  
 Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!  
 O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!  
 For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,  
 And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove  
 Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!  
 Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,  
 Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:  
 Nor let us say (those English glories gone)  
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.



## X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON, at East-  
hamstead in Berks, 1730.

**T**HIS modest Stone, what few vain Marbles can,  
May truly say, Here lies an honest Man:  
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,  
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great:  
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,  
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.  
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here  
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;  
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,  
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.



## XI.

ON MR. GAY, in Westminster-Abbey,  
1732.

**O**F Manners gentle, of Affections mild;  
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:  
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,  
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:  
Above Temptation, in a low Estate,  
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:  
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,  
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.

5

These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust  
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust; 10  
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,  
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

## N O T E S.

VER. 12. *Here lies Gay.*] i. e. in the hearts of the good and worthy.—Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally understood. For, by peculiar ill luck, the *formulary* expression, which makes the beauty, misleads the reader into a sense which takes it quite away.



## XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON, in  
 Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur *Tempus, Natura, Cælum:*

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:

GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

## N O T E S.

*and all was Light.*] It had been better—*and there was Light*,—as more conformable to the reality of the *fact*, and to the *allusion* whereby it is celebrated.

## XIII.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, Bishop of Rochester, who died in Exile at Paris, 1732, [his only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

## D I A L O G U E.

## S H E.

Y E S, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!  
 May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy  
 Heart.

Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,  
 Till you are dust like me.

## H E.

Dear Shade! I will:  
 Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost!  
 O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!  
 Is there on Earth one care, one wish beside?  
 Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY HEAV'N,  
 He said, and dy'd.

## N O T E S.

*Save my Country, Heav'n*] Alluding to the Bishop's frequent use and application of the expiring words of the famous *Father PAUL*, in his prayer for the state, ESTO PERPETUA. With how good a grace the Bishop applied it at his trial, and is here made to

## XIV.

ON EDMUND D. of Buckingham, who  
died in the Nineteenth Year of his  
Age, 1735.

**I**F modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,  
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,  
Could save a Parent's justest Pride from fate,  
Or add one Patriot to a sinking state;  
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy Tear,  
Or sadly told, how many Hopes lie here!  
The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,  
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.  
Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame  
Attend the shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:  
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,  
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;  
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,  
Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

refer to it in his last moments, they will understand who know what conformity there was in the lives of the Prelate and the Monk. The character of our countryman is well known. And that of the Father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly skilled in all divine and human learning: He employ'd his whole life in the service of the *State*, against the unjust incroachments of the *Church*. He was modest, humble, and forgiving, candid, patient, and just; free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition; in a word, the happiest compound of Science, Wisdom, and Virtue.

## XV.

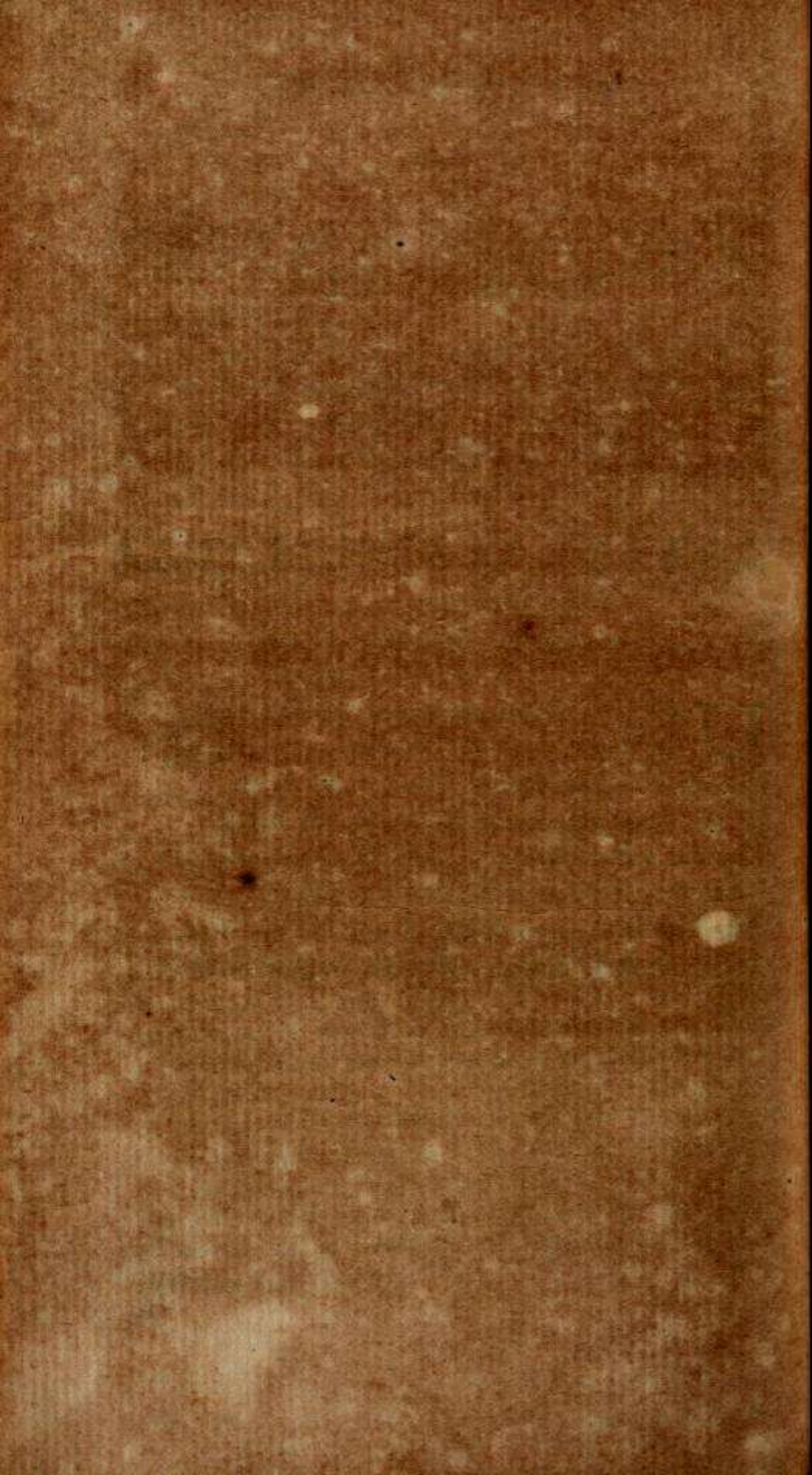
For one who would not be buried in  
Westminster-Abbey.

**H**EROES, and KINGS / your distance keep :  
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,  
Who never flatter'd Folks like you :  
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.



Another, on the same.

**U**NDER this Marble, or under this Sill,  
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will ;  
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead,  
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,  
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin  
What they said, or may say of the mortal within :  
But, who living and dying, serene still and free,  
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.



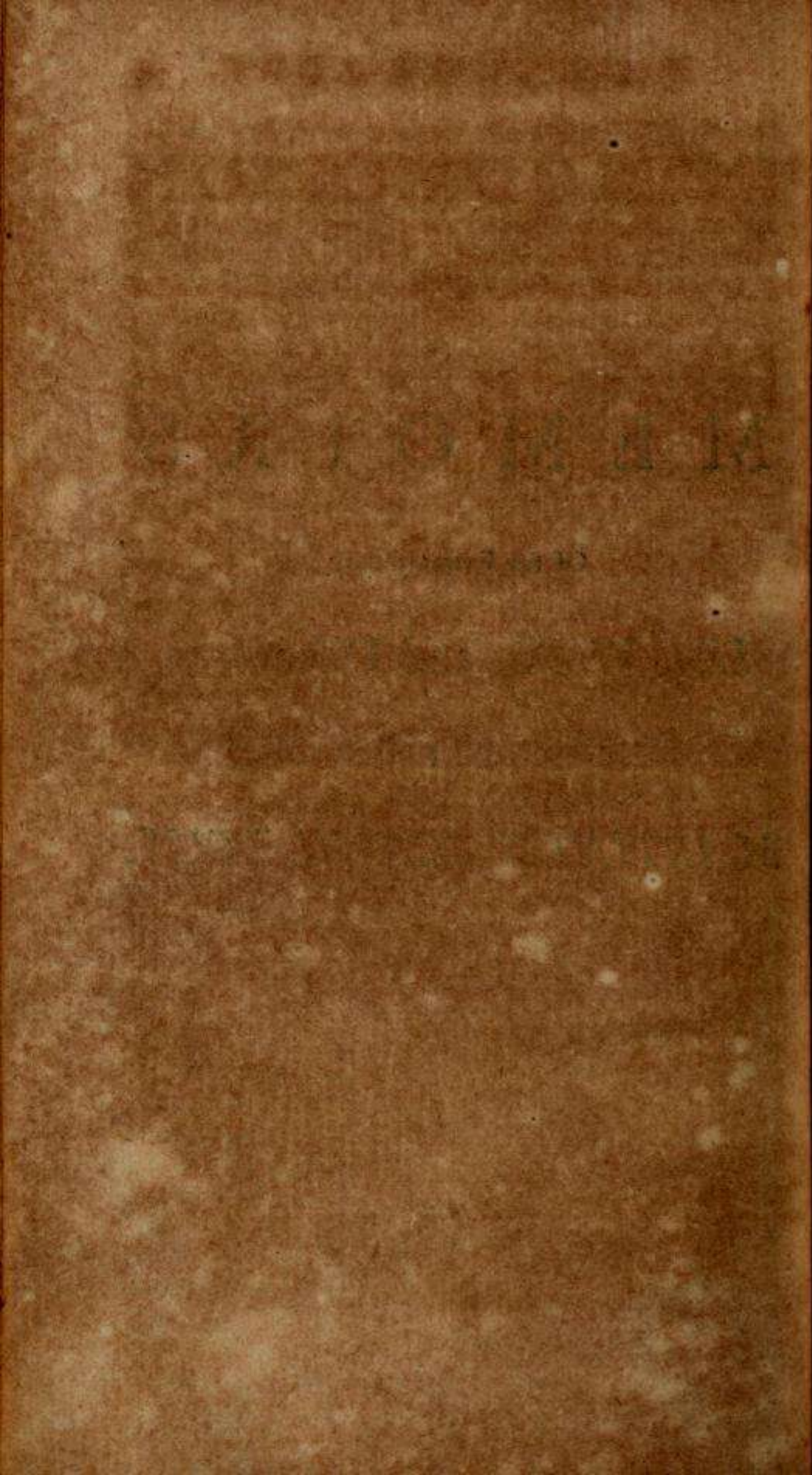
MEMOIRS

Of the Extraordinary

Life, Works, and Discoveries

O F

*MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.*





# INTRODUCTION

To the R E A D E R.

**I**N the Reign of Queen ANNE, (which, notwithstanding those happy Times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember) thou may'st possibly, gentle Reader, have seen a certain venerable Person who frequented the outside of the Palace of St. James's, and who, by the Gravity of his Deportment and Habit, was generally taken for a decay'd Gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclin'd to aquiline, his beard neglected and mix'd with grey: All this contributed to spread a solemn Melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His Wig was as black and smooth as the plumes of a Raven, and hung as strait as the hair, of a River God rising from the water. His cloak so compleatly covered his whole person, that whether or no he had any other cloaths (much less any linnen) under it, I shall not say; but his sword appear'd a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seem'd grown to his Thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never saw a *Jesuit*, took him for one, and others believed him some *High Priest of the Jews*.

But under this macerated form was conceal'd a Mind replete with Science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixt with a scorn of doing, or suffer-

ing the least thing beneath the dignity of a Philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of Charity, at the same time that his body seem'd but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one, except the Queen, or her first Minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Ministry; who, either out of Jealousy or Envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known Laws of the Kingdom.

One day, as this Gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a Manuscript dropt from under his cloak, which my servant pick'd up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contain'd many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri*. The Book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the Author, who I clearly perceived was some great Philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his Manuscript was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him, with great Encomiums on the learned Author. Hereupon he took me aside, survey'd me over with a fixt attention, and opening the clasps of the Parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprize) in English, as follows:

“ Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace  
 “ thee as my best friend; for either the Stars and my  
 “ Art are deceitful, or the destin’d time is come which  
 “ is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and  
 “ thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What  
 “ thou seest in me is a body exhausted by the labours  
 “ of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not in-  
 “ deed an unkind, but a very coy Mistress: Watch-  
 “ ful nights, anxious days, slender meals, and endless  
 “ labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her,  
 “ through her labyrinths and mæanders. My first vital  
 “ air I drew in this Island (a soil fruitful of Philoso-  
 “ phers) but my complexion is become adust, and my  
 “ body arid, by visiting lands (as the Poet has it) *alia*  
 “ *sub sole calentes*. I have, through my whole life,  
 “ passed under several disguises and unknown names,  
 “ to skreen myself from the envy and malice which  
 “ mankind expresses against those who are possessed of  
 “ the *Arcanum Magnum*. But at present I am forced  
 “ to take Sanctuary in the British Court, to avoid the  
 “ Revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has pursued me  
 “ almost through the whole terraqueous globe. Being  
 “ about four years ago in the City of Madrid in quest  
 “ of natural knowledge, I was informed of a Lady  
 “ who was marked with a Pomegranate upon the in-  
 “ side of her right Thigh, which blossom’d, and, as it  
 “ were, seem’d to ripen in the due season. Forthwith-  
 “ was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to view  
 “ this wonderful Phenomenon. I felt the ardour of  
 “ my passion encrease as the season advanced, till, in  
 “ the month of July, I could no longer contain. I  
 “ bribed her Duenna, was admitted to the Bath, saw  
 “ her undress’d, and the wonder displayed. This was  
 “ soon after discovered by the husband, who finding  
 “ some letters I had writ to the Duenna, contain-  
 “ ing expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected  
 “ me of a crime most alien from the purity of my

“ Thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the ad-  
 “ vice of friends, have been pursued, dogg’d, and way-  
 “ laid through several Nations, and even now scarce  
 “ think myself secure within the sacred walls of this  
 “ Palace. It has been my good fortune to have seen  
 “ all the grand Phænomena of Nature, excepting an  
 “ Earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three  
 “ years in vain; and now by means of some British  
 “ Ship (whose Colours no Spaniard dares approach<sup>a</sup>)  
 “ I impatiently expect a safe passage to Jamaica, for  
 “ that benefit. To thee, my Friend, whom Fate has  
 “ marked for my Historiographer, I leave these my  
 “ Commentaries, and others of my works. No more  
 “ — be faithful and impartial.”

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving me also further lights by many Conferences; when he was unfortunately snatched away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the Queen’s Ministry.

Tho’ I was thus to my eternal grief deprived of his conversation, he for some years continued his Correspondence, and communicated to me many of his Projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his Writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, stragling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his Strictures on the Dunciad: since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe, this excellent person is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote, or perhaps undiscovered Region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this Prodigy of Science, and to give the History of his life, and of his extensive merits to mankind; in which I dare promise the Reader, that whenever he begins to think any one Chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

<sup>a</sup> This marks the time when the Introduction was written.

## M E M M O I R S

O F

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

B O O K I. C H A P. I.

Of the Parentage and Family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what Care was taken of him before he was born, and what Prodigies attended his Birth.

**I**N the City of Munster in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by Profession an Antiquary; who, among all his invaluable Curiosities, esteemed none more highly, than a Skin of the true Pergamenian Parchment, which hung at the upper-end of his hall. On this was curiously traced the ancient Pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their Alliances and

*Memoirs.*] Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift projected to write a satire, in conjunction, *on the abuses of human learning*; and to make it the better received, they proposed to do it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire) under the history of some feigned adventures. They had observed those *abuses* still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest Authors could say to discredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their disgrace; which was here in

collateral Relations (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers in old time Princes of Verona) and deduced even from the Times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: For such was the name of this venerable Personage; whose glory it was, that, by the singular Virtue of the Women, not one had a Head of a different Cast from his family.

His wife was a Lady of singular beauty, whom not for that reason only he espoused, but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaspar Barthius. It happened on a time, the said Gaspar made a visit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely Lady of his acquaintance, who was skilful in the Greek Tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his Mistress. I am not ig-

its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning; and *Truth* in no danger to suffer by the *premature* use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of our Author's friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one and the infirmities of the other, put a final stop to their project, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of the *First book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

Polite letters never lost more than in the defeat of this scheme, in which, each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent; besides constant employment, for that they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in every thing which related to *science*; Mr. Pope was a master in the *fine arts*; and Dr. Swift excelled in the *knowledge of the world*. WIT they had all in equal measure, and that so large, as no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom *Nature* had more bountifully bestowed it, or *Art* brought it to higher perfection.

norant of what <sup>a</sup> Columesius affirms, that the learned Barthius was not so overtaken, but he perceived it; and in Revenge suffered this unfortunate Gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the issue of that Amour) was a living proof of the falsehood of this Report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforesaid Lady, the mother of his Wife, was related to Cardan on the father's side, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: Besides which, her Ancestors had been professors of Physick, Astrology or Chemistry, in German Universities, from generation to generation.

With this fair Gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable Union for about ten years: But this our sober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a constant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not blessed them with any issue. This was the utmost grief to the good man; especially considering what exact Precautions and Methods he had used to procure that Blessing: for he never had cohabitation with his spouse, but he pondered on the Rules of the Ancients, for the generation of Children of Wit. He ordered his diet according to the prescription of Galen, confining himself and his wife for almost the whole first year to <sup>b</sup> Goat's Milk and Honey. It unfortunately befel her, when she was about four months gone with child, to long for somewhat, which that author inveighs against as prejudicial to the understanding of the infant. This her husband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childless, than to become the Parent of a Fool. His Wife miscarried; but as the Abortion proved only a female Fœtus, he comforted himself, that, had it arrived to perfection,

<sup>a</sup> Columesius relates this from Isaac Vossius, in his Opuscul. p. 102. P.

<sup>b</sup> Galen Lib. de Cibis boni et mali succi, cap. 3. P.

it would not have answer'd his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned Sex. However he disdain'd not to treasure up the Embryo in a Vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he with-held the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the South; this <sup>c</sup> Author asserting that the grossness and moisture of the southerly winds occasion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at West, a wind on which that great Philosopher bestowed the Encomiums of Father of the earth, Breath of the Elysian Fields, and other glorious Elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the Semina out of which Animals are produced, are Animalcula ready formed, and received in with the Air <sup>d</sup>.

Under these regulations, his wife, to his unexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time; and, (what was no small addition to his happiness) he just then came to the possession of a considerable Estate by the death of her Uncle, a wealthy Jew who resided at London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his Wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great Riches; and on the other, how to educate his Child. He had already determined to set apart several annual Sums, for the recovery of *Manuscripts*, the effossion of *Coins*, the procuring of *Mummies*; and for all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as himself was wont to say) a second

<sup>c</sup> Arist. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. P.

<sup>d</sup> Religion of Nature, Sect. v. Parag. 15. P. The seriousness with which this strange opinion, on so mysterious a point, is advanced, very well deserved this stroke of ridicule.



*Peireskianus*\*. He had already chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepar'd for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had compos'd two Treatises of Education; the one he call'd, *A Daughter's Mirrour*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his Mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a Concert of Musick once in twenty four hours, according to the Custom of the Magi: and that on a particular day, he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the first of April, the birth-day of the great *Basilius Valentinus*.

The Truth of this, and every preceding Fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenuous as to own, that the Accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's Parish. But in the investigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. One day as I was passing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a dispute concerning the place of Nativity of a great Astrologer, which each man alledged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the description of the person, made me imagine it might be that universal Genius whose life I am writing. I returned home, and having

\* There was a great deal of trifling pedantry and curiosity in that great Man's character.

† Ramsley's *Cyrus*. P. It was with judgment, that the Authors chose rather to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the Ancients from whence he took it. As it is a sure instance of folly, when amongst the many excellent things that may be learned from antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their absurdities.

maturely considered their several arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curiosity with this natural conclusion, that he was born in some point common to all the seven streets which must be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleasure that I since find my Conjecture confirmed, by the following passage in the Codicil to Mr. Neale's Will.

*I appoint my Executors to engrave the following Inscription on the Column in the Centre of the seven streets which I erected.*

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's Order was never performed, because the Executors durst not administer.

Nor was the Birth of this great man unattended with Prodigies: He himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dream'd she was brought to bed of a huge *Ink-horn*, out of which issued several large streams of Ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous Writer. Likewise a *Crab-tree* that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of Crabs: This sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his Wit. A great swarm of *Wasps* play'd round his Cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides: This seem'd a certain presage of the effects of his Satire. A Dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with *Mushrooms*: This some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the Father was of another opinion.

§ Virgil's Laurel. Donat. P.

h Plato, Lucan, etc. P.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous *Fowl*, which juſt then dropt through the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a Swan, and was concluding his ſon would be a Poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a Paper kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuofity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military, his belly was filled with Phyſick, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the ſeveral Nodes of his voluminous tail were diverſify'd with ſeveral branches of Science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of Logic, a knot of Metaphyſick, a knot of Caſuiſtry, a knot of Polemical Divinity, and a knot of Common Law, with a *Lantern* of *Jacob Bebmens*.

There went a Report in the family, that, as ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals: he cry'd like a Calf, bleated like a Sheep, chattered like a Mag-pye, grunted like a Hog, neighed like a Foal, croaked like a Raven, mewed like a Cat, gabbled like a Goofe, and bray'd like an Aſs. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two Owls, which came down the chimney. His Father greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his Eloquence, and the extent of his Learning; but he was more particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happen'd at the birth of Homer <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Euffath. in Odyſſ. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphio, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. pag. 45. P.

## C H A P. II.

The Speech of Cornelius over his Son,  
at the Hour of his Birth.

NO sooner was the cry of the Infant heard, but the old gentleman rushed into the room, and snatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleased to find, that the Child had the Wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other like Agesilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to flammer like Demosthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child so long, that the Midwife, grown out of all patience, snatched it from his arms, in order to swaddle it. “Swaddle him! (quoth he) far be it from me to submit to such a pernicious Custom! Is not my son a Man? and is not Man the Lord of the Universe? Is it thus you use this Monarch at his first arrival in his dominions, to manacle and shackle him hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? If you have no regard to his natural Liberty, at least have some to his natural Faculties. Behold with what agility he spreadeth his Toes, and moveth them with as great variety as his Fingers! a power, which in the small circle of a year may be totally abolished, by the enormous confinement of shoes and stockings. His Ears (which other animals turn with great advantage towards the sonorous object) may, by the ministry of some accursed Nurse, for ever be flat and immoveable. Not so the Ancients, they could move them at pleasure, and accordingly are often describ’d *arrellis auribus*. What a devil (quoth the Midwife) would you have your son move his

“ Ears like a Drill ? Yes, fool (said he) why should he  
 “ not have the perfection of a Drill, or of any other  
 “ animal ? ” Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while  
 fretting at her husband’s discourse, at last broke out to  
 this purpose. “ My dear, I have had many disputes  
 “ with you upon this subject before I was a month  
 “ gone : We have but one child, and cannot afford to  
 “ throw him away upon experiments. I’ll have my  
 “ boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and  
 “ always under my own eye.” All the Gossips with  
 one voice, cried, Ay, ay ; but Cornelius broke out in  
 this manner. “ What, bred at home ! Have I taken  
 “ all this pains for a creature that is to lead the inglo-  
 “ rious life of a Cabbage, to suck the nutritious juices  
 “ from the spot where he was first planted ? No ; to  
 “ perambulate this terraqueous Globe is too small a  
 “ Range ; were it permitted, he should at least make  
 “ the Tour of the whole System of the Sun. Let  
 “ other Mortals pore upon Maps, and swallow the  
 “ legends of lying travellers ; the son of Cornelius  
 “ shall make his own Legs his Compasses ; with those  
 “ he shall measure Continents, Islands, Capes, Bays,  
 “ Streights, and Isthmus’s : He shall himself take the  
 “ altitude of the highest mountains, from the peak of  
 “ Derby to the peak of Tenariff ; when he has visited  
 “ the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucasus, and the famous  
 “ Ararat, where Noah’s Ark first moor’d, he may take  
 “ a slight view of the snowy Riphæans ; nor would I  
 “ have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned  
 “ for poetical fictions. Those that vomit fire will de-  
 “ serve a more particular attention : I will therefore  
 “ have him observe with great care Vesuvius, Ætna,  
 “ the burning mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla  
 “ the greatest rarity in the Northern Regions. Then  
 “ he may likewise contemplate the wonders of the  
 “ Mephitick cave. When he has div’d into the  
 “ bowels of the earth, and survey’d the works of Na-  
 “ ture under ground, and instructed himself fully in  
 “ the nature of Vulcanos, Earthquakes, Thunders,

“ Tempests, and Hurricanes, I hope he will bless the  
 “ world with a more exact survey of the deserts of  
 “ Arabia and Tartary, than as yet we are able to ob-  
 “ tain : Then will I have him cross the seven Gulphs,  
 “ measure the currents in the fifteen famous Streights,  
 “ and search for those fountains of fresh water that are  
 “ at the bottom of the Ocean.”—At these last words  
 Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling : the description  
 of this terrible Scene made too violent an impressi-  
 on upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a  
 strong hysteric Fit; which might have proved danger-  
 ous, if Cornelius had not been push'd out of the room  
 by the united force of the women.

### CHAP. III.

Shewing what befel the Doctor's Son and  
 his Shield, on the Day of the Christ'n-  
 ing.

**T**HE day of the Christ'ning being come, and the  
 house filled with Gossips, the Levity of whose  
 Conversation suited but ill with the Gravity of Dr.  
 Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more  
 agreeably to his Character ; that is to say, not without  
 some *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly without observ-  
 ance of some *Ancient Custom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that  
 the Cradle of Hercules was a Shield ; and being pos-  
 sess'd of an antique *Buckler* which he held as a most in-  
 estimable Relick, he determined to have the infant laid  
 therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, to  
 be shown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had caused him

formerly to compile a Dissertation concerning it<sup>k</sup>, proving from the several Properties, and particularly the colour of the Rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this Treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his Guests; tho' he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his Son's *Nativity*.

He therefore took the Buckler out of a Case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust) and entrusted it to his House-maid, with orders, that when the company was come she should lay the Child carefully in it, cover'd with a mantle of blue Sattin.

The Guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm Debate about the *Triclinium* and the manner of *Decubitus* of the Ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

“ This day, my Friends, I purpose to exhibit my  
 “ son before you; a Child not wholly unworthy of  
 “ Inspection, as he is descended from a Race of Vir-  
 “ tuosi. Let the Physiognomists examine his features;  
 “ let the Chirographists behold his Palm; but above  
 “ all let us consult for the calculation of his Nativity.  
 “ To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not  
 “ present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall  
 “ be cradled in my Ancient Shield, so famous through  
 “ the Universities of Europe. You all know how I  
 “ purchased that invaluable piece of Antiquity at the  
 “ great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all the  
 “ Plate of our family, how happily I carried it off,  
 “ and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the  
 “ inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every  
 “ circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great  
 “ Melchior Insipidus!”

