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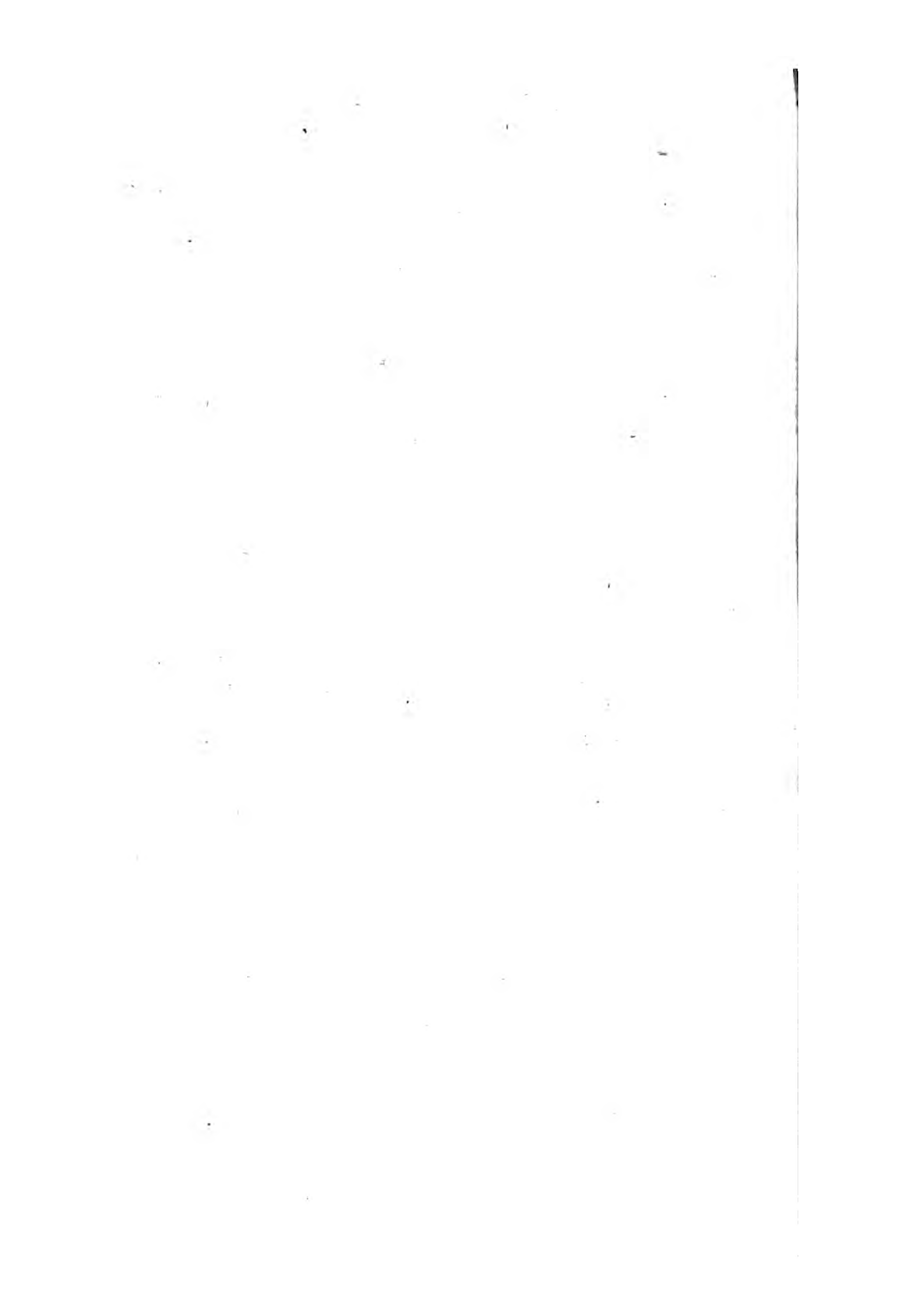
*Robert Hunter Esq.<sup>r</sup>*  
*of THURSTON*

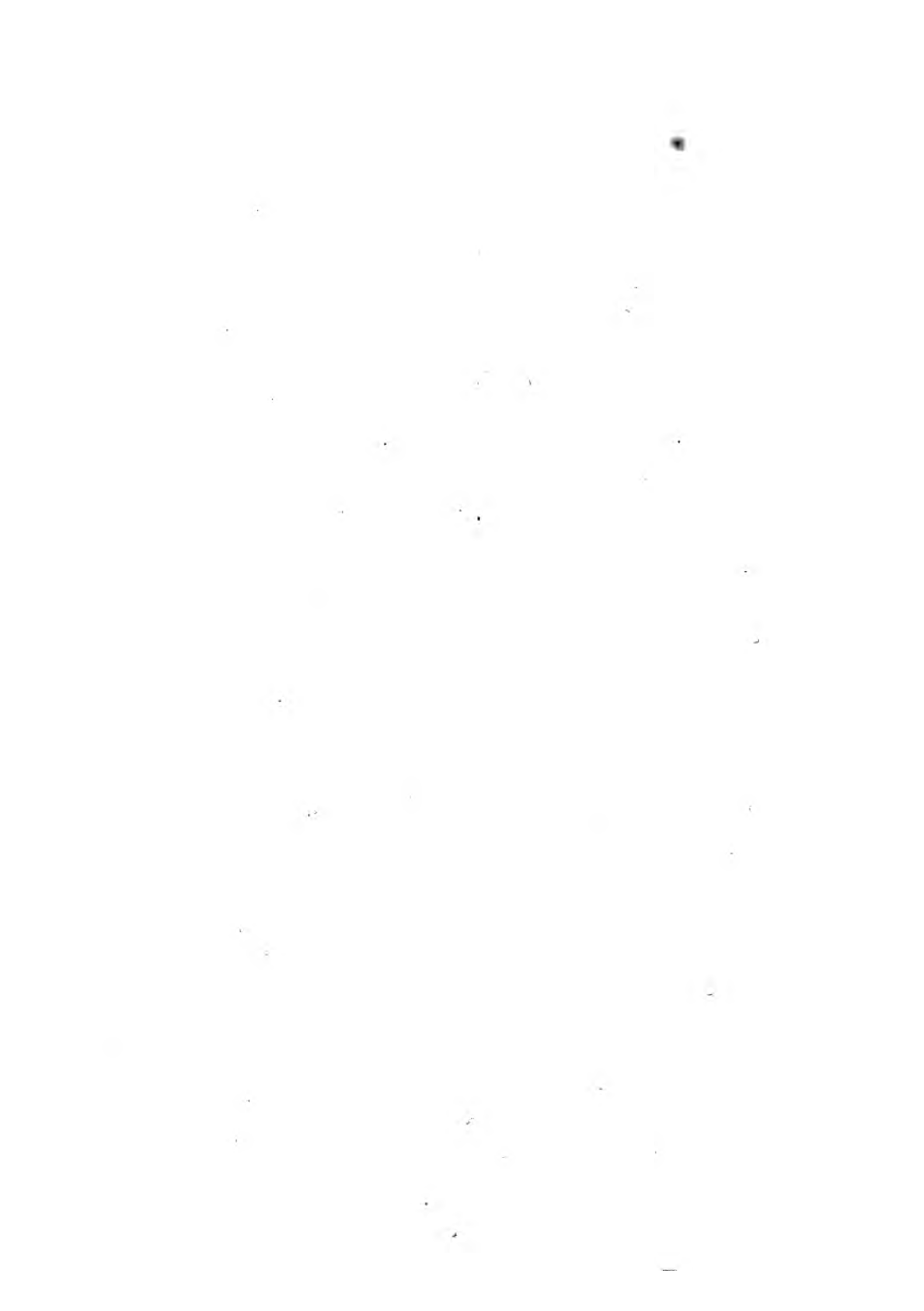
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P R O S E

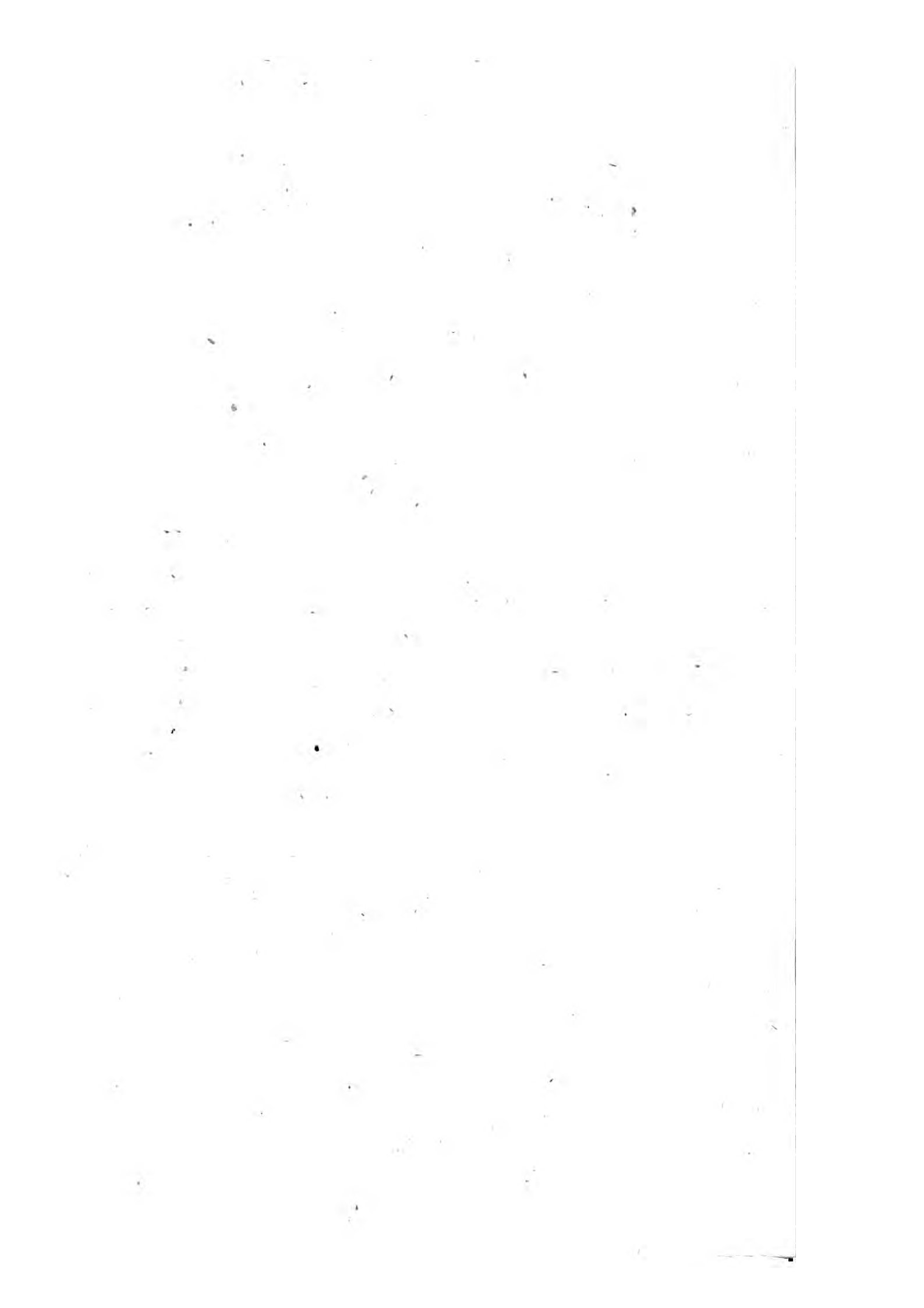
O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

ACCOMPANIED WITH

SOME PIECES IN VERSE.





P R O S E  
O N  
S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S ;  
A C C O M P A N I E D W I T H  
S O M E P I E C E S I N V E R S E .

BY GEORGE COLMAN.

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V O L . I I I .

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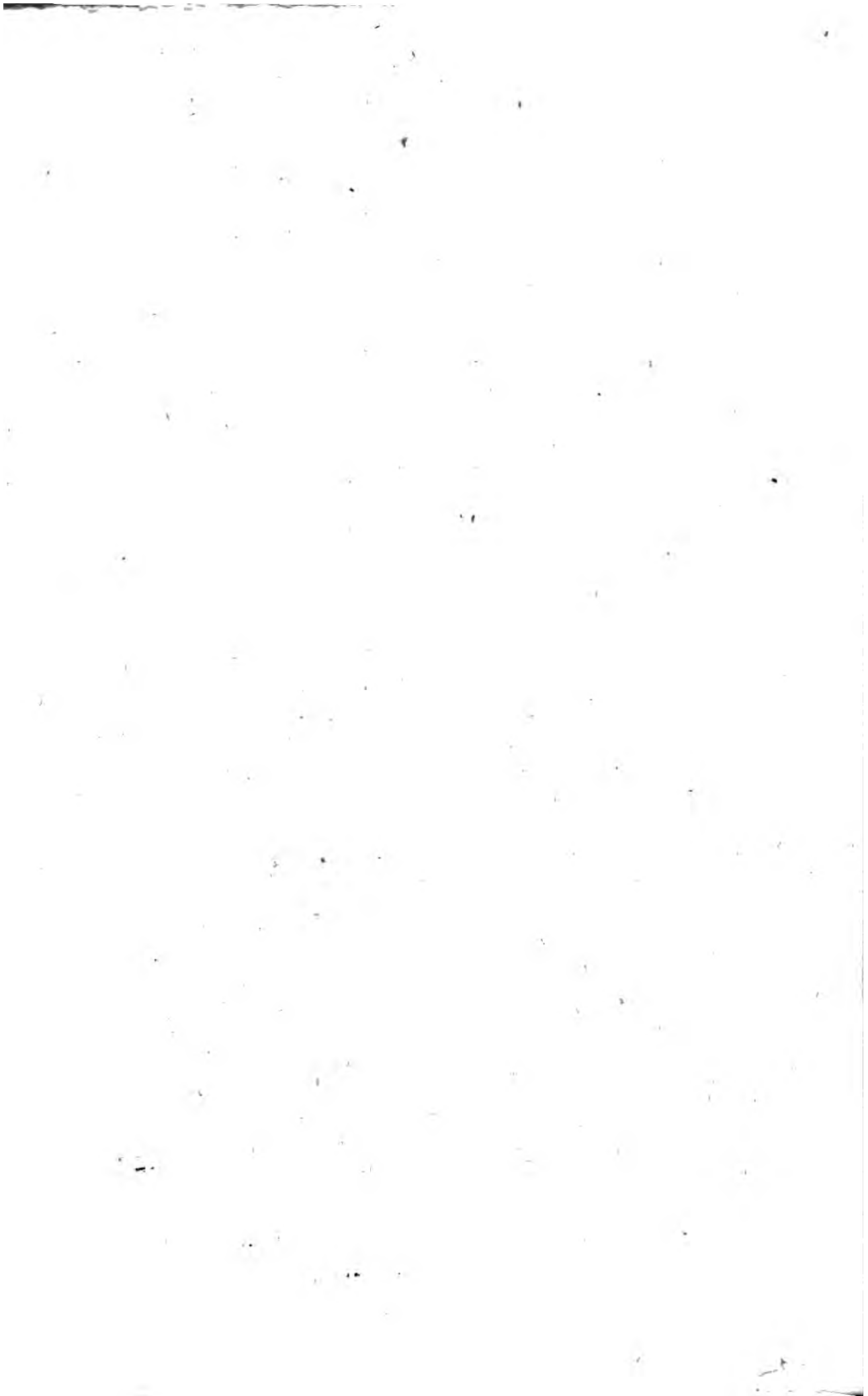
— *Seu me tranquilla senectus  
Expectat, seu Mors atris circumvolat alis,  
Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exul,  
Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.* — HOR.

I M I T A T E D .

Whether Old Age a tranquil evening brings,  
Or Death fails round me with his Raven Wings;  
Rich, poor; at Rome, or London; well, or ill;  
Whate'er my fortunes, write I must and will.

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L O N D O N :  
PRINTED FOR T. CADEL, IN THE STRAND.  
M D C C L X X V I I .



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Q. HORATII FLACCI Epistola ad PISONES,  
DE ARTE POETICA.

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THE  
ART OF POETRY:  
AN  
EPISTLE  
TO THE  
PISONS.

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE.

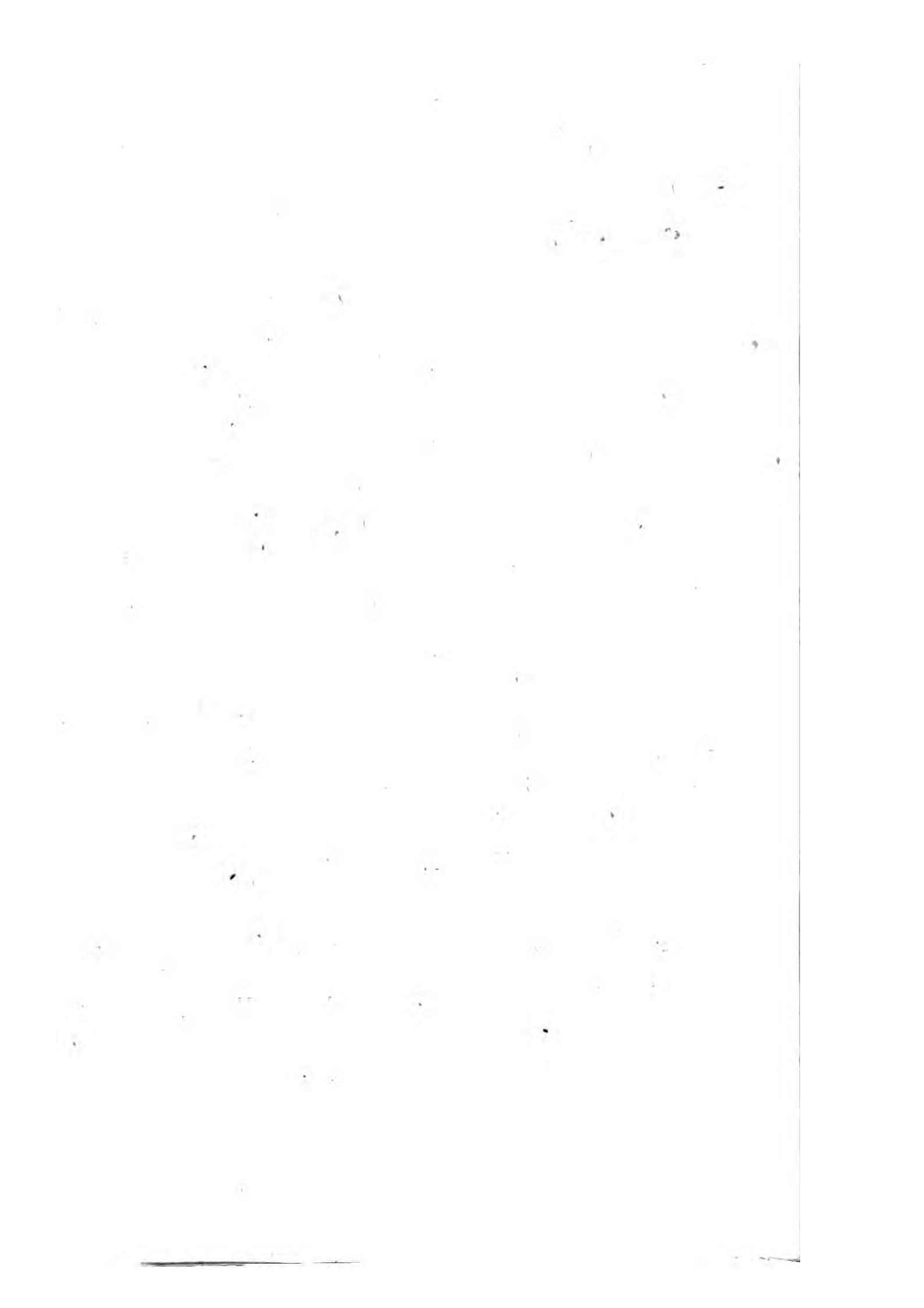
WITH NOTES.

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

First Printed in the Year M.DCC.LXXXIII.

VOL. III.

B



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T O

The Rev. JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.  
MASTER of WINCHESTER SCHOOL;

A N D T O

The Rev. THOMAS WARTON, B. D.  
FELLOW of TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD,

MY DEAR FRIENDS!

**I**N a conversation, some months ago, I happened to mention to you the idea I had long entertained of that celebrated Epistle of Horace, commonly distinguished by the title of THE ART OF POETRY. I will not say that you acceded to my opinion; but I flatter myself that I, in some degree interested your curiosity, and engaged your attention; our discourse at least revived an intention I had once formed, of communicating my thoughts on the subject to the Publick; an intention I had only dropt for want of leisure and inclination to attempt a translation of the Epistle, which I thought necessary to accompany the original, and my remarks on it.

B 2

In

In the original, Horace assumes the air and style of an affectionate teacher, admonishing and instructing his young friends and pupils: but the following translation, together with the observations annexed, I address to You as my Masters, from whom I look for sound information, a well-grounded confirmation of my hypothesis, or a solution of my doubts, and a correction of my errors.

It is almost needless to observe, that the Epistle in question has very particularly exercised the critical sagacity of the literary world; yet it is remarkable that, amidst the great variety of comments and decisions on the work, it has been almost universally considered, except by one acute and learned writer of this country, as a loose, vague, and desultory composition; a mass of shining materials; like pearls unstrung, valuable indeed, but not displayed to advantage.

Some have contended, with Scaliger at their head, that this pretended *Art of Poetry* is totally void of art; and that the very work, in which the beauty and excellence of *Order* (ORDINIS VIRTUS ET VENUS!) is strongly recommended, is in itself unconnected, confused, and immethodical. The ad-  
vocate

vocates for the writer have in great measure confessed the charge, but pleaded, in excuse and vindication, the familiarity of an Epistle, and even the genius of Poetry, in which the formal divisions of a prosaick treatise on the art would have been insupportable. They have also denied that Horace ever intended such a treatise, or that he ever gave to this Epistle the title of *the Art of Poetry*; on which *title* the attacks of Scaliger, and his followers, are chiefly grounded. The title, however, is confessedly as old as the age of Quintilian; and that the work itself has a perpetual reference to *Poets and Poetry*, is as evident, as that it is, from beginning to end, in its manner, style, address, and form, perfectly *Epistolary*.

The learned and ingenious Critick distinguished above, an early ornament to letters, and now a worthy dignitary of the church, leaving vain comments, and idle disputes on the *title* of the work, sagaciously directed his researches to scrutinize the work itself; properly endeavouring to trace and investigate from the composition, the end and design of the writer, and remembering the axiom of the Poet, to whom his friend had been appointed the commentator.

*In every work regard THE AUTHOR'S END!*

*For none can compass more than they intend.— POPE.*

With this view of illustrating and explaining Horace's Art of Poetry, this shrewd and able writer, about thirty years ago, republished the original Epistle, giving the text chiefly after Dr. Bentley, subjoining an English Commentary and Notes, and prefixing an Introduction, from which I beg leave to transcribe most part of the three first paragraphs.

“ It is agreed on all hands, that the antients are  
“ our masters in the *art* of composition. Such of  
“ their writings, therefore, as deliver instructions  
“ for the exercise of this *art*, must be of the highest  
“ value. And, if any of them hath acquired a  
“ credit, in this respect, superior to the rest, it is,  
“ perhaps, the *following work*: which the learned  
“ have long since considered as a kind of *summary*  
“ of the rules of good writing; to be gotten by heart  
“ by every young student; and to whose decisive  
“ authority the greatest masters in taste and compo-  
“ sition must finally submit.

“ But the more unquestioned the credit of this  
“ poem is, the more it will concern the publick,  
“ that it be justly and accurately understood. The  
“ writer of these sheets then believed it might be of  
“ use,

“ use; if he took some pains to clear the sense, con-  
“ nect the method, and ascertain the scope and pur-  
“ pose, of this admired Epistle. Others, he knew  
“ indeed, and some of the first fame for critical  
“ learning, had been before him in his attempt.  
“ Yet he did not find himself prevented by their  
“ labours; in which, besides innumerable lesser  
“ faults, he, more especially, observed two invete-  
“ rate errors, of such a sort, as must needs perplex  
“ the genius, and distress the learning, of *any* com-  
“ mentator. The *one* of these respects the SUBJECT;  
“ the other, the METHOD of the *Art of Poetry*. It  
“ will be necessary to say something upon each.

“ i. That the *Art of Poetry*, at large, is not the  
“ *proper* subject of this piece, is so apparent, that  
“ it hath not escaped the dullest and least attentive  
“ of its Criticks. For, however all the different  
“ *kinds* of poetry might appear to enter into it, yet  
“ every one saw, that *some* at least were very slightly  
“ considered: whence the frequent attempts, the  
“ *artes et institutiones poeticæ*, of writers, both at  
“ home and abroad, to supply its deficiencies. But,  
“ though this truth was seen and confessed, it un-  
“ luckily happened, that the sagacity of his nume-  
“ rous Commentators went no further. They still  
“ considered



“ considered this famous Epistle as a *collection*,  
 “ though not a *system*, of criticisms on poetry in ge-  
 “ neral; with this concession, however, that the  
 “ stage had evidently the largest share in it \*. Under  
 “ the influence of this prejudice, several writers of  
 “ name took upon them to comment and explain  
 “ it: and with the success, which was to be ex-  
 “ pected from so fatal a mistake on setting out, as  
 “ the not seeing, ‘ that the proper and sole pur-  
 “ pose of the Author, was, not to abridge the Greek  
 “ Criticks, whom he probably never thought of;  
 “ nor to amuse himself with composing a short criti-  
 “ cal system, for the general use of poets, which  
 “ every line of it absolutely confutes; but, simply  
 “ to criticize the ROMAN DRAMA.’ For to this  
 “ end, not the tenor of the work only, but as will  
 “ appear, every single precept in it, ultimately re-  
 “ fers. The mischiefs of this original error have  
 “ been long felt. It hath occasioned a constant  
 “ perplexity in defining the *general* method, and in  
 “ fixing the import of *particular* rules. Nay, its  
 “ effects have reached still further. For conceiving,  
 “ as they did, that the whole had been composed out  
 “ of the Greek Criticks, the labour and ingenuity  
 “ of

\* Satyra hæc est in sui sæculi poetas, PRÆCIPUE vero in Romanum Drama. Baxter.

“ of its interpreters have been misemployed in  
 “ picking out authorities, which were not wanted,  
 “ and in producing, or, more properly, by their  
 “ studied refinements in *creating*, conformities,  
 “ which were never designed. Whence it hath  
 “ come to pass, that, instead of investigating the  
 “ order of the Poet’s own reflexions, and scru-  
 “ tinizing the peculiar state of the Roman Stage (the  
 “ methods, which common sense, and common  
 “ criticism would prescribe) the world hath been  
 “ nauseated with insipid lectures on *Aristotle* and  
 “ *Phalereus*; whose solid sense hath been so attenu-  
 “ ated and subtilized by the delicate operation of  
 “ French criticism, as hath even gone some way to-  
 “ wards bringing the *art* itself into disrepute.

“ 2. But the wrong explications of this poem  
 “ have arisen, not from the misconception of the  
 “ *subject* only, but from an inattention to the  
 “ METHOD of it. The *latter* was, in part, the ge-  
 “ nuine consequence of the *former*. For, not sus-  
 “ pecting an unity of design in the subject, its in-  
 “ terpreters never looked for, or could never find, a  
 “ consistency of disposition in the method. And  
 “ this was indeed the very block upon which  
 “ HEINSIUS, and, before him, JULIUS SCALIGER,  
 “ himself

“ himself stumbled. These illustrious Criticks, with  
 “ all the force of genius, which is required to dis-  
 “ embarrass an involved subject, and all the aids of  
 “ learning, that can lend a ray to enlighten a dark  
 “ one, have, notwithstanding, found themselves  
 “ utterly unable to unfold the order of this Epistle ;  
 “ insomuch, that SCALIGER \* hath boldly pro-  
 “ nounced the conduct of it to be *vicious*; and HEIN-  
 “ SIUS had no other way to evade the charge, than  
 “ by recurring to the forced and uncritical expedient  
 “ of a licentious transposition. The truth is, they  
 “ were both in one common error, that the Poet’s  
 “ purpose had been to write a criticism of the Art  
 “ of Poetry at large, and not, as is here shewn, of  
 “ the Roman Drama in particular.”

The remainder of this Introduction, as well as the  
 Commentary and Notes, afford ample proofs of the  
 erudition and ingenuity of the Critick ; yet I much  
 doubt, whether he has been able to convince the  
 learned world of the truth of his main proposition,  
 “ that it was the proper and sole purpose of the Au-  
 thor, simply *to criticise the ROMAN DRAMA.*” His  
 Commentary is, it must be owned, extremely seduc-  
 ing ; yet the attentive reader of Horace will perhaps  
 often

\* Præf. in LIB. POET. et l. vi. p. 338.

often fancy, that he perceives a violence and constraint offered to the composition, in order to accommodate it to the system of the Commentator; who, to such a reader, may perhaps seem to mark transitions, and point out connections, as well as to maintain a *method* in the Commentary, which cannot clearly be deduced from the text, to which it refers.

This very ingenious *Commentary* opens as follows :

“ The subject of this piece being, as I suppose,  
“ *one, viz. the state of the Roman Drama,* and com-  
“ mon sense requiring, even in the freest forms of  
“ composition, some kind of *method,* the intelligent  
“ reader will not be surprized to find the poet profes-  
“ soring his subject in a regular, well-ordered *plan;*  
“ which, for the more exact description of it, I  
“ distinguish into three parts :

“ I. The first of them [from l. 1 to 89] is prepara-  
“ tory to the main subject of the Epistle, con-  
“ taining some general rules and reflections on  
“ poetry, but principally with an eye to the follow-  
“ ing parts : by which means it serves as an useful  
“ introduction to the poet’s design, and opens with  
“ that air of ease and elegance, essential to the epi-  
“ stolar form.

“ II. The

“ II. The main body of the Epistle [from l. 89  
“ to 295] is laid out in regulating the *Roman*  
“ stage; but chiefly in giving rules for Tragedy;  
“ not only as that was the sublimer species of the  
“ *Drama*, but, as it should seem, less cultivated  
“ and understood.

“ III. The last part [from l. 295 to the end] ex-  
“ horts to correctness in writing; yet still with an  
“ eye, principally, to the *dramatick species*: and is  
“ taken up partly in removing the causes, that pre-  
“ vented it; and partly in directing to the use of  
“ such means, as might serve to promote it. Such  
“ is the general plan of the Epistle.”

In this general summary, with which the Critick introduces his particular Commentary, a very material circumstance is acknowledged, which perhaps tends to render the system on which it proceeds, extremely doubtful, if not wholly untenable. The original Epistle consists of four hundred and seventy-six lines; and it appears, from the above numerical analysis, that not half of those lines, only two hundred and six verses [from v. 89 to 295] are employed on the subject of *the Roman Stage*. The first of the three parts above delineated [from v. 1 to 89] certainly,



tainly contains general rules and restrictions on poetry, but surely with no particular reference to the Drama. As to the second part, the Critick, I think, might fairly have extended the Poet's consideration of the Drama to the 365th line, seventy lines further than he has carried it: but the last hundred and eleven lines of the Epistle so little allude to the Drama, that the only passage in which a mention of the Stage has been supposed to be implied, [*ludusque repertus, &c.*] is, by the learned and ingenious Critick himself, particularly distinguished with a very different interpretation. Nor can this portion of the Epistle be considered, by the impartial and intelligent reader, as a mere exhortation "to correctness in writing; taken up partly in removing the causes that prevented it; and partly in directing to the use of such means, as might serve to promote it." *Correctness* is indeed here, as in many other parts of Horace's Satires and Epistles, occasionally inculcated; but surely the main scope of this animated conclusion is to deter those, who are not blest with genius, from attempting the walks of Poetry.

I much approve what this writer has urged on the *unity of subject, and beauty of epistolary method* observed in this Work; but cannot agree that "the main  
subject

subject and intention was *the regulation of the Roman Stage.*" How far I may differ concerning particular passages, will appear from the notes at the end of this translation. In controversial criticism difference of opinion cannot but be expressed, (*veniam petimusque damusque vicissim,*) but I hope I shall not be thought to have delivered my sentiments with petulance, or be accused of want of respect for a character, that I most sincerely reverence and admire.

I now proceed to set down in writing, the substance of what I suggested to you in conversation, concerning my own conceptions of the end and design of Horace in this Epistle. In this explanation I shall call upon Horace as my chief witness, and the Epistle itself, as my principal voucher. Should their testimonies prove adverse, my system must be abandoned, like many that have preceded it, as vain and chimerical: and if it should even, by their support, be acknowledged and received, it will, I think, like the egg of Columbus, appear so plain, easy, and obvious, that it will seem almost wonderful, that the Epistle has never been considered in the same light, till now. I do not wish to dazzle with the lustre of a new hypothesis, which requires, I think,  
neither

neither the strong opticks, nor powerful glasses, of a critical Herschel, to ascertain the truth of it; but is a system, that lies level to common apprehension, and a luminary, discoverable by the naked eye.

My notion is simply this. I conceive that one of the sons of Piso, undoubtedly the Elder, had either written, or meditated, a poetical work, most probably a Tragedy; and that he had, with the knowledge of the family, communicated his piece, or intention, to Horace: but Horace, either disapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the Elder Piso, or both, wished to dissuade him from all thoughts of publication. With this view he formed the design of writing this Epistle, addressing it, with a courtliness and delicacy perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family, the father and his two sons. *Epistola ad Pisones, de Arte Poeticâ.*

He begins with general reflections, generally addressed to his *three* friends. *Credite, PISONES!—PATER, & JUVENES patre digni!*—In these preliminary rules, equally necessary to be observed by Poets of every denomination, he dwells on the necessity of unity of design, the danger of being dazzled by the  
splendor



splendor of partial beauties, the choice of subjects, the beauty of order, the elegance and propriety of diction, and the use of a thorough knowledge of the nature of the several different species of Poetry: summing up this introductory portion of his Epistle, in a manner perfectly agreeable to the conclusion of it.

*Descriptas serware vices, operumque colores,*

*Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?*

*Cur nescire, pudens pravè, quam discere malo?*

From this general view of poetry, on the canvas of Aristotle, but entirely after his own manner, the writer proceeds to give the rules and history of the Drama; adverting principally to Tragedy, with all its constituents and appendages of diction, fable, character, incidents, chorus, measure, musick, and decoration. In this part of the work, according to the interpretation of the best Criticks, and indeed (I think) according to the manifest tenor of the Epistle, he addresses himself entirely to *the two young gentlemen*, pointing out to them the difficulty, as well as excellence, of the Dramatick Art; insisting on the avowed superiority of the Græcian Writers, and ascribing the comparative failure of the Romans to negligence and avarice. The Poet, having exhausted

exhausted this part of his subject, suddenly drops a *second*, dismissing at once no less than *two* of the *three* Persons, to whom he originally addressed his Epistle, and turning short on *the ELDER PISO*, most earnestly conjures him to ponder on the danger of precipitate publications, and the ridicule to which the author of wretched poetry exposes himself. From the commencement of this partial address, O MAJOR JUVENUM, &c. [v. 366] to the end of the poem, *almost a fourth part of the whole*, the second person plural, *Pisones!—Vos!—Vos, O Pompilius Sanguis! &c.* is discarded, and the second person singular, *Tu, Te, Tibi, &c.* invariably takes its place. The arguments too are equally relative and personal; not only shewing the necessity of study, combined with natural genius, to constitute a Poet; but dwelling on the peculiar danger and delusion of flattery, to a writer of rank and fortune; as well as the inestimable value of an honest friend, to rescue him from derision and contempt. The Poet, however, in reverence to the Muse, qualifies his exaggerated description of an infatuated scribbler, with a most noble encomium on the uses of Good Poetry, vindicating the dignity of the Art, and proudly asserting, that the most exalted characters would not be disgraced by the cultivation of it.

*Ne forte pudori  
Sit tibi Musa, lyræ solers, & Cantor Apollo.*

It is worthy observation, that in the satyrical picture of a frantick bard, with which Horace concludes his Epistle, he not only runs counter to what might be expected as a Corollary of an Essay on *the Art of Poetry*, but contradicts his own usual practice and sentiments. In his Epistle to Augustus, instead of stigmatizing the love of verse as an abominable phrensy, he calls it (*levis hæc insania*) a slight madness, and descants on its good effects—*quantas VIRTUTES habeat, sic collige!*

In another Epistle, speaking of himself, and his addiction to poetry, he says,

————— *ubi quid datur oti,*  
*Illudo chartis; hoc est, MEDIOCRIBUS ILLIS*  
*Ex vitiiis unum, &c.*

All which, and several other passages in his works, almost demonstrate that it was not, without a particular purpose in view, that he dwelt so forcibly on the description of a man resolved

————— *in spite*  
*Of nature and his stars to write.*

To conclude, if I have not contemplated my system, till I am become blind to its imperfections, this view of the Epistle not only preserves to it all that *unity of subject, and elegance of method*, so much insisted on by the excellent Critick, to whom I have so often referred; but by adding to his judicious general abstract the familiarities of personal address, so strongly marked by the writer, scarce a line appears idle or misplaced: while the order and disposition of the Epistle to the Pisos appears as evident and unembarrassed, as that of the Epistle to Augustus; in which last, the actual state of the Roman Drama seems to have been more manifestly the object of Horace's attention, than in the Work now under consideration.

Before I leave you to the further examination of the original of Horace, and submit to you the Translation, with the Notes that accompany it, I cannot help observing, that the system, which I have here laid down, is not so entirely new, as it may perhaps at first appear to the reader, or as I myself originally supposed it. No Critick indeed has, to my knowledge, directly considered *the whole Epistle* in the same light that I have now taken it; but yet *particular passages* seem so strongly to enforce such an

interpretation, that the Editors, Translators, and Commentators, have been occasionally driven to explanations of a similar tendency ; of which the Notes annexed will exhibit several striking instances.

Of the following version I shall only say, that I have not, knowingly, adopted a single expression, tending to warp the judgement of the learned or unlearned reader, in favour of my own hypothesis. I attempted this translation, chiefly because I could find no other equally close and literal. Even the Version of Roscommon, though in blank verse, is in some parts a paraphrase, and in others, but an abstract. I have myself, indeed, endeavoured to support my right to that force and freedom of translation which Horace himself recommends ; yet I have faithfully exhibited in our language several passages, which his professed translators have abandoned, as impossible to be given in English.

All I think necessary to be further said on the Epistle, will appear in the Notes.

I am, my dear friends,

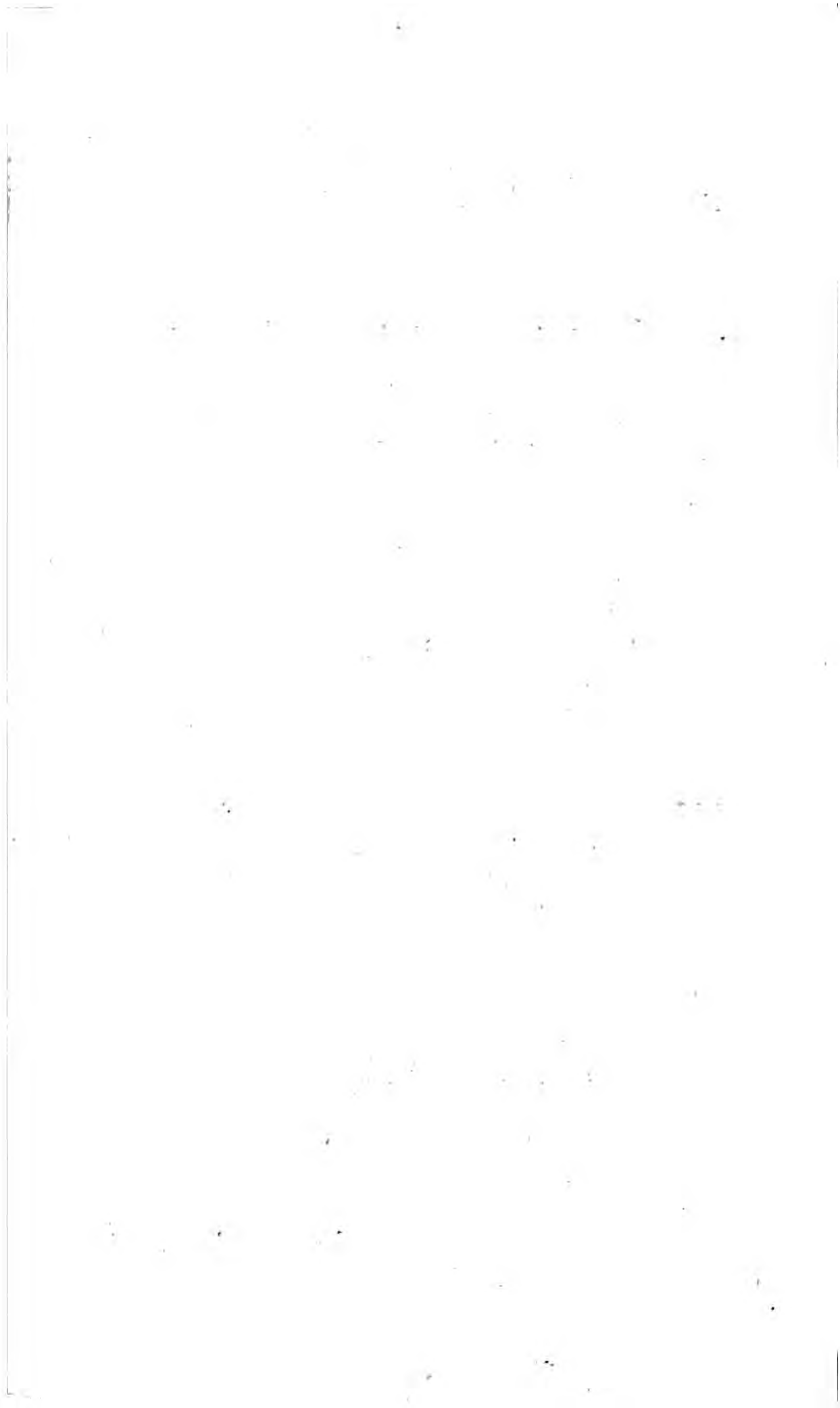
With the truest respect and regard,

Your most sincere admirer,

And very affectionate, humble servant,

GEORGE COLMAN.

LONDON, *March 8, 1783.*



---

Q. HORATII FLACCI  
E P I S T O L A

A D

P I S O N E S.

---

**H**Umano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne ;  
Sp̄ctatum admitti risum teneatis, amici ?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum  
Pessimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ

5

Fingentur



---

H O R A C E's  
E P I S T L E  
T O T H E  
P I S O S.

---

**W**HAT if a Painter, in his art to shine,  
A human head and horse's neck should join ;  
From various creatures put the limbs together,  
Cover'd with plumes, from ev'ry bird a feather ;  
And in a filthy tail the figure drop, 5  
A fish at bottom, a fair maid at top :  
Viewing a picture of this strange condition,  
Would you not laugh at such an exhibition ?  
Trust me, my Pisos, wild as this may seem,  
The volume such, where, like a sick-man's dream, 10



2      EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Fingentur species : ut nec pes, nec caput uni  
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque Poëtis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,      10  
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim;  
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut  
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

Incoëptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis  
Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus et alter      15  
Affuitur pannus ; cùm lucus et ara Dianæ,  
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,  
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.  
Sed nunc non erat his locus : et fortasse cupressum  
Scis simulare : quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes 20  
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur ? amphora coëpit  
Institui : currente rotâ cur urceus exit ?  
Denique fit quidvis simplex duntaxat et unum.

Maxima

EPISTLE TO THE RISOS. 2

Extravagant conceits throughout prevail,  
Gross and fantastick, neither head nor tail.  
“ Poets and Painters ever were allow’d  
“ Some daring flight above the vulgar croud.”  
True : we indulge them in that daring flight, 15  
And challenge in our turn an equal right :  
But not the soft and savage to combine,  
Serpents to doves, to tigers lambkins join.

Oft works of promise large, and high attempt,  
Are piec’d and guarded, to escape contempt, 20  
With here and there a remnant highly dress’d,  
That glitters thro’ the gloom of all the rest.  
Then Dian’s grove and altar are the theme,  
Then thro’ rich meadows winds the silver stream ;  
The River Rhine, perhaps, adorns the lines, 25  
Or the gay Rainbow in description shines.  
These we allow have each their several grace ;  
But each and several now are out of place.

A cypress you can draw ; what then ? you’re hir’d,  
And from your art a sea-piece is requir’d ; 30  
A shipwreck’d mariner, despairing, faint,  
(The price paid down) you are ordain’d to paint.  
On with your art ! proceed as you begun !  
Why dwindle to a cruet from a tun ?  
Simple be all you execute, and one !

}  
Lov’d

3 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Maxima pars vatum, (pater, et juvenes patre digni)  
Decipimur specie re $\acute{c}$ ti. Brevis esse laboro, 25  
Obscurus fio : sectantem lævia, nervi  
Deficiunt animique : professus grandia turget :  
Serpit humi tutus nimium timidusque procellæ.  
Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,  
Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. 30  
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus et ungues  
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos,  
Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum  
Nesciet : hunc ego me, si quid componere curem, 35  
Non magis esse velim, quàm pravo vivere naso,  
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
Viribus : et versate diu, quid ferre recusent  
Quid valeant humeri.