Here he stopp'd his Speech, upon sight of the Maid, who enter'd the room with the Child: He took it in his arms and proceeded:

<sup>k</sup> See the Dissertation on Dr. Woodward's Shield.

“ Behold then my Child, but first behold the Shield :  
 “ Behold this Rust, —or rather let me call it this preci-  
 “ ous *Ærugo*, —behold this beautiful Varnish of Time,  
 “ —this venerable Verdure of so many Ages—

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the Mantle, which covered it, inch by inch ; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole, the Tremor became universal : The Shield and the Infant both dropt to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, “ O God ! my Shield,  
 “ my Shield !”

The Truth was, the Maid (extremely concern'd for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her Andirons<sup>1</sup>.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the Guests stood astonish'd, the infant squaul'd, the maid ran in, snatch'd it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happen'd. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the Gossips, where they found the Doctor in a Trance : Hungary water, Hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awaken'd him : when opening his eyes, he saw the Shield in the hands of the House-maid. “ O Woman ! Woman !  
 “ he cry'd (and snatch'd it violently from her) was it  
 “ to thy ignorance that this Relick owes its ruin ?  
 “ where, where is the beautiful Crust that covered  
 “ thee so long ? where those Traces of Time, and  
 “ *Fingers* as it were of Antiquity ? Where all those  
 “ beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful  
 “ disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in  
 “ hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the  
 “ learned ? All this the rude Touch of an ignorant  
 “ woman hath done away ! The *curious Prominence* at  
 “ the belly of that figure, which some taking for the

<sup>1</sup> Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,  
 Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd.



“ *Cuspis* of a sword, denominated a Roman Soldier ;  
 “ others accounting the *Insignia Virilia*, pronounced  
 “ to be one of the *Dii Termini* ; behold she hath clean-  
 “ ed it in like shameful sort, and shewn to be the  
 “ head of a Nail. O my Shield ! my Shield ! well  
 “ may I say with Horace, *non bene relicta Parmula.*”

The Gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the Child had no hurt ? and cry'd, “ Come, come, all is well ; what has the wo-  
 “ man done but her duty ? a tight cleanly wench I  
 “ warrant her ; what a stir a man makes about a *Ba-*  
 “ *son*, that an hour ago, before this labour was bestow-  
 “ ed upon it, a Country Barber would not have hung  
 “ at his shop door.” A *Bason* ! (cry'd another) no  
 “ such matter, 'tis nothing but a paultry old *Sconce*,  
 “ with the nozzle broke off.” The learned Gentle-  
 men, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon  
 looking narrowly on the Shield, declared their Assent  
 to this latter opinion ; and desired Cornelius to be  
 comforted, assuring him, it was a *Sconce* and no other.  
 But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into  
 such a violent Fit of passion, that he was carried off  
 groaning and speechless to bed ; where, being quite  
 spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

## C H A P. IV.

Of the Suction and Nutrition of the  
 Great Scriblerus in his Infancy, and  
 of the first Rudiments of his Learn-  
 ing.

AS soon as Cornelius awaked, he raised himself on  
 his elbow, and casting his eye on Mrs. Scrib-  
 lerus, spoke as follows. “ Wisely was it said by

“ Homer, that in the Cellar of Jupiter are two barrels,  
 “ the one of good, the other of evil, which he never  
 “ bestows on mortals separately, but constantly mingles  
 “ them together. Thus at the same time hath Heav'n  
 “ blessed me with the birth of a Son, and afflicted me  
 “ with the scouring of my Shield. Yet let us not re-  
 “ pine at his Dispensations, who gives, and who takes  
 “ away; but rather join in prayer, that the Rust of  
 “ Antiquity which he hath been pleased to take from  
 “ my Shield, may be added to my Son; and that so  
 “ much of it, as it is my purpose he shall contract in  
 “ his Education, may never be destroy'd by any Mo-  
 “ dern Polishing.”

He could no longer bear the sight of the Shield, but  
 ordered it should be removed for ever from his eyes.  
 It was not long after purchas'd by Dr. Woodward,  
 who, by the assistance of Mr. Kemp, incrufted it with  
 a new Rust, and is the same whereof a Cut hath been  
 engraved, and exhibited to the great Contentation of  
 the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the Suction of his  
 child. Seldom did there pass a day without disputes  
 between him and the Mother, or the Nurse, concerning  
 the nature of Aliment. The poor woman never  
 dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he  
 judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a  
 longing desire to a piece of beef, and as she stretch'd  
 her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away,  
 and spoke to this effect. “ Had'st thou read the An-  
 “ cients, O Nurse, thou would'st prefer the welfare of  
 “ the Infant which thou nourishest, to the indulging of  
 “ an irregular and voracious Appetite. Beef, it is  
 “ true, may confer a Robustness on the limbs of my  
 “ son, but will hebetate and clogg his Intellectuals.”  
 While he spoke this, the Nurse looked upon him with  
 much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon  
 the Beef — “ Passion (continu'd the Doctor, still hold-  
 “ ing the dish) throws the mind into too violent a fer-  
 “ mentation; it is a kind of Fever of the soul, or, as  
 “ Horace expresses it, a *Shart Madness*. Consider,

“ Woman, that this day’s Suction of my son may  
 “ cause him to imbibe many ungovernable Passions,  
 “ and in a manner spoil him for the temper of a Phi-  
 “ losopher. Romulus by sucking a Wolf, became of  
 “ a fierce and savage disposition; and were I to breed  
 “ some Ottoman Emperor, or Founder of a Military  
 “ Commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in  
 “ this carnivorous Appetite.”—What, interrupted the  
 Nurse, Beef spoil the understanding? that’s fine indeed  
 —how then could our Parson preach as he does upon  
 Beef, and Pudding too, if you go to that? Don’t tell  
 me of your Ancients, had not you almost killed the  
 poor babe with a dish of Dæmonial black Broth!—  
 “ Lacedæmonian black Broth, thou would’st say, (re-  
 “ ply’d Cornelius) but, I cannot allow the surfeit to have  
 “ been occasioned by that diet, since it was recommend-  
 “ ed by the Divine Lycurgus. No, Nurse, thou must  
 “ certainly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the  
 “ day before, and that was the real cause of his dis-  
 “ order. Consider, Woman, the different Tempera-  
 “ ments of different Nations: What makes the En-  
 “ glish Phlegmatick and melancholy, but Beef? what  
 “ renders the Welsh so hot and choleric, but Cheese  
 “ and Leeks? the French derive their levity from their  
 “ Soups, Frogs, and Mushrooms: I would not let my  
 “ Son dine like an Italian, lest like an Italian he should  
 “ be jealous and revengeful: The warm and solid diet  
 “ of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might indue  
 “ him with a profound Gravity, but at the same time  
 “ he might suck in with their food their intolerable  
 “ Vice of Pride. Therefore, Nurse, in short, I hold  
 “ it requisite to deny you at present, not only Beef, but  
 “ likewise whatsoever any of those Nations eat.” Du-  
 ring this speech, the Nurse remain’d pouting and mark-  
 ing her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit  
 during the whole dinner. This the old Gentleman ob-  
 serving, ordered that the Child, to avoid the risk of im-  
 bibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all  
 that day, and be fed with Butter, mix’d with Honey,

according to a Prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the Child a great looseness, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenced by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular Diet to be observed by the Nurse; under which having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *Paps* of a Sow with Pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct Insult upon her Sex and Calling.

Four years of young Martin's life passed away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of Religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his *Catechism*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of Instruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *Puppet-show*, of the Creation of the world, where the Child with exceeding delight gained a notion of the History of the Bible. His first rudiments in prophane history were acquired by seeing of *Raree-shows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the Princes of Europe. In short, the old Gentleman so contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very Dress. He invented for him a Geographical suit of cloaths, which might give him some hints of that Science, and likewise some knowledge of the Commerce of different Nations. He had a French Hat with an African Feather, Holland Shirts and Flanders Lace, English Cloth lined with Indian Silk, his Gloves were Italian, and his Shoes were Spanish: He was made to observe this, and daily catechis'd thereupon, which his Father was wont to call "Travelling at home." He never gave him a Fig or an Orange but he obliged him to give an account from what Country it came. In Natural history he was much assisted by his Curiosity in

*Sign-Posts*, infomuch that he hath often confessed he owed to them the knowledge of many Creatures which he never found since in any Author, such as White Lyons, Golden Dragons, &c. He once thought the same of Green Men, but had since found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the History of William of Newbury <sup>a</sup>.

His disposition to the Mathematicks was discovered very early, by his drawing <sup>b</sup> parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal Angles, so as to form the whole Superficies into Squares. But in the midst of all these Improvements, a stop was put to his learning the *Alphabet*, nor would he let him proceed to Letter D, till he could truly and distinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the Child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was also obliged to delay his learning to *write*, having turn'd away the Writing Master because he knew nothing of Fabius's Waxen Tables.

Cornelius having read, and seriously weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated <sup>c</sup>, and resolving in some degree to exceed them, resolved he should speak and learn nothing but the learned Languages, and especially the Greek; in which he constantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what most conduced to his easy attainment of this Language, was his love of Ginger-bread; which his Fa-

<sup>a</sup> Gul. Neubrig. Book i. ch. 27. P.

<sup>b</sup> Pascal's Life—Locke of Educ. etc. P.—There are some extravagant lies told of the excellent Pascal's amazing genius for Mathematics in his early youth; and some trifling directions given for the introduction to the elements of Science, in Mr. Locke's book of Education.

<sup>c</sup> Who was taught Latin in his nurse's arms, and not suffered to hear a word of his mother tongue, till he could speak the other perfectly.

ther observing, caused it to be stamp't with the Letters of the Greek Alphabet; and the child the very first day eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the rest, he attained so great a proficiencie therein, that Gronovius ingenuously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old <sup>d</sup>, and at fourteen he compos'd a Tragedy in the same language, as the younger \* Pliny had done before him.

He learned the Oriental Languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early a Relish for the Eastern way of writing, that even at this time he compos'd (in imitation of it) the *Thousand and One Arabian Tales*, and also the *Persian Tales*, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his Childhood, he was not a little assist'd by the historical Traditions of his *Nurse*.

## C H A P. V.

### A Dissertation upon Play-things.

**H**ERE follow the Instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the Plays and Play-things to be used by his son Martin.

<sup>d</sup> So Montaigne says of his Latin.—George Buchanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domestiques, m'ont dit souvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance si prest et si à main qu'ils craignoient à m'accoster.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea jusque à nos villages tout autour, ou il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l'usage, plusieurs appellations Latines d'Artisans et d'outils.

\* Plin. Epist. Lib. 7. P.

“ *Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy a-  
 “ gainst *Hunger*. *Sophocles* says of *Palamedes*, that  
 “ he invented *Dice* to serve sometimes instead of a din-  
 “ ner. It is therefore wisely contrived by Nature,  
 “ that Children, as they have the keenest *Appetites*, are  
 “ most addicted to *Plays*. From the same cause, and  
 “ from the unprejudic’d and incorrupt simplicity of  
 “ their minds it proceeds, that the *Plays* of the Ancient  
 “ Children are preserved more entire than any other  
 “ of their Customs <sup>f</sup>. In this matter I would recom-  
 “ mend to all who have any concern in my Son’s E-  
 “ ducation, that they deviate not in the least from the  
 “ primitive and simple Antiquity.

“ To speak first of the *Whistle*, as it is the first of all  
 “ Play-things. I will have it exactly to correspond  
 “ with the ancient *Fistula*, and accordingly to be com-  
 “ posed *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

“ I heartily wish a diligent search may be made  
 “ after the true *Crepitaculum*, or *Rattle* of the Ancients.  
 “ for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opinion) kept  
 “ the children from breaking Earthen Ware. The  
 “ *China* cups in these days are not at all the safer for  
 “ the modern *Rattles*; which is an evident proof how  
 “ far their *Crepitacula* exceeded ours.

“ I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a *Top*,  
 “ till I am better informed whether the *Trochus* which  
 “ was recommended by *Cato* be really our present *Top*,  
 “ or rather the *Hoop* which the boys drive with a stick.

<sup>f</sup> Dr. Arbuthnot used to say, *Men* might talk what  
 they pleased of the safe conveyance of *Tradition*; but  
 it was no where preserved pure and uncorrupt but  
 amongst Children, whose Customs and Plays, he  
 observed, were delivered down invariably from one  
 generation to another.

“ Neither *Cross* and *Pile*, nor *Ducks* and *Drakes* are  
 “ quite so ancient as *Handy-dandy*, tho’ Macrobius  
 “ and St. Augustine take notice of the first, and Minu-  
 “ tius Foelix, describes the latter; but *Handy-dandy* is  
 “ mention’d by Aristotle, Plato, and Aristophanes.

“ The Play which the Italians call *Cinque*, and the  
 “ French *Mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was play’d  
 “ at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the Marriage of *Psyche*,  
 “ and term’d by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

“ Julius Pollux describes the *Omilla* or *Chuck-far-*  
 “ *thing*: tho’ some will have our modern *Chuck-far-*  
 “ *thing* to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the Ancients.  
 “ He also mentions the *Basilinda*, or *King I am*; and  
 “ *Myinda*, or *Hoopers-Hide*.

“ But the *Chytrinda* described by the same Author is  
 “ certainly not our *Hot-cockle*; for that was by pinch-  
 “ ing and not by striking; tho’ there are good authors  
 “ who affirm the *Rathapygismus* to be yet nearer the  
 “ modern *Hot-cockles*. My son Martin may use either  
 “ of them indifferently, they being equally antique.

“ *Building of Houses*, and *Riding upon Sticks* have  
 “ been used by children in all ages, *Edificare casas, equi-*  
 “ *tare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whether  
 “ the riding upon Sticks did not come into use after  
 “ the age of the *Centaur*s.

“ There is one Play which shews the gravity of an-  
 “ cient Education, called the *Acinetinda*, in which  
 “ children contended who could longest *stand still*.  
 “ This we have suffer’d to perish entirely; and, if I  
 “ might be allow’d to guess, it was certainly first lost  
 “ among the *French*.

“ I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidascinda*,  
 “ which can be no other than our *Puffs in a Corner*.

“ Julius Pollux in his ninth book speaks of the *Me-*  
 “ *loulonthe* or the *Kite*; but I question whether the  
 “ *Kite* of Antiquity was the same with ours: And  
 “ though the *Ogrusoxoria* or *Quail-fighting* is what is  
 “ most taken notice of, they had doubtless *Cock-matches*  
 “ also, as is evident from certain ancient *Gems* and  
 “ *Relievo*’s.



“ In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at  
 “ any Game truly Antique, except one, which was in-  
 “ vented by a people among the Thracians, who hung  
 “ up one of their Companions in a Rope, and gave  
 “ him a Knife to cut himself down; which if he fail-  
 “ ed in, he was suffered to hang till he was dead; and  
 “ this was only reckoned a sort of joke. I am ut-  
 “ terly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

“ I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the  
 “ beauty of the *Greek* names, whose Etymologies ac-  
 “ quaint us with the nature of the sports; and how in-  
 “ finitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our bar-  
 “ barous names of Plays.

Notwithstanding the foregoing Injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the Child the use of some few modern Play-things; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that *Marbles* taught him *Percussion* and the *Laws of Motion*; *Nut-crackers* the use of the *Leaver*; *Swinging* on the ends of a Board, the *Balance*; *Bottle-screws* the *Vice*; *Whirligigs* the *Axis* and *Peritrochia*; *Bird-cages*, the *Pully*; and *Tops* the *Centrifugal* motion.

Others of his sports were farther carried to improve his tender soul even in Virtue and Morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, *Bob cherry*, which teaches at once two noble Virtues, *Patience* and *Constancy*; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappoint-ment.

Besides all these, he taught him as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of *Stealing*, according to the custom of the *Lacedæmonians*; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

## C H A P. VI.

Of the Gymnasticks, in what Exercises Martinus was educated; something concerning Musick, and what sort of a Man his Uncle was.

**N**OR was Cornelius less careful in adhering to the rules of the purest Antiquity, in relation to the Exercises of his Son. He was stript, powder'd, and anointed, but not constantly bath'd, which occasioned many heavy complaints of the Laundress about dirtying his linen. When he play'd at Quoits, he was allowed his Breeches and Stockings; because the *Discoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The Mother often contended for modern Sports, and common Customs, but this was his constant reply, "Let a Daughter be the care of her Mother, but the Education of a Son should be the delight of his Father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *Harpastus* of the Ancients was yet in use in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *Hurling*. He was sensible the common *Foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exercise; and thought it necessary to send Martin into the West, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *Gymnasticks*. The poor boy was so unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a slight ailment, and promised his Mother he would instantly cure it: He slit a green Reed, and cast the Knife upward, then tying the two parts of the Reed to the disjointed place, pronounced these words<sup>s</sup>,

<sup>s</sup> Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inferere non equidem serio au-*

*Daries, daries, astataries diffunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, ista, pista fista, domi abo, damnaustra.* But finding, to his no small astonishment, that this had no effect, in five days he condescended to have it set by a modern Surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her Son to the like dangerous Exercises for the future, proposed to send for a Dancing-Master, and to have him taught the Minuet and Rigadoon. "Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, for *Socrates* said the best Dancers were the best Warriors; but not those Species of Dancing which you mention: They are certainly Corruptions of the Comic and Satyric Dance, which were utterly disliked by the founder Ancients. Martin shall learn the Tragic Dance only, and I will send all over Europe, till I find an Antiquary able to instruct him in the *Saltatio Pyrrhica*.<sup>h</sup> Scaliger, from whom my son is lineally descended, boasts to have performed this warlike Dance in the presence of the Emperor, to the great admiration of all Germany. What would he say, could he look down and see one of his posterity so ignorant, as not to know the least step of that noble kind of *Saltation*?"

The poor Lady was at last enur'd to bear all these things with a laudable patience, till one day her husband was seized with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that "*Spleen, Garter, and Girdle* are the three impediments to the *Cursus*." Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37.) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their *Spleen* cauterized, "My son (quoth

*fm, quanquam a Catone prodita. Vid. Caton. de re rust. c. 160. P.*

<sup>h</sup> Scalig. Poetic. l. i. c. 9. *Hanc saltationem Pyrrhicam, nos sæpe et diu, jussu Bonifacii patrum, coram Divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus. Quo tempore vex illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit. P.*

“ Cornelius) runs but heavily; therefore I will have  
 “ this operation performed upon him immediately.  
 “ Moreover it will cure that immoderate Laughter to  
 “ which I perceive he is addicted: For Laughter (as  
 “ the same Author hath it, *ibid.*) is caused by the big-  
 “ nefs of the Spleen.” This design was no sooner  
 hinted to Mrs Scriblerus, but she burst into tears,  
 wrung her hands, and instantly sent to his Brother Al-  
 bertus, begging him for the love of God to make haste  
 to her Husband.

Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions,  
 clear of Pedantry, and knowing enough both in Books  
 and in the World, to preserve a due regard for whatever  
 was useful or excellent, whether ancient or modern:  
 If he had not always the authority, he had at least the  
 art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It  
 was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have  
 boasted the entire Quota of his Viscera. “ What does  
 “ it signify (quoth Albertus) whether my Nephew ex-  
 “ cels in the *Cursus* or not? Speed is often a symp-  
 “ tom of Cowardice, witness Hares and Deer.”—“ Do  
 “ not forget Achilles (quoth Cornelius) I know that  
 “ Running has been condemned by the proud Spar-  
 “ tans, as useless in war; and yet Demosthenes could  
 “ say, Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσειαι; a thought  
 “ which the English Hudibras has well rendered,

*For he that runs may fight again,  
 Which he can never do that's slain.*

“ That's true (quoth Albertus) but pray consider on  
 “ the other side that Animals<sup>i</sup> spleen'd grow extremely  
 “ falacious, an experiment well known in dogs. Cor-  
 “ nelius was struck with this, and replied gravely;  
 “ If it be so, I will defer the Operation, for I will not  
 “ encrease the powers of my son's body at the ex-  
 “ pence of those of his mind. I am indeed disap-  
 “ pointed in most of my projects, and fear I must fit

<sup>i</sup> Blackmore's Essay on Spleen. P.

“ down at last contented with such methods of Educa-  
 “ tion as modern barbarity affords. Happy had it  
 “ been for us all, had we lived in the age of Augustus!  
 “ Then my son might have heard the Philosophers dis-  
 “ pute in the Porticos of the Palæstra, and at the same  
 “ time form’d his Body and his Understanding.” “ It  
 “ is true (reply’d Albertus) we have no *Exedra* for the  
 “ Philosophers, adjoining to our Tennis-Courts; but  
 “ there are Ale-houses where he will hear very nota-  
 “ ble argumentations: Tho’ we come not up to the  
 “ Ancients in the *Tragic-dance*, we excel them in the  
 “ *κρίσις*, or the art of *Tumbling*. The Ancients  
 “ would have beat us at *Quoits*, but not so much at  
 “ the *Jaculum* or *pitching the Bar*. The <sup>k</sup> *Pugilatus* is  
 “ in as great perfection in England as in old Rome,  
 “ and the *Cornish-Hug* in the <sup>l</sup> *Luctus* is equal to the  
 “ *volutatoria* of the Ancients.” “ You could not (an-  
 “ swered Cornelius) have produced a more unlucky  
 “ instance of modern folly and barbarity, than what  
 “ you say of the *Jaculum*. <sup>m</sup> The Cretans wisely for-  
 “ bid their servants Gymnasticks, as well as Arms;  
 “ and yet your modern Footmen exercise themselves  
 “ daily in the *Jaculum* at the corner of *Hyde-Park*,  
 “ whilst their enervated Lords are lolling in their  
 “ chariots (a species of *Vectitation* seldom us’d among  
 “ the Ancients, except by old men.) You say well  
 “ (quoth Albertus) and we have several other kinds  
 “ of *Vectitation* unknown to the Ancients; particu-  
 “ larly flying Chariots, where the People may have  
 “ the benefit of this exercise at the small expence of a  
 “ farthing. But suppose (which I readily grant) that the  
 “ Ancients excelled us almost in every thing, yet why  
 “ this singularity? your son must take up with such  
 “ masters as the present age affords; we have Dancing-  
 “ masters, Writing-masters, and Musick-masters.

The bare mention of *Musick* threw Cornelius into a  
 passion. “ How can you dignify (quoth he) this mo-

<sup>k</sup> Fifty-Cuffs. P.

<sup>l</sup> Wrestling. P.

<sup>m</sup> Aristot. politic. lib. ii. cap. 3. P.

“ dern fiddling with the name of Musick? Will any of  
 “ your best Hautboys encounter a Wolf now-a-days  
 “ with no other arms but their instruments, as did that  
 “ ancient piper Pythocharis? Have ever wild Boars,  
 “ Elephants, Deer, Dolphins, Whales or Turbots,  
 “ shew'd the least emotion at the most elaborate strains  
 “ of your modern Scrapers, all which have been, as it  
 “ were, tamed and humanized by ancient Musicians?  
 “ Does not <sup>n</sup> Ælian tell us how the Libyan Mares were  
 “ excited to horsing by Musick? (which ought in  
 “ truth to be a caution to modest Women against fre-  
 “ quenting Operas; and consider, Brother, you are  
 “ brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue  
 “ of the Ladies, or the power of your Musick.) Whence  
 “ proceeds the degeneracy of our Morals? Is it not  
 “ from the loss of ancient Musick, by which (says A-  
 “ ristotle) they taught all the Virtues? Else might we  
 “ turn Newgate into a College of Dorian Musicians,  
 “ who should teach moral Virtues to those people.  
 “ Whence comes it that our present diseases are so  
 “ stubborn? Whence is it that I daily deplore my sci-  
 “ atical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true  
 “ cure, by the melody of the Pipe. All this was well  
 “ known to the Ancients, as <sup>o</sup> Theophrastus assures  
 “ us, (whence <sup>p</sup> Cælius calls it *loca dolentia decantare*)  
 “ only indeed some small remains of this skill are pre-  
 “ served in the cure of the Tarantula. Did not <sup>q</sup> Py-  
 “ thagoras stop a company of drunken Bullies from  
 “ storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the  
 “ Pipe to the sober Spondæus? and yet your modern  
 “ Musicians want art to defend their windows from  
 “ common Nickers. It is well known that when the  
 “ Lacedæmonian Mob were up, they <sup>a</sup> commonly sent

<sup>n</sup> Ælian. Hist. Animal, lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44. P.

<sup>o</sup> Athenæus, lib. xiv. P.

<sup>p</sup> Lib. de sanitate tuenda, cap. 2. P.

<sup>q</sup> Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10, P.

<sup>a</sup> Suidas in Timotheo. P.

“ for a Lesbian Musician to appease them, and they  
 “ immediately grew calm as soon as they heard Ter-  
 “ pander sing: Yet I don't believe that the Pope's  
 “ whole band of Musick, though the best of this age,  
 “ could keep his Holiness's Image from being burnt  
 “ on a fifth of November. Nor would Terpander  
 “ himself (reply'd Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timo-  
 “ theus at Hockley in the Hole have any manner of  
 “ effect, nor both of them together bring <sup>b</sup> Horneck to  
 “ common civility.” “ That's a gross mistake (said  
 “ Cornelius very warmly) and to prove it so, I have  
 “ here a small Lyra of my own, fram'd, strung and  
 “ tun'd after the ancient manner. I can play some  
 “ fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try  
 “ them upon the most passionate creatures alive.” ----  
 “ You never had a better opportunity (says Albertus)  
 “ for yonder are two Apple-women scolding, and just  
 “ ready to uncoif one another.” With that Cornelius,  
 undress'd as he was, jumps out into his Balcony, his  
 Lyra in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging  
 down to his ankles, a stocking upon his head, and a  
 waistcoat of murrey-coloured sattin upon his body: He  
 touch'd his Lyra with a very unusual sort of an Harpe-  
 giatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd Equi-  
 page, the uncooth Instrument, the strangeness of the  
 Man and of the Musick, drew the ears and eyes of the  
 whole Mob that were got about the two female Cham-  
 pions, and at last of the Combatants themselves. They  
 all approach'd the Balcony, in as close attention as Or-  
 pheus's first Audience of Cattle, or that of an Italian  
 Opera, when some favourite Air is just awaken'd. This  
 sudden effect of his Musick encouraged him mightily,  
 and it was observ'd he never touch'd his Lyre in such a  
 truly chromatick and enharmonick manner as upon  
 that occasion. The mob laugh'd, sung, jump'd, danc'd,  
 and used many odd gestures, all which he judged to be  
 caused by the various strains and modulations, “ Mark

<sup>b</sup> Horneck, a scurrilous Scribler, who wrote a week-  
 ly Paper called *the High German Doctor*. P.

“ (quoth he) in this, the power of the Ionian, in that,  
 “ you see the effect of the Æolian.” But in a little  
 time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones:  
 Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of  
 Triumph in the world. “ Brother (said he) do you  
 “ observe I have mixed unawares too much of the  
 “ *Phrygian*; I might change it to the *Lydian*, and soften  
 “ their riotous tempers: But it is enough: learn  
 “ from this Sample to speak with veneration of anci-  
 “ ent Musick, If this Lyre in my unskilful hands can  
 “ perform such wonders, what must it not have done  
 “ in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander?” Having  
 said this, he retir'd with the utmost Exultation in him-  
 self, and Contempt of his Brother; and, it is said, be-  
 haved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his  
 family, that they all had reason to wish for some anci-  
 ent Tibicen to calm his Temper.

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## C H A P. VII.

### Rhetorick, Logick, and Metaphysicks.

**C**ornelius having (as hath been said) many ways  
 been disappointed in his attempts of improving  
 the bodily Forces of his son, thought it now high time  
 to apply to the Culture of his Internal faculties. He  
 judged it proper in the first place to instruct him in  
*Rhetorick*. But herein we shall not need to give the  
 Reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it  
 is already known to the learned world by his Treatise  
 on this subject: I mean the admirable Discourse *Περί*  
*Βάθους*, which he wrote at this time, but conceal'd from  
 his Father, knowing his extreme partiality for the An-  
 cients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot  
 among the great multiplicity of other Writings, till,  
 about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with



many additional examples drawn from the excellent live Poets of this present age. We proceed therefore to *Logic* and *Metaphysics*.

The wise Cornelius was convinced, that these being *Polemical Arts*, could no more be learned alone, than Fencing or Cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some Youth of pregnant parts, to be a sort of humble Companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of the most singular endowments, whose name was Conradus Crambe, who by the father's side was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was Cousin to Mr. *Swan*, Gamester and Punster of the City of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural disposition to sport himself with *Words*, which as they are said to be the counters of wise Men, and ready-money of Fools, Crambe had great store of cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a Parent, and such a Companion! What might not he atchieve in Arts and Sciences.

Here I must premise a general observation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the use only of one Operation of the Intellect, tho', like short-sighted men, they can hardly discover it themselves: They can form *single apprehensions*<sup>c</sup>, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *discursus*. Now as it is wisely ordered, that people deprived of one sense have the others in more perfection, such people will form single Ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themselves to such, without forming *judicia*, much less *argumentations*.

<sup>c</sup> When a learned Friend once urged to our Author the Authority of a famous Dictionary-maker against the latinity of the expression *amor publicus*, which he had used in an inscription, he replied, that he would allow a Dictionary-maker to understand a single word, but not two words put together.

Cornelius quickly discovered, that these two last operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almost totally extinguished in Crambe; however he used to say, that Rules of Logick are Spectacles to a purblind understanding, and therefore he resolved to proceed with his two Pupils.

Martin's understanding was so totally immers'd in *sensible objects*, that he demanded examples from Material things of the abstracted Ideas of Logick: As for Crambe, he contented himself with the Words, and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his Instructor, that All men were not *singular*; that Individuality could hardly be prædicated of any man, for it was commonly said that a man *is* not the same he *was*, that madmen are *beside themselves*, and drunken men *come to themselves*; which shows, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, Individuality<sup>d</sup>. Cornelius told Martin that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons: That's true (quoth the Tutor) but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the University. When he was told, a *substance* was that which was *subject to accidents*; then Soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *present* or *absent* without the de-

<sup>d</sup> “ But if it be possible for the same man to have  
 “ distinct incommunicable consciousness at different  
 “ times, it is without doubt the same man would at dif-  
 “ ferent times make different persons. Which we see  
 “ is the sense of mankind in not punishing the mad  
 “ man for the sober man's actions, nor the sober man  
 “ for what the mad man did, thereby making them  
 “ two persons; which is somewhat explained by our  
 “ way of speaking in *English*, when they say such an one  
 “ *is not himself*, or *is beside himself*.” *Locke's Essay on*  
*Hum. Underst. B. ii. c. 27.*

*struction of the subject*; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man after his natural death was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his Stall amongst the logical prædicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images; thus calling up the Coachman he asked him what he had seen at the Bear-garden? the man answered, he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a Sergeant in the Guards; the other black, a Butcher; the Sergeant had red Breeches, the Butcher blue; they fought upon a Stage about four o'clock, and the Sergeant wounded the Butcher in the leg. "Mark (quoth Cornelius) how the fellow runs through the prædicaments. Men, *substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; Sergeant and Butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio & passio*; fighting, *situs*; Stage, *ubi*; two a clock, *quando*; blue and red Breeches, *habitus*" At the same time he warn'd Martin, that what he now *learn'd* as a Logician, he must *forget* as a natural Philosopher; that tho' he now taught them that accidents inher'd in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inher'd in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the Characteristicks of Relations: Crambe used to help him out by telling him, a Cuckold, a losing gamester, a man that had not din'd, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this last case, the Paternity and Filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the Tenth prædicament: Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a substance than he was;

for his cloaths could better subsist without him, than he without his cloaths.

Martin supposed an *Universal Man* to be like a Knight of a Shire or a Burgess of a Corporation, that represented a great many Individuals. His Father ask'd him if he could not frame the Idea of an Universal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having seen but one Lord Mayor, the Idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abstract a Lord Mayor from his Fur, Gown, and Gold Chain; nay, that the horse he saw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little disturbed his imagination. On the other hand Crambe, to shew himself of a more penetrating genius, swore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his Horse, Gown and Gold Chain, but even without Stature, Feature, Colour, Hands, Head, Feet, or any Body; which he supposed was the abstract of a Lord Mayor<sup>e</sup>. Cornelius told him that he was a lying Rascal; that an *Universale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no such thing in reality, or a *parte Rei*. But I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are *Clysters a parte Rei*, but *Clysters* are *universales*; ergo. Thus I prove my Minor. *Quod aptum est inesse multis*, is an *universale* by definition: but every clyster before it is administered has that quality; therefore every clyster is an *universale*.

He also found fault with the Advertisements, that they were not strict logical *definitions*: In an advertisement of a Dog stolen or strayed, he said it ought to begin thus, *An irrational Animal of the Genus caninum, &c.* Cornelius told them, that tho' those advertisements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *descriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia*,

<sup>e</sup> This is not a fair representation of what is said in the *Essay on Human Underst.* concerning *general and abstract ideas*. But serious writers have done that Philosopher the same injustice.

and were highly subservient to the common purposes of life; often discovering things that were lost, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian Greyhound, of a mouse-colour, a white speck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to such a Lady.* Greyhound, *genus*; mouse-colour'd, etc. *differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to such a Lady, *proprium*.

Though I'm afraid I have transgressed upon my Reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatise of Syllogisms*. He supposed that a Philosopher's brain was like a great Forest, where Ideas ranged like animals of several kinds; that those Ideas copulated and engendered Conclusions; that when those of different Species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *Major* is the male, the *Minor* the female, which copulate by the Middle Term, and engender the Conclusion. Hence they are called the *præmissæ*, or Predecessors of the Conclusion; and it is properly said by the Logicians *quod pariant scientiam, opinionem*, they beget science, opinion, etc. Universal Propositions are Persons of quality; and therefore in Logick they are said to be of the first *Figure*. Singular Propositions are private persons, and therefore placed in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of Syllogisms naturally follow.

- I. That there are only three Terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.
- II. From universal premisses there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say, that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.
- III. From the singular premisses follows only a singular conclusion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.
- IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the *Individa vaga* are (like whores-masters and common strumpets) barren.

- V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premisses, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.
- VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.
- VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.
- VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.
- IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.
- X. When the premisses or parents are necessarily join'd (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful issue; but contingently joined, they beget bastards.
- So much for the Affirmative propositions; the Negative must be deferred to another occasion.

Crambe used to value himself upon this System, from whence he said one might see the propriety of the expression, *such a one has a barren imagination*; and how common it is for such people to *adopt* conclusions that are not the issue of their premisses? therefore as an Absurdity is a *Monster*, a Falsity is a *Bastard*; and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premisses, may properly be said to be *adopted*. But then what is an Enthymem? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an Enthymem (replied Crambe) is when the Major is indeed married to the Minor, but the Marriage *kept secret*.

METAPHYSICKS were a large field in which to exercise the Weapons *Logick* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe used to engage like any prize-fighters, before their Father and his other Learned companions of the Symposiums. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aside a buckler, or some such defensive weapon, so would Crambe promise not to use *simpliciter et secundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: But it was found, that without the help of the defensive armour of those Distinctions,

the arguments cut so deep, that they fetched blood at every stroke. Their *Theses* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on those subjects. I shall give the Reader a taste of some of them.

- I. If the Innate Desire of the knowledge of Metaphysics was the cause of the Fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana*, the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil? *affirm'd.*
- II. If transcendental goodness could be truly predicated of the Devil? *affirm'd.*
- III. Whether one, or many be first? or if one doth not suppose the notion of many? *Suarez.*
- IV. If the desire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus*? *affirm'd.*
- V. Whether there is in human understandings potential falsities? *affirm'd.*
- VI. Whether God loves a *possible Angel* better than an *actually-existent flye*? *deny'd.*
- VII. If Angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*
- VIII. If Angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.*
- IX. Whether every Angel hears what one Angel says to another? *deny'd. Aquinas.*
- X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the Devil? *deny'd. Aquinas.*
- XI. Whether one Devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas?*
- XII. If there would have been any females born in the state of Innocence? *Aquinas.*
- XIII. If the Creation was finished in six days, because six is the most perfect number; or if six be the most perfect number, because the Creation was finished in six days? *Aquinas.*

There were several others, of which in the course of the life of this learned Person we may have occasion to treat; and one particularly that remains unde-

cided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter esse reale actualis essentiae sit aliud esse necessarium quo res actualiter existat?* In English thus. Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a Project to banish Metaphysics out of Spain, which it was supposed might be effectuated by this method; That nobody should use any Compound or Decomposition of the Substantial Verbs but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a Metaphysician from *ens, essentia, entitas, substantia,* &c. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *Substantial Forms*, a race of harmless beings which had lasted for many years, and afforded a comfortable subsistence to many poor Philosophers, should be now hunted down like so many Wolves, without the possibility of a retreat. He considered that it had gone much harder with them than with *Essences*, which had retired from the Schools into the *Apothecaries Shops*, where some of them had been advanced into the degree of *Quintessences*. He thought there should be a retreat for poor *substantial forms*, amongst the Gentlemen-ushers at court; and that there were indeed *substantial forms*, such as *forms of Prayer*, and *forms of Government*, without which the things themselves could never long subsist. He also used to wonder that there was not a reward for such as could find out a *fourth Figure* in *Logick*, as well as for those who should discover the *Longitude*.



## C H A P. VIII.

## A N A T O M Y.

Cornelius, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the Ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the last he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquished in a dispute; from which quality he acquired the Title of the *Invincible Doctor*. While the Professor of Anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of *Intestines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *Colon* and the *Achios*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole Canal of the Guts: Say what you please (he replied) this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with equal reason (answer'd the Professor) affirm, that a man's Liver hath five Lobes, and deny the Circulation of the blood. Ocular demonstration (said Cornelius) seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up: Show me any viscus of a human body, and I will bring you a monster that differs from the common rule in the structure of it. If Nature shews such variety in the same age, why may she not have extended it further in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an Antediluvian; of the strength of Samson, or the size of the Giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be possible the present generation of men may differ from the Ancients? The Moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by Gluttony, and diminished the liver by hard drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippo-

crates, that the blood of the Ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a Tide. Consider how Luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them not improbably altered the whole Course of the Fluids. Consider how the current of mighty Rivers, nay the very channels of the Ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be so vain to imagine that the Microcosm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I question not but plausible Conjectures may be made even as to the Time when the blood first began to circulate.— Such disputes as these frequently perplex'd the Professor to that degree, that he would now and then in a passion leave him in the middle of a Lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened soon after, an unusual accident, which retarded the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchased the body of a Malefactor, he hired a Room for its dissection near the Pest-fields in St. Giles's, at a little Distance from Tyburn Road. Crambe (to whose care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve a clock at night in a Hackney-coach, few House-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of Operators. As he was softly stalking up stairs in the dark with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have slipp'd from him, which he (to save from falling) grasp'd so hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *Anus*, with a noise exactly like the *Crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the Animal Oeconomy could remain in a dead man) was so terrified that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin with all his Philosophy could not prevail upon him to return to his post.—You may say what you please (quoth Crambe) no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay he seem'd to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpse down stairs made such a noise that it awak'd the whole house. The maid

shriek'd, the landlady cried out Thieves; but the Landlord, in his shirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, ventured out of the Room. The maid with only a single petticoat ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the landlord stood still and listen'd, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner one stair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpse unknown. The wife ran into the street and cried out Murder! the Watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down stairs. The Watch imagined they were making their escape, seized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Justice; where, upon searching them several kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Justice first examined Crambe.—What is your Name? says the Justice. I have acquired (quoth Crambe) no great Name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myself; though it may be some dispute to posterity.—What is yours and your Master's profession? "It is our business to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts of those that never injured us; we rip up big-belly'd womed, and tear children limb from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Justice, being strangely astonished with the frankness of Crambe's Confession, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following Speech.

"May it please your Worship, as touching the body of this man, I can answer each head that my accusers alledge against me, to a hair. They have hithereto talk'd like num-sculls without brains; but if your Worship will not only give ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the supercilious looks of my adversaries, who now stand cheek by jowl by your Worship. I will prove to their faces, that their foul mouths have

“ not opened their lips without a falsity ; though they  
 “ have showed their teeth as if they would bite off my  
 “ nose. Now, Sir, that I may fairly slip my neck  
 “ out of the collar, I beg this matter may not be  
 “ slightly skinned over. Tho’ I have no man here to  
 “ back me, I will unbosom myself, since Truth is on  
 “ my side, and shall give them their bellies full, though  
 “ they think they have me upon the hip. Whereas  
 “ they say I came into their lodgings, with arms, and  
 “ murdered this man without their privity, I declare  
 “ I had not the least finger in it; and since I am to  
 “ stand upon my own legs, nothing of this matter  
 “ shall be left till I set it upon a right foot. In the  
 “ vein I am in, I cannot for my heart’s blood and  
 “ guts bear this usage: I shall not spare my lungs  
 “ to defend my good name: I was ever reckoned a  
 “ good liver; and I think I have the bowels of com-  
 “ passion. I ask but justice, and from the crown of  
 “ my head to the soal of my foot I shall ever ac-  
 “ knowledge myself your Worship’s humble Ser-  
 “ vant.”

The Justice stared, the Landlord and Landlady  
 lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe  
 talk’d in this rambling incoherent manner; till at  
 length Martin begg’d to be heard. It was with  
 great difficulty that the Justice was convinced, till  
 they sent for the Finisher of human laws, of whom  
 the Corpse had been purchased; who looking near  
 the left ear, knew his own work, and gave Oath ac-  
 cordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a  
 passion at Crambe. “ What Dæmon, he cried, hath  
 “ possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that  
 “ impertinent custom of punning? Neither my coun-  
 “ sel nor my example have thus misled thee; thou  
 “ governest thyself by most erroneous Maxims.” Far  
 from it (answers Crambe) my life is as orderly as my  
 Dictionary, for by my Dictionary I order my life. I  
 have made a Kalendar of radical words for all the sea-  
 sons, months, and days of the year: Every day I am

under the dominion of a certain Word: but this day in particular I cannot be misled, for I am governed by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *Led*? Our Noblemen and Drunkards are pimp-led, Physicians and Pulses fee-led, their Patients and Oranges pil-led, a New-married Man and an Afs are bride-led, an old-married Man and a Pack-horse fad-led, Cats and Dice are rat-led, Swine and Nobility are sty-led, a Coquet and a Tinder-box are spark-led, a Lover and a Blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious—Which thou art (replied Martin, stamping with his foot) which thou art, I say, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable—There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your Day for *Uns*. Martin could bear no longer—however, composing his Countenance, Come hither, he cried, there are five pounds, seventeen shillings and nine pence: thou hast been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe upon the receipt of his Salary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth into these words:—O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee: O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I bias'd.—Whereupon Martin (considering that one of the greatest of Orators, and even a Sage of Greece had punned) hesitated, relented, and reinstated Crambe in his Service.

## C H A P. IX.

## How Martin became a great Critick.

**I**T was a most peculiar Talent in Martinus, to convert every Trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of Life, or in Learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the Puns of Crambe had on the Mind and Studies of Martinus. He conceived, that somewhat of a like Talent to this of Crambe, of *assembling parallel sounds*, either *syllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the Emendation and Correction of *Ancient Authors*, if applied to their Works, with the same *diligence*, and the same *liberty*. He resolved to try first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence, concluding, that, if the *most correct* Authors could be so served with any reputation to the Critick, the amendment and alteration of *all the rest* would easily follow; whereby a new, a vast, nay boundless Field of Glory would be opened to the true and *absolute Critic*.

This Specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the Addenda to his Notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B——ley, and Francis H——re. And we have convincing proofs that the late Edition of Milton published in the name of the former of these, was in truth the Work of no other than our Scriblerus.

## C H A P. X.

Of Martinus's uncommon Practice of  
Phyſick, and how he apply'd himſelf  
to the Diſeaſes of the Mind.

**B**UT it is high time to return to the History of the Progreſs of Martinus in the Studies of Phyſick, and to enumerate ſome at leaſt of the many Diſcoveries and experiments he made therein.

One of the firſt was his Method of inveſtigating latent Diſtempers, by the ſagacious Quality of *Setting-Dogs* and *Pointers*. The ſucceſs, and the Adventures that beſel him, when he walked with theſe Animals, to ſmell them out in the Parks and publick places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own Account, together with a *Liſt of thoſe Gentlemen and Ladies* at whom they made a *Full ſet*, will be publiſhed in time convenient. There will alſo be added the Representation, which, on occaſion of one diſtemper which was become almoſt epidemical, he thought himſelf obliged to lay before both Houſes of Parliament intituled, *A Propoſal for a General Flux*, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this kingdom.

But being weary of all practice on *fætid Bodies*; from a certain niceneſs of Conſtitution, (eſpecially when he attended Dr. Woodward thro' a Twelve-months courſe of Vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himſelf only to diſeaſes of the *Mind*. He attempted to find out Specificks for all the *Paſſions*; and as other Phyſicians throw their Patients into ſweats, vomits, purgations, etc. he caſt them into Love, Hatred, Hope, Fear Joy, Grief, etc. And indeed the great Irregularity of the Paſſions in the Engliſh Nation, was the chief motive that induced him to

apply his whole studies, while he continued among us, to the Diseases of the Mind.

To this purpose he directed, in the first place, his late acquired skill in *Anatomy*. He consider'd *Virtues* and *Vices* as certain Habits which proceed from the natural Formation and Structure of particular parts of the body. A Bird flies because it has Wings, a Duck swims because it is web-footed: and there can be no question but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the Hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the sharpness of the teeth, and the strength of the crural and masseter-muscles in Lions and Tygers, are the cause of the great and habitual Immorality of those Animals.

1st, He observed, that the Soul and Body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the Mind of the outward Instruments whereby she usually expresseth that Passion, you will in time abate the Passion itself, in like manner as Castration abates Lust.

2dly, That the Soul in mankind expresseth every Passion by the Motion of some particular *Muscles*.

3dly, That all Muscles grow stronger and thicker by being *much used*; therefore the habitual Passions may be discerned in particular persons by the *strength* and *bigness* of the Muscles used in the expression of that Passion.

4thly, That a Muscle may be strengthen'd or weaken'd by weakning or strength'ning the force of its Antagonist. These things premised, he took notice,

That *complaisance*, *humility*, *assent*, *approbation*, and *civility* were expressed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary *dissent*, *dislike*, *refusal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by tossing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two Passions of *assent* and *dissent* the Latins rightly express'd by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he observed that complaisant and civil people had the Flexors of the head very strong; but in the proud and insolent there was a great over-balance of strength in



the Extensors of the Neck and the Muscles of the Back, from whence they perform with great facility the motion of *tossing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have justly acquired the Title of *stiff-neck'd*: In order to reduce such persons to a just balance, he judg'd that the pair of Muscles called *Recti interni*, the Mastoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body must be strengthen'd; their Antagonists, the *Splenii Complexi*, and the Extensors of the Spine weaken'd: For which purpose Nature herself seems to have directed mankind to correct this Muscular Immorality by tying such fellows *Neck and heels*.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious Custom of Mothers, who abolish the natural Signature of Modesty in their Daughters, by teaching them *tossing* and *bridling*, rather than the bashful posture of *sloping*, and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charg'd all husbands to take notice of the *Posture of the Head* of such as they courted to Matrimony, as that upon which their future happiness did much depend.

*Flatterers*, who have the flexor Muscles so strong that they are always bowing and cringing, he suppos'd might in some measure be correct'd by being tied down upon a Tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was strongly confirm'd by his observing the strength of the *levator Scapulae*: This Muscle is call'd the Muscle of *patience*, because in that affection of Mind people shrug and raise up the shoulder to the tip of the ear. This Muscle also he observ'd to be exceedingly strong and large in *Henpeck'd Husbands*, in *Italians*, and in *English Ministers*.

In pursuance of his Theory, he suppos'd the *constrictors* of the *Eye-lids*, must be strengthen'd in the *supercilious*, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the same steady and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators* or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *Nose*, were too strong in *Cholerick* people; and therefore Nature here

again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct such extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the nose*.

The rolling amorous Eye, in the passion of Love, might be corrected by frequently looking thro' glasses. Impertinent fellows that jump upon Tables, and cut capers, might be cur'd by relaxing medicines applied to the *Calves* of their *Legs*, which in such people are too strong.

But there were two cases which he reckon'd extremely difficult. First, *Affectation*, in which there were so many Muscles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a false tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The second case was immoderate *Laughter*: When any of that risible species were brought to the Doctor, and when he consider'd what an infinity of Muscles these laughing Rascals threw into a convulsive motion at the same time; whether we regard the spasms of the Diaphragm and all the Muscles of respiration, the horrible *rietus* of the mouth, the distortion of the lower jaw, the crisping of the nose, twinkling of the eyes, or sphaerical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous succussion of the whole human body: when he considered, I say, all this, he used to cry out *Casus plane deplorabilis!* and give such Patients over.

## C H A P. XI.

The Case of a young Nobleman at Court, with the Doctor's Prescription for the same.

**A**N eminent Instance of Martinus's Sagacity in discovering the Distempers of the Mind, appeared in the case of a young Nobleman at Court, who

was observed to grow extremely affected in his speech, and whimsical in all his behaviour. He began to ask odd questions, talk in verse to himself, shut himself up from his friends, and be accessible to none, but Flatterers, Poets, and Pickpockets; till his Relations and old Acquaintance judged him to be so far gone, as to be a fit Patient for the Doctor.

As soon as he had heard and examined all the symptoms, he pronounced his distemper to be *Love*.

His friends assured him that they had with great care observed all his motions, and were perfectly satisfied there was no Woman in the case. Scriblerus was as positive that he was desperately in love with some person or other. "How can that be?" (said "his Aunt, who came to ask the advice) when he "converses almost with none but himself?" Say you so? he replied, why then he is in love with himself, one of the most common cases in the world. I am astonished, people do not enough attend this Disease, which has the same causes and symptoms, and admits of the same cure with the other; especially since here the case of the Patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people, who discover from their very youth a most amorous inclination to themselves; which is unhappily nurs'd by such Mothers, as, with their good will, would never suffer their children to be *crossed in love*. Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow up this flame as well as the other: Constant opportunities of conversation with the person beloved (the greatest of incentives) are here impossible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, speaking a good word for the party, and carry about Billet doux. Therefore I ask you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented by Flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses? "O Lord! Sir, (quoth the Aunt) the house "is haunted with them."—There it is (replied Scriblerus) those are the bawds and pimps that go be-

tween a man and himself. Are there no civil Ladies that tell him he dresses well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like! "Why truly, Sir, my Nephew is not awkward"--Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: In former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the Ladies for---Be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himself, quoth the Aunt.—Whose wit and breeding does he most commend?—His own, quoth the Aunt.—Whom does he write letters to? Himself.—Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himself.—Whom is he ogling yonder? Himself in his looking-glass.—Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture? Only to be blest with a smile of himself as he passes by.—Does he ever steal a kiss from himself, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion.—Have you observed him to use Familiarities with any body? "With none but himself: he often embraces himself with folded arms, he claps his hand often upon his hip, nay sometimes thrusts it into his breast."

Madam, said the Doctor, all these are strong symptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman presented himself with any Love-toys; such as gold Snuff-boxes, repeating Watches, or Tweezer-cases? those are things that in time will soften the most obdurate heart. "Not only so (said the Aunt) but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant diamond Ring for his own wearing.—Nay, if he has accepted of this Ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpose.—Pray Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms?" "By no means; a familiar appellation makes him angry; if you shake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin, he will return you a box on the ear."—Then the case is plain: he has the true Pathognomick sign of Love

*Jealousy*; for no body will suffer his Mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole this Case is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self-love; but then they keep a *very secret Intrigue* with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this Patient has not the least care of the Reputation of his Beloved, he is downright scandalous in his behaviour with himself; he is enchanted, bewitch'd, and almost past cure. However let the following methods be try'd upon him.

First, let him \*\*\**Hiatus*\*\*\* Secondly, let him wear a Bob-wig. Thirdly, shun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiss if he travelled over England in a Stage-coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a Track scout. Let him return the Snuff-boxes, Tweezer-cases (and particularly the Diamond Ring) which he has received from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile Qualities of this Mistress of his; let him be shewn that her Extravagance, Pride, and Prodigality will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread: Let it be proved, that he has been false to himself, and if Treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a Mistress, what is? In short let him be made to see that no mortal besides himself either loves or can suffer this Creature. Let all Looking-glasses, polished Toys, and even clean Plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him surprize the Beauty he adores at a disadvantage, survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, and he will find himself a forked stradling Animal, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better, if he took a strong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himself in

that condition : at which time it will be convenient to make use of the Letters, Dedications, etc. abovesaid. Something like this has been observed by Lucretius and others to be a powerful remedy in the case of Women. If all this will not do, I must e'en leave the poor man to his destiny. Let him *marry himself*, and when he is condemned eternally to himself, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himself, the Fate of most violent Self-lovers.

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## C H A P. XII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the Seat of the Soul, and of his Correspondence with the Free-Thinkers.