Cui

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 3

Lov'd fire! lov'd sons, well worthy such a fire! 35  
 Most bards are dupes to beauties they admire.  
 Proud to be brief, for brevity must please,  
 I grow obscure; the follower of ease  
 Wants nerve and soul; the lover of sublime  
 Swells to bombast; while he who dreads that crime, 40  
 Too fearful of the whirlwind rising round,  
 A wretched reptile, creeps along the ground.  
 The bard, ambitious fancies who displays,  
 And tortures one poor thought a thousand ways,  
 Heaps prodigies on prodigies; in woods 45  
 Pictures the dolphin, and the boar in floods!  
 Thus ev'n the fear of faults to faults betrays,  
 Unless a master-hand conduct the lays.

An under workman of th' Æmilian class,  
 Shall mould the nails, and trace the hair in brass, 50  
 Bungling at last; because his narrow soul  
 Wants room to comprehend *a perfect whole*.  
 To be this man, would I a work compose,  
 No more I'd wish, than for a horrid nose,  
 With hair as black as jet, and eyes as black as flocs. }

Select, all ye who write, a subject fit, 56  
 A subject, not too mighty for your wit!  
 And ere you lay your shoulders to the wheel,  
 Weigh well their strength, and all their weakness feel!  
 And

4 EPISTOLA AD PISONES .

- - - - - Cui lecta potenter erit res, 40  
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis hæc Virtus erit et Venus, aut ego fallor,  
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,  
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat.  
Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis auctor. 45

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque ferendis,  
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum  
Reddiderit junctura novum : si forte necesse est  
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,  
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis 50  
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.  
Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si  
Græco fonte cadant, parcé detorta. Quid autem ?  
Cæcilio, Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum  
Virgilio, Varioque ?

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 4

He, who his subject happily can chuse, 60  
Wins to his favour the benignant Muse ;  
For him shall Eloquence her stores display,  
And beauteous Order trace and clear his way.

Order, I trust, may boast, nor boast in vain,  
These Virtues and these Graces in her train.  
What on the instant should be said, to say ; 65  
Things, best reserv'd at present, to delay ;  
Guiding the bard, thro' his continu'd verse,  
What to reject, and when ; and what rehearse.

To words establish'd by long usage, true,  
With innovations, or adoptions, few, 70  
Happy your art, if by a cunning phrase  
To a new meaning a known word you raise :  
If calling from the dark abyss of time,  
“ Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,”  
Oft stern necessity exacts some word,  
By the strait-lac'd Cethegi never heard ;  
Take without blame, yet take with coyness too,  
The licence to your arduous subject due.  
New, or but recent, words shall have their course,  
If drawn discreetly from the Grecian source. 80  
What Plautus and Cecilius safely claim,  
Shall Rome in Virgil, and in Varius, blame ?

Cr

5 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

- - - - - ego cur acquirere pauca. 55  
Si possum, invidior ; cùm lingua Catonis et Ennî  
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum  
Nomina protulerit ? Licuit, semperque licebit  
Signatum præsentem notâ procudere nomen.  
Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos ; 60  
Prima cadunt : ita verborum vetus interit ætas,  
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata vigentque.  
Debemur morti nos, nostraque ; sive receptus  
Terrâ Neptunus, classes Aquilonibus arcet,  
Regis opus ; sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis, 65  
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum :  
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus annis,  
Doctus iter melius : mortalia facta peribunt,  
Nedum sermonum flet honos, et gratia vivax.  
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidêre ; cadentque 70  
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula,



EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 5

Or if myself should some few words explore,  
 Shall I be envied for my little store ?  
 Cato, and Ennius, while our style was young,  
 With many a sterling phrase enrich'd our tongue ;  
 And We, our Sires, and Sons, without a crime ;  
 May stamp on words the coinage of the time.  
 As branching woods let fall, and change their  
 leaves, 90  
 Our language too a change of words receives :  
 Year after year drop off the ancient race,  
 While young ones bud and flourish in their place.  
 Nor we, nor all we do, can death withstand ;  
*Whether the Sea*, imprison'd in the land,  
 A work imperial ! takes a harbour's form,  
 Where navies ride secure, and mock the storm ;  
*Whether the Marsh*, within whose horrid shore  
 Barrenness dwelt, and boatmen plied the oar,  
 Now furrow'd by the plough, a laughing plain, 100  
 Feeds all the cities round with fertile grain ;  
*Or if the River*, by a prudent force,  
 The corn once flooding, learns a better course.  
 The works of mortal man shall all decay ;  
 And words are grac'd and honour'd but a day : 105  
 Many shall wake reviv'd, that now lie dead ;  
 Many shall fade, and all their glories shed ;

Custom



6 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

- - - - - si volet usus,  
Quem penés arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Res gestæ regumque ducumque et tristia bella,  
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.

Verfibus impariter junctis querimonia primúm, 75  
Pòst etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.  
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,  
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.  
Hunc focci cepêre pedem, grandæque cothurni, 80  
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares  
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum,  
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,  
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre. 85

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,

Cur

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS.

6

Custom alone their rank and date can teach,  
 Custom, the sov'reign, law, and rule of speech.

For deeds of kings and chiefs, and battles fought,  
 What numbers are most fitting, Homer taught :

Couplets unequal were at first confin'd  
 To speak in broken verse the mourner's mind.  
 Prosperity at length, and free content,  
 In the same numbers gave their raptures vent; 115  
 But who first fram'd the Elegy's small song,  
 Grammarians squabble, and will squabble long.

Archilochus, resentment's bitter rage  
 Arm'd with his own Iambicks to engage :  
 With these the humble Sock, and Buskin proud, 120  
 Shap'd dialogue ; and still'd the noisy croud ;  
 Embrac'd the measure, prov'd its ease and force,  
 And found it apt for business or discourse.

Gods, and the sons of Gods, in Odes to sing,  
 The Muse attunes her Lyre, and strikes the string; 125  
 Victorious Boxers, Racers, mark the line,  
 The cares of youthful love, and joys of wine.

The various outline of each work to fill,  
 If nature gives no pow'r, and art no skill;

Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poëta salutor?  
 Cur nescire, pudens pravè, quàm discere malo?

    Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.  
 Indignatur item privatis ac prope focco           90  
 Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.  
 Singula quæque locum teneant fortita decenter.  
 Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit;  
 Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore;  
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.   95  
 Telephus aut Peleus, cum pauper er exul uterque,  
 Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,  
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.

    Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata; dulcia sunt,  
 Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunt. 100  
 Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent  
 Humanî vultus;

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 7

If, marking nicer shades, I miss my aim, 130  
Why am I greeted with a Poet's name?  
Or if, thro' ignorance, I can't discern,  
Why, from false modesty, forbear to learn?

A comick incident loaths tragick strains :  
Thy feast, Thyestes, lowly verse disdains ; 135  
Familiar diction scorns, as base and mean,  
Touching too nearly on the comick scene.  
Each style allotted to its proper place,  
Let each appear with its peculiar grace !  
Yet Comedy at times exalts her strain, 140  
And angry Chremes storms in swelling vein :  
The tragick hero, plung'd in deep distress,  
Sinks with his fate, and makes his language less.  
Peleus and Telephus, poor, banish'd! each  
Drops his foot-half-foot words, and founding  
speech ; 145  
Or else, what bosom in his grief takes part,  
Which cracks the ear, but cannot touch the heart !

'Tis not enough that Plays are polish'd, chaste,  
Or trickt in all the harlotry of taste,  
They must have *passion* too ; beyond controul 150  
Transporting where they please the hearer's soul.  
With those that smile, our face in smiles appears ;  
With those that weep, our cheeks are bath'd in tears :

## 8 ÉPISTOLA AD PISONES.

- - - - - si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi : tunc tua me infortunia lædent.  
Telephe, vel Peleu, male si mandata loqueris,  
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo : tristia mæstum 105  
Vultum verba decent ; iratum, plena minarum ;  
Ludentem, lasciva ; severum, seria dictu.  
Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem  
Fortunarum habitum ; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,  
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit : 110  
Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.  
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,  
Romani tollent Equites peditesque chachinum.

Intererit multum, Divusne loquatur, an heros ;  
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ 115  
Fervidus ; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix ;  
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli ;

Colchus,

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 8

To make *me* grieve, be first *your* anguish shown,  
 And I shall feel your sorrows like my own. 155  
 Peleus, and Telephus ! unless your style  
 Suit with your circumstance, I'll sleep, or smile.  
 Features of sorrow mournful words require ;  
 Anger in menace speaks, and words of fire ;  
 The playful prattle in a frolick vein, 160  
 And the severe affect a serious strain :  
 For Nature first, to every varying wind  
 Of changeful fortune, shapes the pliant mind ;  
 Sooths it with pleasure, or to rage provokes,  
 Or brings it to the ground by sorrow's heavy  
 strokes ; 165  
 Then of the joys that charm'd, or woes that wrung,  
 Forces expression from the faithful tongue :  
 But if the actor's words belie his state,  
 And speak a language foreign to his fate,  
 Romans shall crack their sides, and all the town 170  
 Join, horse and foot, to laugh th' impostor down.

Just *Dialogue*, to every speaker fit,  
 Their several rank and character should hit ;  
 Hero, or God ; the Sire sedate and grave,  
 Or the warm Youth to passion still a slave ; 175  
 Matron, or Nurse ; the Merchant us'd to roam,  
 Or Farmer ploughing his rich field at home :

9 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,  
Scriptor. Homæreum si forte reponis Achillem, 120  
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.  
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,  
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes 125  
Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum  
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

Difficile est propriè communia dicere: tuque  
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,  
Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus. 130

Publica materies privati juris erit, si  
Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;  
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus  
Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,

Unde



EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 9

If Colchian, or Assyrian, fill the scene,  
Theban, or Argian, note the shades between!

Follow the Voice of Fame; or if you feign, 180  
The fabled plan consistently sustain!

If Homer's hero you bring back to view,  
Shew your Achilles such as Homer drew;  
Active, warm, brave, impetuous, high of soul,  
Calling to arms! and brooking no controul: 185  
Fierce let Medea seem, in horrors clad;  
Perfidious be Ixion, Ino sad;  
Io a wand'rer, and Orestes mad! }

Should you, advent'ring novelty, engage  
Some bold Original to tread the Stage, 190  
True to the parent mould in which 'twas cast,  
Sustain the character from first to last.

Yet hard the task to touch on untried facts:  
Safer the Iliad to reduce to acts,  
Than be the first new regions to explore, 195  
And dwell on themes unknown, untold before.

Quit but the vulgar, broad, and beaten round,  
The publick field becomes your private ground:  
Nor word for word too faithfully translate;  
Nor leap at once into a narrow strait, 200

10 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet aut operis lex. 135

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim :

FORTUNAM PRIAMI CANTABO, ET NOBILE BELLUM.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?

Parturiunt montes : nascetur ridiculus mus.

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte ! 140

DIC MIHI, MUSA, VIRUM, CAPTÆ POST MOENIA

TROJÆ,

QUI MORES HOMINUM MULTORUM VIDIT ET URBES.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem

Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cylope Charib-

din.

145

Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,

Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo :

Semper ad eventum festinat ; et in medias res,

Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit : et quæ

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit : 150

Atque

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 10

A copyist so close, that rule and line  
Curb your free march, and all your steps confine!

Be not your opening fierce, in accents bold,  
Like the rude ballad-monger's chaunt of old ;  
" The fall of Priam, the great Trojan King! 205  
" Of the right noble Trojan War, I sing!"  
Where ends this Boaster, who, with voice of thunder,  
Wakes Expectation, all agape with wonder?  
The mountains labour! hush'd are all the spheres!  
And, oh ridiculous! a mouse appears. 210

How much more modestly begins HIS song,  
Who labours, or imagines, nothing wrong!  
" Say, Muse, the Man, who, after Troy's disgrace,  
" In various cities mark'd the human race!"  
Not flame to smoke he turns, but smoke to light, 215  
Kindling from thence a stream of glories bright:  
Antiphates, the Cyclops, raise the theme;  
Scylla, Charibdis, fill the pleasing dream.  
He goes not back to Meleager's death,  
With Diomed's return to run you out of breath; 220  
Nor from the Double Egg, the tale to mar,  
Traces the story of the Trojan War:  
Still hurrying to th' event, at once he brings  
His hearer to the heart and soul of things;  
And what won't bear the light, in shadow flings. }

II EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,  
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi;  
Si fautoris eges aulea manentis, et usque  
Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat: 155

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,  
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo  
Signat humum; gestit paribus colludere, et iram  
Colligit ac ponit temerè, et mutatur in horas. 160

Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,  
Gaudet equis canibusque et aprici gramine campi;  
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,  
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,  
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere per-  
nix. 165

Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 11

So well he feigns, so well contrives to blend  
 Fiction and Truth, that all his labours tend  
 True to one point, persu'd from end to end. }

Hear now, what I expect, and all the town,  
 If you would with applause your play to crown,  
 And patient fitters, 'till the cloth goes down! }

*Man's several ages* with attention view,  
 His flying years, and changing nature too;

*The Boy*, who now his words can freely sound,  
 And with a steadier footstep prints the ground, 235  
 Places in playfellows his chief delight,  
 Quarrels, shakes hands, and cares not wrong or right:  
 Sway'd by each fav'rite bauble's short-liv'd pow'r,  
 In smiles, in tears, all humours ev'ry hour.

*The beardless Youth*, at length from tutor free, 240  
 Loves horses, hounds, the field, and liberty:  
 Pliant as wax, to vice his easy soul,  
 Marble to wholesome counsel and controul;  
 Improvident of good, of wealth profuse;  
 High; fond, yet fickle; generous, yet loose. 245

To graver studies, new pursuits inclin'd,  
*Manhood*, with growing years, brings change of  
 mind:

Seeks

12 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Quærit opes et amicitias, infervit honori ;  
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda ; vel quod  
Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti ; 170  
Vel quod res omnes timidè gelidèque ministrat,  
Dilator, spe lentus, iners, pavidusque futuri ;  
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti  
Se puero, censor, castigatoremque minorum.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum, 175  
Multa recedentes adimunt ; ne forte seniles  
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles.  
Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur :

Segnius

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS, 12

Seeks riches, friends ; with thirst of honour glows ;  
And all the meanness of ambition knows ;  
Prudent, and wary, on each deed intent, 250  
Fearful to act, and afterwards repent.

Evil in various shapes *Old Age* surrounds ;  
Riches his aim, in riches he abounds ;  
Yet what he gain'd in fear, he fears to lose ;  
And what he sought as useful, dares not use. 255  
Timid and cold in all he undertakes,  
His hand from doubt, as well as weakness, shakes ;  
Hope makes him tedious, fond of dull delay ;  
Dup'd by to-morrow, tho' he dies to-day ;  
Ill-humour'd, querulous ; yet loud in praise  
Of all the mighty deeds of former days ;  
When *he* was young, good heavens, what glorious  
times !  
Unlike the present age, that teems with crimes !

Thus years advancing many comforts bring,  
And, flying, bear off many on their wing : 265  
Confound not youth with age, nor age with youth,  
But mark their several characters with truth !

Events are on the stage in act display'd,  
Or by narration, if unseen, convey'd.

Cold



13      EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,      180  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus  
Digna geri promes in scenam : multa que tolles  
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens :  
Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet ;      185  
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus ;  
Aut in avem Procne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.  
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu  
Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi.      190

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit : nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Actoris partes Chorus, officiumque virile  
Defendat : neu quid medios intercinat actus,  
Quod non proposito conducat et hæreat apte.      195

Ille

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 13

Cold is the tale distilling thro' the ear, 270  
Filling the soul with less dismay and fear,  
Than where spectators view, like standers-by,  
The deed submitted to the faithful eye.  
Yet force not on the stage, to wound the sight,  
Acts that should pass within, and shun the light! 275  
Many there are the eye should ne'er behold,  
But touching Eloquence in time unfold:  
Who on Medea's parricide can look?  
View horrid Atreus human garbage cook?  
If a bird's feathers I see Progne take, 280  
If I see Cadmus slide into a snake,  
My faith revolts; and I condemn outright  
The fool that shews me such a filly fight.

Let not your play have *fewer acts* than *five*,  
Nor *more*, if you would wish it run and thrive!

*Draw down no God*, unworthily betray'd,  
Unless some great occasion ask his aid!

Let no *fourth person*, labouring for a speech,  
Make in the dialogue a needless breach!

An actor's part the CHORUS should sustain, 290  
Gentle in all its office, and humane;  
Chaunting no Odes between the acts, that seem  
Unapt, or foreign to the general theme.

Let

14      EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Ille bonis faveatque, et concilietur amicis,  
Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes :  
Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem  
Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis :  
Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur et oret, 200  
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vinc̄ta, tubæque  
Æmula; sed tenuis, simplexque foramine paucō,  
Aspirare et adesse choris erat utilis, atque  
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu : 205  
Quo sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus  
Et frugi castusque verecundusque coibat.  
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem  
Laxior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno  
Placari Genius festis impune diebus, 210  
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.  
Indoctus quid enim saperet liberque laborum,  
Rusticus urbano confusus,

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 14

Let it to Virtue prove a guide and friend,  
 Curb tyrants, and the humble good defend! 295  
 Loud let it praise the joys that Temperance waits;  
 Of Justice sing, the real health of States;  
 The Laws; and Peace, secure with open gates!  
 Faithful and secret, let it heav'n invoke  
 To turn from the unhappy fortune's stroke,  
 And all its vengeance on the proud provoke!

*The Pipe* of old, as yet with brass unbound,  
 Nor rivalling, as now, the Trumpet's sound,  
 But slender, simple, and its stops but few,  
 Breath'd to the Chorus; and was useful too: 305  
 No crouded seats wedg'd close, and closer still,  
 Then asking pow'rful blasts their space to fill;  
 When the thin audience, pious, frugal, chaste,  
 With modest mirth indulg'd their sober taste.  
 But soon as the proud Victor spurns all bounds, 310  
 And growing Rome a wider wall surrounds;  
 When noontide revels, and the daylight bow,  
 Licence on holidays a flow of soul;  
 A richer stream of melody is known,  
 Numbers more copious, and a fuller tone. 315

— For what, alas! could the unpractis'd ear  
 Of rusticks, revelling o'er country cheer,

- - - - - turpis honesto?

Sic priscae motumque et luxuriam addidit arti

Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem : 215

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,

Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceptis ;

Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri,

Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum, 220

Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, et asper

Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit : eò quod

Illecebris erat et gratâ novitate morandus

Spectator functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.

Verum ita riores, ita commendare dicaces 225

Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere feria ludo ;

Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros

Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,

Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas :

Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet. 230

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 15

A motley groupe! high, low; and froth, and scum;  
 Distinguish but shrill squeak, and dronish hum?—  
 The Piper, grown luxuriant in his art, 320  
 With dance and flowing vest embellishes his part!  
 Now too, its pow'rs increas'd, *the Lyre severe*  
 With richer numbers smites the list'ning ear:  
 Sudden bursts forth a flood of rapid song,  
 Rolling a tide of eloquence along: 325  
 Useful, prophetic, wise, the strain divine  
 Breathes all the spirit of the Delphick shrine.

He who the prize, a filthy goat, to gain,  
 At first contended in the tragick strain,  
 Soon too—tho' rude, the graver mood unbroke,—  
 Stript the rough SATYRS, and essay'd a joke:  
 For holiday-spectators, flush'd, and wild,  
 With new conceits, and mummeries, were beguil'd.  
 Yet should the Satyrs so chastise their mirth,  
 Temp'ring the jest that gives their fallies birth; 335  
 Changing from grave to gay, so keep the mean,  
 That God or Heroe of the lofty scene,  
 In royal gold and purple seen but late,  
 May ne'er in cots obscure debase his state,  
 Loft in low language; nor in too much care 340  
 To shun the ground, grasp clouds, and empty air.

16 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus,  
Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,  
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.  
Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina solum  
Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo : 235  
Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,  
Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquator et audax  
Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,  
An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar : ut sibi quisvis 240  
Speret idem ; sudet multum, frustra que laboret  
Ausus idem : tantum series juncturaque pollet :  
Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.

Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,  
Ne velut innati triviis, ac pene forenses, 245  
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus umquam,

Aut



EPISTLE TO THE PISOS, 16

With an indignant pride, and coy disdain,  
Stern Tragedy rejects too light a vein :  
Like a grave Matron, destin'd to advance  
On solemn festivals to join the dance, 345  
Mixt with the shaggy tribe of Satyrs rude,  
She'll hold a sober mien, and act the prude.  
Ne'er would I, Pisos, in the Sylvan scene,  
Use abject terms alone, and phrases mean ;  
Nor of high Tragick colouring afraid, 350  
Neglect too much the difference of shade !  
Davus may jest, pert Pythias may beguile  
Simo of cash, in a familiar style ;  
The same low strain Silenus would disgrace,  
Servant and guardian of the Godlike race. 355

Let me on subjects known my verse so frame,  
So follow it, that each may hope the same ;  
Daring the same, and toiling to prevail,  
May vainly toil, and only dare to fail !  
Such virtues order and connection bring, 360  
From common arguments such honours spring.

The woodland Fauns their origin should heed,  
Take no town stamp, nor seem the city breed :  
Nor let them, aping young gallants, repeat  
Verses that run upon too tender feet ; 365  
Nor

17      EPISTOLA AD PISONES,

Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta.  
Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, et pater, et res;  
Nec, si quid fracti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,  
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve coronâ.      250

Syllaba longa brevi subiecta, vocatur Iambus,  
Pes citus : unde etiam Trimetris accrescere iussit  
Nomen Iambeis, cum fenos redderet ictus  
Primus ad extremum similis sibi ; non ita pridem,  
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,      255  
Spondeos stabiles in iura paterna recepit  
Commodus et patiens : non ut de sede secundâ  
Cederet, aut quartâ socialiter. Hic et in Acci  
Nobilibus Trimetris apparet rarus, et Enni.  
In scenam missus cum magno pondere versus,      260  
Aut operæ celeris nimium cura que carentis,  
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi,

Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex :  
Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.

Ideircòne

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 17

Nor fall into a low, indecent stile,  
Breaking dull jests to make the vulgar smile! 365  
For higher ranks such ribaldry despise,  
Condemn the Poet, and withhold the prize.

To a short Syllable a long subjoin'd 370  
Forms an Iambick foot; so light a kind,  
That when six pure Iambicks roll'd along,  
So nimbly mov'd, so trippingly the song,  
The feet to half their number lost their claim,  
And *Trimeter Iambicks* was their name. 375

Hence, that the measure might more grave appear,  
And with a slower march approach the ear,  
From the fourth foot, and second, not displac'd,  
The steady spondee kindly it embrac'd;  
Then in firm union socially unites, 380  
Admitting the ally to equal rights.

Accius, and Ennius lines, thus duly wrought,  
In their bold Trimeters but rarely fought:  
Yet scenes o'erloaded with a verse of lead,  
A mass of heavy numbers on their head, 385  
Speak careless haste, neglect in ev'ry part,  
Or shameful ignorance of the Poet's art.

“ Not ev'ry Critick spies a faulty strain,  
And pardon Roman Poets should disdain.”

18      EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter ? ut omnes  
Visuros peccata putem mea ; tutus et intra      266  
Spem veniæ cautus ? vitavi denique culpam,  
Non laudem merui,

Vos exemplaria Græca  
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.  
At vestri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et      270  
Laudavere sales ; nimirum patienter utrumque  
(Ne dicam stultè) mirati : si modo ego et vos  
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,  
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.

Ignotum tragicæ genús invenisse Camœnæ      275  
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis  
Quæ canerent agerentque, peruncti sæcibus ora.  
Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ  
Æschylus et modicis instavit pulpita tignis,

Et

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 181

Shall I then all regard, all labour flight, 390  
Break loose at once, and all at random write?  
Or shall I fear that all my faults descry,  
Viewing my errors with an Eagle eye,  
And thence correctness make my only aim,  
Pleas'd to be safe, and sure of 'scaping blame? 395  
Thus I from faults indeed may guard my lays;  
But neither they, nor I, can merit praise.

Pisos! be Græcian models your delight!  
Night and day read them, read them day and night!  
“ Well! but our fathers Plautus lov'd to praise, 400  
“ Admir'd his humour, and approv'd his lays.”  
Yes; they saw both with a too partial eye,  
Fond e'en to folly sure, if you and I  
Know ribaldry from humour, chaste and terse,  
Or can but scan, and have an ear for verse. 405

A kind of Tragick Ode unknown before,  
THESPIS, 'tis said, invented first, and bore  
Cart-loads of verse about; and with him went  
A troop begrim'd, to sing and represent.  
Next, ÆSCHYLUS, a Mask to shroud the face, 410  
A Robe devis'd, to give the person grace;

On

19 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno. 280  
Successit Vetus his Comœdia, non sine multâ  
Laude : sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim  
Dignam lege regi : lex est accepta ; Chorusque  
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi,

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poëtæ : 285  
Nec nimium meruere decus, vestigia Græca  
Ausî deferere, et celebrare domestica facta,  
Vel qui Prætextas, vel qui docuere Togatas :  
Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis, 290  
Quam linguâ, Latium ; si non offenderet unum—  
Quemque poëtarum limæ labor et mora. Vos ô  
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non  
Multa dies et multa litura coërcuit, atque  
Præfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 19

On humble rafters rais'd a Stage, and taught  
 The buskin'd actor, with *his* spirit fraught,  
 To breathe with dignity the lofty thought.  
 To these succeeded, with no little praise 415  
 The good OLD COMEDY of antient days ;  
 'Till Liberty, grown rank and run to feed,  
 Call'd for tho hand of Law to pluck the weed :  
 The Statute past ; the fland'rous Chorus, drown'd  
 In shameful silence, lost the pow'r to wound. 420

Nothing have Roman Poets left untried,  
 Nor added little to their Country's pride ;  
 Daring their Græcian Masters to forsake,  
 And for their themes Domestick Glories take ;  
 Whether *the Gown* prescrib'd an air more mean, 425  
 Or the *Inwoven Purple* rais'd the scene :  
 Nor would the splendour of the Latian name  
 From arms, than Letters, boast a brighter fame,  
 Had they not, scorning the laborious file,  
 Grudg'd time, to mellow and refine their style. 430  
 But you, bright hopes of the Pompilian Blood,  
 Never the verse approve and hold as good,  
 'Till many a day, and many a blot has wrought  
 The polish'd work, and chasten'd ev'ry thought,  
 By tenfold labour to perfection brought !

Because



20. EPISTOLA AD PISONES,

Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte. 295  
Credidit, et excludit fanos Helicone poëtas.  
Democritus; bona pars non unguis ponere curat,  
Non barbam, secreta petit loca, balnea vitat;  
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poëtæ,  
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile numquam 300  
Tonfori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus,  
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!  
Non alius faceret meliora poëmata: verum  
Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum  
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi. 305  
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo:  
Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poëtam;  
Quid deceat, quid non; quò virtus, quò ferat error,

Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons:  
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ; 310  
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

Qui

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 20

Because Democritus thinks wretched Art 435  
Too mean with Genius to sustain a part,  
To Helicon allowing no pretence,  
'Till the mad bard has lost all common sense ;  
Many there are, their nails who will not pare, 440  
Or trim their beards, or bathe, or take the air :  
For *he*, no doubt, must be a bard renown'd,  
That head with deathless laurel must be crown'd,  
Tho' past the pow'r of Hellebore insane,  
Which no vile Cutberd's razor'd hands profane. 445  
Ah luckless I, each spring that purge the bile !  
Or who'd write better ? but 'tis scarce worth while :  
So as mere hone, my services I pledge ;  
Edgeless itself, it gives the steel an edge :  
No writer I, to those that write impart 450  
The nature and the duty of their art :  
Whence springs the fund ; what forms the bard, to  
know ;  
What nourishes his pow'rs, and makes them grow ;  
What's fit or unfit ; whither genius tends ;  
And where fond ignorance and dulness ends. 455

In Wisdom, Moral Wisdom, to excell,  
Is the chief cause and spring of writing well.  
Draw elements from the Socratick source,  
And, full of matter, words will rise of course:

He

21      EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis ;  
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus et hospes ;  
 Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium ; quæ  
 Partes in bellum missi ducis ; ille profectò      315  
 Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.  
 Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo  
 Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.  
 Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè  
 Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,      320  
 Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,  
 Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo  
 Musa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.  
 Romani pueri longis rationibus assem      325  
 Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicas  
 Filius Albin, si de quincunce remota est  
 Uncia, quid surperet ? poteras dixisse, triens. Eu !  
 Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia : quid fit ?

Semis;

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 21

He who hath learnt a patriot's glorious flame; 460  
 What friendship asks; what filial duties claim;  
 The ties of blood; and secret links that bind  
 The heart to strangers, and to all mankind;  
 The Senator's, the Judge's peaceful care,  
 And sterner duties of the Chief in war! 465  
 These who hath studied well, will all engage  
 In functions suited to their rank and age.  
 On Nature's pattern too I'll bid him look,  
 And copy manners from her living book.  
 Sometimes 'twill chance, a poor and barren tale, 470  
 Where neither excellence nor art prevail,  
 With now and then a passage of some merit,  
 And Characters sustain'd, and drawn with spirit,  
 Pleases the people more, and more obtains,  
 Than tuneful nothings, mere poetick strains. 475

*The Sons of Greece* the fav'ring Muse inspir'd,  
 Inflam'd their souls, and with true genius fir'd:  
 Taught by the Muse, they sung the loftiest lays,  
 And knew no avarice but that of praise.  
*The Lads of Rome*, to study fractions bound, 480  
 Into an hundred parts can split a pound.  
 "Say, Albin's Hopeful! from five twelfths an ounce,  
 "And what remains?"—"a Third."—"Well said,  
 "young Pounce!

"You're

o Semis. An hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi 330  
 Cum semel imbuerit speramus carmina fingi  
 Possent linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poëtæ :  
 Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis : ut cito dicta 335  
 Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.  
 Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris :  
 Ne, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi ;  
 Ne, pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo. 340

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis :  
 Celsi prætereunt austeram poëmata Rhamnes.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
 Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 22

“ You’re a made man !—but add an ounce,—what then ?”

“ A Half.” “ Indeed ! surprizing ! good again !”  
From minds debas’d with such a sordid lust,  
Canker’d and eaten up with this vile rust,  
Can we a verse, that gives the Genius scope,  
Worthy the Cedar, and the Cypress, hope ?

Instruction to convey or give delight, 490  
Or both at once to compass, Poets write.

Short be your precepts, and th’ impression strong,  
That minds may catch them quick, and hold them  
long !

The bosom full, and satisfied the taste,  
All that runs over will but run to waste. 495

Fictions, to please, like truths must meet the eye,  
Nor must the Fable tax our faith too high.  
Shall Lamia in our fight her sons devour,  
And give them back alive the self-same hour ?

The Old, if *Moral’s* wanting, damn the Play ; 500  
And *Sentiment* disgusts the Young and Gay.

He who instruction and delight can blend,  
Please with his fancy, with his moral mend,

23    EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Hic meret æra liber Sosis, hic et mare tranfit, 345  
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus.  
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit, quem vult manus  
et mens ;  
Poscentique gravem per sæpe remittit acutum :  
Nec semper feriet, quodcumque minabitur, arcus. 350  
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo est ?  
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,  
Quamvis est monitus, veniã caret; ut citharædus 355  
Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem ;  
Sic mihi qui multum cessat, fit Choerilus ille,  
Quem bis terve bonum, cum risu miror ; et idem

Indignor,



EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 23

Hits the nice point, and every vote obtains : 505  
His work a fortune to the Sosii gains ;  
Flies over seas, and on the wings of Fame  
Carries from age to age the writer's deathless name.

Yet there are faults that we may pardon too :  
For ah ! the string won't always answer true ;  
But, spite of hand and mind, the treach'rous harp  
Will sound a flat, when we intend a sharp : 511  
The bow, not always constant and the same,  
Will sometimes carry wide, and lose its aim.  
But in the verse where many beauties shine,  
I blame not here and there a feeble line ; 515  
Nor take offence at ev'ry idle trip,  
Where haste prevails, or nature makes a slip.  
What's the result then ? Why thus stands the case.  
As *the Transcriber*, in the self-same place  
Who still mistakes, tho' warned of his neglect, 520  
No pardon for his blunders can expect ;  
Or as *the Minstrel* his disgrace must bring,  
Who harps for ever on the same false string ;  
From faults scarce ever free, *the Poet* thus  
Appears to me a very CHÆRIBUS, 525  
Who twice or thrice, by some adventure rare,  
Stumbling on beauties, makes me smile and stare ;

24 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.  
Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum. 360

Ut pictura, poësis : erit quæ, si propius stes,  
Te capiat magis ; et quædam, si longius abstes :  
Hæc amat obscurum ; volet hæc sub luce videri,  
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen :  
Hæc placuit semel ; hæc decies repetita placebit. 365

*O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paternâ  
Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis ; hoc tibi dictum  
Tolle memor : certis medium et tolerabile rebus  
Rectè concedi : consultus juris, et actor  
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis 370  
Messallæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus ;  
Sed tamen in pretio est : mediocribus esse poëtis  
Non homines, non Dî, non concessere columnæ.*

Ut

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 24

*Me*, who am griev'd and vex'd to the extreme,  
If Homer seem to nod, or chance to dream :  
Tho' in a work of length o'erlabour'd sleep 530  
At intervals may, not unpardon'd, creep,

Poems and Pictures are adjudg'd alike ;  
Some charm us near, and some at distance strike :  
*This* loves the shade ; *this* challenges the light, }  
Daring the keenest Critick's Eagle fight ;  
*This* once has pleas'd ; *this* ever will delight. }

O THOU, MY PISO'S ELDER HOPE AND PRIDE !  
THO' WELL A FATHER'S VOICE THY STEPS CAN  
GUIDE ;  
THO' INBRED SENSE WHAT'S WISE AND RIGHT CAN  
TELL,

REMEMBER THIS FROM ME, AND WEIGH IT WELL !  
In certain things, things neither high nor proud,  
*Middling* and *passable* may be allow'd.

A *moderate* proficient in the laws,  
A *moderate* defender of a cause,  
Boasts not Messala's pleadings, nor is deem'd 545  
Aulus in Jurisprudence; yet esteem'd :  
But *middling* Poets, or *degrees in Wit*,  
Nor men, nor Gods, nor rubrick-posts admit.

25 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,  
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle pa-  
paver 375

Offendunt, poterat duci quia cœna sine istis;  
Sic animis natum inventumque pœma juvandis,  
Si paulum summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis;  
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit; 380  
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ:  
Qui nescit versus, tamen audet fingere. Quid nî?  
Liber et ingenuus; præsertim census equestrem  
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ: 385  
Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens: si quid tamen olim  
Scripseris, in Metii descendat iudicis aures,  
Et patris, et nostras; nonumque prematur in annum.

Membranis

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 25

At festivals, as musick out of tune,  
Ointment, or honey, rank, disgust us soon, 550  
Because they're not essential to the guest,  
And might be spar'd, unless the very best ;  
Thus Poetry, so exquisite of kind,  
Of Pleasure born, to charm the soul design'd,  
If it fall short but little of the first, 555  
Is counted last, and rank'd among the worst.

The Man, unapt for sports of fields and plains,  
From implements of exercise abstains ;  
For ball, or quoit, or hoop, without the skill,  
Dreading the croud's derision, he sits still ; 560  
For Poetry he boasts no spark of fire,  
And yet to Poetry he dares aspire :  
And why not ? he's a Gentleman, with clear  
Good forty thousand sesterces a year ;  
A freeman too ; and all the world allows, 565  
" As honest as the skin between his brows !"

Nothing, in spite of Genius, YOU'LL commence ;  
Such is your judgment, such your solid sense !  
But if hereafter you should write, the verse  
To *Metius*, to your *Sire*, to *me*, rehearse. 570  
Let it sink deep in their judicious ears !  
Weigh the work well ; and keep it back nine years !

26    EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Membranis intus positis, delere licebit

Quod non edideris : nescit vox missa reverti.    390

Silvestres homines facer interpretsque Deorum

Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus ;

Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones.

Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,

Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blandâ    395

Ducere quo vellet.

Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,

Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis ;

Concubitu prohibere vago ; dare jura maritis ;

Oppida moliri ; leges incidere ligno.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque    400

Carminibus venit.

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 26

Papers unpubliſh'd you may blot or burn :  
A word, once utter'd, never can return.

The barb'rous natives of the ſhaggy wood 575  
From horrible repaſts, and acts of blood,  
ORPHEUS, a prieſt, and heav'nly teacher, brought,  
And all the charities of nature taught :  
Whence he was ſaid fierce tigers to allay,  
And ſing the Savage Lion from his prey. 580  
Within the hollow of AMPHION's ſhell  
Such pow'rs of ſound were lodg'd, ſo ſweet a ſpell !  
That ſtones were ſaid to move, and at his call,  
Charm'd to his purpoſe, form'd the Theban Wall.

The love of Moral Wiſdom to infuſe 585  
*Theſe* were the Labours of THE ANCIENT MUSE.  
“ To mark the limits, where the barriers ſtood  
“ 'Twiſt Private Int'reſt, and the Publick Good ;  
“ To raiſe a pale, and firmly to maintain  
“ The bound, that ſever'd Sacred from Profane ; 590  
“ To ſhew the illſ Promiſcuous Love ſhould dread,  
“ And teach the laws of the Connubial Bed ;  
“ Mankind diſpers'd, to Social Towns to draw ;  
“ And on the Sacred Tablet grave the Law.”  
Thus fame and honour crown'd the Poet's line ; 595  
His work immortal, and himſelf divine !



27 EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

- - - - - Post hos insignis Homerus  
Tyrtaeusque mares animos in Martia bella  
Versibus exacuit.

Dictæ per carmina fortes,  
Et vitæ monstrata via est ; et gratia regum  
Pieriis tentata modis, ludusque repertus, 405  
Et longorum operum finis ; *ne forte pudori*  
*Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.*

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,  
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium : alterius sic 410  
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè.  
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,

Multa

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 27

Next lofty HOMER, and TYRTÆUS strung  
Their Epick Harps, and Songs of Glory sung ;  
Sounding a charge, and calling to the war  
The Souls that bravely feel, and nobly dare.

In *Verse* the Oracles their sense make known, 600  
In *Verse* the road and rule of life is shewn ;  
*Verse* to the Poet royal favour brings,  
And leads the Muses to the throne of Kings ;  
*Verse* too, the varied Scene and sports prepares,  
Brings rest to toil, and balm to all our cares.

DEEM THEN WITH REV'RENCE OF THE HALLOW'D  
FIRE,

BREATH'D BY THE MUSE, THE MISTRESS OF THE  
LYRE !

BLUSH NOT TO OWN HER POW'R, HER GLORIOUS  
FLAME ;

NOR THINK APOLLO, LORD OF SONG, THY SHAME !

Whether good verse of Nature is the fruit, 610  
Or form'd by Art, has long been in dispute.

But what can Labour in a barren soil,  
Or what rude Genius profit without toil ?

The wants of one the other must supply ;  
Each finds in each a friend and firm ally. 615

Much has the Youth, who pressing in the race  
Pants for the promis'd goal and foremost place,  
Suffer'd

28    EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Multa tulit fecitque puer ; sudavit et alfit ;  
Abstinuit venere et vino. Qui Pythia cantat  
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum. 415  
Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poëmata pango :  
Occupet extremum scabies : mihi turpe relinqui est,  
Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.

Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas ;  
Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poëta            420  
Dives agris, dives positis in scœnore nummis.  
Si vero est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,  
Et spondere levi pro paupere, eripere atris  
Litibus implicitum ; mirabor, si sciet inter-  
Noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum. 425  
Tu seu donaris seu quid donare voles cui ;  
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum  
Lætitiæ ; clamabit enim, Pulchrè, bene, rectè !  
Pallefcet ; super his etiam stillabit amicis  
Ex oculis rorem ;

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 28

Suffer'd and done ; borne heat, and cold's extremes,  
 And Wine and Women scorn'd as empty dreams.  
 The Piper, who the Pythian Measure plays,  
 In fear of a hard master learnt the lays :  
 But if to desp'rate *verse* I would apply, 620  
 What needs instruction ? 'tis enough to cry,  
 " I can write Poems, to strike wonder blind !  
 " Plague take the hindmost ! Why leave *me* behind !  
 " Or why extort a truth, so mean and low,  
 " That what I have not learnt, I cannot know ?"

As the fly Hawker, who a sale prepares,  
 Collects a crowd of bidders for his wares,  
 The Poet, warm in land, and rich in cash,  
 Assembles flatterers, brib'd to praise his trash.  
 But if he keeps a table, drinks good wine, 630  
 And gives his hearers handsomely to dine ;  
 If he'll stand bail, from suits poor debtors draw  
 Entangled in the cobwebs of the law ;  
 Much shall I praise his luck, his sense commend,  
 If he discern the flatterer from the friend.  
 Is there a man to whom you've given aught ?  
 Or mean to give ? let no such man be brought  
 To hear your verses ! for at every line, 640  
 Bursting with joy, he'll cry, " Good ! rare ? divine !"  
 The blood will leave his cheek ; his eyes will fill  
 With tears, and soon the friendly dew distill :  
 He'll

29      EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

- - - - - faliet ; tundet pede terram.      430

Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt

Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo : sic

Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,

Ea torquere mero quem perspexisse laborant      435

An sit amicitia dignus. si carmina condas,

Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

Quintilio si quid recitares : Corrige sodes

Hoc, aiebat, et hoc. melius te posse negares,

Bis terque expertum frustra ? delere jubebat,      440

Et male ter natos incudi reddere versus.

Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, mallet ;

Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat inanem,

Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.

Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes ; 445

Culpabit duros ;

- - - incomptis.

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 29

He'll leap with extacy, with rapture bound ;  
 Clap with both hands ; with both feet beat the ground.  
 As mummers, at a funeral hir'd to weep,  
 More coil of woe than real mourners keep,  
 More mov'd appears the laughter in his sleeve,  
 Than those who truly praise, or smile, or grieve.  
 Kings have been said to ply repeated bowls, 650  
 Urge deep caroufals, to unlock the souls  
 Of those, whose loyalty they wish'd to prove,  
 And know, if false, or worthy of their love :  
 You then, to writing verse if you're inclin'd,  
 Beware the Spaniel with the Fox's mind ! 655

Quintilius, when he heard you ought recite,  
 Cried, " prithee, alter *this* ! and make *that* right !"  
 But if your pow'r to mend it you denied,  
 Swearing that twice and thrice in vain you tried ;  
 " Then blot it out ! (he cried) it must be terse : 660  
 " Back to the anvil with your ill-turn'd verse !"  
 Still if you chose the error to defend,  
 Rather than own, or take the pains to mend,  
 He said no more ; no more vain trouble took ;  
 But left you to admire yourself and book. 665

The Man, in whom Good Sense and Honour join,  
 Will blame the harsh, reprove the idle line ;

The

- - - - - incomptis allinet atrum  
 Transverso calamo fignum; ambitiosa recidet  
 Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;  
 Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;  
 Fiet Aristarchus; non dicet, Cur ego amicum  
 Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent  
 In mala derisum semel, exceptumque finistrè.

Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,  
 Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana;  
 Vefanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poëtam, 459  
 Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.  
 Hic, dum sublimis versus ructatur, et errat,  
 Si veluti merulis intentus dedit auceps  
 In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum  
 Clamet, io cives: non fit qui tollere curet. 460



EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 30

The rude, all grace neglected or forgot,  
 Eras'd at once, will vanish at his blot :  
 Ambitious ornaments he'll lop away ; 670  
 On things obscure he'll make you let in day ;  
 Loose and ambiguous terms he'll not admit,  
 And take due note of ev'ry change that's fit.  
 A very ARISTARCHUS he'll commence ;  
 Not coolly say—" Why give my friend offence ?  
 These are but trifles !" —No ; these trifles lead  
 To serious mischiefs, if he don't succeed ;  
 While the poor friend in dark disgrace sits down,  
 The butt and laughing-stock of all the town.

As one, eat up by Leprosy and Itch, 680  
 Moonstruck, Possess'd, or hag-rid by a Witch,  
 A Frantick Bard puts men of sense to flight ;  
 His slaver they detest, and dread his bite :  
 All shun his touch ; except the giddy boys,  
 Close at his heels, who hunt him down with noise. 685  
 While with his head erect he threatens the skies,  
 Spouts verse, and walks without the help of eyes ;  
 Lost as a blackbird-catcher, should he pitch  
 Into some open well, or gaping ditch ;  
 Tho' he call lustily " help, neighbours, help !" 690  
 No soul regards him, or attends his yelp.

31      EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

Si curet quis opem ferre, et demittere funem ;  
Quî scis, an prudens huc se projecerit, atque  
Servari nolet? dicam : Siculique poëtæ  
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi  
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam, 465  
Infiluit. Sit fas, liceatque perire poëtis.  
Invitum qui fervat, idem facit occidenti.  
Nec semel hoc fecit; nec si retractus erit jam,  
Fiet homo, et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.  
Nec satis apparet, cur versus factitet; utrum  
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental  
Moverit incestus :

- - - certe

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. 31

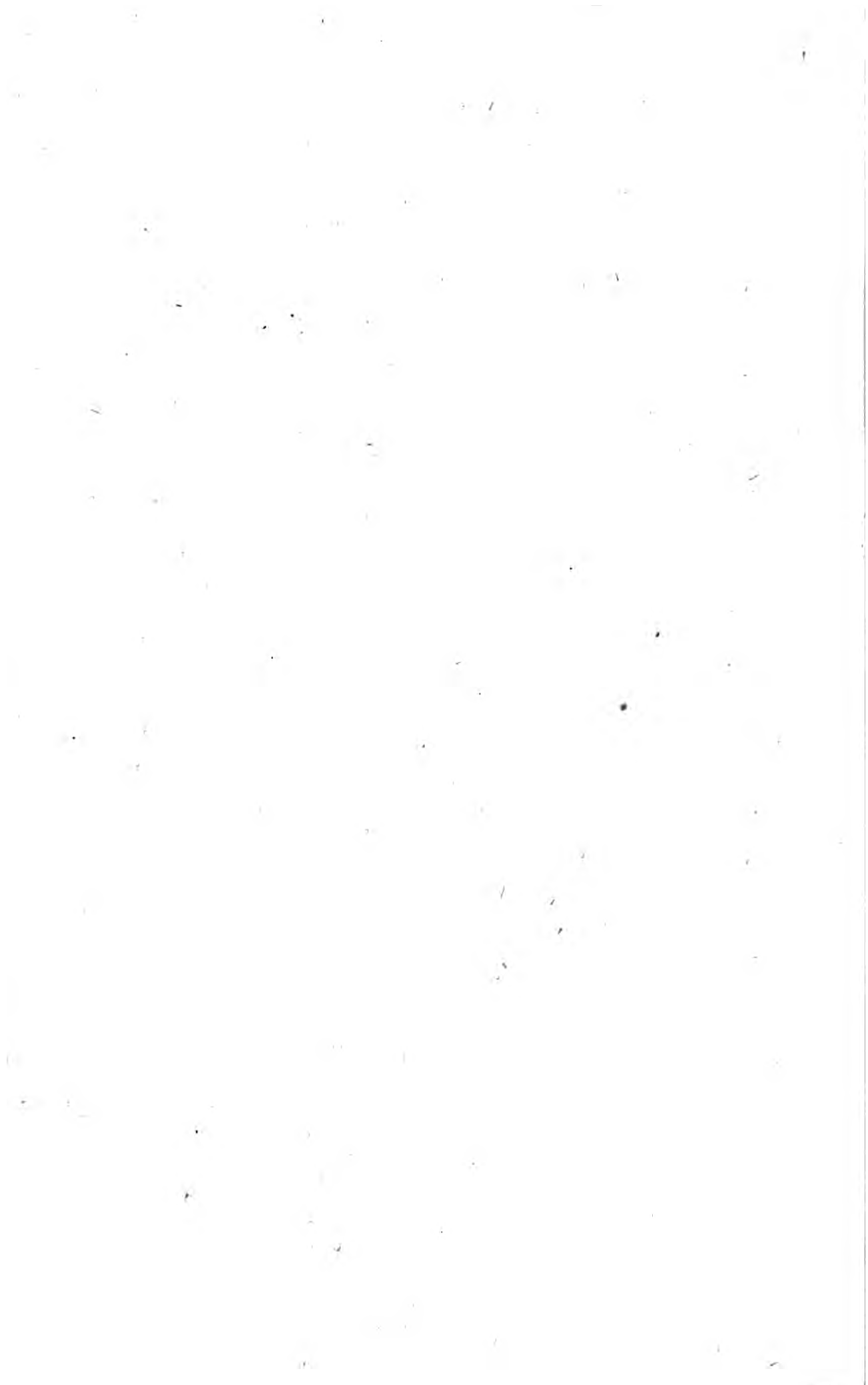
Should one, too kind, to give him succour hope,  
 Wish to relieve him, and let down a rope;  
 Forbear! (I'll cry) for aught that you can tell,  
 By sheer design he jump'd into the well. 695  
 He wishes not you should preserve him, Friend!  
 Know you the old Sicilian Poet's end?  
 Empedocles, ambitious to be thought  
 A God, his name with Godlike honours sought,  
 Holding a worldly life of no account, 700  
 Leap'd coldly into Ætna's burning mount.—  
 Let Poets then with leave resign their breath,  
 Licens'd and privileg'd to rush on death!  
 Who forces life on man against his will,  
 Murders the man, as much as those who kill. 705  
 'Tis not *once* only he hath done this deed;  
 Nay, drag him forth! your kindness wo'n't succeed:  
 Nor will he take again a mortal's shame,  
 And lose the glory of a death of fame.  
 Nor is't apparent, *why* with verse he's wild: 710  
 Whether his father's ashes he defil'd:  
 Whether, the victim of incestuous love,  
 The Blasted Monument he striv'd to move:

32      EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

- - - - - certe furit, ac velut urfus  
Objectos caveæ valuit qui frangere clathros,  
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.  
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,  
Non missura cutem, nisi plena oruroris, hirudo. 475

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS, 32

Whate'er the cause, he raves ; and like a Bear,  
Burst from his cage, and loose in open air,  
Learn'd and unlearn'd the Madman puts to flight,  
They quick to fly, he bitter to recite !  
What hapless soul he siezes, he holds fast ;  
Rants, and repeats, and reads him dead at last : 719  
Hangs on him, ne'er to quit, with ceaseless speech,  
Till gorg'd and full of blood, a very Leech !

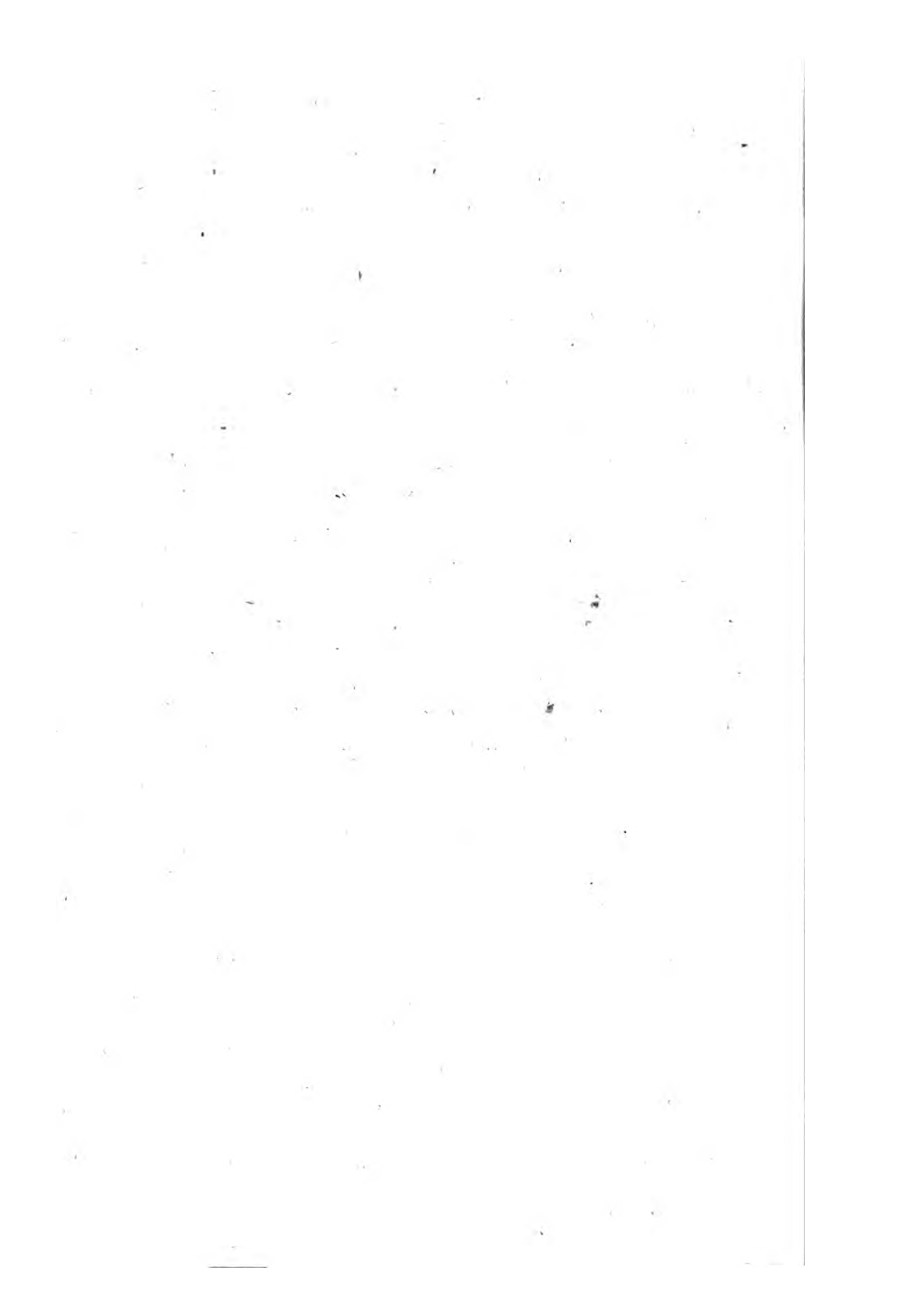


N O T E S

ON THE

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS.





## N O T E S.

I HAVE reserved the Notes to this place, that the reader might be left to his genuine feelings, and the natural impression on reading the Epistle, whether adverse or favourable to the idea I ventured to premise, concerning its Subject and Design. In the address to my learned and worthy friends I said little more than was necessary to open my plan, and to offer an excuse for my undertaking. The Notes descend to particulars, tending to illustrate and confirm my hypothesis; and adding occasional explanations of the original, chiefly intended for the use of the English Reader. I have endeavoured, according to the best of my ability, to follow the advice of ROSCOMMON in the lines, which I have ventured to prefix to these Notes. How far I may be entitled to *the poetical blessing* promised by the Poet, the Publick must determine: but were I, avoiding arrogance, to renounce all claim to it, such an appearance of *Modesty* would include a charge of *Impertinence* for having hazarded this publication.

*Take*

*Take pains the GENUINE MEANING to explore!*  
 There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar :  
*Search ev'ry comment, that your care can find ;*  
 Some here, some there, may hit the POET'S MIND :  
 Yet be not blindly guided by the *Throng* ;  
 The Multitude is always in the *Wrong*.  
 When things appear *unnatural* or *hard*,  
*Consult your AUTHOR, with HIMSELF compar'd!*  
 Who knows what Blessing Phœbus may bestow,  
 And future Ages to your labour owe ?  
 Such *Secrets* are not easily found out,  
 But once *discover'd*, leave no room for doubt.  
 TRUTH stamps *conviction* in your ravish'd breast,  
 And *Peace* and *Joy* attend the GLORIOUS GUEST.

*Essay on Translated Verse,*

T H E

---

T H E

*ART of POETRY, an EPISTLE, &c.*

Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

---

**T**HE work of Horace, now under consideration, has been so long known, and so generally received, by the name of *The Art of Poetry*, that I have, on account of that notoriety, submitted this translation to the Publick, under that title, rather than what I hold to be the true one, *viz. Horace's EPISTLE TO THE PISOS*. The Author of the English Commentary has adopted the same title, though directly repugnant to his own system; and, I suppose, for the very same reason.

The title, in general a matter of indifference, is, in the present instance, of much consequence. On the title Julius Scaliger founded his invidious, and injudicious, attack. *De arte quæres quid sentiam. Quid? equidem quod DE ARTE, SINE ARTE traditâ.* To *the Title* all the editors, and commentators, have

particularly adverted; commonly preferring the Epistolary Denomination, but, in contradiction to that preference, almost universally inscribing the Epistle, *the Art of Poetry*. The conduct, however, of JASON DE NORES, a native of Cyprus, a learned and ingenious writer of the 16th century, is very remarkable. In the year 1553 he published at Venice this work of Horace, accompanied with a commentary and notes, written in elegant Latin, inscribing it, after Quintilian, *Q. Horatii Flacci LIBER DE ARTE POETICA\**. The very next year, however, he printed at Paris a second edition, enriching his notes with many observations on Dante and Petrarch, and changing the title, after mature consideration, to *Q. Horatii Flacci EPISTOLA AD PISONES, de Arte Poeticâ*. His motives for this change he assigns in the following terms,

*Quare adductum me primum sciant AD INSCRIPTIO-  
NEM OPERIS IMMUTANDAM non levioribus de causis,  
& quod formam EPISTOLÆ, non autem LIBRI, in quo  
præcepta tradantur, vel ex ipso principio præ se ferat,  
& quod in vetustis exemplaribus Epistolarum libros sub-*

\* I think it right to mention that I have never seen the first edition, published at Venice. With a copy of the second edition, printed at Paris, I was favoured by Dr. Warton of Winchester.

*sequatur,*

*sequatur, & quod etiam summi et præstantissimi homines ita sentiant, & quod minimè nobis obstet Quintiliani testimonium, ut nonnullis videtur. Nam si LIBRUM appellat Quintilianus, non est cur non possit inter EPISTOLAS enumerari, cum et illæ ab Horatio in libros digestæ fuerint. Quod vero DE ARTE POETICA idem Quintilianus adjungat, nihil commoveor, cum et in EPISTOLIS præcepta de aliquâ re tradi possint, ab eodemque in omnibus penè, et in iis ad Scævam & Lollium præcipuè jam factum videatur, in quibus breviter eos instituit, quâ ratione apud majores facile versarentur\*.*

Desprez, the Dauphin Editor, retains both titles, but says, inclining to the Epistolary, *Attamen ARTEM POETICAM vix appellem cum Quintiliano et aliis: malim vero EPISTOLAM nuncupare cum nonnullis eruditis.* Monsieur Dacier inscribes it, properly enough, agreeable to the idea of Porphyry, *Q. Horatii Flacci DE ARTE POETICA LIBER; seu, EPISTOLA AD PISONES, PATREM, ET FILIOS.*

Julius Scaliger certainly stands convicted of critical malice by his poor cavil at *the SUPPOSED title*;

\* Since writing and first publishing the above, I have seen the *first* Edition of DE NORES, and find the title of the Epistle to be the same as in his *second*; so that he here refers to his departure from the usage of others, not to any variation from himself.

and

and has betrayed his ignorance of the ease and beauty of Epistolary method, as well as the most gross misapprehension, by his ridiculous analysis of the work, resolving it into thirty-six parts. He seems, however, to have not ill conceived the genius of the poem, in saying that *it relished of SATIRE*. This he has urged in many parts of his Poeticks, particularly in the Dedicatory Epistle to his son, not omitting, however, his constant charge of *Art without Art*. *Horatius ARTEM cum inscripsit, ADEO SINE ULLA DOCET ARTE, UT SATYRÆ PROPIUS TÖTUM OPUS ILLUD ESSE VIDEATUR*. This comes almost home to the opinion of the Author of the elegant commentaries on the two Epistles of Horace to the Pisos and to Augustus, as expressed in the Dedication to the latter: With the recital of that opinion I shall conclude this long note. “ The genius of  
 “ Rome was bold and elevated : but Criticism of  
 “ any kind, was little cultivated, never professed as  
 “ an *art*, by this people. The specimens we have  
 “ of their ability in this way (of which the most  
 “ elegant, beyond all dispute, are the two epistles  
 “ to *Augustus* and the *Pisos*) are *slight occasional at-*  
 “ *tempts* ; made in the negligence of common sense,  
 “ and adapted to the peculiar exigencies of their own  
 “ *taste and learning* ; and not by any means the re-  
 “ gular



“ gular productions of *art*, professedly bending itself  
 “ to this work, and ambitious to give the last finish-  
 “ ing to the critical system.”

*Translated from Horace.*] In that very entertaining and instructive publication, entitled *An Essay on the Learning and Genius of Pope*, the Critick recommends, as the properest poetical measure to render in English the Satires and Epistles of Horace, that kind of familiar blank verse, used in a version of Terence, attempted some years since by the Author of this translation. I am proud of the compliment; yet I have varied from the mode prescribed: not because Roscommon has already given such a version; or because I think the satyrical hexameters of Horace less familiar than the irregular Iambicks of Terence. English Blank Verse, like the Iambick of Greece and Rome, is peculiarly adapted to theatrical action and dialogue, as well as to the Epick, and the more elevated Didactick Poetry: but after the models left by DRYDEN and POPE, and in the face of the living example of JOHNSON, who shall venture to reject rhyme in the province of Satire and Epistle?

9.—TRUST ME, MY PISOS!] *Credite Pisones!*

Monfieur

Monfieur Dacier, at a very early period, feels the influence of *the personal address*, that governs this Epistle. Remarking on this passage, he observes that Horace, anxious to inspire *the Pifos* with a juft taste, fays earnestly *Trust me, my Pifos! Credite Pifones!* an expreffion that betrays fear and diftruff, left *the young Men* fhould fall into the dangerous error of bad poets, and injudicious criticks, who not only thought the want of unity of fubject a pardonable effect of Genius, but even the mark of a rich and luxuriant imagination. And although this Epistle, continues Monfieur Dacier, is addreffed indifferently to Pifo the father, and his Sons, as appears by v. 24 of the original, yet it is *to the fons in particular* that thefe precepts are directed; a confideration which reconciles the difference mentioned by Porphyry. *Scribit ad Pifones, viros nobiles difertosque, patrem et filios; vel, ut alii volunt, AD PISONES FRATRES.*

Desprez, the Dauphin Editor, obferves alfo, in the fame ftrain, *Porro fcribit Horatius ad patrem et filios Pifones, PRÆSERTIM VERO AD HOS.*

The family of *the Pifos*, to whom Horace addreffes this Epistle, were called Calpurnii, being  
descended

descended from Calpus, son of Numa Pompilius, whence he afterwards styles them *of the Pompilian Blood. Pompilius Sanguis!*

10.—THE VOLUME SUCH, ] LIBRUM *per similem. Liber*, observes Dacier, is a term applied to all literary productions, of whatever description. This remark is undoubtedly just, confirms the sentiments of *Jason de Nones*, and takes off the force of all the arguments founded on Quintilian's having stiled this Epistle LIBER *de arte poeticâ*.

Vossius, speaking of the censure of Scaliger, "*de arte, sine arte*," subjoins *sed fallitur, cum επιγραφήν putat esse ab Horatio; qui inscripserat EPISTOLAM AD PISONES. Argumentum vero, ut in Epistolarum cæteris, ita in hâc etiam, ab aliis postea appositum fuit.*

19.—OFT WORKS OF PROMISE LARGE, AND HIGH ATTEMPT.] *Incæptis gravibus plerumque, &c.* Buckingham's *Essay on Poetry*, Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse*, as well as the *Satires*, and *Art Poétique* of Boileau, and Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, abound with imitations of Horace. This passage of our Author seems to have given birth to the following lines of Buckingham.

H

'Tis

44      NOTES ON THE ART OF POETRY.

'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,  
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhimes ;  
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done ;  
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun ;  
Which though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,  
Breaks out again, and is the more admir'd.

The following lines of Pope may perhaps appear to bear a nearer resemblance to this passage of Horace.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,  
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line ;  
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit ;  
One glaring chaos, and wild heap of wit.

*Essay on Criticism.*

34.—SIMPLE BE ALL YOU EXECUTE, AND ONE !] *Denique sit quidvis simplex duntaxat & unum!* Supposing for a moment that the elder Piso had actually submitted some poetical effort to the judgement of Horace, it is natural to conclude that the work was, in our Poet's opinion, of the character described in the opening of this Epistle : studded with brilliant thoughts, and adorned with flowery passages ; but void of plan, incoherent,

herent, irregular, and on the whole lame and imperfect.

49.—*Of th' Æmilian class.] Æmilium circa ludum*—literally, *near the Æmilian School*; alluding to the Academy of Gladiators of Æmilius Lentulus, in whose neighbourhood lived many Artists and Shopkeepers.

Pope has given a beautiful illustration of this thought.

Survey THE WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find  
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;  
 In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts,  
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;  
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
 But the joint force and full result of all.  
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,  
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!  
 No single parts unequally surprize,  
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;  
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;  
 THE WHOLE at once is bold and regular.

*Essay on Criticism.*

56.—SELECT, ALL YE WHO WRITE, A SUBJECT  
FIT.] *Sumite materiam, &c.*

This passage is well imitated by Roscommon in his Essay on Translated Verse.

The first great work, (a task perform'd by few)  
Is, that *yourself* may to *yourself* be true :  
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve !  
*Disselt* your mind, examine ev'ry *nerve*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Each poet with a different talent writes,  
One *praises*, one *instructs*, another *bites*.  
Horace did ne'er aspire to Epick Bays,  
Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyrick Lays.  
Examine how your *humour* is inclin'd,  
And which the ruling passion of your mind.

*Stooping* to Lyrick Lays, though not inapplicable to some of the lighter odes of Horace, is not descriptive of the general character of the Lyrick Muse. *Musa dedit Fidibus Divos, &c.*

Pope takes up the same thought in his Essay on Criticism.

Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,  
How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;

Launch



Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,  
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,  
By vain ambition still to make them more:  
Each might his servile province well command,  
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

71.—*A cunning phrase.] Callida junctura.*

*Jason de Neres* and many other interpreters agree that Horace here recommends, after Aristotle, the artful elevation of style by the use of common words in an uncommon sense, producing at once an air of familiarity and magnificence. Some however confine the expression, *callida junctura*, to signify *compound words*. The Author of the English Commentary adopts the first construction; but considers the precept in both senses, and illustrates each by many beautiful examples from the plays of Shakespeare. These examples he has accompanied with much elegant and judicious observation, as the reader of



taste will be convinced by the following short extracts.

“ The writers of that time had so *latinized* the  
 “ English language, that the pure *English Idiom*,  
 “ which Shakespeare generally follows, has all the  
 “ air of *novelty*, which other writers are used to  
 “ affect by foreign phraseology.—In short, the  
 “ articles here enumerated are but so many ways of  
 “ departing from the usual and simpler forms of  
 “ speech, without neglecting too much the grace of  
 “ ease and perspicuity ; in which well-tempered li-  
 “ cence one of the greatest charms of all poetry,  
 “ but especially of Shakespeare’s poetry, consists.  
 “ Not that he was always and every where so  
 “ happy. His expression sometimes, and by the  
 “ very means, here exemplified, becomes *hard, ob-*  
 “ *scure*, and *unnatural*. This is the extreme on the  
 “ other side. But in general, we may say, that  
 “ He hath either followed the direction of Horace  
 “ very ably, or hath hit upon his rule very  
 “ happily.”

76.—THE STRAIT-LAC’D CETHEGI.] CINC-  
 TUTIS *Cethegis*. Jason De Nores differs, and I  
 think very justly, from those who interpret *Cinctutis*  
 to

to signify *loose, bare, or naked*—EXERTOS & NUDOS. The plain sense of the radical word *cingo* is directly opposite. The word *cinctutis* is here assumed to express a severity of manners by an allusion to an antique gravity of dress; and the Poet, adds *De Nones*, very happily forms a new word himself, as a vindication and example of the licence he recommends. Cicero numbers M. Corn. Cethegus among the old Roman Orators; and Horace himself again refers to the Cethegi in his Epistle to Florus, and on the subject of the use of words.

*Obscurata diu papulo bonus eruet, atque  
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum;  
Quæ priscis memorata CATONIBUS atque CETHEGIS,  
Nunc fitus informis premit & deserta vetustas;  
Adsciscet nova quæ genitor produxerit usus.*

Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,  
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;  
Command *old words* that long have slept, to wake,  
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake;  
Or bid *the new* be English, ages hence,  
For Use will father what's begot by Sense.

POPE.

This brilliant passage of Pope is quoted in this place by the author of the English Commentary,  
H 4 who

who has also subjoined many excellent remarks on *the revival of old words*, worthy the particular attention of those who cultivate prose as well as poetry, and shewing at large, that “the riches of a language  
 “are actually increased by retaining its old words :  
 “and besides, they have often *a greater real weight*  
 “*and dignity*, than those of a more *fashionable* cast,  
 “which succeed to them. This needs no proof to  
 “such as are versed in the earlier writings of any  
 “language.”—“*The growing prevalency of a very*  
 “*different humour*, first catch'd, as it should seem,  
 “from our commerce with the French Models, *and*  
 “*countenanced by the too scrupulous delicacy of some*  
 “GOOD WRITERS AMONGST OURSELVES, *had gone*  
 “*far towards unnerving the noblest modern language,*  
 “*and effeminating the public taste.*”—“The rejection  
 “of *old words*, as *barbarous*, and of many modern  
 “ones, “as unpolite,” had so exhausted the *strength*  
 “and *stores* of our language, that it was high time  
 “for some master-hand to interpose, and send us for  
 “supplies to *our old poets*; which there is the highest  
 “authority for saying, no one ever despised, but  
 “for a reason, not very consistent with his credit  
 “to avow; *rudem esse omnino in nostris poetis, aut*  
 “INERTISSIMÆ NEQUITIÆ est, aut FASTI-

“ DII DELICATISSIMI.—Cic. de fin. l. i.  
“ c. 2.”

AS BRANCHING WOODS, &c.] *Ut silvæ foliis, &c.*  
Mr. Duncombe, in his translation of our Author, concurs with Monsieur Dacier in observing that  
“ Horace seems here to have had in view that fine  
“ similitude of Homer in the sixth book of the Iliad,  
“ comparing the generations of men to the annual  
“ succession of leaves.

Οἴπερ Φύλλων γενεή, τοίηδε κὲ ἀνδρῶν.  
Φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ' ἀνεμὸς χαμάδις σχέει, ἀλλὰ δεῖ δ' ὕλη.  
Τηλεθίωσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγιγνεται ἄρη.  
Ὡς ἀνδρῶν γενεή. ἡμὲν φύει, ἡ δ' ἀπολήγει,

“ Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
“ Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
“ Another race the following spring supplies,  
“ They fall successive, and successive rise:  
“ So generations in their turns decay;  
“ So flourish these, when those are past away.”

POPE.

The translator of Homer has himself compared words to leaves, but in another view, in his Essay on Criticism.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

In

In another part of the Essay he pursues the same train of thought with Horace, and rises, I think, above his Master.

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,  
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.  
 No longer now that golden age appears,  
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years;  
 Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost,  
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;  
 Our sons their father's failing language see,  
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.  
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd  
 Some bright idea of the Master's mind,  
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,  
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;  
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,  
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;  
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,  
 And each bold figure just begins to live;  
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,  
 And all the bright creation fades away!

*Essay on Criticism.*

95.—WHETHER THE SEA, &c ] *Sive receptus, &c.*

This may be understood of any harbour; but it is generally interpreted to refer to the *Portus Julius*,  
 a haven

a haven formed by letting in the sea upon the *Lucrine Lake*, and forming a junction between that and the *Lake Avernus*; a work, commenced by Julius Cæsar, and compleated by Augustus, or Agrippa under his auspices. *Regis opus!* Both these lakes (says Martin) were in Campania: the former was destroyed by an earthquake; but the latter is the present *Lago d' Averno*. Strabo, the Geographer, who, as well as our Poet, was living at the time, ascribes this work to Agrippa, and tells us that the Lucrine bay was separated from the Tyrrhene sea by a mound, said to have been first made by Hercules, and restored by Agrippa. Philargyrius says that a storm arose at the time of the execution of this great work, to which Virgil seems to refer in his mention of this Port, in the course of his Panegyrick on Italy in the second Georgick.

*An memorem Portus LUCRINOQUE addita claustra,  
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor,  
Julia quæ ponto longe sonat unda refluxo,  
Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus AVERNIS?*

Or shall I praise thy Ports, or mention make  
Of the vast mound, that binds the *Lucrine Lake!*

Or



Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,  
 Roars round the structure, and invades the fence;  
 There, where secure the *Julian* waters glide,  
 Or where *Avernus*' jaws admit the *Tyrrhene* tide?

DRYDEN.

98.—WHETHER THE MARSH, &c.] *Sterilisve  
 Palus.*

THE PONTINE MARSH, first drained by the Consul Cornelius Cethegus; then, by Augustus; and many, many years after by Theodorick.

102.—OR IF THE RIVER, &c.] *Seu cursum, &c.*  
 The course of the *Tyber*, changed by Augustus, to prevent inundations.

110.—FOR DEEDS OF KINGS, &c.] *Res gestæ  
 regumque, &c.*

The ingenious author of the English Commentary, to whom I have so often referred, and to whom I must continue to refer, has discovered particular taste, judgement, and address, in his explication of this part of the Epistle. It runs thus.

“ From reflections on *poetry, at large*, he proceeds now to *particulars*: the most obvious of which



“ which being the different *forms* and *measures* of  
 “ poetick composition, he considers, in this view,  
 “ [from v. 75 to 86] the four great species of po-  
 “ etry, to which all others may be reduced, *the*  
 “ *Epick, Elegiack, Dramatick, and Lyrick.* But  
 “ the distinction of the *measure*, to be observed in  
 “ the several species is so obvious, that there can  
 “ scarcely be any mistake about them. The diffi-  
 “ culty is to know [from v. 86 to 89] how far each  
 “ may partake of the *spirit* of the other, without  
 “ destroying that *natural and necessary difference*,  
 “ which ought to subsist betwixt them all. To ex-  
 “ plain this, which is a point of great nicety, he  
 “ considers [from v. 89 to 99] the case of Drama-  
 “ tick Poetry; the two species of which are as di-  
 “ stinct from each other, as any two can be, and  
 “ yet there are times, when the features of the one  
 “ will be allowed to resemble those of the other.—  
 “ But the Poet had a further view in chusing this  
 “ instance. For he gets by this means into the main  
 “ of his subject, which was Dramatick Poetry,  
 “ and, by the most delicate transition imaginable,  
 “ proceeds [from 89 to 323] to deliver a series of  
 “ rules, interspersed with historical accounts, *and*  
 “ *enlivened by digressions*, for the regulation of the  
 “ ROMAN STAGE.”

It

It is needless to insist, that my hypothesis will not allow me to concur entirely in the latter part of this extract; at least in that latitude, to which the system of the writer carries it: yet I perfectly agree with Mr. Duncombe, that the learned Critick, in his observation on this Epistle, “has shewn in general, the connection and dependence of one part with another, in a clearer light than any other Commentator.” His shrewd and delicate commentary is, indeed, a most elegant contrast to the barbarous analysis of Scaliger, drawn up without the least idea of poetical transition, and with the uncouth air of a mere dry logician, or dull grammarian. I think, however, the *Order* and *Method*, observed in this Epistle, is stricter than has yet been observed, and that the *series of rules* is delivered with great regularity; NOT *enlivened by digressions*, but passing from one topick to another, by the most natural and easy transitions. The Author’s discrimination of the different styles of the several species of poetry, leads him, as has been already shewn, to consider THE DICTION of the Drama, and its accommodation to the *circumstances* and *character* of the Speaker. A recapitulation of these *circumstances* carries him to treat of the due management of *characters already known*, as well as of sustaining those that are entirely

ly

ly *original*; to the first of which the Poet gives the preference, recommending *known* CHARACTERS, as well as *known* SUBJECTS: And on the mention of this joint preference, the Author leaves further consideration of *the* DICTION, and slides into discourse upon *the* FABLE, which he continues down to the 152d versa.

*Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,  
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*

Having dispatched *the* FABLE, the Poet proceeds, and with some Solemnity of Order, to the consideration of *the* CHARACTERS; not in regard to suitable *diction*, for of that he has already spoken, but in respect to *the* manners; and, in this branch of his subject, he has as judiciously borrowed from *the Rhetoricks* of Aristotle, as in the rest of his Epistle from *the Poeticks*. He then directs, in its due place, the proper conduct of particular INCIDENTS *of the fable*; after which he treats of the CHORUS; from whence he naturally falls into the *history* of theatrical MUSIC; which is, as naturally, succeeded by an account of the Origin of *the Drama* itself, which the Poet commences, like his master Aristotle, even from the Dithyrambick Song, and carries it down

to

to the establishment of the New Greek Comedy; from whence he passes easily and gracefully, to *the ROMAN STAGE*, acknowledging the merits of the Writers, but pointing out their defects, and assigning the causes. He then subjoins a few general observations, and concludes his long discourse on *the DRAMA*, having extended it to 275 lines. This discourse, together with the result of all his reflections on Poets and Poetry, he then applies in the most earnest and *personal* manner to *the ELDER PISO*; and with a long and most pathetick *peroration*, if I may adopt an oratorical term, concludes the Epistle.

116.—[THE ELEGY'S SMALL SONG.] EXIGUOS *Elegos*.

Commentators differ concerning the import of this expression—EXIGUOS *Elegos*; *the Elegy's small song*. De Nores, Schrevelius, and Desprez, think it refers to the humility of the elegiack stile and subjects, compared with epick or lyrick sublimity. Monsieur Dacier rather thinks that Horace refers here, as in the words *Versibus impariter junctis*. “Couplets unequal,” to the use of the pentameter, or short verse, consisting of five feet, and joined to the hexameter, or long verse, of six. This inequality  
of

of the couplet Monsieur Dacier justly prefers to the two long Alexandrines of his own country, which sets almost all the French poetry, Epick, Dramatick, Elegiack, or Satyrick, to the tune of *Darry Down*. In our language, the measures are more various, and more happily conceived. Our Elegy adopts not only *unequal couplets*, but *alternate rhymes*, which give a plaintive tone to the heroick measure, and are most happily used in Gray's beautiful *Elegy in a Country Church yard*.

135. — THY FEAST, THYESTES!] *Cæna Thyestæ.*

The story of Thyestes being of the most tragick nature, a banquet on his own children! is commonly interpreted by the Criticks, as mentioned by Horace, in allusion to Tragedy in general. The Author of the English Commentary, however, is of a different opinion, supposing, from a passage of Cicero, that the Poet means to glance at the *Thyestes* of *Ennius*, and to pay an oblique compliment to *Varius*, who had written a tragedy on the same subject.

The same learned Critick also takes it for granted, that the Tragedy of *Telephus*, and probably of *Peleus*, after-mentioned, point at tragedies of Euripides,



des, on these subjects, translated into Latin, and accommodated to the Roman Stage, without success, by *Ennius*, *Accius*, or *Nævius*.

One of the Critick's notes on this part of the Epistle, treating on the use of *pure poetry* in the Drama, abounds with curious disquisition and refined criticism.

150.—*They must have PASSION too.*] *DULCIA sunt.* The Poet, with great address, includes THE SENTIMENTS under the consideration of DICTION.

———*Effert animi motus INTERPRETE LINGUA.*  
*Forces expression from the FAITHFUL TONGUE.*

Buckingham has treated the subject of Dialogue very happily in his Essay on Poetry, glancing, but not servilely, at this part of Horace.

*Figures of Speech*, which Poets think so fine,  
Art's needless varnish to make Nature shine,  
Are all but *Paint* upon a beauteous face,  
And in *Descriptions* only claim a place.  
But to make *Rage declaim*, and *Grief discourse*,  
From lovers in despair *fine things to force*,  
Must needs succeed; for who can chuse but pity  
A dying hero miserably witty?

188.—*And Orestes mad!*] TRISTIS *Orestes*. *Tristis* is not literally *mad*: but *phrenzy* is the general poetick and dramattick attribute of *Orestes*, to which *Horace* is by all the Commentators supposed to refer. *Tristis* in its common acceptation would be too little discriminated from the FLEBILIS *Ino*.

203.—BE NOT YOUR OPENING FIERCE!] *Nec sic incipies*. Most of the Criticks observe, that all these documents, deduced from *the Epick*, are intended, like the reduction of the *Iliad* into acts, as directions and admonitions to the *Dramattick* writer. *Nam si in ΕΡΟΠÆΙΑ, quæ gravitate omnia poematum genera præcellit, ait principium lene esse debere; quanto magis in TRAGOEDIA et COMOEDIA, idem videri debet?* says de Nores. *Præceptum de initio grandiori evitando, quod tam EPICUS quam TRAGICUS cavere debet;* says the Dauphin Editor. *Il faut se souvenir qu' Horace applique à la Tragedie les regles du Poeme Epique. Car si ces debuts eclatans sont ridicules dans la Poeme Epique, ils le sont encore plus dans la Tragedie:* says *Dacier*. The Author of the English Commentary makes the like observation, and uses it to enforce his system of the *Epistle's* being intended as a Criticism on the Roman Drama.

204.—*Like the rude BALLAD-MONGER's chaunt of old.*] *Ut Scriptor CYCLICUS olim.*] *Scriptor CY-*



CLICUS signifies an itinerant Rhymer travelling, like Shakespeare's Mad Tom, to wakes, and fairs, and market-towns. It is not precisely known who was the Cyclick Poet here meant. Some have ascribed the Character to Mævius, and Roscommon has adopted that idea.

Whoever vainly on his *strength* depends,  
 Begins like VIRGIL, but like MÆVIUS ends :  
 That Wretch, in spite of his forgotten rhimes,  
 Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,  
 With *pompous nonsense*, and a *bellowing sound*,  
 Sung *lofty Ilium*, tumbling to the ground.  
 And, if my Muse can thro' past ages see,  
 That *noisy, nauseous*, GAPING FOOL was he ;  
 Exploded, when, with universal scorn,  
 The *Mountains labour'd*, and a *Mouse* was born.

*Essay on Translated Verse.*

The pompous exordium of Statius is well known, and the fragments of Ennius present us a most tremendous commencement of his Annals.

HORRIDA ROMOLEUM CERTAMINA PANGO DUELLUM!  
 this is indeed

to split our ears asunder

With guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss, and thunder!

213.—*Say, Muse, the Man, &c.]* Homer's opening of the *Odyſſey*. This rule is perhaps nowhere ſo chaſtely obſerved as in *the Paradife Loſt*. Homer's Μῆνιν ἀείδε θεα! or, his Ἀνδρά μοι ἐννεπέε Μῆσα! or, Virgil's *Arma virumque cano!* are all boiſterous and vehement, in compariſon with the calmneſs and modeſty of Milton's meek approach,

Of Man's firſt diſobediencē, &c.

217.—*Antiphates, the Cyclops, &c.] Antiphatem, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdim.* Stories, that occur in the *Odyſſey*.

220.—*With Diomed's return TO RUN YOU OUT OF BREATH.]* I am ſurprized that my old friend and ſchool-fellow, Mr. Maty, did not perceive that the irregularity of this verſe was intentional. In other inſtances I have endeavoured to avail myſelf of his remarks.

220-21.—*Diomed's return—the Double Egg.*

The return of Diomede is not mentioned by Homer, but is ſaid to be the ſubject of a tedious Poem by Antimachus; and to Staſimus is aſcribed a Poem, called *the Little Iliad*, beginning with the nativity of Helen.

229.—*Hear now !]* Tu, quid ego, &c.

This invocation, says Dacier justly, is not addressed to either of the Pisos, but to the Dramatick Writer generally,

231.—*The Cloth GOES DOWN.] Aulæa manentis.* This is translated according to modern manners; for with the Antients, the Cloth was raised at the Conclusion of the Play. Thus in Virgil's Georgicks;

*Vel scena ut verſis diſcedat frontibus, atque  
Purpurea intexti TOLLANT AULÆA Britanni.*

Where the proud theatres diſcloſe the ſcene;  
Which interwoven Britons ſeem to raiſe,  
And ſhew the triumph which their ſhame diſplays.

DRYDEN.

232.—*Man's ſeveral ages, &c.] Ætatis cujuſque, &c.* Jaſon De Nores takes notice of the particular ſtreſs, that Horace lays on the due diſcrimination of the ſeveral *Ages*, by the ſolemnity with which he introduces the mention of them: The ſame Critick ſubjoins a note alſo, which I ſhall tranſcribe, as it ſerves to illuſtrate a popular paſſage in the *As you Like It* of Shakeſpeare.

All

All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players ;  
 They have their *exits* and their entrances,  
 And one man in his time plays many parts :  
 His acts being SEVEN AGES. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :  
 And then, the whining school-boy with his fatchel,  
 And shining morning-face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover ;  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier ;  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel :  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Animadverti A PLERISQUE hominis ætatem IN SEPT-  
TEM DIVISAM ESSE PARTES, INFANTIAM, PUERI-  
TIAM, ADOLESCENTIAM, JUVENTUTEM, VIRILITA-  
TEM, SENECTUTEM, & ut ab illis dicitur, DECREPI-  
TATEM. In hâc verò parte nihil de INFANTIÆ moribus  
Horatius, cum nihil ea ætas præter vagitum habeat pro-  
prium, ideòque infantis persona minimè in scenâ induci  
possit, quòd ipsas rerum voces reddere neque dum sciat,  
neque valeat. Nihil de moribus item hujus ætatis,  
quam, si latinè licet, DECREPITATEM vocabimus,  
QUÆ ÆTAS QUODAMMODO INFANTIÆ RESPON-  
DET: de JUVENTUTE autem & ADOLESCENTIA  
simul pertractat, quòd et studiis, et naturâ, & volun-  
tate, parum, aut nihil inter se differant. Aristoteles  
etiam in libris ad Theodetem omisit & PUERITIAM, &  
meritò: cum minime apud pueros, vel de pueris sit ora-  
tor habiturus orationem. Ille enim ad hoc ex ætate  
personarum differentiam adhibet, ut instituat oratorem  
quomodo moratâ uti debeat oratione, id est, eorum mo-  
ribus, apud quos, & de quibus loquitur, accommo-  
datâ.*

It appears from hence, that it was *common* for the  
writers of that time, as well as Shakespeare's Jaques,  
to divide the life of man into SEVEN AGES, viz. *In-  
fancy, Childhood, Puberty, Youth, Manhood, Old*  
to

*Age, and Decrepitude*; “ which last, (says De Noces) in some sort answers to Infancy,” or, as Shakespere expresses it, IS SECOND CHILDISHNESS.

“ Before Shakespere’s time, says Warburton, *seven acts* was no unusual division of a play, so that there is a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image.” Mr. Steevens, however, informs us that the plays of that early period were not divided into acts at all. It is most probable therefore that Shakespere only copied the moral philosophy (the *Socraticæ chartæ*) of his own day, adapting it, like Aristotle and Horace, to his own purpose; and. I think, with more felicity, than either of his illustrious predecessors, by contriving to introduce, and discriminate *every one of* THE SEVEN AGES. This he has effected by assigning STATION and CHARACTER to some of the stages, which to Aristotle and Horace appeared too similar to be distinguished from each other. Thus PUBERTY, YOUTH, MANHOOD, and OLD AGE, become under Shakespere’s hand, *the LOVER, the SOLDIER, the JUSTICE, and the lean and slipper’d PANTALON*; while the *natural qualities* of the INFANT, the BOY, and the



DOTARD, afford sufficient materials for poetical description.

264.—*Thus YEARS ADVANCING many comforts  
bring,*

*And FLYING bear off many on their wing.*

*Multa ferunt ANNI VENIENTES commoda  
secum,*

*Multa RECEDENTES adimunt.*

Aristotle considers the powers of the body in a state of advancement till the 35th year, and the faculties of the mind progressively improving till the 49th; from which periods they severally decline. On which circumstance, applied to this passage of Horace, Jason De Nores elegantly remarks, *Vita enim nostra videtur ad VIRILITATEM usque, quâ IN STATU posita est, QUENDAM QUASI PONTEM ætatis ASCENDERE, ab eâque inde DESCENDERE.* Whether Addison ever met with the commentary of De Nores, it is perhaps impossible to discover. But this idea of the ASCENT and DECLIVITY of the BRIDGE of HUMAN LIFE, strongly reminds us of the delightful *Vision of MIRZA.*

*Medea's PARRICIDE.] Medea Tracidet.* Professed Criticks have objected to the word *parricide*, which they



they consider as confined to signify the murder of a *parent*. The expression, however, is authorised and correct. Any horrible murder is branded, in the works of the best writers, by the name of *Parricide*. John's cruel dispatch of his *nephew* Arthur drew on him the edict of Philip, attainting him of felony and *parricide*. The assassination of Henry the Fourth of France, by Ravillac, is stigmatised by Montequieu, in his *Lettres Persannes*, as a *detestable PARRICIDE*.