**I**N this Design of Martin to investigate the Diseases of the Mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an Enquiry after the *Seat of the Soul*; in which at first he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the Brain, sometimes in the Stomach, and sometimes in the Heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign Lady to one apartment, which made him infer that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and the Stomach her Kitchen. But as he saw several Offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this Hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform several operations by her little Ministers, the *Animal Spirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts according to different Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, and Professions. Thus in Epicures he seated her in the mouth of the Stomach, Philoso-

phers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues, Fiddlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, dissecting many Subjects to find out the different Figure of this Gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different Tempers in mankind. He supposed that in factious and restless-spirited people he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the Soul to repose herself; that in quiet Tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the Soul as it were an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that Calves and Philosophers, Tygers and Statesmen, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Fops, Cock-Sparrows and Coquets, Monkeys and Players, Courtiers and Spaniels, Moles and Misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland*. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in Highwaymen and Conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first Species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too, under his Anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here, that these Enquiries into the *Seat of the Soul* gave occasion to his first correspondence with the Society of *Free-Thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they ordered their Secretary to write him the following Letter.

To the learned Inquisitor into Nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: *The Society of Free-Thinkers greeting.*

Grecian Coffee-House, May 7.

IT is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your inquisitive Genius, and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed, than in looking after that Theological Non-entity commonly call'd the *Soul*:

Since after all your enquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the Residence of such a Chimera, that never had being but in the brains of some dreaming Philosophers. Is it not *Demonstration* to a person of your Sense, that, since *you cannot find it*, there is *no such thing*? In order to set so hopeful a Genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded Sophisms of those crack-brain'd fellows, and likewise an easy *mechanical explication* of *Perception* or *Thinking*.

<sup>a</sup> One of their chief Arguments is, that *Self-consciousness* cannot inhere in any system of Matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every *Jack* there is a *meat-roasting* Quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the result of the whole composition: So in an Animal, the *Self-consciousness* is not a real Quality inherent in one Being (any more than *meat-roasting* in a Jack) but the result of several Modes or Qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, etc. make one Jack, so the several parts of the body make one Animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this Animal, so is *meat-roasting* said to be inherent in the Jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, etc. are the several Modes of thinking; so *roasting of beef*, *roasting of mutton*, *roasting of pullets*, *geese*, *turkeys*, etc. are the several modes of *meat-roasting*. And as the general Quality of *meat-roasting*, with its several modifications as to *beef*, *mutton*, *pullets*, etc. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack; so neither does *Consciousness*, with its several Modes of *sensation*, *intellection*, *volition*, etc. inhere in any one,

<sup>a</sup> This whole Chapter is an inimitable ridicule on *Collin's* argument against *Clarke*, to prove the Soul only a Quality.



but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole Animal.

Just so, the Quality or Disposition in a Fiddle to play tunes, with the several Modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of Preludes, Sarabands, Jigs, and Gavotts, are as much real qualities in the Instrument, as the Thought or the Imagination is in the mind of the Person that composes them.

The Parts (say they) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which seem to be the subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation; so that the same individual particles do not remain in the Brain; from whence it will follow, that the Idea of Individual Consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English Law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole Machine, is communicated from every Particle to its immediate Successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the Government, which still preserves the Unity of the whole System.

They make a great noise about this Individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same Individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the Particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darn'd so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of Consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the

darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings; and yet after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that, as in a House of Commons all things are determined by a *Majority*, so it is in every Animal system. As that which determines the House is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking Beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles; which, like so many unthinking Members, compose one thinking System.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that Punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance: We reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a Corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their Predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the Brain, the several Modes of thinking. It is well known to Anatomists that the Brain is a *Congeries* of Glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called Animal Spirits; that a Gland is nothing but a Canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the Arietation and Motion of the Spirits in those Canals, proceed all the different sorts of Thoughts. Simple Ideas are produced by the motion of the Spirits in one simple Canal: when two of these Canals disembogue themselves into one, they make what we call a Proposition; and when two of these propositional Channels empty themselves into a third, they form a Syllogism, or a Ratiocination. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other

modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of those Glands. Some for example, are born without the propositional or syllogistical Canals; in others, that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded; in trifling genius's, weak and small; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding; and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our Hypothesis, that we have employed one of our Members, a great Virtuoso at Nuremberg, to make a sort of an Hydraulic Engine, in which a chemical liquor resembling blood, is driven through elastic channels resembling arteries and veins, by the force of an Embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatick Machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muscles: And we are persuaded that this our artificial Man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your Country Parsons.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a Member of our Society, and beg leave to assure you that we are, etc.

What return Martin made to this obliging Letter we must defer to another occasion: let it suffice at present to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for stealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogisms*, without doing him the honour so much as to mention him. He advised his Master by no means to enter into their Society, unless they would give him sufficient security, to bear him harmless from any thing that might happen after this present life.

## C H A P. XIII.

## Of the Seceſſion of Martinus, and ſome Hint of his Travels.

**I**T was in the year 1699 that Martin ſet out on his Travels. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou ſhalt know then, that in his firſt Voyage he was carried by a proſperous Storm, to a Diſcovery of the Remains of the ancient *Pygmæan* Empire.

That in his ſecond, he was as happily ſhipwreck'd on the Land of the *Giants*, now the moſt humane people in the world.

That in his third Voyage, he diſcover'd a whole Kingdom of *Philoſophers*, who govern by the *Mathe-maticks*; with whoſe admirable Schemes and Projects he returned to benefit his own dear Country; but had the miſfortune to find them rejected by the envious Miniſters of *Queen Anne*, and himſelf ſent treacherouſly away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth Voyage he diſcovers a Vein of Melancholy proceeding almoſt to a Diſguſt of his Species; but above all, a mortal Detestation to the whole flagitious Race of *Ministers*, and a final Reſolution not to give in any *Memorial* to the *Secretary of State*, in order to ſubject the Lands he diſcovered to the *Crown of Great-Britain*.

Now if, by theſe hints, the Reader can help himſelf to a farther diſcovery of the Nature and Contents of theſe Travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to ſpeak more openly.

But if any man ſhall ever ſee ſuch very extraordinary Voyages, into ſuch very extraordinary Nations,

which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a Philosopher, a Politician, and a Legislator; and can imagine them to belong to a *Surgeon of a Ship*, or a *Captain of a Merchantman*, let him remain in his Ignorance.

And whoever he be, that shall farther observe, in every page of such a book, that cordial *Love of Mankind*, that inviolable *Regard to Truth*, that *Passion for his dear Country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent Princess *Queen Anne*; surely that man deserves to be pitied, if by all those visible Signs and Characters, he cannot distinguish and acknowledge the Great *Scriblerus*<sup>a</sup>.

## C H A P. XIV.

Of the Discoveries and Works of the Great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

**H**ERE therefore, at this great Period, we end our first Book. And here, O Reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou hast hitherto read, and to cast thy eyes only forward, to that boundless Field the next shall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our sins do not prevent) are to spread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the Earth.

In the mean time, know what thou owest, and what thou yet may'st owe, to this excellent Person, this Prodigy of our Age; who may well be called, *The Philo-*

<sup>a</sup> *Gulliver's Travels* were first intended as a part of Scriblerus's Memoirs.

*Jobber of Ultimate Causes*, since by a Sagacity peculiar to himself, he hath discovered Effects in their very Cause; and without the trivial helps of Experiments, or Observations, hath been the Inventor of most of the modern Systems and Hypotheses.

He hath enriched Mathematicks with many precise and geometrical *Quadratures* of the Circle. He first discovered the Cause of Gravity, and the intestine Motion of Fluids.

To him we owe all the observations on the *Parallax* of the *Pole-Star*, and all the new *Theories* of the *Deluge*.

He it was, that first taught the right use sometimes of the *Fuga-Vacui*, and sometimes of the *Materia Subtilis*, in resolving the grand Phænomena of Nature.

He it was, that first found out the *Palpability* of Colours; and by the delicacy of his Touch, could distinguish the different Vibrations of the heterogeneous Rays of Light.

His were the Projects of *Perpetuum Mobiles*, *Flying Engines*, and *Pacing Saddles*; the Method of discovering the *Longitude* by *Bomb-Vessels*, and of increasing the *Trade-Wind* by vast plantations of *Reeds* and *Sedges*.

I shall mention only a few of his Philosophical and Mathematical Works.

1. A compleat Digest of the Laws of Nature, with a Review of those that are obsolete or repealed, and of those that are ready to be renew'd and put in force.

2. A Mechanical Explication of the Formation of the Universe, according to the Epicurean Hypothesis.

3. An Investigation of the Quantity of real Matter in the Universe, with the proportion of the specifick Gravity of solid Matter to that of fluid.

4. Microscopical Observations of the Figure and Bulk of the constituent Parts of all fluids. A Calculation of the proportion in which the Fluids of the Earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.

5. A Computation of the Duration of the Sun, and how long it will last before it be burn'd out.

6. A Method to apply the Force arising from the immense Velocity of *Light* to mechanical purposes.

7. An answer to the question of a curious Gentleman; How long a *New Star* was lighted up before its appearance to the Inhabitants of our earth? To which is subjoined a Calculation, how much the Inhabitants of the *Moon* eat for Supper, considering that they pass a Night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A Demonstration of the natural Dominion of the Inhabitants of the Earth over those of the Moon, if ever an intercourse should be opened between them. With a Proposal of a *Partition-Treaty*, among the earthly Potentates in case of such discovery.

9. Tide-Tables, for a Comet, that is to approximate towards the Earth.

10. The Number of the Inhabitants of London determined by the Reports of the Gold-finders, and the Tonnage of their Carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of *Ingesta* and *Egesta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his Studies were directed to the universal Benefit of Mankind. Numerous have been his Projects to this end, of which two alone will be sufficient to show the amazing Grandeur of his Genius. The first was a Proposal, by a general contribution of all Princes, to pierce the first crust or *Nucleus* of this our *Earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical Sphere. The advantage he proposed from it was to find the *Parallax* of the *First Stars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Isaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The second was, to build *Two Poles* to the *Meridian*, with immense Light-houses on the top of them; to supply the defect of Nature, and to make the Longitude as easy to be calculated as the Latitude. Both these he could not but

think very practicable, by the Power of all the Potentates of the World.

May we presume after these to mention, how he descended from the sublime to the beneficial parts of Knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *Physick*. From the Age, Complexion, or Weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a Patient's bed-side. He taught the way to many modern Physicians, to cure their Patients by *Intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a Menstruum to dissolve the Stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *Universal Deluge-water*. His also was the Device to relieve Consumptive or Asthmatick persons by bringing fresh Air out of the Country to Town, by pipes of the nature of the Recipients of Air-pumps: And to introduce the Native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with a seasonable Intromission of such Steams as were most familiar to him; to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white Bears.

In *Physiognomy*, his penetration is such, that from the *Picture* only of any person, he can write his *Life*; and from the features of the Parents, draw the Portrait of any Child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been so enrapt in these Studies, as to neglect the Polite Arts of Painting, Architecture, Musick, Poëtry, etc. It was he that gave the first hint to our modern *Painters*, to improve the *Likeness* of their Portraits by the use of such *Colours* as would faithfully and constantly accompany the *Life*, not only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In *Architecture*, he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a Thought well worthy a true lover of Antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the Building will have to posterity, when it shall fall and become a Ruin.

As to *Musick*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his Scores.



In *Poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a Catalogue.

In *Politicks*, his Writings are of a peculiar Cast, for the most part Ironical, and the Drift of them often so delicate and refin'd as to be mistaken by the vulgar. He once went so far as to write a Persuasive to people to eat their own Children, which was so little understood as to be taken in ill part<sup>b</sup>. He has often written against *Liberty* in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sydney*, in vindication of the Measures of *Spain* under that of *Raleigh*, and in praise of *Corruption* under those of *Cato* and *Publicola*.

It is true, that at his last departure from England, in the Reign of *Queen Anne*, apprehending lest any of these might be perverted to the Scandal of the weak, or Encouragement of the flagitious, he cast them all, without mercy, into a Bog-house near *St. James's*. Some however have been with great diligence recover'd, and fish'd up with a hook and line, by the Ministerial Writers, which make at present the great Ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to Mankind, he constantly communicated (not only during his stay among us, but ever since his absence) by some method or other in which Ostentation had no part. With what incredible Modesty he concealed himself, is known to numbers of those to whom he addressed sometimes Epistles, sometimes Hints, sometimes whole Treatises, Advices to Friends, Projects to First Ministers, Letters to Members of Parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All these will be vindicated to the true Author, in the Course of these Memoirs. I may venture to say they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to those, who will appear too much concerned as *Plagiaries*, to be

<sup>b</sup> Swift's ironical tract on that subject.

admitted as *Judges*. Wherefore we warn the publick, to take particular notice of all such as manifest any indecent Passion at the appearance of this Work, as Persons most certainly involved in the Guilt.

*The End of the First Book.*

*MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,*

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

O R,

Of the A R T of

SINKING in POETRY.

Written in the Year 1727.

THE ART OF  
WRITING IN PROSE  
AND POETRY  
BY MARTINUS SCHEIBLERUS

MARTINUS SCHEIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ

OF THE ART OF

WRITING IN PROSE

AND POETRY

II

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

C H A P. I.

**I**T hath been long (my dear Countrymen) the subject of my concern and surprize, that whereas numberless Poets, Critics, and Orators have compiled and digested the Art of ancient Poesy, there hath not arisen among us one person so publick-spirited, as to perform the like for the Modern. Although it is universally known, that our every-way industrious Moderns, both in the Weight of their writings, and in the Velocity of their judgments, do so infinitely excel the said Ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὑψος, or Sublime; no track has been yet chalk'd out, to arrive at our βάθος, or Profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and Us, make use of the word *Altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore considering with no small grief, how many promising Genius's of this age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task, to lead them as it were by the hand, and step by step, the gentle down-hill way to the Bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true Modern Poesy!

When I consider (my dear Countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populousness of our Low-lands of Parnaf-

fus, the flourishing state of our Trade, and the plenty of our Manufacture; there are two reflections which administer great occasion of surprize: The one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meager inhabitants of the Top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular System of Laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of Delicacy and Refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the Taste of these Mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we have now an unquestionable Majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level the Highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded, by the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered Rules of our Art into regular Institutes, from the example and practice of the deep Genius's of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors the Master of Alexander, and the Secretary of the renown'd Zenobia. And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great Critics; since their Laws (tho' they might be good) have ever been slackly executed, and their Precepts (however strict) obey'd only by fits, and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus; who, taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars) tho' it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident that we never made the least at-

tempt or inrode into Their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed Petty Larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole Cartloads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this Treatise.

For we shall see in the course of this work, that our greatest Adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the Rules of the Ancients were equally necessary to the Moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous Error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the light of their own Genius to attempt *new* Models, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approached us in those particular pieces; though in their others they differ'd *toto cælo* from us.

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## C H A P. II.

That the Bathos, or Profund, is the natural Taste of Man, and in particular, of the present Age.

**T**HE Taste of the Bathos is implanted by Nature itself in the soul of man; till, perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to relish the Sublime. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced minds of Children delight only in such productions, and in such images, as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed how fast the general

Taste is returning to this first Simplicity and Innocence: and if the intent of all Poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind which diverts and instructs the *greatest number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the Admirers of Poetry, we shall find those who have a taste of the Sublime to be very few; but the Profund strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. 'Tis a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish Gusto, whom after all it is almost impossible to please; and 'tis still more chimerical to write for Posterity, of whose Taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose Applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed our wiser authors have a present end,

*Et prodesse volunt et delectare Poetæ.*

Their true design is Profit or Gain; in order to acquire which, 'tis necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader: From whence it follows demonstrably, that their productions must be suited to the *present* Taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of Luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high Relish in Poetry, but are in this one Taste less nice than our ancestors. If an Art is to be estimated by its success, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good Poets, as bad ones.

Nevertheless, in making Gain the principal end of our Art, far be it from me to exclude any great Genius's of *Rank* or *Fortune* from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those Princes, who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual Art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our Art has been often infinitely indebted.



## C H A P. III.

## The Necessity of the Bathos, physically considered.

**F**Arthermore, it were great cruelty and injustice, if all such Authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical Maxim, That Poetry is a natural or morbid Secretion from the Brain. As I would not suddenly stop up a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's Issue; I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature past childhood, but at one time or other has had some Poetical Evacuation, and, no question, was much the better for it in his health; so true is the saying, *Nascimur Poetæ*. Therefore is the Desire of Writing properly term'd *Pruritus*, the "Tillation of the Generative Faculty of the Brain." and the Person is said to conceive; now such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy and raving for divers days; who forthwith grew wonderful easy, lightsome, and cheerful upon a discharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent Metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly passions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches, (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a suppression of the very worst Poetry is of dangerous consequence to the State. We find by experience, that the same humours which vent themselves in summer in Ballads and Sonnets, are condensed by the winter's cold into Pamphlets and Speeches for and against the

Ministry : Nay, I know not but many times a piece of Poetry may be the most innocent composition of a Minister himself.

It is therefore manifest that *Mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good Subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary as a Maxim, upon the single authority of that <sup>a</sup> Horace? Why should the golden Mean, and quintessence of all Virtues, be deemed so offensive in this Art? or Coolness or Mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a Man, and so detestable in a Poet?

However, far be it from me to compare these Writers with those great Spirits, who are born with a *Vivacité de pasanteur*, or (as an English Author calls it) an "Alacrity of sinking;" and who by strength of Nature alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the Necessity of Rules to these lesser Genius's, as well as the Usefulness of them to the greater.

#### C H A P. IV.

That there is an Art of the Bathos, or Profund.

**W**E come now to prove, that there is an Art of Sinking in Poetry. Is there not an Architecture of Vaults and Cellars, as well as of lofty Domes and Pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making Dikes, as in raising Mounts? Is there not an Art of Diving as well as of Flying? And will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving Engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his

<sup>a</sup> *Mediocribus esse poetis.*

*Non dii, non homines, etc.*

Hor. P.

fight, and furnishing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we search the Authors of Antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true Profund, as in the true Sublime. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the Gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the Bathos a Genius is requisite; yet the Rules of Art must be allowed so far useful, as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is amongst the lowest of the Creation, at the very bottom of the Atmosphere, to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task unless he calls in Art to his assistance. It is with the Bathos as with small Beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our rules confined and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The Sublime of Nature is the Sky, the Sun, Moon, Stars, etc. The Profund of Nature is Gold, Pearls, precious Stones, and the Treasures of the Deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as Corn, Flower, Fruits, Animals, and Things for the meer use of Man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true use, cannot be invaluable: Which affords a solution, why common Sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern Critics and Authors.

## C H A P. V.

Of the true Genius for the Profund, and  
by what it is constituted.

**A**ND I will venture to lay it down, as the first Maxim and Corner-Stone of this our Art; that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent Foe to Wit, and Destroyer of fine Figures, which is known by the Name of *Common Sense*. His business must be to contract the true *Gout de travers*; and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable Way of Thinking.

He is to consider himself as a Grottesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by heads or tails, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong opposition of colours, and surprize by contrariety of images.

*Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.* Hor.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which no body can get clear but himself. And since the great Art of all Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction, in order to join the *Credible* with the *Surprizing*; our author shall produce the *Credible*, by painting nature in her lowest simplicity; and the *Surprizing*, by contradicting common opinion. In the very Manners he will affect the *Marvellous*; he will draw Achilles with the Patience of Job; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a Maid of honour selling bargains; a foot-man speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is con-

versant in modern Plays, may make a most noble collection of this kind, and, at the same time, form a complete body of *modern Ethics and Morality*.

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world had long been weary of *natural things*. How much the contrary are formed to please, is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of Harlequins and Magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be; how are they struck with transport and delight? Which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to such a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For Example; when a true genius looks upon the Sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lutestring, or a child's mantle.

*c* The Skies whose spreading volumes scarce have room,  
Spun thin, and wove in nature's finest loom,  
The new-born world in their soft lap embrac'd,  
And all around their starry mantle cast.

If he looks upon a Tempest he shall have an image of a tumbled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner:

*d* The Ocean, joy'd to see the tempest fled,  
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed.

*c* Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42.

*d* P. 14.

N. B. In order to do Justice to these great Poets, our Citations are taken from the best, the last, and

The Triumphs and Acclamations of the Angels, at the Creation of the Universe, present to his imagination "the Rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's Day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers and sky-rockets.

*c* *Glorious Illuminations, made on high  
By all the stars and planets of the sky,  
In just degrees, and shining order plac'd,  
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwelling grac'd.  
Thro' all th' enlighten'd air swift fireworks flew,  
Which with repeated shouts glad Cherubs threw.  
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,  
Then fell in starry show'rs and glitt'ring rain.  
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,  
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung.*

If a man who is violently fond of *Wit*, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the love of the *Bathos* should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous Protestant Deacon invoke a Saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence :

*f* *Look down, blest saint, with pity then look down,  
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,  
And guide us through the mists of providence,  
In which we stray.*

Neither will he, if a goodly Simile come in his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus,

*g* *Thus have I seen in Araby the blest'd,  
A Phœnix couch'd upon her fun'ral nest.*

*c* P. 50.  
Mary.

*f* A. Philips on the Death of Queen  
*g* Anon.

most correct Editions of their Works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in *Duodecimo*, 1714. The fourth Edition revised. P.

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all Beings is represented in the following images:

First he is a PAINTER.

- <sup>a</sup> Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air,  
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvas, where  
His pencil, dipp'd in heav'nly colour bright,  
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the sight.

Now he is a CHEMIST.

- <sup>b</sup> Th' Almighty Chemist does his work prepare,  
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,  
Digests his light'ning, and distils his rain.

Now he is a WRESTLER.

- <sup>c</sup> Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,  
And with such mighty force my body shook,  
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruis'd,  
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loos'd.

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

- <sup>d</sup> For clouds, the sun-beams levy fresh supplies,  
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise  
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies.

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

- <sup>e</sup> In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,  
And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

- <sup>f</sup> Job, as a vile offender, God indites,  
And terrible decrees against me writes.  
God will not be my advocate,  
My cause to manage or debate.

<sup>a</sup> Blackm. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172. <sup>i</sup> Blackm. Pf. civ. p. 263. <sup>k</sup> Page 75. <sup>l</sup> P. 170. <sup>m</sup> P. 70. <sup>n</sup> P. 61.

In the following Lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

- *Who the rich metal beats, and then, with care,  
Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air.*

Then a FULLER.

- *th' exhaling reeks that secret rise,  
Born on rebounding sun-beams thro' the skies,  
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they  
grow  
A heav'nly fleece.*

A MERCER, OF PACKER.

- *Didst thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,  
And help the Bales of Æther to unfold;  
Say, which cœrulean pile was by thy hand unroll'd?*

A BUTLER.

- *He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,  
Which the black clouds, his floating Bottles, fill.*

And a BAKER.

- *God in the wilderness his table spread,  
And in his airy Owens bak'd their bread.*

## C H A P. VI.

Of the several Kinds of Genius's in the  
Profound, and the Marks and Cha-  
racters of each.

**I** Doubt not but the reader, by this Cloud of ex-  
amples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our  
assertion, that the Bathos is an *Art*; and that the Ge-

◦ P. 181.      P 18.      ◦ P. 174.      ◦ P. 131.  
◦ Blackm. Song of Moses, p. 218.



nus of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of Nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances (the Father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater Poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters who could never hit a nose or an eye, have with felicity copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red herring. And seldom are we without genius's for *Still-life*, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

An universal Genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six Epic Poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after Nature or the Ancients. It is affirm'd by Quintilian, that the same genius which made Germanicus so great a General, would with equal application have made him an excellent Heroic Poet. In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between Arts and Sciences, I doubt not but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bag-piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the Bathos.

I shall range these confined and less copious Genius's under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *Animals* of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what Authors to compare them.

1. The *Flying Fishes*: These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. *Ostridges* are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they *run very fast*. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another's* words, in such a hoarse odd voice, as make them seem their *own*. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The *Didappers* are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq. The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *Porpoises* are unweildy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap and bound* to admiration: They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Esq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *Eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered Shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief *Characteristics* of the *Bathos*, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our Island.

C H A P. VII.

Of the Profund, when it consists in the Thought.

WE have already laid down the Principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his Thought by familiarizing his mind to the lowest objects ; to which it may be added, that Vulgar Conversation will greatly contribute. There is no question but the Garret or the Printer's boy may often be discerned in the compositions made in such scenes and company ; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The Physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science ; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond Mediocrity. For, certain it is (tho' some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a Triteness or Mediocrity in the Thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the most elaborate low Expression : It can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But 'tis the Thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath waters :

*She drinks ! She drinks ! Behold the matchless dame !  
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame :*

† Anon.

*Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,  
And the same stream at once both cools and burns.*

What can be more easy and unaffected than the Diction of these verses? 'Tis the Turn of Thought alone, and the Variety of Imagination, that charms and surprize us. And when the same lady goes into the Bath, the Thought (as in justness it ought) goes still deeper.

▪ *Venus beheld her, 'midst her croud of slaves,  
And thought herself just risen from the waves.*

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herself from the lady?

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frightened stag in a full chace, who (saith the Poet)

*Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more;  
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.*

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is Profundity itself,

▪ *None but Himself can be his Paralel.*

Unless it may seem borrowed from the Thought of that Master of a Show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters, over the picture of his elephant,

*This is the greatest Elephant in the world except  
Himself.*

However our next instance is certainly an original: Speaking of a beautiful infant,

*So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be  
A child, as Poets say, sure thou art he.  
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,  
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.  
There all the lightnings of thy Mother's shine,  
And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.*

□ Idem.     x Theobald, Double Falshood.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid: first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his Eyes are his Mother's, and lastly they are not his Mother's but his own

Another author, describing a Poet that shines forth amidst a circle of Critics,

*Thus Phœbus thro' the Zodiac takes his way,  
And amid Monsters rises into day.*

What a peculiarity is here of invention? The Author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great Genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations: In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural animals: much more might it be pleaded that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monsters: There were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring genius's, what he found not monsters, he made so.

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## C H A P. VIII.

Of the Profund, consisting in the Circumstances, and of Amplification and Periphrase in general.

**W**HAT in a great measure distinguishes other writers from ours, is their chusing and separating such circumstances in a description as ennoble or elevate the subject.

The circumstances which are most natural are *obvious* therefore not *astonishing* or peculiar. But those that are far-fetched, or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprize prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out: but above all, preserve a laudable *Prolixity*; presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For Choice and Distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently of the worst consequence of all to our author.

When Job says in short, "He washed his feet in butter," (a circumstance some Poets would have softened, or past over) now hear how this butter is spread out by the great Genius.