290.—*An actor's part THE CHORUS should sustain.* ]  
*Actoris partes CHORUS, &c.*

“ See also *Aristotle* [*περ. ποιητ. κ. ιν.*] The judgment of two such critics, and the practice of wise antiquity, concurring to establish this precept concerning the Chorus, it should thenceforth, one would think, have become a fundamental rule and maxim of the stage. And so indeed it appeared to some few writers. The most admired of the French tragick poets ventured to introduce it into two of his latter plays, and with such success, that, as one observes, *It should, in all reason, have disabused his countrymen on this head: l'essai heureux de M. Racine, qui les [chœurs] a fait revivre dans ATHALIE et dans ESTHER, devoit, il semble, nous*  
 “ avoir

“ *avoir detrompez sur cet article.* [P. Brumoi, vol. i.  
 “ p. 105.] And, before him, our *Milton*, who, with  
 “ his other great talents, possessed a supreme know-  
 “ ledge of antiquity, was so struck with its use and  
 “ beauty, as to attempt to bring it into our language.  
 “ His *Sampson Agonistes* was, as might be expected,  
 “ a master-piece. But even his credit hath not been  
 “ sufficient to restore the Chorus. Hear a late Pro-  
 “ fessor of the art declaring, *De CHORO nihil differui,*  
 “ *quia non est essentialis dramati, atque à neotricis pe-*  
 “ *nitus, ET, ME JUDICE, MERITO REPUDIATUR.*  
 “ [Præl. Poet. vol. ii. p. 188.] Whence it hath  
 “ come to pass that the Chorus hath been thus ne-  
 “ glected is not now the enquiry. But that this  
 “ critick, and all such, are greatly out in their judg-  
 “ ments, when they presume to censure it in the  
 “ ancients, must appear (if we look no further)  
 “ from the double use, insisted on by the poet, For,  
 “ 1. A *Chorus* interposing, and bearing a part in the  
 “ progress of the action, gives the representation  
 “ that *probability* [\*], and striking resemblance of

\* *Quel avantage ne peut il [le poete] pas tirer d'une troupe d'acteurs,*  
*qui remplissent sa scene, qui rendent plus sensible la continuité de l'action,*  
*et qui la font paroître VRAISEMBLABLE quisqu'il n'est pas naturel qu'elle*  
*sa passe sans temoins. On ne sent que trop le vuide de notre Theatre sans*  
*chœurs &c. Les Theatre des Grecs, vol. i. p. 105.*

“ real life, which every man of sense perceives, and  
 “ *feels* the want of upon our stage; a want, which  
 “ nothing but such an expedient as the Chorus can  
 “ possibly relieve. And, 2. The importance of  
 “ its other office [l. 196] to the *utility* of the repre-  
 “ sentation, is so great, that, in a moral view, no-  
 “ thing can compensate for this deficiency. For  
 “ it is necessary to the truth and decorum of cha-  
 “ racters, that the *manners*, bad as well as good,  
 “ be drawn in strong, vivid colours; and to that  
 “ end that immoral sentiments, forcibly expressed  
 “ and speciously maintained, be sometimes *imputed*  
 “ to the speakers. Hence the sound philosophy of  
 “ the Chorus will be constantly wanting, to rectify  
 “ the wrong conclusions of the audience, and pre-  
 “ vent the ill impressions that might otherwise be  
 “ made upon it. Nor let any one say, that the au-  
 “ dience is well able to do this for itself: Euripides  
 “ did not find even an Athenian theatre so quick-  
 “ sighted. The story is well known, [Sen. Ep. 115.]  
 “ that when this painter of the *manners* was obliged,  
 “ by the rules of his art, and the character to be  
 “ sustained, to put a run of bold sentiments in the  
 “ mouth of one of his persons, the people instantly  
 “ took fire, charging the poet with the *imputed vil-*  
 “ *lainy*, as though it had been his *own*. Now if  
 “ such

“ such an audience could so easily misinterpret an  
 “ attention to the truth of character into the real  
 “ doctrine of the poet, and this too, when a Chorus  
 “ was at hand to correct and disabuse their judg-  
 “ ments, what must be the case, when the *whole* is  
 “ left to the sagacity and penetration of the people ?  
 “ The wiser sort, it is true, have little need of this  
 “ information. Yet the reflections of sober sense  
 “ on the course and occurrences of the representa-  
 “ tion, clothed in the noblest dress of poetry, and  
 “ enforced by the joint powers of *harmony* and *action*  
 “ (which is the true character of the Chorus) might  
 “ make it, even to such, a no unpleasant or unpro-  
 “ fitable entertainment. But these *two* are a small  
 “ part of the *uses* of the Chorus ; which in every  
 “ light is seen so important to the truth, decorum,  
 “ and dignity of the tragick scene, that the *modern*  
 “ stage, which hath not thought proper to adopt it,  
 “ is even, with the advantage of, sometimes, the  
 “ justest moral painting and sublimest imagery, but  
 “ a very faint shadow of the *old* ; as must needs  
 “ appear to those who have looked into the ancient  
 “ models, or, divesting themselves of modern pre-  
 “ judices, are disposed to consult the dictates of plain  
 “ sense. For the use of such, I once designed to  
 “ have drawn into one view the several important  
 “ benefits

“ benefits arising to the drama from the observance  
 “ of this rule, but have the pleasure to find myself  
 “ prevented by a sensible dissertation of a good French  
 “ writer, which the reader will find *in the VIII tom.*  
 “ *of the History of the Academy of Inscriptions and*  
 “ *Belles Lettres.*—Or, it may be sufficient to refer  
 “ the English reader to the late tragedies of EL-  
 “ FRIDA and CARACTACUS; which do honour to  
 “ modern poetry, and are a better apology, than  
 “ any I could make, for the ancient Chorus.—  
 “ *Notes on the Art of Poetry\*.*”

Though it is not my intention to agitate, in this place, the long disputed question concerning the expediency, or in expediency, of the CHORUS; yet I cannot dismiss the above note without some farther observation. In the first place then I cannot think that *the judgment of two such Criticks as Aristotle and Horace, can be decisively quoted, as concurring with the practice of wise antiquity, TO ESTABLISH THE CHORUS.* Neither of these *two Criticks* have taken up the question, each of them giving directions for the proper conduct of *the CHORUS, considered as an established and received part of Tragedy, and indeed*

\* This, and all the extracts, which are quoted, *Notes on the Art of Poetry,* are taken from the Author of the English Commentary.



originally, as they both tell us, *the whole* of it. Aristotle, in his Poetics, has not said much on the subject; and from the little he has said, more arguments might perhaps be drawn, in favour of the omission, than for the introduction of *the CHORUS*. It is true that he says, in his 4th chapter, that “Tragedy, after many changes, paused, *having gained its natural form* \* :” This might, at first sight, seem to include his approbation of *the CHORUS*, as well as of all the other parts of Tragedy then in use: but he himself expressly tells us *in the very same chapter*, that he had no such meaning, saying, that “to enquire whether Tragedy be perfect in its parts, either considered in itself, or with relation to the theatre, was foreign to his present purpose.” In the passage from which Horace has, in the verses now before us, described the office, and laid down the duties of the *CHORUS*, the passage referred to by the learned Critick, the words of Aristotle are not particularly favourable to the institution,

\* Πολλὰ μεταβολὰς μεταβαλῶσα ἡ τραγωδία ἐπαύσατο, ἐπεὶ ἔσχεν τὴν ἑαυτῆς φύσιν.

† Τὸ μὲν οὖν ἐπισκοπεῖν, εἰ ἄρα ἔχει ἤδη ἡ τραγωδία τοῖς ἰκανῶς ἢ ὄ, αὐτὸ τε καθ' αὐτὸ κρινόμενον, καὶ πρὸς τὰ θεάτρα, ἄλλος λόγος.

or much calculated to recommend the use of it. For Aristotle there informs us, “ that Sophocles alone of all the Grecian writers, made *the* CHORUS conducive to the progress of the fable : not only even Euripides being culpable in this instance ; but other writers, after the example of Agathon, introducing Odes as little to the purpose, as if they had borrowed whole scenes from another play.\*”

On the whole therefore, whatever may be the merits, or advantages of *the* CHORUS, I cannot think that the judgment of Aristotle or Horace can be adduced in recommendation of it. As to *the* PROBABILITY given to the representation, by *the* CHORUS interposing and bearing a part in the action ; the Publick, who have lately seen a troop of singers assembled on the stage, as a CHORUS, during the whole representations of ELFRIDA and CARACTACUS, are

\* Καὶ τὸν χορὸν δὲ ἕνα δι᾽ ὑπολαβεῖν τῶν ὑποκριτῶν. Καὶ μῦθον εἶναι τῶ ὄλε, καὶ σωμαγωνιζεσθαι μὴ ὡσπὲρ παρ᾽ Εὐριπίδῃ, ἀλλ᾽ ὡσπὲρ παρὰ Σοφοκλεῖ. Τοῖς δὲ λοιποῖς τὰ διδόμενα μᾶλλον τὰ μύθη, ἢ ἄλλης τραγωδίας ἐστὶ. δι᾽ ὃ ἐμβόλιμα ἀδῶσι, πρῶτον ἄρξαντος Ἀγαθῶνος τῶ τοιούτου. Καὶ τοι τὸ διάφερει, ἢ ἐμβόλιμα ἀδῶσι, ἢ ῥησιν ἐξ ἄλλης εἰς ἄλλο ἀρμόττειν, ἢ ἐπεισὸδιον ὄλιος [περ ποιητ. κ. ιη.]

K

competent



competent to decide for themselves, how far such an expedient, gives a more *striking resemblance of human life*, than the common usage of our Drama. As to its importance in a *moral* view, to correct the evil impression of vicious sentiments, *imputed* to the speakers; the story told, to enforce its use for this purpose, conveys a proof of its inefficacy. To give due force to sentiments, as well as to direct their proper tendency, arises from the skill and address of the Poet, independent of *the CHORUS*.

Monfieur Dacier, as well as the author of the above note, censures the modern stage for having rejected *the CHORUS*, and having lost thereby *at least half its probability, and its GREATEST ORNAMENT*; so that our Tragedy is *but a very faint shadow of the OLD*. Learned Criticks, however, do not, perhaps, consider, that if it be expedient to revive *the CHORUS*, all the other parts of the Antient Tragedy must be revived along with it. Aristotle mentions *MUSICK* as one of the six parts of Tragedy, and Horace no sooner introduces *the CHORUS*, but he proceeds to *the PIPE and LYRE*. If a *CHORUS* be really necessary, our Dramas, like those of the Antients, should be rendered wholly *musical*; the *Dancers* also will then claim their place, and the pretensions of  
Vestris

Vestris and Noverre must be admitted as *classical*. Such a spectacle, if not more *natural* than the modern, would at least be consistent; but to introduce a groupe of *spectatorial actors*, SPEAKING in one part of the Drama, and SINGING in another, is as strange and incoherent a medley, and full as *unclassical*, as the dialogue and airs of *the BEGGAR'S OPERA*!

292.—*Chaunting no Odes between the acts, that seem*

UNAPT, or FOREIGN to the GENERAL  
THEME.

*Nec quid medios, &c.*

On this passage the author of the English Commentary thus remarks. “How necessary this advice might be to the writers of the Augustan age cannot certainly appear; but, if the practice of Seneca may give room for suspicion, it should seem to have been much wanted; in whom I scarcely believe *there is ONE SINGLE INSTANCE*, of *the CHORUS* being employed in a manner, consonant to its true end and character.”

The learned Critick seems here to believe, and the plays under the name of Seneca in some measure

warrant the conclusion, that *the* CHORUS of the Roman Stage was not calculated to answer the ends of its institution. Aristotle has told us just the same thing, with an exception in favour of Sophocles, of the Grecian Drama. And are such surmises, or such information, likely to strengthen our prejudices on behalf of *the* CHORUS, or to inflame our desires for its revival?

294. — LET IT TO VIRTUE PROVE A GUIDE AND FRIEND.

*Ille bonis faveatque, &c.*

“ *The Chorus*, says the poet, *is to take the side of*  
 “ *the good and virtuous*, i. e. is always to sustain a  
 “ moral character. But this will need some expla-  
 “ nation and restriction. To conceive aright of its  
 “ office, we must suppose the *Chorus* to be a number  
 “ of persons, by some probable cause assembled to-  
 “ gether, as witnesses and spectators of the great ac-  
 “ tion of the drama. Such persons, as they cannot  
 “ be wholly uninterested in what passes before them,  
 “ will very naturally bear some share in the repre-  
 “ sentation. This will principally consist in de-  
 “ claring their sentiments, and indulging their re-  
 “ flections freely on the several events and distresses

“ as they shall arise. Thus we see the *moral*, attri-  
 “ buted to the Chorus, will be no other than the  
 “ dictates of plain sense; such as must be obvious  
 “ to every thinking observer of the action, who is  
 “ under the influence of no peculiar partialities from  
 “ *affection* or *interest*. Though even these may be  
 “ supposed in cases, where the character, towards  
 “ which they *draw*, is represented as virtuous.

“ A Chorus, thus constituted, must always, it is  
 “ evident, take the part of virtue; because this is  
 “ the natural and almost necessary determination of  
 “ mankind, in all ages and nations, when acting  
 “ freely and unconstrained.” *Notes on the Art of  
 Poetry.*

297.—FAITHFUL AND SECRET.—*Ille tegat  
 commissa.*

On this *nice part* of the duty of the CHORUS the author of the English Commentary thus remarks,

“ This important advice is not always easy to be  
 “ followed. Much indeed will depend on the choice  
 “ of the subject, and the artful constitution of the  
 “ fable. Yet, with all his care, the ablest writer will  
 “ sometimes find himself embarrassed by the CHORUS.

“ I would here be understood to speak chiefly of the  
 “ moderns. For the antients, though it has not  
 “ been attended to, had some peculiar advantages  
 “ over us in this respect, resulting from the princi-  
 “ ples and practices of those times. For, as it hath  
 “ been observed of the ancient Epic Muse, that she  
 “ borrowed much of her state and dignity from the  
 “ false *theology* of the pagan world, so, I think, it  
 “ may be justly said of the ancient tragic, that she  
 “ has derived great advantages of probability from  
 “ its mistaken *moral*. If there be truth in this re-  
 “ flection, it will help to justify some of the ancient  
 “ choirs, that have been most objected to by the  
 “ moderns.”

After two examples from Euripides; in one of  
 which the trusty CHORUS conceals the premeditated  
*suicide* of Phædra; and in the other abets Medea's  
 intended *murder of her children*; both which are most  
 ably vindicated by the Critick; the note concludes  
 in these words,

“ In sum, though these acts of severe avenging  
 “ justice might not be according to the express letter  
 “ of the laws, or the more refined conclusions of  
 “ the PORCH or ACADEMY; yet there is no doubt,  
 “ that they were, in the general account, esteemed  
 “ fit



“ fit and reasonable. And, it is to be observed, in  
 “ order to pass a right judgment on the ancient  
 “ Chorus, that, though in virtue of their office,  
 “ they were obliged universally to sustain a moral  
 “ character; yet this moral was rather political and  
 “ popular, than strictly legal or philosophic. Which  
 “ is also founded on good reason. The scope and  
 “ end of the ancient theatre being to serve the in-  
 “ terests of virtue and society, on the principles and  
 “ sentiments, already spread and admitted amongst  
 “ the people, and not to correct old errors, and in-  
 “ struct them in philosophic truth.”

One of the censurers of Euripides, whose opinion is controverted in the above note, is Monsieur Dacier; who condemns *the* CHORUS in this instance, as not only violating their *moral* office, but *transgressing the laws of NATURE and of GOD, by a fidelity so VICIOUS and CRIMINAL, that these women, [the CHORUS!] ought to fly away in the Car of Medea, to escape the punishment due to them.* The Annotator above, agrees with the Greek Scholiast, that *the Corinthian women (the CHORUS) being free, properly desert the interests of Creon, and keep Medea's secrets, for the sake of justice, according to their custom.* Dacier, however, urges an instance of their *infidelity*

in the *ION* of Euripides, where they betray the secret of Xuthus to Creusa, which the French Critick defends on account of their attachment to their mistresses; and adds, that the rule of Horace, like other rules, is proved by the exception. “ Besides (continues the Critick in the true spirit of French galantry) should we so heavily accuse the Poet for not having made *an assembly of women* KEEP A SECRET?” *D’ailleurs, peut on faire un si grand crime à un poete, de n’avoir pas fait en sorte qu’une troupe de femmes garde un secret?* He then concludes his note with blaming Euripides for the perfidy of Iphigenia at Tauris, who abandons these faithful guardians of her secret, by flying alone with Orestes, and leaving them to the fury of Thoas, to which they must have been exposed, but for the intervention of Minerva,

On the whole, it appears that the *moral importance of the CHORUS* must be considered *with some limitations*: or, at least, that *the CHORUS* is as liable to be misused and misapplied, as any part of modern Tragedy.

300.—*The PIPE of old.*—*Tibi, non ut nunc, &c.*

“ This,



“ This, says the author of the English Com-  
 “ mentary, is one of those many passages in the  
 “ epistle, about which the critics have said a great  
 “ deal, without explaining any thing. In support  
 “ of what I mean to offer, as the true interpreta-  
 “ tion, I observe,

“ That the poet’s intention certainly was not to  
 “ censure the *false* refinements of their stage-music;  
 “ but, in a short digressive history (such as the di-  
 “ dactic form will sometimes require) to describe  
 “ the rise and progress of the *true*. This I collect,  
 “ 1. From *the expression itself*; which cannot, with-  
 “ out violence, be understood in any other way.  
 “ For, as to the words *licentia* and *præceps*, which  
 “ have occasioned much of the difficulty, the *first*  
 “ means a *freer use*, not a *licentiousness*, properly so  
 “ called; and the *other* only expresses a vehemence  
 “ and rapidity of language, naturally productive of  
 “ a quicker elocution, such as must of course attend  
 “ the more numerous harmony of the lyre:—not,  
 “ as M. Dacier translates it, *une éloquence temeraire*  
 “ *et outrée*, an extravagant straining and affectation  
 “ of style. 2. From *the reason of the thing*; which  
 “ makes it incredible, that the music of the theatre  
 “ should then be most complete, when the times were  
 “ barbarous, and entertainments of this kind little  
 “ encouraged.

“ encouraged or understood. 3. From *the character*  
 “ *of that music itself*; for the rudeness of which, Ho-  
 “ rae, in effect, apologizes in defending it only on  
 “ the score of the imperfect state of the stage, and  
 “ the simplicity of its judges.”

The above interpretation of this part of the Epistle is, in my opinion, extremely just, and exactly corresponds with the explication of De Nores, who censures Madius for an error similar to that of Dacier. *Non rectè sentire videtur Madius, dum putat potius IN ROMANORUM LUXURIAM invectum Horatium, quam DE MELODIÆ INCREMENTO tractasse.*

THE MUSICK, having always been a necessary appendage to *the* CHORUS, I cannot (as has already been hinted in the note on l. 100 of this version) consider the Poet's notice of the Pipe and Lyre, as a *digression*, notwithstanding it includes a short history of the rude simplicity of the Musick in the earlier ages of Rome, and of its subsequent improvements. *The* CHORUS too, being originally *the whole* as well as afterwards a legitimate *part* of Tragedy, the Poet naturally traces the Drama from its origin to its most perfect state in Greece; and afterwards compares its progress and improvements with the  
 Theatre

Theatre of his own country. Such is, I think, the natural and easy *method* pursued by Horace; though it differs in some measure from the *order* and *connection* pointed out by the author of the English Commentary.

316.—For what, alas ! could the unpractis'd ear  
 Of rusticks revelling o'er country cheer,  
 A motley groupe ; high, low ; and froth,  
 and scum,  
 Distinguish but shrill squeak, and dronish  
 hum ?

—*Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,  
 Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto ?*

These lines, rather breaking in upon the continuity of the history of theatrical musick, create some obscurity, which has given birth to various interpretations. The author of the English Commentary, who always endeavours to dive to the very bottom of his subject, understands this couplet of Horace as a *sneer* on those grave philosophers, who considered these *refinements* of the musick as *corruptions*. He interprets the passage at large, and explains the above two lines in these words. “ Nor let it be objected that  
 “ this *freer harmony* was itself an abuse, a corruption,  
 “ of

“ of the severe and *moral* musick of antient  
 “ times. Alas! we were not as yet so *wise*, to see  
 “ the inconveniences of this improvement. And  
 “ how should we, considering the nature and end of  
 “ these theatrical entertainments, and the sort of  
 “ men of which our theatres were made up?”

This interpretation is ingenious; but Jason De Nores gives, I think, a more easy and unforced explanation of this difficult passage, by supposing it to refer (by way of *parenthesis*) to what had just been said of the original rude simplicity of the Roman theatrical musick, which, says the Poet, was at least as polished and refined as the taste of the audience. This De Nores urges in two several notes, both which I shall submit to the reader, leaving it to him to determine how far I am to be justified in having adapted my version to his interpretation.

The first of these notes contains at large his reproof of Madius for having, like Dacier, supposed the Poet to censure the improvements that he manifestly meant to commend.

*Quare non rectè videtur sentire Madius, dum putat potius in Romanorum luxuriam invectum Horatium, quàm de melodiæ incremento tractasse, cùm SEIPSUM*

INTER-

INTERPRETANS, *quid sibi voluerit per hæc, luce clarius, ostendat,*

Tibia non ut nunc orichalco vinc̄ta, tubæque  
Æmula. Et,

Sic prisçæ motumque, & luxuriam addidit arti

Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem :

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,

Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps.

*Ad quid enim tam longâ digressionem extra rem propositam in Romanos inveberetur, cum de iis nihil aliud dicat, quàm eos genio ac voluptatibus indulgere : cum potius VETERES ROMANOS INSIMULARE VIDEATUR IGNORANTIÆ QUOD IGNORAVERINT SONI ET MUSICES VENUSTATEM ET JUCUNDITATEM, ILLA PRIORI SCILICET INCONDITA ET RUDI ADMODUM CONTENTI, dum ait ;*

Indoctus quid enim superet, liberque laborum,  
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto ?

The other note is expressly applied by way of comment on this passage itself.

INDOCTUS QUIDENIM SAPERET ?] *Reddit rationem QUASI PER DIGRESSIONEM, occurrens tacitæ objectioni, QUARE ANTEA APUD ROMANOS MUSICA MELODIA PARVA AUT NULLA PENE FUERAT :*

QUIA,



QUIA; *inquit*, INDOCTI IGNARIQUE RERUM OMNIUM VETERES ILLI NONDUM POTERANT JUDICARE DE MELODIA, *utpote apud eos re novâ, atque inusitatâ, neque illius jucunditatem degustare*, QUIBUS VERBIS IMPERITIAM EORUM, RUSTICITATEMQUE DEMONSTRAT.

Upon the whole De Nores appears to me to have given the true sense of the passage. I am no friend to licentious transpositions, or arbitrary variations, of an author's text; yet I confess, I was strongly tempted, in order to elucidate this perplexed passage, to have carried these two lines of Horace four lines back, and to have inserted them immediately after the 207th verse.

*Et frugi, castus, verecundusque coibat.*

The English reader, who wishes to try the experiment, is desired to read the four lines, that compose my version, immediately after the 309th line,

*With modest mirth indulg'd their sober taste.*

320.—THE PIPER, *grown luxuriant in his art.*

322.—*Now too, its powers increas'd,* THE LYRE SEVERE.

*Sic prisca——arti.*

TIBICEN, &c.

SIC FIDIBUS, &c.

“ This is the application of what hath been said,  
 “ in general, concerning the refinement of theatri-  
 “ cal music to the case of *tragedy*. Some commen-  
 “ tators say, and to *comedy*. But in this they mis-  
 “ take, as will appear presently. M. *Dacier* hath  
 “ I know not what conceit about a comparison be-  
 “ twixt the *Roman* and *Greek* stage. His reason is,  
 “ *that the lyre was used in the Greek Chorus, as appears,*  
 “ he says, *from Sophocles himself playing upon this in-*  
 “ *strument himself in one of his tragedies.* And was  
 “ it not used too in the Roman Chorus, as appears  
 “ from Nero’s playing upon it in several tragedies?  
 “ But the learned critic did not apprehend this  
 “ matter. Indeed from the caution, with which  
 “ his guides, the dealers in antiquities, always touch  
 “ this point, it should seem, that they too had no  
 “ very clear conceptions of it. The case I take to  
 “ have been this: The *tibia*, as being most proper  
 “ to accompany the declamation of the acts, *can-*  
 “ *tanti succinere*, was constantly employed, as well  
 “ in the Roman tragedy as comedy. This appears  
 “ from many authorities. I mention only two from  
 “ *Cicero*.



“ Cicero. *Quam multa* [Acad. l. ii. 7.] *quæ nos fu-*  
 “ *giunt in cantu, exaudiunt in eo genere exercitati: Qui*  
 “ *primo inflatu Tibicinis, Antiopam esse aiunt aut An-*  
 “ *dromacham, cum nos ne suspicemur quidem.* The  
 “ other is still more express. In his piece entitled  
 “ *Orator*, speaking of the negligence of the Roman  
 “ writers, in respect of *numbers*, he observes, *that*  
 “ *there were even many passages in their tragedies,*  
 “ *which, unless the TIBIA played to them, could not*  
 “ *be distinguished from mere prose: quæ, nisi cum Ti-*  
 “ *bicen accesserit, orationi sint solutæ simillima.* One  
 “ of these passages is expressly quoted from *Thyestes*,  
 “ a tragedy of *Ennius*; and, as appears from the  
 “ measure, taken out of one of the acts. It is clear  
 “ then, that the *tibia* was certainly used in the *de-*  
 “ *clamation* of tragedy. But now the song of the  
 “ tragic chorus, being of the nature of the ode, of  
 “ course required *fides*, the lyre, the peculiar and  
 “ appropriated instrument of the lyric muse. And  
 “ this is clearly collected, if not from express tes-  
 “ timonies; yet from some occasional hints dropt  
 “ by the antients. For, 1. the lyre, we are told,  
 “ [Cic. De Leg. ii. 9. & 15.] and is agreed on all  
 “ hands, was an instrument of the Roman theatre;  
 “ but it was not employed in comedy. This we  
 “ certainly know from the short account of the  
 “ music

“ music prefixed to Terence’s plays. 2. Further,  
 “ the *tibicen*, as we saw, accompanied the declama-  
 “ tion of the acts in tragedy. It remains then, that  
 “ the proper place of the lyre was, where one should  
 “ naturally look for it, in the songs of the Chorus ;  
 “ but we need not go further than this very passage  
 “ for a proof. It is unquestionable, that the poet is  
 “ here speaking of the Chorus only ; the following  
 “ lines not admitting any other possible interpreta-  
 “ tion. By *fidibus* then is necessarily understood the  
 “ instrument peculiarly used in it. Not that it need  
 “ be said that the *tibia* was never used in the Chorus.  
 “ The contrary seems expressed in a passage of Se-  
 “ neca, [Ep. lxxxiv.] and in Julius Pollux [l. iv. 15:  
 “ § 107.] It is sufficient, if the *lyre* was used sole-  
 “ ly, or principally, in it at this time. In this view,  
 “ the whole digression is more pertinent, and con-  
 “ nects better. The poet had before been speaking  
 “ of tragedy. All his directions from l. 100, respect  
 “ this species of the drama only. The application  
 “ of what he had said concerning music, is then  
 “ most naturally made, 1. to the *tibia*, the music of  
 “ the acts ; and, 2. to *fides*, that of the choir : thus  
 “ confining himself, as the tenor of this part re-  
 “ quired, to tragedy only. Hence is seen the mis-  
 “ take, not only of M. Dacier, whose comment is

“ in every view insupportable ; but, as was hinted,  
 “ of Heinsius, Lambin, and others, who, with more  
 “ probability, explained this of the Roman comedy  
 “ and tragedy. For, though *tibia* might be allowed  
 “ to stand for comedy, as opposed to *tragœdia*, [as  
 “ in fact, we find it in l. ii. Ep. 1. 98,] that being  
 “ the only instrument employed in it ; yet, in speak-  
 “ ing expressly of the music of the stage, *fides* could not  
 “ determinately enough, and in contradistinction to  
 “ *tibia*, denote that of tragedy, it being an instru-  
 “ ment used solely, or principally, in the Chorus ;  
 “ of which, the context shews, he alone speaks.  
 “ It is further to be observed, that, in the applica-  
 “ tion here made, besides the music, the poet takes  
 “ in the other improvements of the Tragic Chorus,  
 “ these happening, as from the nature of the thing  
 “ they would do, at the same time.”

*Notes on the Art of Poetry.*

321.—WITH DANCE AND FLOWING VEST EM-  
BELLISHES HIS PART.

*Traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.*

“ This expresses not only the improvement arising  
 “ from the ornament of proper dresses, but from  
 “ the grace of motion ; not only the actor, whose  
 “ peculiar

“ peculiar office it was, but the *minstrel* himself, as  
 “ appears from hence, conforming his gesture in some  
 “ sort to the music.”

“ Of the use and propriety of these gestures, or  
 “ dances, it will not be easy for us, who see no such  
 “ things attempted on the modern stage, to form any  
 “ very clear or exact notions. What we cannot  
 “ doubt of is, 1. That the several theatrical dances  
 “ of the antients were strictly conformable to the  
 “ genius of the different species of composition, to  
 “ which they were applied. 2. That, therefore, the  
 “ tragic dance, which more especially accompanied  
 “ the Chorus, must have been expressive of the high-  
 “ est gravity and decorum, tending to inspire ideas  
 “ of what is *becoming*, *graceful*, and *majestic*; in which  
 “ view we cannot but perceive the important assist-  
 “ ance it must needs lend to virtue, and how greatly  
 “ it must contribute to set all her graces and attrac-  
 “ tions in the fairest light. 3. This idea of the an-  
 “ cient tragic dance, is not solely formed upon our  
 “ knowledge of the conformity before-mentioned;  
 “ but is further collected from the name usually given  
 “ to it, which was Ἑμμέλεια, This word cannot well  
 “ be translated into our language; but expresses all  
 “ that grace and concinnity of motion, which the  
 “ dignity of the choral song required. 4. Lastly, it

“ must give us a very high notion of the moral effect  
 “ of this dance, when we find the severe Plato ad-  
 “ mitting it into his commonwealth.”

*Notes on the Art of Poetry.*

328.—HE WHO THE PRIZE, A FILTHY GOAT, TO  
           GAIN,  
 AT FIRST CONTENTED IN THE TRAGICK  
           STRAIN.

*Carminē qui tragico vilem certavit ob  
 hircum.*

If I am not greatly deceived, all the Editors, and Commentators on this Epistle, have failed to observe, that the *historical* part of it, relative to the Græcian Drama, commences at this verse; all of them supposing it to begin, 55 lines further in the Epistle, on the mention of Thespis; whom Horace as clearly, as correctly, describes to be the first *improver*, not *inventor* of Tragedy, *whose* ORIGINAL he marks *here*. Much confusion has, I think, arisen from this oversight, as I shall endeavour to explain in the following notes; only observing in this place, that the Poet, having spoken particularly of all the parts of Tragedy, now enters with the strictest *order*, and greatest propriety, into its general history, which, by his strictures on *the* CHORUS, he most elegantly,  
 as



as well as forcibly, connects with his subject, taking occasion to speak *incidentally* of other branches of the Drama, particularly THE SATYRS, and the OLD COMEDY.

329.—*Soon too—tho' rude, the graver mood un-*  
*broke,*

STRIPT THE ROUGH SATYRS, and *essay'd*  
*a joke.*

*Mox etiam* AGRESTES SATYROS, &c.

“ It is not the intention of these notes to retail  
“ the accounts of others, I must therefore refer the  
“ reader, for whatever concerns the history of the  
“ satiric, as I have hitherto done of the tragic and  
“ comic drama, to the numerous dissertators on the  
“ ancient stage; and, above all, in the case before  
“ us, to the learned Casaubon; from whom all that  
“ hath been said to any purpose, by modern writers,  
“ hath been taken. Only it will be proper to ob-  
“ serve one or two particulars, which have been  
“ greatly misunderstood, and without which it will  
“ be impossible, in any tolerable manner, to explain  
“ what follows.

“ I. The design of the poet, in these lines, is not  
“ to fix the origin of the satyric piece, in ascribing

“ the invention of it to Thespis. This hath been  
 “ concluded, without the least warrant from his own  
 “ words, which barely tell us, “ that the represen-  
 “ tation of tragedy was in elder Greece followed  
 “ by the *satires* ;” and indeed the nature of the thing,  
 “ as well as the testimony of all antiquity, shews  
 “ it to be impossible. For the *satire* here spoken of  
 “ is, in all respects, a regular drama, and therefore  
 “ could not be of earlier date than the times of *Æſ-*  
 “ *chylus*, when the constitution of the drama was  
 “ first formed. It is true indeed, there was a kind of  
 “ entertainment of much greater antiquity, which  
 “ by the antients is sometimes called *satyric*, out of  
 “ which (as Aristotle assures us) tragedy itself arose,  
 “ ἢ δὲ τραγωδία διὰ τὸ ἐκ σατυρικῆς μελαβαλεῖν, ὅψ’ ἂν πεσεμνώθη,  
 “ [περ ποιητ. κ. δ] But then this was nothing but  
 “ a Chorus of satyrs [Athenæus, l. xiv.] celebrating  
 “ the festivals of *Bacchus*, with rude songs and un-  
 “ couth dances; and had little resemblance to that  
 “ which was afterwards called *satiric*; which, ex-  
 “ cept that it retained the Chorus of satyrs, and  
 “ turned upon some subject relative to *Bacchus*,  
 “ was of a quite different structure, and, in every  
 “ respect, as regular a composition as tragedy it-  
 “ self.

“ II.



“ II. There is no doubt but the poem, here distinguished by the name of SATYRI, was in actual use on the Roman stage. This appears from the turn of the poet’s whole criticism upon it. Particularly, his address to the Pisos, l. 235 and his observation of the offence which a loose dialogue in this drama would give to a *Roman* auditory, l. 248, make it evident that he had, in fact, the practice of his own stage in view.”

“ III. For the absolute merit of these satires, the reader will judge of it himself by comparing the Cyclops, the only piece of this kind remaining to us from antiquity, with the rules here delivered by Horace. Only it may be observed, in addition to what the reader will find elsewhere [*n. l. 223.*] apologized in its favour, that the double character of the satires admirably fitted it, as well for a sensible entertainment to the wise, as for the sport and diversion of the vulgar. For, while the grotesque appearance and jesting vein of these fantastic personages amused the one, the other saw much further; and considered them, at the same time, as replete with science, and informed by a spirit of the most abstruse wisdom. Hence important lessons of civil prudence, interesting allusions to public

L 4

“ affairs

“ affairs, or a high, refined moral, might, with the  
 “ highest probability, be insinuated, under the slight  
 “ cover of a rustic simplicity. And from this in-  
 “ structive cast, which from its nature must be very  
 “ obscure, if not impenetrable, to us at this day,  
 “ was, I doubt not, derived the principal pleasure  
 “ which the antients found in this species of the  
 “ drama. If the modern reader would conceive any  
 “ thing of the nature and degree of this pleasure,  
 “ he may in part guess at it, from reflecting on the  
 “ entertainment he himself receives from the cha-  
 “ racters of the clowns in Shakespeare; *who, as the*  
 “ poet himself hath characterized them, *use their folly,*  
 “ *like a stalking horse, and, under the presentation of*  
 “ *that, shoot their wit.*” [As you like it.]—*Notes*  
*on the Art of Poetry.*

This learned note, I think, sets out with a mis-  
 apprehension of the meaning of Horace, by involv-  
 ing his *instructions* ON THE SATYRICK DRAMA, with  
 his account of its *Origin*. Nor does he, in the most  
 distant manner, insinuate, tho' Dacier has asserted  
 the same thing, that *the SATYRS* owed their first in-  
 troduction to *Thespis*; but relates, that the very Poets,  
 who contended in *the Goat-Song*, to which TRAGEDY  
 owes its name, finding it too solemn and severe

an entertainment for their rude holiday audience, interspersed the grave strains of tragedy with comick and *satyrical* Interludes, producing thereby a kind of medley, something congenial to what has appeared on our own stage, under the name of TRAGI-COMEDY. Nor, if I am able to read and comprehend the context, do the words of Horace tell us, “ that the re-  
 “ presentation of Tragedy was, in elder Greece,  
 “ followed by the SATYRS.” The Satyrs composed a part of the Tragedy in its infancy, as well as in the days of Horace, if his own words may be quoted as authority. On any other construction, his directions, concerning the conduct of the *God* or *Hero* of the piece, are scarcely reconcilable to common sense; and it is almost impossible to mark their being incorporated with the Tragedy, in more expressive terms or images, than by his sollicitude to prevent their broad mirth from contaminating its dignity or purity.

*Effutire leves indigna TRAGÆDIA versus.*

*Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,*

INTERERIT SATYRIS paulum pudibunda PRO-  
 Tervis.

The CYCLOPS of Euripides, the only SATYRICK  
 DRAMA extant, written at a much later period, than  
 that

that of which Horace speaks in this place, cannot, I think, convey to us a very exact idea of *the Tragick Pastorals*, whose *origin* he here describes. *The Cyclops*, scarce exceeding 700 lines, might be played, according to the idea of some criticks, after another performance: but that cannot, without the greatest violence to the text, be supposed of the satyrick piece here mentioned by Horace. The idea of *farcés*, or *after-pieces*, tho' an inferior branch of the Drama, is, in fact, among the refinements of an improved age. The writers of an early period throw their dramatick materials, serious and ludicrous, into one mass; which the critical chymistry of succeeding times separates and refines. The modern stage, like the antient, owed its birth to the ceremonies of Religion. From *Mysteries* and *Moralities*, it proceeded to more regular Dramas, diversifying their serious scenes, like *the SATYRICK POETS*, with ludicrous representations. This desire of *variety* was one cause of the *irregularity*, as well as extraordinary *length* of their pieces; of which, I believe, they never gave above *one* at the same time of representation. *Farce* is, in point of age, as well as rank, but a younger brother of the Theatre.

Other

Other Criticks have taken the text of Horace in the same sense, that I have here considered it.

AGRESTES SATYROS.] *Silvestres Faunos nudos introduxit: ita enim SATYROS vocant.—Quod vero SATYROS in fabulos inductos dixi, NON PERACTA ID FABULA FACTUM FUISSE intelligendum, SED IN MEDIO FABULÆ, quasi CHOROS. Nannius.*

—SATYROS puto iterum Romæ inductos; atque ideo de his loqui Horatium, cujusmodi illis sermonem tribuere debeamus, & QUEMADMODUM PRIMUM, ET QUAE DE CAUSA INDUCTI SUNT, ostendentem. Quare cum de SATYRORUM CHORIS, publicè in spectaculo inductis, teste etiam Dionysio Halicarnasseo, minimè dubium sit, etiam postea INTER MEDIOS ACTUS TRAGÆDIARUM, adhibitos credibile est.—DE NORES.

AGRESTES SATYROS.] *Hos autem LOCO CHORI inductos intelligit, non, ut quidam volunt, in ipsâ tragædiâ, cum præsertim dicat factum, ut gratâ novitate detinerentur spectatores: quod inter unum & alterum actum sit, CHORI LOCO. In tragædiâ enim ipsâ, cum flebilis, severa, ac gravis sit, non requiritur hujusmodi locorum, ludorumque levitas, quæ tamen inter medios actus tolerari potest, & hoc est quod ait, INCOLUMI GRAVITATE.*



GRAVITATE. *Ea enim quæ fiunt, quæve dicuntur inter medios actus, extra tragœdiam esse intelliguntur, neque imminuunt tragœdiæ gravitatem.*————DE NORES.

The distinction made by *De Nores* of the SATYRS not making a part of the Tragedy, but barely appearing between the acts, can only signify, that the Tragick and Comick Scenes were kept apart from each other. This is plain from his saying that they held the place of THE CHORUS; not sustaining their continued part in the tragick dialogue, but filling their chief office of singing between the acts. The antient Tragedy was one continued representation, divided into acts by the Chaunt of *the* CHORUS; and, otherwise, according to modern ideas, forming *but one act*, without any interruption of the performance.

These antient SATYRICK SONGS, with which the antient Tragedians endeavoured to enliven the Dithyrambicks, gave rise to two different species of poetry. Their rude jests and petulant raillery engendered *the Satire*; and their sylvan character produced *the Pastoral*.



329-30—THO' RUDE, THE GRAVER MOOD UNBROKE—

*Stript the rough Satyrs, and ESSAY'D A JOKE.*

—*Agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper,*

INCOLUMI GRAVITATE, *jocum tentavit.*

“ It hath been shewn, that the poet could not  
 “ intend, in these lines, to *fix the origin of the sa-*  
 “ *tiric drama.* But, though this be certain, and the  
 “ dispute concerning that point be thereby deter-  
 “ mined, yet it is to be noted, that he purposely  
 “ describes the satire in its ruder and less polished  
 “ form; glancing even at some barbarities, which  
 “ deform the Bacchic Chorus; which was properly  
 “ the satiric piece, before Æschylus had, by his  
 “ regular constitution of the drama, introduced it  
 “ under a very different form on the stage. The  
 “ reason of this conduct is given in *n.* on l. 203.  
 “ Hence the propriety of the word *nudavit,*  
 “ which Lambin rightly interprets, *nudos intro-*  
 “ *duxit satyros,* the poet hereby expressing the mon-  
 “ strous indecorum of this entertainment in its first  
 “ unimproved state. Alluding also to this ancient  
 “ character of the *satire,* he calls him *asper,* i. e.  
 “ rude and petulant; and even adds, that his jests  
 “ were intemperate, and *without the least mixture of*  
 “ *gravity.* For thus, upon the authority of a very  
 “ ingenious and learned critic, I explain *incolumi*  
 “ *gravitate,*

“ *gravitate*, i. e. rejecting every thing serious,  
 “ bidding *farewell*, as we may say, to all *gravity*.  
 “ Thus [L. iii. O. 5.]

“ *Incolumi Jove et urbe Româ :*

“ i. e. bidding farewell to Jupiter [Capitolinus] and  
 “ Rome ; agreeably to what is said just before,

“ *Anciliorum et nominis et togæ*

“ *OBLITUS, æternæque Vestæ.*

“ or, as *SALVUS* is used more remarkably in Martial  
 “ [l. v. 10.]

*Ennius est lectus SALVO tibi, Roma, Marone :*

*Et sua riserunt secula Mæonidem.*

“ *Farewell*, all *gravity*, is as remote from the original  
 “ sense of the words *fare well*, as *incolumi gravitate*  
 “ from that of *incolumis*, or *salvo Marone* from that  
 “ of *salvus*.” — *Notes on the Art of Poetry.*

The beginning of this note does not, I think, perfectly accord with what has been urged by the same Critick in the note immediately preceding. He there observed, that *the* “ *SATYR* here spoken of, “ is, in all respects, a regular Drama, and therefore “ could not be of earlier date, than the times of *Æschylus*.”

Here, however, he allows, though in subdued phrase, that “ though this be certain, and the dispute  
 “ concerning

“ concerning that point thereby determined, yet it is to  
 “ be noted, that he purposely describes the Satyr IN  
 “ ITS RUDE AND LESS POLISHED FORM; *glancing*  
 “ *even at some barbarities, which deform THE BACCHIC*  
 “ CHORUS; WHICH WAS PROPERLY THE SATYRICK  
 “ PIECE, before Æschylus had, by his regular con-  
 “ stitution of the Drama, introduced it, *under a very*  
 “ *different form, on the stage.*” In a subsequent  
 note, the same learned Critick also says, that “ the  
 “ connecting particle, *verum*, [*verum ita riores, &c.*]  
 “ expresses the opposition intended between the *ori-*  
 “ *ginal Satyr* and that which the Poet approves.” In  
 both these passages the ingenious Commentator seems,  
 from the mere influence of the context, to approach  
 to the interpretation that I have hazarded of this  
 passage, avowedly one of the most obscure parts of  
 the Epistle.

The explanation of the words INCOLUMI GRA-  
 VITATE, in the latter part of the above note, though  
 favourable to the system of the English Commentary,  
 is not only contrary to the construction of all other  
 interpreters, and, I believe, unwarranted by any ac-  
 ceptation of the word INCOLUMIS, but, in my opi-  
 nion, less elegant and forcible than the common in-  
 terpretation.

The

The line of the Ode referred to,  
 INCOLUMI *Jove, et urbe Româ?*  
 was never received in the sense, which the learned  
 Critick assigns to it.

The Dauphin Editor interprets it,  
 STANTE *urbe, & Capitolino Jove Romanos*  
*protegente.*

Schrevelius, to the same effect, explains it,  
 SALVO *Capitolio, quæ Jovis erat sedes.*

These interpretations, as they are certainly the  
 most obvious, seem also to be most consonant to the  
 plain sense of the Poet.

331.—*For holiday spectators, flush'd and wild,*  
*With new conceits and mummeries were be-*  
*guil'd.*  
*Quippe erat ILLECEBRIS, &c.*

Monfieur Dacier, though he allows that “all that  
 “is here said by Horace proves *incontestibly*, that the  
 “Satyrick Piece had possession of the Roman stage;”  
*tout ce qu' Horace dit icy prouve INCONTESTABLE-*  
*MENT qu'il y avoit des Satyres*; yet thinks, that Ho-  
 race lavished all these instructions on them, chiefly  
 for the sake of the ATELLANE FABLES. The author  
 of the English Commentary is of the same opinion,  
 and

and labours the point very assiduously. I cannot, however, discover, in any part of Horace's discourse on *the SATYRS*; one expression glancing towards *the ATELLANES*, though their *OSCAN* peculiarities might easily have been marked, so as not to be mistaken,

337.—*That GOD or HERO of the lofty scene,  
May not, &c.*

*Ne quicumque DEUS, &c.*

The Commentators have given various explanations of this precept. *De Nones* interprets it to signify *that the same actor, who represented a God or Hero in the TRAGICK part of the Drama, must not be employed to represent a Faun or Sylvan in the SATYRICK.*

*Dacier* has a strange conceit concerning the joint performance of a *Tragedy* and *Atellane* at one time, the same God or Hero being represented as the principal subject and character of both; on which occasion, (says he) the Poet recommends to the author not to debase the God, or Hero of *the TRAGEDY*, by sinking his language and manners too low in *the ATELLANE*; whose style, as well as measure, should be peculiar to itself, equally distant from *Tragedy* and *Farce*.



The author of the English Commentary tells us, that “ Gods and Heroes were introduced as well into  
 “ the *Satyrick* as *Tragick* Drama, and often the very  
 “ same Gods and Heroes, which had borne a part in  
 “ THE PRECEDING TRAGEDY; a practice, which  
 “ Horace, I suppose, intended, by this hint, to re-  
 “ commend as most regular.”

The two short notes of Schrevelius, in my opinion, more clearly explain the sense of Horace, and are in these words.

*Poema serium, jocis SATYRICIS ita COMMISCERE*  
*—ne scilicet is, qui paulo ante DEI instar aut HEROIS*  
*in scenam fuit introductus, postea lacernosus prodeat.*

On the whole, supposing *the SATYRICK Piece* to be *Tragi-Comick*, as Dacier himself seems half inclined to believe, the precept of Horace only recommends to the author so to support his principal personage, that his behaviour in the *SATYRICK* scenes shall not debase the character he has sustained in the *TRAGICK*. No specimen remaining of the Roman *SATYRICK Piece*, I may be permitted to illustrate the rule of Horace by a brilliant example from the *serio-comick HISTORIES* of the Sovereign of our Drama. The example to which I point, is the  
 character



character of *the PRINCE of WALES*, in the two Parts of *Henry the Fourth*. Such a natural and beautiful decorum is maintained in the display of that character, that the *Prince* is as discoverable in the loose scenes with Falstaff and his associates, as in the Presence Chamber, or the Closet. After *the natural*, though MIXT DRAMAS, of Shakespear, and Beaumont and Fletcher, had prevailed on our stage, it is surprising that our progress to *pure Tragedy and Comedy*, should have been interrupted, or disturbed, by *the regular monster of TRAGI-COMEDY*, nursed by Southerne and Dryden.

348.—NE'ER WOULD I, PISOS, IN THE SYLVAN  
SCENE,  
USE ABJECT TERMS ALONE, AND PHRASES  
MEAN!  
*Non ego INORNATA & DOMINANTIA, &c.*

The author of the English Commentary proposes a conjectural emendation of Horace's text—HONORATA instead of INORNATA—and accompanied with a new and elevated sense assigned to the word DOMINANTIA. This last word is interpreted in the same manner by *De Nones*. Most other Commentators explain it to signify *common words*, observing its analogy to the Greek term *Κόμης*. The same expression

prevails in our tongue—a REIGNING word, a REIGNING fashion, &c. The general cast of the SATYR seems to render a caution against a lofty stile not very necessary; yet it must be acknowledged that such a caution is given by the Poet, exclusive of the above proposed variation.

*Ne quicumque DEUS*—————

*Migret in obscuras HUMILI SERMONE tabernas,*

*Aut dum vitat humum, NUBES & INANIA CAPTET.*

352.—*Davus may jest, &c.*—*Davusne loquatur, &c.*

It should seem from hence, that the common characters of Comedy, as well as the Gods and Heroes of Tragedy, had place in the SATYRICK DRAMA, cultivated in the days of Horace. Of the manner in which the antient writers sustained the part of Silenus, we may judge from the CYCLOPS of Euripides, and the PASTORALS of Virgil.

Vossius attempts to shew from some lines of this part of the Epistle, [*Ne quicumque Deus, &c.*] that the SATYRS were subjoined to the Tragick scenes, not incorporated with them: and yet at the same moment he tells us, and with apparent approbation, that DIOMEDES quotes our Poet to prove that they were

were BLENDed WITH EACH OTHER: *simul ut spectator,*  
 INTER RES TRAGICAS, SERIASQUE, SATYRORUM  
 QUOQUE JOCIS, & LUSIBUS, *delectaretur.*

I cannot more satisfactorily conclude all that I have to urge, on the subject of the SATYRICK DRAMA, as here described by Horace, than by one more short extract from the notes of the ingenious author of the English Commentary, to the substance of which extract I give the most full assent.

“ The Greek Drama, we know, had its origin  
 “ from the loose, licentious raillery of the rout of  
 “ Bacchus, indulging to themselves the freest sallies  
 “ of taunt and invective, as would best suit to law-  
 “ less natures, inspirited by festal mirth, and made  
 “ extravagant by wine. Hence arose, and with a  
 “ character answering to this original, the *Satiric*  
 “ *Drama*; the spirit of which was afterwards, in  
 “ good measure, revived and continued in the Old  
 “ Comedy, and itself preserved, though with con-  
 “ siderable alteration in the form, through all the  
 “ several periods of the Greek stage; even when Tra-  
 “ gedy, which arose out of it, was brought to its  
 “ last perfection.”

370.—*To a short syllable, a long subjoin'd,*  
*Forms an IAMBICK FOOT.*

*Syllaba longa, brevi subiecta, vocatur Iambus.*

Horace having, after the example of his master Aristotle, slightly mentioned the first rise of Tragedy in the form of a CHORAL SONG, subjoining an account of *the SATYRICK CHORUS*, that was *soon* (*Mox etiam*) combined with it, proceeds to speak particularly of the Iambick verse, which he has before mentioned generally, as the measure best accommodated to the Drama. In this instance, however, the Poet has trespassed against *the order and method* observed by his philosophical guide; and by that trespass broken the thread of his history of the Drama, which has added to the difficulty and obscurity of this part of his Epistle. Aristotle does not speak of *the MEASURE*, till he has brought Tragedy, through all its progressive stages, from the Dithyrambicks, down to its establishment by Æschylus and Sophocles. If the reader would judge of the *poetical beauty*, as well as *logical precision*, of such an arrangement, let him transfer this section of the Epistle [beginning, in the original at v. 251. and ending at 274.] to the end of the 284th line; by which transposition, or I am much mistaken, he will  
not

not only disembarrasss this historical part of it, relative to the Græcian stage, but will pass by a much easier, and more elegant, transition, to the Poet's application of the narrative to the Roman Drama.

The English reader, inclined to make the experiment, must take the lines of the translation from v. 268. to v. 403, both inclusive, and insert them after v. 420.

*In shameful silence lost the pow'r to wound,*

It is further to be observed that this detail on *the IAMBICK* is not, with strict propriety, annexed to a critical history of *the SATYR*, in which, as Aristotle insinuates, was used *the CAPERING Tetrameter*, and, as the Grammarians observe, *Trisyllabicks*.

397.—PISOS! BE GRÆCIAN MODELS, &c.

Pope has imitated and illustrated this passage.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,  
 Read them by day, and meditate by night;  
 Thence from your judgment, thence your maxims  
 bring,  
 And trace the Muses upwards to their spring.  
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse!  
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse!

*Essay on Criticism.*



406.—A KIND OF TRAGICK ODE, UNKNOWN  
BEFORE,

THESPIS, 'TIS SAID, INVENTED FIRST.

IGNOTUM *Tragicæ* GENUS INVENISSE *Ca-*  
*mæna*

*Dicitur, &c.*

It is surprizing that Dacier, who, in a controversial note, in refutation of Heinſius, has ſo properly remarked Horace's adherence to Ariſtotle, ſhould not have obſerved that his hiſtory of the Drama opens and proceeds nearly in the ſame order. Ariſtotle indeed does not name Theſpis, but we cannot but include his improvements among the changes, to which the Critick refers, before Tragedy acquired a permanent form under *Æſchylus*. Theſpis ſeems not only to have embodied *the CHORUS*, but to have provided a theatrical apparatus for an itinerant exhibition; to have furniſhed diſguiſes for his performers, and to have broken the continuity of *the CHORUS* by an *Interlocutor*; to whom *Æſchylus* adding another perſonage, thereby firſt created DRAMATICK DIALOGUE; while at the ſame time by a *further diminution of the CHORUS*, by improving the dreſſes of the actors, and drawing them from their travelling waggon to a fixt ſtage, he created a regular theatre.

It



It appears then that neither Horace, nor Aristotle, ascribe *the origin* of Tragedy to THESPIA. The Poet first mentions the rude beginning of Tragedy, (*carmen tragicum*) the GOAT-SONG; he then speaks of *the Satyriack Chorus*, soon after interwoven with it; and then proceeds to the *improvements* of these Bacchic Festivities, by Thespis, and Æschylus; though their perfection and final establishment is ascribed by Aristotle to Sophocles.

DACIER very properly renders this passage, *On dit que Thespis fut le premier qui inventa UNE ESPECI DE TRAGEDIE AUPARAVANT INCONNUE AUX GRECS.* “Thespis is said to be the first inventor of *a species* of Tragedy, *before unknown to the Greeks.*”

Boileau seems to have considered this part of the Epistle in the same light, that I have endeavoured to place it.

La Tragedie informe & grossiere au naissant  
 N'etoit qu'un simple Chœur, ou chacun en dansant,  
 Et du Dieu des Raisins entonnant les louanges,  
 S'efforçoit d'attirer de fertiles vendanges.  
 La le vin et la joie eveillant les esprits,  
 Du plus habile chantre un étoit Bouc le prix.  
 THESPIA fut le premier, qui barbouillé de lie,  
 Promena par les bourgs cette heureuse folie;

Et

Et d'acteurs mal ornés chargeant un tombeau,  
 Amusa les passans d'un spectacle nouveau.  
 ÆSCHYLE dans le Chœur jetta les perfonages ;  
 D'un masque plus honnête habilla les visages :  
 Sur les ais d'un Theatre en public exhausfé,  
 Fit paroître l'acteur d'un brodequin chauffé.

L'ART POËTIQUE, *Chant Troisième.*

419. ——— the SLAND'ROUS CHORUS drown'd,  
 In shameful silence, lost the pow'r to wound.

CHORUSQUE

“ TURPITER OBTCUIT, *sublato jure nocendi.*

“ Evidently because, though the *jus nocendi* was  
 “ taken away, yet that was no good reason why the  
 “ Chorus should entirely cease. M. Dacier mistakes  
 “ the matter. *Le chœur se tût ignominieusement, parce-*  
 “ *que la loi reprima sa licence, et que ce fut, à propre-*  
 “ *ment parler, la loi qui le bannit ; ce qu' Horace re-*  
 “ *garde comme une espece de flétrissure. Properly speak-*  
 “ *ing, the law only abolished the abuse of the Chorus:*  
 “ The ignominy lay in dropping the entire use of it,  
 “ on account of this restraint. Horace was of opi-  
 “ nion, that the Chorus ought to have been retained,  
 “ though the state had abridged it of the licence, it  
 “ so

“ so much delighted in, of an illimited, and intemperate satire, *Sublatus Chorus fuit*, says Scaliger, “ *cujus illæ videntur esse præcipuæ partes, ut potissimum quos liberet, læderent.*”

*Notes on the Art of Poetry.*

If Dacier be mistaken in this instance, his mistake is common to all the Commentators; not one of whom, the learned and ingenious author of the above note excepted, has been able to extract from these words any marks of Horace's predilection in favour of a CHORUS, or censure of “ its culpable omission” in Comedy. De Nores expresses the general sense of the Criticks on this passage.

TURPITER.] *Quia lex, declaratâ Veteris Comædiæ scriptorum improbitate, eos a maledicendi licentiâ deterruit.—Sicuti enim antea summâ cum laude Vetus Comædia accepta est, ita postea SUMMA EST CUM TURPITUDINE VETANTIBUS ETIAM LEGIBUS REPUDIATA, quia probis hominibus, quia sapientibus, quia integris maledixerit. Quare Comædiæ postea conscriptæ ad hujusce Veteris differentiam SUBLATO CHORO, NOVÆ appellatæ sunt.*

What Horace himself says on a similar occasion, of the suppression of the Fescennine verses, in the  
Epistle

#14 NOTES ON THE ART OF POETRY.

Epistle to Augustus, is perhaps the best comment on this passage.

————— *quin etiam lex*  
*Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam*  
*Describi : VERTERE MODUM FORMIDINE FUSTIS,*  
*AD BENE DICENDUM DELECTANDUMQUE RE-*  
*DACTI.*

423.—*Daring their Græcian masters to forsake,*  
*And for their themes Domestick Glories take.*

*Nec nimium meruere decus, vestigia Græca*  
*Ausi deserere, & celebrare domestica facta.*

The author of the English Commentary has a note on this passage, replete with fine taste, and sound criticism.

“ This judgment of the poet, recommending do-  
“ mestick subjects, as fittest for the stage, may be  
“ enforced from many obvious reasons. As, 1. that  
“ it renders the drama infinitely more *affecting* : and  
“ this on many accounts. 1. As a subject, taken  
“ from our own annals, must of course carry with  
“ it an air of greater probability, at least to the ge-  
“ nerality of the people, than one borrowed from  
“ those

“ those of any other nation. 2. As we all find a  
 “ personal interest in the subject. 3. As it of course  
 “ affords the best and easiest opportunities of catch-  
 “ ing our minds, by frequent references to our man-  
 “ ners, prejudices, and customs. And of how great  
 “ importance this is, may be learned from hence,  
 “ that, even in the exhibition of foreign charac-  
 “ ters, dramatic writers have found themselves  
 “ obliged to sacrifice truth and probability to the  
 “ humour of the people, and to dress up their per-  
 “ sonages, contrary to their own better judgment,  
 “ in some degree according to the mode and man-  
 “ ners of their respective countries \*. And, 4. as  
 “ the writer himself, from an intimate acquaintance  
 “ with the character and genius of his own nation,

“ (\*) L'etude égale des poètes de différens tems à plaire à leurs spec-  
 “ tateurs, a encore influé dans la maniere de peindre les caracteres.  
 “ Ceux qui paroissent sur la scene Angloise, Espagnols, François, sont  
 “ plus Anglois, Espagnols, ou François que Grecs ou Romains, en un  
 “ mot que ce qu'ils doivent être. Il ne faut qu'en peu de discernement  
 “ pour s'appercevoir que nos Céfarts et nos Achilles, en gardant même  
 “ un partie de leur caractere primitif, prennent droit de naturalité  
 “ dans le païs où ils sont transplantez, semblables à ces portraits, qui  
 “ sortent de la main d'un peintre Flamand, Italien, ou François, et  
 “ qui portent l'empreinte du païs. On veut plaire à sa nation, et rien  
 “ ne plait tant que le résemblance de manieres et de enie.” P. Brumoy,  
 “ vol. i. p. 200.]

“ will



“ will be more likely to draw the manners with life  
 “ and spirit.

“ II. Next, which should ever be one great point  
 “ in view, it renders the drama more generally use-  
 “ ful in its moral destination. For, it being con-  
 “ versant about domestic acts, the great instruction  
 “ of the fable more sensibly affects us; and the cha-  
 “ racters exhibited, from the part we take in their  
 “ good or ill qualities, will more probably influence  
 “ our conduct.

“ III. Lastly, this judgment will deserve the  
 “ greater regard, as the conduct recommended was,  
 “ in fact, the practice of our great models, the Greek  
 “ writers; in whose plays, it is observable, there  
 “ is scarcely a single scene, which lies out of the  
 “ confines of Greece.

“ But, notwithstanding these reasons, the practice  
 “ hath, in all times, been but little followed. The  
 “ Romans, after some few attempts in this way  
 “ (from whence the poet took the occasion of de-  
 “ livering it as a dramatic precept), soon relapsed  
 “ into their old use; as appears from Seneca’s, and  
 “ the titles of other plays, written in, or after the  
 “ Augustan age. Succeeding times continued the  
 “ same



“ same attachment to Grecian, with the addition of  
 “ an equal fondness for Roman, subjects. The rea-  
 “ son in both instances hath been ever the same : that  
 “ strong and early prejudice, approaching some-  
 “ what to adoration, in favour of the illustrious  
 “ names of those two great states. The account of  
 “ this matter is very easy ; for their writings, as  
 “ they furnish the business of our younger, and  
 “ the amusement of our riper, years ; and more  
 “ especially make the study of all those, who devote  
 “ themselves to poetry and the stage, insensibly infix  
 “ in us an excessive veneration for all affairs in which  
 “ they were concerned ; insomuch, that no other  
 “ subjects or events seem considerable enough, or  
 “ rise, in any proportion, to our ideas of the dignity  
 “ of the tragick scene, but such as time and long  
 “ admiration have consecrated in the annals of their  
 “ story. Our Shakespeare was, I think, the first  
 “ that broke through this bondage of classical super-  
 “ stition. And he owed this felicity, as he did some  
 “ others, to his want of what is called the advantage  
 “ of a learned education. Thus uninfluenced by the  
 “ weight of early prepossession, he struck at once into  
 “ the road of nature and common sense : and with-  
 “ out designing, without knowing it, hath left us  
 “ in his historical plays, with all their anomalies,  
 “ an

“ an exacter resemblance of the Athenian stage, than  
 “ is any where to be found in its most professed ad-  
 “ mirers and copyists.

“ I will only add, that, for the more successful  
 “ execution of this rule of celebrating domestic acts,  
 “ much will depend on the æra, from whence the  
 “ subject is taken. Times too remote have almost  
 “ the same inconveniences, and none of the advan-  
 “ tages, which attend the ages of Greece and Rome.  
 “ And for those of later date, they are too much fa-  
 “ miliarized to us, and have not as yet acquired that  
 “ venerable cast and air, which tragedy demands,  
 “ and age only can give. There is no fixing this  
 “ point with precision. In the general, that æra is  
 “ the fittest for the poet’s purpose, which, though  
 “ fresh enough in our minds to warm and interest  
 “ us in the event of the action, is yet at so great a  
 “ distance from the present times, as to have lost  
 “ all those mean and disparaging circumstances,  
 “ which unavoidably adhere to recent deeds, and,  
 “ in some measure, sink the noblest modern trans-  
 “ actions to the level of ordinary life.”

*Notes on the Art of Poetry.*

The

The author of the *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope* elegantly enforces a like opinion, and observes that Milton left a list of thirty-three subjects for Tragedy, all taken from the English Annals.

425.—*Whether THE GOWN prescrib'd a style more mean,  
Or THE INWOVEN PURPLE rais'd the scene.  
Vel qui PRÆTEXTAS, vel qui docuere  
TOGATAS.*

THE GOWN (*Toga*) being the common Roman habit, signifies *Comedy*; and THE INWOVEN PURPLE (*prætecta*) being appropriated to the higher orders, refers to *Tragedy*. *Togatae* was also used as a general term to denote all plays, in which the habits, manners, and arguments were ROMAN; those, of which the customs and subjects were GRÆCIAN, like the Comedies of Terence, were called *Palliatae*.

431.—*But YOU, bright hopes of the Pompilian Blood,  
Never the verse approve, &c.  
Vos, O Pompilius Sanguis, &c.*

The English Commentary exhibits a very just and correct analysis of this portion of the *Epistle*, but

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neither here, nor in any other part of it, observes the earnestness with which the Poet, on every new topick, addresses his discourse to *the Pisos*; a practice, that has not passed unnoticed by other Commentators. On this passage De Nores writes thus.

*Vos O Pompilius Sanguis!*] *Per apostrophem* SERMONEM CONVERTIT AD PISONES, EOS ADMONENS, UT SIBI CAVEANT *ab hujusmodi Romanorum poetarum errore.* *Videtur autem* EOS AD ATTENTIONEM EXCITARE *dum ait, Vos O! et quæ sequuntur.*

436.——*Because* DEMOCRITUS, &c.

*Excludit sanos Helicone poëtas Democritus.*

*De Nores* has a comment on this passage; but the ambiguity of the Latin relative renders it uncertain, how far the Critick applies particularly to *the Pisos*, except by the *Apostrophe* taken notice of in the last note. His words are these. *Nisi horum DEMOCRITICORUM opinionem Horatius hoc in loco refutasset, frustra de poeticâ facultate IN HAC AD PISONES EPISTOLA præcepta literis tradidisset, cum arte ipsâ repudiata, AB HIS tantummodo insaniam & furori daretur locus.*

445.—*Which no vile CUTBERD'S razor'd hands  
profane.*

*Tonfori* LYCINO.

*Lycinus* was not only, as appears from Horace, an eminent Barber; but said, by some, to have been created a Senator by Augustus, on account of his enmity to Pompey.

468.—ON NATURE'S PATTERN TOO I'LL BID  
HIM LOOK,  
AND COPY MANNERS FROM HER LIVING  
BOOK.

*Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque jubebo  
DOCTUM IMITATOREM, & veras hinc du-  
cere voces.*

This precept seeming, at first sight, liable to be interpreted as recommending *personal imitations*, De Nores, Dacier, and the Author of the English Commentary, all concur to inculcate the principles of Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, shewing that the truth of representation (*veræ voces*) must be derived from an imitation of *general nature*, not from copying *individuals*. Mankind, however, being a mere collection of *individuals*, it is impossible for the Poet, not to found his observations on particular objects; and his chief



skill seems to consist in the happy address, with which he is able to *generalize* his ideas, and to sink the likeness of the individual in the resemblance of universal nature. A great Poet, and a great Painter, have each illustrated this doctrine most happily; and with their observations I shall conclude this note.

Chacun peint avec art dans ce nouveau miroir,  
S'y vit avec plaisir, ou crut ne s'y point voir.

L'Avare des premiers rit du tableau fidele  
D'un Avare, souvent tracé sur son modèle;  
Et mille fois un Fat, finement exprimé,  
Méconnut le portrait, sur lui-même formé.

BOILEAU, *L'Art Poet.* ch. iii.

“ Nothing in the art requires more attention and  
“ judgment, or more of that power of discrimina-  
“ tion, which may not improperly be called Genius,  
“ than the steering between general ideas and indi-  
“ viduality; for though the body of the whole must  
“ certainly be composed by the first, in order to  
“ communicate a character of grandeur to the whole,  
“ yet a dash of the latter is sometimes necessary to  
“ give an interest. An individual model, copied  
“ with scrupulous exactness, makes a mean style like  
“ the Dutch; and the neglect of an actual model,  
“ and the method of proceeding solely from idea, has  
“ a ten-



“ a tendency to make the Painter degenerate into a  
 “ mannerist.

“ It is necessary to keep the mind in repair, to  
 “ replace and refreshen those impressions of nature,  
 “ which are continually wearing away.

“ A circumstance mentioned in the life of Guido,  
 “ is well worth the attention of Artists: He was  
 “ asked from whence he borrowed his idea of beauty,  
 “ which is acknowledged superior to that of every  
 “ other Painter; he said he would shew all the models  
 “ he used, and ordered a common Porter to sit before  
 “ him, from whom he drew a beautiful countenance;  
 “ this was intended by Guido as an exaggeration of  
 “ his conduct; but his intention was to shew that he  
 “ thought it necessary to have *some model* of nature  
 “ before you, however you deviate from it, and  
 “ correct it from the idea which you have formed  
 “ in your mind of *perfect beauty*.

“ In Painting it is far better to have a *model* even  
 “ to *depart* from, than to have nothing fixed and  
 “ certain to determine the idea: There is something  
 “ then to proceed on, something to be corrected;  
 “ so that even supposing that no part is taken, the  
 “ model has still been not without use.

“ Such habits of intercourse with nature, will at  
 “ least create that *variety* which will prevent any  
 “ one’s prognosticating what manner of work is to  
 “ be produced, on knowing the subject, which is the  
 “ most disagreeable character an Artist can have.”

*Sir Joshua Reynolds’s Notes on Fresco.*

482.—ALBIN’S HOPEFUL.] *Filius ALBINI.*

Albinus was said to be a rich Usurer. All that is necessary to explain this passage to the English reader, is to observe, that *the Roman Pound consisted of TWELVE Ounces.*

489.—*Worthy the CEDAR and the CYPRESS.*

The ancients, for the better preservation of their manuscripts, rubbed them with the juice of *Cedar*, and kept them in cases of *Cypress*.

498.—SHALL LAMIA IN OUR SIGHT HER SONS  
 DEVOUR,  
 AND GIVE THEM BACK ALIVE THE SELF-  
 SAME HOUR ?

*Neu pransæ Lamia vivum puerum extrahat  
 aluo.*

Alluding

Alluding most probably to some Drama of the time, exhibiting so monstrous and horrible an incident.

506.——THE SOSTI.] Roman booksellers.

525.——CHÆRILUS.] A wretched poet, who celebrated the actions, and was distinguished by the patronage, of Alexander.

529.——IF HOMER SEEM TO NOD, OR CHANCE TO DREAM.]

It may not be disagreeable to the reader to see what two poets of our own country have said on this subject.

— foul descriptions are offensive still,  
 Either for being *like*, or being *ill*.  
 For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd  
 On holy garbage, tho' by Homer cook'd?  
 Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods,  
 Make some suspect he snores, as well as nods.  
 But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,  
 And Horace looks with indignation down:  
 My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,  
 And whom they like, implicitly admires.

ROSCOMMON'S *Essay on Translated Verse*.

A prudent chief not always must display  
 Her pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array :  
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,  
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.  
 Those oft are stratagems, which errors seem,  
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism*.

532.—POEMS AND PICTURES ARE ADJUDG'D  
 ALIKE.

*Ut pictura poësis.*

Here ends, in my opinion, the *didactic* part of this Epistle ; and it is remarkable that it concludes, as it begun, with a reference to the Analogy between Poetry and Painting. The arts are indeed congenial, and the same general principles govern both. Artists might collect many useful hints from this Epistle. The Lectures of the President of the Royal Academy are not merely accommodated to the study of Painters ; but Poets may refine their taste, and derive the most valuable instruction, from the perusal of those judicious and elegant discourses.

537.—O THOU, MY PISO'S ELDER HOPE AND PRIDE!

O MAJOR JUVENUM!

We are now arrived at that portion of the Epistle, which I must confess I am surpris'd, that any Commentator ever pass, without observing the peculiar language and conduct of the Poet. There is a kind of awful affection in his manner, wonderfully calculated to move our feelings and excite our attention. The DIDACTICK and the EPISTOLARY stile were never more happily blended. The Poet assumes the air of a father advising his son, rather than of a teacher instructing his pupils. Many Criticks have thrown out a cursory observation or two, as it were extorted from them by the pointed expressions of the Poet: but none of them, that I have consulted, have attempted to assign any reason, why Horace, having clos'd his particular precepts, addresses all the remainder of his Epistle, on the nature and expediency of Poetical pursuits, to *the* ELDER PISO only. I have endeavour'd to give the most natural reason for this conduct; a reason which, if I am not deceived, renders the whole of the Epistle interesting, as well as clear and consistent; a reason which I am the more inclined to think substantial, as it confirms in great measure the system of the Author of the English Commentary,

Commentary, only shewing the reflections on the Drama in THIS EPISTLE, as well as in THE EPISTLE TO AUGUSTUS, to be incidental, rather than the principal subject, and main design, of the Poet.

*Jason De Nores*, in this instance, as in most others, has paid more attention to his Author, than the rest of the Commentators. His note is as follows.

O MAJOR JUVENUM!] *Per apostrophem AD MAJOREM NATU ex Pisonibus convertis orationem. Reddit rationem quare summum, ac perfectissimum poema esse debeat. Utitur autem proœmio quasi quodam ad BENEVOLENTIAM & ATTENTIONEM comparandam. Sumit autem BENEVOLENTIAM à patris & filii laudibus: ATTENTIONEM, dum ait, "Hoc tibi dictum tolle me-mor!" Quasi dicat, per asseverationem, FIRMUM omninò et VERUM.*

545.—*Boasts not MESSALA'S PLEADINGS, nor is deem'd*

AULUS IN JURISPRUDENCE.

The Poet, with great delicacy, throws in a compliment to these distinguished characters of his time, for their several eminence in their profession. Messala is more than once mentioned as the friend and patron of Horace.



564.——*Forty thousand sesterces a year.*

The pecuniary qualification for the Equestrian Order. *Census equestrem summam nummorum.*

567.——*Nothing, IN SPITE OF GENIUS, YOU'LL commence.*

*TU nihil, invitâ dices faciesue Minervâ.*

Horace, says Dacier, here addresses the ELDER PISO, as a man of mature years and understanding; and he begins with panegyrick, rather than advice, in order to soften the precepts he is about to lay down to him.

The explication of De Nores is much to the same effect, as well as that of many other Commentators.

569.——*But if hereafter you should write.*  
*Si quid tamen olim scripseris.*

This, says Dacier, was some time afterwards actually the case, if we may believe the old Scholiast, who writes that *this PISO composed Tragedies.*

570.——METIUS.] A great Critick; and said to be appointed by Augustus as a *Judge*, to appreciate the merit of literary performances. His name  
and

and office are, on other occasions, mentioned and recognized by Horace.

572.—*Weigh the work well; AND KEEP IT BACK  
NINE YEARS!*

**NONUMQUE PREMATUR IN ANNUM!**

This precept, which, like many others in the Epistle, is rather retailed, than invented, by Horace, has been thought by some Criticks rather extravagant; but it acquires in this place, as addressed to the ELDER PISO, a concealed archness, very agreeable to the Poet's style and manner. Pope has applied the precept with much humour, but with more open raillery than suited the writer's purpose in this Epistle.

I drop at last, but in unwilling ears,

This wholesome counsel—**KEEP YOUR PIECE  
NINE YEARS!**

VIDA, in his Poeticks, after the strongest censure of carelessness and precipitation, concludes with a caution against too excessive an attention to correctness, too frequent revivals, and too long delay of publication. The passage is as elegant as judicious.

Verùm

Verùm esto hîc etiam modus: huic imponere euræ  
 Nescivere aliqui finem, medicasque secandis  
 Morbis abstinuisse manus, & parcere tandem  
 Immites, donec macie confectus et æger  
 Aruit exhausto velut omni fanguine fœtus,  
 Nativumque decus posuit, dum plurima ubique  
 Deformat sectos artus inhonesta cicatrix.

Tuque ideo vitæ usque memor brevioris, ubi annos  
 Post aliquot (neque enim NUMERUM, neque TEMPORA  
 pono

CERTA tibi) addideris decoris fatis, atque nitoris,  
 Rumpe moras, opus ingentem dimitte per orbem,  
 Perque manus, perque ora virûm permitte vagari.

POETIC. *lib.* 3.

594.—AND ON THE SACRED TABLET GRAVE  
 THE LAW.

LEGES INCIDERE LIGNO.

Laws were originally written in verse, and graved  
 on wood. The Roman laws were engraved on cop-  
 per. DACIER.

597.—TYRTÆUS.] An ancient Poet, who is  
 said to have been given to the Spartans as a General  
 by the Oracle, and to have animated the Troops by  
 his Verses to such a degree, as to be the means of  
 their triumph over the Messenians, after two defeats :

to

to which Roscommon alludes in his *Essay on Translated Verse*.

When by impulse from Heav'n, TYRTÆUS sung,  
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung ;  
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,  
And what two Gen'als lost, a Poet gain'd.

Some fragments of his works are still extant. They are written in the Elegiac measure; yet the sense is not, as in other Poets, always bound in by the Couplet; but often breaks out into the succeeding verse: a practice, that certainly gives variety and animation to the measure; and which has been successfully imitated in the *rhyme* of our own language by Dryden, and other good writers.

606.——*Deem then with rev'rence, &c.*

*Ne forte pudori.*

*Sit tibi MUSA, Lyrae solers, & Cantor Apollo.*

The author of the English Commentary agrees, that this noble encomium on Poetry is addressed to *the Pisos*. All other Commentators apply it, as surely the text warrants, to *the ELDER PISO*. In a long controversial note on this passage, the learned Critick abovementioned also explains the text thus.

“ In

“ In fact, this whole passage [from *et vitæ, &c.* to  
 “ *cantor Apollo*] obliquely glances at the two sorts of  
 “ poetry, peculiarly cultivated by himself, and is  
 “ an indirect apology for his own choice of them.  
 “ For 1. *vitæ monstrata via est*, is the character of  
 “ his *Sermones*. And 2. all the rest of his *Odes*,”  
 — “ I must add, the very terms of the Apology so  
 “ expressly define and characterize Lyrick Poetry,  
 “ that it is something strange, it should have  
 “ escaped vulgar notice.” There is much ingenuity  
 in this interpretation, and it is supported with much  
 learning and ability; yet I cannot think that Ho-  
 race meant to conclude this fine encomium, on the  
 dignity and excellence of the Art of Poetry, by a  
 partial reference to the two particular species of it,  
 that had been the objects of his own attention.  
 The MUSE, and APOLLO, were the avowed patrons  
 and inspirers of Poetry in general, whether Epick,  
 Dramatick, Civil, Moral, or Religious; all of  
 which are enumerated by Horace in the course of his  
 panegyrick, and referred to in the conclusion of it,  
 that Piso might not for a moment think himself  
 degraded by his attention to poetry.

*In hoc epilogo reddit breviter rationem, quare utili-  
 tates à poetis mortalium vitæ allatas recensuerit: ne  
 scilicet*

*scilicet Pisones, ex nobilissimâ Calpurniorum familiâ ortos, Musarum & Artis Poeticæ quam profitebantur, aliquandò pœniteret.*

DE NORES.

*Hæc, inquit, eò recensui, ut quàm olim res arduas poetica tractaverit, cognoscas, & ne Musas contemnas, atque in Poetarum referri numerum, erubescas.*

NANNIUS.

*Ne forte pudori.] Hæc dixi, O PISO, ne te pudeat Poetam esse.*

SCHREVELIUS.

610.—WHETHER GOOD VERSE OF NATURE IS  
THE FRUIT,  
OR RAIS'D BY ART, HAS LONG BEEN IN  
DISPUTE.

In writing precepts for poetry to *young persons*, this question could not be forgotten. Horace therefore, to prevent *the Pisos* from falling into a fatal error, by too much confidence in their Genius, asserts most decidedly, that Nature and Art must both conspire to form a Poet.

DACIER.

The



The Duke of Buckingham has taken up this subject very happily.

*Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious sound,  
Which never does the ear with harshness wound,  
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts ;  
For all in vain these superficial parts  
Contribute to the structure of the whole,  
Without a GENIUS too ; for that's the Soul !  
A spirit, which inspires the work throughout,  
As that of Nature moves the world about.*

*As all is dullness, where the Fancy's bad,  
So without Judgement, Fancy is but mad :  
And Judgement has a boundless influence,  
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,  
But on the world, on manners, and on men ;  
Fancy is but the feather of the pen :  
Reason is that substantial useful part,  
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.*

*Essay on Poetry.*

626.—*As the fly hawker, &c.] Various Commentators concur in marking the personal application of this passage.*

Faithful friends are necessary, to apprise a Poet of his errors : but such friends are rare, and difficult

to be distinguished by rich and powerful Poets, *like*  
THE PISOS. DACIER.

PISONEM admonet, ut minime hoc genus divitum  
poetarum imitetur, neminemque vel jam pransum, aut  
donatum, ad suorum carminum emendationem admittat.  
NEQUE ENIM POTERIT ILLE NON VEHEMENTER  
LAUDARE, ETIAMSÌ VITUPERANDA VIDEANTUR.  
DE NORES.

In what sense Roscommon, the Translator of this  
Epistle, understood this passage, the following lines  
from another of his works will testify.

I pity from my soul unhappy men,  
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen :  
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,  
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead :  
But you, POMPILIAN, *wealthy, pamper'd Heirs,*  
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,  
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce !  
For *rich ill poets* are without excuse.  
'Tis very dang'rous, *tamp'ring* with a Muse ;  
The profit's small, and you have much to lose :  
For tho' *true wit* adorns your birth, or place,  
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.

*Essay on Translated Verse.*

630.—*But if he keeps a table, &c.——Si vero est, unctum, &c.*

“ Here (says *Dacier*) the Poet pays, *en passant*, a “ very natural and delicate compliment to *the Pisos*.” The drift of the Poet is evident, but I cannot discover the compliment.

636.—*Is there a man, to whom you've given ought,  
Or mean to give ?*

*TU, seu donaris, &c.*

Here the Poet advises THE ELDER PISO never to read his verses to a man, to whom he has made a promise, or a present : a venal friend cannot be a good Critick ; he will not speak his mind freely to his patron ; but, like a corrupt judge, betray truth and justice for the sake of interest. DACIER.

650.—*Kings have been said to ply repeated bowls, &c.:*

*Reges dicuntur, &c.*

*Regum exemplo PISONES ADMONET, ut neminem admittant ad suorum carminum emendationem, nisi prius optimè cognitum, atque perspectum.* DE NORES.

657.—QUINTILIUS.] The Poet *Quintilius Varus*, the relation and intimate friend of Virgil and Horace; of whom the latter lamented his death in a pathetick and beautiful Ode, still extant in his works. Quintilius appears to have been some time dead, at the time of our Poet's writing this Epistle.

DACIER.

QUINTILIUS.] *Descriptis adulatorum moribus & consuetudine, affert optimi & sapientissimi judicis exemplum: Quintilii scilicet, qui tantæ erat authoritatis apud Romanos, ut EI VIRGILII OPERA AUGUSTUS TRADIDERIT EMENDANDA.* DE NORES.

666.—THE MAN, IN WHOM GOOD SENSE AND HONOUR JOIN.

It particularly suited Horace to paint the severe and rigid judge of composition. Pope's plan admitted softer colours in his draught of a true Critick.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,  
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?  
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;  
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;  
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;  
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe:

Who

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,  
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?  
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;  
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;  
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;  
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

*Essay on Criticism.*

686.——WHILE WITH HIS HEAD ERECT HE  
 THREATS THE SKIES.

“Horace, (says *Dacier*) diverts himself with describing the folly of a Poet, whom his flatterers have driven mad.” *To whom* the caution against flatterers was addressed, has before been observed by *Dacier*. This description therefore, growing immediately out of that caution, must be considered as addressed to THE ELDER PISO.

701.—Leap'd COLDLY into *Ætna's* burning mount.  
*Ardentem FRIGIDUS Ætnam insiluit.*

This is but a cold conceit, not much in the usual manner of Horace.

712.—Whether, the victim of incestuous love,  
 THE blasted MONUMENT he striv'd to move.  
*An TRISTE BIDENTAL moverit incestus.*

The BIDENTAL was a place that had been struck with lightning, and afterwards expiated by the erection of an altar and the sacrifice of sheep; *hostiis BIDENTIBUS*; from which it took its name. The removal or disturbance of this sacred monument was deemed sacrilege; and the attempt, a supposed judgment from heaven, as a punishment for some heavy crime.

720.—HANGS ON HIM, NE’ER TO QUIT, WITH  
CEASELESS SPEECH.

TILL GORG’D, AND FULL OF BLOOD, A  
VERY LEECH.

The English Commentary introduces the explication of the last hundred and eleven lines of this Epistle, the lines which, I think, determine the scope and intention of the whole, in the following manner.

“ Having made all the reasonable allowances  
“ which a writer could expect, he (Horace) goes  
“ on to enforce *the general instruction of this part,*  
“ *viz. A DILIGENCE IN WRITING,* by shewing  
“ [from l. 366 to 379] that a *mediocrity,* however  
“ tolerable, or even commendable, it might be in  
“ other arts, would never be allowed in this.”—

“ This



“ This reflection leads him with great advantage  
 “ [from l. 379 to 391] to *the general conclusion in*  
 “ *view, viz.* that as none but excellent poetry will  
 “ be allowed, it should be a warning to writers,  
 “ HOW THEY ENGAGE IN IT WITHOUT ABILITIES ;  
 “ OR PUBLISH WITHOUT SEVERE AND FREQUENT  
 “ CORRECTION.”

If the learned Critick here means that “ *the ge-*  
 “ *neral instruction of this part, viz.* A DILIGENCE  
 “ IN WRITING, is chiefly inculcated, for the sake  
 “ of *the general conclusion in view*, a warning to  
 “ writers, HOW THEY ENGAGE IN POETRY WITH-  
 “ OUT ABILITIES, OR PUBLISH WITHOUT SEVERE  
 “ AND FREQUENT CORRECTION;” if, I say, a dis-  
 suasive from unadvised attempts, and precipitate pub-  
 lication, is conceived to be the main purpose and  
 design of the Poet, we perfectly agree concerning  
 this last, and important portion of the Epistle : with  
 this addition, however, on my part, that such a dis-  
 suasive is not merely *general*, but *immediately* and  
*personally* directed and applied to *the ELDER PISO* ;  
 and that too in the strongest terms that words can  
 afford, and with a kind of affectionate earnestness,  
 particularly expressive of the Poet’s desire to awaken  
 and arrest his young friend’s attention.

I have endeavoured, after the example of the learned and ingenious author of the English Commentary, though on somewhat different principles, to prove “an unity of design in this Epistle,” as well as to illustrate “the pertinent connection of its several parts.” Many perhaps, like myself, will hesitate to embrace the system of that acute Critick; and as many, or more, may reject my hypothesis. But I am thoroughly persuaded that no person, who has considered this work of Horace with due attention, and carefully examined the drift and intention of the writer, but will at least be convinced of the folly or blindness, or haste and carelessness of those Criticks, however distinguished, who have pronounced it to be a crude, unconnected, immethodical, and inartificial composition. No modern, I believe, ever more intently studied, or more clearly understood the works of Horace, than BOILEAU. His Art of Poetry is deservedly admired. But I am surpris'd that it has never been observed that the Plan of that work is formed on the model of this Epistle, though some of the parts are more in detail, and others varied, according to the age and country of the writer. The first Canto, like the first Section of *the Epistle to the Pisos*, is taken up in general precepts. The second enlarges on the Lyrick, and  
Elegiack,

Elegiack, and smaller species of Poetry, but cursorily mentioned, or referred to, by Horace; but introduced by him into that part of the Epistle, that runs exactly parallel with the second Canto of Boileau's Art of Poetry. The third Canto treats, entirely on the ground of Horace, of Epick and Dramatick Poetry; though the French writer has, with great address, accommodated to his purpose what Horace has said but collaterally, and as it were incidentally, of the Epick. The last Canto is formed on the final section, the last hundred and eleven lines, of *the Epistle to the Pisos*: the author however, judiciously omitting in a professed Art of Poetry, the description of the Frantick Bard, and concluding his work, like the Epistle to Augustus, with a compliment to the Sovereign.

This imitation I have not pointed out, in order to depreciate the excellent work of Boileau; but to shew that, in the judgment of so great a writer, the method of Horace was not so ill conceived, as Scaliger pretends, even for the outline of an Art of Poetry: Boileau himself, at the very conclusion of his last Canto, seems to avow and glory in the charge of having founded his work on that of HORACE.

Pour moi, qui jusq'ici nourri dans la Satire,  
 N'ose encor manier la Trompette & la Lyre ;  
 Vous me verrez pourtant, dans ce champ glorieux,  
 Vous animez du moins de la voix & des yeux ;  
*Vous offrir ces leçons, que ma Muse au Parnasse,*  
*Rapporta, jeune encor, DU COMMERCE D'HORACE,*  
 BOILEAU.

After endeavouring to vouch so strong a testimony, in favour of Horace's *unity* and *order*, from France, it is but candid to acknowledge that two of the most popular Poets, of our own country, were of a contrary opinion. Dryden, in his dedication of his translation of the *Æneid* to Lord Mulgrave, author of the *Essay on Poetry*, writes thus. “ In this address to your Lordship, I design not a treatise of Heroick Poetry, but write *in a loose Epistolary way*, somewhat tending to that subject, *after the example of Horace*, in his first Epistle of the 2d Book to Augustus Cæsar, *and of that TO THE PISOS*; which we call his *ART OF POETRY*. In both of which *he observes NO METHOD that I can trace*, whatever Scaliger the Father, or Heinsius may have seen, *or rather THINK they had seen*. I have taken up, laid down, and resumed as often as I pleased the same subject: and this loose proceeding I shall use through all this Prefatory  
 “ Dedication.

“Dedication. *Yet all this while I have been sailing  
 “with some side-wind or other toward the point I pro-  
 “posed in the beginning.”* The latter part of the  
 comparison, if the comparison is meant to hold  
 throughout, as well as the words, “*somewhat tend-  
 “ing to that subject,”* seem to qualify the rest; as  
 if Dryden only meant to distinguish the *loose* EPI-  
 TOLARY way from the formality of a *Treatise*. How-  
 ever this may be, had he seen the *Chart*, framed by  
 the author of the *English Commentary*, or that now  
 delineated, perhaps he might have allowed, that  
 Horace not only made towards his point with some  
 side-wind or other, but proceeded by an easy navi-  
 gation and tolerably plain sailing.

Many passages of this Dedication, as well as other  
 pieces of Dryden’s prose, have been versified by  
 Pope. His opinion also, on the Epistle to the Pisos,  
 is said to have agreed with that of Dryden; though  
 the Introduction to his Imitation of the Epistle to  
 Augustus forbids us to suppose he entertained the  
 like sentiments of that work with his great prede-  
 cessor. His general idea of Horace stands recorded  
 in a most admirable didactic poem; in the course  
 of which he seems to have kept a steady eye on this  
 work of our author.



Horace still charms with graceful negligence,  
 And WITHOUT METHOD *talks* us into sense;  
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey  
 The truest notions in the easiest way;  
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,  
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,  
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;  
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire.  
 Our Criticks take a contrary extreme,  
 They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:  
 NOR SUFFERS HORACE MORE IN WRONG TRAN-  
 SLATIONS  
 By Wits, THAN CRITICKS IN AS WRONG QUOTA-  
 TIONS.

*Essay on Criticism.*

☞ I have now compleated my observations on  
 this popular Work of Horace, of which I at first  
 attempted the version and illustration, as a matter of  
 amusement; but which, I confess, I have felt, in  
 the progress, to be an arduous undertaking, and a  
 laborious task. Such parts of the Epistle, as cor-  
 responded with the general ideas of Modern Poetry,  
 and the Modern Drama, I flattered myself with the  
 hopes of rendering tolerable to the English Reader;  
 but



but when I arrived at those passages, wholly relative to the Antient Stage, I began to feel my friends dropping off, and leaving me a very thin audience. My part too grew less agreeable, as it grew more difficult. I was almost confounded in the serio-comick scenes of the Satyrick Piece: In the musical department I was ready, with Le Fevre, to execrate the Flute, and all the Commentators on it; and when I found myself reduced to scan the merits and demerits of Spondees and Trimeters, I almost fancied myself under the dominion of some *plagosus Orbilius*, and translating the *profodia* of the Latin Grammar. Borrowers and Imitators cull the sweets, and suck the classick flowers, rejecting at pleasure all that appear sour, bitter, or unpalatable. Each of them travels at his ease in the high turnpike-road of poetry, quoting the authority of Horace himself to keep clear of difficulties;

---

*et quæ*  
*Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.*

A translator must stick close to his Author, follow him up hill and down dale, over hedge and ditch, tearing his way after his leader thro' the thorns and brambles of literature, sometimes lost, and often benighted.