*γ With teats distended with their milky store,  
Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,  
Their painful burden to unload did meet,  
That we with butter might have wash'd our feet.*

How cautious! and particular! He had (says our author) so many herds, which herds thriv'd so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have wash'd his feet in it.

The ensuing description of Hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances.

*α In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,  
Whose livid weaves involve despairing souls;  
The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,  
Some deeply red and others faintly blue.*

Could the most minute Dutch-painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!

*β His eye-balls burn, he wounds the smoking plain,  
And knots of scarlet ribbond deck his name.*

*γ* Blackm. Job, p. 133.

*α* Pr. Arth. p. 89.

*β* Anon.

Of certain Cudgel-players :

- <sup>b</sup> *They brandish high in air their threatening staves,  
Their hands a woven guard of ozier saves,  
In which they fix their hazle weapon's end.*

Who would not think the Poet had past his whole life at Wakes in such laudable diversions ? since he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make a Cudgel !

*Periphrase* is another great aid to *Prolixity*; being a diffused circumlocutory manner of expressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couch'd, as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is that the author can possibly mean, and a strange surprize when he finds it.

The Poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

- <sup>c</sup> *A waving sea of heads was round me spread,  
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.*

Here is a waving sea of heads, which by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find, it means a *great crowd*.

How pretty and how genteel is the following ?

- <sup>d</sup> *Nature's Confectioner,  
Whose suckets are moist alchemy :  
The still of his refining mold  
Minting the garden into gold.*

What is this but a Bee gathering honey ?

- <sup>e</sup> *Little Syren of the stage,  
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,  
Wanton gale of fond desire,  
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.*

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely ?

<sup>b</sup> Pr. Arth. p. 197.    <sup>c</sup> Job, p. 78.    <sup>d</sup> Cleveland.  
<sup>e</sup> A. Philips to Cuzzona.

We may define *Amplification* to be making the most of a Thought; it is the Spinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and spreads it in the finest thread. There are Amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole Folio; but for which, the tale of many a vast Romance, and the substance of many a fair volume might be reduced into the size of a primer.

In the book of Job are these words, "Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day-spring to know his place?" How is this extended by the most celebrated Amplifier of our age?

† *Canst thou set forth th' ethereal mines on high,  
Which the refulgent ore of light supply?  
Is the celestial furnace to thee known,  
In which I melt the golden metal down?  
Treasures, from whence I deal out light as fast,  
As all my stars and lavish suns can waste.*

The same author hath amplified a passage in the civ<sup>th</sup> Psalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He touches the hills, and they smoke."

‡ *The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright  
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:  
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,  
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.*

You here see the hills not only trembling, but shaking off the woods from their backs, to run the faster: After this you are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that like corpulent purfy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

† Job, p. 108.

‡ P. 267.



C H A P IX.

Of Imitation, and the Manner of Imitating.

**T**HAT the true Authors of the Profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way*, is not to be questioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and E——n of Blackmore? Therefore when we sit down to write, let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question; How would Sir Richard have said this? Do I express myself as simply as Amb. Philips? Or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Welsted?

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our Proficient should also read the works of those famous Poets who have excelled in the *Sublime*: Yet is not this a paradox? As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, so may our author read Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden for the contrary end to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true Genius, when he finds any thing lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious Circumstance or Periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those Figures, the use of which we shall shew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of *Ætna* in the third *Æneid*?

*Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,  
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,  
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,  
Attollitque globos flammaram, et sidera lambit.  
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis  
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras  
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.*

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our British Poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a fit of the colic.

<sup>h</sup> *Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find  
Their kindled stores with inbred storms of wind  
Blown up to rage; and, roaring out, complain,  
As torn with inward gripes, and tort'ring pain:  
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful vomit round,  
And with their melted bowels spread the ground.*

Horace in search of the Sublime, struck his head against the Stars <sup>i</sup>; but Empedocles, to fathom the Profund, threw himself into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent Modern had also been there, from this description?

*Imitation* is of two sorts; the first is when we force to our own purposes the Thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the Imperfections, or Blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a Play professedly writ in the style of Shakespear; wherein the resemblance lay in one single line,

*And so good morrow t'ye, good master Lieutenant.*

And sundry poems in imitation of Milton, where with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, nevertheless was constantly *nathless*, *embroider'd* was *broider'd* hermits were *eremites*, *disdain'd* was *'sdeign'd*, *shady umbrageous*, *enterprize*, *emprize*, *pagan*

<sup>h</sup> Pr. Arthur, p. 75.  
*vertice*

<sup>i</sup> *Sublimi feriam sidera*

*paynim*, pinions *pennons*, sweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *bir*, and their was *thir* thro' the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read, to any purpose, the works of such men as Milton and Shakespear.

It may be expected, that, like other Critics, I should next speak of the *Passions*: But as the main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce *Tranquillity of Mind*, (and sure it is a better design to promote *sleep* than madness) we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the *Emollients* and *Opiats* of Poesy, of the *Cool*, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods used by our authors in managing the *Passions*. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the *Cool*, as the use of *Wit* in expressing passion: The true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper *similes* on such occasions: This we may term the *Pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent *Transports*.

But as it is sometimes needful to excite the *passions* of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed, that, to move Anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move Love, of bawdry; to beget Favour and Friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce Fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the State. As for Shame, it is a silly passion, of which as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

## C H A P. X.

Of Tropes and Figures : And first of the  
variegating, confounding, and rever-  
sing Figures.

**B**UT we proceed to the *Figures*. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the *Abuse of Speech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the Figures must be so turn'd, as to manifest that intricate and wonderful Cast of Head which distinguishes all writers of this kind ; or (as I may say) to refer exactly the Mold in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible to enumerate all such Figures ; but we shall content ourselves to range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the Bathos, under three Classes.

- I. The Variegating, Confounding, or Reversing Tropes and Figures.
- II. The Magnifying, and
- III. The Diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman Names ; but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother tongue.

I. Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the Bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A Master of this will say,

Mow the Beard,  
Shave the Grass,  
Pin the Plank,  
Nail my Sleeve.

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the Bathos is,

The METONYMY,

the inversion of Causes for Effects, of Inventors for Inventions, etc.

Lac'd in her <sup>f</sup> Cofins new appear'd the bride,  
A <sup>g</sup> Bubble-boy and <sup>h</sup> Tompion at her side,  
And with an air divine her <sup>i</sup> Colmar ply'd:  
Then oh! she cries, what slaves I round me see?  
Here a bright Redcoat, there a smart <sup>k</sup> Toupee.

The SYNECHDOCHE,

which consists, in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes *Pretty-face* and *Pigs-eyes*, and sometimes *Snotty-nose* and *Draggle-tail*. Or of Accidents for Persons; as a Lawyer is called *Split-cause*, a Taylor *Prick-louse*, etc. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himself; as a *Sword-man*, a *Gown-man*, a *T—m—T—d—man*; a *White-Staff*, a *Turn-key*, etc.

The APOSIOPESIS.

An excellent figure for the Ignorant, as, "What shall I say?" when one has nothing to say: or "I can

<sup>f</sup> Stays.    <sup>g</sup> Tweezer-case.    <sup>h</sup> Watch.    <sup>i</sup> Fan.

<sup>k</sup> A sort of Perriwig: All words in use in this present Year 1727. P.

“no more,” when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

The METAPHOR.

The first rule is to draw it from the *lowest things*, which is a certain way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the Thunder of Heaven, say,

<sup>l</sup> *The Lords above are angry and talk big.*

If you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures express it thus,

<sup>m</sup> *Tho' he (as said) may Riches gorge, the Spoil  
Painful in massy Vomit shall recoil,  
Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,  
Like his own Ordure, cast with scorn away.*

The Second, that whenever you start a Metaphor, you must be sure to *run it down*, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a State negotiation, follow it in this manner.

<sup>n</sup> *The stones and all the elements with thee  
Shall ratify a strict confederacy;  
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,  
And for a firm alliance with thee treat;  
The finny tyrant of the spacious seas,  
Shall send a scaly embassy for peace;  
His plighted faith the Crocodile shall keep,  
And seeing thee, for joy sincerely weep.*

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing war against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war.

<sup>o</sup> *Envoys and Agents, who by my command  
Reside in Palestina's land,  
To whom commissions I have given,  
To manage there the interests of heaven:*

<sup>l</sup> Lee Alex.    <sup>m</sup> Blackm. Job, p. 91, 93.    <sup>n</sup> Job,  
p. 22    • Blackm. Isa. c. xl.

*Ye holy heralds, who proclaim  
Or war or peace, in mine your master's name:  
Ye pioneers of heaven, prepare a road,  
Make it plain, direct and broad;  
For I in person will my people head;  
For the divine deliverer  
Will on his march in majesty appear,  
And needs the aid of no confed'rate pow'r.*

Under the article of the *Confounding*, we rank

1. THE MIXTURE OF FIGURES,

which raises so many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea just *opposite* to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist painting the Spring, talks of a *Snow of Blossoms*, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of Winter. Of this sort is the following:

*P The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,  
Whose livid flashes sickning sunbeams drown.*

What a noble Confusion? clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sun-beams, gaping, pouring, sickning, drowning! all in two lines.

2. THE JARGON.

*q Thy head shall rise, tho' buried in the dust,  
And 'midst the clouds his glittering turrets thrust.*

*Quere*, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

*r Upon the shore, as frequent as the sand,  
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians stand.*

*Quere*, Where these Dimetians stood? and of what size they were? Add also to the *Jargon* such as the following.

*s Destruction's empire shall no longer last,  
And Desolation lye for ever waste.*

<sup>p</sup> Pr. Arthur, p. 37.  
thur, p. 157.

<sup>q</sup> Job, p. 107.

<sup>r</sup> Pr. Ar-

<sup>s</sup> Job. p. 89.

*† Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,  
And seems converted to a stone in stone.*

But for Variegation, nothing is more useful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN,

where a Word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, speaks twice as much by being split: As this of Mr. Dennis <sup>w</sup>,

*Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they fly;*

or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted <sup>x</sup>,

*Behold the Virgin lye  
Naked, and only cover'd by the Sky.*

To which thou may'st add,

*To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,  
She has the whole Horizon for her hoop.*

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW,

whereby Contraries and Oppositions are ballanced in such a way, as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these on a lady who made herself appear out of size, by hiding a young princess under her cloaths.

*† While the kind nymph changing her faultless shape  
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to scape*

On the Maids of Honour in mourning:

*‡ Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.*

*His eyes so bright*

*§ Let in the object and let out the light.*

*¶ The Gods look pale to see us look so red.*

<sup>†</sup> T. Cook, Poems.

<sup>w</sup> Poems 1693, p. 13.

<sup>x</sup> Welsted, Poems, Acon and Lavin. <sup>y</sup> Waller.

<sup>‡</sup> Steel on Queen Mary. <sup>§</sup> Quarles. <sup>¶</sup> Lee,

Alex.



*The<sup>c</sup> Fairies and their Queen  
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.  
d All nature felt a reverential shock,  
The sea stood still to see the mountains rock.*

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C H A P. XI.

The Figures continued : Of the Magnifying and Diminishing Figures.

A Genuine Writer of the Profund will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the same time: His Thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remembered that Darkness is an essential quality of the Profund, or, if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be as Milton expresses it,

*No light, but rather darkness visible.*

The chief Figure of this sort is,

1: The HYPERBOLE or Impossible.

For instance, of a Lion;

*He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wondrous grim,  
His very shadow durst not follow him.*

Of a Lady at Dinner.

*The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,  
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.*

Of the same.

*Th'<sup>e</sup> obscureness of her birth  
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,  
Which make her all one light.*

<sup>c</sup> Phil. Past,  
Aut.

<sup>d</sup> Black. Job, p. 176.

<sup>e</sup> Vet.

<sup>f</sup> Theob. Double Falshood.

## Of a Bull-baiting.

z *Up to the stars the sprawling mastives fly,  
And add new monsters to the frighted sky.*

## Of a Scene of Misery.

h *Behold a scene of misery and woe!  
Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,  
Ew'n tho' he had Briareus' hundred hands  
To wipe those hundred eyes.*

And that modest request of two absent lovers:

*Ye Gods! annihilate but Space and Time,  
And make two lovers happy.*

2. The PERIPHRAISIS, which the Moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of the *Magnifying* may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect,

i *I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,  
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;  
While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,  
That even humble seems a term too high.*

III. The third Class remains, of the *Diminishing* Figures: And 1. the ANTICLIMAX, where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprize.

## On the extent of the British Arms.

k *Under the Tropicks is our language spoke,  
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke.*

## On a Warrior.

i *And thou Dalbouffy the great God of War,  
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.*

z Blackm.

h Anon.

i Anon.

k Wall.

i Anon.

On the Valour of the English.

*m* Nor Art nor Nature has the force  
 To stop its steady course,  
 Nor Alps nor Pyrenæans keep it out,  
 Nor fortify'd Redoubt.

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprizingly imperfect, or is presented with something low, or quite ridiculous. A surprize resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of Antique Statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy member. Such are these lines of a Leviathan at sea,

*v* His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,  
 And with its slime incorporates the food,  
 'Till all th' encumber'd, thick fermenting stream  
 Does like one Pot of boiling Ointment seem.  
 Where'er he swims, he leaves along the lake  
 Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,  
 That all the waters of the deep appear  
 Hoary—with age, or grey with sudden fear.

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing.

*o* Now the resisted flames and fiery store,  
 By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,  
 And raging seas slow down of melted Ore. }  
 Sometimes they bear long Iron Bars remov'd,  
 And to and fro huge Heaps of Cynders shov'd.

2. The VULGAR,

is also a Species of the *Diminishing*: By this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand.

*m* Denn. on Namur.  
*o* Pr. Arthur, p. 157.

*o* Blackm. Job, p. 197.

*P* The mighty Stuffa threw a massy spear,  
Which, with its Errand pleas'd, sung thro' the air.

A Man raging with grief to a Mastiff Dog:

*Q* I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,  
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle throw.

And Clouds big with water to a woman in great  
necessity:

Distended with the Waters in 'em pent,  
The clouds hang deep in air, but hang unrent.

### 3. The INFANTINE.

This is when a Poet grows so very simple, as to think  
and talk like a child. I shall take my examples from  
the greatest Master in this way: Hear how he fondles,  
like a meer stammerer.

*r* Little Charm of placid mien,  
Miniature of beauty's queen,  
Hither, British muse of mine,  
Hither, all ye Græcian Nine,  
With the lovely Graces Three,  
And your pretty Nurseling see.

When the meadows next are seen,  
Sweet enamel, white and green.  
When again the lambkins play,  
Pretty Sportlings full of May.

Then the neck so white and round,  
(Little Neck with brillants bound.)  
And thy Gentleness of mind,  
(Gentle from a gentle kind) etc.  
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,  
Happiest be of happy men, etc.

and the rest of those excellent Lullabies of his com-  
position.

*P* Pr. Arthur.  
on Miss Cuzzona.

*Q* Job, p. 41.

*r* Amb. Philips

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat ?

<sup>s</sup> *Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my sheep.*

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death :

<sup>t</sup> *That ever she could die! Oh most unkind!*

*To die, and leave poor Colinet behind?*

*And yet,—Why blame I her? —*

With no less simplicity does he suppose that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts, at their own deaths :

<sup>u</sup> *Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,  
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,  
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan  
Her death untimely, as it were your own.*

#### 4. THE INANITY, OR NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances :

<sup>y</sup> *Oh silly I, more silly than my sheep,  
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.)*

<sup>z</sup> *To the grave Senate she could counsel give,  
(Which with astonishment they did receive.)*

<sup>a</sup> *He whom loud cannon could not terrify,  
Falls (from the grandeur of his Majesty.)*

<sup>b</sup> *Happy merry as a king,  
Sipping dew, you sip, and sing.*

*The Noise returning with returning Light,  
What did it ?*

<sup>c</sup> *Dispers'd the Silence, and dispell'd the Night.*

You easily perceive the Nothingness of every second Verse.

<sup>s</sup> Philips's Pastorals.    <sup>t</sup> Ibid.    <sup>u</sup> Ibid.

<sup>y</sup> Ibid.    <sup>z</sup> Phil. on Q. Mary.    <sup>a</sup> Ibid.    <sup>b</sup> T. Cook,  
on a Grasshopper.    <sup>c</sup> Anon.

*d* The glories of proud London to survey,  
The Sun himself shall rise—by break of day.

## 5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the Epithets of many authors.

*Th' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,  
The running current, and odorous fragrance,  
Chear my lone solitude with joyous gladness.*

Or in pretty drawling words like these,

*e* All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,  
And his sons' sons, till there shall be no more.  
The rising sun our grief did see,  
The setting sun did see the same,  
While wretched we remembered thee,  
*f* O Sion, Sion, lovely name.

## 6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure.

*g* The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,  
The food of armies and support of wars.  
Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,  
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.  
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,  
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

Of all which the Perfection is

## The TAUTOLOGY:

*h* Break thro' the billows, and—divide the main  
In smoother numbers, and—in softer verse.

*d* Autor Vet. *e* T. Cook, Poems. *f* Ibid. *g* Camp,  
*h* Tons. Misc. 12<sup>o</sup> vol. iv. p. 291. 4th Edit.

<sup>i</sup> Divide—and part—the sever'd World—in two.

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing thro' most of our celebrated modern Poems.

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## C H A P. XII.

### Of Expression, and the several Sorts of Style of the present Age.

THE *Expression* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the Profundity of the Thought. It must not be always *Grammatical*, lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it becomes vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong Number; *The Sword and Pestilence at once devours*, instead of *devour*. \* Sometimes the wrong Case; *And who more fit to sooth the God than thee?* instead of *thou*: And rather than say, *Thetis saw Achilles weep*, she heard him weep.

We must be exceeding careful in two things; first, in the *Choice of low Words*: secondly, in the *sober and orderly way of ranging* them. Many of our Poets are naturally bless'd with this talent, insomuch that they are in the circumstance of that honest Citizen, who had made *Prose* all his life without knowing it. Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words: (I take them from my last cited author, who,

<sup>i</sup> Ibid. vol. vi. p. 121.

\* Ti. Hom. Il. i.

tho' otherwise by no means of our rank, seem'd once in his life to have a mind to be simple.)

<sup>1</sup> *If not, a prize I will myself decree,  
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.*

<sup>m</sup> *full of Days was he;  
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see.*

<sup>n</sup> *The king of forty kings, and honour'd more  
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.*

<sup>o</sup> *That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,  
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.*

<sup>p</sup> *Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,  
Tho' much more wise than I pretend to be.*

Or these of the same hand.

<sup>q</sup> *I leave the arts of poetry and verse  
To them that practise them with more success:  
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,  
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.*

Sometimes a single *Word* will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a Ship set on fire owes all the *Spirit* of the *Bathos* to one choice word that ends the line.

<sup>r</sup> *And his scorch'd ribs the hot Contagion fry'd.*

And in that description of a World in ruins,

<sup>s</sup> *Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
He unconcern'd would bear the mighty Crack.*

So also in these,

<sup>t</sup> *Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink  
Come, from the fields and wild abodes—to drink.*

<sup>1</sup> *Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 11.*    <sup>m</sup> *Idem, p. 17.*    <sup>n</sup> *Idem,*  
*p. 19.*    <sup>o</sup> *P. 34.*    <sup>p</sup> *P. 38.*    <sup>q</sup> *Tonf. Misc. 12<sup>o</sup>.*  
*vol. iv. p. 292, fourth Edit.*    <sup>r</sup> *Pr. Arthur, p. 151.*  
<sup>s</sup> *Tonf. Misc. vol. vi. p. 119.*    <sup>t</sup> *Job, 263.*



Frequently two or three words will do it effectually,

<sup>u</sup> *He from the clouds does the sweet liquor squeeze,  
That cheers the Forest and the Garden trees.*

It is also useful to employ *Technical Terms*, which estrange your style from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your subject is, the lower should you search into mechanicks for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his <sup>x</sup> *Linen was finely spun, and bleached on the happy Plains.* <sup>y</sup> Call an army of angels, *Angelic Cuirassiers*, and, if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, style them

<sup>z</sup> *Fresh Troops of Pains, and regimented Woes.*

STYLE is divided by the Rhetoricians into the Proper and the Figured. Of the Figured we have already treated, and the Proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of Styles we shall mention only the Principal which owe to the moderns either their chief Improvement, or entire Invention.

### 1. The FLORID STYLE,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers, which are the *Lowest* of vegetables, are most *Gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *Ponds* and *Ditches*.

A fine writer in this kind presents you with the following Poësie:

<sup>a</sup> *The groves appear all dress'd with wreaths of flowers,  
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers,  
Whose fragrant beads in mystic twines above,  
Exchang'd their sweets, and mix'd with thousand kisses,  
As if the willing branches strove  
To beautify and shade the grove,——*

<sup>a</sup> Id. Job, 264.    <sup>x</sup> Prince Arthur, p. 19.    <sup>y</sup> Ibid. p. 339.    <sup>z</sup> Job, p. 86.    <sup>a</sup> Behn's Poems, p. 2.

(which indeed most branches do.) But this is still excelled by our Laureat.

<sup>b</sup> *Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove,  
And shoot and spread, and blossom into love.  
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,  
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.  
The distant platanes seem to press more nigh,  
And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.*

Hear also our Homer.

<sup>c</sup> *His Robe of State is form'd of light refin'd,  
An endless Train of lustre spreads behind.  
His throne's of bright compacted Glory made,  
With Pearl celestial, and with Gems inlaid:  
Whence Floods of joy, and Seas of splendor flow,  
On all th' angelic gazing throng below.*

## 2. The PERT Style.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. Thomas Brown, the author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently studied: In Verse Mr. Cibber's *Prologues*.

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employed in *Modernizing* and *Adapting* to the *Taste of the Times* the works of the *Antients*. This we rightly phrase *Doing* them into English, and *Making* them English; two expressions of great Propriety, the one denoting our *Neglect* of the *Manner how*, the other the *Force* and *Compulsion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this Style that Tacitus talks like a Coffee-House Politician, Josephus like the British Gazetteer. Tully is as short and smart as Seneca or Mr. Apgill. Marcus Aurelius is excellent at Snipsnap, and honest Thomas à Kempis as Prim and Polite as any preacher at court.

<sup>b</sup> Guardian, 12<sup>o</sup> 127.

<sup>c</sup> Blackm. Pf. civ.

3. The ALAMODE Style,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it, in the description of the Sun in a Mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

<sup>d</sup> See Phœbus now, as once for Phaeton,  
Has mask'd his face, and put deep Mourning on;  
Dark clouds his fable Chariot do surround,  
And the dull Steeds stalk o'er the melancholy round.

Of Prince Arthur's Soldiers drinking.

<sup>e</sup> While rich Burgundian wine, and bright Champaign  
Chase from their minds the terrors of the main.

(whence we also learn, that *Burgundy* and *Champaign* make a man on shore despise a storm at sea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.

<sup>f</sup> He sunk a vast capacious deep,  
Where he his liquid Regiments does keep,  
Thither the waves file off, and make their way,  
To form the mighty body of the sea:  
Where they encamp, and in their station stand,  
Entrench'd in Works of Rock, and Lines of Sand.

Of two Armies on the Point of engaging.

<sup>g</sup> You' armies are the Cards which both must play;  
At least come off a Saver if you may;  
Throw boldly at the Sum the Gods have set;  
These on your side will all their fortunes bet.

All perfectly agreeable to the present Customs and best Fashions of our Metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *Alamode* is the *PRURIENT*, a Style greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of persons of the *first Quality*; and by

<sup>d</sup> Amb Philips.  
Pf. civ. p. 261.

<sup>e</sup> Pr. Arthur, p. 16.

<sup>g</sup> Lee, Sophon.

<sup>f</sup> Blackm.



5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words. And the BUSKIN, or *Stately*, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous Visibility: When both these can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward, and his breech upright, his degradation is compleat: One end of him is as *high* as ever, only that end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the Profund be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the Door?

*For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,  
That he may enter?—*

See who is there?

*Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,  
And tell me who comes yonder.—*

Shut the Door.

*The wooden guardian of our privacy  
Quick on its axle turn.—*

Bring my Cloaths.

*Bring me what Nature, taylor to the Bear,  
To Man himself deny'd: She gave me Cold,  
But would not give me Cloaths.—*

Light the Fire.

*Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft,  
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd  
By Boreas' rude breath.—*

*Temp.*

Snuff the Candle.

*You' Luminary amputation needs,  
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.*

Open the Letter.

*Wax! render up thy trust. —*

Uncork the Bottle and chip the Bread.

*Apply thine engine to the spongy door,  
Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,  
And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.*

### C H A P. XIII.

#### A Project for the Advancement of the Bathos.

**T**HUS have I (my dear Countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may say, broke open the Abysses of this *Great Deep*. And having now established good and wholesome Laws, what remains but that all true moderns with their utmost might do proceed to put the same in execution? In order where-to, I think I shall in the second place highly deserve of my Country, by proposing such a *Scheme* as may facilitate this great end.

As our Number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but Unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the *Bathos* do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into One regular Body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole;

<sup>a</sup> Theob. Double Falshood.

in like manner, as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the same foot with other Arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: For instance, in Clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: To this oeconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern Poetry and Rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular Trope or Figure. Aristotle saith, that the *Hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young men of Quality; accordingly we find in those Gentlemen a wonderful propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by Travelling: Soldiers also and Seamen are very happy in the same Figure. The *Periphrasis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of Country Farmers; the *Proverb* and *Apologue* of old Men at their clubs; the *Ellipsis* or Speech by half words, of Ministers and Politicians, the *Aposiopesis* of Courtiers, the *Litotes* or Diminution of Ladies, Whispersers and Backbiters, and the *Anadiplosis* of common Cryers and Hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hangings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, *Sarcasm* and *Irony* learned upon the Water, and the *Epiphomena* or *Exclamation* frequently from the Beargarden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the Society (as hath been proposed) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular Traders in each Kind, to the *Metaphorist*

for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Comparisons*, to the *Ironist* for his *Sarcasms*, to the *Apothegmatist* for his *Sentences*, etc. whereby a Dedication or Speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived with all convenient dispatch, at the publick expence, a *Rhetorical Chest of Drawers*, consisting of three Stories, the highest for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonstrative*, and the lowest for the *Judicial*. These shall be divided into *Loci*, or *Places*, being repositories for Matter and Argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every Drawer shall again be subdivided into Cells, resembling those of Cabinets for Rarities. The apartment for *Peace or War*, and that of the *Liberty of the Press*, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the Registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the same manner of those in an Organ.

The Keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some *Reverend Prelate* or *Valiant Officer*, of unquestioned Loyalty and Affection to every present Establishment in Church and State; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion *let out* by the *Day*, to several great Orators in both Houses; from whence it is to be hoped much *Profit* and *Gain* will also accrue to our Society.