*A master*

*A master I have, and I am his man,  
Galloping dreary dun!*

The reader, I fear, will fancy I rejoice too much at having broke loose from my bondage, and that I grow wanton with the idea of having regained my liberty. I shall therefore engage an advocate to commend me to his candour and indulgence; and as I introduced these notes with some lines from a noble Poet of our own country, I shall conclude them with an extract from a French Critick: Or, if I may speak the language of my *trade*, as I opened these annotations with a *Prologue* from ROSCOMMON, I shall drop the curtain with an *Epilogue* from DACIER. Another curtain now demands my attention. I am called from the contemplation of Antient Genius, to sacrifice, with due respect, to Modern Taste: I am summoned from a review of the magnificent spectacles of Greece and Rome, to the rehearsal of a Farce at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

“ Voila tout ce que j’ai cru necessaire pour l’intelligence de la Poetique d’Horace! si Jule Scalliger l’avoit bien entendue, il lui auroit rendu plus de justice, & en auroit parlé plus modestement.  
“ Mais

“ Mais il ne s'estoit pas donné la temps de le bien  
 “ comprendre. Ce Livre estoit trop petit pour estre  
 “ goûté d'un homme comme lui, qui faisoit grand  
 “ cas des gros volumes, & qui d'ailleurs aimoit bien  
 “ mieux donner des regles que d'en recevoir. Sa  
 “ Poétique est assurément un ouvrage d'une erudition  
 “ infinie ; on y trouve par tout des choses fort re-  
 “ cherchées, & elle est toute pleine de saillies qui  
 “ marquent beaucoup d'esprit : mais j'oserai dire  
 “ qu'il n'y a point de justesse dans la pluspart de ses  
 “ jugemens, & que sa critique n'est pas heureuse.  
 “ Il devoit un peu plus etudier ces grands maitres,  
 “ pour se corriger de ce defaut, qui rendra toujours  
 “ le plus grand savoir inutile, ou au moins rude &  
 “ sec. Comme un homme delicat etanchera mille  
 “ fois mieux sa soif, & boira avec plus de goût &  
 “ de plaisir dans un ruisseau dont les eaux seront  
 “ clairs & pures, que dans un fleuve plein de bourbe  
 “ & de limon : tout de même, un esprit fin qui ne  
 “ cherche que la justesse & une certaine fleur de  
 “ critique, trouvera bien mieux son compte dans ce  
 “ petite traité d'Horace, qu'il ne le trouverait dans  
 “ vingt volumes aussi énormes que la Poétique de  
 “ Scaliger. On peut dire veritablement que celuy  
 “ qui boit dans cette source pure, *pleno se proluit*  
 “ *aura* ; & tant pis pour celuy qui ne fait pas le  
 “ connoistre.

“ connoître. Pour moi j’en ai un tres grand cas.  
 “ Je ne say si j’auray esté assez heureux pour la bien  
 “ éclaircir, & pour en diffiper si bien toutes les dif-  
 “ ficultés, qu’il n’y en reste aucune. Les plus  
 “ grandes de ces difficultés, viennent des passages  
 “ qu’Horace a imité des Grecs, ou des allusions  
 “ qu’il y a faites. Je puis dire au moins que je n’en  
 “ ay laissé passer aucune sans l’attaquer ; & je pour-  
 “ rois me vanter,

————— *nec tela nec ullas*

*Vitavisse vices Danaum.*

“ En general je puis dire que malgré la foule des  
 “ Commentateurs & des Traducteurs, Horace estoit  
 “ tres-malentendu, & que ses plus beaux endroits  
 “ estoient défigurés par les mauvais sens qu’on leur  
 “ avoit donnés jusques icy, & il ne faut pas s’en  
 “ étonner. La pluspart des gens ne reconnoissent  
 “ pas tant l’autorité de la raison que celle du grand  
 “ nombre, pour laquelle ils ont un profond respect.  
 “ Pour moy qui say qu’en matiere de critique on ne  
 “ doit pas comptez les voix, mais les peser ; j’avoüe  
 “ que j’ay secoué ce joug, & que sans m’assujétir  
 “ au sentiment de personne, j’ay tâché de suivre Ho-  
 “ race, & de démêler ce qu’il a dit d’avec ce qu’on  
 “ luy a fait dire. J’ay mesme toujours remarqué  
 “ (& j’en

“ & j’en pourrois donner des exemples bien sensibles )  
 “ que quand des esprits accoutumés aux cordes,  
 “ comme dit Montagne, & qui n’osent tenter de  
 “ franches allures, entreprennent de traduire & de  
 “ commenter ces excellens Ouvrages, où il y a plus  
 “ de finesse & plus de mystere qu’il n’en paroist, tout  
 “ leur travail ne fait que les gêter, & que la seule  
 “ vertu qu’ayent leur copies, c’est de nous dégôûter  
 “ presque des originaux. Comme j’ay pris la liberté  
 “ de juger du travail de ceux qui m’ont précédé, &  
 “ que je n’ay pas fait difficulté de les condamner tres-  
 “ souvent, je declare que je ne trouveray nullement  
 “ mauvais qu’on juge du mien, & qu’on releve mes  
 “ fautes : il est difficile qu’il n’y en ait, & mesme  
 “ beaucoup ; si quelqu’un veut donc se donner la  
 “ peine de me reprendre, & de me faire voir que j’ay  
 “ mal pris le sens, je me corrigeray avec plaisir : car  
 “ JE NE CHERCHE QUE LA VERITÈ, QUI N’A JA-  
 “ MAIS BLESSÈ PERSONNE : AU LIEU QU’ON SE  
 “ TROUVE TOUJOURS MAL DE PERSISTER DANS SON  
 “ IGNORANCE ET DANS SON ERREUR.”

DACIER,

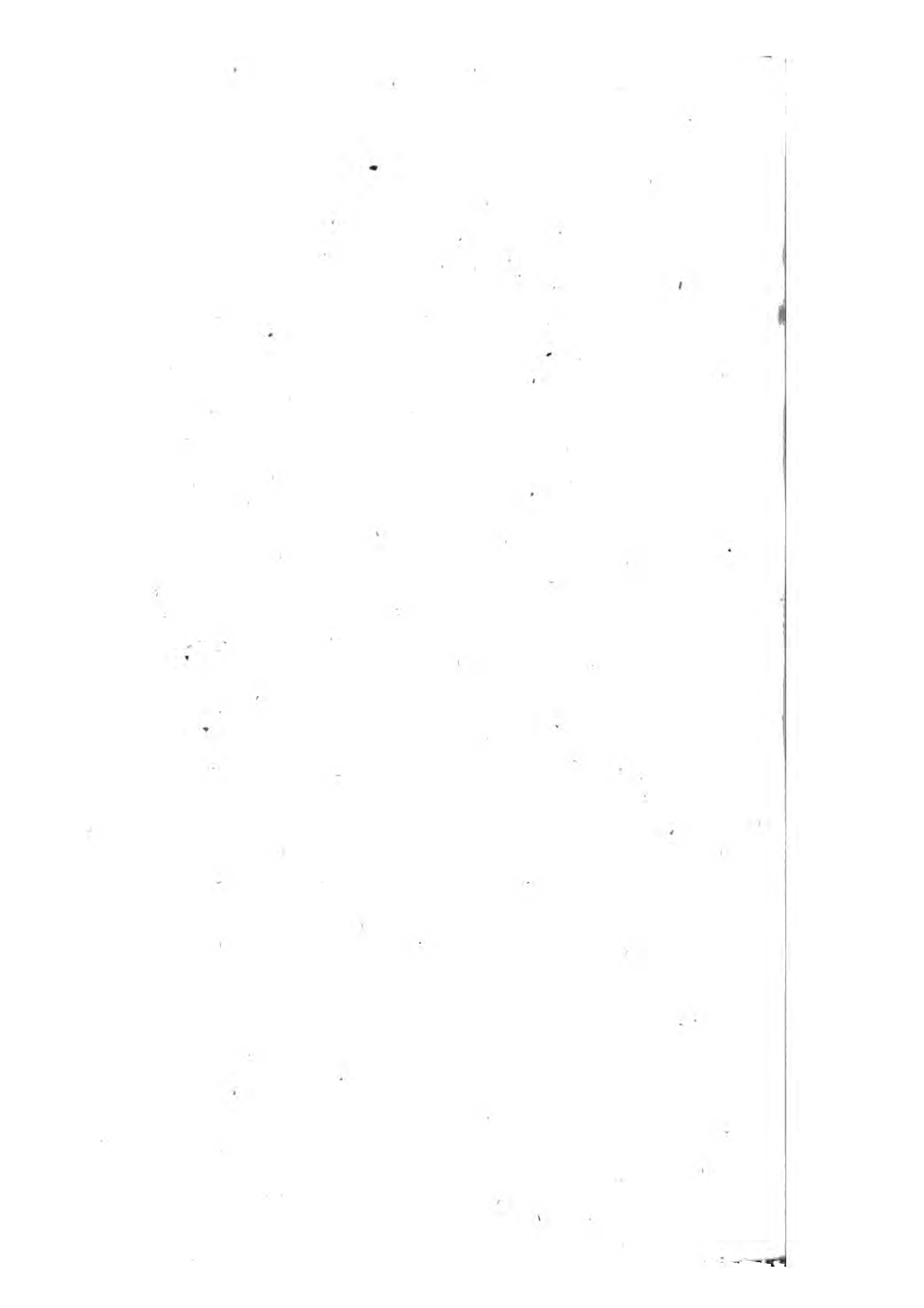




V E R S E

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



T H E P O E T S,  
A T O W N E C L O G U E.

*Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi!  
Atque idem jungat vulpes, & mulgeat hircos.*

VIRGIL.

Tuesday, December 26, 1769.

---

**W**HERE Hackney Ladies take their nightly  
stand,  
And Cath'rine Street runs foul into the Strand,  
K—ck, with self-importance swelling high,  
Caught Isaac B—ff's felonious eye :  
Each scowl'd awhile on each, and neither spoke,  
'Till Isaac thus the sullen silence broke.

*B.* Is it thou, William?

*K.* William is my name.

Shakespeare was William call'd, and I the same.  
His Name I bear, and bear his Talents too :  
Shakespeare drew Falstaff,—Falstaff K—ck drew ;

Rais'd the Fat Knight by his creative brain,  
And warm'd the Mummy into life again.

*B.* Thou vie with Shakespear? Thou Supreme  
of Fools!

Thou Prince of Coxcombs! Maker of Brags Rules!  
Whose mind no Science lights, no Muse inspires,  
But Hunger whets, Pride bloats, and Envy fires:  
Hence rumbling, grumbling, made of filth and noise,  
Thou scar'ft Old Women, Bookfellers, and Boys:  
Sense stops the nose, Wit winks, and Fools admire,  
While—crack, fiz, bounce!—You in a stink expire.  
On Settle, Dennis, Durfey, graft thy Fame,  
But blend not with thine own great Shakespear's  
Name!

Trouble the Ghost of honest Jack no further,  
Whom Shakespear kill'd to stop his future murder!

*K.* What, if these glories tamely I resign,  
Think, Isaac B——ff, the fate of thine!  
When good Queen Anna rul'd the British land,  
Genius and B——ff went hand in hand:  
Swift, Steele, and Addison, then wore the name,  
And made it known to Humour and to Fame.  
But Time and Chance that William threw on me,  
Have blasted Isaac B——ff in Thee!

On

On what base wretches names may fall at last!  
 Oh how unlike the present and the past!  
 Still brewing thy Rhetorical Small-Beer,  
 Thou serv'st the Town a Kilderkin each year;  
 Feed'st, like a Hog, upon Dramatick Grains;  
 And draw'st the taplash of another's brains.  
 Charles Johnson, Parson Miller, with a train  
 Of Playwrights long forgot in Drury Lane;  
 See their last dregs into the Mash-tub cast,  
 To work up Village Loves, and strengthen Dr. Laft.

More and much more the warring Poets said,  
 When Griffin issued forth from Garrick's Head.  
 End, end your Strife, he cried; come in, and dine!  
 Mince-pyes invite, plump Turkey, and fat Chine.  
 On Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, vent your rage;  
 Attack the Arts, Church, Army, Bar or Stage!  
 Join in the Cheer a merry Christmas sends,  
 Write Grub-street Chronicles, and live good Friends!

A N E X T E M P O R E,  
ON SETTING OUT FOR BATH.

Dec. 31, 1785.

**W**HAT! Palsy and Gout both at once on my  
back?

Alas, on a Dwarf what a Giant Attack!  
Even comforts themselves as new plagues I endure,  
When the Palsy's my ill, and the Gout is my cure.

*Richmond*, Dec. 19, 1785.

G. C.

A FRENCH MAXIM IN PROSE.

February 11, 1786.

**L**A *Marriage est une chose tres serieuse; on ne peut pas trop penser. Heureux celui qui pense toute sa vie!*

IMITATED IN ENGLISH VERSE.

“Wife, or No Wife?”—A serious doubt indeed!  
We cannot pause too long ere we proceed:  
Thrice happy He, that ponders on a Wife,  
Who pauses long, and pauses all his Life!

EPIGRAM



EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL:

March 9, 1786.

---

*N*OSSÆS *jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ,*  
*Gur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?*  
*An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?*

TRANSLATION.

Knowing the Farce on Flora's Festal Day,  
Why, rigid Cato, cam'st thou to the Play?  
Foe to the Drama, cam'st thou to perplex it,  
Or but to make thy Entrance and thy *Exit*?

---

T H E L A U R E A T.  
A N O D E.

April 11, 1786.

---

I.

**W**ARTON, I know you'll ne'er repine  
That Witlings carp at ev'ry line,  
And with your Lyricks quarrel.  
Alas ! from Party, Spite, or Whim,  
Such ever is the fate of Him  
Who boasts the Royal Laurel.

II.

That Laurel, once by Dryden worn !  
But since by many Dunces borne,  
Each rival Dunce cry'd fie on !  
The boasted Laurel was they said,  
No more than a poor *P—fs-a-bed*,  
At Court call'd *DAUN-DE-LION*.

III.

For scenes of Comedy renown'd,  
And justly for his Acting crown'd,  
The Prince of Fops and Folly ;

Nor Kings, nor Poetry regarding,  
 And writing Odes not worth one farthing,  
 Long liv'd the Laureat Colly.

## IV.

Him Pope assail'd, by Legions back'd,  
 And often to his couplets tack'd  
 The name of *Idle Cibber* :  
 Yet *Coll*, unskill'd in long and short,  
 Made in plain Prose a smart Retort,  
 To Pope a damn'd *Grim-Gribber* \*.

## V.

Will. Whitehead bad the reign commence  
 Of Birth-Day Odes and Common-Sense :  
 And there his efforts rested :  
 True Poetry, by Genius fir'd,  
 Billy's cold bosom ne'er inspir'd ;  
 For *Bill* was chicken-breasted.

## VI.

WARTON, on Greek and Roman Base,  
 Rescued the Laurel from disgrace,  
 With Fame no foes shall hinder.  
 Blest with the gift of ev'ry tongue,  
 Themes Royal Royally he sung,  
 A HORACE and a PINDAR !

\* *Grim Gribber*. See Tom's Law Jargon in the *Conscious Lovers* :  
 " I touched him to the quick about *Grim Gribber*."

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*From the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, May 25, 1786.*

To the Printer of the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE:

SIR,

**W**ERE we to analyse the Literary Merits of Dr. Johnson, perhaps an accurate Critick would ascribe his highest praise to his labours in Biography. In that branch, one of his first, and most splendid efforts, was the Life of Savage. This idea might be pursued with no small degree of entertainment and instruction. At present, however, I shall only say, that this train of thought gave birth to the following Epigram, which (if you please) you may hitch into your Poet's Corner.

E P I G R A M.

THEE, Johnson, both dead and alive we may note  
 In the fam'd Biographical Line :  
 When living the Life of a Savage you wrote,  
 Now many a Savage writes thine.

A POST-

A

POSTHUMOUS WORK OF S. JOHNSON.

A N O D E.

April 15, 1786.

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I.

**S**T. Paul's deep bell, from stately tow'r  
Had sounded once and twice the hour,  
Blue burnt the midnight taper;  
Hags their dark spells o'er cauldron brew'd,  
While Sons of Ink their work purfu'd,  
Printing the Morning Paper.

II.

Say *Herald, Chronicle, or Post,*  
Which then beheld great JOHNSON'S Ghost,  
Grim, horrible, and squalid?  
Compositors their letters dropt,  
Pressmen their groaning engine stopt,  
And Devils all grew pallid.

## III.

Enough, the Spectre cried! Enough!  
 No more of your fugacious stuff,  
 Trite Anecdotes and Stories!  
 Rude martyrs of SAM JOHNSON'S name,  
 You rob him of his honest fame,  
 And tarnish all his glories.

## IV.

First in the futile tribe is seen  
 TOM TYERS in the Magazine,  
 That teazer of Apollo!  
 With goose-quill he, like desperate knife,  
 Slices, as Vauxhall beef, my life,  
 And calls the town to swallow.

## V.

The cry once up, the Dogs of News,  
 Who hunt for paragraphs the stews,  
 Yelp out JOHNSONIANA!  
 Their nauseous praise but moves my bile,  
 Like Tartar, Carduus, Camomile,  
 Or Ipecacuanha.

## VI.

Next BOSWELL comes (for 'twas my lot  
 To find at last *one* honest Scot)  
 With constitutional vivacity,

Yet,



Yet, garrulous, he tells too much,  
 On fancied-failings prone to touch,  
 With sedulous loquacity.

VII.

At length—Job's patience it would tire—  
 Brew'd on my lees, comes *THRALE's Entire*,  
 Straining to draw my picture  
 For She a common-place-book kept,  
 JOHNSON at Streatham din'd and slept,  
 And who shall contradict her?

VIII.

*THRALE*, lost 'mongst Fiddlers and *Sopranos*,  
 With them play *Fortes* and *Pianos*,  
*Adagio* and *Allegro*!  
 I lov'd *THRALE's* widow and *THRALE's* wife;  
 But now, believe, to write my life  
 I'd rather trust my Negro.\*

IX.

I gave the Publick works of merit,  
 Written with vigour, fraught with spirit;  
 Applause crown'd all my labours.  
 But thy delusive pages speak  
 My palsied pow'rs, exhausted, weak,  
 The scoff of friends and neighbours.

\* His Black Servant

## X.

They speak me insolent and rude,  
Light, trivial, puerile, and crude,  
The child of Pride and Vanity:  
Poor Tuscan-like Improvisation  
Is but of English sense castration,  
And infantine inanity.

## XI.

Such idle rhymes, like Sybil's leaves,  
Kindly the scatt'ring wind receives;  
The gath'rer proves a scorner.  
But hold! I see the coming day!  
—The Spectre said, and stalk'd away  
To sleep in POETS' CORNER.

PSALM XXXIX.

IMITATED IN BLANK VERSE.

MDCCLXXVI.

**I** Will take heed, I said, I will take heed,  
Nor trespass with my tongue; will keep my  
mouth

As with a bridle, while the sinner's near.  
—Silent I mus'd, and ev'n from good refrain'd;  
But, full of pangs, my heart was hot within me,  
The lab'ring fire burst forth, and loos'd my tongue.

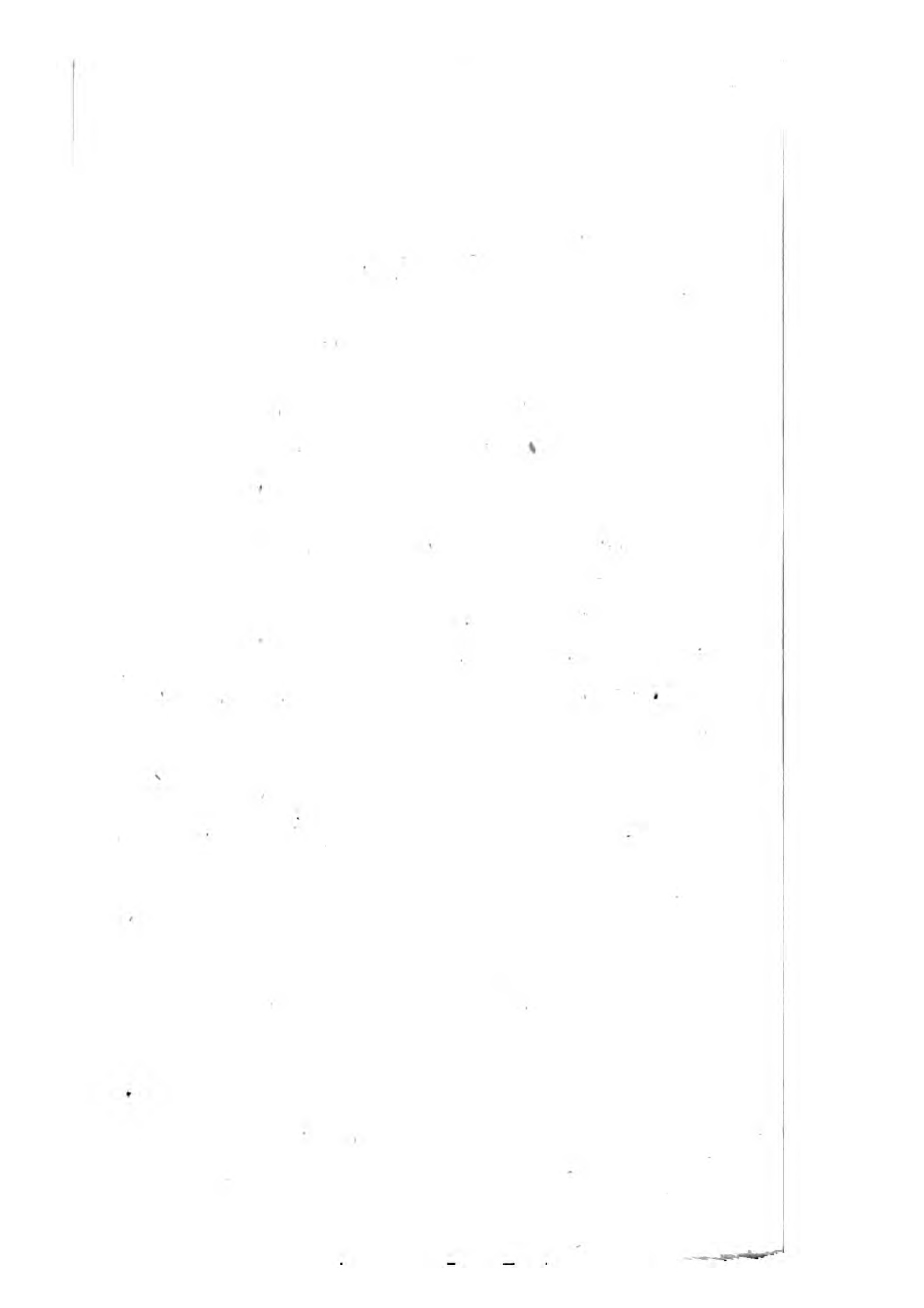
Lord, let me know the measure of my days,  
Make me to know how weak, how frail I am!  
My days are as a span, mine age as nothing,  
And Man is altogether Vanity.  
Man walketh in an empty shade; in vain  
Disquieting his soul, he heaps up riches,  
Knowing not who shall gather them. And now  
Where rests my Hope, O Lord? It rests in THEE.  
Forgive me mine offences! Make me not  
A scorn unto the foolish! I was dumb,  
And open'd not my mouth, for 'twas Thy doing.

Oh take thy stroke away ! Thy hand destroys me.  
When with rebukes thou chaſt'neſt man for ſin,  
Thou mak'ſt his beauty to conſume away :  
Diſtemper preys upon him, as a moth  
Fretting a garment. Ah, what then is Man ?  
Every Man living is but Vanity !  
Hear, hear my pray'r, O Lord ! oh, hear my Cry !  
Fity my Tears ! for I am in Thy ſight  
But as a ſtranger, and a ſojourner,  
As all my fathers were. Oh, ſpare me then,  
Though but a little, to regain my ſtrength,  
Ere I be taken hence, and ſeen no more !

P R O L O G U E S

A N D

E P I L O G U E S.





PROLOGUE TO PHILASTER.

*Revised on the first Appearance of Mr. POWELL,*

*Spoken by MR. KING.*

MDCCLXIII.

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**W**HILE Modern Tragedy, by rule exact,  
Spins out a thin-wrought Fable, Act by Act,  
We dare to bring you one of those bold Plays  
Wrote by rough English Wits in former days;  
Beaumont and Fletcher! those Twin Stars, that run  
Their glorious course round Shakespeare's golden Sun;  
Or when Philaster Hamlet's place supplied,  
Or Bessus walk'd the Stage by Falstaff's side.  
Their Souls, well-pair'd, shot fire in mingled rays,  
Their hands together twin'd the social Bayes,  
Till Fashion drove, in a refining age,  
Virtue from Court, and Nature from the Stage.  
Then Nonsense, in Heroicks, seem'd sublime;  
Kings rav'd in couplets, and maids sigh'd in Rhime.  
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,  
A Hash from Greece and France, came Modern Taste.

Cold are her sons, and so afraid of dealing  
 In Rant and Fustian, they ne'er rise to Feeling.  
 O say, ye Bards of Phlegm, say; where's the name  
 That can with Fletcher urge a rival claim?  
 Say, where's the Poet, train'd in Pedant Schools,  
 Equal to Shakespeare, who o'erleap'd all Rules?

Thus of our Bards, we boldly speak our mind;  
 A harder task, alas, remains behind:  
 To-night, as yet by publick eyes unseen,  
 A raw, unpractis'd Novice, fills the Scene.  
 Bred in the City, his Theatrick Star  
 Brings him at length, on this side Temple-Bar;  
 Smit with the Muse, the Ledger he forgot,  
*And when he wrote his name, he made a blot.*  
 Him while perplexing hopes and fears embarrass,  
 Skulking (like Hamlet's Rat) *behind the Arras,*  
 Me a Dramatick fellow-feeling draws,  
 Without a fee, to plead a Brother's Cause.  
 Genius is rare; and while our Great Comptroller,  
 No more a Manager, turns Arrant-Stroller,  
 Let new adventurers your care engage,  
 And nurse the Infant Saplings of the Stage!

## EPILOGUE

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 EPILOGUE TO THE FAIRY TALE,

*Spoken by Miss HOPKINS in the Character of the  
Fairy Page, at Drury Lane Theatre, May 23,  
1764.*

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**L**ADIES, behold a Female Page!  
 I've been Six Months upon the Stage,  
 And am almost Five Years of Age.  
 To-night Papa, Mama, thought fit  
 To send me, at their Benefit,  
 To thank the Galleries, Boxes, Pit.  
 Me in this habit oft you've seen,  
 Train-bearer to the Fairy Queen :  
 'Tis power all our sex bewitches ;  
 And I'm resolv'd to wear the breeches.  
 At present, as you see full well,  
 I am an Actress in the Shell :  
 But by-and-by, a tender Chicken,  
 You'll find me,—very pretty picking.

}  
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 }

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E P I L O G U E,

Spoken at the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,  
April 30, 1765.

*By Miss HOPKINS a Child of Six Years old, at the  
Benefit of Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter, and Mrs.  
HOPKINS.*

---

*Enter, speaking to Mr. HOPKINS at the Stage Door:*

**N**A Y—but I must.—I must, indeed, Papa!  
Pray, let me go! what signifies Mama?—

*Coming forward Curtsies.*

Your Servant, Gentlemen! your Servant, Ladies!  
Papa's the *Prompter*—but to *Act* my Trade is:  
And though my size is small, my years but few,  
I'll warrant, he shall find *I know my Cue*.

Females of ev'ry Age have leave to tattle;  
Why may not I then, like my elders, prattle?  
Mama indeed cries, "Hush, you little Elf!  
"Prithee be silent!—I'll talk all myself."

—But

—But let her know, my Tongue as hers is nimble,  
 And I had rather use it than my Thimble;  
 Had rather gossip, speak a part, or wheedle,  
 Than darn, or wound my fingers with a needle.  
 A Sempstrefs? No. A Princess let me be,  
 In all the pomp and state of Tragedy!  
 A Princess, with a Page, and sweeping Train,  
 A Bowl, a Dagger, and a Lover slain!  
 Oh how I'll rant! how loud I'll be, and glibber  
 Than Yates, or Pritchard, Bellamy, or Cibber!  
 If for the Buskin you object my size,  
 Why Garrick's little—but has piercing Eyes.  
 And so have I—But I'm too young you'll say.  
 Ah, Sirs! I shall grow older ev'ry day:  
 And they that now my faint endeavours spare,  
*Miss in her Teens* shall thank them for their care.

## P R O L O G U E,

*Spoken by Mr. SHUTER, at the Opening of the Old Theatre,  
at Richmond, on Saturday, June 6, 1767.*

**W**ELCOME, ye Generous, Polite, and Fair,  
Who to our lowly Roof this Night repair!  
Who come, invited by our humble Bill,  
To the Old Theatre on Richmond Hill;  
Where to those guests, whose taste not over-nice is,  
We serve up common fare—at common prices.

No Cornice here, no Frieze to feast your eyes,  
No Galleries on Dorick Pillars rise;  
No gaudy Paintings on the Roof we deal in,  
To break your Necks with looking tow'rd the  
Cieling;  
No Theatre we boast superbly built,  
A Gingerbread Round O, a Cock-pit gilt;  
But a plain Booth, of Boards ill put together,  
To raise a Stage, and keep out Wind and Weather.

Yet



Yet here shall Heroes in their Buskins stalk,  
 And Shakespeare's Ghosts in this small Circle walk;  
 Here Tragedy shall take three narrow Strides;  
 And laughing Comedy hold both her Sides:  
 Here shall the Moor say—"Haply for I am black!"  
 And here plump Falstaff—"Give me a Cup of Sack,"  
 Here Bobadill shall don his dirty Buff,  
 And cry—"the Cabin is convenient enough."

Ovid (by those who read him I am told)  
 Says, one Philemon feasted Jove of old:  
 With Fitch of Bacon did the God regale,  
 While Goody Baucis fill'd the Jug of Ale!  
 —For Baucis and Philemon, 'tis well known,  
 Were of those days the Darby and Old Joan.—  
 In Wicker-Chair well-pleas'd the Thunderer sat,  
 Laugh'd, fung, drank, smok'd, and join'd their  
 rustick chat:  
 The naked rafters view'd not with disdain,  
 Nor sat beneath the humble Thatch in pain.

Thus, while you deign to visit our poor Cottage,  
 And kindly taste of our Dramatick Pottage,  
 We, all intent to shew our Zeal and Love,  
 Shall each a Baucis or Philemon prove,  
 And every guest shall seem to us—a Jove!

PROLOGUE,

## P R O L O G U E,

*Spoken by Mr. POWELL at the closing of the Theatre Royal,  
in Covent-Garden, on Saturday, June 4, 1768, being  
the Anniversary of His Majesty's Birth-Day.*

**L**ET us, ere yet we finish our career,  
And close the labours of the circling year,  
Due homage to our Royal Master pay,  
And hail with Plaudits this auspicious Day!  
His Birth distinguish'd this illustrious Morn:  
His Birth, who boasts HE WAS A BRITON BORN:

Tyrants, whose vassals tremble and obey,  
Feel the poor triumphs of despotick sway.  
The hated Sov'reign, with imperious awe,  
Issues his Edicts, and proclaims them Law;  
While Superstition, grim and savage Maid,  
Rivets the cruel fetters Law has made.

Empire like this a British King disdains :  
O'er a free nation, which he loves, he reigns ;  
The Monarch's Pow'r upholds the People's Right,  
And Liberty and Loyalty unite.

Thrice happy Britain, on whose Sea-girt Isle,  
Freedom and Commerce, Guardian Angels, smile !  
O may each subject with his Monarch prove,  
The virtuous raptures of his country's love !  
Hail, like his King, each happy native morn ;  
And boast, like him, HE WAS A BRITON BORN !

---

 OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

On the Appearance of Miss MORRIS in the Character of  
 JULIET, at the THEATRE ROYAL in COVENT GARDEN.

*Spoken by Mr. POWELL.*

MDCCLXVIII.

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**W**HEN frighten'd Poets give the Town a Play,  
 Some bold or gentle Prologue leads the way :  
 But when new Players their weak powers engage,  
 And risque their future fortunes on the stage ;  
 No Bard appears to plead their desp'rate cause,  
 To silence censure, or bespeak applause.  
 Authors too cautious to direct your choice,  
 Mere empty echoes of the publick voice,  
 With less Poetick Fire than Critick Phlegm,  
 Praise as you praise, and blame what you condemn.

Actors, as Actors feel ; and few so fear'd,  
 But well remember when they first appear'd ;  
 When sudden tumult shook the lab'ring breast,  
 With Hope, and Fear, and Shame at once possess'd ;  
 When the big tear stood trembling in the eye,  
 And the breath struggled with the rising sigh.

To-night a trembling Juliet fills the Scene,  
Fearful as young, and *really* not Eighteen ;  
Cold Icy Fear, like an untimely frost,  
Lies on her mind, and all her powers are lost.  
'Tis your's alone to dissipate her fears,  
To calm her troubled soul, and dry her tears.  
Bit with the cank'ring East, the infant rose  
Its full-blown honours never can disclose :  
Oh, may no envious Blast, no Critick Blight,  
Fall on the Tender Plant we rear to-night !  
So shall it thrive, and in some genial hour,  
The opening Bud may prove a beauteous Flower.

---

P R O L O G U E  
TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTER,

*Written by Mrs. LENOX,*

Author of the FEMALE QUIXOTE, *A Novel.*

*Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.*

February, 1769.

---

**T**HE Law of Custom is the Law of Fools—  
And yet the wise are govern'd by her rules.  
Why should *Men* only Prol ogue all our Plays;  
Gentlemen-Ushers to each modern Bayes?  
Why are the Fair to Epilogues confin'd,  
Whose tongues are loud, and gen'ral as the wind?  
Mark how in real life each sex is class'd!  
Woman has *there* the first word and the last.

Boast not your gallant deeds, romantick men!  
To-night a Female Quixote draws the pen.  
Arm'd by the Comick Muse these lists she enters,  
And sallies forth—in quest of strange Adventures!  
War, open War, 'gainst recreant Knights declares,  
Nor Giant-Vice, nor Windmill-Folly spares:  
Side-saddles Pegasus, and courts Apollo,  
While I (you see!) her Female Sancho, follow.

Ye



Ye that in this Enchanted Castle sit,  
 Dames, 'Squires, and dark Magicians of the Pit,  
 Smile on our fair Knight Errantry to-day,  
 And raise no spells to blast a Female Play!

Oft has our Author, upon other ground,  
 Courted your smiles, and oft indulgence found.  
 Read in the closet you approv'd her page,  
 Yet still she dreads the perils of the Stage.  
 Reader with Writer due proportion keeps,  
 And if the Poet nods, the Critick sleeps!  
 If lethargied by dulness *here* you sit,  
 Sonorous Catcalls rouse the sleeping Pit.

Plac'd at the threshold of the Weather-house,  
 There stands a PASTEBOARD Husband, and his Spouse,  
 Each doom'd to mark the changes of the Weather,  
 But still—true Man and Wife! ne'er seen together.  
 When low'ring clouds the face of Heav'n deform,  
 The muffled Husband stands and braves the storm;  
 But when the fury of the tempest's done,  
 Break out at once the Lady and the Sun.  
 Thus oft has Man, in Custom's beaten track,  
 Come forth, as doleful Prologue, all in black!  
 Gloomy Prognostick of the Bard's disgrace,  
 With omens of foul weather in his face.

Trick'd out in silks and smiles let *me* appear,  
 And fix, as sign of peace, the Rainbow here;  
 Raise your compassion and your mirth together,  
 And prove to-day an emblem of fair weather!

---

PROLOGUE TO THE ROMAN FATHER,

*Acted at the Theatre at Bristol, on Friday, July 14, 1769.*

For the Family of the late Mr. POWELL.

*Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.*

---

**W**HEN fancied sorrows wake the Player's art,  
 A short-liv'd anguish seizes on the heart:  
 Tears, real tears he sheds, feels real pain;  
 But the dream vanish'd, he's himself again.  
 No such relief, alas! his bosom knows,  
 When the sad tear from home-felt sorrow flows:  
 Passions cling round the soul, do all we can—  
 He plays no part, and can't shake off the man.  
 Where'er

Where'er I tread, where'er I turn my eyes,  
Of my lost Friend new images arise.  
Can I forget, that from our earliest age,  
His talents known, I led him to the Stage?  
Can I forget, this circle in my view,  
His first great pride—to be approv'd by You?  
His soul, with ev'ry tender feeling blest,  
The holy flame of gratitude possess.  
Soft as the stream yon sacred springs impart,  
The milk of human-kindness warm'd his heart.  
Peace, Peace be with him! may the present Stage  
Contend, like him, your favour to engage!  
May we, like him, deserve your kindness shown,  
Like him, with gratitude that kindness own!  
So shall our art pursue the noblest plan,  
And each good Actor prove an Honest Man.

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 EPILOGUE TO TIMANTHES,

*Spoken by Mrs. YATES.*

February, 1770.

---

**W**HAT horrors fill the Tragick Poet's brain!  
 Plague, Murder, Rape and Incest, croud  
 his train;

He pants for miseries, delights in ills,  
 The blood of Fathers, Mothers, Children, spills;  
 Stabs, poisons, massacres, and, in his rage,  
 With Daggers, Bowls, and Carpets, strews the Stage.

Our gentler Poet, in soft Opera bred,  
 Italian Crotchets finging in his head,  
 Winds to a prosperous end the fine-drawn tale,  
 And roars—but roars like any Nightingale.

Woman, whate'er she be—Maid, Widow, Wife—  
 A quiet woman is the charm of life.  
 And sure Cephisa was a gentle creature,  
 Full of the milk and honey of good nature.  
 Imported for a spouse, by spouse refus'd!  
 Was ever maid so shamefully abus'd?

And yet, alas, poor Prince! I could not blame him—  
One wife, I knew, was full enough to tame him.  
Ismena, and Timanthes, and Olynthus,  
Might all be happy—for I chose Cherinthus.

But what a barb'rous law was this of Thrace!  
How cruel *there* was each young lady's case!  
A virgin, plac'd upon the dreadful roll,  
A hapless virgin must have stood the poll,  
But by Timanthes made a lucky bride,  
Ismena prudently *disqualified*.

Ladies, to you alone our Author sues :  
'Tis yours to cherish, or condemn his Muse.  
The Theatre's a Mirror, and each Play  
Should be a very Looking-Glass, they say ;  
His Looking-Glass reflects no moles or pimples,  
But shews you full of graces, smiles, and dimples.  
If you approve yourselves, resolve to spare,  
And, Criticks! then attack him, if ye dare!

## P R O L O G U E

To the TRAGEDY of CLEMENTINA.

*Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.*

March, 1771.

**I**N these our moral and religious days,  
Men dread the crying sin of writing Plays;  
While some, whose wicked wit incurs the blame,  
Howe'er they love the trespass, fly the shame.

If, a new holy war with vice to wage,  
Some Preacher quits the Pulpit for the Stage,  
The Rev'rend Bard, with much remorse and fear,  
Attempts to give his Evening Lecture here:  
The work, engender'd, to the world must rise;  
But yet the father may elude our eyes.

The parish on this trick of youth might frown,  
And thus, unown'd, 'tis thrown upon the town.  
At our Director's door he lays the sin,  
Who sees the Babe, relents, and takes it in;  
To swathe and dress it first unfrings his purse,  
Then kindly puts it out to you — to nurse.

Should some Young Counsel, thro' his luckless star,  
By writing Plays turn truant to the Bar.

Call'd



Call'd up by you to this High Court of Wit,  
 With *non inventus* we return the Writ.  
 No Latitat can force him to appear,  
 Whose failure and success cause equal fear;  
 Whatever fees his clients here bestow,  
 He loses double in the courts below.

Grave, solemn Doctors, whose prescribing pen  
 Has, in the trade of Death, kill'd many men,  
 With vent'rous quill here tremblingly engage  
 To slay Kings, Queens, and Heroes, on the stage.  
 The Great, if great men write, of shame afraid,  
 Come forth *incog.*—and Beaux, in masquerade.  
 Some Demireps in wit, of doubtful fame,  
 Tho' known to all the town, withhold their name.

Thus each by turns ungratefully refuse  
 To own the favours of their Lady Muse;  
 Woo'd by the Court, the College, Bar, and Church,  
 Court, Bar, Church, College, leave her in the lurch.

'Tis your's to night the work alone to scan:  
 Arraign the Bard, regardless of the Man!  
 If Dullness wave her Poppies o'er his play,  
 To Critick fury let it fall a prey;  
 But if his art the tears of Pity draws,  
 Ask not his name—but crown him with applause.

---

 EPILOGUE TO CLEMENTINA,

*Spoken by Mrs. YATES.*

---

**F**ROM Otway's and immortal Shakespear's page,  
 Venice is grown familiar to our Stage.  
 Here the Rialto often has display'd  
 At once a Bridge, a Street, and Mart of Trade;  
 Here, Treason threat'ning to lay Venice flat,  
 Grave Candle-Snuffers oft in senate sat.

To night in Venice we have plac'd our scene,  
 Where I have been,—liv'd—died—as you have seen.  
 Yet that my travels I may not disgrace,  
 Let me, since now reviv'd—describe the place!  
 Nor would the Tour of Europe prove our shame,  
 Could every Macaroni do the same.

The City's self—a wonder, all agree—  
 Appears to spring, like Venus, from the sea.  
 Founded on Piles it rises from the strand,  
 Like Trifle plac'd upon a silver stand:  
 While many a lesser isle the prospect crowns,  
 Looking like sugar-plums, or floating towns.

Horfes

Horses and mules ne'er pace the narrow street,  
 Where crowded walkers elbow all they meet :  
 No carts and coaches o'er the pavement clatter ;  
 Ladies, priests, lawyers, nobles, go by water :  
 Light boats and Gondolas transport them all,  
 Like one eternal party to Vauxhall.

Now hey for merriment !—hence grief and fear !  
 The jolly Carnival leads in the year ;  
 Calls the young loves and pleasures to its aid ;  
 A three-months Jubilee and Masquerade !

With gaiety the throng'd piazza glows,  
 Mountebanks, Jugglers, Boxers, Puppet-Shows :  
 Mask'd and disguis'd the ladies meet their sparks,  
 While Venus hails the mummers of St. Mark's.  
 There holy friars turn gallants, and there too,  
 Nuns yield to all the frailties—"Flesh is heir to."  
 There dear Ridottos constantly delight,  
 And sweet Harmonic Meetings ev'ry night !

Once in each year the Doge ascends his barge,  
 Fine as a London Mayor's, and thrice as large ;  
 Throws a huge ring of gold into the sea,  
 And cries, " Thus we, thy sovereign, marry thee ;  
 " Oh

“ Oh may’st thou ne’er, like many a mortal spouse,  
“ Prove full of storms, and faithless to thy vows !”

One word of Politicks—and then I’ve done—  
The state of Venice Nobles rule alone.  
Thrice happy Britain, where, with equal hand,  
Three well-pois’d States unite to rule the land !  
Thus in the Theatre, as well as State,  
Three ranks must join to make us blest’d and great.  
Kings, Lords, and Commons, o’er the nation sit ;  
Pit, Box, and Gallery, rule the realms of wit.

P R O L O G U E,

## P R O L O G U E

To the Comedy of A WIFE IN THE RIGHT.

*Written by Mrs. GRIFFITH,*

*Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.*

March, 1772.

**B**Y your leave, Criticks!—'Tis a Female Play:  
A Female Prologue may prepare the way.  
Among the chronicles of modern fame  
Who has not read of gentle Frances' name?  
Henry and Frances! a fond loving pair,  
Whose soft epistles still amuse the fair.\*

Some nights ago our couple, all alone,  
A Fire-side *tête-à-tête*—true Darby and Joan—  
Frances, said Henry, give up writing! Men,  
And Men alone, should dare to wield the pen.  
Your sex of late all decency confounds,  
And breaks 'twixt us and them the modest bounds.  
Whether from passion, love of pow'r or riches,  
Women, we see, all love to wear the breeches.  
At sea some madcaps enter volunteers,  
Some in the army list as grenadiers!

\* LETTERS BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. GRIFFITH, *under the names of HENRY and FRANCES.*

Others write hist'ries, state-intrigues unriddle,  
Ride the great horse, and play upon the fiddle.

Gently, cries Frances; truce with your reproaches!  
And mark which sex on t'other most encroaches.  
Soft filky coxcombs, full of nice punctilio,  
All paste, pomatum, essence and Pulvilio,  
With huge bouquets, like beaupots, daily go,  
Trick'd out like dolls, to pace in Rotten-Row.  
Thus flies the morning; and the day to crown,  
To Quinze and Faro ev'ry fop fits down.  
Each coat so trim, lest any speck fall on it,  
An apron guards; each forehead a straw-bonnet;  
Nay lest Rouleaus themselves should soil their ruffles,  
A *muffatee* each Pretty Master muffles.

Women in vain to keep their place have striven;  
From ev'ry trade, from each profession driven.  
Men-Midwives swarm; men mantuas make, make  
stays,  
Dress hair, dress meat—let women then write plays!  
While narrow prejudice deform'd the age,  
No Actress play'd, no Female trod the Stage;  
Some smooth unrazor'd youth for Juliet rav'd,  
And kings sat waiting till the queen was shav'd;  
But Women once brought forward on the Scene,  
By man, like Eve, was lik'd as soon as seen.

Let



Let Females then compose, as well as play,  
 And strive to please you in the noblest way!  
 No sulky Critick to the Playhouse drawn  
 Whom Modern Comedy provokes to yawn,  
 But marks of Authors past the valu'd file,  
 And owns Centlivre tempted him to smile.  
 Why may not Ladies too in future plays  
 Strike a *Bold Stroke*, and anxious for the Bayes  
 New *Busy Bodies* form, new *Wonders* raise?