C H A P. XIV.

How to make Dedications, Panegyrics, or Satires, and of the Colours of Honourable and Dishonourable.

NOW of what necessity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our Works, as *Speed* and *Dispatch*. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking, proportioned to their heaviness: For it is with the Flowers of the Bathos as with those of Nature, which if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the Morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before Night. And of all our Productions none is so short-lived as the *Dedication* and *Panegyric*, which are often but the *Praise of a Day*, and become by the next, utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depends that *Profit*, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our *Writers* and *Speakers*.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them; after which we will teach a *short way to Epic Poetry*. And these being confessedly the works of most Importance and Difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of *Panegyric*: Every man is *honourable*, who is so by Law, Custom, or Title. The *Publick* are better judges of what is honourable than private Men. The Virtues of great Men, like those of Plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a

Man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great Ministers, without either private or oeconomical Virtue, are *virtuous* by their *Posts*; liberal and generous upon the *Publick Money*, provident upon *Publick Supplies*, just by paying *Publick Interest*, couragious and magnanimous by the *Fleets* and *Armies*, magnificent upon the *Publick Expences*, and prudent by *Publick Success*. They have by their Office, a right to a share of the *Publick Stock* of Virtues; besides they are by *Prescription immemorial* invested in all the celebrated virtues of their *Predecessors* in the same stations, especially those of their own Ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the *Colours* of *Honourable* and *Disbonourable*, they are various in different Countries: In this they are *Blue*, *Green*, and *Red*.

But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the Publick doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

The first and chief rule is the *Golden Rule* of *Transformation*, which consists in converting Vices into their bordering Virtues. A Man who is a Spendthrift, and will not pay a just Debt, may have his Injustice *transformed* into Liberality; Cowardice may be metamorphosed into Prudence; Intemperance into good Nature and good Fellowship; Corruption into Patriotism; and Lewdness into Tenderness and Facility.

The second is the *Rule of Contraries*: It is certain, the less a Man is endued with any Virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: For who will thank a Man for giving him that which he *has*?

The Reverse of these Precepts will serve for *Satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that who so loseth his place, or becomes out of favour with the Government, hath forfeited his share in *publick Praise* and *Honour*. Therefore the truly publick spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath

stripped; which is the real *poetical Justice* of this age. For a full collection of Topicks and Epithets to be used in the Praise and Dispraise of Ministerial and Unministerial Persons, I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet*; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the Precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their *Ears* in a *Pillory*.

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C H A P. XV.

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

**A**N Epic Poem, the Critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifest, that Epic Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay without Learning or much Reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never *Read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *Learn*. Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with *Money*, and if a professed Cook, cannot do it without, he has his Art for nothing; the same may be said of making a Poem, 'tis easily brought about by him that has a *Genius*, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

## For the FABLE.

Take out of any old Poem, History-book, Romance, or Legend (for instance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis of Greece*) those parts of story which afford most scope for *long Descriptions*: Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one Tale*. Then take a Hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: There let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be *fortunate*.

## To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and *evaporate* in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

## For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards, at your leisure: Be sure you *strain* them sufficiently.

## For the MANNERS.

For those of the Hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated Heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *Consistency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a *Dedication* before your Poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these Virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary

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for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honest Man*. For the *Under-Characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*, male and female, as many as you can use: Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *Devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your *Spirits* from Tasso. The use of these Machines is evident; since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: When you cannot extricate your Hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct Prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice Nodus  
Inciderit.*—

That is to say, *A Poet should never call upon the Gods for their Assistance, but when he is in great Perplexity.*

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempest*. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of Rain, Lightning and Thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*: mix your Clouds and Billows well together 'till they foam, and thicken your Description here and there with a Quicksand. Brew your Tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a *Battle*. Pick a large quantity of Images and Descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmish*. Season it well with *Similes*, and it will make an excellent Battle.

For a *Burning Town*. If such a Description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration*, well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good *Succedaneum*.

As for *Similes* and *Metaphors*, they may be found all over the Creation; the most ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this advise with your *Bookseller*.

## C H A P. XVI.

## A Project for the Advancement of the Stage.

IT may be thought that we should not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of Poetry. But this Province is so well taken care of, by the present *Managers* of the Theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other Methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the Bathos.

Here therefore, in the Name of all our Brethren, let me return our sincere and humble Thanks to the most August Mr. Barton Booth, the most Serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most Undaunted Mr. Colly Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the People of this Age shall be Ancestors*, and to all the *Succession of our Successors*, that to this present Day they continue to *Out-do* even their *own Out-doings*: And when the inevitable Hand of sweeping Time shall have brushed off all the Works of *To-day*, may this Testimony of a

*Co-temporary Critic* to their Fame, be extended as far as *To-morrow*.

Yet if to so wise an Administration it be possible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive Scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest Critics and Reformers then living) made publick in the year 1720, in a project signed with their Names, and dated the 2<sup>d</sup> of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the Reader with the Substance of it.

1. It is proposed, That the two *Theatres* be incorporated into one Company; that the *Royal Academy of Musick* be added to them as an *Orchestra*; and that Mr. Figg with his Prize-fighters, and Violante with the Rope-dancers, be admitted in Partnership.

2. That a spacious Building be erected at the Publick expence, capable of containing at least *ten thousand* Spectators, which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of Children and Nurfes to the Audience, since the new Entertainments. That there be a Stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two Houses of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who shall all have their Places frank.

3. If *Westminster-Hall* be not allotted to this service (which by reason of its proximity to the two Chambers of Parliament above-mentioned, seems not altogether improper;) it is left to the wisdom of the Nation whether *Somerset-House* may not be demolished, and a Theatre built upon that Site, which lies convenient to receive Spectators from the County of *Surrey*, who may be waisted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all Projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river *Thames* may in the readiest manner convey those eminent Personages from Courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn either by Curiosity to behold some of our most cele-

brated Pieces, or by Affection to see their Countrymen, the Harlequins and Eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public Prints.

4. That the *Theatre* abovesaid be environed with a fair Quadrangle of Buildings, fitted for the accomodation of decayed *Critics* and *Poets*; out of whom Six of the most aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the society, provided nevertheless that the Laureat for the time being, may be always one. The Head or President over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient *Poet* and *Critic* to be found in the whole Island.

5. The *Male-Players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the said Quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the *Poets*, dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The *Actresses* are to make their beds, and wash their linen.

6. A large room shall be set apart for a *Library* to consist of all the modern Dramatick Poems, and all the Criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table for the *Council of Six* to sit and deliberate on the Merits of *Plays*. The *Majority* shall determine the Dispute; and if it should happen that *three* and *three* should be of each side, the President shall have a *casting Voice*, unless where the Contention may run so high as to require a decision by *Single Combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *Council of Six* in some conspicuous situation in the Theatre, where after the manner usually practised by composers in musick, they may give *Signs* (before settled and agreed upon) of Dislike or Approbation. In consequence of these Signs the whole audience shall be required to *clap* or *biss*, that the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleas'd.

8. It is submitted whether it would not be proper to distinguish the *Council of Six* by some particular Habit or Gown of an honourable shape and co-



lour, to which may be added a square Cap and a white Wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried Actresses making away with their Infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the *Children of the Society*; and that they may be educated according to the Genius of their parents, the said Actresses shall declare upon Oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private Gentleman's Son shall at the publick expence be brought up a Page to attend the *Council of Six*: A more ample provision shall be made for the son of a *Poet*; and a greater still for the son of a *Critic*.

10. If it be discovered that any Actress is got with Child, during the Interludes of any Play wherein she hath a Part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall *forfeit* accordingly. If any Actor for the future shall commit Murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of *Robbery* and *Theft*. In all other cases, particularly in those for *Debt*, it is proposed that this, like the other Courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James's*, may be held a *Place of Privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy paultry Creditors has been a Discouragement to Men of Letters, if any Person of Quality or others shall send for any *Poet* or *Critic* of this Society to any remote quarter of the town, the said Poet or Critic shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an *Arrest*.

11. The forementioned Scheme in its several regulations may be supported by Profits arising from every Third-night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food (though from the former course of their lives, a *very little* will, be deemed sufficient) the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those Profits, the said persons might be sub-

listet in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of Thunder and Lightning, but *Paint, Diet-drinks, Spitting-pots*, and all other *Necessaries of Life*, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the Articles may at first view seem liable to Objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the *Council of Six* (which is indeed larger than any entrusted to the great Officers of state) this may be obviated, by swearing those *Six Persons* of his Majesty's Privy Council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment *previously* at that most honourable Board.

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# Virgilius Restauratus :

S E U

MARTINI SCRIBLERI,

Summi Critici,

Castigationum in Aeneidem

S P E C I M E N.

AENEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus poene mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuriae occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque Criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruire. At si quae sint in hisce castigationibus, de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, *απολογούμενα* nostra Libro ipsi praefigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

## I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI,

VER. I.

**A** RMA Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab  
*oris*  
 Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit  
 Littora. multum ille et terris *jaclatus* et alto,  
 Vi superum————

Arma Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *aris*  
 Italiam, *flatu* profugus *Latinaque* venit  
 Littora. multum ille et terris *vexatus* et alto,  
 Vi superum————

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercaei Jovis. vide lib. ii. v. 512.  
 550.—*Flatu*, ventorum Aeoli, ut sequitur—*Latina* certe  
 littora cum Aeneas aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea  
 ab ipso nominata, lib. xii. v. 193——*jaclatus* terris  
 non convenit.

II. VER. 52.

Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?  
 Et quisquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *Numen*. et procul-dubio  
 sic Virgilius.

III. VER. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,  
 Qua data porta ruunt

Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,  
 Qua data porta ruunt.  
 Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VER. 117.

*Fidumque* vehebat *Orontem*.

*Fortemque* vehebat *Orontem*.

Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton *Achatae* notissimum  
*Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*  
 Volvitur in caput.

Excutitur: pronusque *magis ter*  
 Volvitur in caput.

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod plane confirmatur ex sequentibus—*Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem Torquet.*

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto  
*Arma virum.*

*Armi hominum*: Ridicule antea *Arma virum* quae, ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt *natare*?

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur undas.

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur udas.

*Summas*, et *leviter perlabi*, pleonasmus est: Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit. simili modo Noster de Camilla, *Aen. xi. Illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret*, etc. hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faeces* et *faxa* volant, *furor arma ministrat*.

Jam *faeces* et *faxa* volant, *fugiuntque ministri*;

uti solent, instanti periculo—*Faeces facibus* longe praestant; quid enim nisi *faeces* jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,  
 Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia faxo.

Fronte sub adversa *populis praevalentibus* antrum.

Sic malim, longe potius quam *scopulis pendentibus*:

Nugae! nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? In quorum usum? quippe *prudentium*.

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*

Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur  
A tergo————

Tres littore *corvos*

Aspicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur  
A tergo————

*Cervi*, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: haec animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis nescit? At *motus et ambulandi ritus* Corvorum, quis non agnorit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noster alibi,

*Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.*

Omen praeclarissimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex Historicis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones*.

Error gravissimus. Corrigo, — *septemque Triones*.

XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite, o juvenes, *tectis* succedite nostris.

*Lectis* potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quae unica voce et torum et mensam exprimebat. Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio *o juvenes!* Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, *Æn.* iv. v. 19.

Huic uni forsan potui succumbere *culpae*:  
Anna! fatebor enim————

Sic corriges,

*Huic uni* [*viro* scil.] potui succumbere; *culpas*,  
Anna? fatebor enim, etc.

Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!



## LIBER SECUNDUS.

## V E R. I.

**C**ONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant;  
Inde toro *Pater* Aeneas, sic orsus ab alto:

*Concubuerunt omnes intentaeque, ora tenebant;  
Inde toro satur Aeneas sic orsus ab alto.*

*Concubuerunt*, quia toro Aeneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, scil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuscripto perquam rarissimo in patris museo legitur, *ore gemebant*; sed magis ingeniose quam vere. *Satur* Aeneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

## II. V E R. 3.

*Infandum*, Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

*Infantum*, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse: quod satis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum cantilena vocata *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in haec verba,

*The Child may rue that is unborn.*

## III. V E R. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum  
*Eruerint* Danaï.

Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum *Diruerint*— Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus *oves* et armenta divitiae regum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenae raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3. aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

## IV. V E R. 5.

Quaeque ipse *miserrima* vidi,  
Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quaeque ipse *miserrimus audi,*  
Et quorum pars magna fui ———

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Aeneas profitetur; multa, quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

## V. VER. 7.

Quis talia *fando*  
Temperet *a* lacrymis?

Quis talia *flendo*  
Temperet *in* lacrymis? ———

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lacrymare, quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

## VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* coelo  
Praecipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sidera somnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* coelo  
Praecipitat, suadentque *latentia* sidera somnos.

Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur. magis mi arridet *lumina*, quae *latentia* postquam *praecipitantur*, Aurorae adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,  
Et *breviter* Trojae *supremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,  
Et *brevè ter* Trojae *superùmque* audire *labores*.

*Cura noctis* (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiose (vel, ut dixit ipse, *breviter*) totam belli catastrophem denotat, quam diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores Exposcit*: *Ter* enim pro saepe usurpatur. *Trojae, superùmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines sed et Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide *Æn. ii. v. 610, etc.*

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque re-*  
*fugit,*

Incipiam. —————

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque re-*  
*surgit.*

*Resurgit* multo proprius dolorem *renascentem* notat,  
quam, ut hactenus, *refugit.*

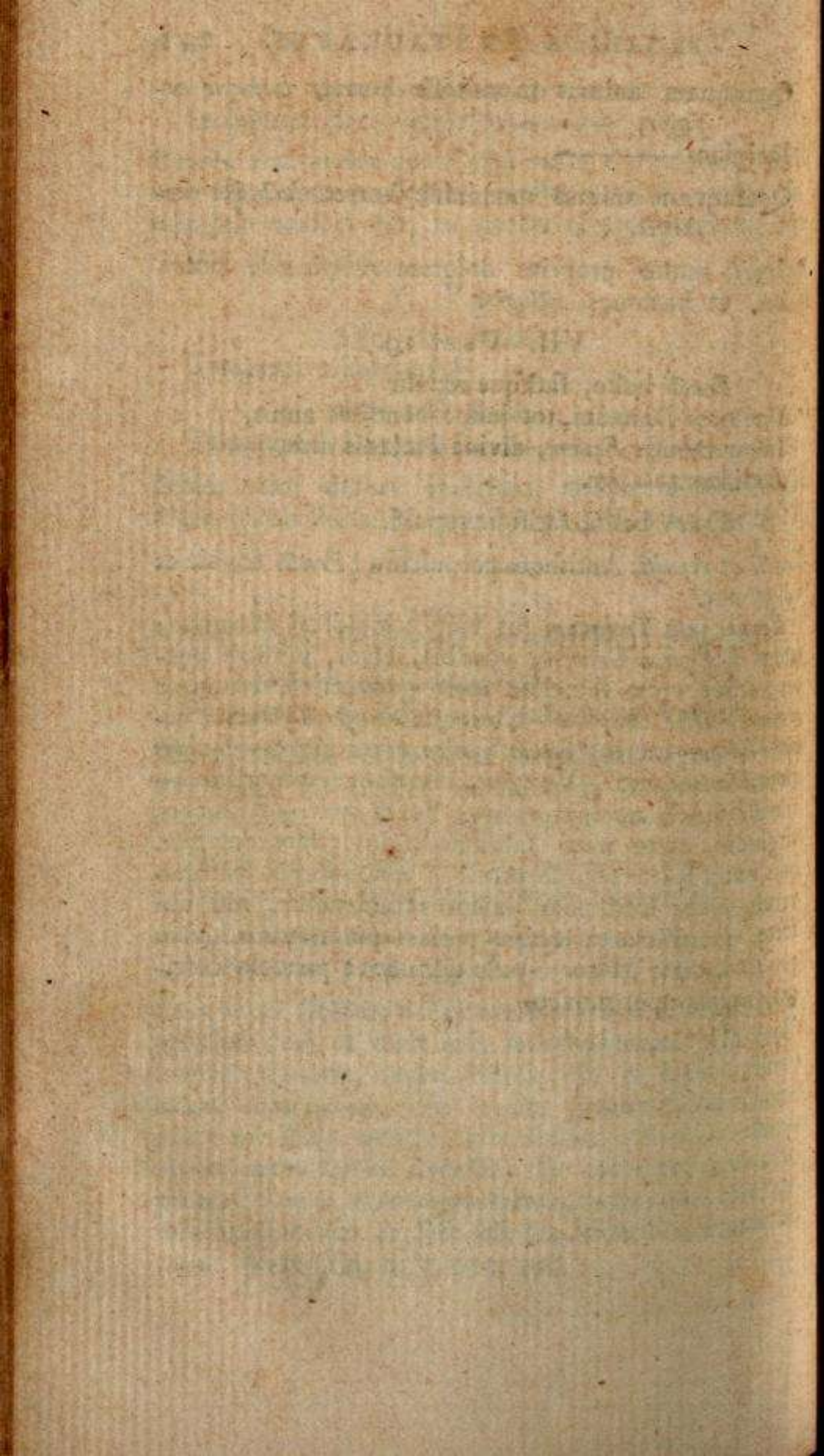
VII. VER. 19.

*Fracli* bello, fatisque repulsi  
Ductores Danaum, tot jam labentibus annis,  
Instar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,  
Aedificant — *etc.*

*Tracli* bello, fatisque repulsi.

*Tracli* et *repulsi*, Antithesis perpulchra ! *Fracli* frigide et  
vulgariter.

*Equum* jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adreamus ;  
quem si *Equam Graecam* vocabis, lector, minime pec-  
ces ; solae enim femellae utero gestant. Uterunque  
*armato milite complent* — *Uteroque recusso Insonuere ca-*  
*vae* — *Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere* — *Inclusos*  
utero *Danaos*, etc. *Vox foeta* non convenit maribus, —  
*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, *Foeta armis* — *Palladem*  
virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse,  
quis putet ? Incredibile prorsus ! quamobrem existimo  
veram *equae* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi  
forte, metri causa *equum* potius quam *equam*, genus  
pro *sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale dum haec paucula corri-  
ges, majus opus moveo.



A

## SPECIMEN

OF

## SCRIBLERUS'S REPORTS.

Stradling *versus* Stiles.

Le Report del Case argue en le commen  
Banke devant tous les Justices de mesme  
le Banke, en le quart an du raygne de Roy  
*Jacques*, entre *Matthew Stradling*, Plant.  
et *Peter Stiles*, Def. en un Action propter  
certos Equos coloratos, *Anglicè*, **Pyed**  
**Hozles**, post. per le dit *Matthew* vers le  
dit *Peter*.

Le recitel **S***IR* John Swale, of Swale-  
del Case. **S** Hall in Swale-Dale fast by  
the River Swale, *kt.* made his last  
Will and Testament: In which, a=  
mong other Bequestis was this, *viz.*  
Out of the kind Love and Respect that I bear

unto my much honoured and good Friend Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. I do bequeath unto the said *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. *all my black and white Horses.* The *Testator* had six black Horses, six white Horses, and six pyped Horses.

The Debate therefore was, Le Point. Whether or no the said *Matthew Stradling* should have the said pyped Horses by Virtue of the said Bequest.

Pour le Pl. Atkins Apprentice pour le Pl. moy semble que le Pl. recouvera.

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is the Nature of Horses, and also what is the Nature of Colours; and so the Argument will consequently divide itself in a twofold way, that is to say, the Formal Part, and Substantial Part. Horses are the Substantial Part, or thing bequeathed: Black and White the Formal or Descriptive Part.

Horse, in a physical Sense, doth import a certain Quadrupede or four-footed Animal, which by the apt and regular Disposition of certain proper and convenient Parts, is adapted, fitted and constituted for the Use and Need of Man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this Animal conceived to be to the Behoof of

the Common-weal, that sundry and divers Acts of Parliament have from time to time been made in Favour of Horses.

1st Edw. VI. Makes the Transporting of Horses out of the Kingdom, no less a Penalty than the Forfeiture of 40 l.

2d and 3d Edward VI. Takes from Horse-stealers the Benefit of their Clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Hen. VIII. condescend so far as to take Care of their very Breed: These our wise Ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own Posterity, than by also taking care of that of their Horses.

And of so great esteem are Horses in the Eye of the Common Law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous Crime, his Punishment is to have his Spurs chopt off with a Cleaver, being, as Master Bracton well observeth, unworthy to ride on a Horse.

Littleton, Sect. 315. saith, If Tenants in Common make a Lease reserving for Rent a Horse, they shall have but one Assize, because, saith the Book, the Law will not suffer a Horse to be sever-

ed. Another Argument of what high Estimation the Law maketh of an Horse.

But as the great difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial Part, Horses, let us proceed to the formal or descriptive Part, viz. What Horses they are that come within this Bequest.

Colours are commonly of various Kinds and different Sorts; of which White and Black are the two Extremes, and consequently comprehend within them all other Colours whatsoever.

By a Bequest therefore of black and white Horses, grey or pyed Horses may well pass; for when two Extremes, or remotest Ends, of any thing are devised, the Law, by common Intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present Case is still stronger, coming not only within the Intendment, but also the very Letter of the Words.

By the Word Black, all the Horses that are black are devised; by the Word White, are devised those that are White; and by the same Word, with the Conjunction Copulative, And, between them, the Horses that are Black and



White, that is to say, Pyed, are devised also.

Whatever is Black and White is Pyed, and whatever is Pyed is Black and White; *ergo*, Black and White is Pyed, and, *vice versa*, Pyed is Black and White.

If therefore Black and White Horses are devised, Pyed Horses shall pass by such Devise; but Black and White Horses are devised; *ergo*, the Pl. shall have the Pyed Horses.

Catlyne Serjeant, *Non sem-* Pour le  
ble al' contrary, The Plain- Defend.  
tiff shall not have the Pyed Hor-  
ses by Intendment; for if by the devise  
of Black and White Horses, not only  
black and white Horses, but Horses  
of any Colour, between these two Ex-  
tremes may pass, then not only Pyed and  
Grey Horses, but also Red or Bay Horses  
would pass likewise, which would be absurd,  
and against Reason. And this is ano-  
ther strong Argument in Law, *Nihil,*  
*quod est contra rationem, est licitum*; for  
Reason is the Life of the Law, nay the  
common Law is nothing but Reason; which  
is to be understood of artificial Perfection  
and Reason; gotten by long Study, and  
not of Man's natural Reason; for *nemo nasci-*  
*tur artifex*, and legal Reason *est summa ra-*  
*tio*; and therefore if all the Reason

that is dispersed into so many different Heads, were united into one, he could not make such a Law as the Law of England; because by many Successions of Ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned Men; so that the old Rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiorum.*

As therefore pyed Horses do not come within the Intendment of the Bequest, so neither do they within the Letter of the Words.

A pyed Horse is not a white Horse, neither is a pyed a black Horse; how then can pyed Horses come under the Words of black and white Horses?

Besides, where Custom hath adapted a certain determinate Name to any one thing, all Devises, Feoffments, and Grants, that certain Name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory Descriptions shall be allowed; for Certainty is the Father of Right, and the Mother of Justice.

Le reste del Argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui disturb en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt de c'est Matter; et apres grand deliberation eu.

Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl.  
nisi causa.

Motion in Arrest of Judgment, that the  
pyed Horfes were Mares; and thereupon  
an Inspection was prayed.

Et sur ceo le Court advisare vult.

CLERK of the PARLIAM.

ADVERTISEMENT

The Original of the following  
any Treatise contain'd of exchange  
Masters in Paris, which might  
which the Parliament of Paris is  
by: but are copies of very  
body before I have receiv'd  
give only this short Abstract of  
Title of the Law Book of  
1717.

The name of the Lord  
Grace of God Clerk of the  
Honor.

For since I arriv'd at the age of  
a call to take upon me the  
and to the end, it being  
ble to elaborate with  
land; such I mean, as  
coming men of a clear  
coming gravity.

L 2

Now it came to pass, that I was born  
our Lord came Down 1717, the year

## MEMOIRS of P. P.

CLERK of this PARISH.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The Original of the following extraordinary Treatise consisted of two large Volumes in Folio ; which might justly be intitled, *The Importance of a Man to himself*: But, as it can be of very little to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short Abstract of it, as a Taste of the *true Spirit of Memoir-Writers*.

**I**N the name of the Lord. *Amen*, I, P. P. by the Grace of God, Clerk of this Parish, writeth this History.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a Parish-clerk ; and to that end, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this Land ; such I mean, as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our

worthy benefactor, Esquire *Bret*, did add one Bell to the ring of this Parish. So that it hath been wittily said, "That one and the same day did give to this our Church two rare gifts, its great Bell and its Clerk."

Even when I was at school, my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was further-more observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that Black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as *The Lady and Death*, *The Children in the Wood*, and *Cherry-Chace*; and not, like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after Master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the Glory of God) was a most excellent Parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a Company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to Ringing; inso-much, that in a short time, I was acquainted with every sett of bells in the whole country: Neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from Wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an Hat that was edged with silver galloon. But in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained an hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, Weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins Tanner, when lo! thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever dextrous in any craft,

“ who is for aye on his guard ?” A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me ; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies : Thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me and then put me to shame ; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye, and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the Justice, I acknowledged my crime to our Curate ; and to do away mine offences and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage ! For the Minister (who had long look'd on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his Clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good Master William Harris.

*Here ends the first chapter ; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present Wife ; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.*

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aside the powder'd gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our Clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the Priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear ! And when I array'd the shoulders of the Minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me ! I said within myself, “ Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Tonson, the good Lady Jones, and the two

“ virtuous gentlewomen her daughters, nay the great  
 “ Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my  
 “ young master the Esquire, who shall one day be Lord  
 “ of this Manor:” Notwithstanding which, it was my  
 good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the  
 whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should  
 glory therein.

*The next chapter contains an account how he discharged  
 the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on  
 the following:*

I was determin'd to reform the manifold Corrup-  
 tions and Abuses which had crept into the Church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs  
 from the Temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the  
 good Widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped  
 not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, tho'  
 fore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing  
 from them the half-eaten apples which they privily  
 munch'd at Church. But verily it pity'd me, for I  
 remember'd the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands, I did  
 make plain and smooth the dogs-ears throughout our  
 great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches which were for-  
 merly swept but once in three years, I caus'd every  
 Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caus'd the surplice to be neatly  
 darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, (yea, and  
 sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water) and I had  
 great laud and praise from all the neighbouring Cler-  
 gy, forasmuch as no parish kept the Minister in clean-  
 er linen.