Thus Frances spoke, and bid her Dear good  
 night—  
 And Henry own'd, *His Wife was in the Right.*

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P R O L O G U E

On Opening the New THEATRE ROYAL in LIVERPOOL,

On *Friday, June 5, 1772.*

*Spoken by Mr. YOUNGER.*

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**W**HEREVER Commerce spreads the swelling  
fail,

Letters and Arts attend the prosp'rous gale.  
When Cæsar first these regions did explore,  
And northward his triumphant Eagles bore,  
Rude were Britannia's sons—a hardy race—  
Their faith, idolatry; their life, the chace.  
But soon as Traffick fix'd her social reign,  
Join'd Pole to Pole, and nations to the Main, }  
Each art and science follow'd in her train, }  
Augusta then her pomp at large display'd,  
The seat of majesty, the mart of trade;  
The British Muse unveil'd her awful mien,  
And Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, grac'd the Scene:

Long too has Mersey roll'd her golden tide,  
And seen proud vessels in her harbours ride:  
Oft on her banks the Muse's sons would roam,  
And wish'd to settle there a certain home;  
Condemn'd,

Condemn'd, alas ! to hawk unlicens'd Bayes,  
 Contraband Mummeries, and smuggled Plays !  
 Your fost'ring care at length reliev'd their woes :  
 Under your auspices this Staple rose.  
 Hence made free merchants of the letter'd world,  
 Boldly advent'ring forth with sails unfurl'd,  
 To Greece and Rome, Spain, Italy and France,  
 We trade for Play and Op'ra, Song and Dance.  
 Peace to his shade, who first pursu'd the plan !  
 You lov'd the Actor—for you lov'd the Man.\*  
 True to himself, to all mankind a friend,  
 By honest means he gain'd each honest end.  
 You, like kind Patrons, who his virtues knew,  
 Prompt to applaud, and to reward them too,  
 Crown'd his last moments with his wish obtain'd,  
 A ROYAL CHARTER by your bounty gain'd !

\* MR. GIBSON, late of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

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 OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

On the Departure of the MANAGER of the THEATRE  
ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN, May 26, 1774.

*Spoken by Miss BARSANTI.*

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**O**F mortal men how equal is the date!  
Kings and Mock Kings submit alike to Fate.  
Abroad, in state, one mighty monarch lies;  
While here, his Majesty of Brentford dies.

Hung be the Stage with black! and Juliet's Bell,  
'Midst flashing Refin, toll our monarch's knell!  
While we with tragick plumes and mournful verse,  
In slow procession all attend his hearse.  
First, in dead march the musick—unbrac'd drums—  
Then with a monstrous purse the Treasurer comes.  
The hugeness of the bag your fancy cozens!  
Prick it! and out come ORDERS by whole Dozens!  
Swell'd as it is, no substance sure enough;  
No cash—but like a bladder blown—all puff!  
Two tiny Fairies bear an Epitaph;  
Two Printers next, with each a Paragraph;  
Both boasting of Applause that ne'er was shown,  
And crouded Houses that were never known.

Big

Big as a Sybil's Self, or something bigger,  
 Old Mother Shipton comes, a noble figure !  
 Full horribly she grins with ghastly charms,  
 Our Monarch's baby-image in her arms.  
 Then follow Sylphs, Ghosts, Witches in Macbeth,  
 A gouty Harlequin, a Prompter out of breath ;  
 A white-glov'd Housekeeper with whiter wand,  
 An empty box-book in the other hand ;  
 One, like Lord Chamberlain, his office graces ;  
 The other shews you there are store of places.  
 Six Beggar's-Opera Ladies tend the bier,  
 Parted, like Hector's wife, 'twixt Smile and Tear ;  
 Elfrida's Virgins too proceed before us,  
 A Modern-Antient, English-Grecian, Chorus.  
 Scene-shifters, Candle-snuffers, and Stage-keepers,  
 Bill-stickers, Pickpockets, and Chimney-sweepers,  
 The Mob without doors, and the Mob within,  
 Close the Procession, and complete the din.

Thus having buried him let's waive Dissection !  
 'Tis now too late to give his faults correction.  
 Peace—if peace may be—to his shade ! He died  
*Felo de se*, poor soul ! a Suicide :  
 Yet he confess'd with his departing breath,  
 And in the very article of death,  
 Oft did your favour cherish his pretences,  
 Which now defrays his Funeral Expences.

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P R O L O G U E  
TO THE COMEDY OF BON TON.

*Spoken by Mr. KING.*

November, 1773.

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**F**ASHION in ev'ry thing bears sov'reign sway,  
And Words and Perriwigs have both their day.  
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each  
In stated districts, Wigs as well as Speech.  
The Tyburn Scratch, thick Club, and Temple Tye,  
The Parson's Feather-top, frizz'd broad and high!  
The Coachman's Cauliflow'r, built tiers on tiers!  
Differ not more from Bags and Brigadiers,  
Than great St. George's, or St. James's stiles,  
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.

What is BON TON?—Oh, damme, cries a Buck  
—Half drunk—ask me, my dear, and you're in luck!  
*Bon Ton's* to swear, break windows, beat the watch,  
Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a catch.  
Keep it up, keep it up! damme, take your swing!  
*Bon Ton is Life*, my Boy; *Bon Ton's the Thing!*  
Ah!



Ah ! I loves *Life*, and all the joys it yields—  
 Says Madam Fusslock, warm from Spitalfields.  
*Bone Tone's* the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday;  
 And riding in a one-horse chair o'Sunday !  
 'Tis drinking tea on summer afternoons  
 At Bagnigge-Wells, with China and gilt spoons !  
 'Tis laying-by our stuffs, red cloaks, and pattens;  
 To dance *Cow-tillions*, all in silks and fattins !

Vulgar ! cries Miss. Observe in higher life  
 The feather'd spinster, and thrice-feather'd wife !  
 The CLUB's *Bon Ton*. *Bon Ton's* a constant trade  
 Of Rout, Festino, Ball, and Masquerade !  
 'Tis Plays and Puppet-shews ; 'tis something new ;  
 'Tis losing thousands ev'ry night at Lu !  
 Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason ;  
 'Tis stiff French stays, and Fruit when out of season !  
 A Rose, when Half a Guinea is the price ;  
 A set of Bays, scarce bigger than six mice ;  
 To visit friends, you never wish to see ;  
 Marriage 'twixt those, who never can agree ;  
 Old Dowagers, dress'd, painted, patch'd and curl'd ;  
 This is *Bon Ton*, and this we call *the WORLD* !

True, says my Lord ; and thou, my only son,  
 Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against BON TON !

Who toils for learning at a Publick School,  
 And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool !  
 French, French, my boy's the Thing ! *jafez ! prate,*  
 chatter !

Trim be the mode, whipt syllabub the matter !  
 Walk like a Frenchman ! for on English pegs  
 Moves native aukwardness with two left legs.  
 Of courtly friendship form a treacherous league ;  
 Seduce men's daughters, with their wives intrigue ;  
 In fightly femi-circle round your nails ;  
 Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if small talk  
 fails——

But never *laugh*, whatever jest prevails !  
 Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,  
 That vulgar way the vulgar shew their mirth.  
 Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,  
 Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.  
 Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces ;  
*The Graces, Boy ! the Graces, Graces, GRACES !*

Such is BON TON ! and walk this City thro',  
 In Building, Scribbling, Fighting, and *Virtù*,  
 And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view.  
 To night our Bayes, with bold but careless tints,  
 Hits off a sketch or two, like Darly's prints.  
 Should Connoisseurs allow his rough draughts strike 'em,  
 'Twill be BON TON to see 'em and to like 'em.

PROLOGUE

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 P R O L O G U E

On opening the THEATRE ROYAL, at LIVERPOOL, for the  
Winter Season.

*Spoken by Mr. YOUNGER.*

October, 1774.

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**T**HE troops, who lately shone in bright array,  
Proud on these plains their banners to display,  
Call'd to their posts in town by beat of drum,  
Aided with fresh recruits I hither come.  
I, your old Serjeant, once again appear,  
Happy to fix my Winter-quarters here ;  
Here, where Good-humour shews her smiling mien,  
And Judgment with fair Candour ever seen.  
Oh for a soul of flame, that might inspire,  
Thro' all our ranks, a truly-martial fire !  
But, oh ! my breath is weak, my words are vain,  
My efforts poor, the mighty point to gain.  
What tho' in ev'ry breast strong ardours glow,  
On you alone their longing eyes they throw.  
Your frowns at once their noblest spirit damp,  
And strike a terror thro' our little camp ;  
Yet, if you smile, again their hopes return,  
Again their souls with love of glory burn ;

Eager to fight, to conquer, or to fall,  
From first to hindmost—*Pioneers and all.*  
Nerveless and finewless their arms, 'tis true;  
But yet 'tis glory to contend for you.

As some low hind, whose poverty's confess'd,  
Receives beneath his roof some mighty guest,  
Dried winter fruits, alas! his only cheer,  
His only liquor some October beer,  
Makes up in welcome what he wants in store,  
Wishing his morsel better, riches more,  
Spreads with a willing heart his humble board,  
And freely empties all his little hoard;  
So we too, conscious of our homely fare,  
Trust to your smiles to snatch us from despair.  
Fall on with hearty stomachs to regale,  
Let not nice taste, but appetite, prevail;  
While we, plain landlords, a kind welcome give,  
Bless'd if we please you, whom to please we live!

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P R O L O G U E,

To the revived Comedy called EASTWARD HOE.

*Spoken by MR. KING.*

November 9, 1775.

---

**I**N Charles the Second's gay and wanton days,  
 When lords had wit and gentlemen wrote plays,  
 A rural 'squire was term'd a country Put,  
 And the grave City was a standing butt.  
 To town, like oxen, honest knights were led,  
 To shew in droves, huge antlers on their head.  
 Gallants in quest of game, cried *Eastward Hoe!*  
 And oft sprung Pufs within the sound of Bow;  
 While ev'ry 'prentice in the galleries chuckled  
 At London Alderman dubb'd London Cuckold.

But now the times are chang'd, and chang'd the jest;  
 For Horns, some say, sprout nobly in the West.  
 The murrain 'mongst horn'd cattle spreads so far,  
 It rages on each side of Temple-bar.  
 The modish citizen o'erleaps his ward,  
 And the gay Cit plants Horns upon My Lord;  
 While Beaux, whose wives of flattery chew the cud,  
 Are dupes full-blown, or Cuckolds in the bud.

Artists, who furnish'd pictures for the stage,  
 In good Queen Bess's memorable age,  
 With a just pencil City-portraits drew,  
 Mark'd ev'ry vice, and mark'd each virtue too :  
 The City Madam's vanities display'd,  
 Prais'd honest gains, but damn'd the tricks of trade.  
 Artists like these, (Old Ben the chief) to-night  
 Bring Idleness and Industry to light.  
 Their Sketch, by Time perhaps impair'd too much,  
 A female hand has ventur'd to retouch.  
 Hence too our Hogarth drew, nor scorn'd to glean  
 The Comick stubble of the Moral Scene ;  
 Hence Fellow-Prentices he brought to life,  
 And shew'd their manners, and their fate, at strife ;  
 Shew'd to what ends both Good and Evil stretch—  
 To Honour one, and t'other to Jack Ketch ;  
 Turn'd ridicule 'gainst folly, fraud, and pride,  
 And fought with Humour's lance on Virtue's side.

Such be henceforth each Comick Artist's aim,  
 Poets, or Painters, be their drift the same !  
 Such are the lessons which To-Night we read ;  
 And may next sessions prove that we succeed !

PROLOGUE,



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 P R O L O G U E,

On opening the New THEATRE ROYAL at MANCHESTER.

*Spoken by* MR. YOUNGER.

October, 1775.

---

**I**N days of old, they say, the Poet's Lays  
 Cities could build, and mighty temples raise.  
 When Orpheus play'd so powerful was his song,  
 He drew stocks, stones, and savage beasts along.  
 Amphion harp'd; obedient to his call,  
 The moving quarry jump'd into a wall.  
 Verse of fair government first taught the plan,  
 Religion, Laws, and Arts, in Verse began.

Thus fables tell; and mystick truths they hide,  
 For Arts and Freedom with the Muse abide,  
 When fogs of ignorance o'erspread the land,  
 Grim Persecution rules with iron hand.  
 The social Arts to kinder climates fly,  
 The Muses' Temples all in Ruins lie.  
 But let the ray of Science chase the gloom,  
 The plough, the sail, the shuttle, and the loom,  
 Plied by the sons of Industry, bring in  
 The kindred Arts, and Freedom's joys begin.

Meanwhile well-pleas'd their triumphs to proclaim,  
The Muses celebrate, and share their fame;  
And while their grateful incense seeks the skies,  
Temples and Theatres in splendor rise.

Such be your boast! here let the Muse retreat,  
Where Pallas long has fixt her fav'rite seat!  
If you upon our humble labour smile,  
In happy hour to Shakespear rose this Pile.  
But, if you frown, our splendid Scenes decay,  
And all our baseless fabrick melts away.  
Our cloud-capt tow'rs, our gorgeous palaces,  
Our mounts, our woods, our rivers, and our seas,  
Our solemn temples, and each solemn robe  
That stuffs this wooden O, this little globe,  
Shall fade! and like the insubstantial wind,  
Or empty dreams, leave not a rack behind.  
Smile then, and for your clemency be prais'd,  
And, oh! support the Building you have rais'd!  
On that foundation must we rest alone,  
Your patronage our Prop, our Corner-Stone.

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 PROLOGUE TO THE CAPUCHIN.

*Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.*

August, 1776.

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**C**RITICKS, whene'er I write, in every Scene  
 Discover meanings that I never mean;  
 Whatever character I bring to view,  
 I am the father of the child 'tis true,  
 But every babe his christening owes to you. }  
 "The Comick Poet's eye, with humorous air,  
 Glancing from Watling-street to Grosvenor-square,  
 He bodies forth a light ideal train,  
 And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain;  
 Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,  
 And gives to airy nothing Place and Name."

A Limner once, in want of work, went down  
 To try his fortune in a country town;  
 The waggon, loaded with his goods, convey'd }  
 To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade,  
 Originals and Copies—ready made.  
 To the new Painter all the country came,  
 Lord, Lady, Doctor, Lawyer, 'Squire, and Dame,  
 The humble Curate, and the Curate's wife;  
 All ask a likeness—taken from the life.

Behold

Behold the canvass on the easel stand!  
 A pallet grac'd his thumb, and brushes fill'd his hand:  
 But, ah! the Painter's skill they little knew,  
 Nor by what curious rules of Art he drew.  
 The waggon-load unpack'd, his ancient store  
 Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before,  
 God, Dame, or Hero—of the days of yore. }  
 The Cæsars, with a little alteration,  
 Were turn'd into the Mayor and Corporation;  
 To represent the Rector and the Dean,  
 He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:  
 The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces  
 From Charles the Second's Beauties and the Graces.  
 Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,  
 His works adorn'd each room, and spread his fame.  
 The countrymen of taste admire and stare,  
 " My Lady's leer! Sir John's majestick air!  
 Miss Dimple's languish too!—extremely like!  
 And in the style and manner of Vandyke!— }  
 Oh this new Limner's pictures always strike!  
 Old, young, fat, lean, dark, fair; or big, or little;  
 The very man or woman to a tittle!"

Foote and this Limner in some points agree,  
 And thus, good sirs, you often deal by me.  
 When, by the Royal Licence and Protection,  
 I shew my small Academy's collection,

The

The Connoisseur takes out his glass, to pry  
Into each Picture with a curious eye ;  
Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,  
And makes mere Portraits all my Exhibition,  
From various forms Apelles Venus drew :  
So from the million do I copy you.  
But still the copy's so exact, you say ;  
Alas, the same thing happens every day !  
How many a modish well-drest fop you meet,  
Exactly suits his shape—in Monmouth-street !  
In Yorkshire Warehouses, and Cranborn-Ally,  
'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally !  
As honest Crispin understands his trade,  
On the true human scale his lasts are made,  
The measure of each sex and age to hit,  
And every shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.

My Warehouse thus for Nature's walks supplies  
Shoes for all ranks, and Lasts of every size:  
Sit still, and try them, sirs ; I long to please ye ;  
How well they fit ! I hope you find them easy :  
If the Shoe pinches swear you cannot bear it,  
But, if well made—I wish you health to wear it.

## P R O L O G U E

*To the Reviv'd Comedy of EPICÆNE, or the SILENT  
WOMAN.*

January, 1776.

**H**APPY the soaring Bard, who boldly woöes,  
 And wins the favour of the Tragick Muse!  
 He from the grave may call the mighty dead,  
 In Buskins and Blank Verse the Stage to tread;  
 On Pompeys and old Cæsars rise to fame,  
 And join the Poet's to th' Historian's name.  
 The Comick wit, alas! whose eagle eyes  
 Pierce nature thro' and mock the time's disguise,  
 Whose pencil living follies brings to view,  
 Survives those follies, and his portraits too;  
 Like star-gazers deploras his luckless fate,  
 For last year's Almanacks are out of date.  
 "The Fox, the Alchymist, the Silent Woman,  
 "Done by Ben Jonson, are out-done by no Man."  
 Thus say, in rough, but panegyrick rhymes,  
 The Wits and Criticks of our author's times.

But



But now we bring him forth with dread and doubt,  
 And fear his *learned socks* are quite worn out.  
 The subtle Alchemist grows obsolete,  
 And Druggers' humour scarcely keeps him sweet.

To-night if you would feast your eyes and ears,  
 Go back in fancy near two hundred years ;  
 A play of Ruffs and Farthingales review,  
 Old English fashions, such as then were new !  
 Drive not Tom Otter's *Bulls* and *Bears* away ;  
 Worse *Bulls* and *Bears* disgrace the present day.  
 On fair Collegiates let no Critick frown !  
 A Ladies' Club still holds its rank in town.  
 If modern cooks, who nightly treat the Pit,  
 Do not quite cloy and surfeit you with wit,  
 From the old kitchen please to pick a bit !  
 If once, with hearty stomachs to regale  
 On old Ben Johnson's fare, tho' somewhat stale,  
 A meal on Bobadil you deign'd to make,  
 Take EPICÆNE for his and Kitley's sake !

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 E P I L O G U E,

TO THE

## SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,

*Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON in the Character of Lady TEAZLE.*

June, 1777.

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**I** Who was late so volatile and gay,  
 Like a trade-wind, must now blow all one way,  
 Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,  
 To one old rusty weather-cock—my spouse;  
 So wills our virtuous Bard! the pye-ball'd Bayes  
 Of crying Epilogues and laughing Plays.

Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,  
 Learn from our play to regulate your lives!  
 Each bring his dear to town—all faults upon her—  
 London will prove the very source of honour;  
 Plung'd fairly in, like a cold Bath, it serves,  
 When principles relax, to brace the nerves.  
 Such is my case—and yet I must deplore  
 That the gay dream of Dissipation's o'er:

And

And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,  
 Born with a genius for the highest life,  
 Like me, untimely blasted in her bloom,  
 Like me, condemn'd to such a dismal doom?  
 Save money—when I just knew how to waste it!  
 Leave London—just as I began to taste it!  
 Must I then watch the early-crowing cock?  
 The melancholy ticking of a clock?  
 In the lone rustick hall for ever pounded,  
 With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?  
 With humble curates can I now retire,  
 (While good Sir Peter boozes with the 'Squire)  
 And at Backgammon mortify my soul,  
 That pants for Lu, or flutters at a Vole?  
 Seven's the Main!—dear Sound!—that must expire,  
 Lost at Hot-Cockles round a Christmas fire!  
 The transient hour of Fashion too soon spent,  
 “Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!  
 “Farewell the *plumed* head, the cushion'd *Tête*,  
 “That takes the cushion from its proper seat!  
 “The spirit-stirring drum!—card-drums I mean—  
 “Spadille, Odd-trick, Pam, Basto, King and Queen!

“ And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat  
 “ The welcome visitor’s approach denote,  
 “ Farewell!—all Quality of high renown,  
 “ Pride, Pomp, and circumstance of glorious Town,  
 “ Farewell!—your revels I partake no more,  
 “ And Lady Teazle’s occupation’s o’er.”  
 —All this I told our Bard; he smil’d, and said  
     ’twas clear

I ought to play deep Tragedy next year.  
 Meanwhile he drew wise Morals from his Play,  
 And in these solemn periods stalk’d away.  
 “ Blest were the fair, like you her faults who stopt,  
 “ And clos’d her follies when the curtain dropt!  
 “ No more in vice or error to engage,  
 “ Or play the Fool at large on Life’s great Stage!”

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P R O L O G U E

On the opening of the THEATRE ROYAL in the HAY-  
MARKET, May 15, 1777.

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

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**P**RIDE, by a thousand arts, vain honours claims,  
And gives to empty nothings pompous names.  
Theatrick Dealers thus would fain seem great,  
And every Playhouse grows a mighty State:  
To fancied heights how'er mock monarchs soar,  
A Manager's a Trader—nothing more.  
You (whom they court) their customers—and then  
We players—poor devils!—are the journeymen.

While Two Great Warehouses, for Winter use,  
Eight months huge Bales of Merchandise produce,  
Out with the Swallow comes our Summer Bayes,  
To shew his Taffata and Lutestring plays;  
A choice assortment of slight goods prepares,  
The smallest Haberdasher of Small Wares.

In Laputa we're told a grave Projector,  
—A mighty Schemer, like our New Director—

Once form'd a plan—and 'twas a deep one, firſ!  
 To draw the Sun-beams out of Cucumbers.  
 So whilſt leſs vent'rous managers retire,  
 Our Salamander thinks to live in fire.

A playhouſe Quidnunc—and no Quidnuncs wiſer—  
 Reading our play-bills in the Advertiser,  
 Cries “Hey! what's here? In the Haymarket a play,  
 To ſweat the Publick in the midſt of May?  
 Give me freſh air!” then goes, and pouts alone  
 In country lodgings—by the Two-mile Stone:  
 There ſits, and chews the cud of his diſguſt,  
 Broil'd in the ſun, and blinded by the duſt.

Dearee, ſays Mrs. Inkle, let us go  
 To the Hay-market to-night and ſee the Show!  
 Pſha, woman, cries old Inkle, you're a fool:  
 We'll walk to Hornſey, and enjoy the cool.  
 So ſaid, to finiſh the domeſtick ſtrife,  
 Forth waddle the fat ſpouſe and fatter wife:  
 And as they tug up Highgate-Hill together,  
 He cries—“delightful walking—charming weather!”

Now, with the napkin underneath the chin,  
 Unbutton'd Cits their Turtle feaſt begin,  
 And plunge full knuckle-deep thro' thick and thin;  
 Throw down fiſh, fleſh, fowl, paſtry, cuſtard, jelly,  
 And make a Salmagundy of their belly.

“ More



“ More Chian-Pepper !—Punch, another rummer !  
 “ So cool and pleasant—eating in the Summer !”

To antient Geographers it was not known  
 Mortals could live beneath the Torrid Zone:  
 But we, tho' toiling underneath the Line,  
 Must make our Hay, now while the weather's fine.  
 Your good Old Hay-maker, long here employ'd,  
 The sunshine of your smiles who still enjoy'd,  
 The fields which long he mow'd will not forsake,  
 Nor quite forego the Scythe, the Fork, and Rake,  
 But take the field, ev'n in the hottest day,  
 And kindly help us to get in our hay.

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 PROLOGUE TO THE SPANISH BARBER.

*Spoken by Mr. PARSONS in the Character of PAUL PRIG,  
in Mr. FOOTE's Comedy of THE COZENERS.*

September, 1777.

---

**O**NCE more from Ludgate-Hill behold Paul Prig!  
The same spruce air you see! same coat! same  
wig!

A Mercer smart and dapper, all allow,  
As ever at shop door shot off a bow.

This summer—for I love a little Prance—

This summer, gentlefolks, I've been to France,  
To mark the Fashions and to learn to dance. }

I, and dear Mrs. Prig—the first of Graces!

At Calais in the Diligence took places;

Travell'd thro' Boulogne, Amiens, and Chantilly,  
All in a line—as straight as Piccadilly!

To Paris come, their dresses made me stare—

Their fav'rite colour is the *French Queen's Hair!*

They're all so fine, so shabby, and so gay,

They look like Chimney-sweepers on May-day!

Silks of all colours in the rainbow there!

A Joseph's coat appears the common wear.

Of

Of some I brought home Patterns ; one To-night }  
 We mean to shew—'tis true it is but slight ; }  
 But then for Summer wear, you know that's right. }  
*A Little Weaver*, whom I long have known, }  
 Has work'd it up, and begs to have it shewn— }  
 But pray observe, my friends—'tis not his own. }  
 I brought it over—nay, if it miscarries,  
 He'll cry—" 'tis none of mine, it came from Paris."  
 But should you like it, he'll soon let you know  
 "'Twas spun and manufactur'd in Soho."  
 —'T had a great run abroad ; which always yields  
 Work for our Grub-street, and our Spitalfields.  
 France charms our Ladies, naked Bards and Beaux,  
 Who smuggle thence their learning and their cloaths ;  
 Buckles like gridirons, and wigs on springs ;  
*Têtes* built like towers, and rumps like Ostrich wings.  
 If this Piece please, each Summer I'll go over,  
 And fetch new Patterns by the Straits of Dover.

---

P R O L O G U E  
TO TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

*A Farce written by Mr. O'KEEFFE,*

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

1776.

---

**I**F there's a Critick here, who hates what's *low*,  
We humbly beg the Gentleman would go ;  
He's very welcome to have seen the play,  
To take his money back, and walk away.  
Our Poet is the fearfull'st man on earth,  
And fears too much four sense may spoil your mirth ;  
He wishes plain blunt folks, that laugh and cry,  
As nature prompts, and ask no reason why.  
To night no *Two Act Comedy* you'll view,  
But a mere *Farce!* the characters not new,  
And all your old acquaintance: TONY LUMPKIN,  
In town, 'tis true, but still a Country Bumpkin.

His

His friend, TIM TICKLE too, who danc'd the Bear;  
Bruin, the Bear himself—nay never stare!  
He shall not hurt you, ladies—keep your places!  
The Bear-leader has given him *the Graces*.  
This rustick groupe, Bear, Bear-leader, 'Squire, Clown,  
The frolick Muse of Farce now drives to town.  
Her elder sister, Comedy, has *Wit*;  
But Farce has *Fun*, and oft a lucky Hit,  
If she yields laugh, a laugh let none despise;  
Be merry, if you can, and not *too wise*.

PROLOGUE

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 P R O L O G U E

To the SUICIDE, A COMEDY!

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

August, 1778.

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'T IS now the reigning taste with Belle and  
Beau

Their art and skill in Coachmanship to show.  
Nobles contend who throws a Whip the best ;  
From head to foot like Hackney-coachmen dress'd :  
Duchess and Peers too discard their fear,  
Ponies in front, my lady in the rear.  
A Female Phaeton all danger mocks,  
Half-coat, half-petticoat, she mounts the box ;  
Wrapt in a dusty whirlwind scours the plains,  
And cutting—Jehu!—whistling—holds the reins.  
Happy, thrice happy, Britain, is thy state,  
In the year seventeen hundred sev'nty eight,  
When each sex drives at such a furious rate.



The modish Artist, Playwright, or Coach-maker,  
 In Grub-street starv'd, or thriving in Long-Acre,  
 To suit the times, and tally with the mode,  
 Must travel in the beaten turnpike road :  
 Wherefore our Crane-neck'd Manager to-day  
 Upon four acts attempts to run his Play ;  
 A fifth he fears you'd deem the Bard's reproach,  
 A mere fifth wheel that would but stop the Coach.  
 With Two Act Pieces what machines agree ?  
 Buggies, Tim-whiskies, or squeez'd *Vis-a-vis*,  
 Where two sit face to face, and knee to knee. }

What is a piece in one short Act compress'd ?  
 A Wheelbarrow, or Sulky at the best.  
 A scale so small, the Bard would suffer for't ;  
 You'd say his Farce was like himself—too short ;  
 Yet anxious with your smiles his works to crown,  
 In many a varied shape he courts the town.  
 Sometimes he drives—if Brother Bards implore,  
 Sometimes he in a Prologue trots before,  
 Or in an Epilogue gets up behind—  
 Happy in all, so you appear but kind.

His

His vehicle to day may none reproach,  
Nor take it for a Hearse, or Mourning-Coach !  
'Tis true a gloomy outside he has wrought,  
“ That rather threatens than doth promise aught ;”  
Yet from black fun'ral, like his brother Bayes,  
A nuptial banquet he intends to raise.  
We do but jest—*poison in jest*—no more—  
And thus One Mercer to the world restore.  
But if a well-tim'd jest should chance to save  
One Mercer from Perdition and the Grave,  
All Ludgate-Hill be judge, if 'twere not hard,  
*Felo-de-se* should you bring in the Bard.

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P R O L O G U E

To the CHAPTER of ACCIDENTS,

*A Comedy written by Miss LEE,*

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

August, 1780.

---

**L**ONG has the passive Stage, howe'er absurd,  
 Been rul'd by Names, and govern'd by a Word.  
 Some poor cant term, like magick spells can awe,  
 And bind our realms, like a Dramatick law.  
 When Fielding, Humour's fav'rite child appear'd,  
*Low* was the word—a word each author fear'd!  
 'Till chac'd at length, by Pleasantry's bright ray,  
 Nature and Mirth resum'd their legal sway;  
 And Goldsmith's Genius bask'd in open day. }

No beggar, howe'er poor, a cur can lack;  
 Poor Bards, of Critick Curs, can keep a pack.  
 One yelper silenc'd, twenty barkers rise,  
 And with new howls, their snarlings still disguise.  
*Low* banish'd, the word *Sentiment* succeeds:  
 And at that shrine, the modern Playwright bleeds.  
 Hard

Hard fate! but let each would-be Critick know,  
 That *Sentiments* from genuine Feelings flow!  
 Criticks! in vain declaim, and write, and rail:  
 Nature, eternal Nature! will prevail.  
 Give me the Bard, who makes me laugh and cry,  
 Diverts and moves, and all, I scarce know why!  
 Untaught by Commentators, French or Dutch,  
 Passion still answers to th' electrick touch.  
 Reason, like Falstaff, claims, when all is done,  
 The honours of the field already won.  
 To-night, our Author's is a mixt intent—  
 Passion and Humour—*Low* and *Sentiment*:  
 Smiling in tears—a Serio-comick Play—  
 Sunshine and show'r—a kind of April-Day!  
 A Lord, whose pride is in his honour plac'd;  
 A Governor, with Av'rice not disgrac'd;  
 An humble Priest! a Lady, and a Lover  
 So full of virtue, *some of it runs over*.  
 No temporary touches, no allusions  
 To camps, reviews, and all our late confusions;  
 No personal reflections, no sharp Satire,  
 But a mere Chapter—from the Book of Nature.  
 Wrote by a Woman too! the Muses now  
 Few liberties to naughty Men allow;  
 But like old maids on earth, resolv'd to vex,  
 With cruel coyness treat the other sex.

PROLOGUE

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P R O L O G U E,

On the opening of the THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,  
June, 1781.

*Spoken by MR. PALMER.*

---

WITH broken Funds our Monarch meets the  
House ;  
His *Board of Works* have left him scarce a soufe !  
Poets, and only Poets, durst rehearse  
In ancient times the mighty pow'rs of Verse ;  
The Bards of old, who built the lofty rhyme,  
Could build whole cities, at the self same time.  
Amphion struck his lyre—and at his call,  
Stone leap'd on stone, and form'd of Thebes the wall.  
Oh for a Muse of fire! in flames to smother  
Our crazy Playhouse, and create another !  
Our Poet Manager has no such skill—  
In comes the Carpenter's and Bricklayer's bill!  
Ev'n Opera now the power of Song has lost,  
And, plung'd in Brick and Mortar, feels their cost.  
By Italy betray'd, she flies to France ;  
And what she lost in Song, makes up in Dance.  
No more from voice, or ear, her profits flow ;  
The soul of Opera fixes in *Goose Toe!*

Since

Since then St. Vitus' Dance despotick reigns,  
 The surest Succedaneum for the brains,  
 Genius of Nonsense! fill our empty places;  
 Let us too *dance* ourselves into your graces;  
 O'er the whole Hay-market in state preside,  
 Nor let a Palsy seize our hapless side!  
 To court thy smiles, Farce shall learn *entrechat*,  
 And Tragedy shall caper *en grand pas*.  
 Crook'd Richard now shall frisk, his passions mute,  
 "To the lascivious pleatings of a Lute."  
 And in a cut of eight, to make you stare,  
 Macbeth shall catch the Dagger in the air.  
 Tobine for life in minuet step shall beg,  
 And Bowkitt scrape, and—*stand upon one leg!*

While Dancing shall remain the fav'rite rage,  
 On these, and arts like these, must stand our Stage;  
 But if some Whim shou'd "bid the reign commence,  
 "Of rescu'd Nature, and reviving Sense,"  
 Again to Humour shall we bend our cares,  
 And draw on Wit—to pay for our Repairs.



---

P R O L O G U E  
To the P O S I T I V E M A N,

*A FARCE written by Mr. O'KEEFFE,*

*Spoken by Mr. EDWIN in the Character of LINGO,*  
March, 1782.

---

**O** N C E more before you Lingo, sirs, you see!  
His lesson now—*The Positive Degree.*

*Comparativò*, what's our author's head!

Weigh it! 'twill prove *superlativò*—lead.

*Malus, melior, pessimus*—in brief,

*Nominativò*, he is called—*O'Thief!*

I am not the First Person, the Second, nor Third,  
Who in this School of Nonsense his Nonsense has

heard:

Noun Adjective Stuff, that alone could not stand,

Without a Noun Substantive Fiddle at Hand!

But now without Musick he thinks to stand Neuter,

And that Farce, tho' Imperfect, may please you in  
Future.

O you! to whom Poets must ever surrender!  
Beauties, Wits, of the Masculine and Feminine  
Gender!

Ye Plurals, a singular Art who can teach,  
 And make AËtors and Authors learn All Parts of  
 Speech,

For once lay by the Rod, and your *Flogging decline* !  
 That what we mean for Gerunds may not prove  
 Supine !

—Perhaps I'm too wise, and too *larned* good folks !  
 So a truce with our science, a truce with our jokes !  
 And in good sober sadness one word let me say :  
 Do but think that the School-boys have broke up  
 To-day ;  
 Forgive them their frolicks, and laugh at their  
 play !

In th' Imperative Mood, should you view the Bard's  
 face,

His Present Tense proves the Accusative Case ;  
 But should you be Dative of favour—like Stingo,  
 Your Active Voice Passive will cheer Him and Lingo.

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 P R O L O G U E

TO LILLO'S TRAGEDY of FATAL CURIOSITY, on  
its Revival at the THEATRE ROYAL in the HAY-  
MARKET, June 29, 1782.

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

---

**L**ONG since, beneath this humble roof, this Play,  
Wrought by true English Genius saw the day.  
Forth from this humble roof it scarce has stray'd ;  
In prouder Theatres 'twas never play'd.  
There you have gap'd, and doz'd o'er many a piece,  
Patch'd up from France, or stol'n from Rome or  
Greece,  
Or made of shreds from Shakespeare's Golden Fleece.  
There Scholars, simple nature cast aside,  
Have trick'd their heroes out in Classick pride ;  
No Scenes, where genuine Passion runs to waste,  
But all hedg'd in by shrubs of Modern Taste !  
Each Tragedy laid out like garden grounds,  
One circling gravel marks its narrow bounds.  
Lillo's plantations were of Forest growth—  
Shakespeare's the same—Great Nature's hand in both !

Give me a tale the passions to control,  
“ Whose slightest word may harrow up the soul !”  
A magick potion, of charm'd drugs commixt,  
Where Pleasure courts, and Horror comes betwixt !

Such are the Scenes that we this night renew ;  
Scenes that your fathers were well pleas'd to view.  
Once we half-paus'd—and while cold fears prevail,  
Strive with faint strokes to soften down the tale ;  
But soon, attir'd in all its native woes,  
The Shade of Lillo to our Fancy rose.  
Check thy weak hand, it said, or seem'd to say,  
Nor of its manly vigour rob my Play !  
From British Annals I the story drew,  
And British Hearts shall feel, and bear it too.  
Pity shall move their souls, in spite of rules ;  
And Terror takes no lesson from the Schools.  
Speak to their Bosoms, to their Feelings trust,  
You'll find their sentence generous and just.

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P R O L O G U E

To the COMEDY of The EAST-INDIAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

July, 1782.

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**W**HEN the East-Indian gives our Play a name,  
 With what a glow the Writer's breast should  
 flame!

What brilliant strokes thro' every Scene should run  
 Bright as ripe fruit, the side that's next the Sun!  
 Moguls and Nabobs should in judgement sit,  
 O'er *Crores* of Humour, and a *Lack* of Wit.

In our cold climate, we but vainly strive  
 To keep by hot-houses such fire alive;  
 And force by Art, when Nature's at a stand,  
 Dramatick Pine Apples at second hand.

Methinks I hear some Alderman, all hurry,  
 Cry, where's the *Pellow*? Bring me out the *Curry*!  
 Be quiet, says his lady; silence, man!  
 Where's the *Old China*? Show me the *Japan*!  
 Psha! cries a Wit; the Plot's an Indian Screen—  
 The Muse shall enter in a *Palanquin*;  
 And lovers, after many a foolish fray,  
 In Love's *Pagoda* shall conclude the play.

Our Poetess, scarce blest with one Rupee,  
 Invites the Criticks to a Dish of Tea.  
 On India business she attempts to call  
 Voters and Orators from Leadenhall,  
 And many a lady shrouded in a Shawl ;  
 Who, rang'd in rows, may bribe the Critick's eye,  
 With a new Blanket Warehouse in July !

Her Indian host, or guest, of this night's feast,  
 Is just imported, neat as from the East ;  
 His temper hot as Kayan, taste uncouth,  
 But full of Honour, Honesty, and Truth !  
 Let the Committee on his Acts who sit,  
 No fault, that is not fairly prov'd, admit !  
 Take him for what he is, humanely greet him,  
 And like a stranger, as you like him, treat him !



## E P I L O G U E,

To the CAPRICIOUS LADY, altered from the SCORNFUL  
LADY of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER,

And acted at the THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

*Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.*

February, 1783.

**I**N Fletcher's days it was the favourite plan  
Of Woman to dethrone the tyrant Man :  
Our modern Fashions vary—yet their aim,  
Howe'er pursu'd appears the very same.  
The Starch-Ruff'd Maidens of Queen Bess's reign  
Were doom'd a Starch demeanour to maintain ;  
Quill'd up like Porcupines, they shot their darts,  
Slaughter'd whole rows of Knights, and wounded  
Hearts :

Their Virtue nought could shake, no siege could alter :  
A rock, impregnable as Gibraltar !  
In vain were sighs, and tears, and idle flattery,  
Their red-hot balls laid low each hostile battery,  
While they, bright stars, above all weak comparison,  
Shone forth the Female Eliotts of the Garrison.

The modern maiden finds things alter'd quite,  
A hundred Dangers, 'not one faithful Knight !  
Nor coy, nor cruel, all her charms display'd,  
Coldly she's seen, and trusting she's betray'd :

Unfeeling coxcombs scorn the damsels pow'r,  
 And pass in Rotten-Row the vacant hour.  
 The Fair, her power thus lost in single life,  
 Reserves her policy till made a Wife.  
 The humble married dames of Fletcher's day  
 Thought wives must love and honour and obey;  
 Bound in the nuptial ring, that hoop of Gold,  
 Enchain'd their passions, and their will controll'd.  
 Too oft the modern Miss, scarce made a bride,  
 Breaks out at once all insolence and pride:  
 Mounted in Phaeton she courts the eye,  
 And eats, and games, and paints, and dresses high:  
 Who shall say nay? Content to drink and play,  
 His Lordship cries—"My Lady, take your way!  
 I've fixt your box at the opera—but am vext  
 That Polly Brilliant could not get the next."

Such was the rigid line of ancient rule,  
 And such the freedom of the Modern School:  
 Chuse which, ye Fair; or else, to copy loth,  
 Compose a new *Pasticcio* out of both;  
 Or smit with nobler pride, on Nature look,  
 And read the brightest pages of her book!  
 Would you a spotless maid, chaste wife be known,  
 Show the young Virtues ripening or full blown,  
 Mark how they prop, and dignify the Throne!  
 Rival Their goodness with a loyal strife,  
 And grace with Royal Virtues private Life.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

On opening the THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET,  
May 31, 1783.

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

---

OF real Novelty, we're told, there's none,  
We know there's nothing new beneath the Sun.  
Yet still, untir'd, a Phantom we pursue,  
Still expectation gapes for something new!  
To whet your appetite, and pique your taste,  
Each Bard serves some old dish in new Puff-Paste;  
Crams with hard crusts the Literary Glutton,  
And like, Lord Peter, swears they're Beef and Mutton.  
Old Magazines each Manager too plunders,  
Like Quacks and Mountebanks cries, Wonders!  
Wonders!

Detection scorns! risks contradictions flat;  
Boasts a Black Swan! and gives us—a Black Cat!  
Two Magpies, thus, all Winter charms the ear;  
The self-same note our Cuckow dwells on here!  
For We, like Them, our Penny Trumpets sound,  
An d*Novelty's* the word the whole year round.  
What tho' our house be threescore years of age,  
Let us new-vamp the Box, new-lay the Stage,  
Long

Long paragraphs shall paint with proud parade  
 The gilded front and airy balustrade ;  
 While on each post, the flaming bill displays  
 Our Old New Theatre, and New-Old Plays.

The Hag of Fashion thus all paint and flounces,  
 Fills up her wrinkles, and her age renounces.  
 Stage answers Stage: from other boards, as here,  
 Have Sense and Nonsense claim'd by turns your ear.  
 Here late his jests Sir Jeffrey Dunstan broke ;  
 Yet here too Lillo's Muse sublimely spoke ;  
 Here Fielding, foremost of the hum'rous train,  
 In Comick Mask indulg'd his laughing vein !  
 Here frolick Foote your favour well could beg,  
 Propt by his genuine Wit, and only Leg ;  
*Their bumble follower* feels his merit less,  
 Yet feels, and proudly boasts, as much success.  
 Small though his talents, smaller than his size,  
 Beneath your smiles his little Lares rise :  
 And, oh ! as Jove once grac'd Philemon's Thatch,  
 Oft of our Cottage may You lift the latch !  
 Oft may we greet you, full of hope and fear,  
 With hearty welcome, though but homely cheer !  
 May our old roof its old success maintain,  
 Nor know the *Novelty* of your disdain !

EPILOGUE

## E P I L O G U E

To the COMEDY called A FRIEND in NEED is a FRIEND  
INDEED!

*Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.*

July, 1783.

**W**OMAN, of all who feel the Hour of Need,  
Wants most, most rarely finds, a Friend Indeed;  
Doom'd in each sex, alas! by turns to prove  
False, hollow Friendship, and insidious Love.  
Hogarth, on whom, sweet Humour's darling child  
At once Minerva and Thalia smil'd;  
Whose pencil'd satire Vice and Folly smote,  
Who many a Comedy on canvas wrote;  
With coat tuck'd up, straw hat, and linen gown,  
Draws honest Marg'ry just arriv'd in town:  
With ruddy health and innocence she glows,  
Fresh as the morn, and blooming like the rose:  
In the inn-yard, a Hag, who ready stands,  
Lays on the harmless maid, her harpy hands;

Too well the Beldam knows the treach'rous art,  
 To tempt, and to corrupt the female heart ;  
 Too soon to ruin she decoys her prey,  
 " Then casts her, like a loathsome weed, away."

- " Pooh ! pooh ! (cries Citpup) this is all a lie !  
 " Poets and Painters will make free—Oh fie !  
 " Poor souls ! they love to bounce, and think they  
     rally ;  
 " Nothing but Truth and Honour in 'Change-  
     Alley !  
 " Plump Marg'ry at a monstrous Premium went—  
 " Prodigious interest—almost *Cent per Cent.*  
 " I found her poor, not blest with Half a Crown ;  
 " Stamp her my own, and brought her upon Town—  
 " Made her as fine as hands, or gold, could make  
     her—  
 " Built her a Coach—a grand one !—in Long-Acre !  
 " Marg'ry's good fortunes all on me depend ;  
 " I ruin'd her—and am her only *Friend.*"

Happy the high-born fair, whose ample dower,  
 Pours in her wealthy lap a Golden Shower !  
 While many a friend, sincere no doubt, surrounds  
 Her thousand charms—and hundred thousand pounds :  
 But she, who pines in want, whose early bloom  
 Deceit would canker, or Distress consume,

Let



Let jealous fears her ev'ry step attend,  
And mark the Flatterer, from the real Friend !  
He, who with gold would bribe her into vice,  
Buys but her Honour at a dearer price :  
Not generous, but prodigal and vain ;  
A Bosom Traitor ! cruel, not humane !  
But *He*, whose virtuous hand her wants supplies,  
And wipes the tears of Anguish from her eyes ;  
Who rears, o'ercharg'd with grief, her drooping head,  
And summons Hymen to the genial bed ;  
Let Love and Gratitude his merits plead,  
And lodge him in her heart, a *Friend indeed !*

PROLOGUE

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P R O L O G U E,  
T O T H E Y O U N G Q U A K E R,

*A COMEDY written by Mr. O'KEEFFE,*

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

August, 1783.

---

**O**LD Crab, a Critick, looking o'er our Bill,  
Thus vents his angry Spleen, and rails his fill.  
“ *A Comedy!*—The man's too bold by half—  
I can't bear Comedies that make me laugh.  
I doubt, my friend, he'll make both me and you sick—  
Farce is his province, and a Farce with Musick.  
*Hay-market!*—Zounds the Fellow makes me fret—  
Where's Mrs. Bannister, Miss George, and Brett?  
Edwin's songs, fal, lal, tag, rag, all *Concetto!*  
Charles Bannister's bold Bass, and droll *Falsetto?*  
*Five Acts!*—a bore!—and are his Scenes so long,  
There's no room edgeways to squeeze in a song?  
Make it two Farces! Cut it in the middle!  
Nor play a Solo thus without a Fiddle.”

Our Bard 'tis true first woo'd the Publick here,  
And here their smiles have oft dispell'd his fear:  
Of sportive Farce he seem'd the fav'rite Child,  
And with a song your easy ears beguil'd.

To-night,

To-night, not dreaming of a grand essay,  
 By some strange Meteor fancies led astray,  
 He meant an Opera, and produc'd a Play.

You then [*to the Orchestra*] whose breath and refin'd  
 bows in league

Have pip'd, and scrap'd whole hours without fatigue,  
 Take breath, to-night! Cease wind, and cat-gut  
 sleep!

Your lungs, your nimble elbows, quiet keep!

Your old friend comes for once in Masquerade—

Yet, fear him not! for, constant to his Trade,

Again he'll join your Band, again he'll court your  
 aid.

And you [*to the audience*] who sit in many an  
 awful Row

Enthron'd above [*galleries*] or on the Bench below;  
 [*Boxes.*

Good men and true of our Dramatick Pannel, [*Pit.*

Let not your mercy leave its ancient channel!

If by some chance or impulse—Heav'n knows whence—

Our Bard quits Sound, and wanders into Sense;

If Wit and Humour on the surface flow,

While solid Sense and Moral lurk below,

Let him be pardon'd! nor your verdict dread,

Tho' Farce, sometimes pops in her waggish head!

By Mildness you shall teach him to succeed,

And write hereafter—*Comedies indeed!*

EPILOGUE

## E P I L O G U E

To the Y O U N G Q U A K E R,

*Spoken by Miss FRODSHAM, in the Character of DINAH.*

August, 1783.

**N**O more nam'd Primrose, I'm my Reuben's  
wife,

And Dinah Sadboy I am call'd for life.

There will I rest. Though alter'd be my name,

My faith and manners shall remain the same.

Still shall my cheek show Nature's white and red ;

No cap shall rise, like Steeple from my head ;

Powder, pomatum, ne'er my locks shall deck,

Nor curls, like Saufages, adorn my neck.

In leathern carriage though I sometimes go,

I'll mount no lofty chaise in Rotten-Row.

Me shall the eye of Wonder ne'er behold

In varnish'd vehicle, all paint and gold,

With liveried slaves behind, in grand parade,

All sticks, bags, lace, brown powder, and cockade—

Drawn thro' the crowded Park—while at my side

The booted nobles of the nation ride—

Showing at once in state and splendour vain,

Both Lazarus and Dives in my train.

Ye,

Ye, who in marriage, wealth and grandeur seek,  
Think what a blessing is a wife that's meek!  
A helpmate, true of heart, and full of Love,  
Such as to Reuben Dinah means to prove!  
—Much art thou chang'd, my Reuben!—But 'twere  
strange

To wish thy faithful Dinah too might change.  
Wife of thy bosom, ne'er shall I delight  
To turn the night to day, the day to night;  
The Vigils pale of Balls and Routes to keep,  
Or at the Card-table to murder sleep.  
My mind shall still be pure, my thoughts serene,  
My habit simple, and my person clean.  
No pomps and vanities will I pursue,  
But love my home, and love my husband too.

---

 P R O L O G U E

To the BIRTH-DAY, A COMEDY of TWO ACTS,  
*Written by Mr. O'KEEFE,*  
 First acted at the THEATRE ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET,  
 August 12, 1783.  
*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

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**W**HEN Fate on some tremendous act seems  
 bent,  
 And Nature labours with the dread event,  
 Portents and Prodigies convulse the earth,  
 That heaves and struggles with the fatal birth.  
 In happier hours are lavish Blessings given,  
 And pour'd in floods, to mark the hand of Heaven.  
 In a long series of bright glories dress'd,  
 Britons must hail This Day supremely blest.  
 First on This Day, in Liberty's great cause,  
 A BRUNSWICK came to guard our Rights and Laws  
 On this great Day, our glorious annals tell,  
 By British arms the pride of Cuba fell,  
 For then the Moro's gallant chief o'erthrown,  
 Th' Havannah saw his fate, and felt her own:  
 The self-same Day, the same auspicious morn,  
 Our elder Hope, our Prince, our GEORGE, was born.  
 Upon



Upon his natal hour what triumphs wait!  
What captive treasures croud the palace-gate!  
What doubled joys the Royal Parent claim,  
Of homefelt Happiness and Publick Fame!

Long, very long, great George, protect the land,  
Thy race, like arrows in a Giant's hand!  
For still, tho' blights may nip some infant rose,  
And kill the budding beauty, ere it blows,  
Indulgent Heav'n prolongs th' illustrious line,  
Branching like th' Olive, clustering like the Vine.

Long, very long, thy course of glory run,  
A bright example to thy Royal Son!  
Forming that Son to grace, like Thee, the throne,  
And make his Father's Virtues all his own!

---

P R O L O G U E,  
TO THE ELECTION OF THE MANAGERS.

*Spoken by MR. PALMER.*

June, 1784.

---

“CURST be the verſe, how well ſo e'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe ;  
Gives Virtue Scandal, Innocence a Fear !  
Or from the ſoft-eyed virgin ſteals a Tear !”  
Thus ſung ſweet Pope, the vigorous Child of Satire ;  
Our Bayes leſs Genius boaſts, not leſs Good-Nature.  
No poiſon'd ſhaft he darts with partial aim—  
Folly and Vice are fair and general game :  
No Tale he echoes, on no Scandal dwells,  
Nor plants on *one* Fool's head the Cap and Bells :  
He paints the living Manners of the time,  
But lays at no man's door Reproach or Crime.

Yet ſome with Critick noſe, and eye too keen,  
Scent double-meanings out and blaſt each Scene ;  
While ſquint Suspicion holds her treacherous lamp,  
Fear moulds baſe coin, and Malice gives the ſtamp.  
Falsehood's vile gloſs converts the very Bible  
To *Scandalum Magnatum*, and a Libel.

Thus once, when ſick, Sir Gripus, as we're told,  
In grievous uſury grown rich and old,

Bought

Bought a good book, that on a Christian plan  
 Inculcates *the whole Duty of a Man*,  
 To every sin a sinner's name he tack'd,  
 And through the parish all the vices track'd ;  
 And thus, the comment and the text enlarging,  
 Crouds all his friends and neighbours in the margin.  
 Pride, was my Lord ; and Drunkenness, the 'Squire ;  
 My Lady, Vanity and loose Desire ;  
 Hardness of Heart, no misery regarding,  
 Was Overseer—Luxury, Churchwarden.  
 All, all he damn'd ; and carrying the farce on,  
 Made Fraud, the Lawyer—Gluttony, the Parson.

'Tis said, when winds the troubled deep deform,  
 Pour copious streams of oil, 'twill lay the storm :  
 Thus here, let Mirth and frank Good-humour's balm  
 Make censure mild, scorn kind, and anger calm !  
 Some wholesome Bitters if the Bard produces,  
 'Tis only Wormwood to correct the juices.

In this day's contest, where, in colours new,  
 Three Play-House Candidates are brought to view,  
 Our little Bayes encounters some Disgrace :  
 Should *You* reject him too, I mourn his Case—  
 He can be chosen for no other Place. }

## P R O L O G U E

To TWO TO ONE, a COMEDY, written by  
G. COLMAN, Jun.

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

June, 1785.

**T**O-NIGHT, as Heralds tell, a Virgin Muse,  
An untrain'd youth, a new advent'rer sues ;  
Green in his one-and-twenty, scarce of age,  
Takes his first Flight, half-fledg'd, upon the Stage.  
Within this little Round, the Parent Bird  
Hath warbled oft ; oft patiently you heard ;  
And as he strove to raise his eager throat,  
Your kind Applause made Musick of his note.  
But now, with beating Heart, and anxious Eye,  
He sees his vent'rous Youngling strive to fly ;  
Like Dædalus, a Father's fears he brings,  
A Father's hopes, and fain would plume his Wings.

How vain, alas, his Hopes ! his Fears how vain !  
'Tis You must hear, and hearing judge the strain,  
Your equal Justice sinks or lifts his name,  
Your Frown's a Sentence, your Applause is Fame.

If

If Humour warms his scenes with genial fire,  
They'll e'en redeem the errors of his Sire;  
Nor shall his lead—dead! to the bottom drop,  
By youth's enliv'ning cork buoy'd up at top.  
If characters are mark'd with ease and truth,  
Pleas'd with his Spirit you'll forgive his Youth.  
Should Sire and Son be both with Dulness curst,  
“ And Dunce the second follow Dunce the first,”  
The shallow stripling's vain attempt you'll mock,  
And damn him for a *Chip of the Old Block*.

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OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

To the TRAGEDY of TANCRED and SIGISMUNDA,  
and the COMEDY of the GUARDIAN, revived at the  
THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET, July 12, 1784.

*Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, JUN.*

---

**I**F anxious for his Sigismunda's fate,  
Your Tancred for awhile foregoes his state;  
If, like Prince Prettyman, he risques your scoff,  
Half-buskin'd—one boot on, and t'other off;  
You, who can judge a young advent'rer's fears,  
You, who've oft felt a female's sighs and tears,  
Will hear a suppliant, who for mercy sues,  
Courting your favour through the Tragick Muse.

Across the vast Atlantick she was led,  
With blank-verse, blood-bowls, daggers, in her head!  
And as she past in storms the Western Ocean,  
Felt her rapt soul, like that, in wild commotion!  
But now an awful calm succeeds; and draws,  
In this dread interval, a solemn pause.  
Within these seas, what various peril shocks!  
Dire Critick shoals, and Actor-marring rocks!  
Alas!



Alas! no chart or compass she can boast;  
Yet runs her vessel on a dangerous coast—  
That coast, where late, in spite of ev'ry sand,  
A greater Sigismunda gain'd the land.  
Yet Britain ever hails the cloth unfurl'd,  
And opens her free ports to all the world:  
Majestick navies in her harbours ride,  
Skiffs, snows, and frigates anchor by their side:  
And oh! may now, with no unprosp'rous gale,  
The Sigismunda spread her little sail!  
And while the Kemble follows fast behind,  
A Guardian in her Sister's fame she'll find.

PROLOGUE

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 P R O L O G U E

To Mr. HAYLEY'S TRAGEDY of LORD RUSSEL;

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

August, 1784.

---

**T**HE Bard, whose Tragick strains we now rehearse,  
 Hath often charm'd you with his varied verse;  
 Beguiling o'er his lines the vacant hour,  
 Oft have you felt and own'd his Muse's pow'r!  
 Now to this roof we bring his favour'd page,  
 And force him, half-reluctant, to the Stage;  
 The Stage, where those who simple Nature paint,  
 Fear lest their strokes, too faithful, seem too faint.  
 For here, the artist, with a desperate hand,  
 And broad pound-brush, not pencil, takes his stand;  
 Anxious to make his cloth at distance strike,  
 Daubs, in distemper—rather large than like.  
 Thron'd in high car, and usher'd by loud drums,  
 From Bedlam some great Alexander comes!  
 Appals with noise, and labours to surprise  
 "The very faculties of ears and eyes!"

Yet Britons never have disdain'd to grace  
 The natural heroes of a milder race!  
 Cato's firm bosom, and expiring groan  
 For virtuous liberty, they made their own.  
 Yet Cato's steel but sign'd his country's fate;  
 For with him died, the freedom of the state!  
 Your own calm Russell, by his nobler end,  
 Freedom's mild Martyr, prov'd her firmest friend:  
 Rous'd by his fate, a band of heroes rose,  
 To sov'reign tyranny determin'd foes;  
 Champions of Faith and Law, their awful stand  
 Chac'd bigotry and slav'ry from the land.  
 To vindicate an injur'd nation's claims,  
 Nassau and Brunswick join'd their glorious names!  
 To Britain her dear liberty enfur'd,  
 Stamp'd her Great Charter, and her rights secur'd!  
  
 To guard those rights, Old England's noblest pride,  
 To guard those rights, our gallant Russell died.  
 Britons attentively his tale shall hear,  
 Nor blush at Patriot Woe to drop a tear;  
 A tear they'd sanctify with streams of blood,  
 Dying, like Russell, for their Country's good!

## P R O L O G U E

To Mr. HAYLEY's COMEDY in RHYME, called The TWO  
CONNOISSEURS,

*Spoken by Mr. WILSON in the Character of BAYES,*

September, 1784.

**O**UR Manager, long since, a Connoisseur,  
To gain full houses throws out many a Lure.  
By novelty all rivalship to smother,  
Play follows play—one just as good as t'other ;  
And now, to lull the Dragons of the Pit,  
Two Connoisseurs take counsel, Wit with Wit.  
As thieves catch thieves, so Poet convicts Poet ;  
Their plan's all wrong—and I must overthrow it.

I am an author too, my name is Bayes ;  
My trade is scribbling ; my chief scribbling, Plays.  
Many I've written, clapp'd by houses cramm'd—  
Acted with vast applause !—and some few *damn'd* :  
But ne'er tryed aught so Low, or so Sublime,  
As Tragedy in Prose, or Comedy in Rhyme.

A Comedy in Rhyme ! the Thought's not new :  
'Twas tried long since—and then it would not do.  
What happy point the dialogue can crown,  
Set to the hackneyed tune of Derry-down ?

What

What Pegafus in flight can reach the fpheres,  
 With bells, like pack-horfe, gingling at his ears ?  
 Smart Profe gives hit for hit, and dafh for dafh,  
 Joke after joke, like lightening, afh on afh;  
 Retort fo quick, and repartee fo nimble,  
 'Tis all Prince Prettyman, and fharp Tom Thimble !  
 As the Piece ftands, no Critick could endure it ;  
 'Twould die, but Bayes has a receipt to cure it.  
 And little Bayes, egad, has long been known  
 To make the works of others, all his own.  
 Whate'er your piece—'tis mine if you rehearfe it ;  
 Verfe I tranfprofe ; and if Profe, I tranfverfe it.  
 Say but the word, I'll pull this Drama down,  
 And build it up again, to pleafe the town.  
 The Thing's unfafhion'd—yet it has fome foul ;  
 The Fable's neat,—the Characters are droll ;  
 The Scope and Moral has a right intention,  
 And afks no added labour of invention.  
 Rhyme's the mere Superfhtructure ; down it goes ;  
 The old foundation fhall fupport my Profe.  
 If here and there fome fparks of genius fhine,  
 I will not drop a Thought, nor lofe a Line—  
 So damn *this* Play, that you may come to *mine* ! }

## A N A D D R E S S

Spoken at the HAY-MARKET THEATRE by MR. LACY,  
September 13, 1784.

**W**HEN first Pandora's box, beneath whose lid  
All Evils lay in dreadful ambush hid,  
Its treasur'd plagues let loose upon mankind,  
Hope only, cordial Hope, remain'd behind;  
Hope! the sole balm of pain, sole charm for grief,  
That gives the mind in agony relief!  
She, with her sister Patience (Heavenly pair!)  
Teaches weak man the load of life to bear.

As some poor mariner by tempest tost,  
Shipwreck'd at last, and in the sea near lost,  
Cleaves to one plank, and braving shoal and sand,  
Buoy'd up by Hope, attempts to gain the land;  
Thus I, my treasures on the waters cast,  
Guided by Hope, seek here a port at last.  
Oh! might I cast secure my Anchor here!  
Should Kindness sooth my Grief and ease my Fear!  
Warm Gratitude, all anxious to repay  
The soft restorers of my happier day,  
Within my swelling breast new Pow'rs may raise,  
And guide my feeble Aims to gain your Praise!

EPILOGUE



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E P I L O G U E  
TO THE MAID OF HONOUR;

Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

*Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.*

January, 1785.

---

**W**ELL, sirs! our English Antients are agreed  
A Maid of Honour, is a Maid indeed!  
'Tis not alone, among the virgin band,  
Demure behind the Chair of State to stand;  
To groan beneath the labours of the loom,  
A walking pageant of the Drawing Room;  
To hear the small talk of small lords in waiting,  
Or trifle with White Wands, inclin'd to prating;  
No! 'tis her province, firmly to support,  
Intrench'd in the strong fences of a Court,  
That citadel, where thousand dangers wait,  
And Female Honour holds her awful state!  
Harmless, with busy hum and empty sound,  
The silken Court-Flies buz and flutter round;  
They, like Fulgentio, are with scorn dismiss'd,  
So weak, 'tis scarce a triumph to resist.

But

But when Burtoldos, true blood Royal, vie—  
 Then, then's the glorious effort to deny!  
 To prove with all a woman's graces on her,  
 She's still a Maid, a real *Maid of Honour*!

Yet, ah! Camiola, thy fate was hard!  
 Severe the sentence of our rigid Bard!  
 What! nip a beauteous maiden in her bloom,  
 And in a convent all her charms entomb!  
 Consign her fortune, blast her bud of youth,  
 Though one swain's Falsehood proves another's Truth;  
 While she, like Cato, finds from each adorer  
 " Her Bane and Antidote are both before her!

Sicilian Maids of Honour thus were undone—  
 Ah, Maids of Honour act not thus in London!  
 Here, in chaste dew sweet roses hail the morn,  
 Undoom'd to wither on the virgin thorn.  
 Stern Romish doctrines, strict Italian rules,  
 Suit not the freedom of our British schools:  
 Our wiser Law a sager code exhibits;  
 Our milder Church such sacrifice prohibits.  
 Should some false lord, betroth'd, his contract break,  
 And at the altar's foot the maid forsake,

In comes the Serjeant to diftrain his lands—  
 And while some young Adorni ready ftands,  
 In comes the readier Prieft to join their Hands. }  
 Nay e'en the Widow, who her loft love grieves,  
 Here takes thofe *Thirds* our Maid of Honour leaves.  
 Not Rome herfelf fo dreadfully enthalls: }  
 E'en Eloifa, 'twixt a nunnery's walls,  
 Pafst joys with her dear Abelard recalls:  
 Joys which, her days of trial nobly pafst,  
 May ev'ry Maid of Honour tafte at laft!

---

P R O L O G U E  
T O I ' L L T E L L Y O U W H A T !

A COMEDY, *written by* MRS. INCHBALD.

*Spoken by* MR. PALMER.

August, 1785.

---

**L**ADIES and Gentlemen, *I'll tell you what!*  
Yet not, like Ancient Prologue, tell the plot—  
But, like a Modern Prologue, try each way  
To win your favour towards the coming play.

Our author is a Woman; that's a charm,  
Of power to guard Herself and Play from harm.  
The Muses, Ladies-Regent of the Pen,  
Grant women skill, and force, to write like men.  
Yet They, like the Æolian Maid of old,  
Their Sex's Character will ever hold;  
Not with bold Quill too roughly strike the lyre,  
But with the Feather raise a soft desire.

Our Poetess has gain'd sublimest heights!  
Not Sappho's self has soar'd to nobler flights!  
For She, bright spirit, the first British fair,  
Climb'd, unappall'd, the unsubstantial air:

And here, beneath the changes of the Moon,  
Wond'ring you saw her launch a grand Balloon ;  
While she with steady course, and flight not dull,  
Paid a short visit to the Great Mogul\*.  
Shrink not, Nabobs ! our Poets to-night,  
Wakes not the Genius of Sir Matthew Mite.  
Beyond our hemisphere she will not roam,  
Keeps in the Line, and touches nearer home :  
Nay will not, as before, howe'er you scorn her,  
Reach e'en the tunpike-gate at Hyde-Park-Corner.  
But hold !—I say too much—I quite forgot—  
And so, *I'll tell you—no—SHE'LL tell you what !*

\* *Alluding to the Farce of the MOGUL-TALE.*

---

 E P I L O G U E,

To the COMEDY of I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!

*Spoken by Miss FARREN.*

August, 1785.

---

**M**ALE Criticks applaud to the skies the Male  
Scribblers;

When a Woman attempts they turn carpers and  
nibblers:

But a true patriot Female, there's nothing so vexes  
As this haughty pre-eminence claim'd 'twixt the  
sexes.

The free spirit revolts at each hard proposition,  
And meets the whole system with loud opposition.  
Men, 'tis true, in their noddles, huge treasures  
may hoard;

But the heart of a Woman with *Passions* is stor'd:  
With *Passions*, not copied from Latin or Greek,  
Which the language of Nature, in plain English  
speak.

Girls, who grieve, or rejoice, from true feeling as I do,  
Never dream of Calypso, or Helen, or Dido.

To



To the end of our life, from the hour we begin it,  
 Woman's Fate all depends on *the Critical Minute!*

A Minute, unknown to the dull pedant tribe,  
 And which never feeling, they never describe.

'Tis no work of Science, or sparkle of Wit,  
 But a point which mere Nature must teach us to hit;  
 And which, in the changes and turns of my story,  
 A weak Woman's Pen has to-night laid before ye.

And say, ye grave Prudes! gay Coquettes too, ah, say,  
 What *a Critical Minute* was mine in the Play!

Here Poverty, Famine, and Shame, and Reproach!  
 There Plenty and Ease, and a Lord, and a Coach!  
 But perhaps our Bard held Mrs. Euston too mean,  
 And conceiv'd her disgrace would but lower the  
 Scene:

Let us then, better pleas'd, to acquit than convict  
 her,

On the ground of High Life, sketch the very same  
 Picture!

Imagine some Fair plung'd in modish distress!  
 Her wants not less than mine, nor her agony less!  
 At Hazard, suppose, an unfortunate cast  
 Has swept her last guinea, nay more than her last!  
 Her diamonds all mortgag'd, her equipage sold,  
 Her husband undone, genteel friends looking cold!  
 At her feet his sweet person Lord Foppington throws,  
 The most handsome of Nobles, the richest of Beaux!

At once too his love and his bounty dispenses,  
Sooths with Thousands her grief, lulls with Flatt'ry  
her senses!

Alas! what a Minute! ah! what can be done?  
All means must be tried, and our Drama shows one.  
Let Papa in that Minute, that so frowns upon her,  
Redeem the vile debts that encumber her Honour!  
Let Papa in that Minute, that teems with undoing,  
Step in, like my Father, and mar a Lord's wooing!  
Let her know, as I've known, all the horror that's  
in it,

And feel the true force of *the Critical Minute!*

Thus wishes our Bard, as she bids me declare;  
And such is *my wish*—By mine Honour I swear!

---

 P R O L O G U E

At the opening of the THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,  
June, 1786.

*Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.*

---

**L**E SAGE, of life and manners no mean teacher,  
Draws an Archbishop, once a famous preacher ;  
Till apoplex'd at last, his congregation  
Smelt Apoplexy in each dull Oration.

Our Chief, alas, since here we parted last,  
Has many a heavy hour of anguish past ;  
Meanwhile by Malice it was said and written,  
His mind and body both at once were smitten\* ;  
Yet now return'd in promising condition,  
*Alive, in very spite of his Physician,*  
Again with rapture hails the generous town,  
Sure that Misfortune never meets their Frown!

Fam'd Pasquin, his applauded predecessor,  
'Gainst Wit and Humour never a transgressor,

\* Alluding to a paragraph in the Publick Advertiser of November 4, 1785.  
This couplet, omitted at the Theatre, is here restored, in order to prevent  
any misapplication of the next line but one.—

Still cheer'd your vacant hour with jest and whim,  
When hapless chance depriv'd him of a limb :  
But you who long enjoy'd the tree's full shade,  
Cherish'd the Pollard, and were well repaid,  
Shall then his Follower less your favour share,  
Or rais'd by former kindness, now despair ?  
No ! from your smiles deriving all his light,  
Those genial beams shall make his flame more bright.  
Warm Gratitude for all your kindness past  
Shall sooth Disease, and charm Affliction's blast ;  
By Reason's twilight we may go astray,  
But honest Nature sheds a purer ray ;  
While more by feeling than cold caution led,  
The *heart* corrects the errors of the *head*.

Cheer'd by these hopes he banishes all fear,  
And trusts at least, you'll find *No Palsy here*.

---

 P R O L O G U E

To the COMEDY of the DISBANDED OFFICER, or  
The BARONESS of BRUCHSAL,

Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER.*

August, 1786.

---

**I**N days of old, on Property and Trade,  
Taxes and rates, unqualified, were laid;  
But modern politicks, with reins more lax,  
Comforts administer with every tax;  
Hold out *Douceurs*, by way of compensation,  
And make the burthen light by *Commutation*.  
Tea's now a drug so cheap, with draughts bewitching,  
Imperial, Congou, Hyson, charm the kitchen.  
Bohea, like Bull's blood, in coarse Delft ne'er seen,  
Neat Wedgewood deals Souchong, or finest Green:  
Breakfast well over, we prepare to dine,  
For which the state provides us genuine Wine!  
Adultery, by Act of Parliament forbid,  
No more in cellars and dark caves lies hid;

No

No more from Sloes found Port the Vintners drain,  
No more from Turnip Juice brew brisk Champagne.

Ah, were our Plays thus wisely supervis'd,  
Humours and Passions gag'd, and Plots excis'd,  
What frauds would be unveil'd! Sophistication,  
Much contraband, and much adulteration!  
*Neat as imported* is the constant boast,  
Though smuggling smacks and cutters croud the  
coast.

At many a pilfer'd Scene you've cried and laugh'd,  
And oft, for Home-brew'd Balderdash have quaff'd.  
Plays from French Vineyards drawn have learnt to  
please,

Run, like Southampton Port, on Claret Lees;  
While the Bard cries, to smuggling no great foe,  
“ 'Tis English, English, Sirs, from Top to Toe!”

To-night a new Advent'rer vents his Stock,  
And brings you from the Rhine some good Old  
Hock:

Waves but his wand—a true Dramatick Merlin—  
*Presto!* you're charm'd from London—plac'd in  
Berlin.

There lies our Scene To-night—an hour or two,  
True Prussians, we must do as Prussians do.

Our



Our goods, our habits, are of German growth;  
Both fairly enter'd, and acknowledg'd both.  
*Lessing*, a German Bard of high renown,  
Long on the Continent has charm'd the town;  
His Plays as much applauded at Vienna,  
As here the School for Scandal, or Duenna.  
From his bold outline draws our present Bayes,  
And on his canvas English colours lays:  
Rumbling and rough tho' Bruchfal's name appear,  
Grating harsh thunder on an English ear,  
Yet she may charm; and prove ere she departs,  
That Ladies with hard Names have tender Hearts.

PROLOGUE

## P R O L O G U E

To the C O M E D Y of TIT for TAT,

Acted at the T H E A T R E R O Y A L, H A Y - M A R K E T,

*Spoken by Mr. P A L M E R.*

August, 1786.

**L** O N G hath Old England given, as from the  
helm,

Dramatick Law to every Sister realm.

Scotland her Theatres delights to rear,

But for Supplies, for Ways and Means, looks here :

Hibernia too improves the friendly hint :

“ A new Play Honey ! fait, there’s nothing in’t, }  
“ For we have all their manuscripts in print.” }

Teague speaks but truth. Acrofs St. George’s

Channel

John Bull in vain his juries would impanel ;

In vain expects grave Chancellors to fit,

And guard by Equity the Rights of Wit,

While distant Managers feel no compunctions,

And laugh alike at Actions or Injunctions.

Yet

Yet to be just ourselves, we own To-day,  
That from Hibernia comes our printed Play;  
A Play first flowing from a Frenchman's pen,  
Cork'd, bottled there; decanted here again.  
Three Acts in Paris kept the Scenes alive,  
And those three Acts in Dublin swell'd to five\*;  
But Dwarfs ne'er treading Giants' Causeways, We  
Lop off two legs, and rest again on three.  
Oh on our Tripod may we firmly stand,  
And hail, like them, our cargo safe on land!  
French, Irish, English, whatso'er the freight,  
Your sentence stamps its merit, seals its fate.

\* *Le Jeu de l'Amour & du Hazard*, a Comedy of Maresaux.

## P R O L O G U E

To the FARCE of the MAN-MILLINER.

February, 1787.

*Enter hastily, Mrs. Mattocks, with a band box.*

**F**ORGIVE me, Sirs, that I come in thus bounce!  
*You know me, Ladies—your old friend, La Flounce!*  
 Sov'reign of Fancy, Regent of the Mode,  
 To all your wants and wishes *toute commode*;  
 For artificial sprigs a Winter Flora,  
 With *rouge* that gives the blushes of Aurora;  
 A Woman Milliner! for sure no *Man*  
*Would be a Milliner, or ever can.*  
*Horse-Milliner, indeed, a Man's true trade is;*  
 But, faucy grooms, such trappings suit not ladies.  
 Yet Men assail our persons several ways,  
 They make our Mantuas, and they make our Stays;  
 And though to *Curry-Combs* we scorn to truckle,  
 They frize toupees, and give the locks their buckle.  
 Hence strange reverses rise: and we're betray'd,  
 By turns, their neighbour province to invade;  
 Husbands the Distaff take; Wives seize the Club,  
 At home their patient Hercules to drub:

While

While *Sir* appears so feminine and trim,  
 And *Madam* looks so masculine and grim,  
 You scarce know *him* from *her*, or *her* from *him*. }

In changes thus if humbler ranks should strive,  
 Maid servants soon will mount the Box and drive ;  
 Or else, to Reason and Decorum blind,  
 Seising a place unfit for woman-kind,  
 With flambeaux in their hands, jump up *behind*. }  
 While Footmen, women grown, as now grown Fops,  
 Shall darn old hose, sweep rooms, and trundle mops,

Ladies and Gentlemen, 'tis your's to-night  
 To end disputes, and set the sexes right ;  
 To check the inroads of the Tyrant Man,  
 And keep within due bounds the Woman's Plan.  
 Let me then, as a Female Envoy greet ye,  
 And here negotiate a Commercial Treaty !  
 Forbid the Men, by some restraining Clause,  
 To deal in Ribbands, Muslin, Blond, and Gauze ;  
 Bid Women too, resign the Barber's trade,  
 And cease to shave the Guards on the Parade !  
 Equal to *Male* and *Female* show compassion,  
 Assert *what's right*, and laugh it into Fashion !

EPILOGUE

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EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF JULIA;

OR,

THE ITALIAN LOVER.

*Intended for Miss FARREN.*

April, 1787.

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*At the side Scene.]*

**M**AY I come in?—The Prompter bids me enter—.

And yet, I vow, I'm half afraid to venture.

*Advancing.]*

“*Be your eyes wet? yes, faith!—nay truce with sorrow!*

Julia's quite well, and dies again To-morrow.

*To-morrow* did I say? To-morrow's Sunday:

So, if you please, she'll die again on Monday.

I've heard the Tragedy with strict attention—

The Tale they say is fact, and no invention:

And while deep Criticks ponder on its merits,

I'll tell you how it acted on my spirits.

As by the Scenes I took my silent stand,

Each Act that past I hail'd this happy land!

Bards who from history or fiction glean,

Rarely in England place the Tragick Scene:

Led by the Muse they sail o'er distant seas,

Scale Alps on Alps, or pierce the Pyrenees:

Abroad in search of *Cruelties* they roam;

Follies and Frailties may be found at home.


Passions



Passions in warmer climes that fiercely burn,  
 Here lose their rancour, and to humours turn;  
 Not cank'ring inwards with a treach'rous stealth,  
 Break nobly out, and keep the soul in health.  
 No Lovers here, contending for a Wife,  
 Mix pois'nous bowls, or draw the murd'ror's knife;  
 No Julia here should find her virgin fame  
 Arraign'd for crimes she shudders but to name;  
 Safe from such horrors in a generous nation,  
 Where Madness only dreams Assassination.  
 No! tho' the moonlight walk, and precious Picture,  
 Conspire with jealous Fulvia to convict her;  
 Tried, fairly tried, in our High Court of Drury,  
 She'll stand acquitted by an English Jury.

Wife was the man, who each returning morn  
 Thank'd his kind stars he was in England born;  
 And wiser still the Fair, that lot possessing,  
 Who proves she knows the value of the Blessing:  
 With pity who beholds poor Julia's fate,  
 Yet prizes, as she ought, *her* happier state;  
 The charms of English worth who can discover,  
 And never wish for *an Italian Lover*.

---

 I did not know that the pen of Malice or  
 Slander had ascribed the suppression of this Epilogue  
 at the Theatre to the pretended *Indelicacy* of its

contents, till I had seen the generous Vindication of it by another hand. The Epilogue was written at the particular instance of a very worthy friend of Mr. Jephson, by whom and by the author it was received with cordial thanks and the warmest approbation. Mrs. Siddons however seeming to expect the Epilogue, her Importance to the Piece rendered the friends of the Author unwilling to question her Claim, and a few alterations were made in the introductory lines, which the change of the Supposed Speaker required.—*Supposed*, for Mrs. Siddons, after keeping the Epilogue some days, returned it with a declaration that she would not speak it; and a request of another. The alterations, with an additional couplet, occurred between the 6th and 13th lines, and are here subjoined with the variations printed in Italicks.

*You've* heard the tragedy with due attention—

The tale they say is fact, and no invention.

*How ill our Bard has touch'd it, or how well,*

*Many sage Criticks will precisely tell :*

*Let me then, while they ponder on its merits,*

*Say how it mov'd a Patriot Female's spirits,*

*While crimes like these on foreign records stand,*

*How warmly must we hail this happy land !*

PROLOGUES

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 P R O L O G U E S

A T

W Y N N S T A Y .

---

 PROLOGUE TO THE BEGGARS BUSH.
*Spoken at WYNNSTAY.*

Christmas, 1778.

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**T**HE Muse, that charms the polish'd City now,  
 Deriv'd her birth from rusticks and the plow.  
 Their labours o'er, the honest country folks  
 Indulg'd in laughter, and enjoy'd their jokes;  
 Found mirth the *Lethe* of the troubled soul,  
 And bath'd their sorrows in the genial bowl;  
 Still winding-up, well-pleas'd, the toilsome year  
 With sports and games, religion, and good cheer.

Now, at our call, from London, routs, and drums,  
 Back to her rural home Thalia comes.  
 While Harlequin in town the Christmas keeps,  
 To Wales unheeded and *incog.* she creeps.

Z 2

Who

Who can in hospitality surpass us?

There our Welch Mountains tow'r o'er Mount  
Parnassus.

Oh welcome then the Muse! for She who brings  
A harmless laugh robs Grief of half her stings. }

While Time arrests his Scythe, and claps his Wings. }

Tho' in poor Beggars' Weeds the Nymph is drest,  
Beaumont and Fletcher usher in the guest.

Beaumont and Fletcher! Twins in wit and fame,  
Who mix their own with Shakespeare's kindred flame.

Yes, you *will* welcome her, and kindly deign  
To cheer the humble followers in her train:  
What tho' our Play'rs stand trembling with dismay?  
What tho' they mar the scenes they wish to play?  
Unskill'd their anxious terrors to conceal,  
Their very awkwardness denotes their zeal.  
Good Humour too the joyous season guides,  
Quaffs at your tables, chats by your firesides.  
The Bellman, carolling his clumsy rhyme,  
You dub the Bard and Minstrel of the time.  
Swear then that many a Roscius plays to-night,  
Tho' We should act still worse than Bellmen write!

F A R E W E L L

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 FAREWELL EPILOGUE,

*Spoken at WYNNSTAY, after the Representation of  
CYMBELINE, and THE SPANISH BARBER.*

January 22, 1779.

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**S**INCE the new post-horse tax, I dare engage  
That some folks here have travell'd in the Stage:  
Jamm'd in at midnight, in cold winter weather,  
The crouded passengers are glew'd together.  
O'er many a rut, and ill-pav'd causeway jumbling,  
They pass their Journey, juffling, jolting, grumbling.  
Sometimes a pleasing prospect strikes the eye,  
Sometimes they chuckle when a good inn's nigh;  
'Till many a squabble, some endearments past,  
They part well-pleas'd, and with regret at last.

So in our Stage, in which this Christmas Tide  
As inside passengers you've deign'd to ride,  
You thought yourselves perhaps not well convey'd,  
The cattle broken-winded, roads ill made;  
Yet fond of travel, some kind looks you bend  
Tow'rd's fellow trav'lers at your journey's end.

May each, whom pleasure call'd awhile to roam,  
Find double pleasure when arriv'd at home!

May each kind husband meet a wife more kind,  
And each fond wife a fonder husband find!

Meanwhile, Oh, think not *Us* beneath your care,  
Nor drive your humble drivers to despair!  
Shall Posthumus, his Imogen restor'd,  
Be doom'd to wail his destiny deplor'd?  
Shall Jachimo, who oft your cares beguil'd,  
Be left to cry—because you never smil'd?  
No—you will grant a smile—nor only kind  
To honest Coachmen, cheer ev'n those *behind*:  
For who can well deny, if they but ask it,  
To pity the poor devils in the Basket?

Rosina all resistless pleads her cause,  
And with her Siren-song extorts applause;  
But give poor Doctor Bartholo a plaister,  
And with *Allegros* cheer your Musick Master!  
To mirth let Argus, Tall Boy, stir your bloods,  
Nor leave the Spanish Barber in the Suds!  
And if you've past your time with some delight,  
Bid Basil *go to bed*, and bid *Good Night*!



## P R O L O G U E,

*Spoken at WYNNSTAY:*

Christmas, 1780.

**P**LEASURE, dear Pleasure, is the gen'ral aim,  
 Various the means, but still the ends the same;  
 Partial to that he seeks with eager haste,  
 Each damns alike his neighbour's want of Taste.  
 One thro' the Devils-Ditch pursues the Race,  
 One breaks his neck in following the Chace;  
 Come, here' sa Bumper! says Sir John, half drunk,  
 Damn ye, d'ye flinch? have ye no Soul, no Spunk?  
 Away with business, and confound all thinking,  
 No joy in life to be compar'd to drinking!

Yes, says Lord Feeble, verging on threescore,  
 I like a Bottle, but I love a Whore!  
 For me I left poor little Sally weeping,  
 And have besides three other girls in keeping.  
 Stick you to Bacchus, and I'll stick to Venus,  
 And we'll divide the Two Gay Pow'rs between us.

The joys of Dress alone Sir Fopling feels,  
 And all his passions center in red heels;

Or buoy'd by Vanity to reach his head,  
There with her feathers join his native lead.

Thus others' follies lightly touch'd and shewn,  
We hope, in turn, indulgence for our own.  
Now Fashion sends her liv'ried lacqueys out  
With cards to call all London to a Rout ;  
Meanwhile to Antient Britons from Wynnstay  
Our Host distributes tickets for a Play,  
You then who deign for some few hours to quit  
Your fire-side humour, and domestick wit,  
Who though the weather's cold, and roads are rough,  
Leave your Hot-Cockles and your Blindman's Buff,  
With looks well pleas'd bring in the new-born year,  
And laughing join our Christmas Gambols here !

## P R O L O G U E,

*Spoken at WYNNSTAY.*

January, 1781.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

I Am a poor Strolling Player—and my hapless  
 condition  
 Obliges me to wait upon you with my Humble Petition.  
 Thro' England, South Wales, and North Wales,  
 I have travell'd many years since,  
 And represented Lover and Hero, Wit and Fool,  
 Statesman and Cuckold, Beggar and Prince;  
 Nay more than Roscius, Betterton, Booth, or Garrick  
 himself could say,  
 I have acted every part—women as well as men—  
 every part in every play.  
 Not long ago, at Oswestry, we did the falchion wield:  
 Now near this place we pitch our tent—very near  
 here—even in *Wrexham Field*;  
 By Metaphor I say *Field*, for in fact, at a very  
 great expence,  
 We have fitted up the Town Hall, and (for the first  
 time) made it the Theatre of Common Sense.

Our bills all honestly paid, now new dangers we essay!  
 Rival Strollers have arisen, and are resolv'd to  
 exhibit at Wynnstay :

And what I am sure in our cause will make you very  
 hearty,

The little Manager from the Hay-market is one of  
 the party.

They call themselves *Gentlemen* indeed, but still I  
 say so much the worse !

For when Gentlemen act unlike Gentlemen, 'tis a  
 private and a publick curse.

Why should a Gentleman pretend to more than he  
 understands,

Take the bread out of our mouths, and our trade  
 out of our hands ?

All arts are best executed by the artists themselves ;  
 Gentlemen Artists are mostly mere Dabblers and  
 ignorant Elves.

Says Sir John, his round hat on his head, a Quid in  
 his mouth, and long Whip in his hand,

I'll drive you, my Dear ! at the door see the horses  
 and Phaeton stand !

From high steps to the Chaise Sir John and the Lady  
 mount three pair of stairs,

While the Mob in the street at the Cavalcade stares.

Chuck,

Chuck, chuck!—off they go!—Jehu! oight, oight!  
 till at some sudden pitch,  
 Sir John and the Lady come fouse in a ditch.  
 Such are Baronet Drivers! and thus Country Squires  
 hunt a pack, or ride matches;  
 Thus Generals write plays, and thus Nobles sing  
 Catches,  
 Thus to-night a Welch Baronet and his Friends give  
 a play,  
 And promise Dramaticks for the whole week to  
 come at Wynnstay.  
 With *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*\* they mean to  
 make you sick,  
 And turn *Shakespeare's Great Richard*\* to tiny King  
*Dick*.  
 Of *BonTon*\* they'll give you much more than you desire,  
 And when they promise entertainment no doubt  
 they'll play the *Liar!*\*  
 But, after all, Ladies and Gentlemen, Peace is  
 our plan,  
 And we wish to compromise this matter, if we can.  
 They have given some reasons which I think will  
 hold water—  
 They have had a Christening it seems, and Sir  
 Watkin has got another daughter.

Besides,

\* *The Entertainments of the Season.*

Besides, the Former Worthy Mistress of this place  
Now deigns, with her presence, their Gambols to  
grace.

Since the Country's call'd in we're determin'd not  
to vex 'em,

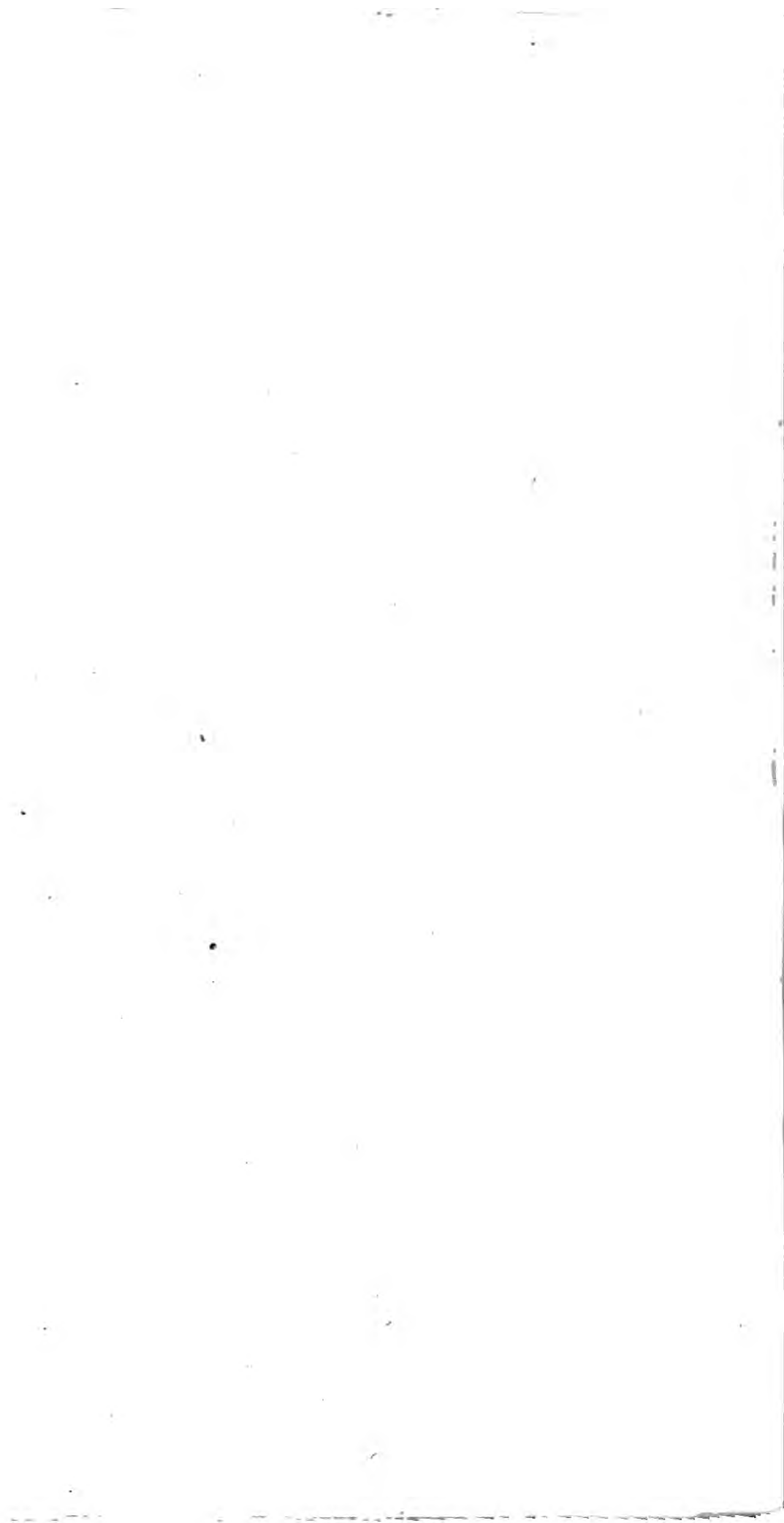
And so for this week have shut up our fine Theatre  
at Wrexham:

But since for this week we agree to lie mum,  
You'll *fill* us, no doubt, for a fortnight to come.

F I N I S.







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