*Notwithstanding these his publick cares, in the eleventh  
 chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual occupa-  
 tions as a handy-craftsman.*

Shoes, saith he, did I make, (and, if intreated,  
 mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I

shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of Dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession, there passed among men a merry tale delectable enough to be rehearsed: How that being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shav'd the Priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a washball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my care and skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: He was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And 3dly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said Lady, to set an heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the King to mend shoes for his Majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

*The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be own'd that when he speaks as a Shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses's pulling off his shoes, of tanning the hides of the Bulls of Basan, of Simon the Tanner, etc. and takes up four or five pages to prove, that, when the Apostles were instructed to travel without shoes, the precept did not extend to their successors.*

*The next chapter relates how he discover'd a Thief with a bible and key, and experimented verses of the Psalms that had cured Agues.*

*I pass over many others which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the Succession of Curates; a list of the weekly Texts; what Psalms he chose on proper occasions; and what Children were born and bury'd: The last of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of Bastards; neither will I name the Mothers, ab-



though thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish : Even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace : Let the father, who hath made due composition with the Churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace ; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

*The next chapter contains what he calls a great Revolution in the Church, part of which I transcribe.*

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the psalms of King David should be hymn'd unto the same tunes to which he played them upon his harp ; (so was I inform'd by my Singing-master, a man right cunning in Psalmody :) Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the Sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his Majesty's Chapel. We had London singing masters sent into every parish, like unto Excise-men ; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of Worship. What tho' they accused me of humming through the nostril, as a Sackbut ? yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltry, and the Church on the Sunday was filled with these new Hallelujahs.

*Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the Law-suits of the Parson and his Parishioners concerning tythes, and near a hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the history might be completed by any of his successors, in whole time these suits should be ended.*

*The next chapter contains an account of the Briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2s. and 7d.  $\frac{3}{4}$ . For fifty families ruined by*

fire, 1s.  $\frac{1}{2}$  For an inundation, a King Charles's groat given by Lady Frances, etc.

*In the next he laments the disuse of Wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefits arising from those at Funerals, concluding with these Words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expence of an hat-band, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious Divine, that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in heaven.*

*In another, he draws a panegyrick on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins, but after great encomiums concludes, that notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening.*

*We find in another chapter, how he was much stagger'd in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience, by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logick, that Animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; but how he was again comforted with the reflection, that, if so, they might be allowed christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.*

*In the two following chapters he is overpower'd with Vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the Church-officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young Clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a Text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the Vicar concerning the Use of Texts. Let a preacher (saith he) consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. Micah the iiii and 11th affordeth good matter for Courtiers and court-serving men. The heads of the land judge for reward; and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, is not the Lord among us?*

Were the first Minister to appoint a preacher before the House of Commons, would not he be wise to make choice of these words? *Give, and it shall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the Ministry be not blamed,* 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an Administration, *Who maketh his Ministers a flaming fire,* Psalm civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts, as too tedious.

*From this period, the style of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the Effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, and I found the opposite page all on a foam with Politicks.*

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the Church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the interest of our High-Church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of Fanaticks, whom I from my infancy abhorred, more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself, that much profit might accrue unto our Parish, and even unto the Nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose, I did institute a weekly Assembly of divers worthy men at the Rose and Crown Alehouse, over whom myself (tho' unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read unto them the Post-Boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourselves. Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, Farrier; Amos Turner, Collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late Exciseman; Thomas White, Wheel-wright; and myself. First, of the first, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed an horse of a Whig or a Fanatick, but he lamed him forely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an Oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his Uncle, by the Mother's side, had, formerly, been servitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacherel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space, the Minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other Ministers at the Visitation, and they spake thereof unto the Ministers at London, so that even the Bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, spake of the same to other members of Parliament; who spake thereof unto the Peers of the Realm. Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our Generals and our Law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

*After this, the whole book is turned on a sudden, from his own Life, to a History of all the publick Transactions of Europe, compiled from the News-papers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last (to my no small Astonishment) that all the Measures of the four last years of the Queen, together with the peace at Utrecht which have been usually attributed to the E— of O—, D— of O—, Lords H— and B—, and other great men; do here most plainly, appear, to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, P. P.*

*The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a Journey into the Country on purpose; but could not find the least trace of him: till by accident I met an old Clergyman, who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, who had been dead*

about twelve years. And upon enquiry, all he could learn of that person from the neighbourhood, was, That he had been taken notice of for swallowing Loaches, and remembered by some people by a black and white Cur with one Ear, that constantly followed him.

In the Church-yard, I read his Epitaph, said to be written by himself.

O Reader, if that thou canst read,  
 Look down upon this Stone,  
 Do all we can, Death is a man,  
 That never spareth none.

OF THE

# POET LAUREATE.

November 19, 1729.

**T**HE time of the election of a Poet Laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the *rites* and *ceremonies* anciently used at that Solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit a reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jovius; and are the same that were practised under the pontificate of Leo X, the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an *age* and a *court*, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its *honours* to *poesy*; the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances in the *person* who was then honoured with the laurel, and in *him*, who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the 82d chapter of his *Elogia Vir. Doct.* He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all Laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain country-man of Apulia, (whether a *shepherd* or *thresher*, is not material. " This  
" man (says Jovius) excited by the fame of the great  
" encouragement given to poets at court, and the  
" high honour in which they were held, came to  
" the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre

“ in his hand, and at least some *twenty thousand* of  
 “ *verses*. All the wits and critics of the court flocked  
 “ about him, delighted to see a *clown*, with a ruddy,  
 “ hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top  
 “ full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all  
 “ agreed he was born to be *Poet Laureate*<sup>a</sup>. He had  
 “ a most hearty welcome in a *island* of the river Tiber  
 “ (an agreeable place not unlike our Richmond)  
 “ where he was first made to *eat and drink plentifully*,  
 “ and to *repeat his verses to every body*. Then they  
 “ adorned him with a new and elegant garland, com-  
 “ posed of *vine-leaves, laurel, and brassica* (a sort of  
 “ cabbage) so composed, says my author emblematically  
 “ *Ut tam sales quam lepide ejus temulentia, brassicæ*  
 “ *remedio cohibenda, notaretur*. He was then saluted  
 “ by common consent with the title of *archi-poeta*, or  
 “ *arch-poet*, in the style of those days, in ours, *Poet*  
 “ *Laureate*. This honour the poor man received with  
 “ the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes  
 “ drunk with tears and gladness<sup>b</sup>. Next, the pub-  
 “ lic acclamation was expressed in a *canticle*, which  
 “ is transmitted to us as follows:

Salve, brassicea virens corona,  
 Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!  
 Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

*All hail arch-poet without peer!  
 Vine, bay, or cabbage, fit to wear,  
 And worthy of the prince's ear.*

From hence, he was conducted in pomp to the *Ca-  
 pitol* of Rome mounted on an *elephant*, thro' the shouts  
 of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

<sup>a</sup> Apulus præpingui vultu alacer, et proluxe coma-  
 tus, omnino dignus festa laurea videretur.

<sup>b</sup> Manantibus præ gaudio oculis.

The historian tells us further, “ That at his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a torrent, but also *sung* them with *open mouth*. Nor was he only *once* introduced, or on *stated* days (like our Laureates) but made a *companion* to his *master*, and entertained as one of the instruments of his *most elegant pleasures*. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When the prince had <sup>c</sup> half eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the prince’s own flaggon, insomuch (says the historian) that thro’ so great good eating and drinking he contracted a most terrible gout.” Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader’s curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author’s words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis, etc.* “ When Leo died, and poets were no more” (for I would not understand *profligates* literally, as if poets then were *profligate*) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppressed with *old age* and *want*, he miserably perished in a *common hospital*.

We see from this sad conclusion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a surer support than the *temporary*, or at best, *mortal* favours of the great. It was doubtless for this consideration, that when the Royal Bounty was lately extended to a *rural genius*, care was taken to *settle it upon him for life*. And it hath been the practice of our Princes never to remove from the station of Poet Laureate any man who hath once been chosen, tho’ never so much greater Genius’s might arise in his time. A noble instance,



how much the *charity* of our monarchs hath exceeded their *love of fame*.

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole ancient *ceremonial* of the Laureate. In the first place the crown is to be mixed with *wine-leaves*, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as essential to the honour, as the *butt of sack* to the salary.

Secondly, the *brassica* must be made use of as a qualifier of the former. It seems the *cabbage* was anciently accounted a remedy for *drunkenness*; a power the French now ascribe to the onion, and style a soup made of it, *soupe d'Yvrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the *brassica*, if Mr. Dennis be chosen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not so necessary, unless the cabbage be supposed to signify the same thing with respect to *poets* as to *taylors*, viz. *stealing*. I should judge it not amiss to add another plant to this garland, to wit, *ivy*: Not only as it anciently belonged to *poets* in general; but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular; it is *creeping, dirty, and dangling*.

In the next place, a *canticle* must be composed and sung in laud and praise of the new Poet. If Mr. CIBBER be laureated, it is my opinion no man can *write* this but himself: And no man, I am sure, can *sing* it so affectingly. But what this canticle should be, either in his or the other candidate's case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *public shew, or entry* of the poet: To settle the order or procession of which, Mr. Anstis and Mr. DENNIS ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: One, of procuring an *elephant*; the other of teaching the poet to ride him: Therefore I should imagine the next animal in size or dignity would do best; either a *mule* or a large *ass*; particularly if that noble one could be had, whose portraiture makes so great an

ornament of the *Dunciad*, and which (unless I am misinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:—Unless Mr. CIBBER be the man; who may with great propriety and beauty, ride on a *dragon*, if he goes by land; or if he choose the water, upon one of his own *swans* from *Cæsar in Ægypt*.

We have spoken sufficiently of the *ceremony*; let us now speak of the *qualifications* and *privileges* of the Laureate. First, we see he must be able to make verses *extempore*, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *sing*, and intrepidly, *patulo ore*: Here, I confess the excellency of Mr. CIBBER. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *lyre* about with him: If a large one be thought too cumbersome, a small one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order; and be very much a grace to the person. Fourthly he ought to have a good *stomach*—to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny constitution can discharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here so happy: but rather a stanch, vigorous, season'd, and dry *old gentleman*, whom I have in my eye.

I could also wish at this juncture, such a person as is truly jealous of the *honour* and *dignity* of poetry; no jester, or trifler; but a bard in *good earnest*; nay, not amiss if a critic, and the better if a little *obstinate*. For when we consider what great privileges have been lost from this office (as we see from the fore-cited authentick record of Jovius) namely those of *feeding* from the *prince's table*, *drinking* out of his *own flaggon*; becoming even his *domestick* and *companion*; it requires a man warm and resolute, to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high honours. I have cause to fear, most of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of ministers, or

for rewards of favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureate: Yet I am not without hopes, there is *one*, from whom a *serious* and *steady* assertion of these privileges may be expected; and, if there be such a one, I must do him the justice to say it is Mr. DENNIS the worthy president of our society.

## GUARDIANS.

N<sup>o</sup> 4.

March 16, 1743.

**T**HOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word, the Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of so much the worse consequence as tis generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of Praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the Learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of Fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving. Nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even Truth itself in a Dedication is like an honest man in a disguise or Vizard-Masque, and will appear a Cheat by being drest so like one. Tho' the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason, that, because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practise of the ancient Romans, when a

person was advanced to triumph for his services: they hired people to rail at him in that Circumstance, to make him as humble as they could; and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dawber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity at once think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering Dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few Dedications, but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons. I have known an Hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after a victory; and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me but that I happened to know the authors: He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait disco-

vered when he had published a new book; and the other tipp'd every night with the fellows who labour'd at the press while his own writings were working off. 'Tis observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqu'd upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoreſs of a famous modern romance begs a young Nobleman's permission to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from censuring the expression, as some Criticks would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so, 'tis certain none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a Dedication I happened upon, this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are nowhere else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written

(as appeared by a part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the Dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those Gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows. \*\*\* "Though it is a kind of

"prophanation to approach your Grace with so poor  
 "an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest  
 "and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by  
 "a Divine command; \*\*\* Upon that consideration,  
 "as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate \*\*\*  
 "'Tis impossible to behold you without adoring; yet  
 "dazzled and aw'd by the glory that surrounds you,  
 "men feel a sacred power that refines their flames,  
 "and renders them pure as those we ought to offer  
 "to the Deity. \*\*\*\* The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your Grace we see what  
 "woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to  
 "the purity and perfection of Angels. And we  
 "adore and bless the glorious work!"

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious Dedication, could not but convince the Duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the Criticks, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial; that is, when the most sacred praises appropriated to the honour of the deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this Lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book

either Prose or Verse, that has, is, or shall be published; and might run in this manner.

## The AUTHOR to Himself.

*Most Honoured Sir,*

**T**H E S E labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you: first, that it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them publick: then, as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shown to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them: Moreover, there's none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts, which 'tis possible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in publick; but you may believe me, 'tis no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyrick: But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there's nothing I so much desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but, 'till then, can only assure you that I



shall continue to be, as I am more than any Man  
alive,

*Dearest SIR,*

*Your Affectionate Friend, and*

*The greatest of your Admirers.*

N<sup>o</sup>. 11.

Tuesday, March 24.

Huc propius me,

Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.

Hor. Sat. iii. lib. ii. v. 80.

To the GUARDIAN.

*SIR,*

“ AS you profess to encourage all those who any  
 “ way contribute to the Publick Good, I flat-  
 “ ter myself I may claim your Countenance and Pro-  
 “ tection. I am by Profession a Mad Doctor, but of  
 “ a peculiar Kind, not of those whose Aim it is to  
 “ remove Phrenzies, but one who make it my Bu-  
 “ siness to confer an agreeable Madnels on my Fel-  
 “ low-Creatures, for their mutual Delight and Benefit.  
 “ Since it is agreed by the Philosophers, that Happi-  
 “ ness and Misery consist chiefly in the Imagination,  
 “ nothing is more necessary to Mankind in general  
 “ than this pleasing Delirium, which renders every  
 “ one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that  
 “ all others are equally so.

“ I have for several Years, both at home and  
 “ abroad, made this Science my particular Study,  
 “ which I may venture to say I have improved in al-  
 “ most all the Courts of Europe; and have reduced  
 “ it into so safe and easy a Method, as to practice it  
 “ on both Sexes, of what Disposition, Age, or Quality.  
 “ soever, with Success. What enables me to perform

" this great Work, is the Use of my *Obsequium Carbo-*  
 " *licon*, or the *Grand Elixir*, to support the Spirits of  
 " human Nature. This Remedy is of the most grate-  
 " ful Flavour in the World, and agrees with all  
 " Tastes whatever. 'Tis delicate to the Senses, de-  
 " lightful in the Operation, may be taken at all Hours  
 " without Confinement, and is as properly given at  
 " a Ball or Play-house as in a private Chamber. It  
 " restores and vivifies the most dejected Minds, cor-  
 " rects and extracts all that is painful in the Knowledge  
 " of a Man's self. One Dose of it will instantly dis-  
 " perse itself through the whole Animal System, dis-  
 " sipate the first Motions of Distrust so as never to re-  
 " turn, and so exhilarate the Brain and rarify the  
 " Gloom of Reflexion, as to give the Patients a new  
 " flow of Spirits, a Vivacity of Behaviour, and a plea-  
 " sing Dependence upon their own Capacities.

" Let a Person be never so far gone, I advise him  
 " not to despair; even though he has been troubled  
 " many Years with restless Reflexions, which by long  
 " Neglect have hardened into settled Consideration.  
 " Those that have been stung with Satire may here  
 " find a certain Antidote, which infallibly disperses all  
 " the Remains of Poison that has been left in the  
 " Understanding by bad Cures. It fortifies the Heart  
 " against the Rancour of Pamphlets, the Inve-  
 " racy of Epigrams, and the Mortification of Lam-  
 " poons; as has been often experienced by several  
 " Persons of both Sexes, during the Seasons of *Tun-*  
 " *bridge*, and the *Bath*.

" I could, as further Instances of my Success, pro-  
 " duce Certificates and Testimonials from the Favou-  
 " rites and Ghostly Fathers of the most eminent Prin-  
 " ces of Europe; but shall content myself with the  
 " Mention of a few Cures, which I have performed  
 " by this my *Grand Universal Restorative*, during the  
 " Practice of one Month only since I came to this  
 " City.

*Cases in the Month of February, 1713.*

“ George Spondee, Esq; Poet, and Inmate of the  
 “ Parish of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, fell into vio-  
 “ lent Fits of the Spleen upon a thin Third  
 “ Night. He had been frighted into a Vertigo by  
 “ the Sound of Cat-calls on the First Day; and the  
 “ frequent Hisings on the Second made him unable  
 “ to endure the bare Pronunciation of the Letter S.  
 “ I searched into the Causes of his Distemper; and  
 “ by the Prescription of a Dose of my *Obsequium*,  
 “ prepared *secundum Artem*, recovered him to his na-  
 “ tural State of Madnefs. I call in at proper Inter-  
 “ vals the Words, *Ill taste of the Town, Envy of Cri-*  
 “ *ticks, bad Performance of the Actors*, and the like. He  
 “ is so perfectly cured, that he has promised to bring  
 “ another Play upon the Stage next Winter.

“ A Lady of professed Virtue of the Parish of St.  
 “ James's Westminster who hath desired her Name  
 “ may be concealed, having taken Offence at a  
 “ Phrase of double Meaning in Conversation, undis-  
 “ covered by any other in the Company, suddenly  
 “ fell into a cold Fit of Modesty. Upon a right Ap-  
 “ plication of Praise of her Virtue, I threw the Lady  
 “ into an agreeable waking Dream, settled the Fer-  
 “ mentation of her Blood into a warm Charity, so as  
 “ to make her look with Patience on the very Gentle-  
 “ man that offended.

“ Hilaria, of the Parish of St. Giles's in the Fields,  
 “ a Coquette of long Practice, was by the Reprimand  
 “ of an old Maiden reduced to look grave in Com-  
 “ pany, and deny herself the Play of the Fan. In  
 “ short, she was brought to such melancholy Cir-  
 “ cumstances, that she would sometimes unawares  
 “ fall into Devotion at Church. I advis'd her to  
 “ take a few *innocent Freedoms with occasional Kisses*,  
 “ prescribed her the *Exercise of the Eyes*, and immedi-  
 “ ately raised her to her former State of Life. She  
 “ on a sudden recovered her Dimples, furled her Fan

“ threw round her Glances, and for these two Sun-  
 “ days last past has not once been seen in an atten-  
 “ tive Posture. This the Church-Wardens are rea-  
 “ dy to attest upon Oath.

“ Andrew Terror, of the the Middle-Temple, Mo-  
 “ hock, was almost induced by an aged Bencher of  
 “ the same House, to leave off bright Conversation,  
 “ and pore over *Coke upon Littleton*. He was so ill  
 “ that his Hat began to flap, and he was seen one  
 “ Day in the last Term at Westminster-Hall. This  
 “ Patient had quite lost his Spirit of Contradiction;  
 “ I, by the Distillation of a few of my vivifying  
 “ Drops in his Ear, drew him from his Lethargy, and  
 “ restored him to his usual vivacious Misunderstand-  
 “ ing. He is at present very easy in his Condition.

“ I will not dwell upon the Recital of the innume-  
 “ rable Cures I have performed within Twenty Days  
 “ last past; but rather proceed to exhort all Persons  
 “ of whatever Age, Complexion or Quality, to take  
 “ as soon as possible of this my intellectual Oil; which  
 “ applied at the Ear seizes all the Senses with a most  
 “ agreeable Transport, and discovers its Effects, not  
 “ only to the Satisfaction of the Patient, but all who  
 “ converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to  
 “ him or her that receives the kindly infection. It  
 “ is often administered by Chamber-Maids, Valets,  
 “ or any the most ignorant Domestic; it being one  
 “ peculiar Excellence of this my Oil, that 'tis most  
 “ prevalent, the more unskilful the Person is, or ap-  
 “ pears, who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for  
 “ Ladies to take a Dose of it just before they take  
 “ Coach to go a visiting.

“ But I offend the publick, as Horace said, when  
 “ I trespass on any of your Time. Give me leave,  
 “ then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a  
 “ Drachm or two of my Oil; though I have cause  
 “ to fear my Prescriptions will not have the effect  
 “ upon you I could wish: Therefore I do not endea-  
 “ vour to bribe you in my Favour by the Present of  
 “ my Oil, but wholly depend upon your publick

“ Spirit and Generosity; which, I hope, will recom-  
 “ mend to the World the useful endeavours of,

S I R,

*Your most Obedient, most Faithful, most Devoted,  
 most Humble Servant and Admirer.*

G N A T H O.

\*†\* Beware of Counterfeits, for such are abroad.

“ N. B. I teach the Arcana of my Art at reason-  
 “ able rates to Gentlemen of the Universities, who  
 “ desire to be qualified for writing Dedications; and  
 “ to young Lovers and Fortune-hunters, to be paid at  
 “ the Day of Marriage. I instruct Persons of bright  
 “ Capacities to flatter others, and those of the mean-  
 “ est to flatter themselves.

“ I was the first Inventor of Pocket Looking-  
 “ Glasses.

N<sup>o</sup> 40. Monday, April 27, 1713.

*Being a Continuation of some former papers on the Subject  
 of PASTORALS.*

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in animum:  
 Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

1. **I** Designed to have troubled the Reader with no  
 further discourses of Pastoral; but being in-  
 formed that I am taxed of partiality in not mention-  
 ing an Author whose Eclogues are published in the  
 same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this  
 paper in observations upon him, written in the free  
 Spirit of Criticism, and without any apprehension of  
 offending that Gentleman, whose character it is, that  
 he takes the greatest care of his works before they are

published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral formed upon the representation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain that any deviations from that design degrade a Poem from being truly pastoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his *Ecologues* allowed to be such: his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder: As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by <sup>a</sup> Heinsius, Salmassius, Rapin, and the criticks in general. They likewise observe that but eleven of all the *Idyllia* of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons abovementioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's *eclogues*, taken altogether, are rather *Select poems* than *Pastorals*; I might have said the same thing with no less truth of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the criticks, *viz.* They never meant them all for pastorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As Simplicity is the distinguishing characteristick of Pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a style; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered, that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obsolete

<sup>a</sup> See Rapin de Carm. par. iii.

Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English: For example, might he not have said *quis* instead of *cui*; *quoniam* for *cujum*; *vult* for *vult*, etc. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whilom* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witless younglings* for *simple lambs*, etc. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spencer?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country: His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: Whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinal, Lobbin, Cuddy and Colin Clout.

5. So easy as pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated *some single thoughts* of the ancients well enough (if we consider he had not the happiness of an University education) but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose *whole* third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of Pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our own country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath

with great judgment described Wolves in England in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular Season of the year, one certain Time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each eclogae. 'Tis plain Spencer neglected this pedantry, who, in his pastoral of November, mentions the mournful song of the Nightingale,

*Sad Philomel her song in tears doth sleep.*

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardiner; his roses, endives, lilies, king-cups, and daffodils, blow all in the same season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary Pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately?

*Hobb. Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee  
What pleasure can the country have for me?  
Come, Rosalind, O come; my brinded kine,  
My snowy sheep, my farm and all, is thine.*

*Lang. Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,  
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers.  
Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,  
And sweetly waste our lives long time away.*

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright Poetry:

*Streph. In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,  
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,  
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,  
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.*

*Daph. Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,  
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;*



*Ev'n a spring displeases, when she shines not here,  
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year.*

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses :

Hobb. *As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by,  
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye :  
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd  
Her beautiful form, but all in vain, to hide.*

Lang. *As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,  
Fand Lydia lurking in the sedges lay,  
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly ;  
Yet oft she stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.*

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows :

Streph. *Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,  
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;  
But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,  
And by that Laugh the willing fair is found.*

Daph. *The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,  
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;  
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,  
How much at variance are her feet and eyes !*

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than descriptions of pastoral Presents, Philips says thus of a Sheep-hook,

*Of season'd elm ; where studs of brass appear,  
To speak the giver's name, the month and year ;  
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,  
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.*

The other of a bowl embossed with figures :

*where wanton ivy twines,  
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines ;  
Four figures rising from the work appear,  
The various seasons of the rolling year ;*

*And, what is that which binds the radiant sky,  
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?*

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil: but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric!

*And what that light, which girds the welkin seen,  
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?*

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any further in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances out of a hundred not yet quoted:

*O woful day! O day of woe? quoth he,  
And woful I, who live the day to see!*

The simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words in this Dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals, a shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

*Ah me the while! ah me! the luckless day,  
Ah luckless lad! the rather might I say;  
Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,  
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.*

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them, without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excells: For example:

*A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;  
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.*

— *He that late lies down, as late will rise,  
And sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies.*

— *Against Ill-luck all cunning fore-sight fails;  
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.*

— *Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong.*

Lastly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spencer, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several Counties. Spencer seems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the scene of one of his Pastorals in Wales; where with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good morrow, in an unusual and elegant manner:

*Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:  
Or Diggon her is, or I mis-say.*

Diggon answers:

*Hur was hur, while it was day-light;  
But now hur is a most wretched wight, etc.*

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, A Pastoral Ballad: which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed as a farther beauty of this Pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this

excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking :

*Cicily. Rager, go wetch tha<sup>a</sup> Kee, or else tha Zan  
Will quite be go, bevore e' have half a don.*

*Roger. Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee  
To drive our bull to bull tha Parson's Kee.*

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of Jealousy; and his mentioning the Parson's Kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdes Cicily, which she expresses as follows :

*Cicily. Ah Rager, Rager, thes was sore awraid,  
When in yon field you kiss'd the Parson's maid:  
Is this the love that once to me you used,  
When from the Wake thou brought'st me ginger-  
bread?*

*Roger. Cicily, thou charg'st me valse,—I'll swear to  
thee,  
The Parson's maid is still a maid for me.*

In which answer of his, are express'd at once that Spirit of Religion, and that Innocence of the Golden age, so necessary to be observed by all writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the world :

*So Rager parted vor to wetch tha Kee,  
And vor ber bucket is went Cicily.*

I am loth to show my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English Writers of Pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the same road with this old West Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope that I forebore to mention him as a Pastoral writer; since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moses and Bion,

<sup>a</sup> That is, the Kine or Cows.

whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better.

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N<sup>o</sup> 61.

May 21, 1713.

Primoque a caede ferarum

Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum. OVID.

I cannot think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own Species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

'Tis observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked, or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleas'd to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of

any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky, to destroy some sorts of birds, as Swallows and Martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breasts in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood*. However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies where-ever found. The conceit that a Cat has nine lives has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestick may be any cause of the general persecution of Owls (who are a sort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine. Tho' I am inclined to believe the former;

since I observed the sole reason alledged for the destruction of Frogs is because they are like Toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of Sanguinary sports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsiear Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon Ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a Stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling and weeping creature.

*Quæstusque cruentus,  
Atque Imploranti similis.—*

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, Pigs whipp'd to death, Fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those, who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled

with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a Giant's den in a romance bestraw'd with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect: "That 'tis no easy task to preach to the belly which has no ears. Yet if (says he) we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that 'tis in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception." In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion from the severe disposition of that man to discourse in this manner: "it ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in, than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended thro' the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest: such actions of charity are the over-flowings of a mild good nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service."

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the senate for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has



written a treatise to shew, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetick lines applicable to this occasion :

*Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus, inque regendas  
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere neclæ?  
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanæ  
Præbetis; vitæque magis quam morte juvatis.  
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,  
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?  
Immémor est demum, nec frugum mœcere dignus.  
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,  
Ruricolam mactare suam——*

*Quam male consuevit, quam se parat ille cruori  
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro  
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!  
Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hædum  
Edentem jugulare potest!——*

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human, with which providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compassion of the creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness—“Should I not spare  
“Nineveh the great city, wherein are more than six  
“thousand persons——And also much cattel?” And

we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this sort with a blessing in form annexed to it in those words: "If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'st prolong thy days."

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us; as for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing thro' a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practice every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a Tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? If you mean according to the usage of Men (reply'd the Tree) By its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching Sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this the adder insulting the man, he appealed to

a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so: I know it, said the Cow, by woful experience, for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter and cheese, and brought him besides a Calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the Fox, who upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder to convince him went in again; the Fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

N<sup>o</sup>. 91.

June 25, 1713.

inest sua gratia parvis.

Vire.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq.

S I R,

“ I Remember a saying of yours concerning persons  
 “ in low circumstances of stature, that their lit-  
 “ tleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they  
 “ did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in  
 “ all their behaviour. Indeed the observation that no  
 “ man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only for  
 “ the affectation of being something more, is equally  
 “ true in regard to the mind and the body.  
 “ I question not but it will be pleasing to you to  
 “ hear, that a sett of us have formed a society, who

“ are sworn to dare to be short, and boldly bear out  
“ the dignity of littleness under the noses of those  
“ enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical  
“ monsters of the Species, the tall fellows that over-  
“ look us.

“ The day of our institution was the tenth of De-  
“ cember, being the shortest of the year, on which  
“ we are to hold an annual Feast over a dish of  
“ Shrimps.

“ The place we have chosen for this meeting is in  
“ the little Piazza, not without an eye to the neigh-  
“ bourhood of Mr. Powel's Opera, for the perform-  
“ ers of which, we have, as becomes us, a brotherly  
“ affection.

“ At our first resort hither, an old woman brought  
“ her son to the Club Room, desiring he might be  
“ educated in this School, because she saw here were  
“ finer Boys than ordinary. However, this accident  
“ no way discouraged our designs. We began with  
“ sending invitations to those of a stature not exceed-  
“ ing five foot, to repair to our assembly; but the  
“ greater part returned excuses, or pretended they  
“ were not qualified.

“ One said, he was indeed but five foot at present,  
“ but represented that he should soon exceed that pro-  
“ portion, his perriwig-maker and shoe-maker having  
“ lately promised him three inches more betwixt  
“ them.

“ Another alledged, he was so unfortunate as to  
“ have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever  
“ had determined his stature to five foot, had taken  
“ him at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted  
“ on the other leg, he was at least five foot two inch-  
“ es and a half.

“ There were some who questioned the exactness of  
“ our measures, and others instead of complying, re-  
“ turned us informations of people yet shorter than  
“ themselves. In a word, almost every one recom-  
“ mended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he  
“ was willing we should look upon to be less than he.

“ We were not a little ashamed, that those who are  
 “ past the years of growth, and whose beards pro-  
 “ nounce them men, should be guilty of as many  
 “ unfair tricks, in this point, as the most aspiring  
 “ children when they are measured.

“ We therefore proceeded to fit up the Club-Room,  
 “ and provide conveniencies for our accomodation.  
 “ In the first place we caused a total removal of all  
 “ the chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the  
 “ gross of mankind for many years.

“ The disadvantages we had undergone while we  
 “ made use of these, were unspeakable. The Presi-  
 “ dent's whole body was sunk in the elbow-chair, and  
 “ when his arms were spread over it, he appeared  
 “ (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in  
 “ a go-cart : It was also so wide in the seat, as to  
 “ give a wag occasion of saying, that, notwithstand-  
 “ ing the President sat in it, there was a *Sede Va-*  
 “ *cante.*

“ The table was so high, that one who came by  
 “ chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the  
 “ pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat  
 “ ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen Bar-  
 “ bers.

“ Another time, one of the Club spoke in a judi-  
 “ cious manner of the President, imagining he had  
 “ been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of  
 “ Florence, which stood on the table in a parallel  
 “ line before his face.

“ We therefore new furnished the room in all ref-  
 “ pects proportionably to us; and had the door made  
 “ lower, so as to admit no man of above five foot  
 “ high without brushing his foretop, which whoever  
 “ does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

*Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow.*

“ I. If it be proved upon any member, though  
 “ never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as  
 “ possible to get above his size, by stretching, cock-  
 “ ing, or the like; or that he hath stood on tip-toe

“ in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a  
 “ man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed any large  
 “ book, cricket, or other device under him to exalt  
 “ him on his seat: every such offender shall be sen-  
 “ tenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

“ II. If any member shall take advantage from the  
 “ fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress,  
 “ or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise,  
 “ to seem larger or higher than he is, it is ordered,  
 “ he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather  
 “ in his hat; which may apparently mark and set  
 “ bounds to the extremities of his small dimension,  
 “ that all people may readily find him out between his  
 “ hat and his shoes.

“ III. If any member shall purchase a horse for  
 “ his own riding, above fourteen hands and a half  
 “ in height; that horse shall forthwith be sold, a  
 “ Scotch galloway bought in its stead for him, and  
 “ the overplus of the money shall treat the Club.

“ IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to  
 “ the fundamental laws of the Society, shall wear the  
 “ heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and half; it  
 “ shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of lit-  
 “ tleness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled.  
 “ Note, The form to be used in expelling a member  
 “ shall be in these words; “ Go from among us, and  
 “ be tall if you can!”

“ It is the unanimous opinion of our whole society,  
 “ that since the race of mankind is granted to have  
 “ decreased in stature, from the beginning to this pre-  
 “ sent, it is the intent of Nature itself, that men  
 “ should be little; and we believe, that all human kind  
 “ shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to  
 “ say, be reduced to *our own measure*.

N<sup>o</sup>. 92.

June 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito! PLAUT.

## TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

“ YOU are now acquainted with the nature and  
 “ design of our institution; the Character of  
 “ the members, and the topicks of our Conversation,  
 “ are what remain for the subject of this Epistle.

“ The most eminent persons of our assembly are a  
 “ little Poet, a little Lover, a little Politician, and a  
 “ little Heroe. The first of these, Dick Distich by  
 “ name, we have elected President; not only as he is  
 “ the shortest of us all, but because he has entertain-  
 “ ed so just a sense of his stature, as to go generally  
 “ in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to  
 “ that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he  
 “ walks. The figure of the man is odd enough; he  
 “ is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs:  
 “ a Spider is no ill emblem of him: he has been ta-  
 “ ken at a distance for a small Windmill. But indeed  
 “ what principally moved us in his favour was his ta-  
 “ lent in Poetry, for he hath promised to undertake a  
 “ long work in short verse to celebrate the heroes of  
 “ our size. He has entertained so great a respect for  
 “ Statius, on the score of that line.

*Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,*

“ that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid  
 “ for the sake of little Tydeus.

“ Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most  
 “ gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in  
 “ his habiliments; and to the end justice may be  
 “ done him that way, constantly employs the same  
 “ artist who makes attire for the neighbouring Princes

“ and Ladies of quality at Mr. Powel’s. The viva-  
 “ city of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast  
 “ of the favours of the Fair. He was t’other night  
 “ excusing his absence from the club on account of an  
 “ assignation with a Lady (and, as he had the vanity  
 “ to tell us, a tall one too) who had consented to the  
 “ full accomplishment of his desires that evening :  
 “ But one of the company, who was his confident,  
 “ assured us she was a woman of humour, and made  
 “ the agreement on this condition, that his toe should  
 “ be tied to hers.

“ Our Politician is a person of real gravity, and  
 “ professed wisdom : Gravity in a man of this size,  
 “ compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, ap-  
 “ pears like the gravity of a Cat compared with that  
 “ of a Lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk  
 “ to himself, and was once over-heard to compare  
 “ his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are lock-  
 “ ed up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes  
 “ of Princes. His face is pale and meagre, which  
 “ proceeds from much watching and studying for the  
 “ welfare of Europe, which is also thought to have  
 “ stunted his growth : for he hath destroyed his own  
 “ constitution with taking care of that of the nation.  
 “ He is what Monsieur Balzac calls, a great Distiller of  
 “ the maxims of Tacitus : when he speaks, it is slowly,  
 “ and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you  
 “ too fast with his observations ; like a limbeck that  
 “ gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the little  
 “ that is in it.

“ The last I shall mention is Tim. Tuck, the Hero.  
 “ He is particularly remarkable for the length of his  
 “ Sword, which intersects his person in a cross line,  
 “ and makes him appear not unlike a Fly that the boys  
 “ have run a pin thro’, and set a walking. He once  
 “ challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the  
 “ pate with his Elbow, as he passed along the street.  
 “ But what he especially values himself upon is, that  
 “ in all the campaigns he has made, he never once  
 “ duck’d at the whizz of a cannon ball. Tim. was



“ full as large at fourteen years old as, he is now.  
“ This we are tender of mentioning, your little Heroes being generally choleric.

“ These are the gentlemen that most enliven our conversation. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size: these we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth or of consolation to each other. The President had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a stormy day; whereupon he informed us it was no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient Poet had been subject to; who is recorded to have been so light that he was obliged to poize himself against the wind, with lead one one side, and his own works on the other. The Lover confesses the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our Hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures: and as for the Politician, he declares himself an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never discompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befall him, is by way of complaint, nor is he ever laugh'd at but in his *Absence*.

“ We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the club all such Passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim. Tuck having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories, of little David that conquered the mighty Goliath, and little Luxembourg that made Louis xiv. a grand Monarque, never forgetting little Alexander the great. Dick Distich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace *lepidissimum homunicolum*;

“ and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture and Scar-  
 “ ron, for having so well described their diminutive  
 “ forms to posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion,  
 “ against a great Reader and all his adherents, that  
 “ Æsop was not a jot properer or handsomer than he  
 “ is represented by the common pictures. But the Sol-  
 “ dier believes with the learned person above-menti-  
 “ on'd ; for he thinks none but an impudent tall au-  
 “ thor could be guilty of such an unmannerly piece  
 “ of satire on little warriors, as his Battle of the  
 “ Mouse and the Frog. The Politician is very proud  
 “ of a certain King of Egypt, called Bocchor, who,  
 “ as Diodorus assures us, was a person of a very low  
 “ stature, but far exceeded all that went before him  
 “ in discretion and politicks.

“ As I am Secretary to the club, 'tis my business,  
 “ whenever we meet, to take minutes of the tran-  
 “ sactions : this has enabled me to send you the fore-  
 “ going particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs.  
 “ We have spies appointed in every quarter of the  
 “ town, to give us informations of the misbehaviour  
 “ of such refractory persons as refuse to be subject to  
 “ our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any of  
 “ these our people shall be guilty of in their Amours,  
 “ single Combats, or any indirect means to manhood,  
 “ we shall certainly be acquainted with, and publish  
 “ to the world, for their punishment and reformation.  
 “ For the President has granted me the sole propriety  
 “ of exposing and shewing to the town all such in-  
 “ tractable Dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them  
 “ from being carried about in Boxes : reserving only  
 “ to himself, as the right of a Poet, those smart cha-  
 “ racters that will shine in Epigrams. Venerable  
 “ Nestor, I salute you in the name of the club.

BOB. SHORT, *Secretary.*

N<sup>o</sup>. 173.

September 29, 1713.

Nec fera comantem

Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissim vimen Acanthi,  
Pallentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.

VIRG.

I Lately took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension, that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprize to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats (or, if you will, Villa's) of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

*Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,  
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,  
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,  
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;  
Sed rure vero, barbaroque letatur.*

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned Nature that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the Ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a Garden: wherein those great masters being wholly unconfin'd, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent

in this way. These (one may observe) consist intirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit trees, herbs, water, etc. The pieces I am speaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the seventh *Odyssley*, to which I refer the reader.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four Acres, which, in those times of simplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a Prince. It was inclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the Palace.

He mentions next the Trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the Fruits that never failed, and the eternal Zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The Vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the Garden; as also the beds of Greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the usual place of our Kitchen Gardens.

The two Fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the Palace into the Town, for the service of the publick.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We seem to make it our study to recede from Nature, not only in the various tinsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself: we run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our Trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

*Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,  
Implexos late muros, et moenia circum*

*Porrigere, et lutas e ramis surgere turres;  
 Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque area rostra:  
 In buxisque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes,  
 Parte alia frondere suis tentoria castris;  
 Scutaque, spiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos.*

I believe it is no wrong Observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature; as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature: On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A Citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of Yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into Giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent Cook, who beautified his country seat with a Coronation dinner in greens, where you see the Champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of Greens to be disposed of by an eminent Town-Gardiner, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the Villa's and Gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the meer barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso Gardiner, who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of Evergreens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in Yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm;  
 Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

Noah's ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George in Box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April.

A green Dragon of the same, with a tail of Ground-Ivy for the present.

N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypress.

A Laurustine Bear in Blossom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

A pair of Giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclining to the green sickness, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of honour in Wormwood.

A topping Ben. Johnson in Laurel.

Divers eminent modern Poets in Bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a pennyworth.

A quick-set Hog shut up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A Lavender Pigg, with Sage growing in his belly.

A pair of Maidenheads in Firr, in great forwardness.

He also cutteth family pieces of men, women, and children, so that any gentleman may have his lady's effigies in Myrtle, or his own in Hornbeam.

*Thy Wife shall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy Children as Olive-branches round thy table.*

## P R E F A C E

T O

## HOMER'S ILIAD.

**H**OMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest *Invention* of any writer whatever. The praise of Judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his *Invention* remains yet unrival'd. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great Genius's: The utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which master every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itself can at best but *steal wisely*: For Art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of Judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them, to which the *Invention* must not contribute. As in the most regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common Critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of Nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious nursery which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beauty. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequal'd fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

*Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἴσται, ὡστί τε ὡπὶ χθονὶ κούρα νίκοιτο*

*They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it.* 'Tis however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendor: It grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocation, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all those that are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power criticism and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it



brightens all the rubbish about it, 'till we see nothing but its own splendor. This *Fire* is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant. In Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: In Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: In Shakespear, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: But in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast *Invention* exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his works, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which in the violence of its course, drew all things within its *vortex*. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions; but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of *Fable*. That which Aristotle calls the *Soul of poetry*, was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first, and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: Or of such as though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an Epic poem, *the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like*. That of

the *Iliad* is the *anger of Achilles*, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any Poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have used the same practice, but generally carry'd it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular *catalogue of an army*, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises, and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visit the shades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the Loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable*: If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapp'd up in his *allegories*, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us? How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed? This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the Gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his *machines* in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: None have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: Every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the *characters* of his persons: And here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprizing a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the Poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of *courage* is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the *Iliad*. That of Achilles is ferious and intractable; that of Diomedes forward, yet listening to advice and subject to command; That of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding; of Hector active and vigilant: The courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: We find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the underparts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in *wisdom*; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other *natural*, *open*, and *regular*. But they have, besides, characters of *courage*; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon *caution*, the other upon *experience*. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergestus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an

air of impetuosity runs thro' them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, etc. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this tract of reflection, if he will pursue it thro' the *Epic* and *Tragic* writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *speeches* are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners* (as Aristotle expresses) that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftner think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: All which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the *sentiments*, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture: Dupont, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime

and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his *descriptions, images, and similes*, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature summoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any Painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battels; which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: And it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the *expression*, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that *language of the Gods* to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, He was the only poet who had found out *living words*; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirsts*

to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. 'Tis the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it: And in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: Like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the *compound epithets*. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heighten'd the *diction*, but as it assisted and filled the *numbers* with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the *images*. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet *Κορυθαίοιο*, the landscape of mount Neritus in that of *Εινοςίφυλλο*, and so of others, which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (tho' but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a Metaphor is a short simile, one of these Epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his *versification*, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfy'd with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but search'd thro' its different *dialects* with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: He consider'd these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar

sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables: so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feebler *Æolic*, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and compleated this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian Operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the criticks to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: Indeed the Greek has some advantages both from the natural *sound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *verse*, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer criticks have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the *Composition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the course of my Notes. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make



one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the *Muses* dictated; and at the same time with so much force and inspiring vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the found of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his *invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extensive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *strongly marked*, his speeches more *affecting* and *transported*, his sentiments more *warm* and *sublime*, his images and descriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expression more *rais'd* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each; It is in *that* we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment*. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possess'd a larger share of it: Each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries

and transports us with a commanding impetuosity. Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty; Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow: Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two Poets resemble the Heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action: disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the Heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief *objections* against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantick bodies, which exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and

inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his *speaking Horses*, and Virgil his *myrtles distilling blood*, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his *Similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded; It runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his *grosser representations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *Heroes*, which will be treated of in the following <sup>a</sup> *Essay*: But I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, “that <sup>b</sup> those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours.” Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and rob-

<sup>a</sup> See the Articles of Theology and Morality, in the third part of the Essay.

<sup>b</sup> Preface to her Homer.

bery, reign'd thro' the world; when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest Princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern criticks, who are shocked at the *servile offices* and mean employments in which we sometimes see the Heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and Princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest Antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may further serve to answer for the constant use of the same *epithets* to his Gods and Heroes, such as the *far-darting* Phœbus, the *blue-ey'd* Pallas, the *swift-footed* Achilles, etc. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believ'd to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of *Surnames*, and repeated as such; for the Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either

naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: As Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, etc. Homer therefore complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Long-shanks, Edward the Black Prince, etc. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a further conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *Heroes distinct from other men, a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed*<sup>c</sup>. Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: One would imagine by the whole course of their parallels, that these Criticks never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two Poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssæy* above the *Æneis*: as that the Hero is a wiser man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the

<sup>c</sup> Hesiod, Op. et. Dier. lib. i. v 155, etc.

other: Or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: It is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them: This is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetice. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes thro' a false delicacy and refinement, oftner from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations: This is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his *work*; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed: And in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, etc.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpass'd him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *Invention*; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of Poetry itself) remains unequal'd by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of *one sort* of Criticks: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment.

Homer not only appears the Inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallow'd up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He shewed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty Tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant thro' a richness of nature) might be lopp'd into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as *that* is seen in the main parts of the Poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and un-maim'd; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be consider'd what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are ne-

cessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: And I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: However, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. 'Tis a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterr'd from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English Critick. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: Some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the *sublime*; others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of *simplicity*. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle) others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the Poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: No author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call *simplicity*, and the rest of the world will call *dulness*. There is a graceful and dignify'd simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a slob: 'Tis one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.



This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the *divine Spirit* made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand, to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attain'd a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consign'd to mystery and religion.

For a further preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those *moral sentences* and *proverbial speeches* which are so numerous in this Poet. They have something venerable, and, as I may say, oracular, in that unadorn'd gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as *platoon*, *compagne*, *sunto*, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of *marks* or *motes*, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: Those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects;

and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his *compound epithets*, and of his *repetitions*. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best Poets, and are become familiar thro' their use of them; such as the *cloud compelling* Jove, etc. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly express'd in a single word as in a compounded one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *εινοσιφυλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally *leaf-shaking*, but affords a majestic idea in the *periphrasis*: *The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods*. Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation, according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *επιβολος*, or *far-shooting*, is capable of two explications; one literal in respect of the darts and bow, the ensign of that God; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the sun: Therefore in such places where Apollo is represented as a God in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer, and which, tho' it might be accommodated (as has been already shewn) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: But one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employ'd; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once shew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's *Repetitions*, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe the best rule is to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: When they follow too close, one may vary the expression, but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorized to omit any: If they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the *Verseification*, Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possess'd of his image: however it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavour'd at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess my self utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He

has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odyſſey*, Ver. 312. where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, inſomuch as to promiſe in his rhyming preface, a poem of the myſteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to ſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of *Buſſy d'Amboiſe*, etc. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the *Iliad* in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general, but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful. As for its being eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above-mentioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimiles and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but thro' careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in

which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great genius's is like that of great ministers, tho' they are confessedly the first in the common-wealth of letters, they must be envy'd and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: In particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the Speeches, a fullness and perspicuity in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: Not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: Perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass, than has hitherto been done by any translator, who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would further recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with *Milton* above all the moderns. Next these, the Archbishop of Cambray's *Telemachus* may

give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the Epic poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the publick, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; tho' I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms, as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the publick. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a further opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good nature (to give it a great panegyrick) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of

the honour so many of the *Great* have done me, while the *first names* of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers. Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of Poet: That his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeas'd I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Essay*) to complete a Praise.

*Read Homer once, and you can read no more;  
For all Books else appear so mean, so poor,  
Verse will seem Prose: but still persist to read,  
And Homer will be all the Books you need.*

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a Genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refus'd to be the critick of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that the noble author of the *Tragedy of Heroic Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the *Iliad*. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their Advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon, but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present Secretary of State, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleas'd to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honour'd in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all ac-

knowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: And I am satisfy'd I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shewn me by its learned rival, the University of Oxford: And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeably to myself.



## P R E F A C E

T O T H E

## Works of SHAKESPEAR.

**I**T is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author ; tho' to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets Shakespear must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not : A design, which though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatick Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *Original*, it was Shakespear. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature ; it proceeded thro' *Ægyptian* strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespear was inspiration indeed ; he is not so much an Imitator, as an Instrument, of Nature ; and 'tis not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks thro' him.

His *Characters* are so much Nature herself, that 'tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other Poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture like a mock-rainbow is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every single character in Shakespear is as much an individual, as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his Plays, that, had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *Power* over our *Passions* was never possess'd in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guesses to the effect, or be perceiv'd to lead toward it: But the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: We are surprized the moment we weep; and yet upon reflexion find the passion so just, that we should be surprized if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the *Passions* directly opposite to these, Laughter and Spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature: of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vaineft foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the coolness of reflection and Reasoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly

amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and publick scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts : So that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked thro' human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the philosopher and even the man of the world, may be born, as well as the poet.

It must be owned that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that Stage-poetry of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the *populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *common suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakespear, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies have their scene among *Tradesmen* and *Mechanicks*: And even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprize* and cause *admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents; the most exaggerated thoughts; the most verbose and bombast expression; the most pompous rhymes, and

thundering versification. In Comedy, nothing was so sure to *please*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject: his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; 'till Ben Johnson, getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue: And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, etc. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their Tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their Comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakespear by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people*, and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the best models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleas'd to call immortality: Some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when

the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant, from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town, or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as taylor's are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our Author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespear, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Johnson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; the *History of Henry VI.* which was first published under the title of *the Contention of York and Lancaster*: and that of *Henry V.* extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise

a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfoetations; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, etc. if these are not to be ascribed to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficiently to mislead and depress the greatest Genius upon earth. Nay the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: There is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but 'tis plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology: We find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, not only the spirit, but manners, of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copied from Pia-

tarch in *Coriolanus*, may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Johnson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, etc, are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes; it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more learning this way than Shakespear. We have translations from Ovid published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the earl of Southampton:) He appears also to have been conversant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: (altho' I will not pretend to say in what language he read them.) The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Two noble Kinsmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher and more of our Author than some of those which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the Partizans of our Author and Ben Johnson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Johnson had much the more learn-

ing, it was said on the one hand that Shakespear had none at all; and because Shakespear had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Johnson wanted both. Because Shakespear borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Johnson borrowed every thing. Because Johnson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakespear wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously, as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of Authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimus genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason.

*Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem  
Cingito, ne vati noceat.*

But however this contention might be carried on by the Partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Johnson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakespear. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespear*, which shews as if the friendship had continued thro' life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay all



Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us that he lov'd the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the Players. Ben Johnson might indeed be sparing in his commendations, (tho' certainly he is not so in this instance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, tho' the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their heads at least may have something human, tho' their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakespear's want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three switches solus*. Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling: Their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root: it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Johnson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin; which is utterly inconsistent with

mistakes like these. Nay the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as read any history, in any language: so could not be Shakespear's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not Shakespear only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it's plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Midsummer-Night's Dream* might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces, to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasioned by their being

taken from different copies, belonging to different Play-houses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were first collected) was published by two Players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quarto's.

First, because the editions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those quarto's by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the Clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act. iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of Mobs, Plebeians and Clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: And I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to the play-house, by having the parts divided with lines, and the Actors names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: These Men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping, or stretching an Author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies*. I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the play-house, and had from time to time being cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quarto's, was

printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the use of actors: For in some places their very <sup>a</sup> names are through carelessness set down instead of the *personæ dramaticis*: And in others the notes of direction to the *property men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inserted into the text, thro' the ignorance of the transcribers.

The Plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *acts* and *scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of musick, masques, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward: a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed: from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mix'd, or two put into one, for a want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakespear introduces a kind of Master of the revels called Philostrate; all whose part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the subsequent editions: So also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable, that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were

<sup>a</sup> *Much ado about nothing*, Act ii. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson, instead of Balthasar. And in Act iv. Cowley, and Kemp, constantly thro' a whole scene.

Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the Author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character : Or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best play-houses were inns and taverns (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, etc.) so the top of the profession were then meer players not gentlemen of the stage : They were led into the buttery by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette : and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakespear published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage) we should not only be certain which are genuine : but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Lucretia*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others (particularly *Love's Labour Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned some plays to be supposed Shakespear's was only this ; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration : and no owner claiming them, they

were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the Lord of the manor, a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakespear the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; tho' they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause; (as we learn from what Ben Johnson says of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New-Inn*). That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same Author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakespear was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which Shakespear's writings lie at present; for since the abovementioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the Injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an Editor, to my best judgment,

with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation; and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will shew itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferred into the text are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or editions which Shakespear himself made are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages which are excessively bad (and which seem interpolations by being so inserted that one can intirely omit them without any chasm, or deficiency in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are marked so distinctly that every removal of place is specify'd; which is more necessary in this Author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently: and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained: Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by comma's in the margin: and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a star is prefixed to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of Criticism (namely the pointing out an Author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general applauses*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authorized (most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them.) These editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the Author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakespear, that with

all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestick piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed, that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, tho' many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.









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